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 FIFTH.

A captive! wounded, suffering and alone! Ernest Rossi, the son of the mountains, the child of the mist, and the companion of the elements, is now immured in a cold, dark, fetid cell, where the sweet sun-light he loved so well never came, except in long thin streaks through the narrow crannies, where jealous bars would have mocked even the struggles of a bird for liberty, and streaming across the damp floor seemed to point like spectral fingers to the creeping things that trailed their noisome length along the ground.

Reader, have you ever visited the dark and hideous contrivances in the shape of dungeons, by which in ages past savage man has imposed the chain of captivity upon his fellow man? Not a noble castle in noble, civilized Europe, but has its nests of cells as inevitably as its banqueting hall—foul, noisome places, recking yet with the sighs of miserable prisoners and the wasted life of murdered victims. Not a convent or monastery but has its infamous dens of captivity and vengeance, where the narrow autocrat of the community could wreak his barbarity upon the helpless subject of his power. Not a single building large enough to be the home of rank and wealth, or pompous enough to be dedicated to the service of God, which in the famed quarter of civilization, Europe, and under the spiritual dynasties of Christianity during the early and middle ages—aye, even as late as the 17th century—is not garnished with its inhuman dungeons, as surely as it boasts of its allegiance to Christianity. We do not say the latter is the cause of this most direful propensity on the part of the members of the human family to torture each other; but when newspaper Christians and conventionally pious citizens prate about the blessings and humanizing effects of Christianity, these inevitable appendages to every monastic institution, every religious order and every feudal dwelling under the Christian rule for at least 1600 years after the *humanizing* system was first established, seem to send up their mournful echoes from the broken hearts, wasted energies, and crushed limbs of the victims, whom human authority in general, and spiritual authority in particular, has condemned to pine away within them.

'Tis pleasant to sit through the long winter's evening, by the cheerful fire and the mellow lamp, and while the storm roars without, draw the crimson curtain closer, and, turning to the happy circle within, to hear the one read out, while others work or listen, the tale of piteous captivity, of long imprisonment and fearful wrong inflicted on helpless, fettered human creatures. Young ladies sigh, and old ones shake their heads. Young men cry "stuff," and old ones go to sleep. Do any ever pause to think these things are true? *They have been;* and though modified in practice now, the *spirit* still remains, and would enact such horrors over again, if it but dared. Oppression, the law of strength against the weak, and persecution for opinions—these are the causes which have, which do, and will continue to, (unless you make men just, humane and Christ-like, instead of merely "Christian,") impale each other, coward-like, by force of strength, in far more tortures than these pleasant fictions show.

It cannot be supposed that Austria, Germany or Russia, (Christian countries all) could be in any part of them without the glorious institution of dungeons deep and noisome; and so poor Ernest Rossi found when, struck down but not killed by Kalozy, he became a prisoner to the Austrians. It might have been supposed that they would have taken advantage of their gallant young foeman's presence amongst them to destroy him, in vengeance for what they had been taught by Kalozy to deem were his magical practices against them; but the Governor of the Town into whose hands he had fallen, was an ignorant, superstitious and cruel tyrant, and while his savage nature suggested no other mode of dealing with his victim than by torture, his superstition impelled him to believe he might attain to superhuman privileges, in communing with the invisible world through the agency of the far-famed seer. The indignation of the Austrians had been so vehement against the supposed magician, that the governor had great difficulty in rescuing Ernest from instant and deadly retaliation; but under the pretext of reserving him for trial, and a more orderly mode of execution, he at last contrived to possess himself of the person of the captive, with whom he now determined to deal for his own private and special purposes. As he soon found his efforts to bend his unfortunate captive to his will unavailing, and fearing to put him to death, lest his disembodied spirit should be even more potent than his suffering mortal frame, he had no means of satisfying his hatred and cowardice but by the lowest species of retaliation he could devise, namely insult and miserable captivity. Sometimes he effected this in deep cells where the light of the blessed sun never came, where noisome things ran round the narrow space, and the dripping of dank dews constantly irritated the nerves with their weary vibrations; sometimes in cribs contrived like the cage of the famous Cardinal Baillieu, too low to allow the inmate to stand up—too narrow to allow him to stretch his cramped limbs.—Latterly, and after many months had passed away since his first imprisonment, he had him removed to a narrow cell at the very top of a tall tower, surmounted by sheets of lead, which, on the same principle as the celebrated prisons of St. Mark, was calculated, by concentrating the rays of the fierce summer sun, to burn into the suffering brain beneath, and dry up the healthful juices into consuming fever and ultimate madness.

Unhappily we tell no tale of fiction. Unhappily, too, the mere recital of half the horrors which in Austria, Russia, Siberia, and India, are even to this day perpetrated in the sacred names of Justice, Patriotism, Religion, and necessity—whilst they would harrow up the soul, would lead to no better results. We have long felt that the mere arm of restraint is but a temporary expedient for the remedy, but not the prevention, of cruelty and crime. If so-called Christianity, Mohammedanism, or even Buddhism, did exercise the gentle and humanizing influence that is claimed for them, these things would cease altogether; because, as religion is the most universal and potent source of influence upon a nation's action, so it must mould to some extent its general characteristics and individual opinions. Until, then, you can find a religion that will give the people individually and practically, an impetus to humane and unselfish dealing with each other, look to see the outward forms of punishment change—chains and thumb-screws give place to more refined and ingenious modes of inflicting misery—but never look to see the spirit which hates and persecutes that which it no longer dare kill, changed by any other influence than a change of heart and spirit.

The tortures of his Austrian prison, however, fell far more lightly upon Ernest Rossi, than they would have done on thousands of stronger and more resolute men. *He was not alone.* They might shut out the sweet summer sun, but they could not exclude the starry eyes of angel visitants. They chained him up, and barred within narrow walls his mortal form; but many a long, wild flight his spirit took through worlds of rolling ether with his spirit guides. No human voice spoke consolation in the lonely cell, yet gentle whispers came and went all day, and through the livelong night; and gracious forms more beautiful and shining than ever graced the proudest monarch's court, peeped like the moonbeams through the narrow grate, and lighted by his side like flakes of sunshine. They told him how each world hung like a bead upon the thread of spirit—his narrow earth was round him, but it moved not; his spirit was the only moving power, and this sped upwards like a shooting star. To-morrow, he'd be in paradise, his wrongs forgotten, and his prison left far, far behind—no memory of it cherished, yet its effects eternal on his spirit—chastened, strengthened, purified by suffering in its chains: the spirits of his captors, loaded with his wrongs, weighed down by that same crime, eternal in its consequences to all; their spirits chained as they had chained his body, until like himself they freed themselves through suffering. When his burning head would throb with pain, or scorch beneath the red hot leads, came Eulalie, and in soft slumbers fanned by angel breathings, would chase away the pain and leave sweet dreamy visions in their place.

At length the gentle gift of song returned to him. No matter where he was, in tower, or cell, or noisome, steamy dungeon, he sang all day, and often half the night. At first his captors feared the sweet, sad strains; thought they were spells to conjure evil spirits, and sternly forbade him to utter them; but when they found he did not comprehend them, stared with a half sane look, that warned of madness, they let him sing, and standing by his side the viewless spirit cheered him to his task. Perhaps she (deeper read in human life than we poor mortals are,) knew this exercise would save his wavering mind and keep the strings of sense from snapping or preying on itself. In cells remote, and many a dungeon deep, the sweet wild cadence rang like echoes from a distant world. The shivering captives heard it, dreamed of choiring angels keeping watch over poor mortals' woe, blessed God, and slept in peace. The gaolers listened, and with awe-struck souls told their beads in quick succession, muttered a prayer, and curses on the singer. The wandering peasant heard it as he crept along the frowning walls, drew his rough hand across his eyes, and cried "God help the poor, lone maniac!" Far out at sea the lonely ship-boy heard it. Rocked on the giddy mast by rushing winds, he thought some angel's song came on the blast, a messenger from sainted friends in Heaven. He listened, bowed his head, thought of his home, and wept.

"Ave Maria!" sang the Fisherman upon the shore, and "Ave Eulalie!" replied the echo.

"Santa, keep and guard us!" "Hush," they whispered.—"The spirits of the murdered dead wail round the castle of the dark bold keeper!"

One ear alone with perfect understanding marked the strain. This was Augustine's, poor Ernest's noble comrade. Safe from the skirmish where he'd lost his friend, the young soldier followed in the course of duty the fugitive warfare of his unhappy countrymen. This had at length led him and them in the very neighborhood of the prison where his friend was lodged. Dear as their Improvisatore had been to the Hungarians, they had made no effort to search for him, convinced that he had fallen into hands too savage and vengeful to spare his life.

The death of the beautiful peasant woman (the mother of Ernest) in a very short period after the atrocious act of a semi-public flogging, was soon noised abroad, and excited such universal indignation, that the perpetrators were obliged to excuse themselves on the plea that she had been punished for the attempt to practice magical and heretical arts—forbidden alike by the holy catholic religion, and baneful to the safety and morality of the camp, while passing through which she had been arrested. This brought up again the question of the lost Improvisatore and his well known but mysterious gift of clairvoyance; and although his body had not been found, his captors deemed it safest, after having subjected him to the routine of their hateful prisons, to protest that he had perished beneath heaps of slain at the breach.

This story was generally believed by all but the faithful friend who had seen him fall. After the most hazardous but minute search for his body, the warm-hearted young man resolved that his efforts should be extended to find the living and not the dead Ernest; and when at last the course of the campaign brought him beneath the walls of a Castle from whence the well remembered tones of a voice which once heard was never to be forgotten, came, borne on favoring winds, he became persuaded the spirit of his friend still spoke to him, but spoke in mortal song.

And where was Gabrielle? Once more let us seek her; and once again we find her shining in the halls of luxury—beneath the stately roof of pride—enveloped in the glistening robes of splendor, and floating in the very atmosphere of wealth; but not as of old in the unpretending cottage of an artiste. Reposing on a velvet couch with lofty dome above, and stately statues round her, we find her now the Mistress of Ravensworth Castle. Gabrielle, Countess of Ravensworth, we now must greet her. But oh, how changed! Her form is still as graceful, her brow is still as fair; but her eye has lost its lustre, and her cheek its rose. Her sweet, glad voice, now speaks in cold imperious tone; her buoyant step is stately, proud and measured.

The story of the change is quickly told. When first she parted from her heart's young love, she watched for his career, and marked its rise with secret joy and pride. She heard his name and read its mention in the journals of the time with honor, praise and promotion ever associated; and in her deep, wild passion, she strengthened herself by such accounts against the fulfillment of her pledge with Ravensworth. At length came the death tale—the story of the breach, the loss, the capture. Sick at heart, bending beneath the blight that thus unexpectedly fell upon her, the sounds of music became distasteful to her ear, her profession unendurable. The applause of the crowd seemed to mock her misery; and to fly from herself, her grief, and the odious thrall of serving a public with smiles and winning ways, whilst her secret heart was breaking, she determined to withdraw from public life and seek seclusion to indulge her grief. Gabrielle fled from the world, but not from herself. Her grief pursued her; with it too, ambition, the proud deep craving for command and splendor, more restless in her solitude than in her grief. She did not find the balm within herself, and nothing but the world could drown the sorrow she could not kill. We only do her justice when we admit she did love Ernest, and had that love had sway, not been divided with the splendid world, but centred on him alone—had she yielded to his own and her heart's pleadings, married and not parted with him,—that love would have unquestionably triumphed over every minor and baser purpose. It *was* divided however. She thought not of his danger, but only the honorable name he might bestow upon her. She thought not whether he might ever return, but only when he did, that he should bring her some better title than that of a beggar's wife. She contemplated what she deemed an immense sacrifice, when she proposed to resign the Earl, castles, station and wealth of Ravensworth. The Countess of this brief, sand-grain of life, shone far more brightly to her fancy than the obscure wife fitting herself and partner for Eternity. And so she parted with her soldier-love, lost him, deplored him, sickened of the world, then sickened *for* it; and so, became a Countess.

And now, by a revulsion common enough among the aristocratic "*parties*" of European life, Gabrielle, after vowing at the altar to love, honor and obey the man who bestowed on her title, wealth and station, hated both her lord, and her surroundings. Without the restraining grace of fixed and noble principles, to teach her grateful gentleness, even if she could not feign love—with nothing more to gain, and loss of liberty added to her loss of love, she scornfully avowed her detestation of her husband, and in open defiance of his really just indignation, set up the picture of her lover, which she had long concealed; and worshipped this among her saints.

