The Spiritual Age.

DEVOTED TO RATIONAL SPIRITUALISM AND PRACTICAL REFORM.

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[WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE SPIRITUAL AGE.]

THE IMPROVISATORE:

TORN LEAVES FROM LIFE-HISTORIES.

BY EMMA HARDINGE.

PAGE SEVENTH.

'Twas cold, grey morning! The dawn of such a day as seems to wrap itself within the shroud of night, hiding the warm sun in its stony bosom, and to creep through time arrayed in the grey panoply of mourning for the departed stars. Lord Ravensworth was up by earliest streak of dawn. Till near mid-day he paced the long galleries of his splendid dwelling, uncertain what to do, or where to go. Fifty times he'd asked for Lady Ravensworth. They told him she was ill, not alarmingly so; no leech was sent for;—she was simply "*indisposed*" —could not be seen—*he did not ask to see her;* yet with a strange and morbid curiosity he kept on questioning how she was, and why she did not come abroad. At length he said "he'd go."

His valet asked him where.

He could not tell. "Pack up some things."

"For how long a time, my lord."

He did not know.

"The carriage? post horses? stage-coach? What would his lordship choose?"

"Anything! Something! A horse—the fleetest one in all the stud. A yacht, no more; [illegible] to be alone."

He's gone—and Gabrielle—— Peering into her face the attendants whisper, "Still she sleeps. She bade us not disturb her. Come away."

Again alone, with strong and sudden movement she waits but the closing door to spring from her couch with all the seeming energy of life and health. First she went to the window, and drawing wide apart the damask hangings, let in a flood of light upon the chamber and herself. Planting herself full before the splendid pier glass, she stood in rigid contemplation of the scene. Behind her hung a full length portrait of what she was —a bride—the charming, fair and radiant Gabrielle. Life, youth and beauty beaming from the canvas. A chastened sadness sat upon the brow; 'twas but the fleecy summer cloud upon the sunlight. The image, full in beauty reflected, shone within the ample mirror; and by its side, stood Gabrielle—Gabrielle of Ravensworth.

Scarcely sixteen months had intervened since the two pictures thus presented, were each taken from life; but what a wondrous change between them! The long, white drapery of the countess's morning robe, fell like a shroud around her, yet white as it was, contrasted painfully with the livid ash-hue of her skin. The bride's round ivory arms, now thin and blue—the soft, pink hand, now waxen and transparent—the sunny curls, each twined with orange blossoms, smooth, silky, and distinct in their golden order, now hung in long dishevelled waving threads of auburn, the picture of neglect—the sunken cheek, wan brow, and livid lips—the heavy eyes, with deep, black halos round them,—all these made up a temple guesting the very genius of decay and ruin. But even this was more tolerable than the deep thrill of anguish and despair that sent its cords vibrating through those features as she herself gazed on the wreck.

"If *he* should come in time he will not know me," she murmured; then sighing deeply, turned and paced the room. What she thought of, none could say. She spoke not, never raised her eyes from off the ground, nor ceased her dreary walk for two long hours. She sometimes sobbed, but never shed a tear. Sometimes the memories that crowded round her seemed to wreathe themselves in shapes which floated like a misty crown upon her brain. Frst came the village school-room with its open door, and sunny green beyond, and rosy happy faces peeping through; the kind old school-ma'am's gentle "well done, child;" the little heart leaping at the well won prize, the merry play, and boisterous, gleesome laugh; the romp, the swing, the dear companion's secrets; in elder days, the first triumphant throb when wondering masters praised the melting voice, and pictured scenes of world-admiring crowds. And oh! the glorious days of Rome and Florence; the sunny skies, the classic scenes of study,—companionship with Beethoven, Mozart, and Hayden; the flood of inspiration pouring in strains of self-made melody upon her soul, wafting her, saint-like, to the choiring skies; the proud triumphant empire of La Scala, crowning her, queen-like, with the earth's ovation. Her gentle mother's fond encircling arms; her tender voice of warning and her anxious care; the holy prayer to Virgin Mother whispered—"Ora pro nobis"—morn and eventide;—and now she floated on Venetian streams, or sailed in gay companionship in wide blue Naples' bay; once more she heard the gondolier's sweet chant, or plaintive vespers filled the twilight's gloom;—and now she lay in sweet luxurious stillness, beneath the white rose's fragrant shade, once more in her sweet Brompton home.—Home, home! That blessed home! That sweet and peaceful spot, that lovely home, where never care or sin or suffering came; and where—she first saw Ernest.

Here we drop the veil. Let no human eye behold the writhings of that suffering face, the torture of that soul torn from its moorings, and cast upon the sea of wildest passion, without the pilot, Principle, or Captain of all Salvation, God, to trust in—passion, adoration for her human idol, generous but fervid impulses, her only guides.

They'd trained her in the gorgeous Roman church. Imagination, senses, taste, all these drank in their fill. But Gabrielle unhappily had a *mind*, a wide and deep capacity to think. When thought, directed by her clear and lucid reason, strove to find amidst the incense, thrilling tones, and sights of beauty, aught of reality or truth to rest on, she lost her way in falsehood, doubt and inconsistency. In deep bewilderment she questioned, "What is truth?"

Her Priest responded, "Daughter, what *I* tell you."

Her strong, clear mind suggested, "But God's works—"

The Priest replied, "Are all profane until I consecrate them."

"Alas! my wandering thoughts," the votary murmured, "still will reach forth in search of evidence."

"Give them to me," the churchman still insists. "Satan tempts men to *think*. Who dares to ask for evidence of what the sacred church teaches, or says or does? Of all the snares the evil one has laid, nothing is half so dangerous as *reason*.—Think, and you doubt. Doubt, and you are lost, unless you buy your soul back with your fortune. Nothing in Heaven is half so *dear*, or *costs* so much to save, as souls who dare to exercise their reason."

drowned the Priest's. God's work is at odds with what men call "his word." She had no knowledge, therefore no belief. *She knew she'd seen a spirit*, so she knew that she, *a spirit*, must survive the grave. But what or where that world was, where her spirit fast was tending, only the dreadful tales of fear and superstition shadowed forth. And now, when her despairing feet were pressing to it, horror and chill dread dodged every footprint.

Hour after hour elapsed alone! Oh, 'twas agony to be alone! She could not bear it. Why did no one come? She'd call her maid; but no, her cold, and unimpassioned face would bring no comfort to her aching heart—aching for love, for pity, for some cheering bosom, where she might sob her ebbing life away.

At last a footstep hastens to her door. It opens and—oh joy! her mother's arms enclose her.

The reader will not have forgotten Gabrielle's adopted mother, Mrs. Martin. This good and truthful friend, was cognizant of her daughter's petulant, and wayward fancies. She knew how she loved Ernest—how she disliked Lord Ravensworth.—With the unsophisticated idea (chiefly promulgated by very old fashioned persons or very pure and strait-laced spirits) that marriage should be the union of two congenial souls, separated in their birth, but twin in their natures, and destined to grow into one life, in all eternity, good Mrs. Martin had firmly opposed the marriage of expediency with the Earl.

Shocked by her daughter's violation of one of her strongest principles, they parted on the eve of the fatal wedding day.—This was their next meeting.

By early dawn that day two fiery riders had issued from the castle gates; the wretched lady knew her doom, and these expresses had gone forth to summon to her side her childhood's earliest friend, and one whom she already knew was on his way to see her—the captive whom her generous care had freed. His faithful friend Augustine had charge and ample funds to bring him back.

"Whatever he knew about her," she said, "was enough.—Tell him nothing—neither whom he'll see, nor where he'll come."

Augustine had written that the poor prisoner, tortured almost to madness by his savage captors,—starved, bruised and beaten—subject to such wrongs as wreck the senses, and curdle up the blood—had lost his memory, spirits, health and youth. He'd never heard of her marriage, and his tender friend had not found courage (so he wrote) to tell him.

"Be silent then," the countess wrote in turn. "Perhaps," (in thought, she added) "*when he returns, I may be free again.*"

Evening at last. The sinking sun is setting far away over the tranquil sea.

"Mother!" murmured the dying lady, raising her head from off her now damp pillow, "every golden cloud is printed with the fleecy words of glory, 'I will return.' Oh, will our spirits come, like setting suns, on each to-morrow of eternity?"

"Gabrielle, my only darling, pity me—I know there's something dreadful in this sickness. You say 'tis nothing; yet your limbs have been these many hours quivering with racking pain; and your face—oh, what signs of agony it tells!—and hark, that sound again! Virgin Mother shield us!"

Yes; there it was, distinct and clear; three loud, yet muffled knocks beat on the panel directly above the couch whereon the Countess lay.

"'Tis nothing, mother, I'm used to it now," replied Gabrielle with perfect indifference.

True, she was used to it. Ever since the night when the misty form had stood beside the Bible, and with no human finger inscribed its page with written words, the sounds that now so startled Mrs. Martin, had rung in gallery, and hall, and salon. Wherever the countess appeared, the knocks were heard. At first they only excited curiosity; at length they provoked investigation; but when no scrutiny could detect the cause, and still the invisible hammers seemed to dodge the steps of the changed and miserable lady, who sternly reproved the servants for their idle fears, and yet herself tendered no explanation, the domestics one by one dropped off. On some excuse or other, all the old castle servants shrank away, whilst others who took their places, fearfully whispered tales of a shadowy form, a woman pale and wan, with one bare shoulder striped with livid marks, who floated through the corridors and halls, in misty twilight hour. The fearful grooms declared at dead of night a woman's wailing shriek would wake them up, while all could hear and testify to sounds like muffled feet or gloved metallic hand, knocking around the mournful Countess's way.

Poor Mrs. Martin heard these tales with wonder, long ere her anxious eyes beheld her daughter, but when at last what she had deemed but idle superstition, met with its confirmation in the unexplained and warning sounds, her very soul within her shrank aghast.

In many an old weird mansion in different parts of Europe, such sounds as these, and many others which the severest scrutiny have been unable to identify with any human agency, are often heard.

[illegible] and often strive to call the timid children of earth to the understanding that what electricity can do in sounds, or force, the electrical body of the spirit can do, when it finds a force adhering to wood or stone, which forms a battery *with* and *for* them. Unhappily we are accustomed to regard all things, without the narrow limits of our senses or our previous understanding as "Supernatural." Looking at all such manifestations through the veil of ignorance and fear, we invest the real with an atmosphere of unreality, or else repel it by our very terrors, until the world of spirits stand enrobed in a shroud of mystery and darkness, projected from our own fear and ignorance.

Mrs. Martin then, like many an awe-struck domestic of that castle of ill omen, sat and trembled, as at frequent intervals from different parts of the now fast glooming chamber, the knockers sounded their note of warning.

Glorious light of modern sense, all hail! How has thy torch shed on such mysteries the light of a true science! Instead of dreadful ghosts, we hear the precious signals of our friends.—Our midnight spectres change to watching kindred; and churchyard ghosts have brightened into angels.

Whatever was the cause of Lady Ravensworth's indisposition, it was evident to Mrs. Martin that its character was unusual and alarming. In vain she pleaded to be allowed to send for medical aid. The causes for her suffering as stated by Gabrielle were plausible, but her resolve to have no aid inflexible. As evening advanced, her restlessness, and the hideous action of spasmodic pains across her livid face, became more and more distressing. To all her mother's urgent appeals, however, she simply replied she was waiting for some one. *He* was coming soon—very soon; and then she should be quite well.

And yet he came not. From couch to door, from door to window, with eager list'ning ear and wistful eyes, the poor watcher traversed her chamber in unavailing expectancy. At length a sudden calm seemed to steal over her; the incessant restlessness of her wearied frame yielded to a tranquil, passive air. She lay extended upon a pile of cushions which commanded a view of the long gallery which led to her apartment.—Suddenly the beams of the moon, streaming in many colored hues through the painted gothic windows, seemed to augment into the softly misty light of an Autumn evening. Every object in the chamber, and even the dim colors on the grim old portraits, that in gloomy rows adorned the long gallery, all seemed to stand out as in daylight bold relief; while clear as the vesper bell, sounding across a far, far distant lake, strains of delicious music, rising and falling in alternate cadence of strong and martial measure, came floating in waves of sound down the long corridor.

