


# 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 THIRD.

"Gabrielle, can you remember your home? Ah no! I recollect; you have told me you never knew a childhood's home. Then, sweet one, you have never known what *first love* is. The spot of ground associated with your youth's earliest memories is the mistress of your heart. You may love again—other scenes and other things—friend, lover, child—may engross your manhood's strong devotion, but the love of childhood's home is more nearly the love of self than any later feeling.—Such was mine. There where the first dawnings of consciousness were awakened, I either drew thought out of the surroundings, or else I so imprinted thought with them, that the scene, each crag, and glen, flower and brooklet, became a part of my very self. My home, too, was worthy of my devotion,—so wild, lonely, yet grandly beautiful—every shape of loveliness which nature delights to fashion in other lands seemed here patterned out as if to heap up models for all her fantastic moods. Somehow the hills seemed grander there; the vast amphitheatre which their large black summits formed, loomed more majestic than in other places; the deep ravines and rushing torrents, all were lighted up with deeper sunlit gold, and never moonbeam fell on lake of placid beauty, deeper blue, or or fringed with grander woods, than this dear home so well remembered showed. One spot, more dear than all, was the rocky outstretched arm of one vast giant mountain. No foot less sure than my firm boyish tread could have carried out the human form on such a dizzy ledge; yet when I'd gained the edge, what piles on piles of wondrous Nature's works I gazed upon—mighty rocks uptorn from out their caverned depths, and cast like giant Titans heap on heap; such deep unfathomed gorges, whence rose the sullen boom from hidden waters tearing their rushing way, far down within the awful depths below. On one side waving verdure, monstrous pines, and noble leafy giants, through whose green arms the wild winds sported in their boisterous glee, covered the mountain like an ocean green. Cast like the wreck of some late shattered world, over against the blooming forest hill, rose up the bare ribbed rock in monstrous heaps, the highest ice-bound summits lost in skies as white and ghostly as their own pale heads.

"I wander, Gabrielle. All this wild scene, and more, more than the tongue of man, or pencil of the many-tinted painter's fancy could depict, my eyes would wander over as I stood from faintest morn oftimes to dewy eve—from purple sunlight to his golden death. Forgive me love! I'll strive to speak in simple prose. Gabrielle, believe as you will, or can, if I would seek some stray goat of my flock; if I desired to sing some new wild song, to learn or know aught of to-morrow, or of life beyond my own small ken, to that wild mountain bridge, leading to empty air I would resort—there sing awhile, then wait, and lo! either the misty valley wreaths or some fantastic shadow of my brain, would shape itself into the loveliest form which (saving yours) my mortal eyes e'er looked on.

"You smile, my Gabrielle, and think if not mad now, I used to be; but 'twas not so. From earliest boyhood one young and girlish form for ever seemed to wanton at my side. At home or when my family were near, I felt it, heard it's low unspoken tone, but rarely saw it. In the aerial hall I've told you of, I've felt her, heard her, seen her. Balanced like a rocking bird, on sunbeam, moonbeam or cold ether car, she'd come to me, and face to face we talked, as *we* talk now.

"I *know* I was half dreaming, for, strange to say, I never questioned her or sought to know, who, or whence she was. I knew she was a spirit, blest, and true; and this was all. I never knew when first me met, or how; nor can I recollect my mountain home or early life without her. She told me of the future, and I speaking oft her words again, I knew not why, except I could not help it, they called me Seer and Prophet; I called her 'Eulalie,' I knew not why; and when I erred, her dreamy eyes so sad, so unreproachful, yet so full of woe, revealed the mystery of her dear presence ever. She knew my inmost soul, my secret thought, my hidden ways and spirit's wandering flight. She was my second self, or guardian angel—advised me, cheered me; taught me bright views of life, and brighter heavens; controlled my wayward fancy, guiding it to immortality's bright realms to which I felt she had herself attained."

"What was this mist wreath like, dear Ernest?" enquired Gabrielle, for the first time interrupting the rhapsody of the Improvisatore, in a tone between jest and interest.

"One day," he rejoined, scarcely seeming to heed her question, "a young comrade who had been a pupil of my uncle, the priest, and the only associate whom in my life I ever cared to call friend, came to revisit his old master, and our boyish intimacy was renewed. He was an artist, but the world's hard hand had dealt somewhat too rudely with a very fragile constitution; and bending beneath the chill blast of consumption he had come to our home of beauty and fascination ostensibly to seek health, in reality to make his bed of death. To the poor pilgrim so rapidly nearing the visionary shores of spirit land, I sometimes ventured to speak of what any one else would have termed my strange hallucination. I know not why he believed me so readily, but this he did, and I have since attributed it to the clear perception of spiritual realities which I believe to be constantly pervading this dull, sensuous world of ours, and into which the eyes of the dying can so readily look. Yes, he believed me; and whilst I had the satisfaction of finding one ear into which I could pour the tale of my visionary but life long association, the remarkable accuracy of my *sprite's* predictions, and the occasional low breathing, of delicious music which in the long hours of night often rang through the chamber which he shared with me, soothing with its exquisite pathos the feverish unrest of the poor sufferer's vigils, convinced him that a something beyond my own human intelligence inspired my prophetic utterances and made music in the lonely mountain when every mortal slept.

"Two days before he died, one balmy summer evening I found him lying on the little mountain shelf of which I have spoken, and which no inducement of mine could before urge him to attempt reaching. By his side were his brushes and pallet, and to my amazement and delight, in his hand drooping with exhaustion he held a faithful miniature likeness of my fairy.

"'Take it, Ernest,' he said; 'it is my dying gift. Do not thank me; I am well repaid, for I too have seen her. She stood here in what seemed to me bodily presence before me—I know not how long. I know not how I came here, nor why I brought my colors. I know she bade me paint, and I obeyed her. My task is ended, and she in gratitude will pilot me across the unknown sea. She comes to take me home.'

"And so she did, my Gabrielle. When next I saw the phantom, my dead friend stood beside her."

"Ernest, for Heaven's love, what mean you?" cried Gabrielle. "Do you then believe the dead can reappear? and if so, could the phantom you describe have been a spirit?"

"Why not, Gabrielle? *Are not you one?*

"Oh yes, Ernest, that is true, but a spirit in human form!"

"Aye but what *lives?* What is your life—your *form*, or *spirit?* If form, what then is death? If spirit, why should I not see the living spirit of my friend's dead form? The spirit not the form was my friend."

"I know not, Ernest," she replied, "but I do know our church says 'tis wicked—and the world, impossible."

"Your church does not say so, my Gabrielle. It teaches you of days when spirits walked the earth, and talked with men like mortals. When the world says it is not possible, it gives the church the lie, and talks mere nonsense; for spirits, not mere flesh and blood, make up the world itself."

"Ernest! I've often thought 'twas strange that God should permit for untold ages the world to dream of spirits, tell tales of apparitions, live a perpetual life of fear of spectral shapes, cling to the thought, the hope, the fear, or else belief in spirits, if all this were a fallacy. We only can deny it because it is not *proved*. By the same rule we cannot *prove* a God, an Immortality."

"It *is* proved, love," replied the singer. Whatever thinks, and gives this body life, owes not its being to the body. Death sets this free, and that being gone, the body has no life. My thought is not my brain. But injure *that*, you kill my brain, but cannot touch my thought. Why should it not find organs better suited to its use than this poor clay? And when it's done with that, why not speak to you precisely as it now does *through* this clay?"

"I cannot argue with you, Ernest," replied the lady; "I *think* and *feel* you're right, but fear to use my reason lest I *prove* it true, and *proving that, prove more than my religion would allow*. Your words, however, only give expression to what I've felt, or may be, dreamed of, all my life. The air to me is full of shapes. No creature approaches me but his shadow precedes him, sometimes close to him, sometimes a few minutes in advance. I see these shapes outside of every creature, and know who is coming near; and those who are going to die, I know by something which I can't express, but see it stamped upon their *shapes*. I do not speak of these things much; the world will not believe me; and yet how common is this power! Scarcely a village, town, or hamlet but has some old muttering crone supposed to be a witch, or shunned as evil, who converses with the air, sees shapes of persons, and on those shapes diseases, characteristics, and oftentimes events which proving true proves also something, telling mind more than the body sees. The world believes this too, it is so common, provided you will only call it *strange*. But when you search for causes, they say 'tis "superstition" or "illusion." What is illusion? How grew superstition? But tell me Ernest—what what was your phantom like? Your friend, you say, could see her and preserved her image. I'll be sworn that precious picture was not shipwrecked with yourself."

"It was though, Gabrielle, shipwrecked with me; but also saved with me; and now for the strangest part of all. Would you choose to see that face, my Gabrielle? Can you bear to look upon it?"

"Why not, Ernest? Can I be jealous of a Sprite? Shew it me. Of course you have it with you, nestling close to your heart."

"'Tis here!"

"Oh, Heaven! 'tis myself!"

The moonbeam shining out almost as bright as day, fell full upon the picture which he held, displaying a face enveloped in misty wreaths, but unmistakably the image of Gabrielle.

Quietly returning the portrait to his vest, he replied, "Do you wonder why I started, Gabrielle, when I first saw you at your own gate, and beheld in mortal form the image of my fairy Eulalie?"

"I had a twin sister once, Ernest," murmured Gabrielle. "When we were both very little children our poor mother travelled with us through those mountains where your home was. This noble woman whom I now call mother, journeying with her husband the same way, found her and one poor infant perished in the snow. My hapless self still living, she took and warmed me into life. Since then I've been her own. Could I but deem the spirits of the dead, like mortal children, lived and grew and bore the impress of their earthly mould, I might almost deem your phantom friend my lost young sister's spirit; and yet I know not—"

And thus the lovers wore the hours away. The jealous watchful eyes of Ravensworth were far away. Called suddenly on political business into the north of Scotland, he had not even time to set his usual espionage upon his unacknowledged but not undiscovered rival; and so this secret tryst was the longest and freest they had ever known. Both endowed with the powers at whose possession we have slightly glanced—namely, of conversing with a shape, a voice, a something whispering round them more than mortal ken could see or know, they met this night assured by their strange far-seeing eyes no danger threatened, no human foot was near.*

And now they spoke of subjects of much deeper interest, at least to them—their future. Gabrielle, whilst professing, ay, and feeling also, the most fervid affection for her friend, was so indoctrinated into the world's conventionalisms, that she deemed she should be drawing her lover to ruin if she allured him to any fate short of the wealth and fame which she at present enjoyed. She knew the desperate and fierce resolve of Ravensworth to call her his; she knew his power by rank and wealth to bring revenge the direst on the heads of all who should thwart him; and whilst with an eye of habitual devotion for the world's gauds she gazed upon the brilliant vista which he opened to her as Countess of Ravensworth, she regarded with equal terror the possibility of his vengeance thrusting herself and the fascinating object of her life's first love out of the pale of romance into poverty and disgrace. And yet she loved, adored, this strange, fantastic, gentle singer. For the first time she knew how sweet it was to love; and life without this love, and him on whom she poured it, with all the deep devotion of her Italian nature, could be for her no more.

After long and anxious speculations on these things, she had resolved for him a course of life to which she saw all things were clearly tending. Lord Ravensworth had an uncle, a brave Hungarian officer, his mother's brother, poor, but of noble blood. His son was now in England, a colonel in the same service, and one to whom Ravensworth had shown many favors. Gabrielle greatly disliked Colonel Kalozy; but when it had been found that the poor Improvisatore could not, school-boy like, accomplish the tasks set him by his masters, Lord Ravensworth, probably instigated by the hope of getting rid of him, and Col. Kalozy, out of gratitude to his noble cousin, had both urged upon him the offer of a commission in the regiment of Kalozy. True, the service of the oppressed slave of Austria was neither very tempting in point of wealth or distinction; but the rank of ensign would be the sign manual of gentleman. This to Gabrielle was the first best honor she craved for her humble lover, while to himself, the possibility of striking a blow in the cause of freedom, had something so much more ennobling in it than drudging in the service of a musical mountebank, who caught the wild notes of nature and labored only to twist them into vocal gymnastics, that he had long seriously pondered on accepting what he persisted in terming the peer's generous offer.