It would be desecration to call the passion which Lord Ravensworth entertained for Gabrielle *love*. Yet passion it was—the one great passion of his life—with its dark shadow, jealousy. No change in her could touch him; she was all life to him; and therefore hate—hate of the thing that stood between his love and her—this was the only thought that now possessed him.

Here is one of the pictures of a marriage contracted on *any* foundation except mutual affection, confidence, respect and adaptation. Allied to her husband from none of these motives, Gabrielle presented the shameful spectacle of a *woman sold for hire;* for such are all women, married, bound up, either in the most holy, or the most loathsome and basely sensual of all associations, unless the tie be formed of nature's solemn compact, which joins for all eternity too souls—*divided halves*—and makes them one.

Amongst the numerous sinecures* which noblemen in England enjoy is the office of Postmaster General. At the time of which we write this lucrative and onerous nothing-to-do office was held by Lord Ravensworth. The name and rank of the lady he had married, was of course, a popular theme of comment, and therefore one of the numerous subordinates belonging to the postal institution, whose duty it was to take charge of letters for whom no owners could be found, humbly waited on his Lordship one day with a letter, doubtless designed for her ladyship, the Countess, and written by some blockhead who was gothic enough not to have heard of her Ladyship's marriage, since it was directed to "La Signorina Gabrielle," at the suburban retreat which in her maiden days she used to occupy. Carelessly taking the letter, Lord Ravensworth *thanked* the bearer. Glancing at the post-mark, and seeing that it came from L——stadt, the scene of the Austrian and Hungarian operations, his Lordship presented the bearer with a guinea, and the promise of similar golden thanks for every similar missive. And many came. Many golden guineas found their way into the Messenger's pocket, and many letters into his Lordship's. Some billets directed with his Lordship's own hand (*not his Secretary's*) and marked "private" found their way to the remote fortress where the poor Improvisatore sang his songs to silent stars and echoing angels; but not to him they came. The Governor read them, and sorely was he perplexed in doing so. But of all these epistolary transactions Lady Ravensworth, the party most concerned, was wisely kept in ignorance profound.

'Twas dusky, lovely twilight. Within the castle walls the most profound stillness reigned. A gay party had lately been assembled to honor the noble hospitality of the distinguished *happy* couple; but the very sudden and alarming sickness of the Countess had scattered the butterflies like a storm. They shook their plumes and fled from suffering *not their own*, as from a pestilence. She lay alone. The Earl was going to town, but ere he left, he knocked at the door of his wife's boudoir and obtaining permission to enter; dismissed her attendant, and stood gazing for some moments in perfect silence at the picture of mournful loveliness she presented. She was robed in spotless white, and lay extended on a silken couch.—Her fair, golden curls shadowed her like a shining veil. The faint, last tinge of setting sunlight streamed through the gothic windows, tinged with their gorgeous-painted, many-colored hues. The splendid tapestry was drawn aside and through the deep-set arches waving trees cast their deep shadows over the evening scene. Her perfect Grecian features looked like marble. Her violet eyes with deep black circles round them gazed wistfully into a far, far distance, a land where spirit only could compass the wide space. The Earl would have given his life to hold her to his heart, and call her "Love;" but the cold gaze of scorn she turned on him half froze him, and changed his feelings into a corresponding channel with her own.

"And so your ladyship has seen a spirit, I am told," he said with cutting irony. "May I be bold to ask madam, if it wore a Hungarian uniform?"

"Edward," replied the lady, in a calm, low tone from which all passion or scorn was excluded, addressing him, too, by that name for the first time in many months,—"Edward! on my salvation as a Christian, last evening at this very hour, in this very room and spot, as I lay here, not sleeping, nor disposed to sleep, there where you stand, there rose, it seemed from out the very ground, a pale and lovely woman. She neither looked at me nor did she speak; but walking to that table, opened just where you see it, yonder Bible; stooped over the book a while, and seemed to write, then coming back, stood for a moment fixed, then seemed to sink, just as she rose, and disappeared.—Her dress might have been a nun's or travelling pilgrim's, yet seemed to fall off from one of her fair shoulders; and as she stooped, I saw what seemed to be a deep red stripe across it. Her head was bare; her hair fell loosely round her in long black curls. Now, Edward, look. That book stands open; its huge gold clasps, yourself has told me, have not been undone since in your early childhood your Father died.—Look, too, at the writing. Mark it well, and tell me is that fancy? If not, who did it?"

Crossing the room, the Earl by the waning light gazed steadfastly at the book. It was an immense family Bible, with heavy clasps grown far too stiff and rusty by disuse for the delicate fingers of his fair wife to open. He remembered noticing this very book closed, when he had visited his lady's apartment a very few minutes before her shrieks summoned him back to her side on the previous evening, when she declared she had been terrified by an apparition and in consequence she was attacked by a succession of fits. There on the open page, he perceived heavy marks in ink, underscoring the following lines from the 12th chapter of St. Luke: "For there is nothing covered that shall not be revealed, neither hid that shall not be known." On the margin, at the end of this passage, was written in a fine, female hand, the single word—"Beatrice."

Without making a single comment on her story the Earl returned to the couch, spoke a few affectionate words of warning concerning her health, and promising to be back very soon—encouraged it would seem by her subdued and softened manner—he stooped and imprinted several kisses on her cold, impassive face. What moved him then, none can ever say; but as he rose again, he drew out his handkerchief, buried his face in its folds, and left the room.

The lady lay in long and silent contemplation. The full moon rose at length, and shining through the window, threw the shadow of its deep arches and diamond panes upon the floor; and Gabrielle was soothed, as, idly tracing its fantastic reflection, she began counting the shimmering squares—one, two, three——. What breaks the image? The moonbeam gleams on something white and square; it is a letter; my lord has surely dropped it. Quitting the couch, she takes it up and hastens to the bell. 'Tis sealed; it may be of consequence. He'll doubtless not be gone; or if he is, some groom must overtake him. Her maid enters with a light, and ere she speaks, the lady glances at the cover. A pause. Had this been on the stage, the lady should have shivered, quivered, stroked her hair, or pushed it back—gone mad, and let it down; or hugged her maid, and told her all her sorrows. Gabrielle did none of these, but simply bidding the girl set down the lamp and quit her, locked the door, broke the seal and read what follows;

"To the Governor of L——stadt Fortress, &c., &c. Sir;

I cannot understand your hesitation in the matter upon which we have correspondence. As I before explained to you, the rascal whom they call Ernest Rossi, was one of a vile pack of mendicant singers; and by dint of a handsome face and good voice, he insinuated himself into the protection of a family, whom he plundered and otherwise basely wronged. To avoid the disgrace of an exposure I got him drafted off into a forlorn service in the hope of getting him killed out of the way. You tell me he is your prisoner and generally believed to be dead. What then do you lose in complying with my request? Your cousin, Carl Kalozy, has had proof enough of my generosity, in serving me in this very same matter; and knew, if there be any magic to be feared in the matter, the wretch could work it with more certainty whilst he has a human body to work with, than when he is a spirit—if indeed, a man of your sense can believe in such bugbears, invented by idle priests to frighten infants with.

Once more, and that without any paltering, I request you to give my messenger admission to the cell of your vocal captive, and let him deal the blow your superstition fears to strike. If the grant alloted to your Cousin Kalozy be insufficient, my messenger is trusty, and has full power to deal with you to the full extent of your demands.

Yours, &c., RAVENSWORTH."

Before that full moon waned, that very night, the Countess stood within her husband's library; the doors were locked; a chisel on the table, and all around her, open letters. These last were chiefly from Kalozy, full of complaints against the part assigned him, as executioner of the Improvisatore. Then a fresh packet, all addressed to Gabrielle. They came from poor Augustine, the singer's faithful friend—told of the plots designed against his life—his loss, and search for him; his dear voice heard recalling hope and effort; the peasants' tales in the dark Castle's neighborhood, how some poor maniac chained by the dreaded Governor, was kept to sing his spells, and summon spirits to work enchantments at his captor's will. These idle tales, connected with the place and that remembered voice, all testified his dear lost Ernest was a prisoner. This he had told his comrades, but they disbelieved him, or those who heard the voice and recognized it, feared to attack the place, and were too poor to ransom, buy, or bribe. All this the faithful soldier duly told, and craved poor Ernest's love to send them money to aid their secret efforts.

Still morning found the Countess at her work. With dawn's first streak of gray, she quitted it, closed up the broken cabinet, tied up the letters, placed them within her bosom, then left the room; re-entered her boudoir, and sat down to THINK. Scarce had the dreadful whirl of giddy thought around her burning brain shaped itself into "Ernest," than by her side, a pale, sad woman stood, with seared and naked shoulders, airy form, and one white spectral finger pointing out the ominous verse, in the still opened book. One moment there—the next, the Countess gazed in air at vacancy.

TO BE CONTINUED.

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* "Sinecure." A word signifying a commission to do nothing, or hold an office with no duties thereto attached, except to receive a large salary. Usually supposed to be a delicate way which the English nation has of bestowing handsome incomes on its nobility, as a means of disbursing the heavy sums collected in taxes on the *common, grateful* people.

The Spiritual Age.

Progress is the Common Law of the Universe.

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SATURDAY, MAY 7, 1859.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

READERS OF THE AGE:—I left Memphis on the night of March 21st, with some pleasant memories, and with the gentle melody of a parting song vibrating on the ear and in the heart. The night was very dark; and soon after the train left the depot one of the grandest thunder storms ever witnessed gathered suddenly and broke above us in its startling and awful sublimity. Ever and anon the sheeted lightning covered the wide expanse with a dazzling and terrific splendor, and then forked and fiery tongues—thrust through the massive folds of cloudy drapery—pierced the very earth. The wild winds rushed madly along their ethereal pathway, giving voices to many waters—"deep calling unto deep" in the elemental strife—until the solemn echoes filled

"Th' illimitable void."

I arrived at Macon, Ga., on the morning of the 23d, having been some thirty-five hours on the way from Memphis to that city. The distance is perhaps seven hundred miles. Through all that region Spring had established her court, and the purest incense went up from numberless altars consecrated by new life from her presence. The wild peach, plum and other flowering trees and shrubs which abound in the fields and forests of Tennessee and Georgia, were already in full bloom. We traveled without interruption through the night of the 22d—having passed Atlanta soon after midnight—and when the day dawned we were rapidly approaching Macon, which is situated in a more attractive and beautiful country than the traveler—by our route—finds elsewhere between Kentucky and Virginia. Millions of wild roses and other flowers bloomed along the hedges and covered the thickets by the wayside. Morning kissed the earth and rosy blushes covered her smiling face and suffused the clouds above her. When Night gathered her dark mantle about the obscure outlines of her form and retired, Day closed the starry portals behind her. But the tears of a parting joy, like a vital baptism, sparkled on every tree, and shrub, and flower, until the rising sun converted the crystal drops into grateful incense that went up to heaven.

Macon is finely situated on the Ocmulgee River, opposite Fort Hawkins, with crescent-shaped hills extending in unbroken continuity nearly half way round the city. On this eminence, which commands a fine view of the surrounding country, the more aristocratic citizens have their mansions and grounds, in and around which the Cape Jessamine, the Magnolia, Palmetto, as well as most of the ornamental trees and flowering shrubs of the Northern and Southern States, are carefully cultivated. The end of the crescent terminated by the river, is occupied by the silent inhabitants of the city, who repose beneath the shades of "Rose Hill Cemetery." The grounds, though comparatively limited and far less beautiful than Greenwood, are regarded as among the most attractive in their natural features and artificial aspects, in all the South.

Spiritualism has a few bold and earnest friends in Macon, who have been greatly refreshed and strengthened by the recent labors of Mrs. Ostrander. There are a few others there as in other places—who are neither very earnest nor very brave. They follow afar off, and express their convictions only when they are satisfied that the enemies of truth are all out of the way. Their spiritual vision and their moral courage are so weak that they timidly shrink from the day-beams. Each must have the light modified and partially *obscured* by passing it through the medium of his theological glasses; or, he must place over it such a false, fashionable shade as will reduce the grand objects of the New Creation on earth to the dimensions of a toy-shop, and the supernal glories of the Heavens to the dignity of a magic-lantern exhibition. Those who present the subject to the public are required to do it with great caution and reserve, otherwise somebody may be disturbed by thinking that we have a serious purpose. The advocate must stand at a distance from the vital issues comprehended in his theme, and so qualify every word he has to say that it shall mean nothing at last. If one gives utterance to a strong and manly thing he is suspected of being aggressive by those who *dodge* when the truth is spoken aloud. Such people merely want to be amused in a harmless and fashionable way. They greatly need the services of Mr. Skylark, who pipes to the moon; or they require the gentle ministry of Miss Philopena, who improvises rainbows and weaves rhetorical bobbinet while she lightly sprinkles the crowd with a species of spiritual cologne-water, in which delicate fancies are substituted for substantial facts, and force is lost in fragrance.