Gabrielle and Mrs. Martin *felt* no less than *heard* its glorious echoes; whilst, long years after, the villagers and distant herdsmen told how, on that night, for many miles around, domestics, all within the castle's range, heard "the phantom music," calling the soul of Gabrielle away. At first in low and wailing notes it stole, like the lament of some unquiet spirit, throughout the castle halls. But louder still it grew, now swelling, pealing through arch and corridor in mighty diapason, until the very tones of different instruments seemed to ring out, as from a vast orchestra. There was the rolling thunder of the organ; the wild harp's ringing peal, the æolian's plaintive sigh, the fiery trumpet, and the mournful horn; a thousand soft, melodious flutes, like trickling streams upheld the bird-like treble; whilst ever and anon, the muffled drum with awful beat precise, the rolling kettle, and the crashing cymbals, kept time to sounds like tramping of a vast but viewless army. Nearer now they come. The dull deep beat of falling feet—'tis in the hall—it marches up the stairs. It comes—it comes! Louder and yet more loud, the music swells to thunder. The unseen mass must be the disembodied souls of every age since time began his course, so vast the rush, and strong the footfalls sound. And now the chant of thousand, thousand voices swelling in rich majestic choral tones, joins in the thundering crash.

Upspringing from her couch, as through the air the mighty Hallelujah sounds, Gabrielle, with frantic gestures and wild distended eyes, cried, "I see them now! the glorious shining band! Led by the giant Handel, on they come. Welcome great masters of the world of song! All hail, most noble Hayden, sweet Mozart, Gluck, Cherubini, Purcell, Arne, Porpora! Oh, what long array of souls divine, lit with immortal fire from Heaven itself! Beethoven, too! Oh let me kneel to thee, thou first and last of all the sons of song. Angels have spun thy soul from strings of music, and wove thy brain from out the threads of melody. Divine one, art thou come to take me home? me, thy poor worshipper on earth? Oh, let me be thy child in paradise!"

The pageant passed, or seemed to pass from her whose eyes alone of all the awe-struck listeners whose ears that night drank in those sounds unearthly, with mortal gaze beheld them. To Mrs. Martin, indeed, it seemed as if the air of the music-haunted corridor was specked with glancing lights; high some wild fantastic illusion [illegible] brielle's strange ravings, she attributed to the bewildering influence of fear, yet rapture, which the mysterious music wrapped all in, who heard its solemn cadence. When at length, even to her ear, the last vibrating echoes of the music seemed to die away in utter vacant silence, she attempted to rouse her apparently entranced charge. Still *she* listened. Either her fine ear still drank in the music, or another sound had magnetized her powers.

"Hark, mother, hark! 'Tis carriage wheels. Do you not hear them? now they cross the ford. Haste, haste, oh haste! A long mile intervenes. Oh haste! *They call me home.*"

For full ten minutes, rigid, as cold as marble, the listening lady sat. To Mrs. Martin the stillness was intense. Yet *she*, the seeress and clairaudient, heard; for with bent ear she sat, until her heart-throbs marked the fleeting seconds.

To Mrs. Martin's joy she recognized at last, indeed, the very distant rumbling of some wheels. Nearer it came—it sounded in the court—some one alights, a stir, the sound of voices—now footsteps—yes, it is the ascent of footsteps, *human feet*, upon the marble stair. Nearer, nearer yet—hastily they come, like messengers of speed. They're in the gallery, upon the threshold—enter. Then, and not till then the rigid lady moves. With one wild scream of joy she rushes forward, and Ernest Rossi clasps her in his arms.

For a few, a very few brief minutes in her mortal life the wretched lady lived an age in heaven. She forgot her husband, name, and title—all. The presence of that one beloved, redeemed by her—free and alive, and in her hour of anguish, —this was the one pearl in her cup of life, that sweetened all the dark and bitter draught, and made it an eternity of compensation. With fond, wild tenderness she gazed upon him, parted the damp curls from his livid brow, passed her cold fingers sadly over his wan and faded cheek, gazed in his anxious eyes, until her own looked in his very soul and stamped there all the story of her love, her frailty, pride, ambition, guilt and remorse. Then winding her cold arms around his neck, she laid her weary head upon his shoulder tenderly; and silently as night, passed through the portals of the land of souls.

'Tis midnight. Still as death the landscape seems. Hills, rocks and rivers—even the babbling brooks seem locked in sleep. The moonbeams dream upon the lone hill side; the stars are sleeping in the glittering sky; the silent dell is full of dreaming flowers, whose colored cups are closed in balmy sleep. In all that wide and solemn scene of stillness, one only watcher breaks the charmed spell. Now he moves swiftly across the mountain top; now he climbs down rugged, wild ravines, seemingly for no other purpose than to pace the gorge's depth and climb the hill again; anon his restless step is turned across the moor, as if some sudden purpose drove him on with almost lightning speed; but now he turns, and back his way he wends, in the very self-same track, and with the same impulsive speed. What is he doing in the lonely night? The night! Why he's been walking this same way, and in the self-same spots, from early morning. Hour after hour, and mile and mile on mile, the scorching mid-day sun blazed on his head, and still he sped from nothing to no place. The sultry noon still saw him driving past the glen and thicket, with hot desperate speed. The tranquil sunset purpled round his way, and still his turning round he hastened on. The gentle stars looked wondering on his track, and then he hid away. Their silver light shone like the eyes of angels, reading through his very soul, and this he could not bear.

Near yon thicket stands his horse—he tied it there at morning; still it browses quietly, awaiting hour by hour its restless master's will. How many leagues he's walked, and yet the whole within one narrow circuit. Never once has he lost sight of yonder frowning castle, where ever these gray towers uprear their gloomy height. He walked and walked, like a spell-bound magician. His clothes are dusty. In his haggard eyes one question seems to go searching forth—"*I wonder if she lives!*"

How many many dreary times he's said this sentence over! He might resolve his doubt, would he but knock at yonder castle gate; but this *he dare not*; he has a secret, and it is so mighty an one, that he fears every human eye that looks on him must see it. Besides, although he wanders around that castle, as an enchanted circuit from which he cannot break, he knows there is something dreadful there, something which he's sure must be there, and which he would not look on for a thousand worlds.

For the twentieth time that weary endless night, he turns to wander through the silent forest; when just as he was near its first oak-opening, a deep yet distant bell struck on his ear.

"It is the convent chiming the midnight hour," was his first thought. And yet it had a tone of strangeness—deeper and slower than its wont, he thought it. Will it never cease chiming? Why now he counts, and lo! some twenty strokes he numbers. 'Tis not the tell-tale hour. Old Time has all run out his sand for some one; some soul has fled! and yonder mournful peal, rings out its passage to its long, last home."—How proud and haughty form can that be that's now laid low, *last*. I wonder how she looks! Hark! surely [illegible] That voice again! It sounds like her's—my wife's—no—*she that was my wife*—dead, poisoned—that is—*some may say that she was poisoned*. How should they know? *She* would never tell them."

"Edward! Edward Ravensworth."

"By Heaven, *it is her voice!*" and as if to assure him still more of who addressed him, close before his very eyes, moved the figure of his wife. She passed from out a clump of shelttering trees, and slowly crossed his path. The moon shone full upon her, revealing her every feature, limb, and gesture—the same white robe in which he'd last beheld her, the long streaming sunny auburn curls—her slippered feet and silken sash were there. She turned her head; and on his wondering eyes her own appealing glance was fixed a moment, then she passed away, he knew not where or how.

"'Twas she," and in full life, too. "God of Heaven, she lives." Down on his knees the wretched husband fell, and in a flood of wild and broken tones, thanked God he was *no murderer*.

He never paused to think that he might be deceived. Spirit, illusion, nothing of this he'd seen; *'twas Gabrielle*, his wife, and living still. Perchance she'd run away, or come to seek him. Perchance the draught was harmless after all. Enough for him, *she lived*; and hastening home, more like a hawk than mortal man, he flew, until he reached the castle. Just as he reached it some one was passing in. Again he thought he saw the fluttering dress of Gabrielle. 'Twas something white and human. The gate was open, too. A carriage preceded him, and servants gathered round it.

Taking advantage of the seeming confusion occasioned by the arrival of strangers (although at any other time this very fact would have elicited enquiry from him) he passed through the throng unnoticed, entered the castle, traversed gallery and hall, until once more he paused before the door of his wife's apartments. At first he thought of knocking, as was and is the custom of "the great," but something told him, form was ended now. He opened wide the door, and stood within the chamber of the dead.

There lay the peaceful form—peaceful and rigid, as the clay-cold marble. They'd spread a drapery of soft, white gauze around her, and only the sad and livid, poisoned face, was visible above it. Long rows of burning tapers shed their light upon the silent clay; and kneeling by its side—the side of her, his first love and his last—the pale Improvisatore was seen, the only life within that silent place.

Rising upon the entrance of the Earl, the soldier, true of heart and firm of speech, accosted him with "Welcome, murderer!"

TO BE CONTINUED.

Goodness owes nothing to the circumstance of its being recorded in a sacred book, nor loses its claim to grateful, reverent commemoration because not blazoned there. Moral greatness did not die out with the apostles. Their lives were reported for this, among other ends, that their virtues might be propagated to future times, and that men might spring up as worthy a place among the canonnized themselves.—*Channing.*

The Spiritual Age.

Progress is the Common Law of the Universe.

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SATURDAY, MAY 21, 1859.

SPIRITUALISM IN RELIGION.—NO. IX.

THE CHRIST. (CONCLUDED.)

Intimately connected with the subject under discussion are one or two topics which deserve a brief notice here. The first relates to

THE LIVING JESUS.

If such a person as Jesus ever lived on earth, every Spiritualist must concede that HE LIVES TO-DAY, and that he is certainly *no less* a manifestation of the Divine in human form than when in the flesh. He, like all the good and great of the past, is a spiritual presence in the heavens and a power on the earth. His power in the realm of spirit—that is, ability to act upon and influence receptive minds, embodied and disembodied—must be in proportion to his purity and goodness, which constitute true greatness.

By virtue of spiritual laws, now to some extent understood by all Spiritualists, he may be actually present with those who desire his presence. All who admire his character and yearn to possess it, by renouncing and crucifying the lower self-hood, that the Divine may live in them, thereby interiorly come into *rapport* with his living, loving spirit; they join themselves, in fact, to him—become actual members of a *living body*, of which he is the head and heart—and thus derive influxes of inspiration and life from and through him as medium or mediator.

All this, mystical and fanciful as it may have seemed when presented in the lifeless, dogmatic style of the pulpit, becomes rational and vital truth in the light of modern Spiritualism. Every one who has become at all acquainted with the laws of magnetic and spiritual affinity, receptivity, impartation, etc., as illustrated in the modern experience of circles and sensitive persons, at once sees that it must be so. On the same principle that a clairvoyant can enter into sympathy with a distant person in the body, or a medium or circle become receptive to the influence of a disembodied spirit whose presence is strongly desired—that is, by the law of "seek and ye shall find," or of want and supply—can the living Jesus be present in the heart that yearns toward him, and specially manifest himself, as he promised, where two or three are gathered in his name. These manifestations may be immediate,—that is, in his proper personality; or mediate, through angels pervaded and moved by the Christ-spirit, as were those made to John in Patmos.* In either case the essential fact is the same.

[illegible] the object desired; the latter of necessity close it up.

The same must be equally true, and by the same laws, with reference to Plato, Pythagoras, Moses, Zoroaster, Boudha Sakia, and all others who have ever lived. The devout disciples of each of these powerful mediatorial minds, by a sort of mental magnetic affinity or attraction, like that which causes particles of iron to rush toward and adhere to a magnetized bar, attach themselves to and receive inspiration through, these, their respective centres or heads. These mighty minds of the past, with their multiplied adherents, both in this and the spirit-world, forming mental bodies more or less compactly united, thus become Powers in the spiritual realm, acting either in harmony with, or antagonistic to, the Christ. These Powers unquestionably wield in some degree the opinions and destinies of men and nations on the earth; and contests will continue, until all shall be brought into subjection to and harmony with the most powerful, that is, the true Christ, in whom the Divine Love and Wisdom are most fully embodied. It is for us to choose under what Power we will be ranked, and through whom mediatorially we will receive thought and spiritual life.

