

DEVOTED TO RATIONAL SPIRITUALISM AND PRACTICAL REFORM.

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Spiritual Philosophy.

For the Spiritual Age

THEOSOPHY.

BY GEORGE STEARNS.

The World of Sense is the school of thought, and the highest use of its diagrams is to demonstrate God. Another requisite to this end is human growth, which brings the power and capacity to appreciate evidence. All science is discovery of Truth; and for that Nature is the only medium, Reason is the only instrumentality, and reasoning is the only method. Yet, before we can know anything, we must take for granted certain propositions, among which are these four:

1. Consciousness is infallible.
2. Our senses and intellects are valid instruments of intelligence.
3. Conviction is evidence.
4. From nothing, nothing is or can be—whatever has a beginning proceeds from Cause.

Now we are so constituted that we assent to these truisms without looking for their foundation or being able to question their reasonableness; or rather, we act them out in life before we think of them. Here, then, is simple, irresistible belief in what is called *Intuition;* a merely negative term, implying that First Principles are known spontaneously. This implication is both unphilosophical and absurd; unphilosophical, inasmuch as it leaves our apprehensions of Truisms unexplained; and absurd, because it asserts an effect without Cause. The doctrine of Intuition admits of no explanation except in the fact of a Supernatural Teacher of Man; and since all human science rests on the elements of Intuition so called, and demonstration itself consists in finding this support, what is a true definition of human knowledge, but *implicit faith in the word of our Divine Instructor?* The Didactic Cause of all we know must be intelligent—must know all which it is possible for us to learn; and the being to whom our souls are thus committed, ought to be worthy of the highest appellation in human language—verily, is GOD.

Notwithstanding all the cant of the Church about atheism, and all the honest avowals of certain nominally irreligious men, a positive atheist is impossible. All act upon the teachings of God, whether conscious of it or not; that is, in the name of Intuition they accept his word as the ground of Reason and test of Truth. This necessity of the human mind is in no way affected by scholastic theories and the polemic wranglings of men who have sided for and against the varied "revelations" of priestcraft. Had there been no Constantine, there had been no Thomas Paine. Voltaire, Volney and others of their kidney, merely replied to the bishops of Rome. All the "infidelity" in the World is but the rejoinder to superstition. On analysis, all disputes about God will be found to turn on the conceits of men who have left Reason to follow some blind authority. Some have taken a dislike to the word, because churchmen have corrupted its meaning; and their disgust for a bad deity denotes their worship of a good Nature; but they who cannot bear the idolatry of a Divine man, ought not to accept that of a merely natural God.

It is harsh to say it now, but it will be seen hereafter, that while theologians by profession have labored unwittingly to set up uncouth idols in the name of God, philosophers with no religious pretence, but out of pure love of Nature, have been quite as unpurposely elaborating the science of Divinity. The reason of this paradox is, that the ecclesiastical assumption of a Revelation outside of Nature, only bewilders the mind; whereas, by whatever motive attention is drawn to the sensible *works* of God, the notion of his being and character is thereby improved. God cannot reveal himself by contra-natural means, as in the method of Inspiration according to the conceit of churchmen; if he could, it is not likely that he would be so remarkably sparing of this light as to leave three-fourths of mankind so long in barbarism. What motive can he cherish for withholding a knowledge of himself? When we turn our eyes in the right direction, we are amazed at the magnificent effort of the Almighty to make himself known. Look into the nocturnal sky, and see how condescendingly he unrolls to human gaze the panorama of his mundane system. Why comes light streaming down from those vast orbs at such immense distances, and why has the Creator given us light at all with eyes for its use, if he be disposed to keep us in the dark as to his doings and designs? It is not so; the Infinite and Supreme can have no wish for concealment. The Maker and Giver of All is never less ready to impart than his creatures are to receive, and the Prime Teacher has already communicated more than man can fathom. Go talk to the lower animals; and when you fail to make them comprehend the treasures of your own brain, think what impediments to Divine Tuition God may find in that. The lens is as old as the eyes of Nature; but it was a long time before human genius took the hint to construct a telescope. The Revelation of God was in the Heavens, nevertheless; and the best result of telescopic as well as microscopic vision is yet to transpire in the suggestion of what an infinity of marvels remains occult, or lies beyond the region of our sensible research—in the *meaning* of that we see.

I do not hesitate to speak of God as a *personality;* because, though I am unable to conceive of him in the form of Man, or in any shape which fancy may bring to the aid of Reason, yet, since I find in Nature all the essentials of being of which I have any notion, and every endowment of the creature is an emanation from the Creator, who could not impart more than he himself possessed, I cannot but impute to the Father of individualized Life, Sensation and Intelligence, a higher ultimate of all these attributes than is manifested by any of his children. "He that planted the ear," asks an ancient reasoner, "can not he *hear?* He that formed the eye, doth he not *see?* He that teacheth Man knowledge, shall he not *know?*" It is easy to evade the *letter* of these Socratic propositions, by alleging that the sensational apparatus of human intelligence is quite inappropriate to God, who probably has more than the uses of eyes and ears, without the restrictions of discernment which organs of Sense must necessarily impose. But this prediction of Deity involves the very concession which the *spirit* of the above questioning demands; that the Being whose perfections supersede the employment of nerves, muscles, and all the instruments of physical animation, is for this reason not less, but greater than all our notions of personality.

We cannot penetrate the mode or find the rationale of the Divine Entity; simply because Nature contains no example of it. For the same reason we do not as yet comprehend the supra-mundane sphere of Souls, to which, nevertheless, the tide of physical life and the progressive course of Nature are irresistibly bearing us. Nor is this ignoring of our future development without many a parallel. Does the caterpillar antedate the winged pleasures of the butterfly? Does the human embryo foreknow the responsibilities and thrilling interests of the World of Sense and Society, prior to the crisis of birth? Tell me rather if *the living adult knows himself*—whether one in ten of Earth's plodders has a proper understanding of the means and ends of *present* life, to say nothing of the future. How few pretend to explain the structure of their own bodies, or to know the laws by which disease and death are temporarily avoided. None of us seems to be fully conscious of Immortality. Why should we be prescient of the future, when we are too heedless to observe the present? How can they who ignore the manifest be conversant with the inferential? Such accidents may obscure for a time, but they have no tendency to disprove the being of God. The fact is, we comprehend much below and in the plane of our own development, but nothing above it. We can recognize the being of God, therefore, only by inference; yet, with premises which compel this inference, the very mystery of his entity ennobles our conception of his *personal* Individuality, and enforces the reasonable appellation of THE SUPREME BEING.

Penetrated with the conviction that God *is*, it is impossible not to care *what* he is, especially in a moral sense. Here inquiry divides upon two leadings of thought, which are to be distinguished as the *rational* and the *super-rational*—Theology and Theodicy. Be the Theic Essence—*the vehicle* of Eternal Causation, for ever inscrutable, (it surely is now,) it is not *that* which we are immediately concerned to know, but *the Divine Character*. To be made acquainted with OUR HEAVENLY FATHER, is what the heart seeks; and to this natural wish there are no real impediments. The propitious attributes of God are portrayed in his Works; to which Revelation let us resort, and learn what the Author relates of himself and for our Happiness.

SPIRITUAL SUPPORT.

"The support we derive from mortal persons does not depend altogether upon having them in sight. If we have ever come to know and love their personality, it is an inextinguishable power, strong to uplift. * * * * *

"Yea, testifieth the heart that knoweth, when mountains rise and oceans roll between us and them, their gracious images come, not by help of mail or telegraph, but supernatural visiting; their faces shine how wondrously in the darkened chambers of our solitary bosoms; not general calculations and judgments sustain us through our trials, but their spirits dear to us troop through the air to people our loneliness and revive our despondency, or their undoubted regard mixes sweetness with the tears we shed, and makes us by God's grace, content still to live. Nay, down from the heavenly places descends that cloud of witnesses which the Apostle celebrates, for spectators to cheer us in the panting, dusty race of life. And it is persons always in the flesh or immortalized, and not our own independent reasonings, that we lean upon in the tug of calamity at our wasted strength. No wolf shall come to our door, no despair sit in our souls, while any most fading likeness of friends hangs upon our wall, or from within irradiates our path, or from their vanishing forms beams down upon our hope."—*Bartol's "Church and Congregation."*

There is no triumph so noble as that of the soul over its temptations.

For the Spiritual Age.

THE BREATH OF LIFE.

[We are informed that the following poem was written with great rapidity, by spirit-impression, through a medium unaccustomed to poetic composition. While it has some obvious faults, yet it displays a boldness of imagery and intensity of expression which evince the true poetic fire.—ED. AGE.]

'Twas morn;
There issued forth from out the Land of Light
A fresh, cool breeze, whose airy wings lent fragrance
From ten thousand flowers; and sweetest odors blended,
Breathing songs of love and harmony.

It fanned the bosom of the gentle Maid,
And taught its heavings to beat time
For the brave Youth, whose noble brow
A spiral crown had won, and whose majestic form
Could stand erect, craving from Heaven its highest boon,
WISDOM, his rightful heritance.

Its gentle breathings wafted o'er Time's weedy path,
Sighing sweet murmurs in the Sage's ear
Of future bliss, and made his heart with living life
Leap o'er the barriers of the crumbling past;
And as he raised his soul with gratitude
To highest Heaven, his snowy locks
Waved back in gravest purity.

With lulling songs it swept o'er marshy plains,
Where cankering reptiles slaked their greedy thirst
In slimy gore of festering death,—
Where hatched whole broods of snakish fiends,
Whose green eyes glared on beauteous youth,—
When instantly a blight of baneful power was thrust,
Crushing sweet life to withered rottenness;—
Even there, where terrors reigned supreme,
And sorrow spread her shadowy wing
O'er mankind's heart, while from her pinions fell
Both thick and fast, reeking flakes of nether blackness,—
As darkness flies when the East opes wide
Its morn-lit eyes of loving light,
In streams of beamy glory,—
So the gentle breathings of high heaven
Descend o'er worlds of mind, o'er dungeon dens
Of darkest death, scattering the thick
Pestiferous air with God's own breath,
Redeeming all to health and beauty.

Nor stayed it there;—
It glided on to lands where sits on high
The Demon King of human barter, stifling groans
Of martyred liberty. Oh human tongue! canst thou reveal
The curse that clings to high-throned blackness,
Where lordly power doth bury souls in fattened graves
Of flesh, to feed the lust of brutal madness?
High up in heaven's dome, the glorious sun
Looks down upon the weltering scene
With sunny sadness.

Humanity alone reflects back dull response
To shining beams, while Nature ushers forth
At Heaven's behest her richest fruits and rarest dainties,
And dancing flowers bedeck the verdant lawn,
And trees ascend in stately altitude,
Their quivering limbs stretched wide,
With clustered treasures bending.

With rustling moan it sped, unseen, through deepest
Tracks of murderous fury, and breathed its life-
Restoring breath where withered souls of slaves
Lay bleeding at sight of their own agony.
It gently fanned with healing power
The lacerated wounds of mocked humanity,
Till, raised in strength, the prostrate souls
Stood up erect in manhood's glory.

* * * * * * * *

Where'er it blew,
A hallowed thrill pervaded, and it bore
Upon its wings of love responses
To the cravings of the doubting soul,
Which had been for ages past condemned
By austere and authoritative power, to dwell
'Neath God's eternal curse,—and why?
Because it dared to search for truth
Concerning Deity.