Generous indeed it was! generous to himself at least, if not to poor Ernest Rossi. "Some one must kill that singing vagrant," reasoned the earl. "The sword of Ravensworth would be polluted by his peasant blood. I cannot descend to the meanness of secretly assassinating a thing so poor; so the Austrians shall rid me of him."

*In a tale written some months since for the *Spiritual Age*, and entitled, as far as I can remember, "Second Sight," I gave a slight sketch of the prevailing popular opinion, or, as the phrase goes, "superstition," concerning that faculty, more recognized in Scotland, Wales and Bohemia than anywhere else. The condition called clairvoyance, or the capacity to perceive with the spiritual eye, scenes, distant objects and persons, which could by no possibility come within the range of the natural vision, is commonly defined as a perception of past or passing objects. I consider that the future is equally susceptible of coming within the range of spiritual vision. This faculty is common enough in England and many other places where, however, it is orthodox to call it "strange," but heterodox to call it "spiritual."

Telling his useful pliant cousin of his will, Colonel Kalozy had commission to offer Ernest in token of friendship for saving the life of his father from shipwreck,—a commission in his regiment; and all the glorious consequences of the noble warfare, which, either in the shape of speedy preferment, or honorable *and of course accidental death*, might be expected so naturally to follow.

And so the last pale star of night and first of dawning found the lovers striving to bend their eyes prophetic on their own next day. What should they do? Their love they could no longer hide. The politic earl affected ignorance; but Gabrielle only the more surely felt the rocking of the earth beneath the fair smooth surface. She pleaded with all her gifts of grace that he would haste like a gallant knight to win his lady-love by deeds of fame and arms. This, she said, would give them time to think, himself a name and place in life, and both probation of their new-felt passion. He, *half a savage still*, murmured of peaceful home among his mountains, the tranquil day and sacred evening hymn; but silence closed his lips when he looked on her—so proudly beautiful, so worshipped, and so sought—such a lot for her! he dare not speak it; and so, with dim forebodings, and a plastic mind swayed like the summer grass by passing winds, he bade her cheer; he would go forth and do her bidding, be her minstrel knight, earn *fame* at least for her, if not gold doubloons. And so they parted that dear summer night, when in those few hours they had lived an age. Their hearts' deep secrets read, their souls unlocked, one fate, one hope, should now be common with them; and in that long "good night" they felt, "we're one forever!"

Farewell moonlight trysts and tales of love for Ensign Rossi. New scenes, new hopes, companions, occupations. He thought his dreaming days were over; and yet he was mistaken. Arrived at the scenes of active warfare and busy strife, engaged now in actual struggle for the golden game of liberty, the generous-hearted mountaineer cherished a whole legion of dreams, which waited on his every footstep, brightening and heartening up his weary way, companioning his long vigils and harassing marches, and lightening him on to an ethereal but glorious future, that like an attracting point kept his heart single and his purposes pure and lofty in the midst of all the license and corruption of a camp.

Let materialists pause ere they crush out the world of ideality from the ardent gaze of youth. What is materialism itself but a world of *seeming?* The smile, smooth speech, external act and conventional fashion of dress, what is all this but the world mask to the spirit's hidden reality? Sooner let the impressional mind trust the involuntary revelation of what the world terms fantasy, prejudice, first impressions, than all the machine work with which the worldling hangs up a screen around the real motive power which, nothing but intuition can detect. Sooner let the visionary trust to the bright phantoms which flit above his sensuous world than part with the hallowing influence which faith in the good and the beautiful ever brings.

Ernest dreamed of beauty, or else felt its palpable presence in the beautiful world of the unseen around him; and so he was gentle, graceful, loving, beautiful in thought and beautiful in act, in exact proportion as he felt the influence of beautiful surroundings. In dreams of chivalric deed, or it may be the inspiration of noble beings in harmony with him, he seemed to gather strength to act out noble thoughts; and though by nature peaceful and even indolent, his name soon linked itself with generous deeds; his foot was ever foremost in unselfish daring enterprises; and notwithstanding the scanty field for honor and renown which an intestine struggle against oppression afforded, speedy promotion and high laudation heralded his name from place to place as one of freedom's champions.

It is not our purpose to touch on any of the political conditions of the time. We are simply following the fortunes of an individual, not narrating particulars of a party, cause, or nation. We know such an one as our improvisatore took part, fought, bled and suffered, in many of the bitter struggles in which an oppressed people armed for defence against oppression, or strove to break a chain too heavy for human sufferance. The man, and not the cause, is ours at present. They said his comrades loved him, and despite the promotion which his gallantry so rapidly ensured, none envied or grudged the kind young man his honors—honors borne so meekly and gained so well, that love, not rivalry, seemed only possible with him. There was, besides his tender sympathy for suffering and friends, another quality that endeared him to his comrades;—this was his sweet wild voice, and readiness to sing his wondrous strains, so full of soothing power. No hearts are so susceptible to music as those in whom the presence of danger kindles up constant excitement. Thus the sailor, soldier, captive and mourner hang on the tones of music as an echo to the feverish throbs of their own excited hearts. At night, when they sat by the watch-fires, or lay them down beside the half-dug trenches which each felt might be his grave to-morrow, the minstrel soldier sang to them lays coined in the burning realms of inspiration. And never did trumpet's crash or clarion's shriek, shrill pibroch or "spirit stirring drum," wake to such martial fire, such warlike heat, or soothe the soul with half such tender calm, as did the voice of the improvisatore, amidst the camp-grounds of poor captive Hungary. Sometimes he sang of home and lady's love, and then the stern grey warriors wept, and noble young hands drew their glittering blades, flashed them in moonlight, kissed the cross, and swore to die for her whose glancing form, evoked by the spirit of music, flitted amongst them, bearing their burning words like pledges to the courts of love and honor. How they loved to listen to his lays, these death-doomed men, forgetful of their fate whilst wrapt in the air of melody. The common soldiers loved him, too, he was so kind, considerate and merciful; and when he sang, they wept like little children. Sometimes he told of heaven and heaven's queen, and then the kneeling forms sighed out their hearts, in echo to his plaintive, low-toned hymn:

"Ora pro nobis,—Virgin Mother, hear us!"

Never did prayer float on the dewy night with deeper soul-felt pleading, than those times when he—the soldier singer—thus prayed for them.

And where was Kalozy, Ravensworth's wily cousin? Why is it that evil deeds require greater nerve and more encouragement for their commission than good ones? Either it is easier to be good (as it certainly pays better) than to be otherwise, or the current of the world's opinion sets in so dead against cruelty and vice, that it requires a stronger mind to stem the tide than float with it. Kalozy either really liked his noble young subaltern, or else was afraid to harm him,—afraid (when he saw the generous thing called popular opinion hanging so lovingly around the favorite) to injure that which never sought to injure another, and therefore meriting seemed incapable of expecting injury himself!

This was the state of things when one evening Lieutenant Rossi was employed by his Colonel writing in his tent. Kalozy sat at some distance, reading letters and dictating certain memoranda upon which the young man (who had received a fair education from his uncle the priest) was employed in transcribing. The night was warm, the curtains of the tent undrawn,—suddenly a rush of balmy air seemed to pass over the brow of the scribe, and a dim shadow fell across the tent door.

"Eulalie!" muttered the young soldier and for a moment an impulse to spring away, into the wide, wide realms of air, away for ever, seemed to possess him. The next, the still, dreamy extacy of France; and then he saw Kalozy—who sat directly behind him—placed like a picture on his very table. He saw him knit his brow, contract his lip, and then with a face all seamed with discontent, draw from his vest a letter, reading thus:

"You have either mistaken me or betrayed my trust, friend Hermann. I told you I would have that beggar killed; and you send home, or suffer home to come, accounts of his wondrous bravery and prowess until all those who read news of this war, and bulletins of your most cursed insubordinate rebellious country, begin to think the Italian organ grinding Ernest Rossi, is going to turn out another Bonaparte and convert a handful of beggarly Hungarian hordes, into a second Imperial army.

I know my worthy cousin, it matters little to you on which side you fight. The bread that is the best buttered tastes the best to you whether it be baked in Austria, Germany or Hungary. Must I tell you again then, that whilst I am paying you handsomely to do *my* work, that work is to get Ernest Rossi decently killed, and not made a Captain and a hero of. Look at it therefore; unless you can find a better paymaster amongst the Austrians, and as I am in more earnest than ever, the day that sends me home news of the death and burial of this interesting vagrant, shall sign the deed which makes you master of the long-coveted estate and manor of Wallingford. So now choose, and that without farther faltering, which you will serve, the god of battles who presides over the destiny of your hapless country, or the Mammon who has the honor of subscribing himself

Your loving cousin, EDWARD RAVENSWORTH."

Twice did the visionary scene passing *behind* the seer, recross his entranced eyes; and twice did the shadowy finger of the shining apparition in the tent door point letter by letter to the pictured page of the billet, which Kalozy was at that very moment perusing with his natural, and Ernest Rossi with his spiritual, eyes. When both had concluded the reading, the Colonel put up his letter. The curtains of the tent slightly waved, a low long sigh like the night wind's wail passed over the cold damp brow of the seer. A shudder, a blank. He looked out into the camp ground beyond. All was still. The stars were out for him, for *she was gone*. 'Twas mortal night once more more.

"Colonel, have you nothing more for me to write? I await your orders."

"No more, Ernest, now. To-morrow I'll call on you again."

"To-morrow, Colonel! Never again. Good night!"

TO BE CONTINUED.

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LIFE WITHOUT TRIALS.—Would you wish to live without a trial? Then you would wish to die but half a man. Without trial you cannot guess at your own strength. Men do not learn to swim on a table; they must go into deep water, and buffet the surges. If you wish to understand their true character—if you would know their whole strength—of what they are capable—throw them overboard! Over with them—and if they are worth saving, they will swim ashore of themselves.

# The Spiritual Age.

Progress is the Common Law of the Universe.

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## EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Macon, Geo., April 6th, 1859.

Readers of the Age:—The circumstances which some time since interrupted the record of facts and observations by the way, occurring in my daily experience, may have been serviceable to you, by leaving the space I should have required for the same to be otherwise and more profitably occupied. However, that my friends may know that I have not broken down, fainted by the way or run off the track, in the course of my long journey, I take this opportunity to report progress.

I left New York on the 19th of November, with the positive intention of going as far South as New Orleans and Galveston. But—most unexpectedly—while laboring in the West a mysterious Providence stretched forth "*a great arm*" and turned me out of my course. At first I was little inclined to heed the impressive lesson, still resolving to realize my first intention. But at different points on my journey that mystical *right arm* was stretched across the track I had marked out and designed to pursue; while ever and anon voices of solemn warning and earnest entreaty came to me from loving spirits that dwell in the spheres of prophetic inspiration. This mysterious arm held me back from time to time against my own determination and thus delayed my progress, until now the appropriate season for lecturing in the more southern latitudes is over, and I must return to my home in the North.

After lecturing at several places in Michigan, Indiana and Illinois, I left for Louisville, where I arrived on the 29th of January. I remained in Kentucky nearly six weeks, calling at Frankfort and Lexington and visiting Stanford. During the month spent in Louisville a deep interest, in the investigation of psychical phenomena, was awakened in the minds of some of the most enlightened citizens, whose appreciation of our humble but earnest efforts found expression in words and deeds of eloquent acknowledgment. At Stanford I found a firm, generous and enlightened friend of Spiritualism in John Craig, M. D., at whose invitation the writer delivered a course of lectures in that place. Stanford is situated in a beautiful section of country, between forty and fifty miles from Lexington and some thirty-five miles from the railroad terminus at Nicholasville. The Doctor will be happy to welcome any able lecturer on Spiritualism who may be pleased to visit that place. I can, however, say but little of the spiritual and progressive tendencies of the people of that State. A few dwellers in the mountains—tho e who "sit in heavenly places" of moral and spiritual elevation—discern the dawn of the New Day; but the great multitudes sitting in the valleys, under "the shadow of death," and wrapped in the sable drapery of the old Night, are still sleepers, and, perchance, are dreaming that it thunders while the choral anthem of the New Creation is being chanted by the Morning Stars.