Among the devoted friends of Spiritualism in the South Dr. L. F. W. Andrews of the Georgia *Citizen* (published at Macon) has rendered most important public services, in opening the columns of his excellent journal to the facts and philosophy of the subject, and by wielding his own pointed and vigorous pen in its elucidation and defense. The independence of the *Citizen* is the more noteworthy as a fact in journalism, and the more honorable to its bold but gentlemanly Editor, because manifested where blind, unreasoning faith is fashionable, and abject subserviency to arbitrary authorities almost universal. Dr. Andrews is no time-server; and hence—on the great question of the age—he has not hesitated to express his views freely and at his own cost, both in the *Citizen* and in the *Christian Spiritualist*, of which he is likewise the editor and proprietor. Such examples deserve to be recorded as extraordinary facts in the history of the secular press of this country, and it is to be lamented that they do not occur more frequently to strengthen the weak and to rebuke the unworthy.

The number of Spiritualists in the South has doubtless been overestimated; nor is it possible—by any method hitherto adopted—to arrive at accurate results respecting the number in other parts of the country. The statistical authorities who sit down in armed chairs and take the census of the whole country in an hour or so, perform a questionable public service. However, this method possesses certain advantages which should be fairly stated. When one can call on his imagination for his facts it saves an immense outlay of labor; and besides it is easy to increase or diminish the number every year, agreeably to the simple rules of addition and subtraction. Indeed, by an equally infallible process one may double the number of converts in less than half an hour. It is only necessary to *multiply by two.* As the truth of the proposition that "figures don't lie," has, by common consent, been incorporated into our proverbial philosophy, of course it is all right, and every one may proceed mathematically to measure and determine our growth in numbers and graces. Thus we progress *figuratively*, and those who want to get on faster have only to study their arithmetics.'

HOW WE TOOK THE PICCOLO-MANIA.

We are not unconscious of the inward harmonies, but have no faculty to translate the music of the soul into the harmonic forms of its outward speech. We are always indebted to any one who will express for us what alone we can but deeply feel. During the last twelve years we have listened to many of the more distinguished vocalists that have appeared in this country in the English, German and Italian operas. But we had neglected to hear Piccolomini before leaving New York, chiefly for the want of a convenient opportunity. Finding, however, that the Piccolo-*mania* was spreading among the Gothamites and the rest of mankind like a species of contagion, it was resolved to hazard the danger of an attack, and so we accepted an opportunity presented while the undersigned was at Macon, Ga. Accompanied by Dr. Andrews and his daughters, the writer went to see and hear the musical magician who has so magnetized the critics that they seem to have quite lost their individualities.

Our expectations had been awakened and exalted by our recollections of other great artists, but more especially by the elevating influence of *Printer's Ink.* The elements that now serve to make up a great reputation may all be extracted from a *goose-quill*, and the modern highway to the temple of Fame is smoothly paved with *Long Primer* and *Brevier.* While waiting to be bewitched, the mind was very naturally employed with recollections of what had befallen others. We remembered how the New York editors and reporters had the aforesaid *mania;* how the fever raged at night; how everybody took it as readily as children *catch the measles;* why gentlemen had it the most; how the disease sometimes *struck in;* how it kept *breaking out*, until the Northern winds wafted the cause of the infection down South.

Memory and Imagination were busy while our organ of Comparison was adjusted and ready to operate. The forms of the absent and those who dwell "beyond the river," walked before the portals of the inner temple, and their voices echoed through the halls of memory. We recalled the unaffected dignity and the mysterious ventriloquial power of Jenny Lind. Then followed one whose rare endowments and queenly form illustrated the perfection of womanly grace combined with the refinement of art and the very poetry of motion. The beloved and lamented Sontag came like a spirit from the world of light, arrayed in the robes of her immortality. Other forms,—undefined and phantom-like,—appeared in the distance, and we were fast floating away over a sea of musical memories when our review was suddenly broken by a great noise.

A fresh and frolicking creature—too ponderable to be mistaken for a sprite—with the romping and simpering propensities of rural and metropolitan society very carelessly combined—stood *half revealed* before us. She was gay as a lark, and singularly endowed with the mischievous arts of a whole troop of Elves. Yet no one could possibly mistake herself for a mere shade. No; she was *too tart and tangible.* The sphericity of that form and the blending of the warm prismatic hues on the cheek, never once reminded us of those ethereal beings who people the realms of light. Such things are rather calculated to inspire visions of ripe peaches and lemons in their primitive state. The gay enchantress seemed to have purloined Cupid's quiver and to be in haste to discharge its entire contents at a single volley. She smiled very much as thoughtless young ladies often do, and then winked at some fellow in the gallery, as discrete young women and great artists are not accustomed to do. Then she opened her mouth very wide—which excited general astonishment and the special admiration of the dental profession—pitched into the butt-end of the gamut and—after a great struggle, *secundum artem*—came out panting for breath at the little end of the scale. Here the audience applauded vociferously, according to the previous stipulations of Mademoiselle's most efficient agent, Printer's Ink.

At this critical juncture somebody employed by Madame Flora upset his mistress' cart. A part of the load fell on the head of Signor Muzio, the pianist. Signor in a rage hurled back the unceremonious offering with remarkable executive power. The balance of the freight of the Floral vehicle descended like an avalanche over and around the fair sorceress, who—just then half concealed—scrambled about for some time and finally re-appeared right side up. [Great applause and sensation of relief.] Mademoiselle thereupon proceeded to gather up *the horticultural products.* She pressed each fragrant bundle against that particular part of her wardrobe which is supposed to cover the identical place where the heart ought to be—[A downy-faced simpleton here sighed because he was not a boquet]—pressed each with peculiar force of expression if not with great delicacy of feeling. Not satisfied when her arms were full, she made a desperate effort to compass the balance of that part of the vegetable kingdom. Squatting suddenly and very low—[The immense territory thus subjected to squatter sovereignty was unsurveyed]—she attempted to reach beyond her periphery but partially lost her equilibrium on account of the distance from the imaginary centre of gravity to the visible circumference. In the effort to recover she dropped two bundles of Flora's stalks—siezed the same by a bold effort, and applied the vital electricity to the invisible instruments of locomotion. But the flowing drapery was caught under the pedestrial parts of the rapidly moving figure, which resulted in an equitable compromise between the respective claims of perpendicular and horizontal—recovered by another miracle in gymnastics—jumped (after the manner of the Reformers) *forward and upward*, and—disappeared, leaving the vegetable market and the spectators in an exhausted state—*the latter from immoderate laughter.—Exeunt omnes.*

The writer left Macon on the 6th of April for North Carolina, travelling all night and until theree o'clock, P. M. on the following day, when the train reached Wilmington. Our noble friend, Col. McRae, met me at the landing of the boat that conveys the Railroad passengers from the depot to the city, which is on the other side of the North East branch of Cape Fear River. The country along the line of the Railroad through the Carolinas is neither characterized by great beauty nor fertility. One sees only large forests of pitch pine, gloomy swamps and cotton plantations, over many of which the girdled and charred trunks of the old pines still remain like spectral forms of departed life. In North Carolina, and on the west and south of Lake Waccamaw, is the White Marsh, through which the traveler passes on his journey to the North. In this dismal fen the Waccamaw River presents a sluggish coil that is called the Devil's Elbow. So long as *the serpent* is associated with that mythical personage—in the ancient story and in the popular mind—the latter is quite sure to be fully represented in all that region. Indeed, it would seem that the *Reptilia* hold a perpetual convention in the stagnant waters that cover the White and Green Marshes. As the train passes along the Moccasins run in all directions from the track. Occasionally the locomotive breaks the slumbers or breaks the back a young alligator, while hundreds of turtles of all sizes start at our approach from the bogs and from every dry spot where the warm sunlight falls. In those dismal swamps the mosses—frequently three or four feet in length—cover the trees, hanging pendant from all the branches and swaying to and fro when for a moment a breeze moves the sluggish air. The atmosphere is of course loaded with miasma, and a gloom like "the shadow of death" hangs over the fens and forests about the Waccamaw.

The writer delivered three lectures in the Court House at Wilmington, which were attended by crowded assemblies of intelligent citizens. On the morning of the 11th ultimo,—left that city and reached home on the evening of the 12th, having been absent nearly five months, during which time the writer traveled over five thousand miles and lectured more than one hundred times.

S. B. B.

NOT A MOTIVE-FORCE.

Possibly the language of Judge Edmonds respecting the "Od or Odic force," in his article on "Circles," copied elsewhere in this paper, may be misunderstood by those who are not familiar with the subject. He speaks of this "od" as one element used in the production of physical phenomena in circles, and terms it a "mighty and mysterious force," of which little is yet known. Some may suppose that the Judge intends to endorse the chimera, first conjectured by Rogers, and afterwards seized upon as a demonstrated verity by Mahan, Cobb, and others, that this "od" has in itself the power of moving articles with great force, of suspending them in the air, etc., etc., and hence that its presence will account for all the phenomena without the agency of spirits.

He probably has no such intention, since enough is known of the "od," according to his own description, and especially from the more elaborate investigation of Reichenbach, to whom he refers, to show that it is *not a motive-force at all*, in the sense implied. Being simply a luminous, smoke-like emanation, that moves slowly, and is swayed by the lightest breath of air, no such effects can be attributed to it. There is not the slightest evidence that it has the power to move a feather, except as it is employed by some active WILL to form a connecting link between mind and matter.

Reichenbach appears to have applied to it the term "force" only in the *chemical* sense, having reference to its effects in changing the *qualities* of bodies, not their *positions.*

It seems to us, we would add, using terms rather loosely, to say that "Science must discover" this force, and "until it does, it is vain to attempt to describe it." What is "Science," but what *is known?* Let those who *know* anything about "od," tell what they know, and let those who have abilities to discover anything further, use these abilities. Thus it will become a matter of true Science, without waiting the pleasure of the class styling themselves "scientific men."

MEETING OF PROGRESSIVE FRIENDS.—The Progressive Friends of Pennsylvania have issued a call for their seventh yearly meeting, which will be holden at Longwood (near Harmonton), Chester county, Pa., on Sunday, Monday and Tuesday, the 29th, 30th, and 31st of May. They extend an invitation to the friends of truth, purity and progress, of every shade of theological belief, to meet them in this convention, and to participate in their deliberations.

LEO MILLER, known through the West as formerly a violent public opponent of Spiritualism, is now preaching the the faith he once destroyed. He recently gave a course of lectures at Cato, N. Y., awakening much interest.

T. L. HARRIS and wife sail from New York for Liverpool, this week. Mr. H. goes out on the mission to the Eastern Continent, to which he avowed himself called some time since.

The Editor's Table.

"ANTHROPOMORPHISM DISSECTED, and Spiritualism Vindicated. By Dixon L. Davis, M. D." Boston: Bela Marsh. 90 pages 12mo.

By "Anthropomorphism," the author of this pamphlet means the popular idea of Deity, as a limited Being in human shape, possessing the character commonly ascribed to him. This idea is "dissected" in a trenchant manner, though not always with the discrimination of a practised hand. By "Spiritualism" he means "that doctrine which teaches the residence of an animate living principle in all matter, which actuates and moves it according to its various degrees of susceptibility." This definition is not altogether to our satisfaction, neither are the reasonings and theories connected with it; since they end in a sort of pantheistic impersonality, as inconclusive to the well-disciplined intellect as it is unrestful to the heart. Dr. Davis is evidently a young man, with a vigorous and fearless mind, who has but newly entered upon a broad field of thought. It is safe to predict that his riper gleanings will be of a somewhat different quality. The pamphlet, however, may be of great use for the end to which it seems specially designed—that of stirring the stagnant pool of thought in an intensely conservative and fossilized community. (The author resides at Cross Anchor, South Carolina.) If his dissecting-knife shall serve to sever the mental fetters of some minds, they will be likely to find their way to the truth, even though they receive some needless scratches in the operation.

"THE RADICAL SPIRITUALIST" is the title of a small monthly publication, just commenced at Hopedale, Milford, Mass., by B. J. Butts and H. N. Greene. "Terms, Free to the Outcast: To the able and willing, 50 cts. a year." It proposes "to apply the principles of Spiritualism to the great moral and political questions of the time, without equivocation."—The first number presents a very neat appearance, and is written with some pungency.

THE SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH has added to its vocation that of "FIRESIDE PREACHER." It now reports in full the sermons of Beecher, Chapin and others, and shows other indications of enterprise and improvement.

