

DEVOTED TO RATIONAL SPIRITUALISM AND PRACTICAL REFORM.

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Spiritual Philosophy.

For the Spiritual Age.

THE CHURCH AND NATURAL PHILOSOPHY.

No. 6.

We wanted a subject for our No. 6; when, lo and behold! the January number of the *Westminster Review* came pat to our need. It has three salient articles which present Science and the Church looking into each other's faces—"Spirit-Rapping," "Shelley," and "The Religious Weakness of Protestantism."

That on the "spirits" is exceedingly non-luminous. The writer is deeply in the darker spheres; and speaking as if in light, how great is his darkness, even to the resemblance of blind old Cyclops in his cave. His stand-point is in the darker ages of the new birth, where he gathers the debris of chaos and old night, and supposes this the all of the new creation. He has found no sun in the spiritual heavens, and being blind himself from disdaining to seek the fullness of light, he would yet measure the new unfolding by the "recognized and accepted laws of Nature, which experience and science have revealed." This writer, and all in his category, have yet to learn that there are spiritual "laws of Nature which experience and science have revealed," which do not contravene the natural, though they lie a little above his own plane of vision. Nor is it meet for him to deny what others have found, who were once upon the same dark plane with himself.

We must however do the *Westminster* the justice of saying, that it is now, as in the past it has ever been, the most liberal of the Quarterlies; and this very number measures Jewish and Christian Spiritualism by the same rule it measures us—especially in the article showing the religious weakness of the church. This is fair and square. We ask no favors; but we do like to enter the lists with men enough scientific to see that if the new unfolding cannot maintain its position, neither can the old, however much ignorance and stupidity may call it the Word of God; for parallel phenomena must be in the same series of causation. How imbecile then appears the *Boston Courier*, or a Harvard Professor, who appeals to science, and yet refuses its light when it would measure a Jewish superstition.

Says the *Westminster* reviewer: "It need not surprise us that the American mind should show extensive symptoms of a desire to break loose from the dominion of Jewish speculations, and to settle on its own authority the conditions of its own religious belief." The unfettered Dr. Mayo, of Albany, has noted this projection of the more advanced American mind, and hails with pleasure the Spiritualistic Advent as the inauguration of the American religion in place of the old theologies, born, and holding their life only from the darkest of ages. True, we do wish to rid ourselves of Jewish and church slime, and if in being born and swaddled, we cut some childish capers, we expect the reviewer to laugh at us; and we laugh too in the sport. Our own laugh "rings out" to farthest sphere, and we learn that the saints in heaven are much better pleased with a good harmonizing laugh than with a "Hark from the tombs a doleful sound," sung through the nose.

But our reviewer says, "Assuredly, if to be originated under mean or ridiculous circumstances be the fundamental requisite of a revelation, Swedenborgianism as well as Spiritualism is stamped with the true mint-mark." Very well. So too you have Jewish Spiritualism from the slavedom of Egypt, and Christian Spiritualism from the carpenter's son in the manger. But all this, so abhorrent to the intellectual pride of science, or to the fashion of dead churches, is, to the humble and contrite spirit, the most commendable feature of all. In the face of science, and a flaunting ceremonial church, we devoutly embrace this phase of the new unfolding as its crowning beauty. It makes the last first, and the first last. It comes to the meek and lowly of heart, and confounds the wise and the prudent. It comes to the weary and heavy-laden, and binds up the broken-hearted. It takes the base things of this world, and things that are vile, and shows that there is more joy in heaven in their salvation, than of the whited pharisees who will have their reward—not in what they show, but in what they think and live. However much these things may be hidden from scientific pride, they are yet revealed unto babes; and having dwelt long in the cold comfort of intellectual icebergs, we are happy to find the kingdom of heaven as a little child.

Our reviewer admits the general "conviction that the miracles of the Bible rest on no stronger foundation than those of Spiritualism." We say that we have a thousand fold, yes, a million fold more evidence to sustain the new, than can be adduced for the old; and whoever seeks in proper spirit finds; and when he asks for bread, he is not given a stone. The writer thinks there is nothing "more absurd in Spiritualism than is in the doctrine of all, and the delight of many of our divines," and that "Christianity is now to be opposed with weapons as celestially tempered as its own, and with pretensions as large, and in many respects the same, while many of its old official defenders acknowledge the supernaturalism of its new opponents."

We now pass to the article on Shelley, and are glad to learn that the warfare against this beautiful spirit has died out, "and can only be seen in its original bitterness in a few religious publications, where vituperation so easily supplies the place of argument." Shelley, with "his fervid eloquence, poetry and zeal," is then contrasted with the "English church, with its automata clergy, now in white, now in black, grinding old church tunes to weary ears, with no response in the hearts of the hearers—the farce being all the more bitter, because the figure with monotonous drawling voice leads a life quite contrary to the words upon his lips. One of them comes into the church for the family living, and makes God's house a place for money-changers and traders in simony; the other, because he has not capacity enough for any other *profession*. And these are the men that are to lead us in days when science and knowledge are fast advancing in every direction!"

Certainly, then, we were right in adding the "biblical dunces" of England to those of the United States. Of the English church the reviewer again says, "We have for years been lying under a tree which is long past bearing,—waiting, alas! for fruits, and not finding even a green branch or a shady place. We must sorrowfully say with Jean Paul—'The soul which by nature looks heavenward, is without a temple in this age.' So the old religious roads of thought are being torn up—the old *via sacra* being leveled. As it has been said a thousand times, no one need fear that religion will ever die. The deep spiritual nature of man can never die, and it is no sign of the decay of religion, but quite the reverse, when men refuse to be fed on the dry husks and chaff of doctrines. Yes, we will hope that a new and a brighter reformation is dawning, and that we shall have a church wherein Science shall not fear to unfold her New Testament,—wherein poets, and philosophers, and painters, and sculptors may be its priests, each preaching from his own pulpit,—when every day shall be equally holy,—when every cottage shall be a temple, and all the earth consecrated ground—consecrated with the prayers of love and labor."

Now, my dear sir, we have found that consecrated ground in the Spiritualistic Advent; and if, with upright heart and pure, you shall approach it, and condescend to low estate, that you may be exalted, we can assure you that the heavens will open to you, even as they have to us. We too had descended into hell, had toiled through all its lower deep of outer darkness, finding no life in the Dead-Sea fruit of the churches, with their shrouds of Acheron in a ten-fold night; yet, out of all this, we have been redeemed in the modern day-spring which you so much despise. If scientific pride and a dead church make darker and darker the way to heaven, is it too much to ask that you have a little humility and retrace your steps to our day of small things, where, perhaps, you may find bread from heaven that you know not of, given you from loving angel hands, once clothed in flesh but no less substantial now, and amenable to law and conditions, though difficult to show to the "recognized science" which refuses to examine? In the loving spirit of truth, test as much as you may, you cannot escape conviction that the great gulf is bridged—that the loved, the lost are found, and claim us as their kindred—are guardians of our earth-life, and wait to join their immortality to ours.

We now come to "The Religious Weakness of Protestantism." The writer says: "For every stupid and mischievous error, a hard fight has been maintained by theologians, in proportion to their 'orthodoxy.' If the hierarchy or Presbyterians of England and Scotland could have had their will, mental freedom would have been crippled in Great Britain as effectually as in France, or even in Spain. In every step of progress towards freedom, it is lamentable to say that English 'orthodoxy' has always been found on the side of resistance. It is to our laity, and to that part especially which has little ostensible religious character, that every successive victory over bigoted intolerance is due. Hence it is to the negative, and not to the positive side of Protestantism, that we must ascribe our mental energy and intelligence."

And then on the fact that physical science is undermining the creeds, the writer continues: "Let us pass from this principle to the two great miracles which lie at the foundation of orthodox Christianity; we mean, of course, the miraculous conception and the resurrection of Jesus; and let us calmly consider how they would be treated if they were now for the first time heard of, and brought to the test of ordinary scientific evidence. While Protestantism bids us believe upon proof, English decorum forbids us publicly to canvass the proof. Briefly, then, we will say, that the whole evidence alleged in the Gospel of Matthew is a *dream;* certainly not very satisfactory ground to a man of sense."

"For centuries together Spain was eminent in the Romish world for its devotion to the Virgin, and ascribed to her the same prerogative as to her Son, namely—that *she also* was born of a Virgin Mother, St. Ann. Within the last few years we have seen this doctrine authoritatively raised into a dogma of the Church by the Pope. It is no longer peculiar to Spain, but is enforced upon Ireland, and must be accepted by her doctors of divinity. And what have we heard Protestants meanwhile cry out? That the 'dogma is very disgusting.' They say also with truth, that it has no basis of proof; for of St. Ann 'nobody knows anything.' But why does not the Protestant say equally of his own perfectly similar dogma, that it is disgusting? and what more does he know of Joseph and of Mary than of Ann? Or, rather, it may be said, accepting the Gospel history, we know that Mary was married to a husband, while we do not know so much as this of St. Ann; which, in the comparison of the two, is rather in favor of the Romanist miracle."

We then have remarks upon church honors to St. Ann as "Grandmother of God." The second Council of Nice is cited as quoting the epistle of James, and styling him God's brother, &c. The writer then passes to "the second great miracle, the Resurrection," to which we refer the reader. Of course, if death was complete on the Cross, Science can admit of no resurrection of the natural body. The substrata of creeds thus destroyed, the modern opening of the heavens furnishes the only way by which light can be carried into darkness; for spiritual science, no more than material science, allows that resource of weak minds on which to rest their darling errors termed *miracles*, or reversal of universal laws, that devotions may be rendered to blindness and stupidities. If Jesus died on the Cross, as we suppose he did, his resurrection was spiritual and not material. There is no alternative. Spiritual as well as natural science clenches this point, as any miracle is out of the question, and belongs only to such imbeciles as can receive the "Mother and Grandmother of God." The most materialistic phase of the resurrection of Jesus is easily admitted within the knowledge of Spiritualism. Take those knotty points that have graveled all Christendom, of Jesus showing himself as a substantial being, and not a mere fog, without form and void, as his disciples deemed a spirit must be, with as little understanding as the disciples have had in all the ages from that day to this. Spirits so manifest to seeing mediums as to be the exact counterpart of the natural body, and can be seen as appearing to eat an apple or a "broiled fish and honey," as in the case of Jesus. He could have exhibited himself to those whose spirit-sight was opened, in every particular as is related, without our assuming that the relation is literally exact. His other appearings and vanishings, even in rooms with closed doors, prove clearly enough that his resurrection was spiritual, and not material. Even the first steps in the way of Spiritualism, whether called Mesmerism, Biology, Psychology, or what you please, would far better solve the resurrection-miracle than the insufferable nonsense of Christendom.

Even Dr. Sears in his last work, "Foregleams of Immortality," is hopelessly swamped in the ancient grave he struggled so hard to escape. We really had more hopes of the author of "Regeneration," a work so spiritualistically beautiful; and his last work did, in its first pages, seem promising of increasing vision; but alas! before the brighter vista is reached, clouds enclose him, and he grounds on the letter while leading us to suppose that he could make a clean flight with the spirit. We finish his book with feelings akin to those we had some thirty years ago, on reading Mary Shelley's "Prometheus Unbound." Mr. Sears makes the resurrection of Jesus material, and then has his body spirited away by some unknown process during the forty days after birth. He has given us a monstrosity, a compound of skeleton and goblin, which is neither "fish, flesh nor fowl, nor good red herring."

That Dr. Sears should learn from Spiritualists, Swedenborg and St. Paul, how to rear the spiritual body—that he should have so well cut the umbilical cord which still holds the dead churches to the natural body, and then stultify himself by making Jesus rise in the natural one—and then, to get rid of his bones, flesh and blood in time for the ascension within forty days, is one of those mysteries of godliness utterly revolting to common sense. We suppose this new development from the tomb is one of those "high mysteries of faith" of which Bacon speaks, adding that "the heretics moved curious questions, and made *strange anatomies* of the nature and person of Christ; so that in those days it was an ingenious and subtle thing to be a Christian."

