



DEVOTED TO RATIONAL SPIRITUALISM AND PRACTICAL REFORM.

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Spiritual and Reform Literature.

EMMA HARDINGE'S CONFESSION.

DEAR SIR:—Since confessions are the fashion of the day, and a confiding public has been voted into the office of Father Confessor, I solicit the mediumship of your columns to tender my confession in addition to the general sum of spiritual light, which conscience, or a panic in the market of anti-spiritual jugglery is diffusing over the universe. I have no very startling disclosures to make, but as I understand Modern Spiritualism is summoned to the bar of public inquiry to be tried for life and death, so I, as one of the accessories after the fact of its wilful murder upon the body of infidelity, beg to yield myself up for cross-examination.

Our friend, the *Banner of Light*, has recently undertaken to enlighten the world upon some of my antecedents, and as that sketch was as ample as the occasion demanded, I need not inflict any of its details upon your readers. Suffice it to say that my career in America, running over a period of three years, has been mainly enacted in some public capacity. In one way or the other the entire of my time has been passed in a crowd; and with so many eager witch-finders on all hands, and so many qualified witnesses of my general behavior, the world need have no fear but that I shall soon be detected, if in this my confession I am caught fibbing.

The first point upon which I desire to be heard, and in turn demand the pastors of the nineteenth century to enlighten my darkened understanding (with a view of snatching my oscillating soul from the precipice of ruin), is the dealing I had in the very outset of my career with the unmitigated imposture called physical force mediumship. To show you (*Judge World*) that I had all the pious proclivities that were necessary to defend me from infidel tendencies—when I first went to a medium (Mr. Conklin of New York), in company with a *productive witness*, I refused to sit at his table, because I heard a sentence spelt out which did not seem to me to be in exact conformity with the Bible. I left the room in disgust, and for many weeks heard of spiritual rappings with a horror so pious that nothing but the hope that my excessive shrewdness would enable me to serve the cause of truth by detecting the wicked imposture, induced me to inquire further. With this view chiefly, I accompanied another *productive witness* to Mrs. Coan's. The first act of the farce consisted of loud raps on the table—a phenomenon which I presume could not have been performed by ankle-joints which were quietly reposing three feet below the table. My part was to turn the table up, and impudently to examine Mrs. Coan's hands, during which process the raps, vibrating immediately beneath my own feet, dissipated the idea of thumb or finger-joints. Whilst engaged in a rigid scrutiny of Mrs. Coan's floor, the pertinacious raps startled me out of all idea of floor-machinery by drumming on the wall; and when at last fairly frightened, I resumed my seat, they nearly shot me, by tapping my very shoulders at the back of my chair. All this while Mrs. Coan and my *productive witness* amused themselves with talking to each other across the table, without betraying the least desire to aid in or disturb my investigations. Being informed that at my mental request the raps (being that day remarkably free) might sound anywhere I wished, I mentally requested that they might be produced in a distant corner of the room. The instant compliance with my thought finished my queries upon the possibility of ankles, fingers, or machinery fixed to the table or medium.

Now for the intelligence. In reply to a query from my friend, the "invisibles" informed us, to my horror and disgust, that I was a fine medium; whereupon Mrs. Coan handed the alphabet to me and bade me spell for myself the name of the rapper. Being instructed in the usual formula of how to seek for tests, I inquired for every spirit friend whom I thought likely to respond to me, and yet each name was answered with a pertinacious "No!" Being advised to point to the letters whilst the imposture rapped, to my utter amazement the Christian and surname of an acquaintance was spelt out, whom I had neither asked for nor even thought of. Whose mind was read in this instance I am unable to say. In the absence of any visible agent, I was fain to conclude that the atmosphere was the delinquent; and it is in the earnest hope that some of the learned professors, recanters or expositors of fraud who are now so busy on this subject, will kindly enlighten me, that I have ventured thus to detail what would appear else too common and puerile to deserve notice. "Ankles, fingers, machines, nor mind-reading will meet this very trivial case."

I could detail thousands of more elaborate manifestations, and thousands of investigators are familiar with similar experiences; but for the sake of these thousands, I have confined myself to very simple facts, because they do not come within the scope of any explanation offered to me. And yet I have a soul to be saved. Will no kind recanter show me how to account for exactly such a case as this? I pass over some weeks of similar experience and investigations closely followed up, and beg to select out of hundreds of more startling occurrences, the least of my experiences with Mr. Redman. At a

circle with sixteen producible witnesses—all, including Mr. Redman, entire strangers to me, except the lady of the house (herself a stranger to Redman)—I, with the others, wrote names on some dozen pieces of paper, made piles of them, screwed up so tightly that if my soul's salvation depended on my telling one of my own pellets from another, I could not have done it. The number of pellets thus tightly screwed up must have exceeded one hundred. Mr. Redman, scrambling these together in his hand, rolled them upon my hand. The pellets between the two hands were thus rolled away until only one remained. This he desired me to open. I did so, and discovered my own hand-writing; nor did I proclaim the name until some knocking imposture had spelt it out by the raps. No reading through pellets here,—no mind-reading,—while alas! poor machinery, ankles and fingers, how could they have availed to read through the back of Mr. Redman's or my hand, since the pellet reserved was between our two otherwise closed palms.