Correspondence.

Notes by the Way.

NEW YORK, April 29th, 1859.

GENTLEMEN OF THE AGE:—There has been quite a fall in the stock of Cloud Land the past week, and a corresponding rise in the rich green treasures of the earth. Nature, ever generous in her bounty, is spreading a new carpet over the brown floor of the fields. Bud, leaf and blossom are bursting forth into beauty and fragrant praise to the Giver of all good.

Oh, how lovely and inspiring is the sweet spring-time of the year—so emblematical of mortal life,—so fair and promising of the future,—strewing roses in our path as we journey on to the summer of existence.

Spring whispers to us in every leaf and flower, that though the Winter of life *must* come, yet it shall surely be followed by the Spring; and though we shall fade and wither away, yet likewise shall we return rejuvenated and clothed in the raiment of never-dying beauty. Have we not then cause for hope, and to be thankful for this life and the life which is to come? Most assuredly we have, and should smile amid the falling rain, that brings with every drop new life and vigor, both mental and physical.

Last Sunday morning I went to Hope Chapel, Broadway, to hear a discourse on Spiritualism from the Rev. Mr. Noyes, late of Chicago. Mr. Noyes is a young man, of prepossessing appearance. His sphere is genial, and his face bears those indescribable evidences of honesty and benevolence, traits which we can both see and feel, but cannot paint with words. It was quite evident to my own mind, from the remarks of the Reverend gentleman, that he is yet but a novice in the investigation of spiritual phenomena; and that time, the great schoolmaster of the race, will open to him more enlarged views and a higher appreciation of its phenomenal value. Mr. Noyes frankly acknowledged (if I understood him rightly) that he was prepared to accept the spiritual philosophy, but not in its phenomena, which he seemed to think was too "material" and undignified for him. To make it more clear, he was prepared to ride in the new and beautiful coach, provided it had no wheels to run in the dirt! He said the idea that his mother should communicate to him through such material mediums was repugnant.

Although the speaker had progressed out of the old church he had forgotten to leave its lifeless forms and ceremonies in the tomb from which he had himself risen, but brought them along with him into his new field of labor. This I judge, from the fact that he conducted his services strictly after the church fashion. He took his text from first Corinthians, 15th chapter and 35th verse, "But some *man* will say, How are the dead raised up?"

In commencing, the speaker said he should make a distinction between "*Spiritism* and Spiritualism," quoting from your article in the AGE of April 23d. In speaking of Spiritualism, he said he felt some as Sir Isaac Newton said he did, near the close of life—"that he was standing on the shore of a vast ocean of truth, and was picking up a pebble here and there." "He felt that Spiritualism had done more to break down the errors of the church than anything else in the world had ever done." "He believed that religion was natural—it was natural for the child to love its mother, and just as natural for it to love its God." "Theology dams up, represses, obscures and corrupts all the natural avenues to the soul." "God is not dead; God is not asleep; he is here to-day, he was in the hearts of those noble men and women at Philadelphia last week." "Spiritualism has thrown old Theology over, and opened the soul to the pure light of Heaven; it has broken the ice and crust of a creed-bound theology. A second thing it has done for us is, that it has led us to believe in a real living God. The churches had been striving to make good Jews and not good Americans. Spiritualism has led us to believe in a present instead of a far-off God. Jesus never attempted to prove immortality, and science disproves the theory of the resurrection of the body. It is the death of the seed, when it springs up from the earth into a beautiful flower—it is the death of the dew-drop when the sun catches it up to the cloud in a mist. It is a beautiful belief that the dear spirits are about us, just beginning life instead of leaving it. We are so busy talking about death that we forget life. We are always preparing for the grave in sackcloth and ashes. Spiritualism teaches us that we have taken but the first steps in life, and does not believe in the idea of eternal condemnation. Spiritualism has done a great and glorious work in breaking up the old and corrupt systems of the age." "When Spiritualists talk about grand and noble truths, then I am with them, heart and soul."

The speaker here referred to the platform of the Spiritualists of Troy, recently published in the AGE and said:

"I am free to confess that it is the best platform I ever saw in my life; and I acknowledge that faith is founded upon it. My creed is found in a very brief proposition, 'O God, my Father! O man, my brother!' This doctrine will make true citizens in this world and true citizens in the next."

Mr. Noyes invited all who thought his platform was broad and liberal enough for them, to come up and help him on in his work, and signified his intention to continue his meetings at the same place every Sunday morning. The above is a very brief and imperfect abstract of the gentleman's remarks, which were listened to with respectful attention.

It is evidently the desire of some few persons here to form a sect, and employ a stereotyped speaker; but I am sadly mistaken if modern Spiritualism can ever be harnessed into a church, or intelligent Spiritualists be contented to listen to the thoughts of one speaker for any considerable time.

PROFESSOR S. B. BRITTAN,

After an absence of five months on a professional tour South, has returned to us again, with the light of his genial countenance, for a few days previous to his excursion North and East.

LITTLE DR. VON VLECK

again exposed himself and his ignorance at Clinton Hall, on Tuesday evening, before a few persons, about forty in all, not half enough to pay his expenses. The *learned* doctor enlightened his audience with the somewhat startling announcement that the sounds (raps) were made with the *occipital bone.* This was a new discovery, and created some amusement at the doctor's expense. The whole thing was a most pitiful failure, showing that such pretended exposures are played out.

Miss HARDINGE has concluded her labors here for the present. R. P. AMBLER is to speak the first two Sundays in the month, and Mrs. SPENCE the third and fourth Sundays.

It is much to be regretted that many of our lecturers will not learn that a discourse of an hour's duration, is all that, often more than, eight persons out of ten want to listen to, and that when a speaker exceeds that time, he or she is trespassing upon the courtesy, patience and time of their audience. Several of our recent speakers have continued their remarks to an hour and a half, and in one case lately to two hours and a half. Let us have a reform in this much speaking.

HENRY JAMES AND HORACE GREELEY.

These two noted champions of Moral Reform have been having a bout in the columns of the New York *Tribune* the past week, on the Marriage and Divorce question. James seems to have had the best of it, and stirred up Greeley's "wrath;" whereupon "old white coat" strips off and lets in to the hero of Newport right and left, or as the sailors would say, hits him between "wind and water." It is evident from the sensitive tone of Greeley's article, that he was hurt somewhere. He does not like to discuss the subject lest he offend some of his patrons, or, in other words, his pockets. Greeley has done good service in his day, but is evidently afraid to look the important questions of Marriage and Divorce in the face. Nevertheless it must be done; for the time is passing away when woman will be bought and sold at the price of convenience, wealth, or other legal barter. Men and women rightly married can never be divorced, even by law, and those who are living in legal adultery had better consider their true positions.

TRAGEDY AND FARCE.

It is customary in all our first class theatres, at least in this country to present the tragedy first in the order of the performance, and the farce last. This happy arrangement is made for several good and sufficient reasons, one of the most prominent of which is that the feelings and sympathies of the audience having been worked up to the highest pitch of excitement, may be allayed by the soothing influence of the broad humor of the farce, and the extravagant fun of the actors. This judicious policy was adopted in the production of the new play entitled "*Jealousy and Revenge; or, The Death of Key,*" recently brought out at Washington, at such a cost to the government in money, the feelings, morals and sympathies of the people.

The management spared no *pains* or expense in the production. All the leading parts, both in the tragedy and the farce being sustained by stars of the first magnitude. *Mr. Daniel E. Sickles*, a representative from New York, being engaged expressly to do the "first heavy business," playing the principal part. *Mr. Key*, second, and *Mr. Butterworth*, third, or walking gentleman.

The play possessed some new features, and was quite an innovation on the old style drama. The piece was performed in one act and two scenes. *Time*, Sunday morning.

Scene First: A room in a house in Lafayette Square. *Properties:* Table, pen, ink and paper. First actress sits writing, in great anguish, a confession of *guilt* which is dictated by a man who stands over her with a pistol at her head.

Second Scene: A street—Enter a gent—waves his pocket handkerchief before the house and passes on. Second gent now comes from the house, and passes the compliments of the morning to the first gent, and asks him where he is going to church. Third gent, with hair dishevelled, and in great rage, rushes from house with three pistols, cries "VILLAIN!!!" to first gent, and puts a ball into his side. First gent, as a matter of course falls, begging for mercy. Third gent replies by giving him more shots, and talks about his wounded honor (?) while first gent dies—after which third gent walks calmly away with the second gent, who is perfectly blameless of any wrong. [Time of second scene, *five minutes.*]

The farce was entitled "*The Mockery of Justice*," and was one of the most extraordinary performances in this or any other country, its performance lasting *twenty days.*

The principal parts were assigned to Judge Crawford, Messrs. Ould, Carlisle, Graham, Stanton, Brady, Chilton and others.

The jury consisted of twelve supernumeraries (stupid-numeraries). On being sworn in, they testified that they had no opinion and had not made up their minds in regard to the guilt of the prisoner (?) and swore to return a verdict in accordance with the law and evidence. (O?!) The twelve jurymen on the occasion performed a feat never before accomplished, or even attempted by the most daring. They made up their verdict six days in advance of the evidence all being in, that the prisoner was not guilty of a wilful and most atrocious murder. This was not all the valiant jurymen accomplished; they have destroyed all confidence in a trial by a popular jury and have likewise held up the judiciary of this country to be the jest and the scorn of every other civilized nation on the globe. That trial may be justly set down as the climax of all villanies. Ever thine,

W. R. H.

ENGLAND.—A correspondent writing from Edinburgh says: "I rejoice to hear from a friend of mine that a work on Spiritualism will before long be published in England, by a gentleman of high standing, written in a masterly style, and bringing forward a number of spiritual phenomena authenticated by the names of the persons to whom they relate."

JUDGE EDMONDS ON CIRCLES.

[In his third article in the *Tribune*, the Judge, after a needed caution against hasty conclusions as to the source of the phenomena called spiritual,—stating that he was over two years investigating before he became a believer,—proceeds to give the results of his observations respecting circles as follows:]

In the earlier stages of investigations, the assemblage of a few persons—from four to twelve—is very advantageous, and often necessary. It is now as it was of old—where two or three are gathered together, that the spirit power can most readily descend in their midst. It was when four were together that Moses and Elias appeared again on earth, and it is now of common occurrence that a "Circle" of a few persons greatly aids the manifestations.

It is generally best to have an equal number of both sexes; and the advent of the power is often hastened by taking hold of hands or laying them on a table.

It often occurs that the display of the power is interrupted by the withdrawal or the addition of some one after the manifestations begin.

So, too, it is not a little advantageous that all the Circle should have a calm, gentle and devout feeling; and hence it is that music and prayer are always beneficial, and sometimes indispensable.

Now, why is this? Who can tell so long as we are as ignorant as we are of what is the power that is at work?

We know a little—a very little—about it, and until science shall aid us with its researches, it is almost idle to speculate about it. But what we do know may as well be stated.

Electricity is one element used. This we know from various experiments, and the use of an electrical machine has at times been serviceable.

Magnetism, both animal and mineral, is another. Sometimes the use of a large magnet has hastened the display, as has the presence of those who possess much animal magnetism.

But there is something more than these elements, and among other things is that which the German writer Reichenbach calls Od or Odic force. This is an extremely subtle fluid—invisible to most persons—which is emitted by the magnet, by chrystals and by the human body, being the product, in the latter, of the chemical action of respiration, digestion and decomposition. I have myself beheld it issuing from both ends of a magnet, and forcing itself out, like a pale, shadowy smoke, from under its armature. I have seen it issue from the human head and fingers. On one occasion I saw it so plainly that in a dark room I saw my own hand in that which issued from the head of the person who stood by my side.

It is that which artists have so long been painting around the heads of their saints and glorified ones.

It is ever, as I understand it, generating in the human form, and its natural flow can be disturbed or interrupted by strong emotion.

As we can see electricity and magnetism only by their effects, so we often know of the existence of this element only by the distress which its interruption causes.

I have tried very hard to learn more about this, but the answer to my inquiries has been that science must discover it, and that until it does, it will be in vain to attempt to describe it to me. Some thing has however, been done to enlighten me a little. On one occasion, through a very reliable medium, was displayed the manner in which ponderable objects were moved. I published the account of it in the appendix to my first volume on "Spiritualism." On another occasion I saw the process of preparing a Circle for manifestations. From each member of it I saw a stream of this fluid issue and slowly ascend to the ceiling.

At the same time, from the surrounding spirits, I saw similar streams issue, but in greater quantities and with more force. The streams united and gradually filled the room from the ceiling down, as smoke would. I could trace it in its gradual descent by the pictures on my wall, and the books on my shelves, and I observed that, as soon as it descended so far as to envelop the heads and breasts of the Circle, the medium was influenced and the manifestations began.