Oh Demon Slavery! At every turn is met
Thy hideous form, and souls of men
In multitudes most willingly
Do crouch beneath thy crushing tread.
Long, long have hung the terrors of thy reign
O'er Church and State. The laws and creeds
Enacted there, which clip the wings
Of manhood's flight, are worthy none save thee;
Thou art their dire Divinity!

But now aloud the Breeze of Life doth whistle
O'er thy looming head, ringing death-knells
To thy cursed schemes of thraldom,
Proclaiming freedom to the aspiring soul
To burst thy chains of abject death,
Unfold the faculties bequeathed by God
To higher planes of elevating thought; and ever now,
In harmony with gravitation's law,
The spirit, freed from thy incumbent sway,
Will soar away beyond thy dark domain,
And in the infinitude of God's eternal space,
Revel in delights before unknown;
And through the endless cycles of Eternity
Exalt the soul by scanning Deity.

Rejoice and sing, O Earth's inhabitant!
For lo! the breathings from above which first
Did steal upon thy listening ear
Like murmurings of low music,
Will swell in strength with every rippling wave of time.

* * * * * * * *

And thou, O man,
Be patient, calm, and faithful to thy calling;
For He who rides upon the storm
Shall sweep adown the tide of death
All systems that are fraught with sorrow;
And out of this confused wreck shall spring
New order; the gross, contaminated atmosphere
Which fed the mind from birth till death,
Shall now be cleansed; all that is vile,
Impure and meaningless, be banished from the earth,
And dark oblivion's depths shall, yawning wide,
Receive their own.

All hail! all hail! for now is come
The day when heavenly Life shall leap
Through every stagnant vein in manhood's heart.
Ah! now the Bride, the Lamb's espoused,
Shall cast aside her mourning weeds
To meet her absent Lord; the universal heart of man
Shall gush in streams of heavenly joy,
For they shall gather into one embrace—
The scattered children of the earth—
One holy song of gratitude shall burst
From one spontaneous heart,
One righteous Father be the God they evermore
Shall serve, their home one habitation
Of peace, of joy, and love.

No warring now, no battle-cry is heard;
The clanking links of slavery are changed
For cords of love; no thoughts shall now
Be stammered on their way to God,
But each shall help his brother mount
To kiss the sunbeams of His truth.
All Nature, too, shall join to swell
The song of Man's Redemption.
Ye beasts and birds, ye fishes of the sea,
And creeping things of Earth, leap in
Your liberty,—for man at last hath found
A resting-place, a sure foundation!
Ye Heavens and Earth, Sun, Moon and Stars,
And all ye millioned throng of
Heavenly hosts, attune your harps of gold,
Your silvery lutes, and sing aloud, triumphantly,
Until the quivering air thrills with your music,
And Earth re-echoes back your story;
And let your theme be thus:—Oh Death!
Thy sting is gone; now art thou swallowed up
In victory! MARGARET YOUNG.

MOUNT PLEASANT, ROCKFORD, Ill.

For the Spiritual Age.

DEVOTION.

Modern Spiritualism, as well as any and all new systems of philosophy or modes of operation, must undergo the closest possible scrutiny. *This is right.* Let our opponents scathe our system when, where and to what extent they can; if we are right, like a tree exposed to bleak winds, we shall only root the deeper and spread our branches to correspond with the roots by which they are nourished; and if we are wrong, the sooner we see it the better.

It has been questioned whether Spiritualism, in its modern forms of manifestation, tends to elevate, spiritualize or devotionalize the subjects of its influence. It will not be denied that a great amount of mirthfulness frequently attends circle meetings, sometimes descending to a state of volatility which attracts a class of influences in no way reliable. For this we offer no other apology than that of the vitiated state of the mind of the company at the time. So long as spirits are attracted to us by the law of affinity, such must be the effect of a low condition of mind in ourselves.

Now, although this may be true of some spirits and some circles, still a great amount of cheerfulness on the part of the purest spirit that ever communes with us is indispensable.

It is well known that there is a sort of awe or horror-stricken state of feeling in many persons at the idea of spirit-presence; and before spirits can familiarize themselves with us, as they desire to, this must be overcome. Hence they must make themselves as one of us; instead of showing out their greatness, or making splendid displays of superior genius to dazzle our perceptions, they must appear as children and give us some comparatively weak communications, perhaps sometimes below the capacity of the juvenile medium employed at the time. THIS IS THE WISEST OF ECONOMY.

Having been a Methodist preacher for thirty-six years past, I have tested that principle often. For instance, a minister attends a social meeting where he is a stranger, and in the outset he throws himself out to the extent of his ability. The consequence is, he has created a feeling of awe that disheartens many if not most present, and they dare not speak or pray before him. A preacher who does not know better than to do so, is lacking in ministerial qualifications, and had better study human nature more before he trusts himself abroad. The whole effect of a camp-meeting has sometimes been ruined by being commenced by one of these dashing, flourishing rhetoricians; and though such a discourse may have been generally admired, yet in my inmost soul I have loathed it, and pitied the short-sightedness of the speaker.

Wise spirits are neither so ignorant or so vain as to show off in this pompous style. Had Clay, Webster, Calhoun and others dashed out in the sublimity of their own conceptions, an effect directly the reverse of what a good spirit aims at would have been realized; and I wonder at the weakness of persons who scout Spiritualism on the ground of the want of greatness in communications through mediums.

A certain amount of what the world calls weak, frivolous, childish, vain, etc., is indispensable to the objects of spirit-manifestation, and needs no apology from Spiritualists; and if properly understood and conducted, will not in the end lead to a lowering of our feelings of devotion. When once the intercourse is open and free, the controlling influence can and will conduct the mind upward, and upward it will go or be left to merited darkness; and "if the light that is in them becomes darkness, how great is that darkness."

The term devotion, like that of regeneration, is undefined. We are sometimes amused and sometimes disgusted with the ideas that cluster around it in the estimation of the masses.

Too often it is made to imply a sort of feeling which induces sighing, groaning, grasping, longing, painful anxiety lest we should fall at last into the burning pit. These emotions are expressed in the following extracts from popular hymns:

"This AWFUL God is ours"!
"That AWFUL day will surely come."
"Terrible thought! that I alone
Through sin forever die."

Now if this be the true sense of devotion, it is likely that modern Spiritualism will not lead to it to any great extent. I believe we are not much in the habit of having these intermittent, spasmodic, AWFUL fits about AWFUL things. Our God is not an AWFUL being, and our duties are not AWFULLY unpleasant. The bright and shining way opened up to our perceptions removes this gloominess, and inspires us with a hearty good will to do right.

If devotion to God is to be shown by devotion to the real happiness and best interest of his creatures; if true religion is benevolence; if the real gospel is peace on earth and good will to men; then we hope to live under its God-honoring and man-saving influences, and trust we shall not be "a whit behind the chiefest." In that case, we shall possess those inward ardent feelings inspired by a Christ-like spirit.

It would be exceedingly gratifying if all who embrace our theory would live up to its teachings. But such is not the case with other theories, and cannot well be expected to be with ours. If some Spiritualists live in sensualism, so do some churchmen. We of course regret that it is so, but sensualists will worship the god of sense, and will always find others to bow with them at his shrine. It is an evil that no system of religion or code of morals as yet has been able to overcome; and if our system is to be charged with all the wrongs perpetrated by such as embrace, or consent to its teaching, all others should be—in which case all the religious systems extant must meet with universal disapprobation.

We have taken a higher ground on the subject of sexual purity than is commonly taken. We have noticed the sickly effeminacy of the wives of our professional men whose animal forces are not consumed by manual labor, and it tells a fearful story. To obviate this difficulty, we raise the standard of the rights of woman, claim it as her privilege and duty to limit or control those intimate relationships in which her life and health are involved.

No wonder that such men raise a hue and cry against us, and try to make people believe something that will keep them from us. But when they see their wives become healthy and vigorous under these new regulations, and paints are no more needed to supply the place of nature's healthful colors, they may think differently of the moral, spiritual and healthful tendencies of our system from what they now do. Just so sure as we commune with spirits from above us, our minds will be inclined upward. H. FOSTER.

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The Spiritual Age.

Progress is the Common Law of the Universe.

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SATURDAY, MAY 29, 1858.

DR. ROBERT HARE.

The secular journals bring us the unexpected intelligence that our venerable friend, the great American light of Chemical Science, closed his mortal career at his late residence in Philadelphia on Saturday the 15th instant, at the age of 77 years. The speedy occurrence of this event was not anticipated, and the announcement will doubtless surprise his numerous friends in every part of the country. It is true that DR. HARE had already transcended the ordinary limits of human life, yet he retained his corporeal vigor and mental energy in an unusual degree. When the writer last looked upon his majestic form it was erect and commanding as ever before. He stood with manly firmness under the weight of many years, and walked with a measured but elastic step, never bending beneath the burden. Not a nerve was unstrung, nor had his physical frame been materially enfeebled by the earnest labors of a long and useful life. In his organic structure and the Roman firmness of his character he was like the mountain oak, while the maturity of his mind was unaccompanied by the ordinary physical infirmities of old age. Our last interview with Dr. Hare dates but a few months back, when he was in the full possession and free exercise of all his faculties. His mind displayed remarkable activity, and when engaged in conversation on the themes which most interested him, the fires of youthful energy flashed from his eye, and his whole countenance glowed with the fervor of his illuminated spirit.

Dr. Hare was born in Pennsylvania in the year 1781, but our limited knowledge of his history does not cover the period of his early life. Soon after he entered the Chemical School of the University of Pennsylvania, which occurred in 1801, he distinguished himself and attracted the attention of the scientific world by the invention of the *compound blow-pipe*, an instrument for combining oxygen and hydrogen gases in such a manner as to produce an intense heat, capable of fusing the hardest substances. This apparatus the Doctor subsequently improved and perfected, and for this he received the Rumford medal of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences. The hydro-oxygen light, now generally known as the "Drummond light," is a practical application of Dr. Hare's discovery, the gases being thrown in jets or currents onto a lime-ball, thus producing a light that is only exceeded in intensity by the unclouded solar rays. For many years the Doctor applied himself to the study of his favorite science, and to the construction of several important instruments without which the furniture of the Chemists' laboratory would be incomplete. These valuable contributions and aids to Science were produced with surprising rapidity, and gave evidence of a remarkable genius for the application of scientific principles to the department of mechanical invention.

These important achievements immediately secured for Dr. Hare a commanding reputation throughout America and Europe, and while he was everywhere cordially esteemed and honored by his personal friends, for his incorruptible integrity, it may be as truly said that few men of his time have been so universally respected by the scientific world. His discoveries in Chemistry combined with his contributions to the Materia Medica, secured for him in 1818 the chair of Chemistry in the Medical Department of the University of Pennsylvania, which he occupied with distinguished honor to himself and the institution during a period of twenty-nine years. In 1847 he resigned his place in the University, but pursued his scientific researches into other fields. He bestowed much time and thought in Meteorological observations, and the annunciation of his theory of storms—before the American Association for the advancement of Science—led to repeated and very spirited controversies before that body, in which he was chiefly opposed by William C. Redfield, who entertained and defended a different theory.

In the summer of 1853, Dr. Hare—without any previous investigation of the facts of Spiritualism—published a communication in which he gave his sanction to Faraday's theory of "Table Turning." This was immediately republished by the secular press in all parts of the country. It was significantly intimated that an unimpeachable authority in electrical and chemical science had given Spiritualism its quietus. Notwithstanding the hypothesis of "muscular pressure" could only be supposed to apply to *one class* of the mysterious facts, yet the dogmatic opposers of the truth, with indecent and spasmodic haste, jumped to the conclusion that it covered the whole subject. Those whose convictions to the contrary rested on careful observation, personal experience and positive knowledge, were expected to bow submissively, not because the decision of the distinguished *savant* was the result of a thorough investigation, but merely because he was one of the great lights of the scientific world.