We recur to the *Westminster*. It says, "Thus those two cardinal events [the immaculate conception and the resurrection] which Protestantism undertakes to *prove*, and recognizes as its basis, when their alleged scriptural evidence is examined, fail of satisfying the demands of ordinary scientific reasoning; after which, we need not wonder that Protestantism cannot win intelligent converts. It gives no evidence which can bear the tests of ordinary historical and scientific inquiry." The writer quotes Edward Irving's apothegm that "Intellectual evidence is the egg of Infidelity," and then institutes comparisons to show that what "may be practically good may be scientifically weak, and that the old theologies are dying out for the want of a scientific basis."

What have Prof. Felton and the *Boston Courier* to reply to this, when they assail the new unfolding as wanting a scientific basis? They, not having properly examined, have not discovered the scientific plane of the new; and if they are ready to swallow the old without such discovery, it only proves their own dementia. We have seen that the modern has its science of law and conditions, and can account for so much of the past as may be in the like series of causation, though we do not doubt there is much error in the Jewish and Gentile records; nor is it of any account to verify the various narrations any farther than they adjust themselves to the present opening of the heavens. The past must be exhibited in the light of the present,—nor is it meet that those who wear the ancient garments should hide in dark places. Let them come out—

"An' there's a hole in a' their coats—
I'm sure they'll tent it;
A chiel 's amang them takin' notes,
An' faith he'll prent it."

The *Westminster*, speaking of some of the greater church lights, says: "To prove by historical and learned evidence the postulate of the Evangelicals, that the Bible, from end to end, is infallible, they saw to be at once a hopeless and absurd undertaking." The writer then concludes that there is no hope of a true religion till we "pull down the whole Protestant theory, of which the avowed foundation is the *miraculous*, which commands us to look into but one miraculous book and one miraculous history. It virtually shuts God out from inspiring us now, by the stress which it lays on the *special* inspiration once granted by Him to a few."

Verily the churches, with their pseudo-scientific brethren, appear in beautiful plight in the mummy clothes of old Israel!

C. B. P.

For the Spiritual Age.

NIGHT-WREATH.

The stars come in through the locust boughs,
And their silvern touches are on the wire;
There are Visitors in the house,
And there is witchery in the lyre,—
Voiceless Visitors in the house,
With a dear offering for my brows—.
Curious blossoms of a charmed fire,
Delicate sprigs and leaves of light,
Interwoven in a wreath of white.

Impotent Ear! I will be sworn,
There be no man that knoweth,
There be no man can tell
The delight a flower feeleth,
While from her silver horn
Undying glory bloweth,
While from her silver bell
Undying glory pealeth;—
O the Bugler that bloweth,
And the Bellman that pealeth,
Are both invisible!

Thick lips may never utter the names
That unto these are given;
O brighten your eyes 'till you see their flames,
Their long, etherial, flowering flames;
Flickering white,
And flickering flush,
A blessed light
And a blessed blush;—
O let me be thoroughly shriven,
That I name them such violent names.
Never, forget! never forgot!
The Valley-Lily, the Violet,
And the Heliotrope of Heaven!

Hark! in each mellow and horn-shapen throat,
Dwelleth a breathing dove,
In a curious language cooing—
Love! Love! Love!
The *heart's own* love!
O low and light is the lily-dove's lisp,
Low and light,
Low and light:—
"Mortal dreamer, the flowers are the flowers
Of the *Heart's-own*—love;
The Wreath that the Angels have woven for thee
Is woven of the Heart's-own love!" F. W.

THE FUTURE LIFE.

With the daily and hourly miracles (so to call them) of the vegetable and animal world before our eyes; with creations, renovations, transitions, and transmigrations innumerable, going on, while yet individuality and identity are preserved, nothing ought to be thought incredible, or even unlikely, concerning the destiny of man which comports with these common wonders, and which in itself is only an analogous transformation. No prejudice of the vulgar can be more unsophistical than is that which would obstruct, for a moment, our acquiescence in the belief of a future transfusion of human nature, with its individuality, into a new and more refined corporeal structure. The profound resources of the divine intelligence are constantly being developed in our view, not in a thousand modes merely, but in a hundred thousand; and it is perfectly manifest that this Sovereign Intelligence—master of whatever is abstractedly possible, delights in taking the utmost range of diversity, not merely as to fashion, but as to rule and condition, and as to history and circumstance; and if so low a mode of speaking were tolerable, one might say, the probabilities that man, the chief terrestrial animal, and an animal of so complex a constitution, is destined to undergo several transitions, are as a thousand to one to the contrary. Everything belonging to human nature is mysterious; or rather, bespeaks the existence of powers and instincts *undeveloped*, and which, though they just indicate their presence, do not reach their apparent end in the present state.—*Isaac Taylor.*

BISHOP CLARK ON THE RESURRECTION.

Not long since we copied an abstract of a lecture given in Portland, by Bishop Clark of Rhode Island, in which he clearly enunciated some of the fundamental principles of the Spiritual Philosophy. From the following report of a discourse delivered in his own pulpit, it will be seen that the Bishop, who stands at the head of the Protestant Episcopal Church in R. I., has utterly thrown overboard the ancient crude myth of a physical resurrection. Thus is all superstition yielding to the light of truth, as revealed in modern Spiritualism. The report we copy from the *New Jerusalem Messenger*. The discourse was preached on Sunday, April 4th.

His text was, 1 Cor. xv. 35,—"How are the dead raised up, and with what body do they come?" He commenced by alluding to the progress the world has made in the sciences, and said, that what was once unknown is now commonly taught and believed; that the Word was written in an age when men were untaught and unacquainted with these facts; that, in the letter, it was written according and adapted to their states of perception, but we now need, in consequence of our advancement, a *new interpretation of the symbols*, while the spirit of the Word is ever the same. He then passed on to say, that it was once believed that the material body would be re-constructed,—that bone would meet bone, to be re-animated, and quoted poetry to that effect, and styled it an unscriptural and unreasonable doctrine, which had been the cause of much infidelity. He also gave a lucid scientific explanation of the changes matter is subject to, to show its unreasonableness; and its unscripturalness by a critical explanation of the chapter from which his text was taken, dwelling principally on the fact, that "the Scriptures expressly state that the body which dies is not the body raised; it is sown a natural body, raised a spiritual body." He was satisfied that the soul was a substance, real and immortal, but could not define its exact nature. This part of his subject he left too soon for me. I rather hoped, yea, expected, that he would have said more than he did of the nature of the human soul. It may be his intention to do so on some future occasion.

He said it was the custom of the Greeks to speak of the body as a tent; it was a good figure, being frail and light. The Scriptures speak of the soul as a "house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." The house is a good figure, being, as compared with the tent, lasting, durable, and solid. The body raised will be a spiritual one, he continued; not the body buried, for that is animal, material, of the earth, earthy, and is composed of the gases which form our atmosphere, and decomposition commences so soon as the soul leaves it, and in fact commences and goes on while the soul animates it. He was the same man now that he was thirty years ago, yet he knew that his material body had been changed many times during that period.

If he had not given "orthodoxy" a severe reproof thus far, it seemed to me as though he was determined to do so, for he said, "I may be asked if I am not doing away with the resurrection of the body? I answer, no, but advocating that which Christ and Paul taught."

He further remarked, we often change our bodies, but only die once. Our souls are then in the spirit-world; but of that home we know nothing but by analogy. He said, we know nothing of the employments and other things of that life, but that we shall be employed, and also know each other, he was sure.

He held that it is important we should know what effect this life has upon the next. The recompense, he showed, came as a natural result of causation, and cannot be altered. He argued it was absurd to suppose that the blackened felon can be changed at the last moment into a spotless angel; and would assert that the Bible taught that we all carry into the next world the life we have lived here, and shall reap the harvest in kind. We may here, in the uproar of business, forget our misdeeds, but not so hereafter. All evils and unkind thoughts will come back again like ghosts long departed. We shall then remember when we vibrated between heaven and hell, for we shall carry into that world not only the passions, but the affinities. We pass to our final abode with no faculty impaired. Here, he showed in glowing language, the difference of the states in the good and the evil. I cannot describe it, for it was, indeed, true eloquence. He gave us the meaning of everlasting fire, "the spontaneous combustion of evil lusts," and "the worm that dieth not," never ending desires for evil. Thus, he said, destiny is according to character. Every soul will graduate to the place to which it belongs.

He concluded with an eloquent exhortation that we should look into the heart, and read the chapter of our misdeeds, each one for himself. God and we alone know what is there inscribed. Read, read attentively, and know that the time cometh when that Book will be opened, and we shall be judged according to its contents. Would you not give all you have to erase or ~~tear out that page~~?

An old creed is often like an old house, decayed and forsaken, while it still appears imposing at a distance. Or it is like an old, hollow tree; the shell makes a show when the substance is gone. At length, a strong push makes it totter and tumble and crumble to dust.

The Spiritual Age.

Progress is the Common Law of the Universe.

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SATURDAY, MAY 15, 1858.

REVIEW OF THE CHRISTIAN FREEMAN.—I.

We mentioned, some weeks since, that Rev. Sylvanus Cobb, editor of the *Christian Freeman*, a leading journal of the sect called Universalists, had commenced a series of criticisms on Spiritualism. The effort appears to have been called forth specifically for the purpose of checking the alarming inroads which our philosophy is making upon the denominational ranks to whose support the *Freeman* stands committed. Nevertheless, we are disposed to gladly accept aid from any quarter, in whatever spirit offered, which shall enable us to correct any errors, or perceive the truth more clearly. An attentive perusal of Bro. Cobb's criticisms, however, has not only failed to convince us of such errors on our part, but has made it evident that he is himself laboring under serious mistakes. And as his articles embrace the most cogent arguments used by the more enlightened rejectors of the Spiritual Theory, we have thought it proper to comply with the wishes of many of our readers, by briefly reviewing his positions. Of course, we do not write with the expectation of convincing Bro. Cobb, for as regards the main point of difficulty with him, he has declared his "sentiments so fixed" that he pronounces an "anathema" upon even "an angel from heaven" who should "preach any other doctrine" than that he believes! We write for those who are willing and desirous to know *the truth*, whether it accord with their pre-convictions or not.

In our previous reference to the subject, we quoted Bro. Cobb's concession that he believes in the possibility and reality of spirit-communion by mental impression; also that on some, though rare, occasions, the spirit-world is opened to the vision of persons while in the mortal body. The main truth of Spiritualism being thus conceded, the difference between us is narrowed down to the question whether certain specified classes of phenomena and methods of communication may be properly ascribed to a spiritual source.

We also pointed out three important errors into which Bro. Cobb had fallen in his first article;—namely, 1st, that Spiritualists are a new religious sect with a peculiar and generally accepted system of theology; 2d, that they, as a sect, believe certain doctrines on the "authority of mesmeric circles and trance or somnambulic speaking;" 3d, that among these is "the Calvinistic doctrine of innate depravity, . . . in a form more virulent than intelligent Calvinists will admit that they hold."

We trusted that our critic, if he was really aiming at the truth, would do himself the justice to correct these gross misrepresentations; but we have not seen that he has had the magnanimity to do so, and hence these errors vitiate the whole course of his reasoning, which otherwise might have yielded more of instruction and profit.

We proceed to remark, that Bro. Cobb's main difficulty in admitting the spiritual origin of certain phenomena and communications appears to lie in the fact that they give evidence of the existence of spirits in some sense evil and mischievous. His opinion is "fixed" that there are and can be no evil spirits; hence, these manifestations and messages are not from the spiritual plane of existence. To admit the existence of such spirits, he thinks, involves belief in a depravity more total and virulent than that of Calvinism; and to the overthrow of so odious a doctrine his first article is mainly devoted.

He first quotes "apostolic authority" to the effect that hatred, strife and all other vile and evil things are "the works of the *flesh*" (Gal. iii, 18–21), or, as he interprets, pertain wholly to the *physical* nature; and he then appeals "to fact and reason, experience and observation," as evincing that "there is no such thing as a radical innate wicked moral nature in man"—the conclusion being that when man has done with the external body, he has done with all wrong and inharmonious tendencies and susceptibilities.

