The Spiritual Age.

DEVOTED TO RATIONAL SPIRITUALISM AND PRACTICAL REFORM.

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Practical Reform.

[Reported for the Spiritual Age.]

WOMAN'S PART IN REFORM.

ABSTRACT OF SPEECH AT THE RUTLAND CONVENTION,

BY GEO. SENNOTT, ESQ.

For many hundred years the noblest hearts and loftiest intellects of mankind lived in a splendid dream. They dreamed that among the hidden things of Nature lay a substance so potent and benific, as to charm away poverty, pain, disease, and death itself. And so, for ages, the purest and wisest of mankind deliberately sacrificed their wealth, their health, their liberty—the free breath of heaven and all the delights of life—and deliberately braved the rage of a superstitious rabble and the jealousy of a vindictive priesthood and the power of an irresponsible despotism, if only they might wrest from Nature, into no unworthy hands, that mighty secret that would relieve the suffering, repress the wicked, and arm the good man's hand with the power of a liberating God.

Like them our noblest men and women have also dreamed a glorious dream. It was no philosopher's stone, no fabled elixir of life, they sought to wrest from Nature; but they dreamed that in the infinite beneficence of God a living idea, prolific with benedictions, existed, which could arm the pure heart with power to heal the nations. In the far future they saw its divine forces realizing what the Prophet beheld from the Mount of Vision. No shadow of slavery—no stain of war—no trace of intemperance, or violence, or fraud—but they beheld the green, regenerate earth glow in the beams of the millennial sun, and on its broad and motherly bosom bearing the sinless, happy, countless tribes of man. And so, at an early day, the noblest souls that ever breathed American air deliberately gave up public honors, and the applause of men, and many a sweet and precious social tie, and offered their fair fame to the slanderer's tooth that was broken on the name of Parker, and their necks to the rope that went round the throat of Garrison, and their bodies to the dungeon that broke the heart of Torrey,—if only they might find the glorious means of making all men free and happy.

I cannot believe that God made such men and women in vain. I cannot believe that such glorious hopes are never to be realized. I do not believe that social evil is eternal and incurable. And in the freedom of woman—that last and best development of your reforming ideas, I behold at last the long looked for means of regenerating man. It harmonizes with all your other plans; it disagrees with none; it promises more immediate practical benefit than any; it is the point where, after marching bravely through the whole rugged land of reforming effort, and from experiment to failure, and from failure to victory, you first behold the rosy light of the "good time coming" tinging the frozen summits of Conservatism's *undelectable* mountains.

[After this exordium the speaker proceeded to show the evils which arise from human selfishness. He depicted selfishness in its five different forms of manifestation—national, ecclesiastical, commercial, social and domestic—the last of which he deemed the worst of all.]

Here—while considering domestic *selfishness*—at once arises the true method and universal means of hastening all reforms. Here you for the first time lay healing hands upon the great sympathetic nerve of society. It is the family that originates and shapes the individual, not the individual the family. The social, ecclesiastical and national condition take existence and form from that; and the wonderful spectacle of one half the human race, bound where they should be freest, and unable to help themselves or the other half, forces upon the mind the whole subject of the rights of woman—ay, and of the wrongs of man, resulting from her false position to him. Give me the *family*, and you may have the State and the Church, if you want them. Here you will find the ideas and the instruments, the direction and point of departure, for every plan through which this world may grow.

Now, the part which women will take in reforms depends entirely upon their freedom. Let them be dependent, as they are, and you will jog on as you do, and grow old in *trying* to do and to be. But turn your energies for only six months to getting them their freedom in one State, and I do honestly believe that more will be done in the ten years next thereafter than has been done for the fifty years last past. The very first thing it will do, whenever it is tried, will be instantaneously to double the force and halve the time by which social evil is to be killed.

Now, there are some rights which women can *take*, if they choose. In science, in literature, in theology, in art and in business, they can take high places if they choose to try. The women who are afraid to try, must be let alone until they acquire courage. But there is one right which woman must be helped to—and that is the right to vote. That being obtained, there are many things to be done which would take too much of your time, even to glance at. I shall therefore confine myself to three things to be done, the doing of any one of which would mark this century illustrious to all coming ages.