I left Louisville on Wednesday evening, March 9th, taking passage on board the Southerner for Memphis, Tenn., where I arrived on the 12th ultimo. Our three days on the Ohio and Mississippi rivers passed very pleasantly, the company being good and the bill of fare sufficiently comprehensive. While on the passage we witnessed several things that were novelties in our experience. Many of the ladies in the South-west, especially in Kentucky, ride on horseback, and not unfrequently the same beast bears the whole family. While out for a morning walk one will often see a lady mounted with her child in her arms and the nurse on behind. On one occasion the writer saw a man and his wife mounted in a similar manner and on their way to town, the former carrying some ten feet of the kitchen stove-pipe under his arm. Doubtless the family wanted supplies, while the *funnel* needed repairs. I observed that the ladies along the river banks *shake their brooms* instead of waving their handkerchiefs, when a boat passes. I am sorry to say that—in these days—from the very necessities of their position they are required to belong to the *Amphibia*. Nearly the whole country bordering on the lower Ohio and along the Mississippi has for some time been submerged, owing to the heavy rains. The log cabins, which are noticeable for their extensive facilities for ventilation, are mostly surrounded by water, and the inhabitants must have remarkable skill in angling to be able to fish up their property anywhere in the Mississipi valley. Like some of the roads across the western prairies, the great river may be as wide as you please, to the extent of twenty-five miles, and like the aforesaid roads, the *depth*, at this season, may be quite uncertain and fabulous, if not absolutely fathomless. If we did not find Cairo exactly like Venice, the beautiful city of the sea, we certainly found it exceedingly difficult to see the city. We had only a life preserver along, having thoughtlessly omitted to take a *diving-bell;* and so without sounding we left the place *precisely where it was reputed to be*, and in the possession of the Naiads and the tadpoles. The latter, as they prefer shallow water, now reside up town in the neighborhood of the best hotels.

The writer had heard of Mound City, and confidently expected to see dry land when the boat reached that point. Indeed, I had conceived a very *exalted* idea of the place, and as we approached the ideal city, began to look skyward for a summit whereon the Ark might have rested after the universal baptism. I looked anxiously for A——, but saw nothing of the kind. While I yet gazed, a fellow-passenger—who received my mental telegraphic despatch but imperfectly—responded, "The *rats* are all dead, long ago, I reckon." In looking for the Mound, which had invested our ideal with all its poetry, it became necessary to adjust our optical instruments to the inspection of small things. At length the amazing discovery was made. A *little heap* at one corner of the city, and near the channel, suggested the probability that some hapless teamster had carelessly upset his load and did not think proper to hazard his life by drowning in an effort to recover the same. Beside the top of the mound, the only *sign* of anything *dry* thereabouts, that left an abiding impression on the memory, was a large *dry goods sign* on top of a small building, and an intemperate individual who gave abundant evidence of being *water-proof*.

Memphis is a very spirited place, finely situated on a high bluff and commanding an excellent view of the river for several miles above and below the city. There are many intelligent people in Memphis, but the elements of mind are mainly employed in the pursuits of business. Mammon, Fashion and Cotton—"three in one"—have devout worshippers among the strong and the beautiful; and there is a young and growing aristocracy that prefers to look at the truth through an opera glass or to handle it with kid gloves on. Still Memphis is one of the most desirable places in all the South-west, and we shall look in vain for more earnest and faithful friends than the few enlightened minds who openly vindicate the claims of Spiritualism in that city. Our venerable friend, Dr. Samuel Gilbert, formerly of New York, gave us almost princely quarters at his mansion, and we found a truly cordial welcome in the home circles of J. E. Chadwick, B. Bayliss, Mr. Davies, Mr. Houston and others, to whom we are indebted at least for some pleasant memories of the departed hours.

While in Memphis the writer delivered seven lectures and occupied two evenings in an oral discussion of the claims of Spiritualism with Rev. Dr. Barber. Left the place on the 21st ultimo and reached this city on the morning of the 23d. Dr. L. F. W. Andrews—who represents the brain and spinal column in the body of Spiritualism in this State—met me at the depot, having been previously informed by the spirits of the precise hour of my arrival. I must write of Macon—of Spiritualism in Georgia, and whatever else has interested me, hereafter.

I leave this morning for Wilmington, N. C, and expect to reach the humble home from which I have been so long absent, on or about the 15th instant, where my correspondents will have the kindness to address me.

S. B. B.

## HOW "TAUGHT OF THE LORD."

The followers of Swedenborg make much of the claim that this great seer received his teachings directly "from the Lord alone,' and that in a special and exclusive sense. Hence they consider that his doctrines and revelations have an authority which does not pertain to those of more modern seers, inspired persons, or spirits; and, for the most part, they turn away from these with a contempt and aversion scarcely equalled in intensity by the devotees of older ecclesiastical organizations.

It would seem, however, that Swedenborg himself made no such exclusive pretension as is set up for him. He claimed to be taught of the Lord only in the same sense in which every interiorly opened and illuminated mind, that preserves its own individuality in humility, may be and is taught. The following extract from his *Spiritual Diary* shows this:

"Whenever there was any representation, vision, and discourse, I was kept interiorly and most interiorly in reflection upon it, as to what thence was useful and good, thus what I might learn therefrom; which reflection was not thus attended to by those [spirits] who presented the representations and visions, and who were speaking; yea, sometimes they were indignant when they perceived that I was reflecting. Thus have I been instructed; consequently, by no spirit, nor by any angel, but by the Lord alone, from whom is all truth and good. Yea, when they wished to instruct me concerning various things, there was scarcely anything but what was false; wherefore I was prohibited from believing anything they spake; nor was I permitted to infer any such thing as was proper [peculiar] to them. Besides, when they wished to persuade me, I perceived an interior or most interior persuasion that the thing was such, and not as they wished; which also they wondered at. The perception was manifest, but cannot be easily described to the apprehension of men."—*Compendium*, p.14.

Now precisely this has always been our habit, as it is, we think, that of all rational modern Spiritualists and mediums—namely, to reflect interiorly upon whatever is presented by vision, representation or discourse from spirits, comparing it with the inner light or the Divine voice within ourselves, and drawing from it such instruction as shall seem useful and good. And all spirits whom we have deemed worthy of a hearing, have ever insisted on this use of the individual judgment—this appeal to the God within us—though, indeed, it needs no spirit from the immortal realm to teach man so obvious a duty. This would indicate that these modern spirits are in general of a more elevated class than the dogmatizers who came to Swedenborg, and were indignant that he chose to reflect for himself on what they told him.

This method is, in fact, simply the universal one by which the Infinite Mind reveals truth to finite minds—using external things and minds to *suggest* ideas, and through our *internals* enabling us to judge of their truth and value, according to the degree of our illumination.

The authoritative claims of the ultra New Church men are then as groundless as they are exclusive. We would suggest that they come down from the extravagantly lofty stilts they are wont to mount, and join hand and heart with all earnest seekers for truth and receivers of God's ceaseless revelations.

## Spiritism and Spiritualism.

The use of the word "Spiritism," instead of Spiritualism, is becoming somewhat common. As applied to mere phenomena of alleged spirit-origin, or to simple facts and theories respecting spirit-existence and action, aside from moral qualities or tendencies, we think the term a proper one. It marks an important distinction.

The words spiritual and Spiritualism, in their full and true meaning, embrace the elements of *refinement, purity, spirituality*, in a *moral* and *religious* as well as intellectual sense; and are thus the opposites of grossness, sensuality, and externalism.

It will be readily confessed that in this full sense, *spirits* may be far from *spiritual*, either in their characters or manifestations; and that many of the current notions about the spirit-world, and about moral and religious duties—among professed Spiritualists, as among professed Christians—can with no propriety be termed spiritual.

We have ever striven to keep this distinction before our readers; and it is for the lack of such discrimination that we find some people renouncing and denouncing what they *call* Spiritualism, when they *mean* its exact opposite.

Call these crudities and immoralities "Spiritism," or by any other fit term; but do not mistake them for Spiritualism.

A New Work.—Judge Edmonds has had submitted for his examination the manuscript of a work on Spiritualism by Robert Dale Owen, late minister from the United States at Naples. The work will be published on Mr. Owen's arrival in this country, and the Judge thinks it will be the best we have had.—*Ex.*

## DR. BUSHNELL ON SPIRITUAL GIFTS.

We have made repeated reference to the late remarkable work by Dr. Bushnell, entitled "Nature and the Supernatural," and have been long seeking an opportunity to lay before our readers a more extended synopsis of its contents.

Suffice it now to say, that as a whole the book may be regarded as an elaborate argument for Spiritualism, and against the prevalent forms of Materialism and Pantheism. This is implied in its title, which, in full, reads thus: "Nature and the Supernatural [i. e., the Spiritual], as together constituting the One System of God." He maintains that Nature, or the the world of *things*, is not the whole of the Universe, but that this co-exists with and is governed by Forces or Powers, which are spiritual, and have their head or centre in God;—also, that the world is thus governed supernaturally in the interest of Christianity, or for the ultimate triumph of the great principles of the New Testament. We will not here attempt to criticise or follow the course of thought by which these positions are supported.

His argument is rounded up by a chapter in which he contends that Miracles and Spiritual Gifts, such as attended the early promulgation of Christianity, have not been discontinued; and that revelation and inspiration are as possible and probable now as they ever were. The common idea of the church, that "the canon of scripture is closed," he pronounces "a naked and violent assumption, supported by no word of scripture, and justified by no inference from the complete organization of the gospel." And yet, he suggests that, even if revelations had ceased, miracles and gifts of the spirit would be needed so much the more, "to lift the church out of the abysses of a mere second-hand religion, keeping it alive and open to the realities of God's immediate visitation."

He expects this avowal will be deemed a heresy and a great scandal. "Nay," he says, with a keen sarcasm, "there are probably many Christian teachers who would even think it a disorder in God's realm itself, if now, in these modern times, these days of science, the well-graduated uniformity of things were to be disturbed by an irruption of miraculous demonstrations. It would upset many whole chapters of theory." "Of course, there have been cessations here and there," of the miraculous demonstrations, "just a there have been cessations of faith and decays of holy living."

He thinks, also, that we ought to expect, not merely a repetition of the earlier demonstrations, but a "progress of manner and kind, for if God were forever to repeat his old works, in their old forms, we should have a dull time of existence." Theyare in danger of being over-estimated and perverted, as they were among the early Christians, and need an occasional check; hence the oscillations between fanaticism on the one hand and unbelief on the other.

Moreover, we are not to look for moral perfection in subjects of spiritual gifts,—and this is a cause of their being brought into disrepute.—"It does not follow," says the Dr., "because one heals the sick, or speaks with tongues, that he is therefore clear of his moral infirmities, as a fallen man. He is taken with the stare of multitudes, gives way to a subtle ambition, magnifies overmuch his particular gifts, runs into shows of conceit, grows impatient of contradiction, and loosens the rage of passion—by that, driving himself even into wild excesses of both opinion and practice—and finally coming to a full end, as one burnt up in the fierceness of his own heat. As before, without the miracles and the gifts, religion went down to extermination, under the wear of mere routine, so now the miracles and the gifts have issued in a wild Corinthianism, which whole chapters of apostolic lectures can barely reduce to sobriety."

Nothing could be more applicable than this to the state of things, to some extent, in our own day; and we thank Dr. Bushnell for this discriminating defence of spiritual manifestations against the wholesale denunciations which his clerical brethren so generally deal out against them. He says much more that is equally pointed and applicable against the Sadduceeism of the modern church, which we must pass by.

The need and hunger of both the world and the church for some fresh evidences of immortality, and proofs of spiritual verities, are graphically described. "Many of the most longing, most expectant souls are seen waiting for some livelier, more apostolic demonstrations. They are tired beyond bearing of the mere school forms and defined notions; they want some kind of faith that shows God in living commerce with men, such as he vouchsafed to them in the former times."

True, Dr. Bushnell! you here describe exactly the late condition of thousands who are now rejoicing in the fact of realized spirit-ministration, and the present condition of thousands more in the churches who are held back only through fears engendered by their own ignorance and the clamors of the clergy. But more, and better:

"And if we can trust their report they are not wholly disappointed. Probably enough, therefore, there may be just now coming forth a more distinct and widely-attested demonstration of gifts and miracles than has been witnessed for centuries. If so, it will raise great expectations of the speedy and last triumph of holiness in the earth."