Passing over many weeks during which similar difficulties pressed upon my harassed mind, I proceed to notice some of the very least of the tricks practised upon me by Mrs. Brown of the Fox family, hoping that a clue once afforded to the small impostures, the large ones—like the large impostors of the day—will close their own career in spontaneous combustion. For many Sunday evenings I was in the habit of forming one of a friendly circle at Mrs. Brown's rooms. We had tea-table raps and nothing to pay; and as the ordinary motive to spiritual imposition—*material reward*—was out of the question, and as pastime rather than business was the order of the day, I presume Mrs. Brown's trickery on such occasions was of so gratuitous a nature that it really amounts to a mania with her. On one of these same evenings at home, we all sat after tea singing, whilst the imposture rapped, sometimes in one place, sometimes in another; sometimes five or six ankle-joints going at once, all in tones so various that Mrs. Brown's ankles must be a perfect orchestra in themselves. Suddenly the variety ceased, and one joint alone, in a stern and thundering bass, very like a mason's ram, knocked five, the signal for the alphabet. On calling it, we were required to put out the light and join hands. We obeyed, but the fire still showed sufficient light dimly to illuminate the room. Then it was that I first felt a heavy hand upon my shoulder, evidently placed there from some one behind me. The room was small, the doors locked, or at least fast—Mrs. Brown's hands held by myself and a neighbor who was, like myself, not a full believer. The light of the fire showed me every human hand, clasped on the table. The same light showed me empty space behind my chair. The light of my mind made me mentally request, first, that the hand should stroke my head, and then my face. Both requests being duly complied with, I demanded (Gideon like), as a farther test, that the said hand should go and touch mamma, then sitting at the far end of the long table.

"Good heaven! there is a hand on my head!" uttered by my mother, the very next moment after framing the request, convinced me that Mrs. Brown's ankle-joints were locomotive, and had the clairvoyant faculty of reading my mind.

I should be almost ashamed to mention the familiar manifestation of Mrs. Brown's leaving her table in the presence of a large circle, opening her door, causing an inexperienced inquirer to apply his ear to the said door open, in order to show both sides fairly, and on the mere application of one of the mediumistic fingers, raps so loud following that very few faces thus applied to the door returned to their seat without a considerable diminution of color. I would not even allude to this oft-repeated act, were it not in earnest appeal to the trick-finders for enlightenment. I am not going to weary you with details which every visitor to this medium must be familiar with. I have merely alluded to the very simplest evidences of some wondrous trickery as yet undetected; but I give fair notice before I am prepared to sign a full recantation of my spiritual faith, there are a very large number of still more cunning Brown tricks yet to be accounted for, and all enacted in the presence of a large number of producible witnesses.

With another hiatus in my spiritual investigations, filled up with tremendous hard nuts for science to crack, I beg leave to say one word on the subject of the chief of sinners—at least in the writing department. Perhaps in the above unenviable capacity as a public deluder of masses, instead of individuals, I may one day find myself denounced. Will the Cotton Mothers of to-day be pleased to explain to me how Mr. Mansfield committed so egregious a blunder as to answer a letter which I addressed to my brother in the spirit-world, in the name of a sister whom I did not address. Mr. Mansfield was a stranger to me when I took him my letter; and though he recognized me at once as a notorious spiritual coadjutor of the impostor school, yet, as I had never informed any one in this country that I had a sister in the spirit-world, and a name was signed which certainly was not mentioned in my letter, it was either a remarkable guess or a remarkable coincidence which caused him to hit upon that name, especially when it would have been so easy after reading through my *treble* and firmly guarded envelope, to have answered in the name of the party ad-

ressed. A particular characteristic, too, in this sister's answer, known to none but myself, was so startlingly manifested in the answer, that if the "great postmaster" had deceived upon every other occasion of his life, this one case was genuine Spiritualism, or the man is a better magician than any of the trick-finders of this age.

As my inquiry from the beginning to the end of my career has been after the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, I have spelt out my lesson with almost every medium of the day, and could enumerate problems enough for the expositors to work upon had I time and space. These being limited, however, I must confine myself to one more case, which common justice demands should receive its share of investigation with the rest,—and that, Mr. Editor, is my unworthy self.

Mr. Coles, of the *Spiritual Telegraph*, is represented as saying, in a report of the New York Conference, that every trance medium is an impostor. Mr. Coles is a gentleman with whom I enjoyed a very agreeable acquaintance; but if by trance mediumship he means to say that all persons who give tests of an intelligence beyond their own minds are impostors, I, as one of this class, say Mr. Coles tells an untruth; and I hereby offer *proof* of my asseveration. At the very earliest stage of my career as a medium, my spirit-friends (or the imposture that called itself spirits,) required that I should sit and give tests to the public without any fee, because, said the imposture, the conditions of spirit mediumship are very uncertain. "You may give excellent tests one day, and none the next. Now if your bread or your reputation depended on your performance of an unvarying round of tests—a thing which the conditions of the communion does not admit of—you might be tempted to resort to imposture to supply an inevitable deficiency; and as you have a means of earning your bread, independent of this uncertain mode, you shall exercise it both for the benefit of the cause and your own future development, without the temptation consequent upon its being a profession."

With this understanding I set to work, and managed to deceive myself at least, so effectually, that out of hundreds of tests which I gave to innumerable persons I select the following, first, because they were given to entire strangers, and secondly, because those strangers are both *productive witnesses now*, and persons whose veracity stands about as high as any of the fallible children of earth that I know of.

To a well-known gentleman of Philadelphia, I gave a full description by pantomime and writing, of his father (habits, manners and name), in the spirit world. To a well-known tradesman of New York, I gave an equally full description in pantomime, of his spirit wife, both these the same night, and both entire strangers to me; now no more so,—friends, and I know *productive witnesses*. On the same night, and in the very midst of enacting another person's spirit friend, a stranger entered the room, upon whose appearance every manifestation instantly ceased. To two ladies, now in New York, I gave at their first sitting (*entire strangers to me*), accurate descriptions of a child, with the remarkable name of Angelica or Angelina, and of a little boy, who described minutely various articles of jewelry which his mother had, especially a picture of himself in a remarkable pearl and gold setting.