These are, 1st, *Putting justice into the law*; 2d, *The establishment of true marriage*; 3d, *The abolition of prostitution*—an ugly word, which I shall use but once.

Justice will be put into the law in consequence of a new theory of crime. We make our amendments now after one theory, while our law is founded on another. It is sometimes asked with great simplicity, why law should hang a man, if its object is to reform offenders? Now, the present system of law has no such object. There is only here and there a statute in the vast heap—*stuck* in like a cut flower in a pile of pig iron, not *growing* in—which contemplates reform even by implication. The whole system is consistent enough with itself, and with the barbarian instincts of its founders. It does not intend reform—it intends revenge; and cries out for blood in savage old Saxon speech. Conscientious jurors make a choice of evils, and commit perjury rather than murder. We have grown vastly more humane than our laws. But women will serve on juries by and by,—indeed, they might *now*, for all the law there is against it, if they would get their names on the list. By and by they will sit in the legislature; even now, though they can't vote, there is nothing to prevent their being voted in.

When that time comes, do you think that men will pine away in jail for costs they couldn't pay if they were out? Do you believe that men and women who know the name of God only to swear by—who were brought up to be thieves and taught to steal as other children are taught to read—will be fastened in solitary chambers and starved and whipped like dogs into submission? Do you think that no discrimination will be made between the poverty-stricken wretch whom hunger impels to steal, and the moral idiot who thinks crime is good, and the deliberate villain who sins against his breeding and his judgment, and makes selfishness his only rule?—I don't. The law will not be patched, merely. Its principle will be altered. It will be changed from *Vengeance* to *Justice*; and then our kind amendments will not fit, as they do now, like hands of flesh to wrists of wood. We shall have asylums, not jails—houses of reformation instead of houses of correction—hospitals for incurables, instead of State prisons for life; and this will certainly be a very striking benefit to man; for in the criminal lists the men outnumber the women, five to one.

There is another principle of the law, of very great importance, which should be revised, I think. It is the principle that by marriage the wife's identity is lost in that of the husband. The consequences are very momentous, and meet you at every turn. Nothing short of its entire excision will do you the slightest service. All your homestead laws and separate estate statutes amount to nothing. Just where you least expect it, and always where it will hurt you most, the inexorable principle steps in and kicks your poor exception out of doors. When that principle is abolished, I dont believe an idle brute could take away the earnings of his industrious wife and spend them on vile companions. I have known such cases. I know two such cases now. I don't think a man could get drunk every day for three years and force a wretched creature to live with him, when her soul loathed him—I know of such cases. I don't think an angelic woman—a born Love—an incarnate Use and Beauty could be trampled under foot by a madman for twenty-one months—starved, neglected and bereft, till she was compelled to fly, and then in the very morning of her days and the prime of her beauty, forced to live alone for ten long years until the tardy law relieved her. Such a case actually happened not many years ago. I dont think a woman, after working for forty years to build up a living for her husband, will be obliged at his death to be dependent on his will, or else put up with what are facetiously called her *thirds*, or deprived of the guardianship of her own children, if she choose to marry again.