But, strangely enough, after writing such stirring words as these, our author sees not, or pretends not to see, any meeting of this need, any realizing of this expectancy, in the prominent and wide-spread spiritual demonstrations of the day! His only references to these momentously significant phenomena in general, are in terms indicating the strongest disgust and contempt! He speaks of them as "the new sorcery," "the badly-written, silly oracles of our new-discovered, scientific necromancy," etc. Is he not plainly in the condition of certain Doctors of the olden time, who, even though the long-expected Messiah himself stood bodily before them, were unable to "discern the time," but attributed his mighty works to Beelzebub, the prince of devils?

Nevertheless, Dr. B. is not wholly blinded. There is a *certain class* of modern phenomena which he can recognize, and of which he makes much. After tracing down through the Christian centuries the proofs that spiritual gifts and interpositions never wholly ceased,—finding that they abounded in the times of Luther and the Scotch Reformers, also the Huguenots, the Jansenists, the disciples of George Fox, the Irvingites, etc.,—he affirms that they are abundant even in our own times, and have come within his personal knowledge. He then proceeds to relate facts of alleged Providential interposition, of healing, speaking with tongues, etc., which he regards as equally supernatural and equally credible with those of apostolic times. Some of these we transfer to our "Compend of Facts" this week, and will give others hereafter.

It is noticeable, however, that none of his facts are essentially different in character, from the common so-called spiritual phenomena, which he pronounces "sorcery"; nor are they any better attested. The only apparent difference is, that his witnesses, for the most part, attribute the marvellous results to *God's* immediate interposition, and indulge in the usual cant phraseolgy of religionists; while Spiritualists are disposed to recoguize the agency of intermediate and finite beings—the reality of angelic ministration—wherever this is clearly manifest. Mighty difference, indeed!

Well! if to Dr. Bushnell the rose smells sweeter by another name, he is welcome to enjoy it thus. For his sake we rejoice that he does not, like most of his unfortunate brethren, altogether repudiate the rose itself, because "publicans and sinners" have been attracted by its fragrance!

We would add that if modern Spiritualism (for this book is one of its *facts*) had done no more than to startle our stereotyped and routine Christianity with this trumpet-voice, from one of the deepest and clearest thinkers of the modern church, it would have accomplished much.

## THOUGHT-READING—WANT AND SUPPLY.

[A SPIRIT COMMUNICATION.]

Question: Can spirits read the thoughts of those below them?

Not necessarily: yet, if by doing so, we may be of use to them at any special time, it is given unto us to know their thoughts. The question can be properly answered only by turning your mind to the law of want and supply. This law is just as real to those who can comprehend it as is the law of gravitation. Indeed gravitation and attraction are but servants to the great law of want and supply.

Facts in common experience testify to this. A poor widow has no bread; a benevolent and impressible person *feels the want* without external knowledge in the case, and supplies it. He is not impoverished thereby, for the prompting comes from his *higher* nature, and creates a vacuum there, though only for a moment. Still higher ministrations wait on him, and his reward is two-fold.

"Nature abhors vacuums"—not only in the physical world, but in the spiritual. Wherever there is a vacuum in the affections, in the intellect, in the moral and religious nature, *something will rush in.* The desires or wants of a person are vacuums, or magnets; and according to the quality of the desires, so of necessity are these vacuums filled.

Man is a two-fold being. He has his human or selfish desires—those which feed the external nature. All these are to be brought into subjection to his higher or spiritual. Each nature has its peculiar magnets, that it may attract unto itself the peculiar supplies desired. For illustration: if you wish to catch mischievous mice, you put cheese in the trap as a bait. This is something mice *love*. The bait is a magnet to catch and hold what you desire. In a similar sense our desires are baits, and if we bait the trap with a *divine* magnet, we shall catch the germ of a divine truth, a holy impulse, a charitable deed; which, when incorporated into the life, will make us more Godlike, because it came from God.

The sooner man consecrates all his powers to *uses*, instead of selfish gratification, the sooner will all his magnets be as immutably fixed towards the Divine as are those of the earth toward the North Star in the heavens. In this way, and this only, can man enter the New Jerusalem. It is to come down out of God's heaven just so fast as he attracts it into himself; and once in himself, he and it become part and parcel of and with the Divine.

It is often the case that a faithful clerk, who has year after year toiled for the interests of his employer, becomes joint partner with him, and equal partaker of privileges and profits. In a similar sense is God the employer, and man the employee. The latter should feel that his master requires only diligence and faithfulness; and that he can work for himself to advantage only as he works for his employer.

This not a seventh-day truth, to be listened to from elegant and elevated pulpits, in broadcloth and silks; it is a real, vital necessity of every man and every woman—as much so as is the blood that courses through their veins. And for the same reason. Do not the health and vigor of the body depend upon the quality and condition of the blood? And do you not measurably make its quality by the air, exercise and diet of your own choosing? True, you did not make the arteries nor veins, nor establish the system of circulation within your organism. God does all this, as you say. You have also a spiritual organism, in perfect correspondence with the physical. Look well how you feed that! Are you "fearfully and wonderfully made" physically? Even more wonderful and susceptible is the spiritual organism, because composed of finer and more delicate materials.

## Woman's Moral Power.

We are happy to give the *Boston Courier* credit for a noble and true sentiment. In commenting upon the remarks of Mr. Counsellor Graham, in the Sickles case at Washington, it says:

"There is no fortress so impregnable as the citadel of a virtuous woman's heart; there is a power in the silent influence of female chastity to make a strong man quail and become as an infant. Are we to be told that the only protection we have against the adulterer in heart is the fear he has of the husband's avenging arm! That our wives and sisters have no safeguard in the purity of their own souls, but that if our physical protection is removed they will fall at once into the palpable snare! The remarks of the counsel referred to are insulting to the dignity of every virtuous woman in the land. Shame on that man who dares to judge of female honor by the conduct of that wife and mother who would go from her husband's house at the wave of a handkerchief to a place of deliberate assignation, and there give herself to the embraces of a paramour! As a compensation for weakness of body there is given to woman a strength of soul more mighty than the weight of armies, and in the defence of her purity she will awe by her moral power the boldest libertine that ever defied the laws of God or man.—Yet Mr. Graham seems to think that bolts and bars alone can keep her from the degradation of lust. We pity him upon whom no better appreciation of the nobility of woman has ever dawned.

"And yet, what are we to think of a statement made by the correspondent of a New York paper, who says that a band of twenty ladies the other day called on the father of Mr. Sickles to express their sympathy for his son, and that 'a venerable lady of three-score years,' used these words: 'We demand his discharge on behalf of our sex.—Let him be convicted and the libertine obtains new license. Let him be convicted, and virtue requires new guarantee!' Is it possible, after all, that Mr. Graham was suiting his remarks to the moral atmosphere of Washington—that, after all, even the women of that District have no confidence in their own virtue—and that even a venerable lady requires the shield of a murderous protection to guard her sex from eternal ruin! Whether this report be true or not, every true woman will repudiate with scorn the imputation it conveys."

A Significant Fact.—Among the multitude of clever hits made by Emerson in his lectures at Freeman Place Chapel and Music Hall, the only one which has called forth demonstrations of applause was his allusion to Spiritualism last week.

Dr. Wellington Coming East.—Persons interested in Dr. Wellington's educational enterprise at Jamestown, N. Y., will be gratified to learn, by his card in another column, that he is about visiting this section for purposes connected therewith.

## MEDIUMSHIP AND CIRCLES.

JUDGE EDMONDS' LETTER TO THE TRIBUNE.

Our readers will be interested in this, the second article of the series contributed to the N. Y., *Tribune*. The first was simply introductory:

Sir: I shall devote this and the next paper to Mediumship and the Circles—the chief instrumentalities of spiritual intercourse. And I remark—

*First*: That the manifestation of the spirit power seems to be generally connected with the living human form. I say generally; because there there seem to be some cases where the phenomena do not require or are not connected solely with the person. Haunted houses are of that kind. So are cases of inanimate objects moving in the absence of any person. And the brute creation are sometimes affected. The devils' entering a herd of swine, and Balaam's ass seeing the angel before his rider, are instances of this. So I am informed of a case, where a fierce watch-dog saw a spirit at the same moment his master did, and fled affrighted. And in the "Seeress of Prevorst," it is said: "A black terrier that was in the house was aware of the presence of the spirit, and kept howling to his master; neither would he lie alone at night."

These, however, are exceptions to the rule that the living human form is necessary to the intercourse.

*Second:* The existence of the mediamistic power is the result of physical rather than of mental or moral organization.

What that peculiarity of organism is, I confess I do not know. I at one time thought the power was connected with a nervous, excitable temperament; but I have seen it just as strong in a stupid, stolid person. It does not depend upon age, nor upon sex, nor upon color; not upon climate or locality, nor upon condition; for rich and poor, high and low, educated and ignorant, married and single, male and female, young and old, white and black, are alike developed as mediums.

And my marvel is that men of science, instead of acting like scared children, do not look into it like men of sense, and find out what it is that is thus strangely affecting all classes. Surely, it may as well be discovered as many other things connected with man, which were once as profound mysteries as this is. Its existence in our midst cannot be ignored any longer, nor will thinking people be much longer satisfied with general denunciation of its delusive or demoniacal nature. And science owes it to mankind to meet the question, not with self-complacent sneers—

The Atheist's laugh is a poor exchange.
For a society offended——

but with careful, judicious investigation. In France, it meets with such sensible treatment. But among the savans of America, with the exception of Prof. Hare and Prof. Mapes, it is received as the appearance of a comet was in the days of my childhood among frightened boys, with anything but philosophic calmness.

*Third*: Mediumship is capable of being improved by culture.

I have known physical mediumship to begin with faint and almost inaudible rappings, and end with loud, clear and distinct sounds, to begin with a slight motion of a table, and after a while find itself amid a riotous movement of inanimate objects. I have known the mental kind of writing to begin with writing mere "pot-hooks and hangers" and unmeaning characters, and ere long to write with ease and distinctness; to begin with seeing a faint, shadowy form, and end with so distinct a vision of the spirit as to be able to identify the person; to begin with a confused perception of something to be communicated, and progress to the point of perceiving thought clearly and distinctly from this unseen intelligence.

It seems to be like other of our attributes—like our power to read, write or cypher—to paint or make music—belonging to us as part of our nature, and capable of being made available by culture.

I found it so in my own case. The first signs of mediumship in me came when I was alone in my library, and in the form of an impression on my mind. It might be called imagination, for it was very like the process of building castles in the air, and yet it was different. It was presenting to my consciousness an acting, continuing scene, with a lesson told by the totality of the incidents. The process was novel to me, and I watched it with a good deal of interest. I discovered that I had nothing to do with it, but to be a passive recipient of a train of thought imparted to me from a source outside or beyond myself; that is, the thoughts did not originate in my intelligence.

My next step was to behold a scene presented to my vision like a moving panorama, and not merely a mental impression. I seemed to see, though I know I did not see with my usual organs of sight. And it was remarkable that the intelligence that was dealing with me, presented the picture more or less rapidly, as it discovered I had taken in its details; and after going through with it once thus deliberately, it presented it to me a second time, but more rapidly, evidently for the purpose of so impressing it on my memory that I could narrate it.

My next step was to see an individual spirit, that of an old friend who had been dead six or eight years. I was in my room at work, not thinking of him, and suddenly I saw him sitting by my side, near enough for me to touch him. I perceived that I could exchange thoughts with him, for, in answer to my question, he told me why he had come.

Next, I beheld scenes which I was told were the actual, living realities of the spirit world, scenes in which individuals and numbers were moving, acting, thinking, as we do in this life, and conveying to me a vivid idea of life in the next stage of existence.

During all these steps of progress, I could converse with the spirits whom I saw, as easily as I could talk with any living mortal, and I held discussions and arguments with them as I have with mortals.

My daughter, who had long resisted the belief, one day requested to witness a manifestation, and I sought an interview with her mother, in order to bring it about advantageously. The spirit came to me and, I communed with her half an hour. We reasoned together as in life, discussed various suggestions and concerted a plan.