This is as far as my knowledge extends; and how earnestly I would that they who, from their scientific attainments, are far better fitted than I am for the investigation, would pursue the subject to a better understanding of this mighty and mysterious power.

But from what we do know it is easy to see how important the topic of "conditions," and how easily they can be disturbed when even emotion can affect them.

The investigator, to be successful, must not only himself be in a proper condition, but he must conform to those which experience has shown to be necessary. This is a stumbling block with many, but surely it ought not to be. How can we see without being in a condition to have light, or hear without a condition fit for the transmission of sounds?

And as to his own condition, of one thing the investigator may be assured, and that is, that he will be most successful when he approaches the subject with a feeling of devout and solemn reverence. And why not? He is talking face to face with immortality. He is, while yet in the mortal frame, communing with the spirit, holy and divine. And now, as of old, it cannot do many mighty works because of unbelief.—And to the question, "Why could we not cast him out?" the answer is, as of old, "Because of your unbelief, for verily I say unto you, if ye have faith as a grain of mustard seed ye shall say unto this mountain, remove hence to yonder place, and it shall remove, and nothing shall be impossible unto you. Howbeit this kind goeth not out by prayer and fasting."

J. W. EDMONDS.

..... Wm. Wilson, a New York shoemaker, has called upon the police to protect him from the assaults of spirits. His room looks out upon the Quaker burying ground in the Bowery, and the spirits visit Mr. Wilson nightly, thumping about the room, imitating birds and street organs, pulling his nose, toes and eye-lashes and taking very unpleasant liberties with his person. These persecutions have deprived him of sleep, and wasted him to a shadow, and he wants a policeman stationed in the room.—*Springfield Republican.*

Boston and Vicinity.

Wendell Phillips at the Music Hall.

The desk at the Music Hall was filled on Sabbath morning April 25th, by Wendell Phillips, Esq. Before commencing his address he read a letter from Mr. Parker, dated March 21st, Santa Cruz. Mr. Parker's health was somewhat improved, and he hoped much from the effect of that genial climate upon it; remarking, "If *this* does not give me strength, you must make up your mind to let me go."

In describing the little island where he is seeking for his lost treasure, Mr. Parker made some interesting statements in relation to the past and present condition of its colored population; which statements were taken by the speaker, together with selections from the Prophets, and New Testament, as the basis of his discourse. His subject, "The struggle that has existed in all ages between the established and the aggressive."

He stood in the only Christian church, save perhaps one, in Boston, —in the desk, from which the ear of God had heard more of true religion preached than in any or all the rest put together. The great offence of Mr. Parker had been that he had preached all he believed, and practised what he preached. When he (Mr. Parker) began his work as a preacher, he stood with Unitarians—a sect professing *faith in ideas*, but unable to endure the martyrdom demanded by such a faith. They had caught at the twilight of a better day, and claimed it noontide. They had built up a beautiful frost-work, but Mr. Parker, ever carrying his own torch-light, held it up to their pretty devices, and they vanished before its flame, and he found himself standing alone.

They denied him the "sounding board" of Brattle Street, and Chauncey Place, but in so doing had given him the Rocky mountains for a sounding board. Free thought ever found a wide echo.

After a lengthy but just tribute to Mr. Parker's words and works, the speaker gave his "Damascus blade" full employment among the ranks of the "Established Ecclesiastical Church," making a special thrust at "South Side Adams," the representative of that religion that *boasted* of having blown for a quarter of a century over the putrid sea of a corrupt Lawyer, and never raised a ripple!

But the church had its mission and had performed it. He would not tear one leaf from its laurels. It had manufactured hypocrites, as truly as the mills of Lowell had manufactured cotton cloth.

He alluded to Dr. Kirk's sermon upon "Infidel Philanthropy," in which "seriousness, Philanthropy and Religion" were pointed out as the alarming results of the infidelity of the present day, and of the 28th Congregational church in particular; and congratulated the worshippers upon having thus earned the opprobious title of "Infidel." No wonder that before *such* infidelity the modern Felixes "trembled!"

God says, "Execute justice," The church says "*Prove* first that it will be good for man!" This same dangerous infidelity strikes the fetters from the slave, and the church calls loudly for "the statistics"! "How will it affect the manufacture of sugar and the growth cotton?"

The conservative element in the Church and State, he likened to a shell-fish he had seen,—a five-fingered,, half-fluid floating mass, now basking in the sunlight, now diving into the depths; and which in the process of its life of tranformations, first drops its fingers, then closes its mouth, then drops its head, and finally attaches itself to the bottoms of ships, impeding their progress. An analogy so complete scarcely needed the scathing application made of it by the speaker.

The great lesson he would teach was *courage,—trust in ideas.* The sublime faith of Le Verrier in mathematics, when he sent forth the order, "Sweep the heavens for a star," and Neptune appeared, was the faith needed to day by the friends of humanity. They must speak, protest, and above all live against evil. The Parthenon and Coloseum have faded; but the Greek alphabet is still ours.

In conclusion the speaker gave a description of a monster oyster shell he had seen, through the interior of which impenetrable walls had been thrown up, the work of the *tongue* of an insect whose apparent object was the destruction or expulsion of the original occupant.

So must the *aggressive tongue* of the reformer attack and drive forever from its shell, the oyster conservatism.

Emerson on Morals.

The concluding lecture of Emerson's brilliant course was given on Tuesday evening of last week—the subject Morals. The definition he gave to morals was, the right direction of the will. The moral man is one whose will is made coincident with the axis of things; that is, in harmony with the laws of the universe. Nature backs such a man in all that he does.

There is a strict analogy between the moral and the physical forces of the universe. When a man strikes a blow, or walks or runs, he does it, not through his own force, but through gravitation. Walking is but a continual falling forward. The force of the globe aids the man to perform what is in accordance with with the nature of things. So with the man who places himself in sympathy with the invisible world, the moral forces act with him and through him; and what we call miracles appear. Such are the real men, like Pythagoras, Socrates and Jesus. While those who act for by-ends are false. Acting with the laws of justice and freedom is reality. The meaning of spiritual is, real. That which executes is spirit. He who seeks to make himself true is a reality.

Great men serve us as insurrections do in tyrannical governments, to correct abuses and bring us into harmony with right. Some men benefit us not so much by the knowledge they impart as by the sentiment they instill. They surprise us with their immense perceptions. They make nothing, do nothing; but simply express themselves by word or by silence, and are of the highest benefit to us. They see things as they are. They seem restrained from descending into those things which the majority cannot lift themselves out of. The bare presence of the real man works revolutions. Even the insane seem to understand him; as if their insanity were a screen behind which the soul heard the voice of truth. The humblest men are inspired by his presence to do better things.

Moral power confers wisdom. Wisdom has its root in goodness, not goodness in wisdom. It also confers insight. A man cannot speak two sentences on any subject without betraying himself. In judging others we disclose what we are ourselves.

Insight teaches us wherever there is wrong there is pain; that we pass for what we are; that he who seeks to hide crime or to commit crime with impunity, waits for the time when Nature will take her eye off him, or when the law of gravitation will be suspended.

Mr. Emerson expressed some radical political views. He considers it far from creditable to this country that eighty years after the truth that all men are created equal "had thrilled the nerve of the world," the highest judicature of the land should declare that one-sixth of the people of the Union had no rights which the remainder were bound to respect.

The gems of the lecture were two poems—one of which the speaker said was written by a person in a high state of spiritual illumination—which were read in the most effective manner.

The Melodeon Meetings.

Rev. Mr. Pierpont gave two very interesting and able discoures at the Melodeon on Sunday last—though to much smaller audiences than would have been instructed by them.

Taking a text from I John, 1st chapter—"That which we have seen and heard declare we unto you," etc.,—he proceeded to remark that the early apostles of Christianity felt called upon to state facts which they were aware would be deemed incredible by the world—to tell what are now called "tough stories"—which they knew would cause their veracity to be doubted, and subject them to ridicule and obloquy. Nevertheless, they resolved to speak what they knew, and testify what they had seen, regardless of consequences. Modern Spiritualists find themselves in the same predicament, in relation to facts now transpiring.

No Christian should have any objection to being called a Spiritualist, since all profess to believe in a spiritual religion, and should aspire to be *spiritual*, in the sense implied by Paul's exhortation, "Brethren, if a man be overtaken in a fault, ye which are spiritual restore such an one in the spirit of meekness."

All churches are founded on certain assumed facts—as the existence of God, the birth and death of Christ, etc. So Spiritualism must be founded on facts. If the facts really exist, they cannot be destroyed. God himself cannot blot them out. Men may desert and deny them, but they still exist. They must be established, like any other facts, by the testimony of the witnesses. In proportion as facts are of an extraordinary character, they require an extraordinary amount of testimony. What one cannot believe on hearsay, he must believe on he testimony of his own senses.

The alleged facts of Modern Spiritualism require and have the support of extraordinary testimony. He had himself seen a table, standing on the floor, without contact with any machinery or visible person, moved backward and forward, and quickly turned bottom up with such force as to break it in pieces. Having seen, heard and handled such things, he must testify to them, whether people could credit him or not.

He showed the absurdity of referring such facts to "some unknown *law* of the universe," first, because this attempts to account for the known by the unknown; second, because a *law* being merely (according to Babbage) "a statement of *conditions*," or (according to Blackstone) "a *rule* of action," it can never be the *cause* of any phenomenon.

Such phenomena as he had referred to proved only *force;* but there were others which showed also intelligence, and that of a high order. For example, through the hand of a child fourteen years of age, in his own family, he had been instructed by an intelligence claiming to be Swedenborg, how to perform some experiments with odic lights, which were described in detail, and was foretold the results—a thing which in all probability could not have been done by any scientific man living on the globe. Such intelligence could not be attributed to "electricity," or "some unknown law" of matter, but only to mind; and he believed it came from Swedenborg, who when on earth was one of the first scientific minds in Europe.

Some would say it was "the devil." He asked this intelligence, "Swedenborg, are you still interested in scientific investigations?" and was answered, "O yes, it is delightful to investigate the Creator's works." If this was the devil he was a different personage from what he has been represented, and the speaker must have greater confidence than ever in the doctrine of progression!

Mr. Pierpont said in conclusion, that he had been known in Boston for forty years; and if his reputation was worth anything, he was willing to stake it on the truth of these things. He did not *know* that Jesus ever lived on earth and was crucified, though he firmly *believed* it; but he *did* know that what he had stated was true. And he believed such facts as these could be used in building up the kingdom of God in our souls.

In the evening he would state his inferences from them, and answer objections. An abstract of the evening discourse is necessarily deferred.

Meetings next Sunday.—The announcement that the Melodeon meetings were to close last Sunday was a mistake. Rev. Mr. Pierpont will occupy the platform at that place on Sunday next, at the usual hours.

New York and Vicinity.

Conference at the Lyceum, Clinton Hall, Astor Place,

Friday Evening, April 29th.

Question: To what extent do the feelings of others, whether in or out of the body, affect and modify our feelings and actions?

Dr. Orton: That mind has invisible means of communicating with mind is established by many proofs. The common fact that two persons who are much together, as husband and wife, parent and child, will often discover that they are thinking the same thoughts, though the subject may be an unusual one; and will frequently commence to ask the same question at the same time, and sometimes in the same words, is evidence in point. In order to account for this we are obliged to assume that an actual substance passes between the parties. Of the process, we may have something more than glimpses, if we consider that every individualized thing from man to the merest monad, is surrounded by an aura, or sphere of its own, and that this sphere is sensitive, giving and taking, on the conscious plane as our natural senses are on the physical plane. As an illustration of the sphere surrounding each person or thing, we may instance the visible sphere of the sun, emitting a flood of vitality and light to distances almost inconceivable. To the quickened eye, man is surrounded by a like halo streaming forth in rays, and equalling that of the orb of day in splendor. This sphere is the exact expression of the quality of the man, incapable of counterfeit or concealment. His affections, gross or pure or mixed, flow out upon it, and mingling with other spheres of persons and things, go to make up the moral mental atmosphere in which we live. Between this and each one of us there is constant action and reaction. In this invisible way, whether we will it or not, we influence others and others influence us. If we are inflamed in passion or appetite, we communicate this influence to others. If we are pure and lofty in thought and feeling, an atmosphere of purity and peace surrounds us, and sheds abroad its healing. Of course these influences are strongest between persons who are much together; and so powerful are they in their general effect, that probably nine virtuous persons out of ten, associating constantly in neighborhood, and especially family relations, with the degraded and vicious, will sink finally to the common level. On the other hand like good results flow from pure associations. As this atmosphere of mind and feeling is substantially spiritual, these acting and reacting influences are not restricted to persons in the body, but are co-extensive with spirit. The same law embraces the whole realm of mind, feeling and individuality, on whatever plane of development. But subtle and powerful as these influences are, they do not amount to coercion, except in cases where the individual has surrendered his own sovereignty, and consented to become a slave. Our safety is in realizing the proper dignity of manhood, and maintaining ourselves in a state positive to the evil about us, and negative or receptive to the good.