Next will follow the establishment of a true marriage. The freedom of woman will redress the greatest wrong of man—that wrong he now suffers in his relation of husband. Until he fills this relation with *one* wife, and in true marriage, he is a *male*, not a *man*. This—the conjugal union of one man with one woman, and for life—is the most sacred of all human relations. There is no other so sacred. There is no other so permanent. There is no other so important, both for this world and for the world to come. It sweetens, exalts and purifies life,—it fills with the light of hope and love the hollow eyes of death. Tampering, interfering, ignorantly meddling with this relation, is the curse and error of reforms. Blindly and rashly entering into it—stubbornly refusing to allow mistakes in it to be corrected—is the curse and error of society. In a free society the independent woman will see to it that real marriage will be the rule, and sham, or physical marriage, the unfortunate exception. In the present state of society, a true marriage is a most fortunate accident. Reformers are not the only ones who say so. Everybody, every day laments the rash, unhappy couplings which constantly take place. Everybody feels that, under our present system, man grows and woman decays. He has an elevated character; he has a forcible intellect. He marries; his wife is by nature as forcible and elevated as he; but *he* goes into the world. He learns in the conflict of his fellows to know and care for the great principles which dignify life. He is full of its difficulties, its sympathies and rewards. She cannot follow her husband; it is indelicate; it is improper; it is beyond her *sphere*. And so the victim of cant dwindles her soul to her circumstances as the vast bulk of the genius in the Arabian tale, which filled the sea and the sky, shrunk into the bottle of Solomon. Her endowments, naturally equal to his, *become* inferior. She is reduced to a secondary place in his mind if not, in his affections,—and who is *now* injured? Why, the husband. He has a right to have one side of his soul as strong and as noble as the other half. Cant forbids the education and the exercise which alone can make it so. He dwindles to her stature as she dwindles to her circumstances, and if not, society, more cruel than the ancient Italian tyrant who bound together the living and the dead, first strikes his other self, and then binds him for life to the paralyzed object which he must always pity, but can never cure. Under these circumstances, affection dies. It dies, and the man dies with it. Oh, blind and stupid world! that imagines woman may dwindle, and man not die—that thinks Josephine may be made little of and put away, and Napoleon not perish in exile! When shall simple justice make this earth a Heaven? Surely as the Lord liveth, not until women are free, and marriage is noble.

Pious people who are very regular in their lives, and who have always been pious and regular, have great and just weight in society, in consequence of this very steadiness. Their observations are listened to with a respect which is derived, not from the justice of the observation, but from the respectability of the speaker. Now routine of any kind has a tendency to make even a keen man dull. So you may judge what work it will make with a gentleman who, as the college boy said of his stupid chum, is good because he does'nt know any better. They appear to think, sometimes, that the world is a large church, where everybody behaves with the utmost steadiness, and where things always happen just as you expect they will. An observation made by such a person, in such a way, may do you great mischief, if you believe, because it is not unfrequently pure trash. Here is an example: "The cause of Public Vice is passion, uncontrolled by principle." Now this is a sounding phrase which contains one very common-place truth—and besides that, a monstrous lie. For though the man's crimes *do* spring from unprincipled passion,—it is a fact as well known as any fact can be, that there is nothing to do with passion on the part of its victims. To say otherwise is a libel. Women are not sensual,—they abhor sensuality, and when they become independent, it will be one of the first things swept away, whether in marriage or out. The unfortunate women who are the traders in this vice abominate it; they are driven to it by necessity, and to keep from starving. And you could take eight thousand out of the ten thousand from the streets of New York to-morrow, if you would only assure them of a decent, living employment. One week of woman's freedom to choose her own business, will do more to kill this vice than has ever been done before in a century.

Yes, the vice of cities can and will be cured—but not by moral reform societies. They are very respectable organizations, and do much good—but you will see them check public vice about the time that you see yourself reducing the flow of Niagara with a large and very bright tin pan. Niagara, however, can be reduced if you take the right way to do it. Terrific as it is, it is made up of single drops of water. Seize them in the quiet valley or in the nooks of the distant mountain—let them follow every little declivity that leads to the lake—if they incline toward the Mississippi when they start, build a little dam across their track and *make* them go the other way—in short, force them out of every other channel but the St. Lawrence, and sure as death, you will find them at or near Niagara. But take the pains to open new channels for them. Don't force them all into one. Let some of them spread out into pretty domestic lakes of beauty, and some marry into silver streams of use, and your great, roaring, ruinous fall will not run dry, exactly, but your lovely drops of pure, pellucid dew wont all of them dash over its frightful plunge, to be churned up among its filthy foam.

So will our heaven-suggested cause reduce this murderous social fall, whose every dizzy drop is a once innocent human soul. So shall independent woman open for her sex new channels of happy, harmonious existence. So shall her lovely innocence grow lovelier still in the clear vales of plenty and fertility hollowed out by her unfettered energies. So shall her exquisite purity, as natural to her soul as dew to violets, grow clearer and clearer in the streams of useful, active, united life—until spiritualized by the fervent heat of the Divine sun, she rises on wings of love, into celestial radiance, and adds new glories to her native Heaven!