It will hardly do to say this was imagination in me; for the plan thus concerted was, after a lapse of a few weeks, carried out without my intervention. A female, a stranger to both mother and daughter, was brought to my house from a distant city, and through her, while entranced and unconscious, was finished to my daughter a parting injunction of her mother, which death had interrupted two years before.

Nor will it do to say this is a mere reflex of the minds of the living, for my daughter alone knew the injunction which had been given, and knew not the conclusion until she thus heard it.

Thus has my mediumship progressed from a shadowy impression of an allegory, to seeing spirits, conversing with them, and receiving thoughts from them with ease and distinctness. Why may not this be equally true of every one?

*Fourth*: Mediumship has an infinite variety of phase—the same that is witnessed in human action, and absolutely precluding the idea of collusion.

*Fifth:* It comes at its pleasure, and not ours. By observing the proper conditions, we may aid its coming, but we cannot make it come at our pleasure. There is no greater anomaly connected with the extent and manner of our control over it, and no part of it where improvement by culture can be greater. This control seems to belong to man as a part of his nature and can be so acquired by him as entirely to forestall any power to do harm.

*Sixth:* Wherever it appears, in whatever part of the world, it has the same general characteristics. Thus, among the slaves at the South, I learn that it comes in the same form as among the free at the North. I have been told by a missionary in San Domingo that such was its appearance among the ignorant negroes there. A French gentleman who had been in Algeria described to me the same thing among the Arabs. Two Spaniards, who had never heard of the phenomenon, found it obscurely in Cadiz with the same features. An English gentleman came to my home out of curiosity, and, hearing it described, exclaimed that it was the same thing which had occurred at his father's country mansion years ago, but they did not know what it was.

This accordance in feature everywhere, is a pretty formidable argument against the theory of collusion and delusion.

*Seventh:* Though I have said that it depends mainly on physical organization, I must not be understood as implying that mental or moral causes do not affect it. I know of no kind of mediumship that is entirely exempt from the effect of the human mind, and I know many cases where, the power being abused, it has been interrupted. The most frequent cause of interruption, is the perversion of it to selfish purposes. One medium, I knew, who became grasping, avaricious, in spite of warnings. His power was suspended until he reformed. A young girl, taken from the streets as a rag-picker, with great powers, was used by an old woman to make money out of. Not only was the child taken from her, but the power taken from the child. When it is

necessary for my daughter to rest from her labors, the power is temporarily suspended.

But it is not always that it will be stopped at our pleasure. When the desire to stop it is purely selfish, they will often pay no attention to it. I know a case, where a female, afraid that her business might be hurt, refused to be used, she was followed by the manifestations until she yielded, and then all was well. My daughter and niece long resisted the belief, and for a whole year my house was haunted with noises and other performances until they yielded, and then it stopped. If they omitted their evening devotions on going to bed, they would be disturbed until they said their prayers, and then all would be quiet.

I could enumerate many kindred instances, but my space compels me to be content with saying, as the result of my experience, that where the power is yielded to and used with good sense and from pure motives, it seldom hurts, but is generally productive of good; but when perverted to selfish purposes, it will, first or last, be interrupted, or bring punishment in its train, and sometimes both.

*Eighth:* Mediumship frequently changes in the same person in its form of manifestation, and this not at he option of the instrument. I know one who, at first, was a medium for rapping, table-tippings and the like; then she wrote mechanically thoughts not her own; then she spoke in many tongues; then she sang and played words and music unknown to her; then she personated the departed; then saw spirits; then spoke by impression; then was clairvoyant, seeing earthly distant objects; then she prophesied, and then communed freely with the dead, and conveyed their messages of affection and instruction to their surviving friends.

*Ninth:* I have observed that though ill health will not always prevent, yet a sound state of health is most favorable to the manifestation, and the health will never be injured when the power is discreetly used. Over-indulgences in it, as in other things, will be injurious.

And, *Finally*, for space compels me to stop, I have observed that in every form which mediumship has assumed, there has been ever manifest one great object in view—steadily aimed at throughout—and that was to open a communication between mortals and the invisible world; and to that end intelligence displaying itself, and forcing ever upon the rational mind this most important inquiry, WHENCE COMES THIS INTELLIGENCE?

J. W. EDMONDS.

NEW YORK, April 2, 1859.

### Spiritualism in Europe.

EDITORS OF THE AGE:—Sometime since you published a short extract of a letter from London. The following is probably from the same person to his brother, and affords an inkling of spiritual growth on the other side of the water. The writer says:

"I wish you would tell me who compose your circle, and where you sit. If you would invite the spirit of Robert Owen, I think he would interest you. I do not believe that a purer or greater man ever lived.

"In American and English society at Rome much interest was manifested last winter. The artists appeared to be generally believers, so far as I had an opportunity of judging, and Mr. S., who holds a high social position there, and entertains much, is a medium, and much engrossed with the subject. He boldly declares it everywhere. There are multitudes of believers who, for some unaccountable reasons, appear to be afraid to avow themselves. Mr. ——, the sculptor of Florence, is fully convinced. He told me Mr. B., with whom he corresponds, is very earnest in the subject. Its political influence will become indirectly very great, I think, and have an important influence in disorganizing Europe. As to England, she will as surely become a republic as she continues to exist, and that before long. There is no possible alternative. The ways are all laid, and the movement is constant with accelerating speed. I do not think there will be any violence. The people are too sure of their power to carry their own points peaceably for that. Buchanan's foolish letter to the Pittsburgh dinner is seized upon with great avidity as proof of the impracticability of our system of government, by the foes of republican institutions.

"The Church, which has ever been the right arm of the oppressor in all ages, is here thoroughly despised by the great body of the people, and receives the countenance of the intelligent only as a necessary check upon the populace. It is, however, in a very tottering condition, and cannot last long as it is."

The foregoing, though not intended for publication, it were well to record for its word of cheer to the New Church, and its portending knell to the old. Such testimonies gild the mountain heights with cheering aspect to struggling pilgrims along the old valley and shadow of death, as with straining eyes and aching hearts they yearn to meet the new unfolding of the coming day.

The circle to which the writer refers, and to which he would have us invite the spirit of Robert Owen, is composed of his brother, the medium, and myself. It has held its seances bi-weekly for several years in loving communion with the saints who have preceded us over the Jordan. We should most gladly welcome the visits of Robert Owen from his home in spirit-land, but our own experience is that it is best to be no respecter of persons, but to receive all in the order of heaven's usages. We endeavor to entertain all in a true Christian spirit, trusting that God is in all to work and to do of His own good pleasure; and devoutly thankful are we for the many blessings we receive in this providential ministry of angels.

C. D. P.

## Boston and Vicinity.

### Emerson on Art and Criticism.

Emerson's lecture on Art and Criticism was the richest and raciest of the course thus far. He carried a glittering blade with which he cut right and left most dexterously, and challenged admiration even when he decapitated the most cherished notions of society.

Modern criticism, he said, is beginning to look on literature and the arts as a part of history. Writers have given distorted biographies, have white-washed the character of such men as Henry VIII., and blackwashed such as Socrates. This is not history. We may learn more by studying the literature and monuments of the past. Historical facts become valuable when time has cleared away the smoke and allowed us to see the principles on which they all depended.

The next generation will thank Dickens for satirizing absurdities which Parliaments and Christianities were not strong enough to remove. Calvinism stood every test but the telescope; but when Galileo's glass revealed the truth, it was ridiculous to pretend that God had made this little speck in the universe the scaffold of divine vengeance, and we were humbled into a sense of our insignificance. Christianity is not the only revelation; it is only the human mind struggling for expression, as it always has done, and always will do.

The doctrine of the Spiritists or Mesmerists gives unspeakable comfort to the holders of old creeds, who, on hearing from a spirit father, brother or son that there is really a spirit-world, show by their joy that they have been receivers of a legend, and not believers of a law. [Applause.]

Some minds speak about things, and others speak things themselves. This is the great distinction between writers. The multitude have only style and rhetoric. But literature is a poor trick when it busies itself in trying to make words pass for things. If the speaker well asked how many masters of English idiom there are, he could not count more than five.

The basis of all good rhetoric is the low style—that of the common people. Luther said, "I preach coarsely, and that giveth content to all; but when we learned ones get together we talk Latin and make our conversation so finical that God himself wondereth at us." The language of the street is always strong. How much is frequently conveyed by the words "bosh," "gammon," "gas," and the like. Said the speaker—I envy the boys their double negative, though it is clearly against all grammatical rules. I confess, also, to a certain titillation of the ears at a rattling oath, under certain circumstances. A young man from North street who strayed out to Harvard, attracted on a certain occasion a crowd of students around him, and such was the richness of his vocabulary of imprecations, that several of them took notes. There are many men who almost swear with genius. All our education instills a horror of Satan; yet it is a good while since Goethe remarked, we all like to hear his name. Burns went farther, and proposed that efforts be made for Satan's conversion.

The Devil in philosophy is the absolute negation, the nothing, the falsehood; though theology would make him out a positive existence. But the popular mind is wiser than its theology, and uses the term philosophically; as: "The devil a monk was he," means he was no monk. "The devil you did!" means you did not. But we need this "devil" as we need shadow in art. We can do nothing without it. What would the painter do without dark shades, or the saints without crucifixions and hells?

Mr. Emerson said he sometimes wished there might be a college for editors and members of Congress, which should sink all Americanisms from our journals and public speeches. He would have them taught the difference between "lay" and "lie," "balance" and "remainder," "considerable" and "much." There is a common and detestable use of "slim" for "bad;" of the phrase "quite a number," and of the word "graphic" applied to speaking instead of writing. Another odious word is "retiracy." Other words become worn out. It is time we had entirely done with the words "subjective," "stand-point," "myth," etc.

The lecture closed with a tribute to Shakspeare as the greatest master of style in the past; and a compliment to Carlyle as having inaugurated as great a revolution in rhetoric as photography is accomplishing in art.

Our notes are necessarily short and fragmentary, and give an imperfect idea of the raciness and piquancy of this lecture.

### Mrs. Coan and M. V. Bly.

These parties met in a sort of public contest on the merits of the so-called "ballot-test" of spirit agency, at the Melodeon on Friday evening of last week. Mr. Bly, having become, as he claims, "more fully developed," by the practise of trickery, succeeded in performing his counterfeits far more cleverly than formerly—in fact, about equalling, to external appearance, the alleged doings of "the spirits." He, however, professed to read the ballots, either through the papers as folded, or by dexterously opening them when not watched; making the accompanying sounds by snapping some of his loose muscles. Mrs. Coan, on the contrary, protested with apparent sincerity, that she did not read the ballots, nor make the raps heard in her presence, but honestly believed it to be done by intelligences outside of herself claiming to be spirits.

She, however, said that if they *were* spirits, they ought to prove themselves such to the satisfaction of the audience; and rashly added that if they did not do it on the succeeding evening, she would never appear again in behalf of Spiritualism.

On Saturday evening, Mrs. Coan *failed to be present*, but sent a note to Mr. Bly, excusing herself on account of "indisposition," and desiring him to say to the audience that she was "satisfied he could do more without the aid of spirits than she or any other medium could do with them."

This note, Mr. B. construed into a virtual abandonment of Spiritualism—though it will hardly bear that construction. For nobody doubts that tricksters can do "more," in a variety of ways, than spirits do through *honest* mediums. The question is not *how much* is done, but *who* does it? If Mrs. C. has herself been the performer, *she knows it*; and in that case her best course is to confess her impositions, shameful and cruel as they have been, and abandon them in disgrace. If she has *not* been the performer, then some invisible intelligence *has been;* and she should stand boldly for the truth, whatever imitations professed jugglers may succeed in making.

The result was, Mr. Bly and his friends had everything their own way; and a few silly people, who seemed to imagine that the whole superstructure of Spiritualism rested on the shoulders of Mrs. Coan, went home with the comforting assurance that the ghosts were laid at last! Poor dupes! Those who have allowed themselves to suppose that Spiritualism has no better basis than is exhibited in the public performances of professional mediums, will sometimes learn their mistake. And we would add, that if any have been so unwise as to commit themselves to it on such grounds alone, the sooner they "renounce," and seek a safer foundation, the better.