But the opinion so hastily expressed called forth an earnest letter from a friend that induced the Doctor to commence a systematic investigation, which he conducted with great care and on scientific principles. His genius as an inventive mechanic enabled him to construct instruments which rendered the exercise of muscular force, either by the medium or the circle, *a physical impossibility*. The application of these instruments at once revealed the presence of a foreign intelligent agent, whose mysterious powers were displayed in a most startling and convincing manner. The Doctor had expected that his cunningly devised apparatus would enable him to *explode* the claims of the Spirits, and the results were therefore wholly unexpected. The dark clouds of the old Materialism which had so long overshadowed the mind of the philosopher, were speedily dissipated, and he was cured of a chronic unbelief. A new world, of inconceivable extent and infinitely more glorious than the vision of Columbus, at once rose in vaguely defined outlines amid the retreating shadows of his former skepticism, and with it IMMORTALITY WAS BROUGHT TO LIGHT!

Gradually our venerable friend yielded to the overwhelming evidence of spiritual agency, and at length reluctantly gave up the opinions which a long life, spent in researches in the department of Physical Science, had hitherto only served to confirm and establish. Dr. Hare was not one of those time-serving mortals who have one opinion for themselves and their confidents and another for the public. He was fortunately never schooled in the class with men who silence the voice of God by suppressing the truth, who make all life a false pretense and turn the great world into a ridiculous masquerade that they may profit by the delusive and heartless exhibition. He concealed nothing, but fearlessly gave the results of his investigation to the public. But no sooner was it known that Dr. Hare had espoused the cause of the Spirits than certain pagans of the press, who nurse the popular prejudices and worship the god of Public Opinion, expressed their senseless and soulless regrets that a great man had fallen from his high estate and become the victim of "*a miserable delusion*"! The very man who only a few months before was an unimpeachable authority *on a subject that he had never investigated*, was now, all at once, too far advanced in years, and too much enfeebled in mind to form a rational opinion! A careful examination of the subject, the use of appropriate instruments, and the application of such precise methods as the life-long habit of scientific research and a strong suspicion of fraud and delusion enabled him to devise and employ, had—strange to say—suddenly rendered him utterly incapable of close observation, critical analysis, and a logical conclusion.

The Goths do not all belong to Scandinavia. They infest the flowery walks of American literature and the avenues that lead to the temple of Science. They write for the newspaper press—write what is popular for a piece, never asking a question for conscience's sake. These men do not scruple to speak of the positive demonstrations of spiritual presence and power—which gave to our honored friend the consoling assurance of a blissful immortality and a vision of the opening heavens—as "*the delusion of the modern humbug of Spiritualism*"!

Now if the claims of Spiritualism rest on essential facts and principles (which no man of decent candor and intelligence will any longer pretend to dispute), it is certainly neither a "humbug" nor a "delusion;" and those who can stand above the ashes of one of its most distinguished disciples and bear false witness against him, at the same time that he rudely tramples on the tender affections and the sacred memories of the living, is guilty of a most offensive species of Vandalism which should find no countenance in civilized society.

The published writings of Dr. Hare are not very voluminous. They consist chiefly of occasional contributions to *Silliman's Journal*, a *Compendium of Chemistry*, and several pamphlets on political topics, together with his "SPIRITUALISM SCIENTIFICALLY DEMONSTRATED," a large, illustrated octavo volume, in which he has given a precise account of the modes, instruments and results employed and arrived at in his investigation of the Spiritual Phenomena. If his observations and writings in this department do not evince all the discrimination and judgment—in the selection and use of materials—which have characterized the operations of his mind in his ordinary scientific pursuits, this should be ascribed to the fact that he was suddenly introduced into a strange field where everything was new, where there were no beaten paths, and where even those who are most experienced in similar explorations are liable to take many irregular or useless steps and to misinterpret the sublime mysteries of the new world that opens before them. Nor is it to be presumed that the inquirer is less likely to err in judgment on account of his pre eminent ability and his important achievements in external Art, in Physical Science and the affairs of Practical Life. Indeed, where one has been constantly employed for many years in the realm of Physics, and has become familiar with the usual scientific modes of ascertaining truth, it is but natural that the established habit of the mind should somewhat fetter its exercise in a field where new modes of analysis must be adopted and pursued, and where the forms of evidence are, in some respects, so essentially dissimilar that their force is either wholly lost or but dimly perceived by the mind.

In private life Dr. Hare was universally respected and esteemed. He was simple, temperate, and regular in his habits, while his manners were dignified without ostentation or unnatural restraint. He was easily approached, and in conversation was accustomed—from long habit as a teacher—to annunciate his views in a positive manner and with a certain air of authority. It required great force of evidence to unsettle his mind on any subject when once his conclusions were established. Indeed, in the truly muscular grasp and unyielding tenacity with which he clung to his opinions, the firmness of his mind and the energy of his will were presented in their extreme aspects. But no dispassionate observer questioned the supreme love of Justice and the apostolic devotion to Truth which lifted him above the plane of the common mind, and rendered him invulnerable to the ordinary temptations of the world. Hence he was as firm in his virtues as he was uncompromising in his opinions, and we feel warranted in saying that his private character and the moral rectitude of his life were without spot and above suspicion.

We are not familiar with the circumstances which immediately preceded and attended the opening of the everlasting portals to our illustrious friend. Nor do we conceive of him as having departed, save in the single sense that implies his separation from the physical form. We cannot say in the pulpit and grave-yard parlance that "he is no more," or that "his voice is hushed forever." No! Not only is he living still, but *he will speak to us*. He has neither lost his essential faculties and affections nor resigned his relations to this toiling and aspiring world. On the contrary, his sphere of usefulness is doubtless greatly enlarged, and his latent and active powers immensely quickened, now that the mortal shackles are broken and the mists of earth obscure his vision no more.

S. B. B.

Liberalizing Tendency of Spiritualism.

SPIRITUALISM LIBERALIZED.—Whatever else may be said of Spiritualism, it is certainly liberalizing public opinion. A medium lately declared: "The spirit of progress in the spirit-world is announced, and *all idea of a state of endless punishment is rejected.*" This is the general opinion among Spiritualists. So far so good. And it is plainly to be seen that God is making this phenomenon an instrument in the great work of delivering the souls of men from the superstition that has so long weighed them down.—*Gospel Banner.*

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We are glad to perceive that the liberalizing influence of Spiritualism has reached the editor of the *Banner*. Not many months ago, he denounced the writer of this in no very amiable language, on account of our belief in modern spirit-intercourse, representing us as having progressed "as the crab walks, backwards," since we were, with him, in the orthodox church. What he then considered a degrading superstition, and a "curse" in its influence upon his "denomination," is now seen to be an instrument of great good in the hands of God! Verily, Spiritualism *is* "liberalizing public opinion."

A. E. N.

INQUIRIES ANSWERED.

BRIGHTON, Canada West, 22d April, 1858.

FRIEND NEWTON:—Please consider and respond to the subjoined queries:

1. What is the centre-point or cardinal base of the system named by you Spiritualism?
2. In bringing out this base before the public, or showing this centre, do you make use of facts or reasoning?
3. Where and when did Spiritualism arise, and who were the first to speak of and develop it?
4. What is the capital object of Spiritualism?
5. Whatever the object, is the system principally for the benefit of men in this life or mainly as a preparation for another life, or more correctly, life in another state?
6. What does a person require to believe or perform in order to become a Spiritualist, or has the system no means of proselyting, but, on the contrary, depends on direct upper region or angelic agency?

Respectfully, D. OLIPHANT.

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The writer of the above, we understand, is a clergyman and editor of a religious publication entitled *The Christian Banner*, published at Brighton, C. W. Presuming him to be a candid inquirer after truth, we respond to his inquiries as briefly and explicitly as their nature will admit:

1. The "centre-point" of Spiritualism, considered as "a system," is the spirit or spiritual nature of man. In this sense, Spiritualism includes all truth relating to the source, nature, capacities, needs, growth, experiences and possibilities, present and future, of the human spirit; also, all that relates to spiritual forces and essences in general. The details of a complete philosophical system, remain as yet measurably undefined. One cardinal FACT all Spiritualists (in the modern sense of the term) consider established—namely, that disembodied human spirits can and do, under suitable conditions, manifest their presence to those in the body. This, of course, demonstrates the continued existence of the spirit as a conscious personality, and hence gives strong presumptive evidence of an endless existence. Conviction of this one cardinal fact is what constitutes distinctively a modern Spiritualist. As to its corollaries, and questions of religious faith and duty, there are wide differences of opinion. If our correspondent desires a more full statement of our individual views, such will be found in the SPIRITUAL AGE of March 27th last,—a copy of which we forward to his address.

2. We use both facts and reasoning.

3. Spiritualism arose when and where the spiritual nature of man first began to manifest itself; or, more truly, when and where the Universal Spirit began to unfold its infinite energies in the Universe. (We are not prepared to give the exact locality and date of this.) The histories of all nations, especially the "sacred" or religious books and traditions of all people, contain the records of Spiritualism. All manifestations of "gods," "angels" and "demons" are spirit-manifestations. More modernly, attention has been turned to the matter by phenomena which first attracted attention at Hydesville, in Western New York, in 1848, and have since spread throughout almost the whole civilized world. For a sufficient record of the facts in the case, we refer the inquirer to Dr. Capron's History of Modern Spiritualism, and the current publications of the movement.

4. The capital object of Spiritualism, or rather the purpose of acquainting mankind with its truths, is to enlighten and elevate them, thereby rendering men wiser and better and happier.

5. It is for the benefit of man in any and ALL conditions where a knowledge and practice of THE TRUTH can benefit him.

6. To become a Spiritualist in the common acceptation of the term,—i. e., a believer in the simple cardinal FACT we have mentioned,—requires nothing more nor less than a rational attention to the evidences which establish the fact. These are to be found, first, in the *testimonies* of such as have witnessed spirit-manifestations—of which testimonies an abundance will be found in Spiritualist publications—and secondly, *in the manifestations themselves*, which in some form may be witnessed in almost every village (indeed, in every family, if they will afford suitable conditions) in Christendom. These "manifestations" are given usually in the presence or through the agency of persons who are believed to be specially sensitive to spirit-influences, or whose organisms give off a peculiar quality of invisible aroma (sometimes called vital electricity) which can be employed by the disembodied in making sounds or movements obvious to the external senses.—To become a *philosophic* and *religious* Spiritualist, however, requires an earnest and careful culture and use of all the mental, moral and religious faculties which constitute the entire man.—We are not much in favor of special efforts at "proselyting," but naturally like to recommend to all people what we conceive to be joyful and useful truth. In this we feel that we are aided, and indeed preceded, by a host of "ministering spirits," who are seeking, in obedience to the impulse of Divine love, to scatter the darkness which broods over the minds of earth, and let in upon our race as rapidly as may be, the light of the upper spheres.

We trust these answers will meet our correspondent's wishes; and that he will be induced to give the subject a candid and thorough *personal* investigation, for his own individual benefit. As to the result, we give ourself no concern. A. E. N.

An Exposer Exposed.