Nothing is more sublime than Humility; for it stands exalted above everything around it, and never attempts to soar higher.—*Augustine.*

Your goodness must have some edge to it, else it is none.—*Emerson.*

TRINITAS.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

At morn I prayed: "I fain would see
How Three are One, and One is Three;
Read the dark riddle unto me."

I wandered forth; the sun and air
I saw bestowed with equal care
On good and evil, foul and fair.

No partial favor dropped the rain;
Alike the righteous and profane
Rejoiced above their bending grain.

And my heart murmured: "Is it meet
That blindfold Nature thus should treat
With equal hand the tares and wheat?"

A presence melted through my mood,
A warmth, a light, a sense of good,
Like sunshine through a winter wood.

I saw that presence, mailed complete
In her white innocence, pause to greet
A fallen sister of the street.

"Beware!" I said, "in this I see
No gain to her, but loss to thee;
Who touches pitch defiled must be."

I passed the haunts of shame and sin,
And a voice whispered: "Who therein
Shall these lost souls to Heaven's peace win?

"Who there shall hope and strength dispense,
And lift the ladder up from thence,
Whose rounds are prayers of penitence?"

I said: "No higher life they know;
These earth-worms love to have it so.
Who stoops to raise them, sinks as low."

That night with painful care I read
What Hippo's saint and Calvin said—
The living seeking to the dead!

In vain I turned in weary quest
Old pages, where, (God give them rest!)
The poor creed-mongers dreamed and guessed.

And still I prayed: "Lord let me see
How Three are One, and One is Three;
Read the dark riddle unto me!"

Then something whispered: "Dost thou pray
For what thou hast? This very day,
The Holy Three have crossed thy way.

"Did not the gifts of sun and air
To good and ill alike, declare
The all-compassionate Father's care?

"In the white soul that stooped to raise
The lost one from her evil ways,
Thou saw'st the Christ whom angels praise.

A bodiless Divinity,
The still, small Voice that spake to thee
Was the Holy Spirit's mystery!

"Oh, blind of sight, of faith how small!
Father and Son and Holy Call—
This day thou hast denied them all!

"Revealed in love and sacrifice,
The Holiest passed before thine eyes,
One and the same, in threefold guise.

"The equal Father in rain and sun,
His Christ in the good to evil done,
His voice in thy soul—and the Three are One."

I shut my grave Aquinas fast,
The monkish gloss of ages past,
The Schoolman's creed aside I cast.

And my heart answered: "Lord, I see
How Three are One, and One is Three;
Thy riddle hath been read to me!"

REFORMERS.

It is delightful to remember that there have been men who, in the cause of truth and virtue, have made no compromises for their own advantage or safety; who have recognized "the hardest duty as the highest;" who, conscious of the possession of great talents, have relinquished all the praise that was within their grasp, all the applause which they might have so liberally received, if they had not thrown themselves in opposition to the errors and vices of their fellow men, and have been content to take obloquy and insult instead; who have approached to lay on the altar of God "their last infirmity." They, without doubt, have felt that deep conviction of having acted right which supported the martyred philosopher of Athens, when he asked, "What disgrace is it to me if others are unable to judge of me, or to treat me as they ought?"

There is something very solemn and sublime in the feeling produced by considering how differently these men have been estimated by their contemporaries, from the manner in which they are regarded by God. We perceive the appeal which lies from the ignorance, the folly and the iniquity of man, to the throne of Eternal Justice. A storm of calumny and reviling has too often pursued them through life, and continued, when they could no longer feel it, to beat upon their graves. But it is no matter. They had gone where all who have suffered, and all who have triumphed in the same noble cause, receive their reward; and where the wreath of the martyr is more glorious than that of the conqueror.—*Norton.*

DEFECTIVE POPULAR RELIGION.