### The Melodeon Meetings.

HENRY C. WRIGHT, the well-known reform lecturer, occupied the desk at the Melodeon on Sunday. His topic in the afternoon was "Fact and Fiction in Religion."

The speaker gave a vivid portraiture of the popular ideas of Heaven, Hell, Angels, Devils, Immortality, etc., which he pronounced imaginary fictions. On the other hand he presented the *realities* meant by these same words. The real heaven is not a walled city with golden streets, etc, but a state of mind—the character of the interior man or woman—and exists wherever a soul dwells in love. The real hell is also a state of mind, and is found wherever fretfulness, selfishness, avarice, hate, deception, injustice, envy, anger, lust, etc., exist in the soul. It was from such hells that he was anxious to save men; and those who keep their souls pure and in love need not concern themselves about any other.

Real angels are spirits who are full of love, justice, benevolence, and unselfishness. The world is full of such, both in and out of the body.

The earth is full of real devils also—not the monstrosities of popular fiction—but every soul, whether in or out of the body, just so far as it lives in hatred and wrong, is a devil. The rumseller, the deceiver, the sensualist, the slaveholder and slavehunter, the warrior and he who studies the art of war,—all who injure or tempt others, were mentioned as specimens of real tangible devils. They seek to drag men and women down into the hells of lust and wrong, and leave them there to weep and wail, while they go in search of other victims. He believed there were such out of the body, as well as in it; and when we are in a condition to be tempted by spirits in the body, we may be also by those out of it.

The immortality dreamed of by Christendom is a stupendous fiction—a mere matter of faith and not at all of knowledge—a grim and ghastly phantom, as proved by the gloom and dread with which Christians generally contemplate it. Real immortality is a cheerful, hopeful, restful, sustaining reality. It was to him a matter not of reason but of consciousness. Spiritualism had made it a living fact, and for this he thanked God. Spiritualism presents a view of immortality which tends to make men and women better in all the relations of life. If it does not do this to any of us, it is to us a useless fiction, and had better be laid aside.

The evening lecture was entitled "The Living Present and the Dead Past." It was devoted mainly to an exposition of the speaker's peculiar views on the relation of husband and wife, whom he regards as being present "Saviours" to each other, in a sense more important and vital than any being of the past can be. The lecture contained many truthful and noble sentiments, and some which seemed to us but partially true, and calculated needlessly to offend the sensibilities of Christian people. Our limits forbid a synopsis.

## Various Items.

........ A Sunday school teacher, deploring the lack of attendants upon his ministrations, appealed to the few present. "What can I do," said he, to get the boys and girls here?" "I know," said one of the urchins. "What is it?" "Give 'em all five cents apiece."

........ A colored woman at Lexington, Ky., claims, like Mrs. Hayes, to live without eating. She says she has not eaten anything for eight years, and those with whom she has lived for three years say they do not know that she has eaten anything in that time. She is stout and in good health, and drinks water freely, but nothing else.

........ "A FEW MORE LEFT."—As the razor-strop man, Smith, was walking on Chapel street, New Haven, with his basket on his arm, he observed two young men watching him, and overheard one of them say to the other, "There goes a —— fool!" Smith immediately turned upon him and replied, "And there's a few more left, of the same sort!"

........ A Glasgow paper gives an account of the proceedings of a revivalist at Paisley, Scotland, named Brownlow North, who preaches nightly to crowded audiences, with such power as to throw young women into hysterics. After service he acts as father confessor, and crowds of women lay bare their secret thoughts to him. On one occasion the confessional was occupied by fair penitents till two o'clock in the morning.

........ A poor woman in Western Massachusetts some time ago gave Rev. Asa Bullard half a pint of chestnuts for the Massachusetts sabbath school society. Mr. Bullard sold them at auction at a festival in Winchester for $5. They were returned to him, and he has continued to sell them over till they have realized $36,50 and a part of them are still on hand and for sale. The history of the chestnuts must be highly satisfactory to the woman who gave them because she had no money.

## New York and Vicinity.

### Conference at the Lyceum, Clinton Hall, Astor Place,

FRIDAY EVENING, April 15th.

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

Dr. ORTON! Having announced the question, he had waited some time in hopes that some else would precede him in its further discussion. If the position of Mr. Levey be true, that man is merely a progressed animal; or of Dr. Hallock, who scouting the monkey theory, holds that he is developing from a low and degraded condition to a higher order of being, and that the irregularities in his life are the natural and unavoidable accompaniments of his stage of growth, it follows that there is in reality no such thing as crime, and should be no such thing as punishment. The position is this, that every human being is moving like a wagon-wheel in a deep rut, without any power whatever over his own actions. Of course he is not a fit subject for punishment, as he cannot be held to be in any sense responsible for his conduct. Possibly the advocates of this theory may succed in establishing it, and we may utterly fail in our efforts to prove that it is not so; nevertheless, there is not a sane man in the universe who does not know within himself, without the trouble of reasoning the point at all, that the position is false. We instinctively, in accordance with the laws of our inner nature, arraign and judge ourselves whenever we fail to come up in our actions to our own ideas of right. Nature declares us responsible in the punishments she inflicts for violations of her law. We know we are free to will, and to a certain extent to think and to act. If we have not liberty of thought, how can we pretend to have opinions, on this or any other subject? and to present them under such circumstances, for the consideration of others, can be regarded only as a sheer piece of impertinence.

Dr. GOULD: If ignorance is the only source of wrong, it is clear there is no such thing as crime. Crime implies a known wrong-doing. It is claimed this is the theory of Jesus. He thought not. He had at one time submitted the point at issue to an eminent Wall Street lawyer, when the following conversation occurred:

*Gould:* Suppose a client of yours, who had set fire to his neighbor's house, should wish you to undertake his defence on the ground that he was ignorant, and had never had the advantages of moral culture.

*Lawyer:* What, a sane man?

*Gould:* Yes.

*Lawyer:* Any fool knows better than that.

*Gould:* But he did not understand the consequences of the act.

*Lawyer:* He did not know whether one or fifty houses would be burned. I could not undertake any such defence.

*Gould:* But the fee: he will pay you any sum you demand.

*Lawyer:* He will find no respectable lawyer anywhere to defend him on that ground. Send to the Tombs and get a shyster who cares nothing for the case, but only for his fee.

Dr. HALLOCK: Jesus thought differently from this lawyer when he prayed that his enemies might be forgiven on the ground of their ignorance.

Dr. GOULD: The Jews believed Jesus to be an imposter. They were acting under the direction of their priests, and probably thought in crucifying him they were doing God service.

Mr. PARTRIDGE: The first enquiry should be, what is crime? It will not do to say every time we injure one another that we are criminal. Sometimes wrongs are committed from the best of motives. By crime he understood, wilful violations of right. No one in his opinion commits even an act of this kind without having an excuse for himself at the time. The thief and murderer act under the impulse of want or supposed injury. The big oak which overshadows and destroys the lesser oaks beneath it, is in this only true to the instincts of its nature. The same is true in society. He could not conceive of a case of deliberate wrong: hence in truth, there was really no such thing as crime. Steal or starve is often the only choice of the erring. It is a virtue to preserve life even by theft. Our physical natures also make awful demands on us. Our laws regulate these things so poorly that we are sometimes as it were compelled into crime. As to punishment, no one man has the right to inflict it on another. Society may restrain dangerous persons but nothing more. He was thankful that the flogging of children was going out of date. Under our old Christian regime the devil whipped the old folks, and the old folks the children. No person ought to be employed in a school who needed to strike a scholar in order to govern him. He would convert our state prisons into respectable work-shops, and charge the prisoners for board, and pay them for their work. It was the right of every man to possess the rewards of his own labor.

Dr. HALLOCK: Society has never known what the spiritual theory of crime is. We know what John Doe's theory is, and we want now to know what the spiritual theory is—not the table-tipping theory, but the one our consciences tell us is true. Here it is in this old book:

"Ye have heard that it hath been said, An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth. But I say unto you, that ye resist not evil; but whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also."

Stick a gallows on that if you can, or a whipping-post, or a hell.

"And if any man will sue thee at the law, and take away thy coat, let him have thy cloak also. Give to him that asketh thee, and from him that would borrow of thee, turn not thou away."

Let a man do this, and he will be safe enough from thieves.

"Ye have heard that it hath been said, Thou shalt love thy neighbor and hate thine enemy. But I say unto you, Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you and persecute you; that you may be the children of your Father which is in heaven; for he maketh his sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth his rain on the just and on the unjust."

Here was the spiritual theory of crime, and materialist as he was, he fully accepted it. Are there any facts to controvert it? None. Take the case at Washington. In the course of that trial there came a point in the testimony which created a great sensation, when nature spoke to every heart present, affirming with her tongue of truth, that the prisoner in the commission of his crime knew not what he did. A man may be a Monroe Edwards, full of the world's knowledge, and still be ignorant of the relation between cause and effect—ignorant of the fact that it is impossible for him to escape the penalty of his misdeeds. He thinks he can, but he cannot, and herein is his ignorance. John Graham versus the United States, holds that the homicide perpetrated by Sickles was a justifiable act. The other side pronounces it murder. Can it be that the good God has left us without a standard, so that we cannot tell whether it is a crime or not? Do we not speak of the Man of Nazareth as the great teacher? What does this imply? That there was ignorance to be instructed. And now a word as to will. That which we call will, stands directly behind the act. Sometimes it is formed on due deliberation; sometimes it is wholly impulsive, and acts instantly on the muscles. It is as changeable and easily influenced, as the electricity that plays upon the wires. Deeper far than this lie the springs of human action.

Dr. ORTON: If the reform of the city of New York were to be placed in the hands of Dr. Hallock and himself, he presumed there would be little difference between them as to the course to be pursued. They would agree that force should be everywhere abrogated, and the law of love substituted in its place; in the family, the school, and the prison. He was unwilling to be placed in a false position, as he was whenever it is assumed that his views lead to the opposite of this. But there was nevertheless an important difference between them. While they agreed as to the treatment of crime, he was obliged to consider the position of Dr. Hallock as to the nature of crime, not only unsound, but dangerous—dangerous as furnishing an apology and excuse to wrong-doers, and encouragement to a continuance of their evil lives. To tell a man who has robbed his poor neighbor of his farm, or killed his brother, or defiled his neighbor's wife, that he is not to blame—that he could not have done otherwise if he had tried—is not the way to reform him. In the teachings of Christ which have been read, we are told to resist not evil. Here the existence of evil is recognized, which Dr. Hallock denies. In the prayer on the cross, it appears, notwithstanding all deductions to be made on the score of ignorance, there still remained something to be forgiven. But Dr. Hallock denies that there is ever anything to be forgiven—that there is such a thing at all as guilt. So it appears he does not accept what he has denominated the spiritual theory of crime, as his own.

Dr. HALLOCK: We are all seeking happiness. It is impossible to conceive that any man in his senses would wilfully set fire to his own happiness.

J. R. O.

Rev. Mr. Noyes, recently of Chicago, has opened an independent Unitarian meeting at Hope Chapel, New York. In his introductory discourse, last Sunday, the basis of a vital religious society was laid down as character, not creed; and absolute, unconditional liberty of free thought was insisted upon as the necessary condition of all progress.

## Compend of Facts.

### Modern "Miracles."

We copy the following from the chapter entitled," "Miracles and Spiritual Gifts not Discontinued," in Dr. Bushnell's "Nature and the Supernatural."

WARNED IN A DREAM.

As I sat by the fire, one stormy November night, in a hotel parlor, in the Napa Valley of California, there came in a most venerable and benignant looking person, with his wife, taking their seats in the circle. The stranger, as I afterward learned, was Captain Yount, a man who came over into California, as a trapper, more than forty years ago. Here he has lived, apart from the great world and its questions, acquiring an immense landed estate, and becoming a kind of acknowledged patriarch in the country. His tall, manly person, and his gracious, paternal look, as totally unsophisticated in the expression as if he had never heard of a philosophic doubt or question in his life, marked him as the true patriarch. The conversation turned, I know not how, on spiritism and the modern necromancy, and he discovered a degree of inclination to believe in the reported mysteries. His wife, a much younger and apparently christian person, intimated that probably he was predisposed to this kind of faith, by a very peculiar experience of his own, and evidently desired that he might be drawn out by some intelligent discussion of his queries.