We apprehend that Bro. Cobb here quite mistakes the sense in which those Spiritualists who believe the existence of evil spirits, suppose evil to attach to or inhere in man's spiritual nature. And this comes of the want of any clear and rational Pneumatology, or Science of the Spirit; which want, is common to almost all Christendom. Modern Spiritualism, however, is rapidly supplying this need; it is furnishing a plain, consistent, reasonable and comprehensive philosophy of man's spiritual nature, which at once commends itself to every enlightened mind, especially when contrasted with the crude and disjointed notions commonly taught, which leave so wide a margin to mystery and miracle. And this is one secret of the rapid encroachments of the Spiritual Philosophy upon the sects of our day. It gives thinking people the substantial food which their unfolding rational and spiritual natures crave, in lieu of the dried husks of an ancient and unphilosophic mysticism.

What, then, constitutes the human spirit? As that term is commonly used, it implies all that belongs to the man, aside from the mere ponderable particles which make up the external body. If man is the "offspring of God," constituted in "his image," and hence an epitome of the Universe, we may suppose him to be made up somewhat as follows: first and inmost, an individualized portion of the incorruptible Divine Essence, or an afflux of the absolute Divine Principles of Love and Wisdom;—2d, a purely spiritual nature, or spiritual mind, whose impulses and intuitions are always right and holy, because inspired from the Divine Inmost;—3d, an external or animal-spiritual nature, or animal mind, composed of the sublimated or imponderable essences of the external world,—which stands next to and animates the ponderable body so long as the latter is man's residence, and which hence forms the spiritual body, or the outmost of the spiritual form when it is disengaged from the clayey tenement;—4th, and lastly, the external, ponderable body.

A globe, made up of several successive strata, or an onion, with its concentric layers and dual centre, will tolerably illustrate our idea. These several "degrees" might be still further sub-divided, but this is unnecessary for the present purpose.

Man ordinarily is not conscious of all these distinctions in his own constitution, because the several departments act in some respects as one, and because his consciousness is usually too external to take cognizance of them. Yet most persons who have become in any degree spiritualized, have more or less recognized the existence of such distinct departments. Paul speaks of a "law in his members," (i. e., a tendency of his external or animal nature) "warring against the law of his mind," (i. e., the dictates of his spiritual intuitions.) He also contrasts "the mind of the flesh" with "the mind of the spirit," as being in some conditions contrary to each other. What can the *mind of the flesh* be but the organized *life-principles*, or *animal essences*, with their natural intelligence and tendencies, which immediately pervade and act in the external body? And what can the *mind of the spirit* be, but the impulses and intuitions of the superior portion of the spiritual nature? And what constitutes a *regenerate* state, or a truly spiritual man, but that state in which the entire animal or fleshly mind has become pervaded by and fully subjected to the interior or spiritual mind, and the whole being thus harmonized with the Divine Inmost?

The "depravity" of man, then, whatever that term may mean, does not, in our view (and all Spiritualists, so far as we know, agree with us in this), pertain to either his *inmost* or his *inner* (i. e., his superior spiritual) nature. The "evil" which exists is to be found only in the more external departments of his constitution—i. e., the natural or animal mind, including the external intellect and will.

It is admitted on all hands that some people do in the earth-life manifest tendencies to evil and wrong in greater or less degree, at least when tempations are presented; and this may be termed depravity. The question now is, does this depravity inhere solely in man's *physical*, ponderable body, or in the *spirit*, *animus*, or *life-principle*, which gives life to that body? It seems to us that "fact and reason, experience and observation," as well as "apostolical authority," can admit of but one answer. The mere "flesh," when the life-principle has departed from it, so far as our observation goes, manifests no propensities to moral evil; it neither loves nor hates,—has neither appetites nor passions. These, then, all pertain to the "*mind* of the flesh," and this, we have no doubt, was what Paul had in view, using the term "flesh" as equivalent to "fleshly mind," or animal spirit. What, then, becomes of this, on the death of the physical body? Is it annihilated? If so, then an important part of the man himself—that which gives him his *character* as a moral being—is put out of existence. We beg leave to doubt. Annihilation requires as great a miracle as creation out of nothing. No particle of the material universe, much less of spiritual essence, can ever be annihilated. No: it is more rational to suppose that the aromal essences, the spiritual atmospheres, which in life surround every particle of the physical body, and give it animation, are when it dies withdrawn from it and cling still around the more interior spiritual organism to which they have hitherto been conjoined, and thus form its clothing, or body, in the spiritual sphere.

If these animal essences have been wholly regenerated or spiritualized before the event of physical death, then they are pure, luminous, and possess no grovelling, evil, or mischievous tendencies. If not thus redeemed, then they are base, grovelling and animal still; and must from their very nature manifest the same "works of the flesh" as in the earth-life, still over-ruling the more interior promptings of the spiritual mind, until a regenerating and purifying process shall in some way have been wrought. With most persons, confessedly, the process of regeneration is at best but partially accomplished in the present life; and we see no other reasonable way but they must begin in the next where they leave off in this. Those, therefore, who are expecting to leap from the brink of the grave into "glory ineffable," dropping all earthly imperfections behind, we think will be slightly disappointed.

It may be claimed, perhaps, that this regenerating process takes place instantaneously in the transition from earthly to spiritual life; but this supposition is so contrary to all our experience of mental and moral changes, and to all the evidences in the case afforded by actual manifestations from spirits, that we cannot accept it without the clearest positive proof.

Here, then, we have a rational basis for a belief in the existence of "evil spirits"—at least, *as* evil as men in the body ever are; and we know not that it is necessary to suppose them more so, in order to account for any manifestations that have ever occurred. And as to "Scripture" evidence, if that is demanded, it is too abundant,—from the time that an "evil spirit" vexed Saul, and a "lying spirit from the Lord" tempted Ahab to destruction, to the age when legions of demons were expelled from suffering victims by the spiritual power of the Nazarene, and the beloved John cautioned his readers to "believe not every spirit"—quite too abundant to need citation here.

Hence we conclude that manifestations of "hatred, variance, emulation, wrath, strife, seditions, heresies, envyings, murders," and so on, not excepting even "adultery, fornication, uncleanness" and all other "works of the flesh," furnish to a truth-seeking mind (with one whose opinions are unchangeably "fixed" the case may be otherwise) no valid proof against disembodied spiritual origin. On the contrary, if communication is really open between this and the spiritual planes of existence, we should rationally expect these lower phases, as well as the higher, to be manifested. And if humanity will but wisely use the momentous lessons thus taught, they will prove of priceless value.

A. E. N.

FREEDOM OF SPIRITUALISM.

Other systems have established petty political and ecclesiastical despotisms, with the view of augmenting the powers of those pigmies who usurp the rights of Humanity and of Heaven; but it is the appropriate work of the Spiritual Reformation to overthrow them. Spiritualism sets up no cruel creed as the cross whereon the conscience is to be crucified. Reason and the natural affections were never immolated on its altars. It denounces no man for his opinion, but it appeals to the mind and heart with irresistible power. It does not believe in torturing people to cure their moral infirmities. It would no more send a man to hell for an inherited moral weakness than it would damn him for the dyspepsia or general debility. If one man inherits *the scrofula* as his portion, and another inherits *a propensity to steal*, it regards both with compassion. How unlike the conduct of the church which consigns one to the care of the doctor, and the other to the devil!

Some men are *cross-eyed*;—they are still more unfortunate who have an obliquity of the moral vision. Yet there are thousands who no more perceive a moral distinction than a blind man can distinguish colors. Society turns over the former to the constable, to be sent to the penitentiary, while it makes liberal donations for the Blind Asylum! Verily our Christian (?) civilization is an unholy thing, which needs to be cleansed by a revival of that Religion that is pure and undefiled!

S. B. B.

MENTAL IMPRESSIBILITY.

It is well known that those who are highly susceptible to electro-nervous disturbances, may be influenced and often wholly controlled by the will of another person, even when there is no direct physical contact. These effects are sometimes produced when the parties are at a distance from each other. When you chance to occupy the same apartment with persons thus susceptible, a vigorous effort of mind will enable you to command their attention without seeming to regard them. Enter a room where a person of this description is in a profound slumber—fix your eyes steadily on the sleeper—exert the will powerfully, and you will occasion such an electrical disturbance of his brain and nervous system, as will cause him to awake. We are often suddenly reminded of some absent friend, whose image all at once rises before us, when, the next moment, the impression is realized in the actual presence. It not unfrequently occurs that persons are singularly anticipated in what they are about to say—some other person giving utterance to the same thought in the same words. Lovers, and all persons of intuitive and receptive natures, especially when united by a strong attachment, readily divine each other's thoughts, and read, in a silent, yet impressive language, the most secret impulses of the heart.

These psychological effects are produced by electrical disturbances, communicated from mind to mind; and when the parties are separated, it would seem that the impressions are transmitted through the intervening electrical medium of the earth and atmosphere. This power is perceptible in the ability of some men to tame wild beasts, and to subdue their enemies. It is strikingly displayed in the electrical excitement that occasionally runs through and pervades a vast multitude, when some inspired genius thus moves, as by a single impulse, the hearts of thousands. We have felt its thrilling power,

> "In the song of the poet, when Love's bright spells,
> O'er the strings of his wild harp sweep;"

in the responsive utterance of kindred spirits; in words of tenderness, and the musical cadence of friendly voices. It is felt when we press the warm hand, and heart answers to heart in the rapid measure of intense delight. We are sensible of the mysterious power, when the subtle fires of congenial souls kindle and burn—in the eye of Genius and on the parted lips of Love; and ever do we yield to the invisible presence—as impulses wild, joyous or terrible come leaping up from the fathomless depths of Being.

S. B. B.

GREAT THOUGHTS AND FEEBLE MINDS.

Great ideas are liable to disturb the balance of little minds. They reach out into the incomprehensible and the Infinite, and the mind is overwhelmed with the contemplation. This is not usually owing to anything intrinsically *evil* in the subjects which engage the attention of men, but it results from the defects of the cerebral and mental constitution, which are to be regarded as misfortunes. The fact that occasionally an unbalanced mind is unduly excited by a too constant application to Spiritualism, can not, therefore, effect the decision of the rational mind respecting its claims. Thousands lose their senses every year from a variety of causes. Some become insane from being too much engrossed with the cares of the world; some from love; others from an apprehension of unusual evils, or from seeing an imaginary goblin; while not a few, from *religious frenzy* have fallen like stars from heaven, to rise no more on the earthly vision of man. Now it would be very unwise to suspend business, because, occasionally one is deranged by by his secular pursuits; we must still do something for a subsistence. Fear has been the death of some men, notwithstanding it was wisely designed to keep them out of danger. Love, in numerous instances, becomes an unquenchable and ungovernable flame, consuming the beautiful altars on which its fires are kindled; still love is the essence of the Divine Nature and the spirit of the whole law, and hence it is best to love God, Humanity, and our country. Deep religious convictions and an intense spirit of devotion, have often produced a derangement of the soul's organic medium, so that the inward light has been temporarily obscured; but Religion, when unperverted, is nevertheless the revelation of the life and growth of the soul. It is the inner consciousness of our relations to the Divine, and is manifested inwardly by the spontaneous gravitation of the soul to God, and outwardly in the harmonic exercise of all the human faculties and affections. Men may mistake delirium for devotion; the *forms* of worship may change or pass away, but its indwelling spirit can never die. Religion is an integral element of the soul; and from a thousand altars—sanctified by the incense of prayer—from the silent urns wherein the ashes of spiritual heroes are garnered up, come the invitations to worship; and Nature, with innumerable voices echoing through

> "— that Fane most catholic and solemn,
> Which God hath planned—"

still speaks to us to command our reverence and to inspire our praise.

S. B. B.

ACCOUNTED FOR.