To another lady (then an investigator, but since a believer—like all the cases I am quoting—in consequence of my remarkable tricks) I described a grandfather, whom the lady had forgotten, and even when he insisted on giving his name, "George," she was unable for some time to identify, never having, she said, "known a George," until he made me perform an elaborate pantomime descriptive of his death in the streets of Boston, his head being crushed and divided in a markedly singular manner, by the wheel of a coach.

An old sea Captain, entirely ignorant of Spiritualism, was brought to my room one day, and had not entered it a minute before in the trance or *imposing* state, I fully enacted in pantomime the fall of a sailor boy, one of his crew, from a mast—his, the captain's, mode of treatment of him, his care and kindness; the poor lad's hurts being accurately described, together with his subsequent death and burial on a distant island, the number of feet the grave was dug; and at a later sitting, the latitude and longitude of the island, the nature of the soil, a very singular name of the ship, &c. &c. The said sea captain being an entire stranger to me, and being moreover so astonished, that he could not interrupt the performance by a single word, rendering the whole trick one of the most successful, that the nameless magician somewhere resident in the immediate vicinity of my person, ever performed.

If any given number of such tests all appealing to *productive witnesses*, veracious witnesses (and exercised at the first sittings with me, as entire strangers), will redeem my character as a medium from Mr. Coles's sweeping charge of imposture, then I think, up to about the number of an hundred, I can accommodate the public. For tests given since I gave up sitting as a public medium, I surely think I could furnish about one on an average for every day of my life. Some are very simple, but come so far out of the reach of ankle joints machinery and mind reading, that I do anxiously wish the kind soul-saviors of this age, would take my case into consid-

eration. Psychometrical readings, clairvoyant view of diseases, and a number of mental telegraphs carried on with my friend, Mrs. E. J. French, in New York, by way of experiment, and witnessed by a great many persons, all these require explanation. Two cases more only will I cite as especially out of the range of mind reading, &c. &c.

In New York, to this day, lives a lady well known for her truthful and honorable character; she keeps a first class hotel, and on one occasion, when for the first time I visited her house, upon a very slight and casual acquaintance, I was requested to sit as a medium. I did so; and spent quite half an hour in accurate delineations of the name, appearance, character and history of a certain absent nephew,—the whole wound up with a graphic but lamentable account of his untimely death by poison, accidentally imbibed while gratifying what his deeply-moved relative owned, and what the spirit pathetically accused himself of, an irresistible propensity to taste every bottle of unknown or known liquid within his reach. After harrowing up my own and his friends feelings, with an account of his dying agonies, in which many of his old familiar expressions were given as great tests, I departed, only to be informed a few weeks later, that the said nephew was alive, well, and on his way home from a distant country. Now admitting the mind-reading in the first part of the case, although the aunt never thought of the nephew in connection with a spiritual manifestation, its presentation therefore was most unlooked for, admitting a reflex somewhere in this part of the story, *who and what* gave birth to the monstrous invention that terminated the scene? Dear Mr. Coles, I think you are a good tempered man, at least a good hearted one,—do relieve me on this point at least, and in return I will assist your decision by producing all the witnesses (and they were many) who were present at this scene.

My second case is this: During my last visit to Boston, some kind friends intuitively recognizing my passionate love of flowers, frequently adorned the platform at the Melodeon with sweet floral gifts; and these I regularly transferred to the dear friend I was visiting, in order that she might carry them to the grave of a sweet little girl who had passed away in the spring, and after whose earthly form the poor mother's earthly eyes still yearned. One night I returned from a lecture at the Melodeon, with a lovely wreath and bouquet. The arrangement of the flowers was somewhat injured in the carriage, and when two days after the delighted mother was about to carry the prize to the little grave, she sent her maid into the garden to gather what flowers she could, to supply the place of those that had fallen,—thus I saw two large dahlias placed in the wreath, and one small one in the bouquet. The next evening I was to lecture at the Music Hall, and just as I was leaving my room, the bright spirit of the child flashed on my eyes, and requested me in the voice with which my ears are usually greeted by spirits, to give a certain message to her mother. This I declined, unless the little apparition would give me some test equally convincing to myself and her mother. "You shall have another bouquet given you to-night, Emma, and you will give it with my message to mother." "Not enough, M—" I replied; "many bouquets are brought me; it is not unlikely I may have one to-night, even without your prophecy." "Tell mother the two large flowers she put in are gone from the wreath on my grave, but the small one remains untouched in the nosegay," was the additional test I received. To my repeated inquiries who had taken the flowers, and why these two alone had been removed, I could obtain no further answer. That night I waited ere speaking of this interview, the result of the lecture—on the table lay a splendid bouquet. The reporter of the *Boston Courier*, in a critique on my lecture, more honorable to his character as a gentleman writing of a woman, than judgmental as an investigator of a philosophy claiming at least to be of Divine origin, remarked with some humor, that I "looked lovingly upon the beautiful flowers." Well I might! Ah, Monsieur Boston Courier! could you have known the bright and happy thought that those flowers called forth, you would not have grudged me the loving look. I thought of the poor mother whose heart might be strengthened in the glorious belief that her darling was not lost to her, nor yet sleeping in the cold ground, to which those flowers were instantly dedicated. I go to my lectures with an almost painful sense of the responsibility I am undertaking; no light or vain thoughts therefore can ever find a place in my mind at such moments; and yet on that occasion—no effort on my part could shut out a memory of my old calling, the stage, and the oft quoted phrase of the Danish Hamlet, "My life upon the ghost." Next day, when my friend was about to start to the cemetery with her floral gift, I rather hesitatingly communicated to her the vision, and the possible disturbance she would find amongst the flowers. To my surprise she heard me calmly, only exhibiting deep interest in the spiritual part. "As for the flowers," she said, "I took the two large ones away MYSELF, and now I know that my living child saw me do it." Words something to this effect she said; and now my o'er long detail is ended.