It was, as we apprehend, with reference to this magnetic power of goodness, that Jesus said, "I, if I be lifted up [on the cross], will draw all men unto me." Love is the mightiest attractive power in the universe of mind. He felt that the great love which welled up in him for all the race, and which was about to make its crowning manifestation in willingly submitting to the terrible torture of the cross for their sakes, would in time attract all men to himself. This it must surely do, on the obvious principles of dynamics, unless some mightier love shall intervene and counteract its potency. But where shall we look for such? What hero, chieftain, prophet, sage, philosopher, avatar, demigod, or teacher of mankind—especially what one in any degree antagonistic to Jesus—has ever exhibited in an equal degree the attribute of unselfish, universal Love? We know of none; hence we conclude he must eventually "subdue all things unto himself."

Let none imagine that Jesus, or any other exalted being, must needs *come down* through space, and *localize* himself, in order to be present with and to influence individuals on earth. The spirit knows no locality except *state*. To be *in the same state* is to be spiritually *present with* another; to be in a *different* mental or moral state is to be *absent* from another.—Change of *state* in the spirit-life corresponds to change of *place* in the external life. It needs, then, only that we *pass up* by aspiration into a corresponding spiritual state with Jesus, in order to come really into his presence—commune with, and be influenced by him. And the same of any other. This is the law of all spirit-presence and communion, as abundantly illustratad in modern experience.

But may he be seen and conversed with, as a personal being, and as other spirits are? Doubtless, if our consciousness were sufficiently interior, and our spirit-vision clear enough, this might be the case; but if he was obliged to send an intermediate messenger to communicate with the "beloved disciple" who had leaned on his bosom in the earth-life (see Revelations, as before,) few now can expect to enjoy a higher privilege. There are not wanting, however, those among modern Spiritualists who claim to be in immediate personal communication with the Nazarene; but so far as we have tested them, these claims have usually seemed ridiculously groundless, and that in proportion to the confidence with which they are put forth. Nevertheless, all who really desire it, and thus open themselves thereto, may unquestionably feel the power of his quickening spirit, prompting them to lives of purity, humility, beneficence, faith, justice, and every grace and virtue of the Christ-man.

One other thought, relating to the

REASON OF DIFFERENT ESTIMATES,

and we have done. No person is deemed qualified to judge of a musical composition, or to appreciate rightly the genius of the composer, unless he has musical talent and culture himself. To some people, what Milton calls the

"Heavenly touch of instrumental sounds,"

is but a source of weariness, and they impatiently exclaim with the unmusical Dean Swift,

"What mighty difference can there be,
'Twixt tweedle-dum and tweedle-dee."

No one can perceive the nicer touches, the diviner beauties of the great master-pieces of human art in painting and sculpture, unless he has in himself the elements of an artist—unless his own soul has been baptized by the spirit of Beauty and his eye trained to decipher the occult meaning of shades and tints, of lines and curves. As a late critic has finely said,—

"To paint a great man, one must not merely comprehend that he is great but must in some sense rise up by the side of, and sympathize with, his greatness,—must enter into and identify himself with some essential quality of his character, which quality will be the theme of his portrait. So it inevitably follows that the greatness of the artist is the limitation of his art,—that he expresses in his work himself as much as his subject, but no more of the latter than he can comprehend and appreciate."—*Atlantic Monthly for May* 1859.

Is it strange, then, that men should differ widely in their estimates of the character and teachings of so divine a man as Jesus?—that some should see no "mighty difference" between his life, or the spirit that actuated it, and that of common men? If he were, indeed, the incarnation of Deity in the exclusive sense which some have maintained, yet men could comprehend and appreciate him only within their own circumscribed limits.

The savage sees his divinest man in the chieftain who displays most cunning and prowess in war;—the politician deems him "God-like" whose superior mental capacities enable him to circumvent the schemes of smaller statesmen; the intellectual philosopher venerates as an oracle of Deity that mind which can delve beyond his own depth in the subtleties of the schools.

The proud, the selfish, the sensual, the uncharitable, the superficially intellectual, the worshippers of creeds and devotees of sect, cannot be expected to see the real beauty of the true Christ. But he who is humbly and earnestly seeking to eradicate all errors and evils from himself, and to incarnate the Christ in his own heart and life,—though he know not the meaning of "Philosophy," and though he endorse either or neither of the multiform creeds of Christendom,—such an one is the best interpreter of the words and worth of Jesus. There is profoundest wisdom in the saying, "If any man will do His will [*wills* to live the true life], he shall know of the doctrine."

Such, briefly, and imperfectly, are the writer's views of the Christ—views to which modern Spiritualism has aided him to arrive. To him they seem rational, elevating, inspiring and true: to other minds they may appear otherwise. He claims to see and to speak only for himself. It is often alleged that [illegible] Jesus and deifies Christ." Whatever may be who by it have been led to understand, admire, revere and love that character, and all who bear it, as never before.

* Rev. 1: 1, and 22: 16.

THE CRISIS IN EUROPE.

Advices from Europe, received just as we go to press, announce that the long threatened bloody contest of the great powers of that continent has actually commenced—the Austrian army having entered the territory of Sardinia and won the first battle. When and where the end will be, no man can tell. Those, however, who have faith in Progress, in Humanity, and in God, can have no fears but that the result will be for the furtherance of mental, civil and spiritual Liberty, and Human Good in general.

The immediate and ostensible cause of this great struggle, which seems likely to involve more or less all the existing governments of Europe, is so mystified in the complications of diplomacy, as to be little understood. The *real* cause, however, is undoubtedly the irreconcilable hostility between the Power of Conservatism, as represented by Austria, and the Spirit of Progress, which has of late been mightily at work in Sardinia and the neighboring states of Italy—Sardinia having, within a few years, adopted a constitutional government, and devoted her energies, under the guidance of a sagacious statesman, to the elevation of the people and the development of internal resources.

Strangely enough, Louis Napoleon, the self-elected Emperor of France, and himself deemed the very prince of despots, is found, with all the power of that powerful nation, on the side of Progress; and still more strangely, allied with him, by secret treaty, stands his late mortal enemy, the Czar of all the Russias!—while England seems to occupy at best a doubtful position, and it is uncertain whether any government on the continent will or can remain neutral. The further developments of the terrible drama will be looked for with an interest never before exceeded.

It is easy to believe that there are Powers behind these thrones, which are but using them as instruments to dash each other in pieces, that the way may be opened for the incoming reign of Justice, Equality, Fraternity and Peace. It seems to be the destiny of Humanity, at least so far in its growth, to attain to the Canaan of Peace only by crossing the Red Sea of Contest and Slaughter.

MRS. HATCH.

A New York Correspondent of the Springfield *Republican* ventured lately to hear an "Inspirational Discourse" from the lips of Mrs. Hatch, and thus describes the occasion:

"She entered quietly and after taking her seat and looking around upon the audience for a moment, cast her eyes upward, (and by the way, large, soft spiritual eyes they are,) keeping them fixed until a deep shudder passing over her frame they suddenly closed. In my profound ignorance I asked a lady who sat next me, 'What was the matter?' 'Why, she is passing into her trance,' she said, placing in my hand a pamphlet containing some of the printed discourses of Mrs. Hatch. After looking at it, I returned it saying that the language was remarkably beautiful. 'Oh, it is not *her* language,' was the reply; 'it is the spirits—she has nothing to do with what she says.' A committee was selected to choose the subject of the lecture, who, after retiring for a brief space, returned, and a gentleman who seemed to be *charge d' affaires* announced the subject decided upon as; 'What do we know of the Spirit World?' In an instant Mrs. Hatch arose, and with hands folded across her breast, offered up one of the most eloquent and comprehensive prayers to which I ever listened. At its conclusion, she opened her eyes, which had been for so long a time closed, and commenced her lecture, holding the attention of her audience unwaveringly to its close. Her language was clear, pure and melodious, her ideas rarified and metaphysical."

The subject, from the representation, was treated in a very eloquent and rational manner—the positions being taken that as we derive all our knowledge through our senses, those who witness sensible demonstrations from the spirit world, and see, hear and feel spirit-beings, now as in ancient times, know that such a world and such beings exist. This, however, was not quite satisfactory to the aforesaid correspondent, who, having never seen, heard, nor felt a spirit, left the hall "feeling that we know precious little about the spirit-world"—doubtless very true, so far as this writer is concerned.

The same writer "don't believe" Mrs. Hatch was in a trance, or under spirit-control, for the reason that she appeared to be "alive to everything around her, acute and entirely self-possessed." This is a good illustration of the readiness of some people to opinionize on matters they know nothing about—for this writer had just confessed "profound ignorance" of the subject.

If the claim of Mrs. Hatch is true—namely, that she is not herself the speaker, but some other intelligence controls and uses her organism for the time,—why should not this intelligence be quite as wide-awake, acute and self-possessed as Mrs. H. herself?

THE INDIAN AID MOVEMENT.

Several years ago a man of humble origin, but then in the prime of life, left the home of his fathers in one of the interior counties in Old England, and sought a new home in this western world. He journeyed toward the sunset, and at length located on the Indian frontier, if we rightly recollect, in the then territory of Iowa. After spending some years there, he disposed of his accumulations and proceeded still westward, finally settling on the farther side of the Rocky Mountains, in the territory of Oregon. Here, as in Iowa, he lived for a number of years in close proximity with the aboriginal tribes, and by the uprightness and benevolence of his conduct toward them, won their confidence, esteem and affection—a confidence which was never violated on either side. But he was also compelled to be often cognizant of wrongs and outrages of the most flagrant character, committed by unprincipled and reckless white adventurers against the sons of the forest—which led to acts of revenge and bloodshed, and entailed upon the country vexatious and expensive wars. At length, on the breaking out of the Indian war in Oregon, with the causes of which he was familiar—the blame lying mainly if not wholly on the side of lawless whites—his soul became so fired with a sense of the injustice and cruelties he saw inflicted upon these weak and defenceless tribes, that he resolved to devote his life and all his possessions to the work of arousing the American people to a sense of these wrongs, and saving the remnants of a noble race from utter extinction.

He proceeded to California, and thence to the Atlantic States, where, for the last two years or thereabouts, he has been laboring most indefatigably for this end. His efforts everywhere have encountered a formidable indifference, and a spirit of hopelessness as to the fate of the poor Indian, which would long since have disheartened a less indomitable man. But though now advanced in years, with the frosts of age whitening his venerable head, the dauntless JOHN BEESON has worked on untiringly with pen and tongue, wherever he could obtain a hearing.

His labors are beginning to have some effect. An organization entitled "The Americ[illegible] Indian Aid Asso[illegible]" has been formed, [illegible] page to refer to for aid. His books are original. Yet I have had a pupil, whose books would not balance by $12,000 on the first trial, copy, add up and compare sixteen times before he would give up, and finally secure an exact balance.

Thus in all branches we seek to carry each pupil through such steps of original thought. We converse on every art and science, and by all possible means quicken and aid the desire for knowledge. And during the whole period of their stay with us we bring their knowledge to all possible practical use. We make agriculture and mechanics attractive, and *have patience while they make the mistakes incident to all experimenting and trial.* At present we have to suffer this loss, as few parents *can* realize the value of experiments and trials to beginners, enough to supply the means to make them practical.

By similar continued care we develope the social qualities and also the power to manage, oversee and conduct. To-day we have given two young ladies, and a young man of sixteen, charge of a garden of more than an acre, and two or three laborers. We shall only give general instructions, the leading features of a plan; and we shall rather suffer some loss than to so interfere and manage for them, as to deprive them of this lesson in management and care.

Books, papers, and periodicals, we furnish in the most attractive forms our ingenuity can devise and our means supply; and present them as FOOD for their minds. But we should as soon think of compelling our children to eat a whole loaf of bread, or empty a sugar-bowl or salt-cellar into their stomachs, as to compel them to commit to memory a volume of geography, grammar, or arithmetic. And however difficult it may be for any one to believe the theory, we are prepared to show its value by the effects, and are more ready to submit to the most careful examination in our school and family than to trust to our ability to give any idea of it through the press.

O. H. WELLINGTON, M. D.

JAMESTOWN, Chautauque Co., N. Y.