The singularly unreasonable and tortuous course of the *Springfield Republican*, in its late onslaught upon the Spiritualists of Boston,—its bold and blustering manner in making charges, and its shuffling, sneaking retreat when called upon for proof,—have been a puzzle to many. A recent "confession" in that paper may furnish a key to the matter. In an article on the morals of its own city, the *Republican* says, strongly:

> "There is less of exaggeration, and no borrowed rhetoric, in the confession that Springfield is ruled by the grog-shops. *It is drunk clear through!*"

If there is "no borrowed rhetoric" in the statement that Springfield is "drunk clear through," then of course the *Republican* office is no exception, and we can readily understand the swaggering pusillanimity of its editor. Moreover, since nothing is more common than for a person who is himself slightly "elevated" to imagine everybody about him, and even the stones of the pavement, to be "drunk," it is quite possible that the alleged intoxication may not extend even beyond the walls of the editorial sanctum itself! The Boston *Journal* expresses the opinion that—

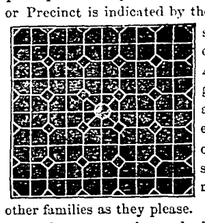
> "*If* the charges noticed above are true, it is a lamentable instance of what a city may become under the influence of a polluted and depraved press. Springfield *enjoys* a 'metropolitan' newspaper which, acting on the theory that its readers have only to become familiar with vice to abhor it, almost daily spreads before its readers the reports of shocking murders, or the prurient details of some crime against the social relations, laboriously gleaned from its exchange list. The disgusting developments of cases of rape, incest and murder are set forth in all their grossness, while the editorial columns are garnished with indelicate allusions and coarse jests upon topics which are excluded from general discussion in good society, and are marked by the freedom and looseness of the Parisian letter-writers crossed with the slashing style which is in vogue in the New York *Tribune* and *Herald*. The influence of such a press must of necessity be pernicious, and this theory might account for the *alleged* deplorable state of morals of Springfield."

ASSOCIATIVE MOVEMENTS.

The flood of communications and suggestions which have poured in upon us, since we have devoted some space to this topic, shows how wide-spread is the feeling in the direction of associative effort. We shall notice different proposals as we find room. There is no lack of skillfully-devised *plans* for social re-organization, nor of *desire* for a better social state; but the want is in an inability to harmonize, organize, or crystalize into a compact body which shall combine freedom with unity and strength. The *cementing* element is scarce; the individualizing tendency yet predominates. The great need seems to be of a stronger humanitary *love*, permeated by a *religious enthusiasm*, which becomes forgetful of self and selfish interests. When the Pilgrim spirit is re-awakened, we doubt not another Plymouth Rock will be discovered, which may be made the corner-stone of a new social fabric as far in advance of the present civilization as this is superior to that of Europe in the 17th century.

We copy below part of an article from the experienced pen of Rev. Adin Ballou, of the *Practical Christian*, in relation to the prospectus of the "Harmonial Township Association," which we printed a few weeks since. Mr. Ballou declines being considered a responsible coadjutor in this movement, though sympathizing with it. He expresses some disappointment at the imperfect success of his own laborious and long-continued efforts for social reform at Hopedale, and makes the following pertinent remarks and practical suggestions upon this new enterprise:

The inquiring reader will see that it specifies only a few general objects, and these in very general terms. No close community of property is proposed. Each family is to have a home and business by itself. But there is to be a general Township or Precinct Association so formed as to secure the advantages proposed. Certain important objects are to be guaranteed by this general Association; such as a home for all the settlers on reasonable terms, free from the trickery of monopoly and speculation,—a well-arranged Village Centre, with suitable common conveniences for religious, educational and economical purposes,—and some method whereby real estate may be prevented from passing into the hands of people who have no sympathy with the fundamental principles and objects of the Association. The outline of the Township or Precinct is indicated by the Diagram. This represents an area of



several thousand acres laid off into farms or homesteads, containing 100 or 160 acres. Avenues or streets are to run at right angles with each other through the Precinct at such distances as will enable four owners of homesteads to reside in a little group on the corners of their estates, with a small park or common. And these groups may sell smaller homesteads to as many other families as they please. Thus little villages, of from four to eight or ten houses, may be gradually formed near each of the small parks. Meantime, the General Village, in the common centre, is to be populated by those whose business pursuits and tastes render it preferable to them as a residence. Of course, in laying out such a settlement it will seldom be possible to follow the Diagram literally, on account of natural obstacles. But it is presumed that a sufficiently near approximation may be made in all cases to realize the harmonial advantages proposed.

Now to actualize this prospectus it will be necessary to find a sufficient number of persons willing and able to attempt it. Brother D. C. Gates is confident that enough can be mustered. He informs us that quite a number of responsible friends have already expressed their desire to co-operate in the enterprise. It would be well to secure a population of not less than five hundred reliable settlers—certainly not less than three hundred. And among these there should be an available capital of at least seventy-five to one hundred thousand dollars.

When a sufficient number of responsible heads of families and single individuals shall have declared their readiness to form an Association, let them meet at some central place, say Worcester, for consultation and deliberate preliminary action.

1. Let them agree, if they can, on a plain declaration of fundamental principles and objects. Then on a general Convention by which their Association shall be governed. All this may be simple, but should take high moral ground, and be unequivocally explicit.

2. A Constitution having been cordially agreed on, suitable executive officers should be chosen. Among these there should be a Board of Trustees, to be duly qualified for acquiring valid title to the lands that may be purchased. These should be selected by a competent Committee and purchased in a body, to be held by the Trustees, and subsequently deeded to individual homestead settlers on conditions prescribed by the Association. All these matters should be carefully arranged and settled. What is worth doing at all is worth doing well. There should be no loose, jumbled-up proceedings. If there shall be, the penalty will have to be suffered.

3. If possible, the Association should keep entirely out of debt. It should have ample funds pledged in advance of all purchases and outlays. Nay, more, it should have the requisite funds actually paid in and deposited in some Bank, ready to be drawn out when needed. Woe to Associations that run much into debt! If they cannot start with ready means, let them wait. Nor must their Directors trust much to empty promises and talk. Too many people talk large about what they can and will do for a cause. Money is a great test of man's veracity, sincerity, judgment and responsibility. Let there be a regular subscription opened,—shares of $50 to $100 subscribed, paid in, certified, and every nail clinched. If a person is able to pay in anything, let it be paid; if not, *fine talk* is useless. Those who have had experience in these matters know, to their sorrow, how little dependence can be placed on fair palaver. "A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush." Many people, by no means dishonest, and really well meaning, *think* they shall be able to invest money in a good enterprise, a few weeks or months hence, who in the event prove to have counted "their chickens before they were hatched." We are thus particular under this head, because we *know* that it is *particularly* indispensable to success.

Another suggestion and we close. The cardinal points on which the proposed Association will need to be agreed may be *few*, and their organization simple, leaving very large individual freedom to the settlers. It will also afford ample scope for the formation, within its limits, of select communes and harmonial groups on much nicer social platforms, such as any class of minds may sympathetically prefer. These smaller associations, among themselves, may coparternize or communitize to any extent they please without interference *pro* or *con* with the action of the general Association. At the same time they will enjoy its advantages and protection. On the whole, we do not see why the proposed Township or Precinct Association is not entirely practicable, and will not be eminently advantageous to all concerned; provided the requisite number of people and amount of pecuniary means can be obtained. We sincerely wish it success.

WAITING FOR GREAT OCCASIONS.

Ambitious minds are prone to undervalue small things and to wait for great occasions to exhibit their interest in human affairs. The occurrences of daily life are not sufficiently momentous to excite the indifferent man, or to justify the exercise of his faculties; and as great events occur but seldom—especially in the lives of such men—their existence is chiefly characterized by a kind of intellectual and moral *inertia* which leaves the world to sluggish and ignoble repose. When they hear the footsteps of Revolution and the world trembles at the sound, they may conclude to *move* if only in obedience to the first law of nature. But this vain ambition never realizes the promised good. It is too proud, selfish and indolent to deserve an honorable success. He alone is truly great who wisely employs each passing hour, and thus peoples the realms of thought and the sphere of actual life with the creations of his superior wisdom and tireless industry.

S. B. B.

☞ Mr. Brittan's notes of his late travels in New England will appear next week.

MORE RELIGIOUS INSANITY.

The *Missouri Democrat* of April 15, contains the following statement:

A CLERICAL MANIAC.—Some weeks since, the Rev. John Lyon, a clerical gentleman of ability and attainments, teacher in a high school at Kirkwood, became extraordinarily absorbed in religious exercises. These he so imprudently protracted, as, by excessive fasting and unintermitting vocal prayer, gradually to destroy both his health and his sanity. His friends found it requisite to subject him to salutary restraint, and to medical treatment, and therefore placed him in the Sister's hospital in this city. He is single—aged about thirty-three years. At present he appears to be chiefly apprehensive that during the interruption of his prayers, Providence will not take proper care of the world.

ANOTHER CASE.—Aaron Stewart, a respectable citizen of Parke county, Ind., recently, became so excited on religious matters, that he got into the idea that he was required to sacrifice his right hand to save himself from hell. He struck five blows with an axe, completely severing his arm, but it is hoped he may survive and be wiser. So states the Parke County (Ind.) *Republican*.

SUICIDE.—On Thursday, the 25th ult., Mr. Calvin Hutchins of Rice Township, was brought to this place by his friends for examination, on an application to be admitted to the State Lunatic Asylum. For several weeks he has been deranged, produced by attendance upon a religious revival. When he was taken to jail on Thursday, he made two ineffectual attempts to cut his throat with a knife, making frightful, though not mortal gashes in his neck. His hands were then tied behind him, and a couple of persons were placed there to attend him. On the Sunday following, about noon, while the attendants sat in the cell, Hutchins walked out into the hall and up the stairs to the second tier of cells, and jumped off the platform below, breaking his skull, from which he died in a few minutes.—*Fremont* (Ohio) *Journal*.

REVIVAL CRAZY.—Daniel P. Colley was found in Rodney Nutt's barn last Saturday night, crazy. He belongs in Lowell, where he has worked steadily on the Appleton for twelve years, and accumulated a fair property. He left home last Wednesday, and by what means he came here his friends do not know. Lately he has been carried away with the revival. While here he was much impressed with the following unique expression, which he oft repeated: "My breath is the breath of God; and when my breath leaves my body, this world will go to h—ll in a minute."—*Manchester Mirror*.

A correspondent at East Sullivan, N. H., states that religious excitement has furnished one candidate for the insane asylum from that place.

In this connection we present the following statistics derived from the last annual report of the Massachusetts State Lunatic Hospital at Worcester (for a copy of which, with other public documents, we are indebted to the State Printer). The number of Patients admitted in 1857 whose insanity was attributed to religious excitement was 5; to Spiritualism, 1. Since the opening of the asylum in 1833, *two hundred and ninety-nine* have been admitted from various religious causes; while twenty-three cases only are attributed to Spiritualism. In the same time, 385 cases were set down to domestic trouble; 98 to love; 79 to excess of labor; 467 to general ill health. The reader may make his own comments; but let us hear no more of the falsehood that "Spiritualism is filling our insane asylums with victims."

A. E. N.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

A DISCOURSE ON MODERN SPIRITUALISM, delivered at Burlington, Vt., March 17, 1858, by Rev. Hervey Elkins, Universalist minister at Williston, Vt. "Quench not the spirit. Despise not prophesying. Prove all things; hold fast to that which is good." Burlington: George J. Stacy, Printer. (32 pages.)

Mr. Elkins, in consequence of some productions of his pen, published in our paper and elsewhere, has been very sharply assailed by the more conservative portion of the denomination with which he has heretofore acted. In this discourse he vigorously and ably defends his faith in the modern unfoldings, as not only reasonable, but Scriptural, and in accordance with a liberal and popular construction of the platform of Universalism. His position will commend itself to enlightened and candid men of all sects. The pamphlet is one of the signs of the times, indicative of the breaking up of rigid sectarian lines, and is worthy of a wide circulation. It may be obtained in Boston of Bela Marsh.