If I may seem puerile in placing my belief in immortality upon the casual arrangement of a bouquet, why I may be very

childish it is true; but as I know bouquets do not arrange themselves, or come and tell me when they are disarranged, I conclude I am no wiser than Newton was, when he made an insignificant apple the corner stone of the world's grandest science, nor yet much more foolish. At least, I am not afraid nor ashamed to inquire into what I don't know; and as I do not know what has worked all the insignificant absurdities which I have been narrating, and hosts of others which I am ready to narrate, when I can be as sure of producing my witnesses as I am in all the above cases, I do inquire in the candid spirit of a truth-seeker, who can afford me any solution of a mystery quite as profound, if not quite so large, as the earth's machinery before gravitation was discovered.

If any investigating committee should ask whether I would be willing to sit now upon trial, as to whether I could obtain a repetition of any of the above tests, I would reply that if I were a trickster with machinery *always ready for use*, I would do so undoubtedly; but as I do not know the conditions of spirit mediumship, and do know that they are very uncertain or at least not yet defined to the knowledge, and therefore not within the control of the medium, and above all that anxiety on my part, or determined antagonism on theirs, would, I know by experience, prove injurious, I should be compelled to say I am just in the condition of the man who once perceiving the atmosphere cloudy, and thunder and lightning following, was reproached by his neighbors who had neither seen nor heard the same, when he made his report, because thunder and lightning did not always follow cloudy weather.

The Foxes, Redman, and others had manifested spiritual thunder and lightning when they sat for manifestations; they knew the atmosphere and the magnetism of others' minds and bodies, which make up that atmosphere, had something to do with the result,—how much, they, ignorant of the spiritual electrical law, could not say. Had they not presented themselves in perfect good faith to the Harvard Professors, surely some of the tricks, schemes, and machinery, which had imposed upon some one or two millions of their fellow creatures, might have been resorted to; some attempt to show artificial thunder and lightning would at least have been attempted. They would not have been such sorry knaves as to have come totally unprovided; but they, dependant on the *real* thunder and lightning, yet ignorant of the law of its absence or presence, came to testify in the very silence and mystery of their failure, like my own involuntary deception in acting as a spirit, the living nephew, that a power stronger than medium or investigator was dealing alike with the wise and the foolish.

One word more, and with it my final apologies for this long detail. The world's wisdom is usually deemed manifest in some special motive for action. I have said nothing of my public lectures, principally because I do not know how to define the condition in which they are given. I have never avowed myself a trance speaker, because I am not unconscious; and yet when questioned upon what definition should be given to my speaking, I have found I should be *absolutely dishonest* if I did not declare my efforts are entirely unprepared, and entirely dependant on the assistance at least of a strong magnetic power, which seems to fill up a condition of mind apparently quite blank until the subject is given me, either by the audience, or a voice which is ever present with me, cheering me on long and weary journeys, advising me in my engagements, giving me what I almost every day, by test facts know to be warning of danger and forthcoming events, often bringing me news of absent friends, and never failing to rebuke me when I deserve it,—manifestations of the latter nature being amongst the most frequent of my "Demon's" performances. Whatever this is, I have tested it, and so have others, beyond all question, and let it come from whence it may, I own with grateful and humble thanks to God for its manifestation, that it has made me a better and a happier woman than I have ever been before.

If money or public applause were my object, I have two professions, the stage and music, in which I am fully accomplished, either of which would treble my present earnings; besides exchanging celebrity for notoriety, and ease for fatigue. As neither of these, however, nor any other that I know of has, or could bring me that peace of mind which the world cannot take away, the FULL cup of which has been presented to me in Spiritualism, I must await personal conviction, before I recant that as error which I have received as truth upon personal experience.

I am, dear sir, yours very truly, a soul waiting to be saved,  
EMMA HARDINGE.

CAUSES OF DEGENERACY.—Dr. Dixon, in the *Scalpel for January*, says that, "The four great evils of incompatibility of the temperaments in the marriage relation, the lowering of the organic force of offspring by the use of tobacco, the horrible results of the American school system of precocious education, and syphilis, are destroying the manhood of this nation."

Habits are to the soul what veins and arteries are to the blood, the course in which it moves.

The Spiritual Age.

Progress is the Common Law of the Universe.

A. E. NEWTON, S. B. BRITAN, L. B. MONROE, EDITORS.

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SAURDAY, JANUARY 29, 1859.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF TRANCE.

In order to properly appreciate the abuses and dangers of the trance, it is first necessary to have some correct ideas of its philosophy—of how it is produced, and what it indicates.

Man, we conceive, is a natural, spiritual and celestial being—existing, whether conscious of it or not, upon or in these three planes of existence.

Most people, during the earth-life, attain to consciousness only upon the natural plane. Some, and in proportion as they are spiritually unfolded, have greater or less degrees of spiritual consciousness.

Trance (from the Latin *transitus*, a passing over) is merely the passing from activity on the ordinary external or natural plane of existence, to activity on an internal plane.

The process of the trance or transition, if we understand it, is this: The current of the life-forces ceases, either partially or wholly, to circulate through the external nerves of sense; hence these become more or less paralyzed, sometimes totally insensible.