[illegible]

Hon. M[illegible] President; HON. DANIEL F. TIEMANN, RICHARD REED, [illegible]idents; Hon. GEORGE HALL, Treasurer; JASON R. OR[illegible]etary.

EXECUTIVE CO[illegible]OHN BEESON, Chairman; Hon. MYRON H. CLARK, GEORGE HALL, [illegible]R. ORTON, TAPPEN TOWNSEND.

This Association s[illegible] to accomplish the following objects:

1. To inform and arouse the public mind with regard to the Indians, and induce such action on the part of Government as will tend to insure their presevation.

2. The full recognition of their rights as men, so that to rob or murder an Indian, shall be punishable in the same manner as though the crime was committed on an American citizen.

3. The setting apart of ample domains, in suitable locations, for all the Indian tribes, and the protection of those domains from aggressions from without.

4. The withdrawal of all troops from their territories, leaving them at liberty to manage their own affairs.

5. The introduction among them, with their consent, of well-ordered and peaceable families of whites, to co-operate with them in self-government, in keeping out the whiskey dealers, and in developing the resources of their country, so that they may become self-sustaining, and and sharers in the higher blessings of civilization.

Mr. BEESON proposes to publish a weekly paper, to be called "THE CALUMET," to advocate this cause. Already one or two pamphlets and other publications have been issued and widely circulated. The office of the society and of *The Calumet* is at No. 55 Broadway, N. Y.

A similar Association has recently been organized at Philadelphia, in which city public meetings have lately been held. One of these was presided over and addressed by Hon. ELI K. PRICE, of that city. An Ottawa chief also spoke, and told the whole story in a few words, as follows:

"You have read of the Indian's wrongs. Some of you have been told how savage and cruel the Indians are. The newspapers tell you this, but don't tell you how we are exasperated to do wrong by the bad white people that settle near us, and take our hunting grounds. When the white man first came here, the English, French and Spanish white people, they set tribe against tribe. The white people wanted our lands and they did so. Oh! how many of the Indians have fallen by mean, low, white people, who you would not have amongst you. They came to extirminate us. The bad white man swore he would kill red skin. Indians asking for peace have been cowardly murdered; weak women slain; our children's brains dashed out against trees, and their fathers shot down when rushing to the protection of their children. You say we are doomed to destruction before civilization, but if you white people let us alone we will live. The Indians are as able to think as you. Capable of hatred; capable of gratitude; a spirit of revenge we have like other people; you know bad people well enough; the natural fruit of bad men amongst the Indians is to bring vice to us. Send us good people, and we will do right."

At another meeting in Philadelphia, an eloquent and powerful address was given by Miss EMMA HARDINGE, who portrayed the character and sufferings of the Indian in glowing terms.

This movement appears to be a wholly benevolent one,—it promises no earthly emoluments or renown,—but the blessings of the weak and those who are ready to perish will fall upon all who enlist in it. It is one in which all Spiritualists and all lovers of justice and of human progress, must feel an interest. Its venerable originator, we are happy to say, is a Spiritualist, having become convinced of the reality of spirit-intercourse by demonstrations witnessed in the wilds of Oregon; and he doubtless has felt inspired and sustained in the herculean task he has undertaken, by the realized presence and aid of the great and good departed.

Educational.

DR. WELLINGTON'S METHOD.

[The following explanatory statement will be read with interest by all who are looking for educational improvements. None can fail to see that a school conducted on such principles will have immense advantages over one managed on the arbitrary and authoritative system.]

MESSRS. EDITORS:—I have so many applications from the readers of the AGE for more information respecting my method of teaching, that I propose to offer a short explanation for insertion in your columns.

Because we say we "do not compel the pupils to commit the record of others' thoughts to memory," we are continually asked if we "*forbid the use of books.*" Certainly not, if the pupil wants them. We should as soon think of forbidding the use of bread and meat. And we should as soon load a boy's shoulders with the product of some one's flour-mill, as to load his memory with sentences which his mind does not demand, and which he learns only because we direct him to commit them.

But "how do you teach science?" it is asked; "and how do it without lessons?" Let me illustrate by explaining my method as pursued in one of the most difficult branches—say Book-keeping by Double Entry.

I requested a teacher who had not studied book-keeping to give, as near as she could, a history of the transactions she supposed might take place in a wholesale store,—buy, sell, get insured, borrow money, give notes, deposit money, &c., &c. This was easy, and resulted in a Day Book.

After these entries are made for twenty or thirty days the pupil will easily see how difficult it is to make up the account of John Smith, or make out the cash account from this daily record; and will contrive or invent a Ledger, and suggest that each man's account have a separate page, without being told what a Ledger is. (Our plan is to have the pupil invent as if the whole was an original discovery.)

In looking over the entries, suppose we find one which says, "Paid John Smith's account in cash $250. I ask if it is necessary to keep account of cash. All say, "YES." "Shall that $250 be entered in Cash account, or in John Smith's account?" Some say, "John Smith's;" 'others say, "in Cash." All begin to consider, and generally to argue and explain to each other. Each will see the propriety of the other's position. Soon some one will say. "*I think it ought to be entered in both.*" The Cash account would not be perfect without it, and certainly John Smith's will not be. All will soon see the force of this last opinion. They will also see that it is debited to one and credited to the other.

I then ask if there is any other entry like this which needs to be put in two accounts. They look over and find that in *every instance* something is given and something received. In other words, every transaction has its Dr. and Cr. relation, and needs to go into two accounts.

Thus, if the exercise is properly conducted, each pupil is as much an inventor or discoverer of a system of Double Entry as he who first discovered it, and all have some of the energy and enthusiasm of inventors and discoverers.

Their books will seldom balance the first time. But the faith and energy and hope of the inventor never fails with the first trial; and I have never found a class who would give up or tire until the books balanced.

Boston and Vicinity.

Sunday Meetings.

The cessation of the Melodeon lectures seems not likely to occasion a dearth of "spiritual" food to those who desire it on Sundays. The meetings at 14 Bromfield street are now continued through the day, and are well attended. They partake something of the nature of conferences,—those present being invited to speak "as the spirit giveth utterance." Of course, under this administration, some things are said to edification, and some not.

At Harmony Hall, which has been fitted up in a very neat and comfortable manner, good audiences were also in attendance. In the afternoon we listened to a very comprehensive and philosophical discourse through the lips of Mr. PARDEE, on

THE METHODS OF THE DIVINE GOVERNMENT.

The course of thought was briefly as follows:

All feel that they are in some way governed and controlled by forces they do not originate and cannot alter. These forces are of two kinds, external and internal. All are obliged to recognize and bow to the external, while some refuse to acknowledge and submit to the internal. Some even deny that there is a divine government. Yet they witness the regular operation of nature, the orderly procession of the seasons, etc. In all these is seen order; order implies system; system implies government. If this is not Divine it must be Devilish. Even if you cannot conceive of a personal Divine Being, yet you must admit the government of Divine Principles.

The external Divine government is administered in four grand departments—those of mathematical, astronomic, geologic and chemical law. To these man finds himself externally amenable. But he does not apprehend nor conceive of the application of the internal government to himself individually, except as he is spiritually and religiously unfolded. Becoming thus unfolded, he seeks to understand and conform himself to it.

It was argued that there was both a general and special internal government exercised over every person—the latter being maintained through the agency of disembodied minds. It was also held that there is in some sense a personal God. While the intellect recognizes universal and all-potent Principles, yet the heart craves and demands a personal embodiment of those principles. *Centralities* everywhere prevail. Every government has its centre or head; every system its central sun; every world, every sphere of spirit-life has its central mind, through which comes the highest revelation of the Divine will to it. There must be a Central Mind of all. The man Christ Jesus might be regarded as the Central Mind of Humanity, standing at the apex and head of the race; and yet in the hierarchy of heaven there may be minds as far beyond him as he is beyond the common development of humanity. Nevertheless, each soul may feel its interior union with the Divine, melting into the Infinite as the drop melts into the ocean.

When man prays, "Thy will, O God, be done," he may dissent from the thought of being ruled by finite intelligences; but no high or exalted spirits can ever act in contravention to the Divine will; and one part of the Divine will is that no man's individuality shall be violated.

In conclusion, all were recommended to a serious consideration of the internal Divine government, and a deep bowing of the soul to the Father's will. Then in all trials, misfortunes and storms, which come to all, the soul will be buoyed up, filled with a divine peace, and realize an intimate union with the Father-Spirit.

The Convention Next Week.

We have been furnished with the following programme of the Spiritual convention to be held in Harmony Hall, 419 Washington street, Boston, the last week in May.

S. B. BRITTAN of the *Age* is expected to open with a lecture Monday evening, 23d. Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday following, sessions of two hours each will be held, forenoon and afternoon, in which a number of speakers will participate. Tuesday evening, ALVIN PEASE will deliver a "Candle Lecture to Spiritualists," to illustrate the effect of finding fault. Wednesday evening, Mrs. H. F. M. BROWN editress of the *Agitator*, Cleveland, O., is expected to speak. If not, Miss ROSA T. AMEDY will occupy the desk. Miss AMEDY will also lecture on Thursday evening. This convention is called by the Harmony [illegible] of Spiritualists, [illegible] desire it to be understood that "Spiritualism," solely, is to be the subject of conversation. Admission free each day. Speakers are especially invited.

LECTURES BY PROF. FOWLER.—Prof. L. N. Fowler, of New York, the distinguished phrenologist, is expected to deliver a course of popular lectures on Physiology in Boston, early in June. The invitation addressed to him is signed by such men as Dr. J. V. C. Smith, J. A. Brodhead, Hon. Henry Wilson, Wm. Schouler, Esq., Rev. T. S. King, etc. The lectures cannot fail to be instructive and profitable.

THE DUTTON CHILDREN.—These little fairies will remain at Mercantile Hall another week. They have the past week been visited by crowds, who have been interested and delighted—the young folks with doll-like proportions and charming ways; and older heads with the physiological problem they present.

Various Items.

.....It is rumored that Hume, the medium, is preparing a work on second sight for a Paris publisher.

.....Joe Barker, the street preacher, once Mayor of Pittsburgh, has been convicted of being a common nuisance in that city.

.....The New York *Waverly* advertises that it will publish weekly phonographic reports of Spurgeon's sermons delivered in London.

.....The Rev. Dr. Cox is writing a series of letters in *The American Presbyterian*, designed to show that the Apocalyptic battle of "Armageddon" is, in all probability, at hand, in the grand rupture of the peace of Europe now taking effect.

.....The Presbyterian church at Cortlandville, N. Y., has suspended Stephen Brewer, one of its influential members, for having heard Emerson, Phillips and George W. Curtis lecture on Sunday. Mr. Brewer thought the elders had no authority to restrain him in this matter, but they insisted they had, and because he refused to submit, they indicted, tried, and suspended him for "breach of covenant."

.....Rev. Henry Prince of Somersetshire, England, the founder of a new sect, claims to be so united with the divinity as to have gained the supremacy over the external world. In his journal recently published, he boasts the following miraculous achievement:—

"By the help of God I have overcome the east wind. For three or four weeks a strong east wind has been blowing, and as the wind exerts quite a pestilential influence upon my body, and has so often been the means of bringing me very low, when it began this time my flesh trembled. God, however, gave me faith to believe it should not injure me; nor did it, though I have been exposed to it daily. Yesterday, however, my faith failed, and the wind being strong, and the sun very hot, I expected to be laid up; when, lo! the wind shifted to the north! I have no doubt that God gave me special faith for the occasion; and, when the faith was no longer needed, He took it from me. Neither do I doubt that I, through faith, subdued the east wind to the glory of God."

.....Some time in the spring of '57, the steamer St. Nicholas "opened" at New Orleans with a calliope, the first one ever heard in those parts, causing the greatest consternation among the servants, most of whom supposed they must now give an account of their sins sure enough. But one of them, a girl, stood and listened for some time, and at last walked into the house and expressed her opinion thus: "Missus, I don't b'lieve dat ar's Gabriel, 'cause I a'nt feared a bit; *but if it's him, he's playin' 'Wait for the wagin', sure's you're born!*"

....."I am fully persuaded," says Baxter, "that I shall love my friends in Heaven, and therefore know them; and this principally binds me to them on earth. If I thought I should never know them more, or love them after death, I should love them comparatively little now, as I do all other transitory things."