RECENT DAY TRACTS. No. 1—FREEDOM VS. CHURCHDOM. By Silent Long. New York: S. T. Munson. (12 pages.)

The author of this tract urges that the ecclesiasticisms of the day, whether Protestant or Roman, are fundamentally antagonistic to mental freedom and individual development, and hence opposed to human progress. Religion, however, can never die; its methods of manifestation may change and improve; and he expresses the desire that unless Spiritualism shall supply a better religious method than has either Catholicism or Protestantism, it should be speedily exploded,—to which we cordially respond Amen. The tract is forcibly written, though its style adapts it better to cultivated thinkers than to the popular mind.

THE GOSPEL OF JESUS: compiled by his disciple Matthew, from his own Memoranda, and those of Peter, Luke, Mark and John; and lastly revised by Peter. Also, the Acts of the Eleven Disciples; the Last Epistle of Peter to the Chapelites; the Acts of Paul and the Jewish Sanhedrin; and the contents of the History of Jesus by Peter. Translated from parchment manuscripts found in the Catacombs under the city of Rome. Edited by Rev. Gibson Smith. Published by Gibson Smith, So. Shaftsbury, Vt. New York: S. T. Munson. Boston: Bela Marsh. (136 pages.)

This work is a novelty, and if its claims can be sustained by any respectable show of proof, will make a sensation in both the religious and literary worlds. We have not time this week to examine its merits, but shall do so at the earliest opportunity.

LIFE THOUGHTS, gathered from the Extemporaneous Discourses of Henry Ward Beecher. By one of his congreation. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co.

We need not re-announce what all the world knows already, the appearance of this volume. And our readers will anticipate our favorable notice of its contents. The title is an appropriate one, for every sentence seems yet warm from the living heart of him who gave it utterance. Even those passages which are tinged with orthodoxy are meritorious—on the principle that a live error is worth more than a dead truth. We rejoice to see the lightning charged clouds passing through the moral atmosphere of society; no matter if they do growl a little thunder now and then. Let us have electric life and the purification that comes from it, at all hazards.

SAILED FOR EUROPE.—On Wednesday of last week, Prof. C. C. Felton, of Harvard University, took passage in the steamship Canada for Liverpool, intending to proceed immediately to Athens.

Whether this retreat from the warfare against the "stupendous delusion" of our day, is at all in consequence of the repeated and total discomfitures which the Professor has lately met with, and which, to say the least, have not added to his popularity among even the opponents of Spiritualism—we will not undertake to say. But those who have watched the controversy cannot help being reminded of the oft-quoted couplet:

> "He who fights and runs away
> May live to fight another day."

Correspondence.

Spiritual 'Revival' in Northern Vermont.

LETTER FROM DR. H. H. NEWTON.

ST. JOHNSBURY, April 24, 1858.

BRO. NEWTON:—I must tell you how the greatest stronghold of Orthodoxy has been taken, in Northern Vermont. About one year since Dr. Mayhew lectured in this place, to a few hearers, and the people then treated Spiritualism and its advocates with scorn and contempt. Now they are willing and even anxious to hear more of this glorious Truth. Miss A. W. Sprague has just delivered three discourses in this village to crowded houses—over seven hundred being present on the last evening. They listened with marked attention and evident satisfaction, and went away greatly astonished at the eloquence and originality of thought and expression manifested by the speaker. The people were also pleased at the doctrines set forth, as not inconsistent with the teachings of the Bible and Christianity, at least as set forth in the New Testament. Those who were six months ago opposed to Spiritualism, are now making exertions to have her lecture here more within a few weeks.

Miss Sprague has also spoken in Danville, seven miles from here, to large audiences, and will soon speak there again. She is now on a tour north of this place, to Glover, and also to South Hardwick. In both places there are a large number of Spiritualists.

The few active friends of our glorious faith in this place have great cause to thank God that the great spirit of opposition is broken, and that the people are now willing and ready to investigate this matter for themselves, and not be led any longer, *blindly*, by their priests. I have resided in this town for five years, and was the first open and avowed advocate of our faith; and you can judge what I have had to contend with; but now my day of triumph has come, for the spirit of ridicule is passed away, and we begin to see the dawn of a better and more worthy feeling in our village and community.

I know of no one better calculated to be a pioneer in a new field—to clear away the rubbish of ages and to plant the standard of *Truth*, and to create a desire for investigation, than is Miss Sprague. She has done the work effectually in this place, and may God and all good angels help her. Yours in the cause of Truth, H. H. NEWTON.

OSHKOSH, WIS.—A correspondent from this far-off region states that—

There have been here for the last two or three years a few hopeful friends of the cause, struggling on against a strong current of opposition. We have not been favored, as have been some other localities, by visits from the popular speakers of the cause. Within the last few weeks, however, a Mrs. C. M. Stowe, a very eloquent trance-speaking medium, has given us a few lectures, which I believe have been seed sown upon good ground; and our numbers, of late, have been considerably increased. Mrs. Stowe intends starting in a short time on a lecturing tour through many of the Western and Middle States. We believe she is calculated to do good wherever she may go, and hope the Spiritualist public will receive her as a true friend to the cause.

Yours fraternally, OLIVER SIBLEY.

"STRIVINGS OF THE SPIRIT."—A correspondent makes the following pertinent suggestion to those religionists who believe in "convictions of sin."

The religious excitement has reached us, and it is instructive to hear a minister of the so-called Gospel of Christ denounce a medium as possessed of a Devil, and yet listen to the experience of converted men, who speak of fathers and sisters who have entered the spirit-life, and recount as the haunting sins of their lives the unfulfilled promises made to the dear ones gone before. How long will it take such men to learn that they are all ministering spirits, and that the conviction of sin has been the gentle chiding of a sister's voice, or a father's persuasive influence over his wandering child? J. L. H.

YPSILANTI, MICH.—H. P. Fairfield writes from this place, where he lectured April 25th, to large audiences:

Spiritualism is rapidly on the increase in this place. Its friends already number hundreds, and are very harmonious in action or labor to promote the cause of reform. The friends would like very much to have some of our eastern speakers visit them. Such will find hearts to cheer and hands to help, should they stop at this point. I go from this place West, rejoicing in the Truth which has made me free.

Boston and Vicinity.

The Melodeon Meetings.

Unusually large audiences attended upon the lectures given by Miss EMMA HARDINGE at the Melodeon on Sunday last. Miss H.'s style of speaking is peculiar and widely different from that of any other who has appeared on our platform. She speaks in an apparently normal state, but without preparation, and she disclaims the authorship of what is spoken. Possessed of an energetic, nervous temperament, with a strongly marked individuality, she at once commands the attention, whether or not she secures the admiration, of every hearer. Her professional career upon the stage, to which she was formerly devoted, has had the effect to impart a tendency to exaggerated gesticulation, which, until the listener becomes accustomed to it, is not altogether agreeable. In this respect, however, her manner was less exceptionable than we had been led to expect. Her language is that of a well cultivated mind; her thought is vigorous, bold and brilliant; and her discourses evince a good degree of consecutiveness and power, for extemporaneous productions. On the whole, she seems adapted to reach and affect a large class of minds who would be less powerfully moved by a different style of address.

The topic of discourse in the afternoon was Psychology, or the Science of the Soul. Every individual was declared to be subject to psychological influences, or influences from the soul-emanations of others, from the earliest moment of existence. Psychology had its birth with the birth of the human race; the present is the product of the psychological influence of the past; the future of all humanity will be affected by the psychological influences of men who now live. The great minds of the past have not perished, but the world feels now the psychological influence of Moses, Homer, Euripides, Æschylus, Cicero, Jesus, and all others who have ever lived. From these come the mighty thoughts that stir the minds of to-day. The psychological law runs like a silver cord down through all the ages, and influences become interwoven in one vast web from which none can escape. This truth was practically applied to the individual daily life and character with great force. It is not the *words* but the *thoughts* and the *real character* which exerts this influence on others. Even every unformed idea that circles through the brain is destined to live forever. How important then that it should be pure, high and lofty.

The evening lecture was upon Psychometry, which is an effect or result of the law of Psychological emanations. It displayed even greater ability and a more luminous insight into spiritual realities than that of the afternoon; but we are unable to give even a synopsis.

CONFERENCE, May 6th.—Mr. COLE was called to the Chair. Dr. CHILD and Mr. EDSON presented papers on the question, What is the Human Soul? The views offered were synthetic rather than analytic, and the reading was followed by a somewhat discursive conversation—after which the Conference adjourned *sine die*.

INVESTIGATING CLASS.—The Conference of Spiritualists which has met during the past season at No. 14 Bromfield street, having discontinued its meetings for the present, it is proposed to form a class for the investigation of all topics connected with the Spiritual Nature and Relations of Man, and his Practical Duties, to meet weekly at the same place. All desirous of joining such a class are invited to meet at the hall on Thursday evening of this week.

MISS HARDINGE AT THE MEIONAON.—On Thursday evening of this week (May 13th) Miss EMMA HARDINGE will, by request, speak in the Meionaon, Tremont Temple, on the subject of Endless Punishment, or the teachings of the New Testament relative thereto. Clergymen are specially invited to be present, not in the spirit of controversy, but of inquiry.

We learn that Mrs. COAN, the remarkable test-medium, intends remaining in Boston for a few weeks. She will answer calls for public seances in the city and vicinity. She may be addressed at the Fountain House, Boston.

New York and Vicinity.

Conference at the Lyceum, Clinton Hall, Astor Place,

FRIDAY EVENING, April 7th.

Mr. A. J. DAVIS proposed the inquiry, What has Spiritualism done for woman? He desired that the ladies present, or any one of them, should answer the question for themselves. He was of the opinion that it was doing for woman what no other religion ever had done. It elevates her into a teacher and witness in human philosophy and human manifestation, and on to the same platform and level with man; but how it operates in the interior growth and unfolding of her nature and faculties, she alone can tell; and he therefore asks for her testimony on the subject. It is conceded that Spiritualism is a subtle and pervading influence, which is rapidly changing public thought, and even governmental administration; and in operating these changes, the sphere of woman has a wide influence; and he would like to have that influence analyzed.

Mrs. DAVIS gave a rapid sketch of the present and past state of religion in the world, and contrasted it with that contemplated by the new religious ideas which have sprung out of Spiritualism and its philosophy. She said that Paul was the originator of the dogma that women have no right or capacity to teach. Spiritualism, on the contrary, exalts woman from silence and ignorance on the great questions and topics of the day, to a plane of rapid and powerful inspiration, unfoldment and use. Cora Hatch, in her opinion, had done more to stir up thought and work reform in the past year, than any dozen clergymen in the land. If so much can be done by one female, or through her, in the walks of science and religion, what may we not anticipate when thousands like her become inspired and inspiring reformers, in all the possible departments of improvement and inquiry?

Mr. DAVIS said, that it would probably be quite true to say that Mrs. Hatch had effected more good, done more for the progressive growth of the world—at least of this hemisphere—than any two thousand clergymen had effected in the same time. The *rationale* of such results, flowing from an uneducated woman, was worthy of profound consideration.

Mr. PARTRIDGE said, that modern Spiritualism directs itself to the unfolding of the individual, while ancient Spiritualism busied itself chiefly with organizations, churches, creeds and parties. True Spiritualism inculcates free inquiry; organizations demand belief on mere authority. True Spiritualism is not partial; it embraces the integral manhood, making no distinctions between male and female. The most degraded will be the most benefitted by it; and in this sense it has done most for woman, because it has restored, or is restoring her, to an equality in all respects with man.

Dr. GRAY said, and quoted history in proof, that woman has ever been the favored medium in advancing the civilization of mankind. She is more inspirable than man.

Mrs. DAVIS said, it could not be denied that the old Spiritualism neglects and discourages woman, while the new educates and elevates her to her normal condition, and inspires her with the desire to extend her influence into every department of human misery and degradation, in the labor of reforming the world.

A gentleman said, that a woman is a man, and stands on the same plane of equality with the man. But she is purer and nobler than the man. There is a holy sphere about a mother, which every one feels; and if woman were to throw herself into the political arena, it would work great changes for the better, and soften the asperities of party. Still, he thought, she might exert a still greater force in quiet. Her sphere, it seemed to him, was one of gentleness and love.