The particular department which will be brought into activity seems to be determined, first and mostly, by constitutional adaptation; and secondly, to some extent, by the will and the constitutional qualities of the operator; and again by the desire of the subject.

The common state of meditation, or mental abstraction—is in some persons merging into what is termed absence of mind—in legitimately akin to trance—in fact one of its stages.

This change in the flow or direction of the life-forces may be produced by different means. 1st, Fatigue and exhaustion render both body and mind negative, and that kind of trance called natural sleep ensues.

White, then, it is on the one hand impossible to disprove spirit-agency in the trance, yet on the other such agency is not to be taken for granted, without positive proof.

Those are the best instructors whose lives speak for them.

into the mind and be spoken from the lips. The same is more or less true of every person in the normal condition—the trance-subject being only more interiorly receptive, and more impulsive to the action of surrounding minds than when in the normal state.

These observations do not cover the whole ground, yet are sufficient to furnish a basis for the remarks we have to offer on the abuses and dangers of the trance.

THE GOOD WORK BEGUN.

We are happy to learn that Spiritualists in various localities have taken hold in earnest of the work of organizing Sunday Schools and other methods of benevolent action.

We are sorry to say that Boston Spiritualists are yet in the background in the matter of Sunday Schools, though they have done much that is praiseworthy in other directions.

Probably, through the agency of the various and well organized benevolent institutions of Boston, physical suffering among its poor is better provided against than in any other city in the Union.

CLAIRVOYANCE.—CONTRADICTIONS.

The following letter of inquiry was received by us some time since, but was unintentionally overlooked:

On pages 105-6 of the first volume of the Harmonia, Mr. Davis—after informing the reader that he has entered the Superior Condition, and relating much he saw—says:

“I soon saw innumerable beds of zinc, copper, silver, limestone and gold. . . . I now looked abroad upon the fields of dry land, and saw the various species of animals which tread the earth.

Again, on pages 118-19, third volume of Harmonia, Mr. Davis—being in the “high magnetic condition”—says:

We do not hold ourselves at all accountable for what Mr. Davis has written, or may write; nevertheless it seems to us that the difficulty of our correspondent may be easily solved.

It should be remembered that every atom of the external world, whether of stone, earth or metal, or whether incorporated into a vegetable or animal organism, has its aroma, or spirit-substance, which may be seen by the corresponding internal faculty of sight.

Those are the best instructors whose lives speak for them.

ABUSES AND DANGERS OF THE TRANCE.

It is a decided and deplorable abuse of the trance-condition to attach any value or importance to moral, philosophical, or religious teachings, uttered in it, above the intrinsic worth of such utterances; or above what would be accorded to the same ideas were they spoken in the normal condition.

Growing out of this abuse, are those of excessive flattery and medium-worship. These must be disgusting to every true man and woman among this class; yet unfortunately all have not been able to withstand their power.

Another abuse is that of entirely abdicating one's own selfhood,—surrendering one's opinions, personal judgment and sense of responsibility entirely into the keeping of spirits.

This last is not only an abuse, but a danger. It was the evil into which Mr. Randolph fell, (according to his own account copied into our columns some time since) and one cause of his terrible sufferings and his so-called “recantation” of Spiritualism.

Another danger arises from the fact that the trance state is one of great receptivity to surrounding influences. It is much more dangerous to sleep in a foul, miasmatic atmosphere than to be actively awake in the same.

This shows why trance-mediums often feel uncomfortable, nervous and feverish after being entranced in the presence of others. They have taken upon themselves the emanations, often diseased and impure, of those around.

These are more hints on a subject of vast importance, and which every Spiritualist should understand.

Result of Nine Years' Incubation.

B. F. Hatch has chosen the columns of the immaculate New York Herald as the channel for his virtuous “exposures,” the result of nine years' experience.

The Doctor expects to bring down upon himself “a torrent of vituperation and slander.” He need not be alarmed.

CONVENTION IN VERMONT.—Reformers, Spiritualists and Friends are invited to meet at Bridgewater, Vt., Jan. 29th and 30th, “for the purpose of consulting together for the furtherance of truth and human happiness, and the suppression of error and human misery.”

REVIVAL IN OHIO.—A correspondent of the Advent Review, writing from Ohio, says, with some alarm:—“I learn that Spiritualism is breaking out anew in this State.

CONNECTION.—In printing a letter from Dr. Wheelock, in No. 52 of our last volume, both the name of our correspondent and his post-office address were wrongly given.

TOTAL DEPRIVITY TOTALLY REPUDIATED.

Henry Ward Beecher, being taken to task by some of the “religious” press for speaking disrespectfully of Total Depravity, uses the following language in the Independent:

“But although we did not employ the phrase Total Depravity in any improper sense at the time mentioned, we do not hesitate to say now, that we regard it as one of the most unfortunate and misleading terms that ever afflicted theology.

“It answers no purpose of definition or of description. It does not convey the sense in which the great majority of churches hold the doctrine of man's sinfulness. Instead of explaining anything, it needs explanation itself.

“This word is an interloper. It is not to be found in the Scriptures. We do not believe that it is even to be found in the Catechism and Confessions of Faith of Protestant or Catholic Christendom.

“We do not feel called upon to give the mischievous phrase any respect. We do not believe in it, nor in the thing which it obviously signifies. It is an unscriptural, monstrous, and unredemptive lie.”

“We heartily hate the phrase Total Depravity, and never feel inclined to use it except when reading the ethics of the New York Observer, or the religious editorials of the Puritan Recorder.”

On the other hand, Mr. Beecher professes his belief in the “deep sinfulness of universal man,” and the “exceeding sinfulness of sin” in terms which ought to satisfy any but the most virulent theologian—though perhaps none too strong.