We learn from the Mankato *Independent* that a Dr. Loomis is lecturing at various points in Minnesota on Spiritualism, Psychology, &c., and has succeeded in "pulling the wool" over the eyes of some of the members of the press, by his psychological experiments upon persons selected among his auditors. The Doctor pretends to account for the phenomena attending spiritual manifestations upon psychological principles. Some of his experiments upon persons psychologically under his control are represented as truly marvellous,—but the marvel magically melts away before the following solvent:

A person named Daniel Wood, who was one of the puppets in the show at Decorah, Iowa, makes answer thus to a letter addressed him by Mr. F. Bellfoy, of that place:

"Dr. Loomis instructed me beforehand. Said he had been in the business about eleven years,—that his object was to gull people. I was never under his control, but feigned to be (by his direction) in order to carry out his humbug. I look upon him as a base impostor."

We can have no great respect for the individual who will lend himself as a tool in such an imposition, even though he confess it afterward. X.

Fac-Similes of Handwriting.

According to a paragraph in the secular papers, Baron Von Guldenstubbe, of Frankfort, Germany, by means of spirit-influence, gives fac-similes of handwriting of Cæsar, Cleopatra, and even Homer, whose ability to trace characters has been questioned. A prescription written by Hyppocrates has cured an old lady on the Rhine of acute rheumatism.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

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, South Shaftsbury, Vt. New York: S. T. Munson. Boston: Bela Marsh. (136 pages.)

Our examination of this work has not tended to convince us of the truth of its claims. That the editor is sincere in regarding it as what it pretends to be, we do not doubt; but to our apprehension the contents of the work indicate no great antiquity, nor any high degree of spiritual illumination on the part of the author or authors. The teachings of Jesus and his immediate followers, as presented in the New Testament, are here greatly emasculated and robbed of much of their vitality; while all works of extraordinary spiritual power (commonly called miracles), as the healing of diseases, etc., are ignored and repudiated. Paul is made out an impostor in pay of the Jewish priesthood, and Peter is represented as talking and writing in the style of a modern Naturalist! No evidence is presented (beyond the editor's bare declaration,) that the manuscripts were ever found in the Catacombs of Rome, as stated. If proof can be produced, it seems to us that in justice to the editor and publishers, it should have appeared in the book. As it is, the whole affair bears strongly the appearance of a literary forgery, too bunglingly executed to gain any extended credence, if such was the author's design.

THE FUTURE LIFE: An examination of its Conditions from the New Testament. By J. P. Blanchard. Boston: Crosby, Nichols & Co. (32 pages.)

The writer of this pamphlet exhibits honesty of mind, scholarship and analytic skill, with what appears to us a great want of *spiritual* insight. His mode of dealing with "the Scriptures," which he regards as the only source of the smallest ray of light on this subject, is novel and peculiar for a devout believer in them. As to the various questions relative to man's spiritual nature and future life, he admits "the apparent" (and so far as he shows real and inexplicable) "contradiction in the Scriptures," which contradictions he acknowledges to be the source of a deal of "perplexity." The passages supposed to teach conflicting doctrines on the several points mooted, are drawn up in battle array, and, instead of an attempt at reconciliation, those which "exceed in number, directness and clearness," are allowed to "prevail," that is, the victory is given to the strongest. Pursuing this singular method, our author comes to the conclusions that the Scriptures deny an inherent immortality to the human soul—that they teach some sort of a future resurrection, though without any definitive, philosophical conception of its nature, or whether there is an intermediate state of consciousness—that they do *not* teach endless punishment, but that they *do* announce the entire and irrevokable destruction or annihilation of "the wicked." The pamphlet affords an edifying illustration of the alleged *harmony* and *unmistakableness* of Scripture authority on the vital questions of man's spiritual nature and destiny; and shows clearly the need of "more light," such as modern Spiritualism is unfolding, for a rational and satisfactory determination of these grand queries.

A LETTER in reply to a Sermon by Rev. Nehemiah Adams, on the Reasonableness of Future Endless Punishment. By a Hearer. (11 pages.)

This is an ably-written and pungent review of Dr. Adams' "ghastly theology," from the Rationalistic or Parkerite stand-point. While in many respects the writer's views are not at all to our mind, yet on the whole they seem far more "reasonable" than the lurid and distorted reasonings of the "orthodox" Divine. A. E. N.

The Medicinal Properties of Confirmation.

Bishop Potter held a confirmation recently in New York, at which a lady presented herself, to whom, he was quite sure, he had administered the rite before. As she approached, he asked her if she had never been confirmed. "O law, yes, Doctor," she replied, "you have confirmed me twice, and I want you to confirm me again; *it is so good for my rheumatism.*"

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The above is going the rounds of the papers as if it were a mere subject of mirth. But may there not be an important fact beneath it? One part of the rite of "confirmation," if we mistake not, consists in the "laying on of hands." May it not be that Bishop Potter, like the apostles of primitive Christianity, whose legitimate "successor" he claims to be, possesses something of "the gift of healing?" If he does not, what claim has he to be considered a Christian believer? (See Mark 16: 18.) If he has this power, then he is a "healing medium," and his ability to relieve rheumatism in the ceremony of confirmation is fully accounted for. A. E. N.

Dead and Resurrected.

We read in a New York religious paper last week that "Spiritualism is dying out at the East." If Prof. Felton can be believed, it breathed its "last gasp" some months ago. It is evident, however, that—as is speedily the case with all human beings who apparently die—it is already enjoying a vigorous resurrection. At no time have larger or more intelligent audiences convened in this city to listen to its advocates than have lately graced the Melodeon and Meionaon.

In the vicinity of Boston, there are twenty-five places where regular meetings would be sustained, if speakers could be procured. Wherever any of our prominent trance-speakers hold forth on a week evening, crowds rush to hear them. They are taxed to the utmost, but cannot begin to supply the demand. Miss Hardinge's engagements for Sundays extend forward to October; Miss Amedey's the same. Mrs. Henderson would have been equally engaged, had she not cherished the intention of going West until recently. Not a week passes but we receive urgent requests from almost every section of the country, from Maine to Minnesota—"Send us lecturers and mediums." We have but one answer,—namely, that all in this vicinity who are well qualified for usefulness, are already overtaxed.

Such a "death," we opine, would be coveted by any of the sectarian isms of the day. But, alas for them! their demise will know no resurrection—"neither in this world, nor in that which is to come"! A. E. N.

MEETINGS IN SPRINGFIELD.—The Spiritualists of Springfield, Mass., have engaged for the season the new Music Hall, one of the finest rooms in New England, where they intend holding regular meetings on the Sabbath. Dr. Paige occupied the desk on the 16th inst., followed by Mrs. Henderson on Sunday last. This movement has given a new impulse to the cause in that vicinity.

No. III. of our Review of the *Christian Freeman* is in type, but postponed to admit the obituary notice of Dr. Hare.

Correspondence.

"Vagabond Mediums."

ESTEEMED FRIENDS:—I notice that some of the reform papers are warning their patrons of the danger of being imposed on by "vagabond mediums,"—"graceless vagabonds who have come into the reform ranks to be fed and housed in idleness."

Mrs. H. F. M. Brown of the Cleveland *Agitator* very properly asks, "WHO ARE THEY?" and calls upon those complaining ones to name them. Her words contain such frankness, and manifest such kindness and true justice, that I think an extract from what she says, well worth a reprint, and a wide circulation. She says, "Give the world the benefit of their names, unmask the hypocrites. Let us see him or her. It is ungenerous to cast a stigma upon a large class of willing, earnest workers because of the false prophets among them."

I can speak for one village and neighborhood,—Harveysburgh, Ohio. No "graceless vagabond" has passed this way very recently. Within the last six months I believe we have been visited by two public speakers who accept and teach the Spiritual Philosophy. These are both *industrious and worthy persons.* The first visit was from Hannah F. M. Brown, the Editor of the *Agitator*. She is an able advocate of the cause of Truth, speaks well in public meetings, is a charming fireside friend, a very good "seeing medium" at times, and often in private circles able to give excellent tests to those present, by seeing and definitely describing some one or more of their spiritual friends.

The last visit was from Dr. L. K. Coonley, an exceedingly interesting and instructive public speaker, as well as an excellent spiritual or clairvoyant physician. Dr. Coonley has been laboring in the West, for the past few weeks, with eminent success, both as a public speaker and also as physician. It may be truly said of him, that he is travelling about for the good of his fellow beings. His discourses in public audiences are given evidently under a high degree of spiritual illumination—the sermon (or lecture) always being wisely adapted to the condition and the need of the persons assembled.

I give it as my deliberate opinion that the friends of progress throughout the country, who can conveniently do so, would do well to induce either one or both of these friends to visit their localities.

VALENTINE NICHOLSON.

NOTE.—A really industrious, earnest and competent laborer need have little fear of being mistaken for a "vagabond"; and the latter class may be readily distinguished without calling their names. Our principal object in referring to them was to let it be known that we do not fellowship, neither is Spiritualism responsible for, the vagaries of idle and worthless pretenders, who, in some sections, have been almost the only prominent representatives of our faith. Those who cannot prove their "great mission" to the world by appropriate words and works, would do well to confine themselves to some useful employment—in other words, "tarry at Jerusalem"—"until they be endued with power from on high."—EDS.

Rattlesnake Bites and their Treatment.

The following letter from our friend, Dr. Dignowity, of Texas, aside from the melancholy interest attaching to the calamity which has befallen him, may be of value to such of our readers as live in sections infested by the venomous reptiles referred to.

MOUNT HARMONY, near San Antonio, Texas, April 12th, 1858.

BROTHERS NEWTON AND BRITTAN:—With saddened heart, I am impressed to write you about some circumstances that have, within the last few days, transpired in our domestic circle. On Monday, the 5th inst., while myself and my dear companion were absent from home in the forenoon, two of our children were playing a few yards in front of our house, on the lawn, gathering flowers and catching grasshoppers. They were a little boy aged five years, and a little girl three years. The former came within a striking distance of a rattlesnake, and was bitten in the sole of his right foot. Turning and discovering the reptile, he gave a cry of alarm, and his little sister courageously attacked the snake with her hat, telling her brother to run away, and she would drive the snake off. The reptile became excited, and after several rattlings, struck the little girl above her left ancle. She then turned to run after her brother. The cry of the children attracted our oldest boy, aged fourteen years, and a German servant girl, who ran hastily to meet them. Our son showed great presence of mind. He sent his three younger brothers immediately to town after us, while, tying a bandage above the childrens' wounds, he sucked them with all his might. He did this repeatedly, until, becoming exhausted, he resorted to a common syringe, and by means of vacuum suction and rubbing with hartshorn, a free flow of blood was promoted. To the boy's exertions, no doubt, is owing the preservation of at least one life—that of his little brother.

The little girl vomited some ten minutes after being bitten; and on the arrival of the mother, about thirty-five minutes after the occurrence, her extremities were cold and clammy. The venom was no doubt in her circulation, and had penetrated the vital parts in five or ten minutes after being injected. I arrived also soon after the mother, but our joint efforts were unavailing to the little girl, who expired in six hours after the accident. She passed to a higher sphere of existence, very quietly, and no doubt painless. Her last words while with us, were, "*Dear ma, lift me over this t'orny hedge; I want to go over to gather those beautiful flowers on the other side.*" No doubt her spiritual vision was already expanding. We are happy that we possess the true knowledge of her certain and more happy and exalted existence. Our reason tells us that her condition is far more desirable than it would have been if permitted to stay with us; but our earthly nature is selfish, and occasionally we permit ourselves to be overcome with useless grief.

We however possess the happy advantage of having it in our power to hold sweet communion with our dear ones in the higher spheres. In the first communication that our sorrowing feelings have permitted us to receive, we were told of the beautiful transition of our dear little one, and the glorious meeting with angelic friends who were present to welcome the new-born spirit, and conduct it to its new home.