A gentleman, who declared himself a church member of forty years, said, that the inspired mediumship of woman had emancipated him from church dogmas, and set him free. He owed his present state of happiness to woman. The spirit of his mother first spoke to him through a female medium, and to woman is he indebted for his superior joys in the new faith.

Another gentleman denied that Spiritualism had done more for woman than Christianity. The Church imposed no special disabilities upon her. Milton's daughter was not a Spiritualist, neither was Mrs. Hemans, and other female writers. He thought the Spiritualistic idea of *seven* spheres was taken from Mohammed. Christ taught nothing of the kind. The Bible ought to be respected, whether we could fully comprehend it or not. The speaker asked several questions, and was invited to submit them to the committee in writing, that they might be duly considered hereafter.

Mr. DAVIS begged leave to recall the meeting to the question. He referred to the Bible account of the origin of woman, and said according to that, she is the two hundred and forty-seventh part of a man; that is, a man has two hundred and forty-seven bones, and it took one of these to make a woman.

Dr. HALLOCK said, there was a thought in connection with the mode in which Spiritualism had benefitted woman, which was worthy of consideration. Its effects on the sex had not been the result of concerted design. The result was spontaneous. It was the natural growth of the first lesson the Spiritualist has to learn; which is, to become a listener, or recipient, or observer of whatever occurs. This becoming a listener without mental prohibitions, furnishes the scientific condition alone necessary to invite free utterance; and woman has necessarily availed herself of it. The mode by which this acknowledged advantage has been secured by her, is indicative of the general method by which Spiritualism is to effect an universal reformation, which is, not by organized attacks upon error, but by the spontaniety of truth in perfect freedom. J. R. O.

BRITTAN AND HANSON'S DISCUSSION.—We are informed by the publisher of this work, Mr. Munson, No. 5 Great Jones street, that the demand for it is lively, and that it promises a large sale. To this it is entitled by its intrinsic worth. It is always an attractive feature, when any great question absorbs the public mind, to have the *pros* and *cons* placed before us, in their strongest aspect, within a readable compass; and the present work furnishes such a text-book on Spiritualism. It is also, in its array of facts and philosophy, a book of exceeding interest. Price, in paper, 38 cents; bound, 63 cents.

LECTURERS.—Mr. Davis is occupying the desk at Dodworth's. Mrs. Hatch has closed her lectures in Brooklyn, and now speaks at 3 1-2 o'clock on Sunday afternoons at Dodworth's. Miss Hardinge is in Boston, where she speaks on the 16th, and at Salem on the 23d. Mrs. Hyzer spoke at Glen's Falls last Sunday, and goes thence to Vermont. This lady has recently spoken for successive Sabbaths, at Buffalo, New York and Philadelphia, and at all these places was highly appreciated and admired. At her second Sabbath in Philadelphia, the large hall known as the Sansom-street Hall, was more than filled, and many left for want of room.

LAMARTINE HALL.—The lecture room at Lamartine Hall, corner of 29th street and 8th Avenue, has been hired and refitted by that public-spirited brother, Asa Smith, and the spiritual gatherings on Sundays will be continued there for the current year. The usual order of exercises will be, a lecture in the morning, conference at 3 1-2 o'clock in the afternoon, and a public circle in the evening. Lecturers can have the free use of the hall, by applying to Mr. Smith, at 12 Lamartine Place, 29th street.

THE NEW YORK LYCEUM AND CONFERENCE.—The New York Lyceum was inaugurated at Clinton Hall, on Sunday the 2d inst.; on which occasion Dr. Hallock read an essay on "Spiritualism considered as a Scientific Problem," which was not concluded, but continued last Sabbath. The Conference, which will hereafter be held at the same place, owing to a difficulty in procuring the room, has been changed from Tuesday to Friday evening.

THE HERALD OF LIGHT.—Mr. Harris' magazine, the Herald of Light, has just entered on its second year, with fair prospects of establishing a permanent hold on the public mind. It is a *sui generis*. There is nothing like it, nor nearly like it, in any of the four quarters of the globe. It is full of vitality, of poetry, of thought—thought and revelations too grand and beautiful, nay, gorgeous, for contemplation by the human mind; and if to be regarded as reliable, of an importance which cannot be measured. It is issued monthly by the New Church Publishing Association, 447 Broome-street, at $1.50 a year. O.

THE SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH.—The office of the Spiritual Telegraph is removed to more convenient rooms, at 390 Broadway.

Mr. Harris' new work, the "Arcana of Christianity," is announced for the 10th of June.

Spiritual Phenomena.

A Singular Incident.

The following highly interesting statement is given by the Paris correspondent of the Boston *Transcript*:—

The interest in Hume, the American medium, has recently been revived by a singular incident, which I will relate to you. A few evenings since, a select company of Russians and Parisians were assembled at Madame La Comtesse de T.'s, The conversation was on spiritual manifestations, when M. Hume entered. Then followed a serious discussion regarding the manifestation of spirits—if it were possible to obtain from them useful service, salutary information, counsel, advice, or even recompense or chastisement. M. Hume declared that these manifestations permitted by Supreme Power could not be considered as frivolous experience by any one in possession of reason; that he had never known of a spiritual manifestation which had not produced good results; and he was convinced that the Supreme Power often employed such supernatural agency to punish the sins of men. This assertion quieted the objections of some, but was received with incredulity by many of the company.

Suddenly M. Hume arose from the couch on which he was seated and said—

"Madame la Comtesse, you are expecting a visit this evening from a stranger."

"It is true," replied Madame de T.; "but how came you to know it?"

"It matters little—you expect him?"

"Yes; Lord R., a young man of much merit who arrived to-day in Paris. He has not seen any one as yet, and leaves to-morrow morning. How, then, did you know he was coming this evening?"

"I know only he is coming; I have never seen him; I did not know his name; but it has just been revealed to me that an extraordinary event has recently occurred in a chateau belonging to his family—an illustration of chastisement by spiritual agency. He has arrived—he rings—let him relate the event."

The door opened, and the servant announced Lord R.

Madame T. presented M. Hume to Lord R., and related the previous conversation of the American medium. Lord R.'s face expressed the greatest surprise.

"I have never related to any one," he said, "that which I shall now tell you, on account of M. Hume's curious revelation. He is right; a strange and fearful event has recently occurred in my family; but you shall judge for yourselves.

"My elder brother had been married six years to the daughter of Lord M., when he became acquainted with an actress of Drury Lane Theatre—Miss E.

The *liaison* of my brother and Miss E. being soon known, did him the greatest injury, and was a cause of deep grief to his wife. Blinded by his passion, my brother braved the world's opinion, and became indifferent to his wife's sufferings; he obliged Miss E. to leave the theatre, gave her an elegant house in London, and during the summer took her to Scotland that he might not be separated from her. His wife died with sorrow, and in dying committed her two sons to my care. My brother's unhappiness at this event was mingled with remorse, but he refused to separate himself from Miss E. A year since, he was in Scotland at his chateau near Edinboro'. Miss E. was there also.

One night he had a dream that his wife appeared to him. He saw her figure bending over his bed, and heard her sobbing bitterly.

"Why do you weep, Anna?" he asked in his dream.

"I weep because the actress who robbed me of my husband's love, will also deprive my children of their father's affections," replied the spirit.

"You are deceived, Anna; nothing can weaken the tender affection I have for my children."

"Alas! you think so, but she will prove stronger than your will; yet I am come to protect you from her arts. Here is the veil I wore on our wedding day—keep it always—it shall save you and my children from the snares of that woman!" Saying these words she folded the veil and placed it round my brother's neck, then kissing him on the forehead, she disappeared.

On feeling the icy tears streaming over his brow and face he leaped from his bed, and gazed around him to assure himself that he had been dreaming—but suddenly a piercing cry broke from his lips—the veil was about his neck! This vision mingled with the reality touched his heart; he was resting against the bed lost in thought, when Miss E. entered the room. Seeing traces of violent agitation on his features, she demanded the cause.

"My dear Helen," he replied, "our life is culpable, it must change—God ordains it!" He then related the dream, and showed her the veil.

"Is that all?" asked Helen laughing heartily. "You have indeed lost your wits! Do you not see that it is some trick played on you by some member of your wife's family?—but stay. I will destroy at once the charm with the talisman!"

She tore the veil from his neck, ran to the fire and threw it into the flames. In the swiftness of her movements, her dress, which was very ample, displaced suddenly a large volume of air, drawing the flames out from the chimney into the room. A tongue of flame swept round the young girl, instantly enveloping her light, free robe, and, in spite of immediate succor, she expired in most horrible sufferings. You will remember, the journals of the day announced the fearful death of Miss E., but the singular history connected with the event has remained until now a secret.

It is needless to add that the persons present were deeply affected and impressed by the story of Lord R. All Paris is at present occupied with its details. Unfortunately I was not present at the soiree, but, as a faithful reporter, I repeat to you that which the Count N. has told me, who was not only present, but has since become a faithful disciple of Mr. Hume.

Premonitions—Prophet-Dreams.

The following is taken from the "Philosophy of Sleep," by Robert Macnish:

"Miss M——, a young lady, a native of Ross-shire, was deeply in love with an officer who accompanied Sir John Moore in the Peninsular war. The constant danger to which he was exposed, had an evident effect upon her spirits. She became pale and melancholy in perpetually brooding over his fortunes; and in spite of all that reason could do, felt a certain conviction that when she last parted from her lover, she had parted with him forever. In vain was every scheme tried to dispel from her mind the awful idea; in vain were all the sights which opulence could command, unfolded before her eyes. In the midst of pomp and gayety, when music and laughter echoed around her, she walked as a pensive phantom, over whose head some dreadful and mysterious influence hung. She was brought by her affectionate parents to Edinburgh, and introduced into all the gayety of the metropolis, but nothing could restore her, or banish from her mind the insupportable load that oppressed it. The song and the dance were tried in vain; they only aggravated her distress, and made the bitterness of despair more poignant. In a surprisingly short period, her graceful form declined into the appalling characteristics of a fatal illness; and she seemed rapidly hastening to the grave, when a dream confirmed the horrors she had so long anticipated, and gave the finishing stroke to her sorrows.

One night, after falling asleep, she saw her lover, pale, bloody, and wounded in the breast, enter her apartment. He drew aside the curtains of her bed, and with a look of the utmost mildness, informed her that he had been slain in battle, desiring her at the same time to comfort herself, and not to take his death too seriously at heart. It is needless to say what effect this had upon a mind so replete with woe. It withered it entirely, and the unfortunate girl died a few days after, but not without desiring her parents to note nown the day of the month on which it happened, and see if it would be confirmed, as she confidently declared it would. Her anticipation was correct, for accounts were shortly after received that the young man was slain at the battle of Corunna, which was fought on the very day of the night on which his mistress had beheld vision."

A Prediction.

A French girl in San Francisco foretold while in a trance, the exact time of the arrival of a steamer from Panama, which was already two days behind time and generally expected that night. She said that an accident had occured, and it would not arrive until the next morning at nine, at which hour precisely it entered the port. The prophecy was confirmed, before its fulfilment, by table-tippings.

Items of Interest.

SINGULAR COINCIDENCE.—On the night of the 1st inst., Federal street, Boston, was the scene of a disastrous fire. The large granite structure occupied by Carter & Bazin and others was reduced to a heap of ruins. During the conflagration the wind bore the burning cinders to a great distance. Among the fragments scattered through the streets south of the fire was a bit of paper burned to a black coal, which appeared to be a portion of a leaf from Scott's "Kenilworth Castle." It fell in an enclosure connected with No. 2 Tyler street, and these four lines thereon could be distinctly read:

The *death-bell thrice* was heard to ring,
An aerial voice was heard to call,
And thrice the raven flapped his wing
Around the towers of Common Hall.