.....Mr. George Filer, of Belchertown, says that a vegetable diet should be the sole food of man. He says that for twenty-two years he and his family have not eaten any flesh, and for fifteen years, have abstained from fish, fowl, tea and coffee. Their health has been good, and his weight is and has been about 200 lbs.

.....We are informed that there is some intention on the part of the prime movers in the Rutland Convention, to call another mass meeting in Vermont, on a somewhat different plan, the present season.

Gymnasium at Harvard College.

Through the efforts of Rev. Prof. Huntington, a donation of $20.000 has recently been made to Harvard University, for the purpose of erecting a gymnasium, and providing for the proper physical training of the students. A building has already been erected, which is to be supplied with all the necessary apparatus, and other accommodations on a liberal scale. This is one of the cheering indications of the times, leading us to hope for the inauguration of a more rounded and integral system of education in all our public institutions. Even Old Harvard progresses!

NEW PAPER IN SOUTH CAROLINA.—Under the title of "The Cross Anchor Progressionist," Dr. Dixon L. Davis and Joel H. Clayton propose to issue a weekly paper at Cross Anchor, S. C., to commence about the 1st of June. It is to be devoted to General News, Philosophy, and the Facts of Spirit-Intercourse. Terms, $1.50 a year in advance. Address Davis & Clayton, Cross Anchor, Spartanburg District, S. C.

DISCUSSION IN CHICAGO.—A debate on the nature and cause of the spiritual manifestations is expected to take place in Chicago about the first of next week. Joel Tiffany, Esq. will represent the Spiritualists, and Prof. Young the opposition. Mr. Young is said to be one of the most acute analysts and debaters in the country; and an interesting discussion may be therefore anticipated.

New York and Vicinity.

Conference at the Lyceum, Clinton Hall, Astor Place,

TUESDAY EVENING, May 10th.

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: When we consider that we are surrounded by a spiritual atmosphere; an atmosphere of mind and feeling, which has as free access to our interior being as the external air has to our lungs and blood; and the multitudes of human beings, especially in populous cities like this, who combine their qualities to give character to the atmosphere; and the innumerable spirits, unclothed, who, we have reason to believe, are constantly mingling with us; and that the law of influence, or sympathy one with another, exists and acts to a great degree independent of matter, we are led to conclude that our states and feelings are affected by others to a degree much greater than we have been in the habit of realizing. Between us and the society in which we live, good or bad; and between us and the individuals with whom we associate, there is in this respect a constant action and reaction. The same is true between us and the animal kingdom; between us and the vegetable kingdom; and between us and the mineral kingdom. Will is power. He knew of no force outside from will. Affection is substance, and all things grow from it. Man is the head of the creation, and all these lower departments of nature are subject to him, and dependent on his growth and development for their growth and development. All are bound together. As he becomes mild, animals become mild. As he refines, vegetation refines. As he unfolds interior wealth, the mineral kingdom develops its precious metals and its gems. It is a mistake to suppose that all the gold of late so profusely discovered has been hid since the beginning of time in the quartz and the sand, for the lack of an eye to see it. In his opinion it is now being deposited in increased quantities from the fine elements of nature, as a direct and inevitable correspondence and consequence of the highest development of the human family. But says one, if all these influences are operating upon us, if we are influenced by society, by persons with whom we associate, by spirits and the spirit-world, and by all the lower departments of nature, it reduces us to the condition of mere slaves, destroys our independence, and of course our accountability for our actions. Not at all. To be tempted to evil does not involve the necessity of falling. To be advised and influenced to do good, does not compel us to be good. None of these influences, nor all of them together, amount to coercion; or interfere at all with our sovereignty of judgment or decision. We may take the advice of friends on a point, and listen to the arguments of counsel, and yet decide against them all. The only exception to this is with individuals who have voluntarily surrendered their prerogatives as men. We find ready examples of this willing servitude among theologians and politicians, who save themselves the trouble of thinking and being men, by adopting the opinions of some leader, and looking no farther. To such, habit assumes the force of law, and they may be said to be slaves to their master, and incapable of an independent thought. The same is true with certain among ourselves, who adopt the dicta and think and act at the bidding of some spirit in or out of the flesh. In this way they may lose the power of independent thinking and self-control, and may only be able to regain their sovereign manhood, by a protracted and possibly a fearful struggle.

MR. PARTRIDGE: Dr. Orton has made some new points. According to him, will is power, and affection does all that is done. It even deposits gold. He looked at matter from an entirely different point of view. The mineral, the animal and vegetable kingdoms, were all before man. He was evolved from them, not they from him. These things are not progressed by the human mind, but man is progressed by them. It is certainly a mistake to set up our minds and affections as controlling everything. True, they are all linked together, but it is by physical links. We feel changes of weather but spirits do not. A spirit is something more than a man, as the butterfly is more than a grub. It can penetrate walls and sculls, and hence spirits may influence some persons. If so influenced they may become slaves. He had seen some instances where this seemed to be the case; where persons appeared incapable of controlling their actions and were unconscious of them. If a spirit can thus be driven out of its body, and another take possession, what is to prevent the possesion from being perpetual? A spirit may thus wear out one form, assume another, and so live here forever. He did not believe this, but would like light on the question.

DR. GOULD: He understood Dr. Orton to say that will is power and affection life. Dr. O. believes that there was a Being in existence before man, who is the source of both affection and will. But have we any real evidence that mind can act on mind independent of a material medium? He thought not. Spirits claim to do this, but if we admit that we can also do it, what reply have to make to those who claim that mind can also move matter? If we admit this, we overturn the whole theory of Spiritualism.

MR. CETLINSKI: He was not a Spiritualist, but an inquirer; but had found himself much interested in the remarks of the first speaker relative to the influence which the progress of mind has, or may be supposed to have, over the progress of matter. A learned German writer has shown by chronological data and historical facts, that as the human mind has advanced, the animal and vegetable kigdoms have advanced; and as men and kingdoms have temporarily retrogressed, the lower kingdoms have gone back with them. There is also a German prophecy for those curious in such matters, that in the progress of the world, iron shall change to copper, copper to silver, and silver to gold. There are many evidences to show that the vegetable and animal kingdoms are intimately connected with the mental. The speaker had a conversation with Mr. Davis on the subject, and said to him, If mind is the result of matter, and God the culmination of this mind, then God is not born yet. Davis replied that he was misunderstood; and it is true that in another place he speaks of a great central spiritual sun, which is the source and origin of all things. To the external eye, it does seem that man is a result of matter; but take a feeble child, and while the physical part runs down, it will be seen that the mind is constantly growing. This shows that mind is independent of matter in its progression.

MR. FOWLER: Dr. Gould thinks this question not a practical one. Nothing can be more practical or important than a knowledge of the law of sympathy. The prayer "Thy kingdom come," never can be answered until we understand this and bring ourselves into harmony with each other. But is it true that we have got to die before we can know each other, and influence each other from our real selves? There are a series of manifestations in the universe, on different planes; the planetary, the mineral, the vegetable, the animal, and the societary. Must the sun in order to effect vegetation go to decay first? Vegetation is always taking in spiritual influences, and disseminating them. The spirit-world belongs to the lower kingdoms, as well as to man. We need not, therefore, to have our bodies dissolved to enable us to give out our influence. He was readily influenced by others. Twice last Sunday evening, returning home in the cars, he thought he saw his wife approach him; and on arriving home he found that she, different from her wont, had twice started out to meet him, having the first time been turned back by a call. [Mr. Fowler here stated that there was some one who did not wish him to go on with his remarks, and his train of thought had been dissipated. After some minutes of questioning and delay, Mrs. French said that she had fixed her mind on him with the view of stopping him if possible, so as to furnish a practical illustration of the power of mind over mind. Mr. Fowler then proceeded.] When we eat, we take in spiritual as well as natural food. We could not live long without this. As to coincidences, they are common, but all governed by law. The curious coincidences to be found in the multiplication table, are almost innumerable, and it is not likely they have all been discovered yet. In the case of the young lady who represented Kossuth, there was the coincidence of time and gesture, and many more, which would appear on a careful analysis; and all such cases are coincident with what we know of the law of symyathy. Once, a poor miserable sore cripple, a New Hollander, given over by the doctors, got an idea that he could help him. "Me think you cure me," said the poor fellow. "Much think in your head." The speaker had no hope of such an event, but not long after as he was thinking of his hard case, the words "Anoint with oil," were distinctly impressed upon his brain. This was repeated, until, taking a bottle of sweet oil he went to a circle, and submitted it to be magnetized by the spirits. The oil was changed to the color of milk by the operation. It was applied to the patient, and he recovered, and with great rapidity. At the time the spirits were magnetizing the oil, as he was informed by those having charge of the sick man, who was at some distance away, he cried out and said: "A great big spirit laid his hand on me, and said Mr. Fowler is preparing a medicine which will cure you." All coincidences happen by law.

DR. GRAY: The question as to whether mind antedates matter is an old one. According to friend Orton's theory it does. What is individuality? Is not *that* previous to form? Is not the germ before the manifestation? It certainly is. We all existed in spirit previous to our ultimation in matter. We go to work historically, and tracing back manifestations find nothing beyond matter. But the wheat does not antedate the life in the chit of the grain; and the same philosophy applies to man. Interior and anterior to any individuality is the idea of use, the use which the ultimation is to subserve. That use will be incarnated. It is well to consider that the type must always be anterior to growth; and that however imperfectly it may manifest itself today, the manifestation will ultimately be perfected. The energy to utter that divine individuality remains intact, unshorn. No use will ever fail. Our souls know that uses are divine and cannot fail. To what extent can one soul interpenetrate another? Mr. Partridge inquires. Can not that supplanting be eternal? Nay. There is no evidence to show that one mind penetrates another at all. It is a transfer of state, gape for gape, organ for organ, blush for blush, like the blending of tones in music. It is one mind acting on another, using but not expelling his life. To sum up. Type is older than growth. Individuality is anterior to manifestation. This is the key note to a great deal of truth.

J. R. O.

Correspondence.

Notes by the Way.

NEW YORK, May 13th, 1859.

GENTLEMEN OF THE AGE.—As each week has closed its account, I draw near to you, and the kindred Spirits that gather round the AGE. I come to express my thoughts with your ink, and to tell you and them what I see and hear in my wanderings about the great metropolis.—My stay here is drawing to a close, and I wish to tell you much of its "Sights and Sounds," before I journey on to the dark green forests of the North.

From my window, high up on the corner of Broadway and Waverly Place, I look down upon the moving mass of human beings as they float by me like the tide of the great ocean. I gaze into each face, striving to read a page of its history from the strange characters written thereon.

How many sweet angel faces, joyous with exuberant life and beaming with immortal light, glide by me like the sweet phantoms seen in sleep. How many stern faces, scarred and blackened with the hard and misapplied experiences of the world, go by me in gloom. *Sic transit gloria mundi.*

SNOBDOM AND LACKEYDOM.

These two extremes of uppertendom—these two worthless portions of Society—are at present in a blaze of tinselled glory; and like so many brainless moths and gaudy butterflies, are flitting about in the golden sunshine, feeding on vanity and worshipping their own gay colors.—Broadway and Fifth Avenue are at present jubilant with the rattling music of the gay equipage of Snobdom, the mushroom aristocracy of the Republic, imitating the last remains of a rotten and dying foreign institution, which had its rise and draws its present support from the fruits of war, murder and robbery. See! yonder comes the carriage of my would-be Lady Snubbs; on the panels of the Coach are her coat of arms, a monkey rampant with a goose. She boasts of a long line of noble ancestry. Her father was a Chatham Street Jew, dealer in old clo'. Her husband is a Wall Street gambler.) But let her pass on, while we take a look at the dashing span of my *would-be* Duchess Pomposity. Her coat of arms is a lap-dog and a peacock. Her father made his money by swindling a railway corporation out of its stock, and stealing the promises to pay of a certain banking company. Her husband is the president of a Mercantile Agency, and draws his sustenance from spying out men's misfortunes, and then reporting them, for so much per head. Base villain! pass on.