Our other little sufferer is recovering rapidly. Several physicians who paid me a friendly visit of professional condolence, declared that he would lose his limb, or at least some of his toes and flesh; but thanks to our more efficacious remedial agents, he is now, on the sixth day, running all over the house, and can use his wounded limb easily and free of all pain.

Although in your locality you have superior facilities for getting relief through mediums and clairvoyants, still, for the benefit of those living at a distance, I would advise you to insert the following treatment for rattlesnake bites, which is simple and easy, and which a twenty-five years' medical practice enables me to recommend:—

Immediately, or as soon as possible, a large dose of olive oil should be given, from one to several gills, according to the age of the sufferer. I believe with Mr. Davis, there is nothing known in chemistry equal to it, to neutralize all poisons, mineral, vegetable, or animal. A bandage, also, saturated with sweet oil, may be tied as soon as possible above the wound, and then apply one of the most handy methods of suction to the wound. There is no danger to any one sucking the wound with the mouth; but not every person possesses the necessary courage. Therefore other methods may be used. A common tumbler half filled with alchohol or gin, quickly turned over the wound, so as to make a vacuum, will make the venom rise in bubbles to the surface. Bathing the swollen parts with aqua ammonia, or the tincture of No. 6 will have the desired effect. *But the principal remedy, after the oil, would be large doses of the tincture of No. 6 internally, and often—every fifteen or twenty minutes—for the first twenty-four hours.* This much neglected medicine is nevertheless one of the best and strongest diffusible antiseptics, and calculated eminently to produce a due balance of the circulation and check inflammation and mortifications; and its due application by the medical profession and the public would have saved thousands of amputations. As soon as the swelling abates and warmth to the extremities is restored, the poison is localized, and the greatest danger passed. Still the oil should be repeated, in six and twelve hours subsequently, in more moderate quantities; also the antiseptic tincture for several days, at longer intervals, as the symptoms may indicate. A large cloth saturated in sanative water—made of rain-water, fine salt, spirits of camphor, and aqua ammonia—will be found excellent to apply over the swelled parts. Externally, there are various methods and preparations used. Many, no doubt, are excellent. For a poultice to the wound, a compound of fine carbon and yeast

I believe is the best and strongest local antiseptic; and I have always applied the same with success. Also the sediment of the tincture of No. 6. That which is prepared in best French brandy is always preferred by me.

The above is the principal treatment that has been successfully followed by me, and by others by my directions, with a large number of reptile bites. I will also annex a very simple method, followed by Mexicans and Indians—but though I have myself seen several persons who were cured by this method, I cannot testify personally to its efficacy:

The head of a live rattlesnake is struck off with some sharp instrument without previously exciting the reptile, and its gall is extracted and preserved. When any one is bitten, the gall or part of it is dissolved in tepid water, and given internally. A bandage, oiled or greased, is also applied above, and the wounded part is immersed into curdled milk. In a short time the swelling passes off and the venom is localized, the milk turns yellow, and the danger is passed. This seems a very simple method, and is worth the trial. I have always had on hand my own resources, and therefore have not been necessitated to resort to it. For the present, I remain fraternally yours,

A. M. DIGNOWITY, M. D.

Spiritualism in New Orleans.

NEW ORLEANS, May 11th, 1858.

EDITORS OF THE AGE:—Our Sunday meeting at Temperance Hall yesterday, was one to be remembered. Every person there appeared to be overshadowed by angel presence. Poetry, exquisite in sentiment and well expressed, flowed from the pen of a medium present. A French gentleman mentally requested a communication through this source, and when his desire was almost instantly gratified, he wept aloud at the realization of the presence of his spirit-friends. A negro man, around whose dusky features played the light of refined spiritual development, came to our meeting. This man's powers of healing are most remarkable. Hundreds are visiting his humble abode daily and being healed of diseases which science has pronounced incurable, by simply sitting in his presence, he being entranced. Upon such occasions he says he sees bright and beautiful spirits magnetising the patient while he himself feels the disease. Yesterday as a lady who for several days has, with beneficial effect been under his treatment, sat by him, a seer, beheld her enveloped in a shower of luminous magnetism. But I must refrain a more minute description of this most wonderful medium, lest some of your readers should join the exclamation which my husband overheard the other day as he joined the throng who were crowding along the street leading to his dwelling. A mulatto woman with uplifted hands and eyes, cried out, "The Lord have mercy on the white folks, for they are all going to the devil sure."

But to our meeting, rendered delightful by the various manifestations of spirit-power and presence. Mothers were communing with their children whose departure had caused them so many tears. Friend clasped the hand of friend, although the spheres divided them. Media being developed wept in the enthusiasm of the moment. Presently all were hushed, and free to listen to the words of life, which high angels love to teach. A medium who is no longer entranced while speaking under spirit-influence, but whose every perception is then quickened to a remarkable degree, was enabled to speak with effect and eloquence. And while she felt the angel hand upon her head, and her neck encircled by an angel arm, all angularity of earth had passed. The fire of inspiration burnt away the stubble which had obstructed her pathway. After a session of more than four hours we separated with reluctance, and I am sure that every heart of that assembly as we returned to life external, had received a new incentive to an upward course.

FRANCES E. HYER.

Boston and Vicinity.

Melodeon Meetings.

The afternoon discourse by Mr. Tiffany on Sunday last was on the Advantages and Disadvantages of Spiritual Intercourse. The fact is established that men can communicate with spirits; but there are spirits of all grades, from the purest angel down to those beings whose only delight is in the sphere of lust. We are subject to those influences, and should therefore strive to shape our minds so as to attract the pure and repel the impure. Impressible persons should be guarded as to the influences they receive from spirits in the body, that they be not such as will drag them downward; particularly is this necessary when engaging in circles, where the passive condition generally assumed renders them particularly susceptible to influence. Without due care in this respect much injury may be done. We should prepare ourselves by interior communion with our religious natures to receive and impart a holy influence.

In the evening Mr. Tiffany read an elaborate discourse from the text "I am that I am." Its purpose was to prove the existence of an Infinite Being, whose nature is affectional as well as intellectual, adapted to man's highest needs. He urged the necessity of a constant reliance upon this Being in our inmost affections, to enable us to bear life's trials and meet its temptations.

The course of argument pursued was such as would commonly be addressed to Atheists rather than Spiritualists, and for that reason seemed to fall—we were about to say unappreciated, upon the audience. Whether their appetites are healthy or not we are not prepared to decide; but few manifested hunger for this kind of metaphysical pabulum. Perhaps they have been pampered with too much high-seasoned food to readily come down to the plain substantials. We should be sorry, however, to have our good brother carry away the impression, from the moderate and not too enthusiastic audiences attending at the Melodeon last Sunday, that we do not relish all that is high and holy. We believe the Spiritualists of Boston are as truly religious in their hearts as any other class of men to be found here or elsewhere. They heartily believe in a religion of charity and good works, as their history during the past winter will amply testify. They do not, however, it must be confessed, manifest any predelection for forms or ceremonials in worship.

Emma Hardinge at the Meionaon.

Miss Hardinge spoke for the sixth time in Boston at the Meionaon, on Tuesday evening of last week. The attendance was good, notwithstanding the unpropitious weather. The subject proposed was the religious element of Spiritualism. She commenced with the assertion that the great need of the age is religion. The world is starving, dying for the bread of life. Our other needs are supplied more amply than ever; in all the arts and sciences man has made rapid advances, but in religion he has stood still as it were for centuries. The motives for action it presents are the same to-day as were presented thousands of years ago; and the voice goes up from our prisons, our jails and our gallowses, demanding a higher motive in life. Cannot that higher motive be supplied? Will not a true religion furnish it—not in forms, fetters and constrictions, but in something which shall be an impulse every moment and hour of existence.

Does Spiritualism furnish such a motive? It solves the mighty problem man has been aiming at ever since he became a thinking being; it proves an existence after death. It proves this by science, by natural law. This evidence can be offered to all living souls. It gives a certainty of what life is beyond the grave—shows that compensation and retribution must follow every good and evil deed. It stamps the word *consequence* on every act; more than this, it shows that man's interior condition is apparent to his fellow-men, more so to angels, still more so to God. It shows that his lightest deed has an influence throughout the world of men and spirits—that a blessing thrown on one of the least of God's little ones is thrown to all of his creatures—that not till love permeates all the relations of life, from greatest to least will wrong be annihilated.

The eloquence and power with which these truths were enunciated was such as has rarely been heard from any source.

Miss Hardinge will speak at the Meionaon on Wednesday evening of this week; subject, The Judgment Day—one likely to call forth her highest powers. We doubt not the discourse will be worthy the sublime theme. She speaks also on Sunday next at the Melodeon, being her last lecture during her present visit to Boston.

THE LADIES' HARMONIAL BAND will hold their semi-monthly meeting at the house of Mrs. Alfred Nash, No. 7 Phipps Place, on Thursday afternoon June 3d. All interested in this benevolent work are invited to attend.

MRSS. HARDINGE spoke in Salem last Sunday. A correspondent of the *Bee* says:—"During the whole time of delivering her discourse the audience were still enough to hear a pin drop. I have never seen an audience so wholly engrossed in a subject."

New York and Vicinity.

Conference at the Lyceum, Clinton Hall, Astor Place,

FRIDAY EVENING, May 21st.

The question of the last meeting, What constitutes a Prophet? was continued.

Dr. GRAY said: A prophet and a medium are the same—an individual so constituted that his physical part can be put to sleep, while his spiritual is quickened, so that he can come in rapport with the sources of knowledge, become the channel for impressions or speech, or sounds, or the movement of ponderable bodies. Mr. Wilson very ably classified the different kinds of prophecy at our last meeting. A prophet may be a mere telegraphic wire, or clairvoyant. The difference between him and another person is simply in their physical construction. A medium speaks and acts through the agency of his superior or spiritual senses, and with these he may observe facts either on the natural or spiritual plane. A close observer will always be able to detect, even in a rapping medium, a change of condition from his normal state. The pupil of the eye is enlarged; the hand becomes moist; the pulse changed, and even the flavor of the breath.

Mr. COLES said: A prophet is one who foretells an event. If Dr. Gray says a man will not live three months, and he lives a year, he merely infers it. This is not prophecy. But if I say of a man, Sir, you will die on a certain day or hour, and he dies, this is prophecy. Now I must have got my information from some source. The Divine Being knows all things from the beginning, and we get hidden knowledge from him. He has always known, and probably high angels have known, that there was a power in steam to drive ships; and if Noah had been in the right condition, he might have received that knowledge, and gone to sea in a steam-ship, instead of the ark. But it was left for Fulton or Fitch, or whoever is to have the credit of harnessing the power of steam, many centuries later, to come in rapport with this important knowledge.

Dr. GRAY: A person—ex-mayor M—— came to consult me about the health of his wife. He himself was ailing—said to have rheumatism—but I knew nothing about his condition. As he was walking back and forth before me, in the twilight, giving me the particulars of his wife's case, suddenly I said to him: You have been told that you had rheumatism, but it is not so. You have been hurt about the hip, and matter has formed and gradually worked its way down to the knee; and it must be let out. Subsequently I made an examination of the limb, and verified my prescience by external skill; and on the following morning cut into it, and let out about a quart of matter. How did I attain my knowledge of the condition of that leg? My opinion is that every human being, when he is in what is called a brown study, is using his spiritual senses, in contra-distinction from his natural.

Mr. COLES said: He did not understand this double consciousness. He knew something—not much—about *one* John F. Coles, but nothing about *two*.