This appears remarkable from the sad circumstance that during the fire *three* souls were summoned by instant death to depart to the world of spirits. Two firemen were killed while bravely battling the destroying element, and a third person in attempting to save some property was crushed beneath the tumbling ruins. Add to this the fact that the solemn clang of the fire telegraph bells were sounding the alarm in strokes of *three*, and the coincidence seems as extraordinary as the event is sorrowful.

THE WOMAN WHO LIVES WITHOUT EATING.—This curious case in interior New York is still exciting much attention. Rev. S. P. Williams, who has recently visited her, writes to the New York *Christian Advocate* the following particulars:

"Her skin about the face, neck, chest and hands is delicate and healthy as the skin of an infant. The pulsations of her blood about the chest, neck, head and arms, though exceedingly delicate, are quite regular. Her hair does not grow, nor is it worn off her head, as one would naturally suppose, except a little just upon the crown. The action of the liver is entirely suspended, of course. The action and state of the lungs are perfectly healthy. They have been thoroughly examined by skillful physicians with the aid of a stethoscope, and are supposed to be perfect. Her nourishment is wholly from the atmosphere. The last nutriment, indeed the last swallow of water she was known to take, was in the last of June, 1857. The last time she was known to be conscious was last December. When she comes out of those long spasms she seems to cry for a moment like an infant in distress. At such times her husband thinks she may be conscious. It is most distressing to hear it. She is not above the ordinary laws of disease. She has recently had a thorough case of the mumps, precisely as others have them. Her nails upon her fingers, like her hair, do not grow at all."

CONSOLATIONS OF SPIRITUALISM.—Rev. Mr. Eddy of Boston preached the sermon on the occasion of the funeral of the two firemen who gave up their earthly lives at the recent conflagration in Federal street. He is the same preacher who not long since denounced Spiritualism in the severest terms. Yet with bleeding hearts before him, calling for consolation in their distress, he could not withhold the balm of faith in angel ministry. Nothing is so sweet to the anguished spirit of the mourner as this blessed belief. Knowing this, Mr. Eddy properly laid aside his sectarian prejudice for the time to utter words like these:

"One of these I knew only in the relations he stood as a friend to his now afflicted mother. Of the other I knew him better, as a workman, husband, fireman and Christian. I knew him well; and although he did not return to his home, yet we may believe that angel hands pushed back the burning mass that fell on his body and took his spirit up to heaven."

A DANGEROUS GIFT.—It is a curious fact that the prophetic gift has, from the earliest time, until now, almost invariably subjected its possessor to persecution in one form or another—bestowed in all degrees, from distrust and suspicion up to the gibbet and the stake. Here is a recent instance. An exchange states that a German, named Hawzer, came very near getting himself into a difficulty, by prophesying beforehand all the fires in Grand Rapids, Michigan. The *Eagle* of that place, says Mr. Hawzer, is a quiet, inoffensive man, and this power of foretelling conflagrations belonged to his father before him.

DEFUNCT.—The Cleveland paper formerly entitled the *Spiritual Universe*, more recently the *Spiritualist*, is among the things that were. Dittto the *Illuminati*. Doubtless the spirits that animated them have ascended to a higher life—one of more extended usefulness. Apropos—would not the friends of Spiritualism do well to concentrate their patronage on a few publications, so as to give them a permanent and healthy support, rather than to diffuse their means through so many uncertain channels?

TO BE PRAYED FOR.—A New York paper publishes the requests for prayers sent into the revival meetings. We find the following among the rest:

"A lady, a member of the Church of God, desires the prayers of this congregation for her husband, who is a Spiritualist, and for her daughter, who is not ready to give up the pleasures of the world for her Savior—that they may both be converted to Christ."

The late Dr. Henry Sargent of Worcester was singularly gratified in two ardent wishes, that he might die on the birth-day of his favorite sister, and be buried in Mount Auburn by the side of his wife on the the tenth anniversary of her own burial.

Rumor says that Hume, the young American medium, is soon to be married at Rome to a young Russian lady with an immense fortune.

H. P. FAIRFIELD lectured last Sunday in Elkhart, Ind.; on the preceding Sabbath in Goshen, same state. He writes us that the cause of Spiritualism is prospering in that region.

GEORGE STEARNS, author of "The Mistake of Christendom," will answer calls, in any direction, to lecture on the various Impositions of Ecclesiastical Authority, as well as on the Rational Evidence of Life after Death, and Prospective Happiness therein. Address, until further notice, West Acton, Mass.

Obituary Notices.

PASSED TO THE SPIRIT-LIFE, in South Wilbraham, Mass., on the 17th ult., of consumption, WILLIAM CARPENTER, M. D., aged 42 years.

Dr. Carpenter was an intelligent, liberal-minded, upright man. He was a living soul, of refined sensibility, generous impulses, a devoted seeker after truth, open to conviction, a friend of progress, a lover of his race, sympathetic toward the unfortunate, dilligent in solid usefulness, just, honorable and kind in the intercourse of life, a dutiful son, a tender and faithful husband, an affectionate and careful father—in fine, a man most deservedly beloved in the domestic circle, and universally esteemed in the much wider sphere of personal friendship. He won for himself that "good name" which is "rather to be chosen than great riches."

He was the only son of his venerable father, the reliance of his worthy consort, and the excellent guardian of his children. The loss of all these is felt to be unspeakably great. But their consolation is much greater. He was a rational, conscientious Spiritualist. He knew the relative worth of the *outer* and the *inner* man. He was firmly assured of his own immortality—of a higher sphere of existence for himself and mankind. And though the ties which bound him to the loved ones of earth were strong, and tender, he calmly anticipated his departure, set everything carefully in order for it, bore his long and distressing sickness with the most exemplary patience, was gratefully sensible of every attention, and when his time came, was not only ready but anxious to go. He suffered intensely toward the close, but was carried triumphantly through; being favored to have his spiritual vision opened to behold many blessed departed spirits, seemingly gathered about him to bear him away to his spirit-home. Such was his earthly end and his entrance on the higher life.—*Prac. Christian.*

At Salem, Mass, March 22, FRANLIN A., son of T. W. and Esther S. Brown, aged 11 mos. and 14 days.

In the removal of this little flower from the earth-plane to the gardens of the spirit-home, the fond parents mourn not as those who have no faith in a future, fadeless life. Much as the mother misses the lovely infant from her arms, she believes it is not separated from her maternal love, but is in the care of those who will watch it as tenderly and develop it more more wisely than she could have done.

THE SPIRITUAL AGE.

BOSTON AND NEW YORK, MAY 15, 1858.

LETTERS RECEIVED.—I. Allen, J. F. Weaver, W. Stevens, S. Emery, P. N. Parkhurst, C. Knickerbocker, E. W. Holbrook, J. C. Bowker, H. Towne, I. Woods, F. R. Hyer, G. Ladd, S. Andrews, M. Moody, E. A. Goulding, S. Barton, A. L. Drewitz, J. Griffin, M. W. Campbell, H. Butterfield, I. W. Oxenrider, H. P. Fairfield, C. Southwick, F. Barker, T. Richmond, C. Brigham, J. H. Tuttle, J. Gibs, J. M. Lord, A. S. Gallup, J. M. Brophy, T. Middleton, J. McDonald, J. B. Hall, J. Cornell, J. Judson, E. Warner, L. W. Payne, J. B. Roberts, M. A. Townsend, C. Hubbard, S. K. Verrill, L. W., J. L. Clark, P. B. Cogswell, M. J. Brigham, O. J. Mullen, G. Atkins, E. Thomas, H. G., A. S. Taylor, W. Judd, S. Young, S. B. Nichols, G H. Hoyt, J. B. Husted.

PERSONAL AND SPECIAL.

Miss HARDINGE will, during the present month, receive calls for lectures in Boston or vicinity on week-day evenings. She may be addressed in care of Dr. Gardner at the Fountain House.

Mrs. HENDERSON will make engagements for lectures, on either Sundays or other days, for the coming three months. Address in care of Dr. H. F. Gardner, Fountain House.

L. JUDD PARDEE may be addressed for several weeks at the Fountain House, by those desiring his services as a lecturer.

Mrs. J. W. CURRIER will receive calls to lecture in the trance state upon the Sabbath, or at any other time desired. Mrs. C. is a Clairvoyant, Healing, and Test Medium. Address J. W. CURRIER, Lowell, Mass.

Mrs. C. E. DORMAN would inform her friends, and those who may wish to consult her, that she has removed to Newark, N. J., where she will continue to make examinations and prescriptions for the sick. Residence, 361 Broad street.

Miss SARAH A. MAGOUN, Trance Speaking Medium, will answer calls for speaking on the Sabbath, or at any other time. Address her at Cambridgeport, Mass., care Geo. L. Cade.

The subscriber continues to receive calls to lecture on Spiritualism. He is prepared to present the subject in its Phenomenal, Biblical and Philosophical aspects; also, to discuss its claims to public favor, with any honorable disputant. JOHN HOBART.

References—Dr. H. F. Gardner and A. E. Newton.

MEETINGS IN BOSTON.

SUNDAY MEETINGS.—Miss EMMA HARDINGE, of New York, will speak at the Melodeon on Sunday next, at 3 and 7 1-2 o'clock, P. M.

SPIRITUALIST MEETINGS will be held at No. 14 Bromfield St., every Sunday afternoon. Admission free. A CIRCLE for medium development and spiritual manifestations will be held every Sunday morning and evening at the same place. Admission 5 cents.

AN INVESTIGATING CLASS meets every Thursday evening, at No. 14 Bromfield street, commencing at 7 1-2 o'clock.

MEDIUMS IN BOSTON.

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

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

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

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

Mr. Mansfield will receive visitors at his office on Mondays, Wednesdays and Saturdays. Persons are requested not to call on other days. 29 tf

Mrs. DICKINSON, No. 38 Beach street, Seer, Healing and Trance Medium, gives communications concerning the Past, Present and Future.

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

Mrs. R. H. BURT, Writing and Trance Medium, 24 1-2 Winter street—Room 12. Hours from 10 to 1, and from 2 to 7. 2—3m

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

Mrs. BEAN, Rapping, Writing and Trance Medium. Hours from 9 to 1 A. M. for Medical Examinations, and 2 to 5 and 7 to 9 P. M. for Manifestations, at No. 30 Eliot street.

Mrs. B. K. LITTLE, (formerly Miss Ellis) Test Medium, by Rapping, Writing and Trance. Rooms No. 46 Elliot street. Hours from 9 to 12 A. M., and 2 to 6 P. M. Terms $1 per hour for one or two persons; 50 cents for each additional person. Clairvoyant Examinations for Diseases and Prescriptions, $1.

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Interesting Miscellany.

SINGULAR STORY OF CALHOUN.

Several years ago a letter appeared in the papers, purporting to come from a Washington correspondent, relating the following story of the great Southern Statesman. Of its fidelity to the facts in the case, we have no means of judging, beyond the circumstance of its thus appearing. Whatever the foundation for the statement, it is interesting, to say the least:—

The other morning at the breakfast table, our friend the Hon. John C. Calhoun, seemed very much troubled and out of spirits. You know he is altogether a venerable man, with a hard, stern, Scotch-Irish face, softened in its expression around the mouth by a sort of a sad smile, which wins the hearts of all who converse with him. His hair is snow white. He is tall, slim and angular. He reminds you very much of Old Hickory. That he is honest, no one doubts; he has sacrificed to his fatalism his brighter hopes of political advancement—has offered upon the shrine of that necessity which he worships, all that can excite ambition—even the Presidency of the United States.

But to my story. The other morning, at the breakfast table, where I, an unobserved spectator, happened to be present, Calhoun was observed to gaze frequently at his right hand, and brush it with his left in a hurried and excited manner. He did it so often that it excited attention. At length one of the persons composing the breakfast party—his name, I think, is Toombs, and he is a member of Congress from Georgia—took upon himself to ask the occasion of Mr. Calhoun's disquietude.

"Does your hand pain you?" he asked of Mr. Calhoun.

To this Mr. Calhoun replied, in rather a flurried manner, "Pshaw! it is nothing only a dream which I had last night, and which makes me see perpetually a large black spot like an ink blotch on the back of my right hand; an optical illusion, I suppose."