Ah! here comes the splendid turnout of my *would-be* Lord Dazzle—"Au, very fine, to be sure! magnificent fellow! superb 'orses."—Coat of arms, a goat and spread eagle. Look at the liveried and bedizened automaton, that sits like a wooden statue upon the box, looking neither to the right nor to the left, further than necessity compels him. Standing up behind the coach is another liveried and cockaded automaton, whose high calling it is to open his would-be lordship's carriage door, to touch his hat to him and scrape before him. What a pity it is that these lackeys, so able-bodied and strong, had not some better business, some more honorable calling, than that which now disgraces their manhood, if they ever had any. If they would only go to work subsoiling the land, and planting potatoes and corn, how they would rise in the estimation of men. Dance, butterflies! dance; drive on, automatons! bow and scrape, lackeys, to your *would-be* lords and ladies of the great republic, for it is your highest ambition.

Hope on, my noble lords and gentry; you shall have your day: for even now the country swarms with *Honorables*, and ere long you shall rejoices in *Right Honorables*. But let me descend from the *aristocracy* to the more humble *democracy*; leaving the titled equipage and taking a ride with the people.

HORSE RAILROADS.

These great public conveniences and democratic conveyances are daily growing into public favor, and now traverse nearly all the principal thoroughfares of this city. The land-holders in Grand Street held a meeting the past week, and took steps to have the rails laid in that street. But a little time can elapse before the cars will be running on Broadway—the only obstacle to them at present being the Omnibus interest which is very heavy in this city. But it must give way before the will of the people. The cars on the various lines now in operation are kept running day and night throughout the year. The third avenue cars carry passengers four miles and a quarter for the small price of five cents. I venture to predict that, in less than five years, horse railroads, as they are now called, will extend from thirty to forty miles into the country, and that the carriages will be propelled by steam power, from fifteen to twenty miles the hour, with as much safety and more to life and limb than they now are by horses at eight and ten miles the hour. They will be able to carry passengers for a cent and a half a mile and leave them at their own doors.

SUNDAY AMUSEMENTS.

Last Sunday afternoon, I took a ride up town on the cars of the Third Avenue Horse railroad, that I might have a better opportunity to see New York as it is on a Sunday. From what I saw, I am satisfied that the late "revival" did little or nothing to the improvement of the morals of the Empire City.

Among the large number of signs on the Avenue calling the attention of the passer to the various wares within, I found from actual observation, that the following predominated to an extraordinary degree, showing very conclusively that there was "something rotten in Denmark." I give the signs very nearly in the order in which they presented themselves to my view:

No. 1. Tobacco and Cigar store. No. 2, Bar room. No. 3, a Doctor's Office. No. 4, an Apothecary. No. 5, a Coffin Ware-house; and these repeated, with a few bake-shops, Groceries and Butchers' stalls thrown in for variety. From this I judged that those engaged in the employments which I have enumerated were doing a thriving business; and from the seed sown in the streets, in the form of dead dogs, rats, hogs and offal, it was evident that the doctors, apothecaries, and undertakers might reasonably expect an abundant harvest early in the Summer. The Avenue, although finely laid out, being very wide and straight, was in a very filthy and shameful condition. The perfume arising from the reeking gutters was anything but that of roses or violets. New Yorkers certainly have no pride of neatness, or they would not permit the shameful neglect of their streets.

At a large hotel a band of music was in full blast, and on the street floor a number of persons with nimble feet were tripping it on the light fantastic toe, while in another room billiards and chess were the order of the day, and in a smaller apartment king Lager sat upon his drowsy throne, dispensing his favorite beverage. I have been informed by creditable parties that there is a theatre, on the Bowery, where a performance is given every Sunday evening. In all the more Southern and Western cities, Sunday is fast becoming a day of amusement and recreation. This I consider well when the amusement and recreation is of a harmless and intellectual character, instead of dram-drinking, dog-fighting and debauchery. Sunday is the only day that the poor and the laboring man can call his own, and it should be used for a higher and nobler purpose than building churches, wearing long hypocritical faces, creed-making and windy prayers meaning nothing. The great amount of dissipation which is indulged in on the Sabbath in the by and dark places may be justly attributed to the church which scowls at and denounces every proper use of the day which is not strictly in accordance with its system of doing business.

CENTRAL PARK.

New York with all her faults has many noble qualities, and will one day wash her robes white of many of her present vices, the most of which arise from her *very* hard Municipal government. The Central Park is one of her most noble enterprises and benevolent acts. When the Park shall have become fully completed, it will be the finest in the world for picturesque beauty and rational enjoyment. It will possess all the natural and cultivated beauty of Mount Auburn on a large scale; eight hundred acres, without the sad memories of death and decay. Central Park lies between fifth Avenue (one of the most magnificent streets in the world) and Eighth Avenue. The cars of the Third and Sixth Avenues run very near to its gates for five cents.

The whole grounds are laid out on a large and most liberal scale, having separate drives for carriages going and returning, also separate drives for horsemen, and likewise a separate walk for pedestrians.—None of the roads cross each other at grade but go over or under, making each one perfectly independent of the other.

Besides the above, there are many attractions which my limits will not permit me to enumerate, such as coves, lakes, mazes, observatories, towers, etc., etc. All praise to New York for her magnificent enterprise!

Ever thine, W. R. H.

A Color Doctor.

EDITORS OF THE AGE.—At No. 61, north 17th street, St. Louis, lives a Dr. Hotchkiss, whom the spirit of investigation that tries all things led me to call upon. He receives only on Wednesday of each week, until 11 o'clock, A. M.; after which the door is shut. I was charged $3 at the door and was told that this amount paid five times entitled me to a season ticket for any length of time without further charge.

The rooms were all darkened; the chairs, door-knobs, lounge, etc., had different colored strings tied to them in abundance; and the floor and walls were likewise plastered with colored muslins.

I was shown into the "inner sanctuary," and there, crouching before a few hot embers, I saw an old man, quite bald and *very dirty*, with a well-developed head, only lacking in self esteem to make a superior one. He had on a dirty checkered linen coat—pants the same—and this was his *entire wardrobe*. He twisted and turned, jumped and gyrated around very promiscuously—as he termed it, "charging up" for the circle—he the while expounding his philosophy to me. He used good language, and appears to have a reason for the faith that is in him;—his theory being that of the primary colors, white is reflective, and black absorbent, as the extremes; and that all disease is but an excess of one color or deficiency of another. He obtains the knowledge of what is wanting through sympathy; i. e., he feels the pains just where and as the sufferer feels them; and his applications of color are his science developed by experiment. He also has several "keys," (which are negative women) whom he will charge with magnetism, and let them discharge upon the patient (somewhat like a Leyden jar,) by placing the hand on the head. Certainly, a strong effect is so produced. He moves from one sufferer to another without any apparent system, but entirely by impluse. He ignores soap and water—the former giving him alkali and grease to absorb, which he does not require; but occasionally refreshes himself by washing in *undiluted muriatic acid*, of which his body gives good evidence.

Coming to me he was seized with a pain in the kidneys (where mine was); he laid upon the floor, face downwards, while a "key" held my hands. He requested me to jump on him as hard as I could. "Try to break my back," said he. With 170 lbs. and all my elasticity, I did the best I could for perhaps twenty times; when he cried out "enough!" he protesting that he did not feel me, and only stopped me when he did feel me, and the pain was gone out of him. I did the same several times, also on his neck and lower bowels in front. I also saw three men at once on him, and had testimony that five had done the same all at one time. This part of his practice will have but few imitators. He would at times cough, and choke, and eject phlegm in large gouts very painful to see and hear; but the effect would be to relieve a lady present thus affected.

I could not detail all that the doctor seems to suffer; yet he alleges he feels no pain. I saw several there who protested to being cured by him without any medicine whatever, and others much relieved. He certainly has strong magnetic powers, but does not in any way identify himself with Spiritism. I felt when he put his hand on my shoulders, a thrill that moved me to my boots; and yet he seldom touches any of his patients. At the close of the day, he ties around his neck a "rag," as he calls it, which is to continue the "rapport" till the patient comes again—which rag is of colored woolen cloth, differing as the cases seem to require. Mine is yellow. Perhaps *green* would have been nearer the mark. But we shall see hereafter about that. My impression is that he is a sympathetic, of strong magnetic powers, assisted by spirits on his plane. They do some foolish things; but if cures grow out of them, I for one don't care how they come. Mankind suffer enough, and pills only make the disease worse instead of better. I am thankful for any light—and will not quarrel with the candle that gives it.

I have hopes that he will cure me. Certain am I that if magnetism does not do it, nothing else ever will. And I confess to the belief that the time is not far distant when magnetism, *intensified* and directed by spirits, will be the only remedy ever used for disease, with some external applications; and those whom these fail to cure may then make ready for the better world. Yours,

St. Louis, May 1. A. MILTENBERGER.

Convention in Vermont.

All *true* friends of Reform are invited to attend an adjourned Convention of Spiritualists, to be held at South Reading, on the 28th, and and 29th of May, inst. As there is no hotel in the place, *ample provision* will be made for *all* in private families, under the direction of a committee consisting of Messrs. Rufus Buck, Carlos Davis, Winchester Goddard, of Reading; and Daniel P. Wilder, now of Plymouth.

[Signed]

CARLOS DAVIS, JAMES E. WILLIS,
NATHAN LAMB, DANIEL P. WILDER,
DR. J. M HOLT, RUFUS BUCK,
WINCHESTER GODDARD, CHARLES WALKER.

Obituary Notice.

BORN INTO SPIRIT-LIFE, April 29th MARY PAGE, daughter of Andrew J. Page, aged 10 years. About two weeks previous to the death of little Mary, these bereaved parents were called to transfer to the guardianship of angels, a little boy aged 2 years. Dissolution in both cases was caused by scarlet fever. Little Mary seemed to be conscious in the commencement of her sickness that the angels were about to take her. The night before she was taken sick, she remarked to one of her schoolmates that she was going to be sick, and was heard frequently to sing the words,

"I'm going home, to die no more."

She talked familiarly with her mother during the first of her sickness about the spirit-world and her transition. On one occasion, with her eyes turned upwards, she said, "Mother, see them! see them!" On being asked what she saw, she answered, "Little Willie, and a company of little children with him," alluding to her little brother who had passed away a few days before. She often spoke of her little brother, and mourned his departure very much. She was beloved by those who knew her—possessing an amiable and sweet disposition which endeared her to all. She possessed intelligence and understanding far beyond her years. How blessed when called to part with our dear ones, in form, that we can enjoy their presence in spirit. True Spiritualists sorrow not as those who have no hope; but with the confident assurance that our friends are still with us we can say to death, where is thy sting, and to the grave, where is thy victory?

Thou hast left us, dearest Mary,
Thy form has passed away;
But we know thy gentle spirit
Survives beyond the day.

We know thy gentle love-tones,
We hear them from afar;
We know our darling Mary
Is now our guiding star.

She's now our household Angel,
Though her form to dust is wed,
Yet there's somethiug whispers,
Our Mary is not dead.

She's gone to join her brother,—
Twin souls of Angel-birth.
Heaven's purest, sweetest flowers,
Are blighted buds of Earth.

LOWELL, MASS. E. L. LYON.

.....Another case of trance is reported, in addition to those which we have lately recorded. A widow named Aufray, about sixty years of age, of St. Agnan de Cenieres, France, long seriously ill, became suddenly worse, grew cold and motionless, and, as it was thought, died. She was laid out, the coffin ordered, and the church-bell tolled. She returned to consciousness before the funeral took place.

Spiritual and Psychical Phenomena.

Psychometrical Reading of John Quincy Adams.