Dr. GRAY said: A man may know by his internal consciousness, as well as by his external senses; and the inner man is active, as in trance, it is proved by numerous experiments that the ideas are not registered on the external brain. We have spiritual and natural bodies, spiritual and natural senses; and the study of this truth will furnish the key to an explanation of many things which people have supposed to involve a direct interposition of the Deity.

Dr. ORTON said: It is the opinion of some metaphysicians—and there are very good evidences to sustain the position, as well as the testimony of our spirit-friends—that often during sleep, our spirits are careering in spirit-land holding communion with our spirit-friends. If this be so, it is evident that this part of our lives is not registered in the external mind. That the spirit senses can act independently of the natural, as in cases of intuition, would seem hardly to admit of doubt. All are familiar with the fact, that questions which we could not solve at night, are often easily solved in the morning. We say that sleep has refreshed us, that our minds are now clear; and accept this as the explanation of our success. But if you will take the trouble to note these occurrences carefully, you will discover that the solution is often made in the morning without any perceptible process of thought—indeed, that we find it already made when we awake. The speaker remembered a marked instance in his own experience. After due deliberation, and consultation with his family, he decided a very important question and went to bed upon it. In the morning, on awaking, he found the decision reversed. His mind was untroubled, and the decision final, and just the opposite of that of the evening before. How this change had been brought about, he did not know; but he had been inclined to think that during sleep he had canvassed the matter with wiser heads than his own, and that only the conclusion at which he had arrived, had found its way into the external mind. He had also experimented with the faculty of intuition, which is but another word by which to indicate the use of the inner or spiritual senses. For instance, he had asked himself interiorly, Which is the safest seat in an omnibus? The answer was instantaneous, In the front part, over the fore wheels. He then examined this conclusion, and felt obliged to concede its correctness; for these reasons among others: In case of collision, the fore part, as attached to the horses, would cling with the most tenacity to the ground; while in case of an overturn, for the same reason, it would move in a smaller circle, as on a pivot, while the hind part of the vehicle would be likely to swing round and come to the ground with a force greatly increased. Again, Where is the point of greatest resistance, and of course, safety, in a vessel? The intuition power, when applied to this question, answers, Between one-quarter and one-half her length from the bows, according to her speed. The reasons for this were not at once evident to the external senses; but he had no doubt of its truth. It seemed as clear to his internal consciousness as is the form of any material object to the physical eye. Still he was not in the habit of considering anything of this nature settled, until it could be demonstrated on the sensuous plane.

Mr. PARTRIDGE said: Prophecy is the fortelling of events. There are three conditions of prophecy. Let us begin on *terra firma*. The cases spoken of by Dr. Orton, where a man solves in the morning, what he was unable to solve at night, are explicable on the supposition that by a litttle delay and rest, we have freed our minds from extraneous matters, and are able to bring them to bear in their full strength on a single subject. Then we can prophecy; and that is prophecy on the natural plane. Second, a medium comes into a state where a spirit can make a communication through him. Third, the condition of the old prophets who were intromitted to planes where they could see both causes and effects. Still the man is a unit. He could not understand how a man can have internal senses capable of operating separately. The man goes to a different plane, but with the same senses. The truth and reliability of a prophet depend on his plane. He believed that spirits tell us every thing which is ordinarilly attributed to clairvoyance.

Mr. WILSON said: He knew a man in Akron, O., who was threshing; when he suddenly stopped the machine and said to another person, You will be a dead man in three weeks from to-day. On another occasion, this same individual accosted a man in the street, and said to him, You will die to-morrow morning. Both of these prophecies turned out true; and the prophet in making his painful announcements, said he was impelled to do so by a force he could not resist.

Dr. GRAY desired to know what evidence there was that a spirit impressed this prophet. Was it not rather the sanative sense of his own spirit?

Mr. WILSON replied, and was followed by remarks from Dr. Weisse; and conversation between Mrs. Farnham, Dr. Gray and others, for which we have not room.

Mrs. DAVIS said: Dr. Gray was right. Man has a threefold nature—his natural, his soul-nature, and his spiritual. The spirit must act. The idea that we are simple machines, instruments to be played on, spouts to be poured through by spirits, is a disastrous one. We have faculties of our own, God-given and God-like. Let us use them ourselves; and then spirits may the more easily draw near us, and impart to us the truths and beauties of the spirit-life.

Dr. GRAY said: In his opinion, no one could come into a normal trance, without the aid of spirits. His ganglionic life could be controlled by spirits, but not by himself; and in reply to a question by Mrs. Farnham, he added that he considered the ganglionic life, the word of God in man. This proposition, however, needed explanation and illustration, which it was impossible it should have to-night.

A number of questions were proposed by different individuals for the future consideration of the Conference. Our space will not admit them in this report.

A new literary paper entitled the *New York Excelsior* has just been started in this city.

Spiritual Phenomena.

A Wonderful Nutshell.

At the office of our Chicago Agency there is now on exhibition a curiosity, which the *Tribune* of that city describes as below. The statements are correct as far as they go; but those who have fully examined into the matter agree that the half is not herein told. Let all who have opportunity, observe and judge for themselves:

THE ORIGIN AND DESTINATION OF MAN, ILLUSTRATED IN A NUTSHELL.—At the Music Store of Messrs. Higgins Brothers, No. 45 Lake steeet, there is a very curious and remarkable machine said to have been invented by spirits, which bears the above caption as its motto; and whose history is no less singular than the thing itself. A short time since a woman in humble circumstances, named Mrs. Ryerson, living upon the West Side, came to Mr. Higgins and stated that the spirits had directed her while in a trance state, to make this machine, and had commanded her to bring it to him, without giving any further information in regard to it. She added that she was very poor, and that the "nutshell" had already cost her $160. The Messrs. H. allowed her to leave it at their store for exhibition, and through the politeness of one of the patrons we had an opportunity of witnessing its operation.

Externally, when closed, it presents the appearance of a large nut about three feet in height, from the top of which a number of leaves issue forth, upon which is written the title at the head of this article. An opening upon one side of the "shell" permits the internal apparatus to be seen. This consists of a circular, stationary plate of glass, something like the face of a clock, upon which is represented the different strata of the earth, the seven grand divisions of the animal kingdom, and the seven "circles" of the spiritual spheres; behind this are two or three circular plates, moved by clock-work in opposite directions, corresponding to the different circles upon the outer face. One of these plates is covered with beautiful figures of the various classes of animals, beginning with the lowest forms of animal life, and ending with man. The other is covered with figures of ascending angels, and various symbolical designs.

A mere description can scarcely afford an adequate idea of this very ingenious invention, and those who are interested will do well to see it for themselves. It is certainly very remarkable, both in its execution and conception. That a poor woman, without education, should be able to design a machine so strictly scientific as far as its *earthly* classification is concerned; or that being able, she should, without apparent motive, incur the expense and run the risk of detection, for the sake of deceiving, is almost incredible. Nevertheless, the "nutshell" is a fixed fact, and those who are willing to adopt the spiritual theory as to its origin, will find the subject one of curious inquiry.

A Crushing Manifestation.

Dr. Wm. R. Hayden, of Boston, with his estimable lady, long known to the community both in the United States and in Europe, as prominent advocates of Spiritualism—the lady as one of the most gifted and reliable mediums—gives us the following and the the two subjoined statements. We present them in the doctor's own words:

Two gentlemen, both of this city, one a believer in the spiritual phenomena of the present day, and the other a confirmed skeptic, who, to use his own words, had been voted out of every previous circle for his great unbelief, visited Mrs. Hayden on Friday afternoon, 7th inst.

At the sitting which followed, the usual test questions in regard to identity, such as age, names, relationship, &c., were put and answered "most satisfactorily." The centre table was raised from the floor *without* physical contact, and was pronounced to be "very remarkable." But as human nature is ever craving for something more, and is rarely ever satisfied with what it does receive, so it was in the present instance. For although the skeptical gentleman acknowledged his gratification at what he had witnessed, nevertheless he would like "*something* tangible and convincing."

The sound of his request had not died on his lips ere, quicker than thought, the chair on which he was quietly and firmly seated, was literally crushed beneath him a complete wreck, and he irresistibly compelled to keep it company in its downward tendency. The gentleman expressed himself satisfied that he had a "striking manifestation."

A DISCOVERY BEYOND THOUGHT READING.

I will also mention another manifestation of a different character, which will illustrate spirit-power outside of "thought-reading," as I believe that is the latest explanation of the phenomena by the opposition.

The lady of one of our late Senators for Suffolk county, called on Mrs. Hayden a short time since and inquired of the intelligences communicating if they would inform her of the whereabouts of a missing gentleman who had suddenly left his home in the night time, and of whom no traces could be found.

In reply to her inquiry, she was informed that he had committed suicide by drowning while laboring under a fit of temporary insanity, caused by the drowning of his wife and daughter by accident, near the same place where his body then was; and that it would be found a few yards (signifying the number) from the bathing house near his father's residence.

This information was given on Wednesday, and his remains were found as described on Thursday, the day following.

Another somewhat singular circumstance with the finding of the body, has since been related to me by the lady before alluded to.

A young man living in the same town where the sad affair occurred, dreamed where the body might be found, and accordingly made search for it without success. A second night he had a repetition of the same dream, and on the following day grappled for and recovered the body at the precise spot foreshadowed in his dream.

A NOVEL MANIFESTATION.

Since writing the above, a third manifestation, of a somewhat novel character, has occurred at the same house, through the mediumship of a lady visitor.

A common lace handkerchief, which had been spread out across a chair-back on the lady's retiring for the night, was found in the morning sewed up for two or three inches with a fine hair. The lady informs me that it is a second time the same thing has happened.

A Spirit Errand.

A reliable correspondent (L. W. F.) writing from Freeport, Ill., makes the following statement:

A short time since a few friends had gathered at my house for the purpose of joining in a circle for spirit communion, Mrs. F. and another medium being among the number. Whilst they were gathered around the table, I was otherwise occupied—not looking for or expecting anything from my spirit friends; but among other messages received was one addressed to me, stating that the father of the spirit, a friend of mine, living in a town in Maine, had not heard from me since I came West, and was anxious to know where I was. After the friends had left us, I questioned the spirit through Mrs. F., and it stated that having heard her father express a wish to know where I was she thought she would apprise me of it, that I might inform him. She then gave her name "Florence M. A——", or "Melly A——." On asking for the initials of the father's name, Mrs. F. inquired if they were not A. B. or A. E.; but her hand was made to write 5 and 2, and the impression I received was to apply them to the alphabet, which would give E. B. and that was right.

Now though we knew this friend had a child gone to its spirit-home, we did not know whether boy or girl, neither did we know the name of a child he had. A letter from my friend, in answer to mine, confirmed what I had received, and established the fact in the minds of those who witnessed it, that intelligence may be received from this source which had no existence in the minds of any one to our knowledge within hundreds of miles; and showed to us that our spirit-friends are cognizant of our thoughts and are able to go on errands of love even to those they did not know in the flesh, and if we will but place ourselves in the proper condition, we may be much benefitted thereby.

Singular Mode of Communication.

The writer of the above statement sends also the following:

Some weeks ago a notice appeared in your paper of a medium who received messages by its being presented in illuminated letters a line at a time. Mrs. F. sometimes receives messages in that way, but only one letter is presented at a time, and the peculiarity is that no matter how many letters are thus given, whether ten or a hundred, they must always be read backwards, so that the end is always the beginning, and *vice versa*; rendering it impossible to tell what the message is until completed, as the first word and first letter in the word is the last given.