Of course these words excited the curiosity of the company, but no one ventured to beg the details of this singular dream, until Mr. Toombs asked quietly:—

"What was your dream like? I am not very superstitious about dreams, but sometimes they have a great deal of truth about them."

"But this was such a peculiarly absurd dream," said Mr. Calhoun, again brushing the back of his right hand: "however, if it does not intrude too much on the time of our friends, I will relate it to you."

Of course the company were profuse in their expressions of anxiety to know all about the dream. In his singularly sweet voice, Mr. Calhoun related it:—

"At a late hour last night, as I was sitting in my room engaged in writing, I was astonished at the entrance of a visitor who entered, and without a word, took a seat opposite me at the table. This surprised me, as I had given particular orders to the servant that I should on no account be disturbed. The manner in which the intruder entered, so perfectly self-possessed, taking his seat opposite me without a word, as though my room and all within it belonged to him, excited in me as much surprise as indignation. As I raised my head to look at his features, over the top of my shaded lamp, I discovered that he was wrapt in a thin cloak, which effectually concealed his face and features from my view. And as I raised my head, he spoke—

'What are you writing, Senator from South Carolina?'

I did not think of his impertinence at first, but answered voluntarily—

'I am writing a plan of the dissolution of the American Union.' (You know, gentlemen, that I am expected to produce a plan of dissolution in the event of certain contingencies.)

To this the intruder replied in the coolest manner possible:—

'Senator from South Carolina, will you allow me to look at your right hand?'

"He rose, the cloak fell, and I beheld his face. Gentlemen, the sight of that face struck me like a clap of thunder. The features were those of General George Washington—yes, gentlemen, the intruder was none other than George Washington. He was dressed in the Revolutionary costume, such as you see in the Patent Office."

Here Mr. Calhoun paused, apparently agitated. His agitation, I need not tell you, was shared by the company. At length Mr. Toombs broke the embarrassing pause:—

"Well, what was the issue of this scene?"

Mr. Calhoun resumed:

"The intruder, as I have said, rose and asked to look at my right hand. As though I had not power to refuse, I extended it. The truth is, I felt a strange thrill pervade me at his touch; he grasped it and held it near the light, thus affording me full time to examine every feature. It was the face of Washington. Gentlemen, I shuddered as I beheld the horrible dead alive of that visage, after holding my hand a moment, he looked at me steadily, and said in a quiet way:—

'And with this right hand, you would sign your name to a paper declaring the union dissolved?'

"I answered in the affirmative. Yes, I said, 'if a *certain* contingency arises, I will sign my name to the Declaration of Dissolution.' But at that moment a black blotch appeared upon the back of my right hand,—an inky blotch which I seem to see now. 'What is that?' said I, alarmed, I know not why, at the blotch on my hand."

'That said he, dropping my hand, is the mark by which Bendict Arnold is known in the next world.'

"He said no more, gentlemen, but drew from beneath his cloak an object which he laid upon the table—laid upon the very paper on which I was writing—the object, gentlemen, was a *skeleton*."

'There,' said he, 'there are the bones of Isaac Hayne who was hung at Charleston by the British. When you put your name on a Declaration of Dissolution, why you may as well have the bones of Isaac Hayne before you. He was a South Carolinian; so are you. But there was no blotch on his right hand.'

"With these words the intruder left the room. I started back from the contact with the dead man's bones, and awoke. Overworn by labor, I had fallen asleep and been dreaming. Was it not a singular dream?"

All the company answered in the affirmative—and Toombs muttered, "*Singular, singular;*" and, at the same time looking curiously at the back part of his right hand, while Mr. Calhoun placed his head between his hands and seemed buried in deep thought.

A full heart is as difficult to carry as a full cup—the least thing upsets it.

THE LITTLE CUP OF TEARS.

We find the following North German legend in "Thorpe's Yule-tide Stories," one of Bohn's Antiquated Stories. It is too beautiful to remain in the sole keeping of antiquaries:—

"There was once a mother and a child, and the mother loved this her only child with her whole heart, and thought she could not live without it; but the Almighty sent a great sickness among children, which siezed this little one, who lay on its sick bed, even to death. Three days and three nights the mother watched and wept, and prayed by the side of her darling child, but it died. The mother, now left alone in the wide world, gave way to the most violent and unspeakable grief; she ate nothing and drank nothing, and wept, wept, three long days and three long nights without ceasing, calling constantly upon her child. The third night, as she thus sat overcome with suffering, in the place where her child had died, her eyes bathed in tears, and faint from grief, the door softly opened, and the mother started, for before her stood her departed child. It had become a heavenly angel, and smiled sweetly as innocence, and was beautiful like the blessed. It had in its hand a small cup that was almost running over, so full it was. And the child spoke: "O! dearest mother, weep no more for me; the angel of mourning has collected in this little cup the tears which you have shed for me. If for me you shed but one tear more, it will overflow, and I shall have no more rest in the grave, and no joy in Heaven. Therefore, O! dearest mother! weep no more for your child; for it is well and happy, and angels are its companions." It then vanished. The mother shed no more tears that she might not disturb her child's joy in Heaven."

HOME.

Our home is always where are our affections are. We sigh and wander, we vibrate to and fro, till we rest in that special centre where our deepest loves are garnered up. Then the heart fills and brims over with its own happiness, and spreads sweetness and fertility all around it. Very often when the eyes are closing in death, and this world is shutting off the light from the departing soul, the last wish which is made audible is "to go home." The words break out sometimes through the cloud of delirium; but it is the soul's deepest and most central want, groping after its object, haply soon to find it as the clogs of earth clear away, and she springs up on the line of swift affection, as the bee with unerring precision shoots through the dusk of evening to her cell.

How admirable are the arrangements of Providence by which he gradually removes the home-centre from this world to the other, and so draws our affections towards the heavenly abodes! We start in life an unbroken company; brothers and sisters, friends and lovers, neighbors and comrades are with us; there is circle within circle, and each one of us is at the charmed centre where the heart's affections are aglow, and whence they radiate outward upon society. Youth is exuberant with joy and hope, the earth looks fair, for it sparkles with May-dews wet, and no shadow hath fallen upon it. We are all here, and we could live here forever. The home-centre is on the hither side of the river, and why should we strain our eyes to look beyond? But this state of things does not continue long. Our circle grows less and less. It is broken and broken, and then closed up again; but every break and close make it narrower and smaller. Perhaps before the sun is at his meridian the majority are on the other side, and we are drawn contrariwise and vibrate between the two. A little longer and we have almost crossed over; the balance settles down on the spiritual side, and the home-centre is removed to the upper sphere. At length you see nothing but an aged pilgrim standing alone on the river's brink, and looking earnestly towards the country on the other side. In the morning, that large and goodly company rejoicing together with music and wine; in the evening dwindled down to that solitary old man, the last of his family and the last of his generation, waiting to go home, and filled with pensive memories of the Long Ago!—*Foregleams of Immortality.*

A WORD TO MOTHERS.

Would that, instead of educating our young girls with the notion that they are to be wives or nothing—matrons, with an acknowledged position and duties, or with no position and duties at all—we could instil into them the principle that, above and before all, they are to be *women*—women, whose character is of their own making, and whose character lies in their own hands. Not through any foolish independence of mankind, or adventurous misogamy; let people prate as they will, the woman was never born yet who would not cheerfully and proudly give herself and her whole destiny into a worthy hand, at the right time, and under fitting circumstances—that is, when her whole heart and conscience accompanied and sanctified the gift. But marriage ought always to be a question not of necessity, but choice. Every girl ought to be taught that a hasty, loveless union, stamps upon her as foul dishonor as one of those connexions which omit the legal ceremony altogether; and that, however pale, dreary, and toilsome a single life may be, unhappy married life, must be tenfold worse—an ever-haunting temptation, an incurable regret, a torment from which there is no escape but death. There is many a bridal-chamber over which ought to be placed no other inscription than that well-known one over the gate of Dante's hell:

"Lasciate ogni speranza voi ch'entrate."

God forbid that any woman, in whose heart is any sense of real marriage, with all its sanctity, beauty and glory, should ever be driven to enter such an accursed door!—*A Woman's Thoughts about Women.*

The Crooked Tree.

A child, when asked why a certain tree grew crooked, replied, "Somebody trod on it, I suppose, when it was a little fellow." How painfully suggestive is that answer. How many, with aching hearts, can remember the days of their childhood, when they were the victims of indiscreet repression, rather than the happy subjects of some kind direction and culture. The effects of such misguided discipline have been apparent in their history and character, and by no process of human devising can the wrong be now rectified. The grand error in their education consisted in a system of rigid restraints, without corresponding efforts to develop, cultivate and train in a right direction.

Vital Religion.

It is a great deal easier to repeat "a whole liturgy of prayers" than to govern one's temper, overcome a bad habit, and resist the constantly recurring temptations to self-indulgence. It is a great deal easier to *feel* good than to *be* good. It is easier to get up an incoherent fervor of mind than calmly and steadily to pursue the even way of our ordinary duties. To go to church and be excited by solemn music, and to lose one's self in vague emotions,—how much more agreeable is this than to stay at home, and amidst the hurry and discord of daily returning trials, to maintain a quiet and cheerful mind?

For the Spiritual Age.

MAY-MORNING.

The hills of the morning were blushing with light,
The meadows were sparkling with dews of the night;
Upon the high tree-tops, the songsters of glee
Seemed singing a song,—"We are happy and free."

Sweet melody gushed from the murmuring streams,
As sweet to the soul as bright fairy-land dreams;
The silvery clouds floated silently by,
Like wings of pure Angels, o'er-watching the sky.

I thought of fair Eden, the garden of rest,
The home of the weary, the shades of the blest;
For Heaven would be but a garden of woe,
Were such gentle warblings forbidden to flow.

Thou God of perfection! O teach us to feel
The beauty of Nature, which works for our weal;
And in the pure sunshine of Charity, be
Like the birds, ever singing; like the brooks, ever free!

WHITINGHAM, Vt., May 1st, 1858. E. W. HOLBROOK.

THE DEPARTED.

BY ROBERT SOUTHEY.

Not to the grave! Not to the grave my soul
Descend to contemplate
The form that once was dear!
The spirit is not there
Which kindled that dead eye;
Which throbbed in that cold heart;
Which in that motionless hand
Hath met thy friendly grasp—
The spirit is not there!
It is but lifeless, perishable flesh
That moulders in the grave;
Earth, air and waters, ministering particles
Now to their elements
Resolved; their uses done.

Not to the grave! Not to the grave my soul
Follow thy friend beloved;
The spirit is not there!
Often together have we talked of death;
How sweet it were to see
All doubtful things made clear;
How sweet it were with powers,
Such as the Cherubim,
To view the depth of Heaven!
Oh! thou hast first
Begun the travel of Eternity!
I gaze amid the stars
And think that thou art there,
Unfettered as the thought that follows thee.

And we have often said how sweet it were,
With unseen ministry of angel-power,
To watch the friends we loved.
We did not err!
Sure I have felt thy presence! Thou hast giv'n
A birth to holy thought;
Hast kept me from the world unstained and pure.
We did not err!
Our best affections here—
They are not like the toys of infancy;
The soul outgrows them not;
We do not cast them off;
Oh, if it could be so,
It were indeed a dreadful thing to die!

Not to the grave! Not to the grave my soul
Follow thy friend beloved!
But in the lonely hour,
But in the evening walk
Think that she 'companies thy solitude;
Think that she holds with thee
Mysterious intercourse;
And though remembrance wake a tear,
There will be joy in grief.

NEVER RAIL AT THE WORLD.

Never rail at the world—it is just as we make it—
We see not the flower if we sow not the seed;
And as for ill-luck, why it's just as we take it,—
The heart that's in earnest no bars can impede.
You question the justice that governs man's breast,
And say that the search for true friendship is vain;
But remember, this world, though it be not the best,
Is next to the best we shall ever attain. CHARLES SWAIN.

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