The following appears over the signature of J. B. Mann, in the *Natick Observer:*

Seeing a notice of the wonderful doings of one of our citizens in the way of delineating character from hand writing, I called on the person, Mr. H. L. Bowker, with a letter of John Quincy Adams and received the following which I took down at the time. It is proper to say that the letter is dated Nov. 16, 1842, and was written to me as Secretary of the Natick Lyceum in answer to an invitation to lecture, which Mr. Adams accepted, and also that Mr. Bowker did not know of my having such a letter, and I did not allow him to see the writing until after he had given the delineation, but gave him the letter folded. He took the letter in one hand, held it for an instant to his forehead, and said:

"A man of strong vital powers—strong power of endurance—round, plump built, well made, full, hard muscles, and possessed of great endurance, physical and mental. Has considerable tact and art—can plan well—is very systematic—fond of debate, argument and contention—takes hold of subjects with great force and comprehension—prefers to attack an antegonist by strategy, but will not shrink from open assault when strategy won't avail. Is lively in conversation and enjoys company and society. Has strong attachment for friends and enmity to foes—has a great many enemies, who are such from interest or prejudice and not from any injury he has done them. Is not very wealthy, and devotes but little time to money making—has much work to do, and does it, but is sometimes desponding and disheartened—was not pleased with the method and circumstances of his early education—not suited. A man fitted for great undertakings—a leader—a man well qualified to govern—to meet opposition and overcome obstacles. Would make a good governor on account of his strict integrity and moral honesty, and his comprehensiveness of mind and cool judgment. Has great moral courage, and if cornered will fight like a tiger. Is like his father physically, but possesses the mental characteristics of his mother. At time of writing had a great deal on his mind; and apprehends disaster, though things look bright for his future. Will occupy posts of honor, and be sought for as a counsellor or adviser. Is a great reader—a reader of character and events—comprehends the relation of events—foresees—has an intuitive perception of coming events which he often ascribes to reason. Is an antagonist to be dreaded—has had much to do with the world—has operated on a wide and extensive field—I have the impression of vastness—breadth and extensiveness connected with his operations."

The above was taken off by Mr. Bowker without hesitation, while pacing the room, the letter lying on the desk before me folded, and it being utterly impossible for him to know by whom it was penned.

I send it to you as a curious exhibition of mental phenomena, and your readers can judge of its application to the character of Mr. Adams.

Was it mere Coincidence?

The following interesting statement of fact is copied from the *Monthly Religious Magazine:*

A venerable clergyman of Massachusetts had a gra d son living in his family, a lovely boy of twelve or fourteen summers. The parents lived three thousand miles away. Consumption stole upon the frail boy, and he died. Some time passed, during which the mother, in a foreign land, cherished fondly the memory of her child, for he was a good boy, and everybody that knew him loved him. One morning, on rising, the bereaved mother said to her family, "Grandfather is dead!"

"Why, mother! how can you know that, three thousand miles off?"

"My lost boy came into my dream, bright and blooming as life, last night, and said, 'Grandfather is come; oh, how glad we are to welcome him!"

"Only a dream," said her husband; "do not mind it."

"But I *know* it is true, and the next letters will tell you so."

It took the letters a month to cross the Atlantic, but when they came, they announced that grandfather died at just the hour when his welcome was announced.

"A coincidence!" says the reader. Undoubtedly. A great many things *coincide* in the Divine Providence.

CASE OF SECOND SIGHT.—The late Mrs. V——, a lady of fortune and family, who resides near Loch Lomond, possessed the faculty of second slght in an extraordinary degree, and displayed it on many remarkable occasions. When her brother was shipwrecked in the channel, she was heard to exclaim, "Thank God, he is saved!" and described the scene with all its circumstances.—*Mrs. Crowe.*

Science, Art, Inbention.

AERONAUTICS.—Mr. La Mountain, the æronaut, has in course of construction, and nearly completed, at Lansingburgh, N. Y., an aerial machine with which he designs to cross the Atlantic. It consists of a balloon 65 feet in diameter, with a car or boat suspended underneath, capable of carrying twelve men in the roughest sea. The height of the whole will be 100 feet. 150,000 feet of gas will be required to inflate the balloon, giving it an ascending power of about 3 1-2 tons.

Mr. Wise, well-known for his aeronautical exploits, together with other parties interested in aerial navigation, is said to be making arrangements for a balloon journey from St. Louis to the Atlantic seaboard sometime this summer, with a view to testing the practicability of a trip across the ocean.

PHOTOGRAPHING SOUND.—The London *Photographic News* gives the details of a very singular discovery of M. L. Scott, by means of which sounds may be made to record themselves, whether these sounds are those of musical instruments, or emitted by the voice in singing or speaking. The *News* states that Professor Wheatstone, during his recent visit to Paris, was invited by the Abbe Moigno to inspect the papers on which these sounds had printed themselves, and is said to have been greatly surprised and pleased with what he saw. The mark produced on the paper is invariably the same; so, also, if a person speaks, the tone of voice in which he speaks is faithfully recorded. As yet no practical advantage has been obtained by this discovery; but M. Scott is sanguine that, in course of time, he will so far improve his apparatus that it will be capable of printing a speech, which may be written off *verbatim*, to the great saving of the labor of Parliamentary reporters.

A NEW LIGHT.—A new apparatus for producing gas for illuminating purposes, called the "Griffin Air Light," is on exhibition at 46 Hanover St., Boston. It consists of a small and simple apparatus, kept in motion by a coiled spring, requiring to be wound up once in about ten days, which takes in atmospheric air, passes it over a chemical preparation known as a hydro-carbon, when the oxygen of the air combines with the hydrogen and carbon of the chemical, and a stream of pure inflammable gas is given forth through ordinary gas pipes. The light is brilliant and agreeable, and is said to cost less than one-fifth as much as the common gas-light. The compactness, simplicity and cheapness of the apparatus ($35 being the cost of an instrument capable of supplying ten burners) seem to render it a great advance upon anything now in use.

The same gas can doubtless be used for warming and cooking.

IRON CARS.—The car builders at Patterson, N. J., are constructing, by way of experiment, passenger cars of rolled iron. Such cars will be much lighter than wooden ones, and it is believed that in case of accident they will be much safer.

ARTIFICIAL STONE.—The invention of a new artificial stone by Thomas Taylor of Boston is mentioned, which is represented as combining several remarkable qualities; it is perfectly insoluble in water; is fire proof and frost proof; will not corrode; can be sawn, cut, hewn, carved or bored, and has the nailing properties of wood; will not shrink, crack, or warp; may be moulded into any required shape, and in ornamental work, will bear any degree of relief; can be made so light as to float on water, or as heavy and solid as granite, and will take any color required.

A NEW RACE OF HUMAN BEINGS.—The Bombay *Telegraph* states that a hitherto unknown race of human beings has recently been discovered in the interior of New South Wales. They are of a copper color, bald-headed, tall and athletic, and much superior in every respect to heir dark-skinned brethren.

THE SPIRITUAL AGE.

BOSTON, NEW YORK AND CHICAGO, MAY 21, 1859.

LETTERS RECEIVED.—C Davis, H W Ballard, L J Pollard, E Dimick, G Stearns, S Smith, A Rogers, J Roberts, A Greene, C H Wellington, H DeLong, J Nesbitt, G Gibson, G Ladd, Celestie, E Woodworth, W Remington, E D Long, G W Stearns, G A Redman, E G Downing, L A Black, C S Sumpus, H Holt, A N Sherman, A L Foster, S Hinshaw, L Moody, J C Merriam, J W Whitney, J Burroughs, G Barnard, J Phipps, J J Johnson, G Snyder, L C Howe, J V Aldrich.

SPECIAL AND PERSONAL.

IN NEW ENGLAND.

S. B. BRITTAN will lecture in the Universalist Church in Willimantic, Conn., Sunday May 15th—and will remain in the place during a part of the ensuing week. In New Bedford, Mass., Sunday 22d; Milford, N. H., Sunday 29th; Lowell, Mass., Sunday June 5th; also Monday evening 6th; and in Taunton, Mass., on the second and third Sundays in June (12th and 19th.)

Mr. Brittan is expected to attend the meeting at Marlow on the 24th and 25th inst; with that exception, he will remain in each of the places named above, from three to five days, next succeeding his appointment, during which time he will continue his lectures in the places mentioned, or visit other places in the several neighborhoods wherever his services may be engaged.

MISS EMMA HARDINGE will lecture for the rest of May, at Worcester, New Bedford, Lowell, Concord, Newburyport, and during June at Portland and Oswego. Miss Hardinge's engagements are completed for the Summer months, and in September she commences her tour West, North, and South; applications for those sections to be addressed to her residence, 8 Fourth Avenue, New York, until October and November, which months she has promised in St. Louis and Memphis, Tenn

EMMA HARDINGE will speak in Worcester Sunday, May 15th and 22d.!

H. P. FAIRFIELD, Trance-speaking Medium may be addressed at Greenwich Village, Mass. He will speak in North Brookfield, Mass., May 14th and 15th; Taunton, May the 22d.

REV. B. HASSALL, from Haverhill, Mass., will speak at Milford, N. H., on Sunday 22d inst. Subject, A. M.—The True Elements of Manhood. P. M.—Popular Skepticism. Professor S. B. BRITTAN will speak on Sunday 29th inst.

LEWIS B. MONROE will speak at Quincy next Sunday.

F. L. WADSWORTH speaks May 8th, 15th and 22d, at Lowell; 29th at Taunton; June 5th and 12th at Quincy; 26th at Marlboro. Those desiring his services during the week can address this Office.

GEO. ATKINS will speak in East Wareham, Sunday, May 22d.

H. L. BOWKER, Natick, Mass, will give lectures on Spiritualism and its proofs, from intuition, for such compensation above expenses as generosity may prompt.

MRS. J. W. CURRIER will answer calls to lecture. Address Lowell, Box 815. She will speak as follows:—Milford, N. H., May 15th; East Stoughton, May 29th; Foxboro, June 5th and 12th; Springfield, June 19th and 26th; Putnam, Conn., July 3d and 10th. She will stop a few days in each of the above places, and will sit for tests of spirit power, by trance, clairvoyant, and physical manifestations.

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. Caroline 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—Millville, Tuesday and Wednesday, 17th and 18th; Mendon, Thursday and Friday, 19th and 20th; Milford, Sunday, 22d; Framingham Sunday May 29th; Sherborn, Tues. and Wed. May 31st and June 1st; Ashland, Thursday and Friday, June 2d and 3d; Marlboro, June 5th. 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 Putnam Ct., May 29th and June 5th.

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.

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

HON. WARREN CHASE lectures April 29th to May 2d, in Chagrin Falls, O; May 15th, in Adrian, Mich; 17th, in Albion; 22d, in Battle Creek; 25th and 26th, Harmonia (near Battle Creek); 29th, Kalamazoo; June 2d, 3d, 4th and 5th, Grand Rapids; 9th and 10th, Grand Haven; 19th and 26th, Chicago, Ill.; July 10th, Geneva, O.

REV. JOHN PIERPONT will receive calls to speak on Spiritualism. Address, West Medford, Mass.

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

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Interesting Miscellany.

For the Spiritual Age.

THE SHIPWRECK.

BY E. V. WILSON.

It was night on the deep. Not a star, to gladden the soul of the sailor, could be seen. All space was clouded with a dense, dark fog. Not a sound could be heard save the roar of the wild wind through the rigging of our noble ship. Now and then came the voice of our captain from the quarter-deck, ominous, through its earnest tones, of approaching danger.

"How does she head?"

"North west by west," clear and loud, like the clarion, rang forth from the sturdy old sailor at the helm.

"Keep her away a little! Steady!"

"Ay, ay, sir!" answered Jack.

For some moments silence reigned supreme. Then came over the sea a distant roar, as of many waters rushing to battle with the wind. Nearer and still nearer it came. Quick and clear rang the order to "clew up" and "clew down." "Quick lads! let go all! In with everything! Keep her away! Steady as you are!"

Silence again prevailed, and not a whisper was heard from the hundreds that crowded the deck of our ship. Still nearer the fearful sound. It was the storm-voice of God on the wild night-winds at sea.

"Double man the helm! Stand by with the axes! Hold on all!" sounded from the quarter.

Then was heard from the larboard a wild roar like the voice of many thunders. Quick followed a bright flash, revealing to the frightened freight of human beings the wild scenes of a storm-battle at sea. The wind, the water, and the rain, with the heavy thunder and the lightning-flash combined, hurled their strength against our frail bark, intent on her destruction.

A sound—a crash; a fearful scream went forth to the storm God, and our noble ship lay a helpless wreck at the mercy of the sea. Half our numbers were swept away at one fell stroke. The balance clung to the wreck, crying to God for mercy. Then followed a scene that pencil cannot paint or language describe. There was the strong man, and the lad of sixteen, struggling with the elements for life. There were the maiden and the matron, locked in the embrace of death. There was the mother, with her babe in her arms, gazing into the storm-clouded sky for the gleam of a star, or light from her God.