At my request, he gave me his story. About six or seven years previous, in a mid-winter's night, he had a dream, in which he saw what appeared to be a company of emigrants, arrested by the snows of the mountains, and perishing rapidly by cold and hunger. He noted the very cast of the scenery, marked by a huge perpendicular front of white rock cliff; he saw the men cutting off what appeared to be tree tops, rising out of deep gulfs of snow; he distinguished the very features of the persons, and the look of their particular distress. He woke, profoundly impressed with the distinctness and apparent reality of his dream. At length he fell asleep, and dreamed exactly the same dream again. In the morning he could not expel it from his mind.—Falling in, shortly, with an old hunter comrade, he told him the story, and was only the more deeply impressed, by his recognizing, without hesitation, the scenery of the dream. This comrade came over the Sierra, by the Carson Valley Pass, and declared that a spot in the pass answered exactly to his description. By this, the unsophisticated patriarch was decided. He immediately collected a company of men, with mules and blankets, and all necessary provisions. The neighbors were laughing, meantime, at his credulity. "No matter," said he, "I am able to do this, and I will, for I verily believe that the fact is according to my dream." The men were sent into the mountains, one hundred and fifty miles distant, directly to the Carson Valley Pass.—And there they found the company, in exactly the condition of the dream, and brought in the remnant alive.

A gentleman present said, "you need have no doubt of this; for we Californians all know the facts, and the names of the families brought in, who now look upon our venerable friend as a kind of saviour.—These names he gave, and the places where they reside, and I found, afterward, that the California people were ready, everywhere, to second his testimony.

Nothing could be more natural, than for the good-hearted patriarch himself to add, that the brightest thing in his life, and that which gave him greatest joy, was his simple faith in that dream. I thought also I could see in that joy, the glimmer of a true christian love and life, into which, unawares to himself, he had really been entered by that faith. Let any one attempt now to account for the coincidences of that dream, by mere natural causalities, and he will be glad enough to ease his labor, by the acknowledgment of a supernatural Providence.

PRAYER ANSWERED.

I fell in also, in that new world, with a different and more directly christian example, in the case of an acquaintance, whom I had known for the last twenty years; an educated man, in successful practice as a physician; a man who makes no affectations of piety, and puts on no airs of sanctimory; living always in a kind of jovial element, and serving every body but himself. He laughs at the current incredulity of men, respecting prayer, and relates many instances, out of his own experience, to show—for that is his doctrine—that God will certainly hear every man's prayer, if only he is honest in it. Among others, he gave the following:—He had hired his little house, of one room, in a new trading town that was planted last year, agreeing to give a rent for it of ten dollars per month. At length, on the day preceeding the rent day, he found that he had nothing in hand to meet the payment, and could not see at all whence the money was to come. Consulting with his wife, they agreed that prayer, so often tried was their only hope. They went, accordingly to prayer, and found assurance that their want should be supplied. That was the end of their trouble, and there they rested, dismissing farther concern. But the morning came, and the money did not. The rent owner made his appearance earlier than usual. As he entered the door, their hearts began to sink, whispering that now, for once, they must give it up, and allow that prayer had failed. But, before the demand was made, a neighbor coming in, called out the untimely visitor, engaging him in conversation, a few minutes, at the door. Meantime a stranger came in, saying, "Dr.—— I owe you ten dollars, for attending me in a fever, at such a time, and here is the money." He could muster no recollection, either of the man or of the service, but was willing to be convinced, and so had the money in hand, after all, when the demand was made. When Stilling and Francke recite their multitudes of specific answers to prayer, their reports are very hastily discredited by many, because of their strangeness. But I have heard so many examples, personally, of the kind just cited, that I begin to think they are common.

### Restoration from Apparent Death.

Our friend Mr. Blood, formerly President of the Spiritualist's Association at Lowell, sends us accounts of a number of cases of healing without medicine, through the agency of Dr. Stephen Cutter and Mrs. Walker, of that city. The following presents some remarkable features which render it worthy of being put on record:

"Gardner L. Willard, 10 George street, Lowell, states as follows:—'The first of February last, I was taken with inflammatory rheumatism in the right knee, which afterward extended to the left knee and both hands, particularly the right—all being enormously swollen and very painful. I called in the best physician in the city, so called, who prescribed for me till Sunday morning, the 6th; when he came, and looking in upon me, seeing his prescriptions without the least effect, and I living, exclaimed, 'O God! what a constitution.'

Up to this time, I had taken twenty-four morphine powders and thirty-two morphine pills. My wife requested him to relieve me of my pain if possible. He replied, he 'did not dare to, for he had given double doses from the first all through. I can stop his pain, but it would stay stopped.' He however, ordered hot vinegar applied to my legs, which drove the disorder to my throat and lungs, when he left me to my fate, without intimating his intention.

Wednesday evening, the 9th, I was seized with choking or filling up of my throat, and, to all appearance *died*—there being no pulse, or breath for two hours. Dr. Cutter and Mr. Walker were called in great haste. The doctor came, leaving Mrs. W. at home—she not knowing me or the place where I lived. Immediately she was taken by a powerful influence, directed a man to drive her to George street, and when opposite my house, directed him to stop, for there was a sick person there. Before leaving home, she was influenced to take with her certain things which the doctor needed, though she had no means of knowing it. By their efforts, under her direction, I was, in two hours, restored to life and consciousness, asked for my wife and conversed with her. One week from that time I walked to my shop, one fourth of a mile from my house, perfectly well, only weak; and the next Monday, 20th, returned to my work."

Any one wishing to converse with those who know of this fact will find Mr. Willard and wife, Mr. McKensie, 39 Church Street, Dr. Cutter, Mrs. Walker, and others, who were present, very ready to give any facts concerning it that they are able

There are other cases of healing by Dr. C. and Mrs. W., that are remarkable; but these I thought it might be proper to make public thro' the Age. I am most truly your friend,

BENJ. BLOOD, JR.

Mr. F—— saw a female relative, one night, by his bedside. Thinking it was a trick of some one to frighten him, he struck at the figure; whereon she said: "What have I done? I know I should have told it you before." This lady was dying at a distance, earnestly desiring to speak to Mr. F—— before she departed.—*Mrs. Crowe.*


# THE SPIRITUAL AGE.

BOSTON, NEW YORK AND CHICAGO, APRIL 23, 1859.


LETTERS RECEIVED.—L E Lincoln, S K Verrill, L H Hathaway, E W Twing, M Breed, E Currier, O French, J Sprague, A E Richards, S J Norton, E A Doughass, T Irish, E M Barrett, M C Hoyt, S Albro, J Sprague, L O Howe, W Howard, A Couse, E Hardinge, J D Lord, G Hibbard, J L Cambridge, S Marshall, O Hinkley, E Sprague, D C Daniel, E M Burke, M H Tuttle, H Holden, L F Hager, E T Hayford, S Wing, J O Harris, J W Plummer, J G Dickie, S Hinshaw, R L Andrews, F E Ryer, L Willis, S Booth, D Curtis, H M Bristol, H Barker, A Morse, T R Davis, C M Stebbins, "Calvert," G Brown, H Taylor, H F M Brown, Hawks & Bro., J L Mason, J W Ott.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—L H Hathaway: We will furnish the *Atlantic* on the terms named.

### SPECIAL AND PERSONAL.

MRS. M. MACOMBER, impressional speaker, will receive calls to lecture. Address at Olneyville, R. I. 17—3m*

Mrs. M. speaks at Fitchburg April 24th; Hartford, Ct., May 1st and 8th; Putnam May 22d and 29th.

MRS. FANNIE BURBANK FELTON will lecture in Baltimore, Md., the five Sundays of May. Friends in the vicinity of Baltimore wishing to engage her services for week evenings, during her stay in that place, will address Willard Barnes Felton, Box 944, Baltimore, Md.

MISS A. W. SPRAGUE speaks at Portland, Me., the first four Sundays in May. Her address through the month of June will be Plymouth, Vt; through July and August she will speak at Oswego, N. Y.

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.

MRS. J. W. CURRIER will speak at Putnam, Ct., Sunday, April 24th.

DR. WELLINGTON, Principal of Jamestown Institute, can be consulted or addressed at Delevan House, Albany, at noon, Friday, April 22d; Massasoit, Springfield, 9 P M, same day; Boston Office of AGE, Saturday to Monday, 25th; New York, Munson's, 5 Great Jones street, Tuesday, 26th; Philadelphia, 304 Chestnut street, Wednesday, 27th; New York, Munson's, Friday, 29th; and will take charge of any pupils to leave New York Friday eve by Erie Railroad.

MR. BISHOP will speak at Evening Star Hall, Charlestown, on Sunday next, April 24th, at 3 and 7 1-2 o'clock P. M.

GEO. ATKINS will speak in East Taunton, Sunday, April 24th, and Plymouth May 1st; Putnam, Ct., May 8th and 15th.

F. L. WADSWORTH speaks at Waltham, Sundays, 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.

LORING MOODY will answer calls to lecture anywhere, on Sundays and week-day evenings. Address, Malden, Mass.

DR. J. MAYHEW lectures in Waukesha, Wis., April 24th. Shall be at St. Paul's on the 27th. The friends in Sweet 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 29th to May 2d, in Chagrin Falls, O; 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

### MEETINGS IN BOSTON.

MISS SUSAN M. JOHNSON 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.

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


### MEDIUMS IN BOSTON.

J. V. MANSFIELD, Medium for answering Sealed Letters, may be addressed a 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. MARY A. RICKER, Trance Medium, Rooms, 145 Hanover St., Boston. Office hours from 9 A M to 6 P M. Private sittings 50 cts per hour. Residence, Parker St., (Caryville) Chelsea. 17—3m*

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—8t*

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 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

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The BANNER OF LIGHT has an extensive list of correspondents from all parts of the country, who furnish valuable facts interesting to Spiritualists. It is the largest paper of its class in the country. Issued at No. 5 Great Jones street, New York, and at No. 3 1-2 Brattle street, Boston, every Tuesday morning. Subscription price $2 per year. Sample copies sent free, with club rates.

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

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

# Interesting Miscellany.

### BLIND BIGOTRY.

Modern history is replete with instances of blind bigotry, which have been exhibited by many most worthy and learned men, against the introduction of new inventions and improvements in society. Even during the present century there was an anti-vaccination society in England, which denounced the practice of vaccination, and less than fifty years ago ridicule and incredulity were arrayed in persevering opposition to the discovery of Jenner. Vaccination was denounced as "the cruel despotic tyranny of forcing cow pox misery on the innocent babes of the poor—a gross violation of religion, morality, law, and humanity." Learned men gravely printed statements that vaccinated children became "ox-faced," that abscesses broke out to indicate "sprouting horns," that the countenance was gradually transmuted into the visage of a cow, the voice into the bellowing of bulls, that the character underwent strange mutations from quadrupedan sympathy. The influence of religion was called in to strengthen the prejudices of ignorance, and the operation was denounced from the pulpit as "diabolical," as a tempting of God's providence, and therefore a heinious crime, as an invention of Satan, a daring and profane violation of our holy religion, a wresting out of the hands of the Almighty the divine dispensation of Providence, and its abettors were charged with sorcery and atheism.