Items of Interest.

AN INTERESTING INCIDENT.—During the services of the Union Prayer Meeting last night, at the Town street Methodist Episcopal church, Dr. Awl showed a pocket Bible, and related an incident connected with it. He stated that it belonged to a gentleman who was a soldier in the English army in the wars against Napoleon, who was a praying man, and who was much exercised in mind respecting his situation. His mind was directed to the verse of one of the psalms, which reads: "A thousand shall fall at thy side, and ten thousand at thy right hand, but it shall not come nigh thee." This made a great impression on him. On the morning of the battle of Waterloo, he read his Bible, as was his custom, and instead of placing it in his knapsack, he placed it in his haversack. The division to which he was attached was not called into action until three o'clock in the afternoon. He went into battle, and during the fight the book was pierced with two bullets, which protected him from their force, and doubtless saved his life. At the conclusion of his remarks he returned the book to the owner, who was sitting in one of the pews. He is now an old man, and still continues in the service of the Captain of our Salvation. He resides in this city, and his name is Ross.—*O. S. Journal, 16th.*

AFFECTING OCCURRENCE.—The *Chicago Union* of the 13th inst. relates the following:

A little girl, four years old, daughter of Dr. J. N. Banks, corner of Buffalo street and Edina place was found yesterday drowned in the cistern attached to her father's premises. But a few months since Dr. B. lost his wife, who died and left him this one treasured relic of herself, a lovely and prattling child. It appears the little one had been missed, and was supposed to have strayed away, when the aid of the public crier was called in to discover her. While he was engaged in this purpose about the neighborhood, the child was found dead in the cistern. It is a remarkable circumstance that the little innocent, but a few hours before, expressed a wish "to go and see mamma." The Fates must have heard her, and, from sympathy with her motherless condition on earth, have sent those angels who are constant in their attendance upon the young and pure, to bear her to her mother's side in heaven.

A NEW RENDERING.—Trench—in his last work on the English language,—points out a curious error in the 24th verse of the 23d chapter of St. Matthew. The words "which strain at a gnat and swallow a camel" the professor thinks contain a misprint, which having been passed over in the edition of 1641, has held its ground ever since. The translators intended to say, "which strain out a gnat and swallow a camel," that being the correct reading of the original, as appears in Tyndale's and Crammer's translations, both of which have "strained out." It was the custom of the stricter Jews to strain their wine, vinegar, and other potables, through linen or gauze, lest unawares they should drink down some little unclean insect, as a gnat, and thus transgress the Law. It was to this custom the Savior alluded, intending to say that the Scribes and Pharisees, while they strain out a gnat from their drink, would yet swallow a camel at a gulp.

A STARVATION RELIGION.—A sect has sprung up in Liverpool, England, under the lead of Mr. Thomas Angel, calling themselves "Angelites, or Human Nature Conquerors," who live without food, and who meet daily, mornings and evenings, in Sunderland street, to illustrate their doctrines and to enroll members, by signing a declaration that they will neither eat nor drink. They have put forth a printed pamphlet stating their views, and including a report of their sermons and the manner they adopt to overcome languidness and the total want of food; also, the eminent physician, Dr. Bickerstith's certificate of the excellent health of the members of this extraordinary society, with their apology for "eating no food." Let them try it.

DEATH FROM CIRCUMCISION.—A child nine days old died in New York last week from hemorrhage occasioned by circumcision on the day previous. The evidence showed that the operation was performed in the usual manner, but that hemorrhage ensued several hours afterwards, when the efforts of the physician to stay it were ineffectual. The coroner's jury rendered a verdict of death from convulsions, superinduced by a loss of blood following circumcision.

REVIVAL INCIDENT.—A correspondent of the Boston Bee, writing about the revival at Providence, says: "At one of these prayer meetings in a church in this city, whose summit is graced with a dome in imitation of St. Paul's in London, there arose a man, dressed poorly and with want depicted on his 'aged countenance,' who offering up a pure and holy prayer to his Creator, closed in the following strange manner: 'I have been afflicted with the curse of poverty since last fall. My poor wife and children have almost starved with hunger and perished with the cold; and for what reason? This, brethren; the men who have this morning exhorted you to come to your Savior have failed to pay me for my labor in repairing their boots and shoes; and if this is religion, I'll have none of it.' It made a sensation in that audience, and the minister said, 'that he hoped the admonition would cause those who had laid such stumbling blocks in their brother's way to remove them before the sun went down.'"

A NAUGHTY MINISTER.—On Saturday evening, 24th ult., Rev. Mr. James, a graduate of Cambridge University, was committed by the Mayor of Oxford, Eng., for a month and a day, with hard labor, for disorderly conduct and assaulting the Inspector of the University police. Mr. James, who only left the workhouse that morning, (where he has recently been an inmate, of which he was at one time chaplain,) is well known in the counties of Oxford and Bucks.

PERSONAL AND SPECIAL.

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 spoke on Sunday at Lowell, and may be addressed for several weeks at the Fountain House.

Mrs. CORA L. V. HATCH will speak in Boston Sundays June 6—13—20; also in Philadelphia one week, commencing May 24.

J. B. FERGUSON, of Nashville, Tenn., has been engaged for three months from May 16, to speak for the Spiritualists at the Mercantile Library Hall in St. Louis.

LORING MOODY will lecture in Milford, N. H., on Sunday, May 23d; Manchester, N. H, Sunday, May 30th; Lawrence, Mass., Sunday, June 13th; Groveland, Monday and Tuesday, June 14th and 15th; Georgetown, Wednesday and Thursday, June 16th and 17th; Exeter, N. H., Sunday, June 20th. Friends in each place are requested to see that no lecture fails for want of needful arrangements. Mr. Moody will act as agent for the "Spiritual Age."

Mrs. S. A. HORTON will speak at Concert Hall, Burlington, Sunday, May 23. Mrs. F. O. HYZER, Sunday, May 30; Miss A. W. SPRAGUE, Sundays, June 13th and 20th. Hours of all the meetings, 2 and 7 1-2 P. M.

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.

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.

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.

THE SPIRITUAL AGE.

BOSTON AND NEW YORK, MAY 29, 1858.

LETTERS RECEIVED.—A. Williams, M. H. Tuttle, G. B. Farnsworth, A. W. Fenno, E. Wetherbee, G. Stearns, W. Hammersley, T. J. Slafter. E. Hazeltine, M. May, E. Tallmadge, M. W. Jacob, M. F. Whittier, E. M. Roberts, H. C. Wright, E. H. Goulding, C. Partridge, G. Gibson, C. A. Paul, G. Rosenberg, O. J. Mullen, M. Sperry, J. Phipps, A. P. Ware, W. M. Savage, F. E. Hyer, S. Griffith, T. Pudney, A. Durgin, F. Willson, R. Lambert, O. A. Seamans, E. Farnham, W. T. Pierce, E. Pugh, S. Smith, J. H. Clayton, J. Judson, H. Alden, T. Bond, W. Hickok, J. Doolittle, F. L. Wadsworth, B. Rossman, J. V. Aldrich, J. W. Mauldieg, T. S. Sheldon, O. H. Wellington, E. A. B. Henshaw, M. R. F., T. O'Brien, P. Blount, B. B. Marshall, E. G. W., J. L. Clark, H. Hollegman

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.

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. 39 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 Hours from 10 to 1, and from 2 to 7. 2—3m

Mrs. KNIGHT, Writing Medium, 15 Montgomery place, up one flight of stair 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. 3 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.

Mrs. D. C. KENDALL, ARTIST, No. 89 Cambridge st., Boston. Flowers, Landscapes, etc., painted under Spiritual Influence. Circles Monday and Friday evenings

THE PREMATURE DECAY OF YOUTH.

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

The above work, containing the most thrilling incidents in the practice of the author, has received the highest commendation from the leading papers of the Union, as one of the most able ever published on the subject of such vital interest. It will be sent by mail in a sealed envelope to any part of the country, free of charge, on receipt of two stamps for postage.

It is estimated that 30,000 of the young fall victims in the United States annually by this class of disorders, (the premature development and inordinate excitement of their passions,) and generally the causes are so silent and hidden that parents or guardians are not aware in one case in one hundred of their existence.

The illustrious Haller well observed that "there are no secrets in physiology." It is high time that the community were informed in regard to the all-appalling causes of such premature devastation of human life, and we disregard the persecution that shall come from the conservative bigotry of Allopathy, in taking at least one step to diffuse it. Address DR. ANDREW STONE,

Physician to the Troy Lung and Hygienic Institute, and Physician for Diseases of the Heart, Throat and Lungs, 96 Fifth street, Troy, N. Y.

☞ A few enterprising young men will find very lucrative employment to sell the above work. Extraordinary facilities and inducements are offered. 22—tf

HEALING WITHOUT MEDICINE!

MISS N. NUTTING, NO. 112 HUDSON STREET, BOSTON,

Spiritual, Healing, Developing and Dissolving Medium. Diseases cured by the laying on of hands. The poor operated on without charge.

F. W. R. EMERY,

MANUFACTURER OF PATENT SEWING MACHINES,

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LIFE.—A FRAGMENT.

BY EMMA HARDINGE.

'Twas night on the wild, stormy ocean. A noble ship heaved and struggled amidst the tossing billows which broke on the tremendous iron-bound rocks whose dark forms upheaved on one of the wildest parts of Northumberand. A thick pall of impenetrable blackness shadowed the wild waste of waters, lifted only by fitful gleams of the forked lightning. The demons of the air were shrieking in chorus to the hoarse booming of the mighty waves, while the roar of heaven's artillery broke in strong and awful cadence to the voices which made up the great hallelujah of the tempest.

At times, amidst the crash of elemental strife, another and yet more appalling sound broke through the burdened air;—'twas the heart-stirring cry of human agony—the tones of plaintive voices pleading with the God of the darkness and the storm for life—life! the precious boon of life! There were many doomed souls tossing in their ocean-grave that night; for at length the dying ship, after many a gallant struggle, shivered and parted, and slowly yielded up her own last breath in the crushing arms of the mighty billows. Her noble crew and despairing passengers were launched into the boiling gulf of the trackless waters. None heard their death-shriek—no human eye saw them die—beheld the tossing arms madly grappling with the black air, or the writhing forms and staring eyes battling for life amidst the white surf which dashed them on the rude-pointed rocks near which they had been wrecked.

And yet, high over all the dreadful sounds which made up the requiem of that ship's crew, two persistent wailing voices plead still for life. They were passengers on board—an old man, and a young and very fair woman. The former was very rich, with a noble name and high descent. He was going home, after years of painful toil in foreign lands, spent in heaping up wealth enough to redeem his old ancestral house and lands from heavy mortgages, and to dower the fair and haughty lady who accompanied him (his only child) with an estate equal to the proudest nobles of the land. Oh how dear life was to these wealthy and aspiring great ones of earth! and how frantically they sought to avert the destruction which was little or naught to the "common people" around them, but became so very terrible to those who had lived only in the hope of the very hour which threatened to crush life, and aim, and purpose, all in one overwhelming destruction!

E'er the threatened danger was consummated, they had rushed from one to another of the hardy crew and striven to prompt them to some special exercise of their strength to save *their* lives.

"You shall have gold—heaps of gold—whole piles, bars, ingots, if you will but save us," they cried.

"Your gold is of no avail here," replied the stern master; "it will neither splice a rope nor lash a spar. Prepare to meet your God, or see if you can bribe Him to work a miracle with your gold."