“But our belief of this sad truth is purely practical. We have no sympathy with those theologians who use time as a grand alloy and roll their speculations six thousand years, knocking down and setting up the race, in the various chances of this gigantic theologian game,— what is the origin and nature of sin? Poor Adam! To have lost Paradise was enough. But to be a shadow endlessly pursued through all time by furious and fighting theologies—this is a punishment never threatened. Or was the flaming sword of the angel a mere type and symbol of theological zeal, standing between men and Paradise forevermore? We take men as we find them. We do not go back to Adam or the fall to find materials for theories and philosophies.

Verily, Bro. Beecher, you are not far from the Kingdom of Spiritual Truth!

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

SCRIPTURE ILLUSTRATED by moral and religious stories for Little Children. By Mrs. L. M. Willis. New York: Published by Joel Tiffany, Fourth Avenue, for the use of Sabbath Schools.

This little book of 64 pages forms the first volume of a Children's Library, and seems to be the initial of an effort to supply a want which is beginning to be extensively felt among Spiritualists—namely, that of suitable books for the use of children in Sunday schools.

FIRST BOOK OF THE CHRISTIAN RELIGION. By T. L. HARRIS. New York: New Church Publishing Association, No. 347 Broome St.

This is a small work of 175 pages, and seems to be intended specially for the use of Sunday Schools. Its contents are arranged in the form of questions and answers, under the following heads: The Faith of the New Church; The Lesser Catechism; The Apostle's Creed Unfolded; to which are appended an Order of Service and Hymns for Sunday Schools.

HESPER, THE HOME SPIRIT. A simple story of Household Labor and Love. By Elizabeth Doten. Boston, Abel Tompkins, and Brown, Taggard & Chase.

In her admirable preface, Miss Doten informs us that this little work was written for the purpose of giving true merit its due—of celebrating “the patient, persevering heroism of those in humble life who struggle hard and suffer long.”

PRESENTATION.—During the recent visit of Mr. F. L. Wadsworth to Delphi, Ind., he was presented with a valuable watch, gold pen and holder, by the Spiritualists of that place, as a token of their appreciation of his gifts as a lecturer and his worth as a man.

What Shall be Taught?

As the institution of Sunday schools is being agitated among Spiritualists, the question arises, What shall be taught in them? A friend who has had much experience in sectarian schools, suggests that Physiology and the Laws of Health be a prominent branch of instruction; urging as one reason in its favor, that this branch is so generally neglected and ignored in ordinary schools, both Sunday and common.

This suggestion is perhaps the more worthy of attention from the fact that some indications appear of an effort to exclude Physiology from the limited attention it already receives in our public schools.

WAITING TO SEE WHAT WILL COME OF IT.—A correspondent, remarking on the hesitating policy of some persons in regard to avowing their convictions of the truth of Spiritualism, gives the following anecdote:

“A physician, who had formerly expressed a disrespect for the ‘foolish delusion’ remarked (rather against his former position) to me the other day that his first wife (who passed away some twenty years ago) came to him one night in all the glory and beauty of her spirit-surroundings, and conversed sweetly with him, and left a happy impression on his mind which lasted for weeks.”

This, said I, was a dream. “No, it was real. I was awake. But,” said he, “I tell it as a dream.”

Why not tell it as it is, for real? asked I. “Oh,” said he, “I am waiting to see what will come of it.” So a good many minds are waiting to see what will come of it.”

Correspondence.

Spiritualism in Utica.—Practical Labors.

MEANS, EDITORS.—From the fact of hearing so seldom from the friends of the “goodly cause” in our quiet city, you and the readers of this (to us) very valuable journal may be led to infer that the Spiritualists of Utica are either dead or censurably inactive, and that the cause of Spiritualism—which is but another term for the cause of Humanity—is waning in our midst or being allowed to suffer because of our supineness.

You could not fall into a greater error nor go farther astray of the truth than in arriving at either of the above conclusions. My good pleasure it is to be able to confidently assure you that we still live,—that we are “up and doing,” and that the humanitarian cause of Spiritualism—God's best cause—has never been more prosperously progressing among us than at the present time.

The most clearing and encouraging feature, however, of our present progressive condition as a society, is the awakening of a consciousness among us, that, in order to more certainly effect the great good contemplated by our efforts we must make our actions conform to our precepts so far as possible in each and every particular,—that our duty is not merely to talk, and thus disseminate truth, but to act, and by our actions show to those who listen to our teachings that those teachings are capable of practical illustration,—that it is necessary not only to plead the cause of humanity, but that it is quite as essential to act humanely and by our actions to elevate and improve humanity—the final glorious aim, as we conceive it, of “Modern Spiritualism.”

In our issue of the 18th ult. you gave many timely and practical suggestions as to the true offices to be performed by professed Spiritualists. I would that every Spiritualist in our land could read the article headed with the significant words, “Let us go forward,” and that the plain, practical, yet impressive and eloquent truths therein embodied would make as deep and salutary an impress upon the minds and hearts of all societies of Spiritualists—banded together for the accomplishment of good works—as they did upon our own.

Three weeks since we conceived the idea of establishing a Sabbath School, for the purpose of administering not only to the spiritual, but also to the physical needs of destitute and neglected children. The idea, put in the form of a suggestion, was favorably received; and to carry the suggestion into practical effect, we next set ourselves at work. The most neglected—not least deserving, however,—and too much shunned precincts of our city were visited; the worthy and destitute were sought out, and at our first Sabbath meeting we had a no mean array of interesting yet sadly uncultured and criminally neglected innocent children.