Mr. S. Fowler: It is important to understand the influence we have on others, and others on us. No one can say positively that the will of Mr. Sickles produced the death of Mr. Key. The invisible influx of public sentiment upon him, without doubt contributed largely to the production of the catastrophe. Animals are affected by our states of mind and feelings, and they in turn affect us. A man married a woman who by some was called a witch. She had seven pet cats, and her husband being ill of the inflammation of the bowels, his physician directed a cat to be killed and the warm skin to be laid on the affected part. Immediately all the cats took to the fence and ran away, and those who witnessed the occurrence believed that she sent them away by some effort of her mind. He knew a queer woman once, who living in the country, kept several cows, and these during the winter got their living mostly by gleaning after loads of hay. If hay was to be drawn three miles away those cows would know it, and be on hand. For fourteen years he had the opinion that no dog could touch him, and while this opinion remained, they evidently could not. Five great dogs one night rushed upon him, but as they came up to him they crouched at his feet, or dropping their tails walked away. After that he became a hater of dogs and lost his power over them. Now the only feeling he can inspire in them is one of rage toward him. He once bought a colt that others could not break, without breaking her neck. He willed her to be kind and good, with a like feeling toward her, and in one minute he could still her restlessness, and she would come and put her head under his arm. The feeling of rage on the part of others is easily communicated to us. The depressed states of those with whom we are in affinity, arising from suffering, poverty or other cause, influence us strongly. He was satisfied that these influences operated on him when the parties themselves were absent, perhaps miles away. He had often been preyed on in this way, when persons were suffering, until he felt himself compelled to go to them and do what he could for their relief. His observations led him to believe that three-fourths of our bad feelings, are influences from others. Our most secret thoughts in our closets go out to perform their part in the common world of mind. Our feelings are the summings of our experience, and are transferred by intuition. It is possible to become so susceptible, that all the experiences of one person may be transferred to another; and thus we shall finally reach a point where the experience of others will be as complete in us as our own.

Mrs. A: God is the one great mind acting through all. In the same manner our minds act out of ourselves upon others. She had witnessed influences of this kind hundreds of miles away. In her case, the going forth of the influence did not seem to depend on will; it was a spontaneous movement of the spirit within. This interior impulsion or spirit within her, she is in the habit of obeying without reference to reason or judgment. Others may think this wrong, she thinks it right. In obedience to it she exposes herself freely to contagion, and no harm comes of it. Ordinarily we talk and feel in accordance with the influences about us. At a wedding we are jovial, at a funeral sad. She at one time made a purchase, and supposed she was acting with entire freedom, but afterward ascertained that it had been written down two days before what she would do. She thought if we were to listen more to this still, small voice within us, it would be the better for us all.

Mr. Partridge: Some are influenced by spirits, others are not. He was not aware that spirits influence him, though they say they do sometimes. We ought not to suffer ourselves to be controlled by outside influences, for if we are, we are in no condition to judge. Mediums cannot be reliable witnesses, because they are a part of the manifestation. To be a good witness one must stand outside of the phenomena as an observer. It is his opinion that one person's mind, while in the form, never goes out to influence another.

Mr. Devos: A lady on —— street, states, that on coming down stairs she saw her mother, who resides at Binghamton, come into the front door. She spoke to her and followed her through the hall to the back door when she disappeared. The mother declares at the same time she visited New York, in spirit, and saw her daughter.

Mr. Partridge: He had one theory to cover all that class of facts, but did not know that anybody else would agree with him. He believed such phenomena were all produced by spirit impression. Spirits can act on our minds, and take on other forms and present themselves before us, but he did not believe a human being could get out of his body, or act out of it, until after death.

Dr. Hallock: This question was intended by the mover of it, Mr. Fowler, as a sequel to the previous one on the nature of crime. It is obvious on every hand that our states beget corresponding ones in others—are transferrable. As said by Mr. Fowler last week, men have been moved to murder while standing at the foot of the gallows. Persons standing on the brink of a precipice, have often been siezed with an almost irresistible impulse to throw themselves off. The influence going out of this hall cannot all be referred to what is said here, but it is the aura or sphere flowing from it which influences the minister in his pulpit to modify his thoughts and positions. How could there be any progress, aside from this invisible power, which making itself positive, goes out and influences everything? But to what extent are these influences? We are all subject to them. They bind us to each other; to the great universe, and to the animal and vegetable kingdoms. We influence animals and they us. But all this does not change us interiorly. The individual me remains the same. Surrounding circumstances change the expression or manifestation of the individual only. Whether a man is born in New York or London, will make a great difference with his outward expression, but none with his interior being. How is it with the moral nature? Here this influence is predominant. We inhale pollution from the moral atmosphere about us. He could not agree with Mr. Partridge. It was obvious that influences from the minds and feelings of others are continually operative upon us.

Mrs. Spence: She is affected by others very readily. Her brother was with Col. Kinney when his vessel was wrecked. One day she felt a strange influence come over her, closed her eyes, saw a sheet of water and a vessel and her brother standing on a stick of timber near it. Subsequently it appeared he was at that time making a raft by the ship. She had had, as it were, the whole lives of persons transferred to her. By taking on their states of feeling, she could follow them from the cradle throughout their career. J. R. O.

Spiritual Manifestations.

Why am I a Spiritualist?—No. Vii.

A VISION.

On my return from my journey to Menominee (mentioned in a former article) I was taken with fever, and came very near dying. One afternoon I lost all external consciousness, and for many hours had no sense of what was going on around me; yet my mind was active and I underwent a singular experience which I relate here in brief—the limits of a newspaper article precluding many, to me interesting details.

I thought I was walking cheerless and alone, in a strange place, when I was approached by persons who conspired to kill me. They were those I had offended and injured in the past. After a terrible struggle they accomplished their purpose, and my body was dead; though myself in spirit still remained in their midst, and remonstrated with them against abusing my lifeless form. They left me, and I was alone again, in deep, cold darkness. A heavy mist encompassed me, creating a great mental pressure. I felt that I stood in the midst of a desert. I wept, and called for light—for some one to lead me out of this eternal gloom. I groped my way slowly along, while at my heart I felt a fearful premonition that I was approaching the gates of hell. Thoroughly frightened with the thought, I cried aloud for light—for mercy and forgiveness. Then I felt humbled, and that I deserved all I was suffering, for my many offences; and I wept forth in the fullness of my sorrow, "Thy will, O Lord, not mine be done."

At once I felt relief, and like Pilgrim in his progress, I felt the burden of my soul fall to the ground. I shouted for very joy. My loneliness was happiness, and the impenetrable darkness possessed an elisian charm. Soon the blackness that surrounded me assumed a greyish color, then seemed to break away overhead, and to roll back like a scroll. As it disappeared I saw at a distance what seemed to be a wood, I longed to go there; and with the thought, I found I had the power of moving. The distance soon disappeared, and I found myself in a dense forest, separating the desert I had left from a great highway.

THE ROAD OF SILENCE.

This road was filled to overflowing with people of all ages, from the man of four-score to the babe in arms. Yet with the children, there seemed to be no protector; all alike moved on by some invisible power. Not a word was spoken, not a thought expressed. No one noticed his neighbor. On, on they marched, this vast silent crowd, all pursuing one course. As far as the eye could reach, there was one mass of living, moving beings of every age, caste, and color. I perceived as we passed on, that from either side of the road there came large numbers of beings—as I understood, by impression, from the world I had left.

Thus continued this silent march, how long I cannot say. No one looked behind; all looked forward; all were silent. At last there was a halt, a little commotion, and then we moved on again.

THE RIVER OF DEATH.

Soon this commotion was explained. I found myself standing on the banks of a large, very deep river, whose rapid waters were of a dark, inky color. As the multitude came on to the bank they halted for a moment; some turned up and others down the river, while the most went into it. I understood, though it was not told me, that all must enter the river, and that those who turned aside only sought a more convenient place to cross over. I gazed out upon the water, and saw many beings struggling as for life. Some sank, and rose not; others floated down the stream. Some were careless whether they crossed the river or not; others struck out resolutely for the opposite shore.

For a moment I hesitated, and then by some sudden, uncontrollable impulse I was forced into the water. At first I was much frightened, and as I struggled with the water, felt a fearful misgiving as to the result, yet no power to complain. Soon I gave up, and felt a resignation to whatever might be in store for me. With this thought I made an effort to cross the river, and to my astonishment found the task an easy one. The farther I went the less difficulty I had, till I found myself on the opposite shore.

THE SHORES OF IMMORTALITY!

As I approached it looked very steep, and I thought it would be impossible for me to climb the abrupt and slippery bank. Yet the nearer I came the less difficult it seemed to be; and when I reached out my hand to take hold of what seemed to be a little bush, I found that all the rugged features had disappeared, and in place of the bush there stood an old man. His hair was very white and long. His beard was long, heavy, and as white as snow. He was draped in white, and his garments were different from anything I had ever before beheld. A sweet, gentle smile irradiated his face, as he extended his hand and bade me a generous welcome. His voice was like soft, low-toned music; and thus he spoke: "Welcome to this thy landing-place on the shores of immortality.

Welcome from the dark, turbid waters of the river, and from the silent road of death! Welcome from the dark desert of despondency to a world whose mountains, plains and valleys are all before you! In thy journey here thou must not turn to the right nor the left; thy course must be onward and upward. The mountains before thee must be climbed. Thou must not think thy work is done. Much thou hast yet to do ere thou canst look from the cone of yonder mountain. Here, take this staff; and whenever thou art weary, lean on it, and it will give thee strength. Thou wilt be tempted in thy onward course, but thou must not heed the sweet savor of flowers, nor hearken to the syren's voice. On! and be of good cheer.

As he left me I looked around and discovered that before me, was a mountain whose top I could not see; behind me, the deep, dark, rolling waters I had just passed. I also noticed the old man who had helped me out of the waters, helping others; and as he lifted them up from the river he gave them direction, as he did me.

THE PROMONTORY.

I felt impelled to move on. I proceeded down the river some distance, when I came to the brow of the mountain referred to. The pathway leading to it was so narrow that it seemed impossible to pass. Yet I determined to try. At this moment I heard from out the mist a sweet voice whisper, "The staff! lean on the staff." I at once put it forward, leaning gently on it, and to my astonisment found all the difficulty to vanish.

THE ARBOR OF FLOWERS.

In a few moments I was beyond the brow, on a beautiful plat of land, on which stood an arbor covered with evergreens, and surrounded with all manner of flowering shrubs and trees. In this was seated a venerable old man reading from a scroll, seeming deeply engaged in the matter contained in it. As I approached he raised his eyes, and motioned me to a seat by his side. Then he spoke or rather chanted to me, words of counsel, warning and instruction; while the gentle harmonious soothing strains of many distant voices fell on my ear; which I was told was the angels chanting their morning hymn.

The old man then pointed to an opening in the flowering trees, and bade me go onward. I took one step, then turned to bid my director farewell, when lo! he was gone; and with him the flowering trees and purling streams, with all their natural beauty had fled, and in their place were rugged rocks. Before me was the steep acclivity, up which a narrow path ascended. The longer I gazed up the mountain side the more terrible it appeared; and as I was about to recede from the rugged ascent I heard a fiendish laugh of exultation which thrilled through my soul like the blast of the north wind, blighting all the beautiful anticipations on which I had fed at the arbor of flowers. Then I thought of my staff, and leaned on it. I heard a low howl of disappointment at my faith in the counsels of those who had acted as my guides. On I sped, over rocks and through tangled beds of wild weeds, thorns and briars. Rugged and still more rugged was the path. I was very weary, and sat down to rest. A soft, luxurious feeling came like the gentle summer breeze over me; and then syren voices warbled forth music and song, inveigling my soul from its resolve to win the prize—to see the mountain top. Then came sleep with its soft, soothing power, lulling me to rest, the fearful rest of procrastination. I tried to throw off the spell, to break the chains which bound me and escape from the snares. While I was deeply lamenting my sad condition I heard the voice of an angel whisper, "Peace! Be of good cheer. Thou art near the mountain top. One more effort, one struggle more and thou art free."