"For the sake of that fair and high-born lady," whispered the old man to a noble young seamen. "Think! she is the daughter of a peer of the realm; she can confer honor and distinction with her lightest smile.

"Honor and distinction are words which have no charm in the realm of old ocean," replied the sailor; "if I *can* save, with the sacrifice of my own life, any of this doomed company, it will be yonder unmurmuring humble woman, who clasps her infant so heroically to her breast, and asks of God life for her babe—no safety for herself."

"Take all—take everything,—the hand of a peeress,—the wealth of a millionaire,—houses, lands, rank, station,—only save our lives!" shrieked the despairing passengers, while the sullen and disgusted crew turned away to make their peace with God and prepare for entrance into that kingdom where rank and wealth have neither name nor place.

The last signal-gun had sounded; the last crash and dying shriek had sent its lengthening echoes far across the restless wave; the moaning tempest had hushed itself into sleep, and the leaden mists of a heavy morning spread like a pall over the now silent expanse of the deep. The noble ship and her gallant crew had passed from mortal view forever. The secret of their fate was entombed in the fathomless depths of the ocean, to be revealed only when the sea shall give up the mystery of her trackless kingdom of death.

A fine boat's crew of daring men, whose generous hearts had responded to the awful signals of woe from the wreck, had ventured forth amidst the boiling surf and shared the doom of those they sought to save. Three human souls were all that had escaped the general ruin. These were the leader of the boat's crew—a brave old seaman experienced in such perilous scenes—and the eager, selfish pair, who clung around him with a pertinacity which left him no alternative but to save their lives or sacrifice his own.

They *were* safe then—safe on land, too; and now, while the drenching rain fell on a wild and desolate coast, they had gained the shelter of the only hut which broke the utter loneliness for many miles around. And now they sat by the blazing pine fire on the old fisherman's hearth, but still beneath the shadowy wing of death. A wretched, wailing widow hung over the drenched and lifeless body of a precious companion, who had perished in the vain attempt to save the crew of the doomed ship. His corpse, now washed ashore to the very feet of the bereaved woman, had been conveyed to his humble home, and engrossed her only thought. The warm fire she had so fondly kindled to greet his return flashed in fitful gleams upon his clay-cold face, and the untasted morning's meal her loving hands had prepared, stood like a ceremonial offering, waiting for the mourners to feast in honor of the silent dead.

As the day wore on, and the shipwrecked "great ones" vainly sought for aid amidst the devastation without and the all-absorbing woe within, they first bethought them of offering some common-place expressions of sympathy touching the uncertainty of life and the extreme satisfaction which the dead man must have felt in sacrificing his life for others.

"And what are those others to me?" replied the bereaved woman. "What are they to him? Had he saved a thousand such as you, they could not bring him back to life. Were you the monarch on the throne, your kingdom would be to me, or him, a poor exchange for life. Oh life, life! the only good, the only real possession! The empire of the globe is but a bauble when compared with thee!"

'Twas midnight, and still the widow watched the moveless dead. Her selfish grief enchained her to his bier, and the frail and delicately-nurtured lady who, with dripping garments and sinking frame had scarce withstood the action of the storm, the late terrific scene and present desolation, lay in a corner of the room beneath a thin old rug, while her distracted father hung in helpless agony over her evidently dying form. Suddenly the red glare of the pine torch became extinct, while a light, soft, mellow and unearthly, diffused itself throughout the hut, and gilded the scene with more than mid-day power. A low strain of music, at first so distant that it sounded like an echo from another world, but growing nearer until it filled the whole chamber with delicious melody, crept o'er the listening ear, and stilled the mourners into silent transport. And now revolving mists floated around, first dimly shadowing every object to their view, then forming into a gauzy medium, in which they saw reflected a diorama of a scene more fair than mortal eyes had e'er beheld before.

The fabled paradise of Persia, the elysian fields which ancients loved to dream of, no fabled Eden ever was so fair, as this most radiant landscape; while moving here and there were forms of light and joyous faces seen, whom each remembered to have perished in the storm. There was the patient mother with her smiling babe, the little ship-boy, and the captain bold, each gallant mate, and, last of all, they saw the strong, brave men who perished in the strife, to save the wailing, helpless shipwrecked crew. The brave young fisherman, the widow's love, with free, bold step and smiling face was there, and he it was whose soft low speech was heard sounding from out the mist—the voice of one, rolling from an illimitable distance, and yet borne, free, clear and bell-like, through the realms of space.

"What cheer, dear love, and worthy friends, what cheer? Why do you look to ocean and the grave? You will not find your loved ones sleeping there. Life cannot be crushed out. *We're all in life;* we've but exchanged our garments and our homes. Look up, not down, if you would fathom life. Look onward, and not back, if you would see its purpose. Man of noble name and sounding title, let thy daughter go; her thread of life can ne'er be broken quite, but all thy wealth can never make it happy unless 'tis scattered far and wide to bless the poor and needy. Whene'er thy lordly rank shall prove a tree whose branches shadow humble ones and lowly, then will it prove to thee a palace fair, when in the land of life thou find'st it planted. The lady's beauty will outshine the stars when in the homes of life 'tis decked with goodness. Thy wealth will plant for thee a golden Eden if in the hearts of suffering ones 'tis sown; but bind thee in its golden dungeon-chains, if in thy selfish soul alone 'tis treasured. Life on the earth is seed sown in the ground, to ripen into poison-weeds or blossoms, here in the land where souls first learn that life may be the subject of a mighty change, but never of destruction.

"Companion—love—look up! Lo, every soul that breaks its prison-house of clay, becomes a guardian prop to its own loved one's steps. The turmoil of earth's fitful fever o'er, the spirit first knows life—sees in it consequence of act—becomes the atmosphere of those it loved; their whispering counsellor, their mind's interior strength. Value this earth-life only as a means—nor death the end, but simply as the gate through which thy friend becomes thy angel-guide, thy Father's minister, to lead thee home."

The vision melted, and the dying girl, borne by the angels home, oft whispered low when moonbeams silvered o'er her father's head—"Father, come home, but bring with thee the wealth of widows' blessings, grateful orphans' tears, or else the life we prayed for is a wreck, more terrible unto the soul than death or ocean grave."

The widow trimmed her home and lit her fire, and oft she cheered the shipwrecked stranger's heart. Her spirit-love she knew was ever near, for soul ne'er died; and "*earth-life's but a means*" to lead her home where life in truth begins, and shipwrecked mariners find port at last.

A STARVED HEART.

Two gentlemen stood by the road-side, opposite a graveyard:

"And so our school-mate, Edith Wynn, is dead," remarked the elder of the two.

"I remember, a little, dancing, warbling thing, yet thoughtful and wise beyond her years. I heard of her marriage in my western home, but since then, have known nothing concerning her. She died of consumption, did she not?"

"People call it consumption, but she died of cold and starvation," calmly and slowly replied the other, the bachelor friend of Edith.

"What do you mean?" asked the speaker, eyeing his friend curiously, and not without suspicion.

"I mean that there is a slow freezing and starving of the heart, which, though more lingering, is often as fatal to life as the lack of bodily warmth and food."

"I do not fully understand you."

"You did not know Edith, and love her as I did. Long before she had dreamed of love, I had selected her for my wife; but I kept the sweet secret in my own bosom, and toiled to make myself worthy of her. When she was still very young, I left home to travel a year or two. No matter how it happened, when I returned, she was married. It was a crushing blow to me, though God only knows if I could have won her. She married a man just one remove from the curious automatons the Germans are so fond of manufacturing. He has intellect but no heart.

I have met her at intervals, since her marriage, and have seen her gradually changing from the warm-hearted, impulsive, ambitious woman, to an automaton like himself. Outwardly, I mean—for the anguish of the famishing spirit within none can know. He fed and clothed her body but ignored and slighted her affections. They could not cling to him, but fixed themselves in a better country, where the All Merciful has taken her at last. Her husband is erecting a costly slab of marble to her memory. Heaven forgive the bitter thought, but if the truth were told upon it, it would read, "DIED OF A STARVED HEART."

Poetry.

Poetry is the breath of beauty, flowing around the spiritual world, as the winds that wake up the flowers do about the material. The love of moral beauty, and the retention of the spirit of youth, which is implied in the indulgence of a poetical taste, are evidences of a good disposition in any man, and argue well for the largeness of his mind in other respects. For this is the boast of poetry above all other arts: that, sympathizing with everything, it leaves no corner of wisdom or knowledge unrecognized, which is a universality that cannot be predicated of any science however great. —*Leigh Hunt.*

If any one knows why a woman should teach, or do any other good work, for half what a man would receive for the same service, let him give the world the benefit of his knowledge; but if none give a good reason for this disparity, then all should unite to remove it as injurious and unjust.

For the Spiritual Age.

OURS.

Cold and white as the snow that day,
Cold and white as the snow, she lay;
Faint as afar off dreamland bells,
Soft as the wind through dreamland dells,
Came from her lips, the low farewells.

Up she lifted her thin, fair hand,
Clasping another we could not see;
But we knew by the light of her glad, blue eye,
That one of the maidens out of the sky,
Held it, *so tenderly!*—close, close by.

Oh, we wept sweet tears!—and we let them run,
Down on the still face, one by one;
We wept sweet tears! for we knew she'd go,
Warm and swift through the falling snow,
Over the hills where the sweet flowers grow.

—

Many a winter has come and sped
Many a summer rose lies dead;
But every day since she went from ours,
To her other home, through the snowflake showers,
She has come to bring us those sweet, strange flowers.

And we sit in the twilight, day by day,—
And out of the twilight, we hear her say,
"Wait 'till the fruits in the grange bend low—
Wait 'till the purple wines o'erflow—
Then, my loved, is the time to go.

Do not shrink when ye cannot see
The harvest moon through the linden tree!
For Oh! in that beautiful by and by,
We'll open the gate where the shadows lie,
And lead ye, *so tenderly!* into the sky."

TEMPLE, May 9th, 1858. KATE E. P. HILL.

WE PARTED.

We parted! Oh, 'twas a most painful hour,—
Not that I thought him lost to me forever;
I knew that mighty love's resistless power,
Would re-unite us, ne'er again to sever;
For we are wedded, not as thoughtless mortals,
Incited only by terrestrial views,
Enter that sacred fane's mysterious portals—
Our souls are wedded; that assurance strews
My future path with flowers of fadeless hues!

Yet is the briefest parting hard; for love,
Deprived of wisdom, is a rayless sun;
A summer midnight, when no star above
Throws down one cheering ray; 'tis *good*, alone
Without her partner, Truth; or it resembles
Warm, melting charity, intent to bless,
When, without his hand, to guide her steps she trembles
O'er the dark scene of separated wretchedness,
Wondering if Heaven will *permit* such distress.

THE CHILD AND THE ANGELS.

The Sabbath's sun was setting low,
Amidst the clouds at even;
"Our Father," breathed a voice below,—
"Our Father who art in heaven."

Beyond the earth, beyond the clouds,
Those infant words were given;
"Our Father," angels sang aloud—
"Father, who art in heaven."

"Thy kingdom come," still from the ground,
That childlike voice did pray;
"Thy kingdom come," God's hosts resound,
Far up the starry way.

"Thy will be done," with little tongue,
That lisping love implores;
"Thy will be done," the angelic throng
Sing from the heavenly shores.

"Forever," still those lips repeat,
Their closing evening prayer;
"Forever," floats in music sweet,
High midst the angels there.

THE GREAT LEVEL.

It is a monitory truth, I ween,
That, turning up the ashes of the grave,
One can discern no difference between
The richest sultan and the poorest slave.

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