In our investigations we found numberless cases of the most dire destitution and suffering. Whole families were found without either fuel, food or clothing, and that in the face of the declaration of the agent of our city benevolent society, that the poor of our city were all well provided for. Persons were found with their limbs frozen because of the want of fuel and clothing—many on the point of actual starvation, without food to relieve them,—and several widowed women with children to support; but who, being sick, were unable to help themselves or others; all without sufficient clothing to cover their nakedness, shivering with cold, and utterly destitute of means to warm them or to prevent starvation. We found our field a large one, and our duties many and arduous; but resolutely and diligently we applied ourselves to the work before us.

Our Sabbath School is increasing rapidly in numbers, and we continue to find daily (as our work is continued through every day in the week), some new cases of want, which we at once administer to. Our enterprise is as yet in its infancy—our labors just begun—yet we feel



Interesting Miscellany.

THE WIVENHOE WIDOW.

The incident I here relate occurred at Wivenhoe, near Colchester, in the cottage of a poor widow, who added to a very small annuity by letting two rooms, whilst her sons earned their subsistence by fishing.

On opening the door she found no one there, nor could she obtain any answer to her calls though often repeated, and thinking she had been dreaming she re-entered her room to return to bed.

Nothing could be otherwise than conjecture, and taking the afflicted woman to his wife, Captain B— set out to obtain tidings of the young men, but it was late in the day ere their suspense was ended, and then the widow's presentiment was confirmed.

Thus ends the tale of the Wivenhoe widow. I have seen her many times, but I never heard her mention the subject, for she never quite recovered her senses.

ENDLESS PUNISHMENT.

The Boston Recorder is publishing a series of articles to show that the belief in endless punishment is dying out of the orthodox churches, and laments with anxiety the fact.

"How dismal will it be when you are under these racking torments, to know assuredly that you never, never shall be delivered from them; to have no hope.

Mr. Webster married the woman he loved, and the twenty years he lived with her brought him to the meridian of his greatness. An anecdote is current on this subject, which is not recorded in the books.

CHINAMAN'S OATH.—Great trouble has been experienced in California to make Chinamen understand the solemnity of an oath. They will take it readily, but they are not afraid of breaking it—at least when prescribed in the ordinary way.

Idleness is the hot-bed of temptation, the oradle of disease, the master of time, the canker-worm of felicity. To him that has no employment, life in a little while will have no novelty.

The fate of the poor shepherd who, blinded and lost in the snow storm, perishes in a drift within a few feet of his cottage door, is an emblem of the state of man.

BOOTH, THE TRAGEDIAN.

In the early and palmy days of his theatrical career, Booth, and several friends had been invited to dine with an old gentleman in Baltimore, of distinguished urbanity, kindness and piety.

Both expressed his willingness, and all eyes were turned expectantly upon him. Booth rose slowly and reverently from his chair. It was wonderful to watch the emotions that convulsed his countenance.

"You are right," replied Booth. "To read that prayer as it should be read, has caused me the severest study and labor for thirty years, and I am yet far from being satisfied with my rendering of that wonderful production.

A poor man, some of whose family were sick, lived near Deacon Murray, referred to in the tract, "Worth of a Dollar," and occasionally called at his house for a supply of milk.

After family worship, the deacon invited him to go out to the barn with him. When they got into the yard, the deacon pointing to one of the cows, exclaimed, "There take that cow, and drive her home."

He did so; and when he came back into the yard again, the deacon said, "There, now take your pick out of the cows, I ain't a-going to lend to the Lord the poorest cow I've got."

Heart Hunger.

The heart hath hunger, as the body hath. Where one person dies of physical want, a dozen perish from starvation of the affections. Man cannot live by bread alone; but the soul must likewise be fed.

This hunger for love is a divine appetite, and it is folly to attempt to starve it out. Oh, ye yearning, starved, unhappy souls! do not think you are doing God service by crucifying the holy sympathies.

Mr. Webster married the woman he loved, and the twenty years he lived with her brought him to the meridian of his greatness. An anecdote is current on this subject, which is not recorded in the books.

CHINAMAN'S OATH.—Great trouble has been experienced in California to make Chinamen understand the solemnity of an oath. They will take it readily, but they are not afraid of breaking it—at least when prescribed in the ordinary way.

Thought makes anything fit for use. The vocabulary of an omniscient man would embrace words and images excluded from polite conversation.

Poetry and Sentiment.

SLEEP AND DEATH.

Oh gentle sleep! 'tis sweet to rest In thy soft lap at eventide; But when at morn the birds are singing, And flowers in sun and breeze are swinging, I would not call thee to my side.

And Death I'll rest me in thy arms When weary age shall call for thee, But now life's music hails me, and Its flowers ring o'er me perfumed bells— Not yet reach out thy hand to me.

And yet if I must sleep ere noon, Must take thy icy hand, Oh Death! Sleep bring to me a pleasant dreaming And death put off thy mournful seeming And I will meekly yield my breath!

GOING HOME. Sometimes feel as if I had not long to stay in this world." Sister. The spirits are wooing thee, sister Dear, Away from thy home on earth, And angels are weaving rich garlands there For brows of immortal birth!

When prejudice and strong aversions work, All whose opinions we dislike are atheists. Now 'tis a term of art, a bugbear word, The villain's engine, and the vulgar's terror. The man who thinks and judges for himself, Unswayed by aged follies, reverend errors, Grows holy by traditional dulness Of school authority—he is an atheist.

Learning is like mercury, one of the most powerful and excellent things in the world in skillful hands; in unskillful, the most mischievous.—Pope.

Are ye forever to your skies departed? Oh! will ye visit this dim world no more? Ye whose bright wings a solemn splendor darted Through Eden's fresh and flowery shades of yore!