Then came the contest between

PERSEVERANCE AND PROCRASTINATION,

two spirits who always meet the pilgrim at this point in his journey, with their temptation. The struggle was one of influence; and the weapons used on the one part were smiles, songs and blandishments of beauty—on the other, work, honesty, virtue and truth, with happiness and peace as the reward.

"Come this way," said Procrastination; "these flowers are beautiful and fragrant, and our paths are strown with them. Beautiful maidens will greet you at every step. When the soul hungereth they will feed it with bliss. If thou art thirsty they will give thee wine from Elysium's cup. If thou art angry they will kiss thee into smiles.—Thou shalt have no care, and shalt bask in the arms of Beauty; and thy pillow shall be a maiden's love. Come, see how beautiful the prospect is. Hear the gentle breeze sighing through the boughs of yonder flowering trees. Hear the birds, how they sing. Look at the soft mellow sunlight. Come, dear stranger, and bask with us in the bowers of repose; thou shalt know no more sorrow forever. Compare yon rugged, rocky way, with our path of flowers—the stern realities of sorrow and work, with the pleasure we offer."

Bewildered, I gazed on the scenes before me—gazed into her eyes—on the hand that offered me a golden goblet of wine; and as I put forth my hand to take it I heard a deep mournful sigh. As I turned to see whence it proceeded I beheld one that was very dear to my soul when in earth-life.

"On! on, for thy life! Touch not the golden goblet. In it is the wine of sorrow; and if thou but touch it to thy lips—nay, if thou dost take it in thy hands, thou art lost. Oh, turn from the danger before thee. Remember thy staff;—trust in God."

Then the figure receded slowly, and I was alone. Again I felt that sadness that oppressed me in the desert when I first entered on my spirit journey. Again my mind reverted to the incidents of my life on earth, and I found that every step I took in this mysterious journey had its counterpart in my earth life. While I was meditating, Perseverance stepped forward and bade me hope. She was a plain, modest, unassuming soul, not brilliant, nor even handsome—dressed in plain white robes of linen, holding in her left hand a palm leaf, and in her right a gourd shell filled with water.

"Behold the emblem of peace and the nectar of nature. The one urgeth thee to persevere to the completion of thy journey; the other will give thee strength. Drink from this gourd. Despise not the vessels of humble origin. The laws of our God recognize all things in their use, and sanction no abuse. Behold this gourd; it is a plain vessel, but useful; there is no sacrifice of the soul's dearest rights, no trammeling the mind of mortal to produce a bauble like the golden cup presented by Procrastination. The element contained in this flows spontaneously from the fountain of God's love.

"Then persevere and thy journey will soon be ended. Quench thy thirst from the water in this gourd, and proceed on thy journey.—Thou art expected on yonder mountain by one who preceeded thee but a short time ago. Be faithful, be wise; and heed not the gulf that will soon yawn before thee. Put forth thy staff and it will convey thee safely over; and the rest of thy journey will be easy to accomplish.

"They who attain to great happiness in this world must, as in your earth-life, contend with difficulty; must meet and master temptation; must subdue the thorny paths, reject the glittering gold and smiles of beauty, win the glory that awaits them, and then be willing to impart to others that which they have attained at so great a price. This will be your reward—the privilege of assisting others on their journey to the mountain top.

"There your present journey will end; yet like Moses of old you will be permitted to have a view of the land where the faithful souls of mother Earth will dwell in the full enjoyment of that Heaven they have earned through great labor." Then with a smile and a wave of her hand she bade me speed on my journey, and vanished from my view.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Various Items.

.... How is it proved that Adam was orthodox in his sentiments? Because his belief was undoubtedly Eve-angelical.

.... A noted miser having relented so much as to give a beggar a sixpence, suddenly dying, soon after, the attendant physician gave it as his opinion that it was from enlargement of the heart.

.... An old Scotch preacher said of a young opponent, that he had "a great deal of the young man, not a little of the old man, very little of the new man."

.... An old salt who had ploughed the sea for half a life time, and had a realizing sense of its hardships, remarked that he never heard of but one man who had a sufficient excuse for going to sea. That man was Noah, who would have been drowned if he had not gone!

.... A great frolic has been kept up in Stockton of late—the carnival of the native Californians. A local paper thinks "there can be no serious objection to these harmless amusements, *although the firing of an anvil* seems a curious way of keeping a *religious festival.*" It does, certainly.

.... A lady whose style of piety was more affected than attractive, once took a friend to task for wearing feathers. "But," said the friend, "why are my feathers any more objectionable than the brilliant flowers in your own bonnet?" "Oh," replied the censorious lady, "Christians must draw the line *somewhere*, and *I* draw it at feathers!"

.... At a recent Sabbath School Festival in the village of Liverpool, not long since, a minister asked the children if they had all been *baptized*, when one of the little boys, a bright-eyed and wide-awake little fellow, belonging to one of the first families in the place, jumped up and said he had, "but it didn't work; and he was willing to show his arm," to prove it. There were some wry faces just then.

Obituary Notices.

Passed to the higher life at Laporte, Ia., on the 9th of April, Edward Rogers, the Spirit Artist, aged about thirty years. His spirit passed away gently and quietly, as in sleep. He leaves a wife and three children to mourn his loss, and thousands of friends, who will long remember him as an instrument in the hands of higher intelligences in making glad many a mourner's heart by bringing before them a transcript of those whom popular theology had taught them to consider as *dead.* May he reap the reward of his labors of love. S.

THE SPIRITUAL AGE.

BOSTON, NEW YORK AND CHICAGO, MAY 7, 1859.

Letters Received.—A Perrin, N K Sargent, A Allen, S Ives, J C Teel, B Logan, S Cook, E Mann, M A Bateman, E P Gray, W M Savage, J H Shepard, J Allen, O Putnam, B Hassall, L Alden, C A Jefferson, T Johnson, M Parsons, A Chesley, R Curtis, R P Timmins, J W Sharp, H Thatcher, P Fletcher, E W Knight, S Tucker, L M Andrews, N Homes, H Hussey, A Taylor, T Bingham, R Hunt, P N Parkhurst, M Kinney, J R Orton, J Ames, J Cooper, W A Wentworth, J W Farnsworth, J Hopper, J Cheever, H C Stone, J Mayhew, C W Richardson, J Thomson, P Matterson, O S Bumpus, J O Howe, G Poor, W Stevens, T W Gibson, J Chollar, W Abbott, S Barry, J H Douglas, J H Tuttle, W Collins; T R Davis, H F M Brown, L Crouch, O A Ballou, C Hoo cut, A Cridge, J Wescott, S B Nichols.

SPECIAL AND PERSONAL.

A. E. Newton will speak at Hanson, Mass., in the Universalist Church, on Sunday, May 8th.

H. P. Fairfield, Trance-speaking Medium may be addressed at Greenwich Village, Mass.

Mrs. H. F. M. Brown will speak in Syracuse, N. Y., May 8th; in Utica, May 15th; in Springfield, Mass., May 22d; in Boston, May 29th. She may be addressed at Salina (instead of Syracuse) care of Mrs. John Hutchinson; at Utica, care of Dr. Careline Brown; in Springfield, Mass., care of Samuel L. Randall; Boston, care of Bela Marsh.

L. Judd Pardee may be addressed at the Fountain House, Boston.

G. B. Stebbins speaks on Sundays through the year at Ann Arbor, Mich.; and will answer calls to lecture in that vicinity in the week.

N. Frank White can be addressed until the middle of May at Beloit, Wis.; he will lecture through the month of June at St. Louis; from there to Cincinnati, then east. Any calls for week evenings can be addressed to him there; calls east of Cincinnati should be addressed him at St. Louis to give time for the appointments.

Loring Moody will lecture as follows—Natick on Sunday, May 1; South Natick Monday and Tuesday, 2d and 3d; Melrose, Thursday and Friday, 5th and 6th; Walpole, Sunday, 8th; Franklin, Tuesday and Wednesday, 10th and 11th; South Franklin, Thursday and Friday, 12th and 13th; Blackstone, Sunday, 15th; Millville, Tuesday and Wednesday, 17th and 18th; Mendon, Thursday and Friday, 19th and 20th; Milford, Sunday, 22d. He will act as agent for the Age and Banner; and also answer calls to lecture. Address, Malden, Mass.

Mrs. M. Macomber, trance-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.

Geo. Atkins will speak in 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.

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 Batile 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

PRIVATE COURSE OF INSTRUCTION

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

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MEETINGS IN BOSTON.

Rev. John Pierpont 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.

The Society which has met in Merchantile Building, will occupy Harmony Hall, 419 Washington St., a few doors above the Adams House, on and after May 8th.

MEDIUMS IN BOSTON.

J. V. MANSFIELD, Medium for answering Sealed Letters, No. 3 Winter st., Boston (over G. Turnbull & Co.'s dry goods store). Terms—Mr. M. charges a fee of $1 and four postage stamps for his efforts to obtain an answer. For $3 he will guarantee an answer, or return both letter and money in *thirty days from its reception.*—Visitors received on Mondays, Wednesdays and Saturdays. 18

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. M. Terms 50 cents per sitting.

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

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

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

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

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The smallest girls of their age in the world, being 9 and 11 years old, and weighing only 13 and 15 pounds. They will give entertainments at South Boston, in Wait's Hall, Monday and Tuesday Evenings, and Tuesday *afternoon*, May 2 and 3;—at Charlestown, May 4, at 3 and 8 o'clock;—at Roxbury, Dearborn Hall, May 5, same hours;—at Chelsea, City Hall, Friday May 6, same hours;—at Boston, Mercantile Hall, Monday evening, May 9, and *every* afternoon and evening to May 14 inclusive, at 3 and 8 o'clock. Admission 25 cents; Children 15 cents. Children under 12 years of age, in the afternoon, 5 cents; *over* 12, in the afternoon, 10 cents. Five tickets, $1.

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Parker's Four Sermons preached in the yearly Meeting of Progressive Friends, at Longwood, Pa., May 30th and 31st, 1858. Price 17 cents; also his speech delivered at the New England Anti-Slavery Convention in Boston, May 26, 1858; on the Relation of Slavery to a Republican Form of Government; and also, his Fourth of July Sermon, on the effect of Slavery on the American People. Price 8 cents each. Sermon of Immortal Life, Fifth Edition, 10 cents. For sale by Bela Marsh, publisher 14 Bromfield Street. 18.

ANTHROPOMORPHISM DISSECTED AND SPIRITUALISM VINDICATED, BY DIXON L. DAVIS, M. D.

When man is taught that his spiritual is, as his physical nature, governed by fixed laws then superstition will die, and a rational system of mental philosophy prevail instead. Price in paper covers, 35 cents; in cloth 50 cents. 18—tf

BOARDING!

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For the Young People.

Written for the Spiritual Age.

ARIEL, THE CHILD OF THE MORNING MIST.

BY DR. WILLIAM R. HAYDEN.

CHAPTER THIRD.

Immediately on quitting the presence of the king, Deceit called Curiosity and Fashion to his apartments, and the three spirits held a grand consultation, and soon decided upon a plan of operations. Curiosity and Fashion were to assume various forms to excite the attention and admiration of Wisdomore.

Deceit at once arrayed himself in great splendor as a foreign prince of immense wealth and dignity, and gave out that he had come to reside in Ogle's kingdom at his invitation. He next employed a great number of artisans to build him a magnificent temple, far surpassing in magnitude and beauty anything ever before seen in Cloud Land. The temple was built on the very borders of prince Ariel's domains, where the princess could not but see and admire its splendid proportions in her daily excursions. The work was quickly completed, and spies were set to give instant warning of every approach of Wisdomore; and no sooner did she appear in sight of the gates than a lady gorgeously dressed (Fashion) would appear, coming from a little arbor, and enter the temple, apparently in the deepest grief. This very naturally excited the curiosity and sympathy of the good hearted princess, who longed to speak a kind and soothing word to the grief-stricken lady; and she was only deterred from doing so, by being aware that if she once crossed the magic line into Ogle's kingdom, she would at once become contaminated with the baneful influence of his sphere. Every day the sorrowful lady would appear in precisely the same manner, except there was an entire change in her dress, which was more and more beautiful and brilliant. Every day the same scene was repeated, and Wisdomore became more deeply interested and curious to learn the secret of the lady's unconquerable anguish.