When the arrangement of fans was first introduced to assist in winnowing corn from the chaff by producing artificial currents of air, it was argued that winds were raised by God alone, and it was irreligious in man to attempt to raise wind for himself and by efforts of his own. One Scottish clergyman actually refused the holy communion to those of his parishioners who thus irreverently raised the "Devil's wind." When forks were first introduced into England, some preachers denounced their use, as an insult on Providence, not to touch meat with our fingers. The establishment of the Royal Society in England, was opposed because it was asserted that experimental philosophy was subversive of the Christian faith. The telescope and microscope were stigmatized as atheistical inventions which perverted our organs of sight, and made everything appear in a false light.—*Boston Transcript.*

### "SECTARIAN FIRMNESS."

One of the most remarkable instances ever known of the triumph of sectarian firmness over feeling, occurred several years ago in the commercial capital of one of the southern States. A popular Universalist preacher had delivered and published a very moving discourse, in which the love of the Creator, for strength and endurance was likened to the maternal affection. As he impressed and illustrated from the pulpit the Father's boundless forgiveness, it never failed deeply to affect the audience, and probably brought many persons over to belief in the doctrines of universal salvation. Gov. W., one of the best old gentlemen in the world, thinking, perhaps, that it might have the same effect upon a venerable and rigid Presbyterian lady from the interior of the State, who used to visit him once a year, after in vain inviting her to attend his church, at length persuaded her to hear him read this sermon one Sunday afternoon at home. It happened that the matron had a beloved and prodigal son, whose wanderings she knew not where, had occasioned her such anxious trouble as only a fond mother can know. As the Governor proceeded to read, and unfold the touching picture of maternal affection—the yearning of the maternal bosom toward the wayward, the disobedient or the estranged, the ceaseless longing for their return to the right path, and the gushing tenderness that pardons and welcomes again and again,—the tears sprang to the eyes of his aged auditor, and at length sobs and cries testified to her uncontrollable emotion. The Governor concluded the reading of his pet piece with his own eyes moistened, and with a trembling voice turning to his subdued and softened guest, asked her what she thought of it. It was exceedingly well done, she acknowledged, and was the most pathetic thing she had ever listened to.

"But you must admit the force of the reasoning," said he, "or else why are your sensibilities so profoundly touched?"

"Oh, that proves nothing," replied the old lady quickly; "I was crying to think that a man who could compose and deliver such a discourse as that has got to die and go to hell in error."

### Playing with Shadows.

"It follows me everywhere," said a little one, playing with her shadow upon the wall. We watched her light movements, as she gleefully sought to escape from the shade which fell from her in the sunlight, and thought of the vain strivings of men to escape from the shadows of life. They follow us everywhere, and always, and well would it be for us if we would bear with them in the spirit of the little child. What we can't escape, we had better endure with good natured philosophy. If shadows will accompany us along our life way, let us strive to make them profitable companions if we cannot deem them pleasant ones.

Play on, little one, and let not the shadows of life trouble you more than the phantom that now pursues you. They may all vanish, at last, in the shadeless sunshine of a better world!

### Nothing is Hidden.

It was a memorable reply of Phidias, when remonstrated with for chiselling so carefully the backs of his statues, which were to stand high against the wall, where no eye could see any part but the front: "But the Gods will see the whole!" The finest, almost the only utterance of faith in the perfect presence and oversight of the Gods, from the Grecian world. And we should know, and continually feel, that not only will God see all parts of our life, the secret, lonely, as well as the public, but that often he may make that very thing which looks most secret and most lonely the bearer of greatest messages to others; the seeds in them of character and of destiny.

A FATALIST.—An old pioneer who believed that "what was to be would be," lived in a region infested by Indians. He always took his gun with him; and once, finding that some of his family had taken it out, he would not go without it. His friends rallied him, saying that there was no danger of the Indians, as he would not die till his time came anyhow.

"Yes," said old Leatherstocking; "but suppose I was to meet an Indian, and *his* time was come, it would'nt do not to have *my* gun."—*Cooper.*

Tasso replied to a proposition that he should take vengeance on a man who had injured him: "I do not wish to deprive him either of his goods, his honor, or his life. I only wish to deprive him of his ill-will.

He is a hypocrite before God, who talketh of a work within, when there is no work without.

### COULDN'T FIND IT OUT.

Mr. Slocum was not educated in a university, and his life has been in by-paths and out-of-the-way places. His mind is characterized by literalness rather than the comprehensive grasp of great subjects. Mr. Slocum, can, however, master a printed paragraph by a dint of spelling hard words in a deliberate manner, and manage to gain a few glimpses of men and things from his little rocky farm, through the medium of a newspaper. It is quite edifying to hear Mr. Slocum reading the village paper aloud to his wife after a hard day's work. A few evenings since, farmer Slocum was reading an account of a dreadful accident which had happened at the factory in the next town, and which the village editor had described in a great many words.

"I d'clare, wife, that was an awful accident over to the mills," said Mr. Slocum.

"What was it about, Mr. Slocum?"

"I'll read the 'count, wife, then you'll know all about it."

Mr, S. began to read:

"*Horrible and Fatal Accident.*—It becomes our melancholy and painful duty to record the particulars of an accident that occurred at the lower mill, in this village, yesterday afternoon, by which a human being in the prime of life was hurried to that bourne, from which, as the immortal Shakspeare says, 'no traveler returns.' ('Du tell!" exclaimed Mrs. S.) Mr. David Jones, a workman who has but few superiors this side of the city, was superintending one of the large drums, [' I wonder if 'twas a brass drum, such as has 'Eblubust Unum' printed on't,' said Mrs. Slocum,) when he became entangled. His arm was drawn around the drum, and finally his whole body was drawn over the shaft at a fearful rate. When his situation was discovered, he had revolved with immense velocity about fifteen minutes, his head and limbs striking a large beam a distinct blow at each revolution. ('Poor creeter, how it must have hurt him!') When the machinery had been stopped, it was found that Mr. Jones' arms and legs were macerated to a jelly; (' Well, didn't it kill him?' asked Mrs. S., with increased interest;) portions of durmeta, cerebrunt, and cerebellum, in confused masses, were scattered about the floor—in short, the gates of eternity had opened upon him.

Here Mr. Slocum paused to wipe his spectacles, and the wife siezed the opportunity to press the question.

"Was the man killed?"

"I don't know—haven't come to that place yet—you'll know when I've finished the piece.' And Mr. Slocum recommenced reading:

"It was evident when the shapeless form was taken down, that it was no longer tenanted by the immortal spirit—that the vital spark was extinct."

"Was the man killed? that's what I want to come at," said Mrs. Slocum.

"Do have a little patience, old woman," said Mr. Slocum, eying his better half over his spectacles, "I presume we shall come upon it right away." And he went on reading:

"This fatal casuality has cast a gloom over our village, and we trust that it will prove a warning to all persons who are called upon to regulate the powerful machinery of our mills."

"Now," said Mrs. Slocum perceiving that the narration was ended, "now I should like to know whether the man was killed or not."

Mr. Slocum looked puzzled. He scratched his head, scrutinizing the article he had been perusing, and took a graceful survey of the paper.

"I declare, wife," said he, "it's curious, but really the paper don't say."

### Arabian Diviners

In "The Land and the Book," Dr. Thompson records some interesting anecdotes told him by one of the converted Protestants in Syria, who was formerly celebrated for his skill in divination.

Once as he was returning home this man found a poor woman beating herself in despair because some one had stolen her meal-bag. There were Arab tents not far off, and as Arabs are by profession thieves, he suspected that one of them had the missing bag. Calling them all before him, he told them his suspicions, and declared he knew an infallible test by which to detect the thief, and to it they must submit, or he would enter a complaint against them with the Governor. They all stoutly denied the charge, and offered to submit to his test. He then cut bits of straw, equal in number to that of the Arabs, all of the same length, and kept the measure himself, giving a bit to each of them.

"Now," said he, in his most imposing manner, "keep these bits till the morning, each one by himself; then bring them to me, and I will measure them; if any one of you have the bag his stick will have grown so much."

Of course, each hid his splinter in his bosom, and in the morning one was found as much too short as he said it would grow while in possession of the thief. The credulous rascal, not doubting but that it would actually grow, had broken off just the length which he supposed would be added during the night. When thus detected he confessed the theft, and restored the poor woman her bag.

### The Reason why He left the Church.

Mr. Dickson, a colored barber was shaving one of his customers, a respectable citizen, one morning, when a conversation occurred between them respecting Mr. Dickson's former connection with a colored church in the place.

"I believe you are connected with the church in——street, Mr. Dickson," said the customer.

"No, sar, not at all."

"What! are you not a member of the African Church?"

"Not dis year, sah."

"Why did you leave their communion, Mr. Dickson? if I may be permitted to ask."

"Why, I tell you, sah," said Mr. Dickinson, strapping a concave razor on the palm of his hand; "it was just like dis. I jined dat church in good faif. I gib ten dollars toward de stated preaching ob de Gospel de fus' year, and de people all call me Brudder Dickson. De second year my business not good, and I only gib five dollars. Dat year de church people called me Mr. Dickson. Dis razor hurt you sah?"

"No: the razor goes very well."

"Well, sah, de third year I felt very poor, sickness in my family and did't gib nuffin for preaching. Well, sah, after dat dey call me Old Nigger Dickson, and I left 'em!"

THE DEVIL'S BEST SERVANT.—I don't believe the Devil cares half so much for the services of a sinner as he does for those of one of those folks that are always doing virtuous acts in a way to make them unpleasing.—*Holmes.*

# Poetry and Sentiment.

For the Spiritual Age.

### THE RESURRECTION.

We all have a graveyard of our own,
And no other foot may enter there;
We must bury our dead, alone, alone;
We must toll the knell and must breathe the prayer.
The fond illusions that childhood knows,
The sunny hopes with which youth is blest—
We dig a grave for these, as for those
Dead, and buried, and gone rest.

The mother-love and the father-care
That have faded quite from our life away,
The gentle word, and the tender prayer
Of one who lingered but might not stay;
With many a dream that once was dear,
And many a hope that promised well,
They are lying calmly, and coldly here,
While we are tolling their funeral bell.

Perhaps there came to our heart a joy
Dearer than aught that went before,
Pure and tender, without alloy,
The vision came to us, o'er and o'er;
But we laid that joy in a solemn bed,
And the sods were crowded close and tight,
And we raised a marble above its head,
And shut it out from the glad sunlight.

The strength and the courage we well-high lost
In the night of our sorrow and our pain
When we were afflicted and tempest-tost,
May come to gladden our life again;
To work! to work! with an earnest will,
Labor with heart and hand and head;
But those graves are lying around us still
Will they ever, *ever*, "give up their dead"?

Not yet! not yet! As we older grow,
The mounds stand thicker on every side,
The life-path shortens, and down below,
*One* grave is open, and deep and wide.
Start not! faint-hearted, nor be alarmed;
Only the mortal shall tarry here,
And we shall pass through it all unharmed
And enter the life of a higher sphere.

And then—what then, of the graves we left
With many tears on the other side?
What of the hopes that from us were reft?
What of the joys that early died?
Perhaps there may come a dawning gray,
And then in the East a rosy glow,
And the glory and beauty of that day
May wake the sleepers that rest below.

And the hopes we thought so dim and vain,
And the joys we deemed were laid so low,
May bloom and brighten for us again,
Just as they bloomed in the "Long Ago."
And smiles and glances may beam from eyes
Remembered well, and our spirits may
Be filled and thrilled with the glad surprise
Of a glorious Resurrection Day.

VIRGINIA.

TIOGA Co., Pa.

### THE SILENT SHORE.

My sprightly neighbor, gone before
To that unknown and silent shore,
Shall we not meet as heretofore
Some summer morning,
When from thy eyes a cheerful ray
Hath struck a bliss upon the day,
A bliss that would not go away,
A sweet forewarning!

CHARLES LAMB.

Conviction of ignorance is the door-step of the temple of wisdom.

Gentle as angel's ministry
The guiding hand of love should be,
Which seeks again those cords to bind
Which human woe hath rent apart—
To heal again the wounded mind,
And bind anew the broken heart.

Rest satisfied with doing well, and leave others to talk of you as they please.

His be the praise, who, looking down in scorn
On the false judgment of the partial herd
Consults his own clear heart, and nobly dares
To *be*, not to be *thought*, an honest man.

There is dew in one flower and not in another, because one opens its cup and takes it in, while the other closes itself, and the drop runs off. God rains his goodness and mercy as wide spread as the dew, and if we lack them, it is because we will not open our hearts to receive them.


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HOPEDALE, MILFORD, Mass., April 6, 1859. 16—3t { WM. S. HAYWOOD, ABBIE S. HAYWOOD, } Principals.

### GEORGE ATKINS, CLAIRVOYANT PHYSICIAN

AND HEALING MEDIUM, having returned to Boston, has opened an office at No. 7 Elliot street, where he will receive all who may desire his services. He will receive calls to lecture on the Sabbath. 16

# Medical Cards.

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