It is another's fault if he be ungrateful, but it is mine if I do not give. To find one thankful man, I will oblige a great many that are not so.—Seneca.

In this wild world the fondest and the best, Are the most tried, most troubled and distressed.

Conscience is a great ledger book in which all our offences are written and registered, and which time reveals to the sense and feeling of the offender.—Burton.

Who has not known ill fortune, never knew Himself, or his own virtue.

It is safer to affront some people than to oblige them; for the better a man deserves, the worse they will speak of him; as if the professing of open hatred to their benefactors were an argument that they lie under no obligation.—Seneca.

If a soul thou would'st redeem, And lead a lost one back to God;— Wouldst thou a guardian-angel seem To one who long in guilt hath trod,— Go kindly to him—take his hand With gentlest words within own, And by his side a brother stand, Till all the demons thou dethrone.

There is no use of money equal to that of beneficence; here the enjoyments grow on reflection, as our money is most truly ours, when it ceases to be in our possession.—Mackenzie.

Nature does Never wrong; 'tis society that sins.

Since everything in nature answers the moral power, if any phenomenon remains waste and dark, it is because the corresponding faculty in the observer is not yet active.

THE SPIRITUAL AGE; FOR 1859!

A new volume of THE SPIRITUAL AGE commences on the first of January, 1859. NOW IS THE TIME TO SUBSCRIBE! No pains will be spared to make the AGE in all respects a most valuable family paper.

S. C. Munson's Advertisements.

MRS. METTLER'S MEDICINES. All these remedies are compounded according to Mrs. Mettler's directions, given while in a state of Clairvoyance, and are purely vegetable, and perfectly safe under all circumstances.

SPRITUAL BOOKS AND PERIODICALS. CENTRAL DEPOT, NO. 6 GREAT JONES STREET, NEW YORK. Office of the Spiritual Age.

THE FOLLOWING ARE NOW READY. Address delivered before the late Convention in favor of extending to Woman the Elective Franchise. By Geo. W. Curtis. Price 10 cents, or to the trade at \$7 per hundred.

THE PROCEEDINGS OF THE RULLAND CONVENTION. Photographically reported by Mr. J. M. W. Yerrinton, is just published. This is a very full report, in the reading of which the public will be able to gather how much of falsehood an misrepresentation has been promulgated and sent broadcast through out the land by the secular press.

CIRCLES AT MUNSON'S ROOMS, DAY AND EVENING. The subscriber has engaged the services of the celebrated Test Medium, Mr. C. H. Poston, of Salem, Mass.

MEDICAL CARDS. MRS. R. S. GREENLAW. A Successful Independent Clairvoyant, from Maine, has taken rooms at No. 5 Hayward Place.

AN ASYLUM FOR THE AFFLICTED. HEALING BY LAYING ON OF HANDS. CHARLES MAIN, Healing Medium, has opened an Asylum for the Afflicted at No. 7 Davis Street, Boston.

I. G. ATWOOD, MENTAL AND MAGNETIC PHYSICIAN, (LATE OF LOCKPORT, N. Y.) Has taken rooms in the Saratoga Water-Cure, where patients desiring treatment by a well-developed Healing Medium of long experience, may expect to receive the kindest attention and best treatment from him.

A. C. STILES, M. D., INDEPENDENT CLAIRVOYANT, OFFICE, NO. 106 MAIN ST., BRIDGEPORT, CT.

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THE SICK ARE HEALED WITHOUT MEDICINE. JAMES W. GREENWOOD, Healing and Developing Medium, Rooms No. 15 Tremont street, opposite the Museum.

MRS. C. L. NEWTON, HEALING MEDIUM, Has fully tested her powers, and will sit for the cure of diseases of a chronic nature, by the laying on of hands.

N. C. LEWIS, CLAIRVOYANT PHYSICIAN, Has taken the mansion No. 41 Tremont street, where he will examine and prescribe for the afflicted, under the direction of an Indian Spirit of the often time.

DR. JOHN SCOTT, MAGNETIC PHYSICIAN, NO. 16 BOND STREET, NEW YORK.

B. Marsh's Catalogue.

BELA MARSH, No. 14 Bromfield Street, Boston.

Keeps constantly on hand, for sale at the Publishers' prices, the Books named in the following list of Spiritual works, together with many others suitable for the time.

WARREN CHASE'S NEW BOOK: "The Life Lines of the Lone One" or Autobiography of the World's Child. Price \$1.00.

THE RELIGION OF MANHOOD. By J. H. Robinson; with introduction by A. E. Newton. Price in cloth, 75c; in paper 60c.

ANSWER TO CHARGES OF BELIEF IN MODERN REVELATIONS, &c.; given before the Edwards Congregational Church, Boston. By A. E. Newton. 10 cents.

Miscellaneous.

NEW DEVELOPMENTS. By the aid of a new perceptive power, I continue to give from the handwriting descriptions of persons.

THE PREMATURE DECAY OF YOUTH JUST PUBLISHED BY DR. STONE, Physician to the Troy Lung and Hygiene Institute, a Treatise on the Early Decay of American Youth; and the Causes of Self-Abuse and its direful consequences; Seminal Weakness, and other Diseases of the Sexual Organs in both Male and Female.

THE HARMONIAL MAGNETS; For the cure of disease of the Throat, Lung, and visceral organs, upon new and scientific principles; by HENRIETTA T. PACKEN, M. D., Harmonial Physician of 28 years' practice.

SPIRITUAL, CLAIRVOYANT, AND MESMERIC PRESCRIPTIONS, CAREFULLY prepared by STAVIUS KING, Boston Apothecary, 634 Wash. Street, Boston, No. 15 State Street, Boston.

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