All of a sudden the princess' visits were discontinued in the direction of the temple, which caused much alarm to Deceit and his companions, who could not divine the cause, and became fearful that all their arts had been in vain. One morning, however, the secret was explained by the merry ringing of all the bells in prince Ariel's land, and the joyous tidings went abroad that Wisdomore had given birth to a beautiful infant prince, and there was great rejoicing among all prince Ariel's loyal subjects, who came with many presents for the child, and congratulations for the mother. For many days the soft breezes bore on their wings the glad music and songs to king Ogle, who was greatly vexed at the happiness of his neighbors, and fearful lest Wisdomore should escape his cunning snare. So he gnashed his teeth and stamped with rage upon the undulating floor.

Then came Deceit to him and said,

"Master, thou art not as wise as the serpent."

"Wherefore not, slave?" thundered Ogle.

"Because the serpent first fascinates its victim, and when once fairly in its coils, bites; but you bite first, master."

"Thou hast spoken sagely; therefore let me hear thy counsel, slave," replied the king.

"Fascinate the princess first, and bite her when she is in thy power."

"Well, speak on."

"Illume the temple every night with ten thousand amber lights, and let the softest music fill it from vault to dome," answered Deceit.

"I like thy advice; but what will come of it?"

"Revenge, for it will lure the princess into thy power."

"Let it be done as thou hast advised, slave; and if you fail, dread my power."

CHAPTER FOURTH.

Every night Wisdomore listened to the plaintive music, and from her palace windows gazed in wonder and awe upon the temple of fire; and, as she looked on, curiosity entered her soul and grew stronger and stronger day and night.

Again she went forth to her accustomed walk, in the direction of the temple, and as she passed its ponderous gates, she saw the same mysterious lady come from the arbor and pass up the steps and disappear within its massive walls.

One day when she was passing, the same lady came forth, as usual, and as she was about to ascend the steps her foot missed and she fell upon the pavement with a loud cry. Losing her presence of mind for the moment, Wisdomore sprang forward over the magic boundary, and raised up the unfortunate lady, who was all gratitude for the timely assistance, and poured forth a world of thanks for her aid.

Alas! Wisdomore had entered the poisoned atmosphere. She had fallen a victim to the wiles of Curiosity and Fashion.

"Dear lady," exclaimed Wisdomore, "tell me the cause of your grief."

"Ah! virtuous and beautiful princess, let not my tongue offend your ears with the sad recital of my woes," said the weeping lady.

"I beseech you, hide not your sorrows from me, but pour them freely into my bosom that I may share them with you."

"Dearest Wisdomore, thy generous heart overpowers me, and I cannot refuse thy request. Therefore I will unbosom the cause of my grief to you. Three months ago I lost a beautiful child, and though every search has been made, no traces of it can be found."

"Dear, unfortunate mother, I deeply sympathise with you, and would that I could bring it back to your arms again," said Wisdomore, her kind heart overflowing with pity.

"Noble and generous princess, your goodness emboldens me to ask a great favor of you."

"Hesitate not a moment to express it, and if it be in my power, it shall be granted."

"When again you pass these gates, bring with you the infant prince, that my aching heart may be soothed by the light of its beautiful face."

"Most certainly, I will," replied the unsuspecting Wisdomore.

"A million blessings on your head!" exclaimed the strange lady.

The next day when the great bell struck the hour of twelve from the tower of the temple, Wisdomore with her attendants came bringing the infant Ariel, and were received in great pomp by Deceit and Fashion, and conducted into the royal apartments of the gorgeous temple of ebony, where they found the most sumptuous repast awaiting them, which after many entreaties they were prevailed to partake of. Ravishing music floated through the temple from unseen musicians, and Wisdomore was greatly interested in all the wonderful magnificence which she beheld. Most beautiful fairies danced before her, and at her feet slaves knelt with goblets of ruby wine. At this moment a guest proposed the health of the host and hostess. Wisdomore raised the wine to her lips, when at the bottom of the poisoned cup she saw a coiled serpent sleeping, and then heard a voice exclaim:

"Touch not, taste not, for this is the draught of Deceit, poisoned by Curiosity, and whosover drinketh of this cup shall fall among thieves. The way of the transgressor is hard. Wisdomore, look to thy child!"

Then the eyes of the princess were opened, and in great alarm she sought the infant prince to fly from the temple of darkness; but he was no where to be found. She was in the power of Ogle, the Black King, in his domain, and breathed the tainted and poisoned atmosphere of discord. Vainly she sought to escape; the massive doors were closed against her, and as she pressed her soft hands against them, a loud and scornful laugh rung in her ears. At last, tired, she sank down in despair on the iron floor. Then came king Ogle to taunt the princess.

"So, ho! my fair proud lady, you are caught and caged at last. You scorned me once; now I will pay it with tenfold interest. I am your judge; you have placed yourself voluntarily within my power; you have fallen a victim to idle curiosity; and now you must pay the penalty; therefore I doom you to a thousand years' imprisonment in the deepest and darkest dungeon beneath this temple's walls," said the monster with delight.

"Mercy!" cried the terrified Wisdomore.

"I know not 'Mercy,' and will pardon you only on one condition: Forswear the prince Ariel, and become my wife."

"Never! never!" exclaimed the princess with a firm voice.

"Hah! dost thou mock me? Come hither, Fast, and let us see if we cannot unbend her stubborn will."

On the last echo of his voice, came the jailer, Fast, who had followed his hard calling until his head had become a lock, his hands bolts, his arms and legs bars and chains of iron, and they clanked and rattled together as he hobbled along.

"Here, Fast, take this haughty dame," said the king.

"Down, down into vaults dark and drear;
Beneath this temple's mighty wall,
Guarded by Hunger and Fear,
Let black night be her pall;
Bind her with iron and steel,
Amid the shadowless gloom;
That she may learn to feel
The horrors of a living tomb.
Bind her, sure and fast
A thousand years,
If so long she last,
Or till she waste in tears."

As soon as Ogle had spoken his verdict, Fast and Wisdomore sank down into the dismal and damp dungeons beneath the temple, where she was soon bound to one of the huge columns which supported the mighty fabric, and there left to her doom.

CHAPTER FIFTH.

Far above Wisdomore's prison, Ogle and his ministers were gathered together in grand conclave to determine the fate of the infant prince.

"What shall be done with this little upstart?" asked Ogle.

"Strangle him," said Murder.

"Burn him," cried Fire.

"Better drown the brat," hissed Water.

"Poison it," snapped Snake.

"Starve the spawn," whispered Hunger.

"Send for the doctor," said the wily Deceit.

"Well spoken, good gentlemen; and so far as I am concerned I accept all your methods of destruction."

At this mark of approbation the six ministers were well pleased, and each sprang forward to receive the commission, when the king stopped them by saying,

"Not so fast, my worthy counsellors, you seem to have forgotten the tenure by which we hold this kingdom."

"How so?" exclaimed they all in one breath.

"Here, good Deceit," said the king, "read this compact"—

"Whosoever shall be the ruler of this kingdom shall have no power over life. Whoever shall attempt the life of any one however humble, shall be imprisoned a thousand years!"

"Oh, Oh!" cried the ministers.

"If any ruler or subject of this kingdom shall shed but one drop of innocent blood, or mar the beauty or limb of one of the faithful, the agressor shall be imprisoned and the kingdom destroyed for a thousand years."

"Monstrous!" chimed the disappointed counsellors.

"I have it," said Swift, who had that moment arrived.

"Let us hear thy counsel," said Ogle.

"Sire, commission me to do thy pleasure, and the compact shall be intact."

"Speak."

"Give me thy command, dread king, and swift as the lightning's speed, I will bear the bantling down to earth, and leave him to the mercy of the world."

"Thou hast spoken nobly, wise Swift. Deceit, have a care, or he will fill thy place. Now then, Swift, away to earth; but see that the child is not harmed, lest we suffer for it. Away!"

In an instant Swift mounted his fiery Pegasus, and taking the little prince in his arms, sped like an electric spark down the long plains of airy space, until he drew up his steed over Monterey, and descended in a gentleman's garden, unobserved, shielded by the MORNING MIST. Taking the little one to a bed of roses, he laid him carefully among them, and as he did so, a concealed thorn pierced the arm of the infant, and drew forth one DROP OF BLOOD, which stained its fair skin. The quick eye of Swift saw the mischief he had done, and read in that one drop his own fearful doom:

"If any ruler or subject of this kingdom, shall shed one drop of innocent blood, or mar the beauty or limb of one of the faithful, the aggressor shall be imprisoned and the kingdom destroyed for a thousand years."

"Lost, lost!" exclaimed Swift in despair, as two winged spirits bore him to his punishment. At the same moment a terrific thunder-bolt darted from the great centre of the universe, and Ogle's kingdom was shattered to atoms, and fell to the earth in a perfect shower of rain.

That dreadful peal of thunder shook the earth and set the captive princess free, who returned to her own cloud where she found prince Ariel and his subjects in the greatest distress at her absence. Her story was soon told; but the infant prince was nowhere to be found. Then away flew the bereaved parents, to the Wisdom-seat for advice.

"Children," said the wise ruler," you have transgressed an immutable law. You have been led astray by Deceit and Curiosity, and have wandered away from the paths of peace into those of error and trouble. The past is past. Profit by your experience, and learn that the infant prince has been borne away to earth, as a punishment to you and as a blessing to him; for it will be a school in which he shall be taught many things useful to him here. How long he thall remain in the earth life, is not now for you to know. That your affliction be not too severe, I appoint you his guardians; and be it your mission unseen to watch and guard his footsteps. In his dreams breathe into his soul lessons of wisdom and peace. Your love shall guide you to the spot where he now is, and the blessing of your own lives be with you."

With smiling faces, the royal parents followed a small silver cord of light called sympathy, which they found united them with their child, and they were quickly by its side.

It was a quarter to three o'clock, when the gentleman into whose garden the child had been brought arose from his bed and went forth. The rain was falling fast, and he turned to go again into his house, when his steps were arrested by a faint cry, and going in the direction from whence the sound proceeded, he discovered the little one wet among the roses. Quickly taking it up in his arms, he bore it in from the rain and placed it in his own warm bed, where his good wife, who was delighted, nursed it and blessed Heaven for the twenty-third day of July eighteen hundred and fifty-seven, which brought to her arms such a lovely child; and she still cherishes it with all a mother's fond affection.

In conclusion, my dear children, allow me to say that I have myself seen this darling boy whom they call ARIEL. It was only this day that I saw him at play, with his warm sunny face, soft blue eyes and brown silken hair. Ah, so full is he of love-light and joy that the atmosphere is ever bright and warm about him.

Oh, you want to see Ariel, do you? Well, well, come to me any pleasant afternoon and I will take you with me to see

"ARIEL, THE CHILD OF THE MORNING MIST."

Poetry and Sentiment.

SPEAK A GOOD WORD OR SAY NOTHING AT ALL.

BY AARON SMITH.

There is a species of slander abroad in the world,
Against a good neighbor, O! frequently hurled;
Not always with malice, with envy, or spite,
Yet fatal to friendship, good feelings and right.
Remember—and fail not your trust to fulfil—
Your brother, though absent, your brother is still;
Whatever you be, or whate'er may befall,
O! speak a good word or say nothing at all.

There are duties we owe when together we're met,
We are all of us only too apt to forget;
Be blithe if you will when the wine-cup is prest,
But plant not a wound in an innocent breast;
Rebut the foul charge to the slanderer's shame.
Who, fiend-like, would blacken another's fair fame,
Love is sweeter than honey—strife bitter as gall;
Then speak a good word or say nothing at all.

Crosses are ladders leading to heaven.

THE DYING WIFE AND HER WEDDING RING.

On the vague threshold of the unseen life
She paused; then feebly from her finger took
The golden circlet of the mortal wife,
Placed it on his with reassuring look,
And wedded him to immortality.

It is better that a man's own works should praise him than another man's words.

"He that holds fast the golden mean,
And lives contentedly between
The little and the great,
Feels not the wants that pinch the poor,
Nor plagues that haunt the rich man's door,
Embittering all his state."

Sometimes I think that no home is truly consecrated until death has entered there.—*Samuel Longfellow.*

Honest designs,
Justly resemble our devotions,
Which we must pay and wait for the reward.
ROBERT HOWARD.

Let us never forget that every station in life is necessary; that each deserves our respect; that not the station itself, but the worthy fulfillment of its duties, does honor to the man.

There is some soul of good in things evil,
Would men observingly distil it out. SHAKSPEARE.

It is not long speeches that are the best; the difficulty lies in compressing into the fewest and most intelligible and persuasive words the most precious and the most instructive truths.

Who never doubted never half believed,
Where doubt, there truth is—'tis her shadow. BAILEY.

Politeness is the religion of the heart, as piety is that of the soul. It is good nature in action. It renders whoever may be its object contented and happy under its softening influence. It consists in acts which show their source—the heart.

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