"Mercy! Dear Father! mercy!" she cried; "spare my dear husband and child! Save them, O, save them, my God!" And then her head drooped 'neath the pitiless storm, while closer, still closer she clasped her dear babe to her soul.

There stood the husband, all proud and stern in this time of danger—the true man stepping forth in the hour of death, trying to comfort his partner.

"Weep not, my dear Mary! weep not for your Charles or our babe. But joined let us be in death as in life. In heaven as on earth let us together enjoy the new birth."

And then these twain knelt in the dark storm of the night, and drew closely around them fond recollections of their home far over the sea,—of fond friends gathered together in the social home circle.

"Charles, dear Charles, I am so cold and chilled that I cannot longer stay. My sight has failed, my hearing gone. God bless thee, my babe,—my husband! Nearer, come nearer, soul of my soul. Let me feel the pure touch of your lips, once more. Charles! Charles! my babe! I die!"

Look yonder,—behold that beardless boy, alone by himself, talking with his God. In the agony of his soul he has forgotten his home. Mother and father are far away; brother and sister will mourn him, as lost forever. Hark! what is that! It is the storm God. See! see him riding on the wave; his head in the clouds, his feet in the sea! He moves in fearful majesty. On, on comes the wave, clothed in foam. One wild rush of many waters—one fearful crash—one more wild wail went forth on the night wind, and all was still. Three hundred souls were hushed in death; and the once noble ship was no more. Thus perished many years since, with all her crew and passengers, the noble East Indian ship, Windham.

ANECDOTE OF CICERO.

While Pompey and Cæsar were living, Cicero, it seems, had a dream, in which he thought he called some boys, the sons of senators, up to the capitol, because Jupiter designed to pitch upon one of them for sovereign of Rome. The citizens ran with all the eagerness of expectation, and placed themselves about the temple; and the boys in their *prætexta* sat silent. The door suddenly opening, the boys rose up one by one, and, in their order, passed round the god, who reviewed them all, and sent them away disappointed; but when Octavius approached, he stretched out his hand to him, "Romans, this is the person, who, when he comes to be your prince, will put an end to your civil wars."

This vision, they tell us, made such an impression upon Cicero, that he perfectly retained the figure and countenance of the boy, though he did not yet know him. Next day he went down to the *Campus Martius*, when the boys were just returning from their exercises; and the first who struck his eye was the lad in the very form he had seen in his dream. Astonished at the discovery, Cicero asked him who were his parents; and he proved to be the son of Octavius, a person not much distinguished in life, and of Attia, sister to Cæsar. As he was so near a relation, and Cæsar had no children of his own, he adopted him, and, by will, left him his estate. Cicero, after his dream, whenever he met young Octavius, is said to have treated him with particular regard; and he received those marks of his friendship with great satisfaction.

As is known, Octavius was elevated to supreme authority in Rome in connection with Mark Antony and Lepidus at the early age of eighteen years. He afterwards arrived at sovereign power; and his reign, under the surname of Augustus, is among the most illustrious in history.

ALMSGIVING NOT CHARITY.—It is difficult to be wisely charitable—to do good without multiplying the sources of the evil. We know that to give alms is nothing unless we give thought also; and that, therefore, it is written, not "Blessed is he that *feedeth* the poor," but "Blessed is he that *considereth* the poor;" and we know that a little thought and a little kindness are worth more than a great deal of money.

Wherever there is authority, there is a natural inclination to disobedience. It was so with our first parents, and it has ever been so with all their descendants. It is a part of the legacy we inherit from Adam.

Keeping Fast.

An Irish priest was traveling on a Friday from Enniskillen to Ballyshannon, at the latter of which the coach-passengers, only four in number, were to dine. At one end of the table was a joint of coarse, fat pork, and at the other a large, fine, fried sole. His reverence helped himself to the latter, simply observing, "It is fast day with me, gentlemen," when instantly a great fellow, with red whiskers, reached across the table, and cutting the fish in two, took half of it, with the remark,

"Bad luck to ye, do ye think nobody has a soul to be saved but yourself?"

A minister traveling through the West in a missionary capacity, several years ago, was holding an animated theological conversation with a good old lady on whom he had called, in the course of which he asked her what she thought of the doctrine of total depravity?

"Oh," she replied, "I think it a good doctrine, *if people would only live up to it!*"

I do not inquire how much you have read and studied on the human powers; but I ask how much you have exerted those powers.—*Chapin.*

Nothing is further than earth from heaven; nothing is nearer than heaven to earth.

For the Young People.

PAID IN YOUR OWN COIN.

"Grandmother, I hate to go away; you like me, and nobody else does. Last night George Redin and I had a quarrel; I struck him and he struck me. Nobody likes me." Peter Jones said this as he sat on his trunk ready to start for home.

"He only paid you in your own coin," said grandmother; people generally do—a blow for a blow, cross words for cross words, hate for hate."

"I don't know but it is so," said Peter, looking sorry; "but it is a poor sort of coin."

"How different it would be if your pockets were full of the *right sort* of coin," said grandmother.

"What kind?" said Peter.

"The *coin of kindness*," said grandmother. "If the great pockets of your heart were full of that sort of coin, the more you paid away, the more you'd get back, for you are generally paid in your own coin, you know; then how happy you would be."

"The coin of kindness," repeated Peter slowly; "that is a good coin, isn't it? I wish my pockets were full of it, grandmother. If I'd be kind to the boys, they'd be kind to me."

"Just so," said grandmother.

After Peter's own mother died, he was sent to grandmother's, for he had a very quarrelsome, fretful temper, and his aunt could not manage him with the other children. His grandmother dealt patiently and kindly with him, and helped him to improve himself. Peter now had a new mother, and his father had sent for him to come home. Peter did not want to go. He felt sure he should not like his new mother, and that she would not like him.

"That depends upon yourself," said grandmother; "carry love and kindness in your pocket, and you will find no difficulty."

The idea struck the boy favorably. He wished he could, he said.

"And the best of it is," said grandmother, "If you once begin paying it out, your pockets will never be empty, for you'll be paid in your own coin. Be kind, and you will be treated kindly; love, and you will be loved."

"I wish I could," said Peter.

All the way home he more or less thought of it. I do not know about his welcome home, or what his father or new mother said to him. The next morning he arose early, as he was used to at grandmother's, and came down stairs, where everything being new, he felt very strange and lonely.

"I know I shan't be contented here," he said to himself, I know I shan't. I'm afraid there's not a bit of love in my pocket." However, in a little while his new mother came down, when Peter went up to her and said, "Mother, what can I do to help you?"

"My dear boy," she said, kissing him on the forehead, "how thoughtful you are. I thank you for your kind offer; and what can I do to help *you?* for I am afraid you will be lonely here at first, coming from your dear good grandmother."

What a sweet kiss was that. It made him so happy. "That's paying me in more than my own coin," thought Peter. Then he knew he should love his new mother; and from that hour Peter's pockets began to fill with the beautiful bright coin of kindness, which is the best "small change" in the world. Keep your pockets full of it, and you will never be in want.

The Faith that Saves us.

In the highlands of Scotland there is a mountain gorge, twenty feet in width, and two hundred feet in depth. Its perpendicular walls are bare of vegetation, save in their crevices, in which grow numerous wild flowers of rare beauty. Desirous of obtaining specimens of these mountain beauties, some scientific tourists once offered a highland boy a handsome gift, if he would consent to be lowered down the cliff by a rope, and would gather a little basketful for them. The boy looked wistfully at the money, for his parents were poor; but when he gazed at the yawning chasm, he shuddered, shrank back, and declined. But filial love was strong within him, and after another glance at the gift, and at the terrible fissure, his heart grew strong, his eyes flashed, and he said,

"I'll go, *if my father will hold the rope.*"

And then, with unshrinking nerves, cheek unblanched, and heart firmly strong, he suffered his father to put the rope about him, lower him into that abyss, and to suspend him there while he filled his little basket with the coveted flowers. It was a daring deed, but his faith in the love of a father's heart gave him courage and power to perform it

A CHILD'S QUESTION.—A bright little girl one day put to her mother the following question:

"If a raging tiger was to catch me and eat me all up, should I then be an angel?"

Her mother replied, "yes."

"But," said the child, "how could I get out of the tiger?"

In answer to this question the mother went into an explanation, referring to the spiritual nature of angels, which silenced, if it did not convince, the young inquirer.

Poetry and Sentiment.

From the New York Independent.

THE CHILD ANGEL.

The poem which here follows was sent anonymously to a bereaved mother. Whether it has ever appeared in print before, we cannot tell. Whether it has or not, we presume we are committing no impropriety in giving it to our readers; and if any of them know to whom it belongs, we will be glad to credit so sweet and heavenly a strain to its author.

The Mother's Dream.

"And I will give him the morning star."—Rev. ii. 28.

Methought once more to my wishful eye,
My beautiful boy had come;
My sorrow was gone, my cheek was dry,
And gladness around my home.

I saw the form of my dear lost child;
All kindled with life he came;
And he spake in his own sweet voice, and smiled,
As soon as I called his name.

The garb he wore looked heavenly white
As the feathery snow comes down:
And warm as it shone in the softened light
That fell from his dazzling crown.

His eye was bright with a joy serene,
His cheek with a deathless bloom,
That only the eye of my soul hath seen,
When looking beyond the tomb.

The odor of flowers from the thornless land,
Where we deem that our blest ones are
Seemed borne in his skirts; and his soft right hand
Was holding a radiant star.

His feet, unshod, looked tender and fair,
As the lily's opening bell,
Half-veiled in a cloud of glory, as there
Around him in folds it fell.

I asked him how he was clothed anew,—
Who circled his head with light,—
And whence he returned to meet my view,
So calm and heavenly bright.

I asked him where he had been so long,
Away from his mother's care,—
Again to sing me his infant song,
And to kneel by my side in prayer.

He said, "Sweet mother, the song I sing,
Is not for an earthly ear;
I touch the harp with a golden string
For the hosts of heaven to hear.

"It was but a gently fleeting breath,
That severed thy child from thee!
The fearful shadow, in time, called Death,
Hath ministered life to me.

"My voice in an angel choir I lift,
And high are the notes we raise;
I hold the sign of a priceless gift,
And the Giver, who hath our praise.

"'The bright and the morning star' is he,
Who bringeth eternal day;
And, mother, he giveth himself to thee,
To lighten thine earthly way.

"The race is short to a peaceful goal,
And he is never afar,
Who saith of the wise, untiring soul,
'I will give him the morning star.'

"Thy measure of care for me was filled,
And pure to its crystal top;
For Faith, with a steady eye distilled,
And numbered every drop.

"While thou wast teaching my lips to move,
And my heart to rise in prayer,
I learned the way to the world above:
The home of thy child is there!

"The secret prayers thou didst make for me,
Which only thy God hath known,
Arose, like sweet incense, holy and free,
And gathered around his throne.

"My robe was filled with the perfume sweet,
To shed upon this world's air,
As I joyful knelt at my Saviour's feet,
For the glorious crown I wear.

"In that bright, blissful world of ours,
The waters of life I drink.
Behold my feet, as they've pressed the flowers
That grow by the fountain's brink!

"No thorn is hidden to wound me there:
There's nothing of chill or blight,
Or sighing to blend with the balmy air,—
No sorrow,—no pain,—no night!"

"No *parting?*" I asked in a burst of joy:
And the lovely illusion broke;
My rapture had banished my beautiful boy,—
To a shadowy void I spoke!

But, oh! that star of the morn still gleams,
With light to direct my feet,
Where when I have done with my earthly dreams,
The mother and child may meet.

Truth will be uppermost, one time or other, like cork, though kept down in the water.

Nought shall prevail against us, or disturb
Our cheerful faith, that all which we behold
Is full of blessings. WORDSWORTH.

To check passion by passion, and anger by anger, is to lay one demon and raise another.

A wise man likes that best, that is itself;
Not that which seems, though it look fairer. MIDDLETON.

Nature is a pattern maid-of-all-work, and does best when least meddled with. She knows her work, and does it, if let alone.

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