The N. Y. *Independent* thus speaks on the religious manifestations of the present day; and yet fondly hopes that the church and world are gradually but surely emerging into a period of universal holiness, but in which men will still be subject to the curse and death:—

It should not be set down as certainly censorious, when inquiry is made concerning the present state of religion, if far more glaring defects are found than many have supposed to exist. The Rev. John Angell James writes concerning the present condition of things, as follows: "What is the present spiritual condition of the great bulk of the professors of religion? Amidst much that is cheering, there is, on the other hand, much that is discouraging and distressing to the more pious observer. We behold a strange combination of zeal and worldly-mindedness; great activity for the extension of religion in the earth, united with lamentable indifference to the state of religion in the soul; in short, apparent vigor in the extremities, with a growing torpor at the heart." "The Christian profession is sinking in its tone of piety; the line of separation between the church and the world becomes less and less perceptible, and the character of genuine Christianity, as expounded from pulpits and delineated in books, has too rare a counterpart in the lives and spirit of its professors."—*Earnest Ministry*, pp. 62, 63.

Mr. James is a Congregationalist. The Rev. J. C. Ryle, a distinguished preacher and author of the English Established Church, says upon the same subject: "Surely no man with his eyes open can fail to see that the Christianity of the New Testament is something far higher and deeper than the Christianity of most professing Christians. That formal, easy-going, do-little thing, which most people call religion, is evidently not the religion of the Lord Jesus."—*A Word to Churchmen*, p 22.

"But these," it may be said, "are English writers; they do not describe the piety that prevails in this country." Turn then to testimony from American writers. In a work recently published by the "Congregational Board of Publication," entitled "Primitive Piety Revived," being a prize essay written by Rev. Henry C. Fish, of the Baptist church, and to whom was awarded the premium by Drs. Humphrey, Ide, and Harvey—in that book of such sanction, we find the bold, accusing statement, emphatically made, that "the piety of the present day has widely degenerated from the divine standard." Some of the proofs are, "the inadequate supply of Christian ministers," the limited "character and extent of Christian effort for evangelizing the nations," and "the limited success of the Gospel in Christian lands."

Dr. Jones, of the Methodist church of this country, says: "A holy church would soon make a holy world. If the church were without wrinkle, or any such thing, her light could not be hid. When the church puts on her entire strength, her influence must be triumphant in the world. When her hearts, and hands, and means, and influences, are all devoted to God and his cause, her aggressive movements will be mighty, will be world-saving."—*Christian Purity, Foster, p.* 10.

The late Dr. Olin, of the same church, speaking of the young men of the present age, has left behind him the following reproof: "The church is now barely able to hold its ground against the opposing forces of sin and error, or to advance a tardy step to future triumphs; and if it is to be recruited and reinforced by such members and ministers only as already wield its destinies, it must remain in essentially the same condition, while the accession of even a few persons of deeper piety and stronger faith, and larger views, might sweep away the obstacles that retard its progress, and open a career of unexampled success."

Dr. Wayland, in his noted discourse on "The Apostolic Ministry," has the following: "But what is the condition of our churches of all denominations at this critical moment? The disciples of Christ seem to be fast losing the distinctive marks of their profession. Self-denial for the cause of the Redeemer will soon become the exception, rather than the rule. In large districts of our country, the admissions to the churches are not as numerous as the removals by death. In the meantime, the number of candidates for the ministry is diminishing in all denominations, not only relatively, but absolutely. Nay, it is diminishing more rapidly than the figures indicate, for of the reputed number of candidates a considerable portion never enter the ministry; and of those who enter it, a greater and greater number are annually leaving it for other pursuits."

The late lamented Dr. Harris, of England, has left, as a part of his legacy to the people of God, these impressive words, "The church itself requireth conversion." The noted missionary, Kincaid exclaims, "To the great Head of the Church we must look for a new order of men—men just as absorbed in winning souls to Christ as worldlings are in gathering gold." This is testimony enough. No faithful Christian will, on the whole, wish to dispute it. No intelligent person will dare to do it.

Our own duties are next us; other men's farther off.

The Spiritual Age.

Progress is the Common Law of the Universe.

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WHAT IS THE TRUE PHILOSOPHY OF REFORM?

Regarding this question, vague and superficial ideas are often entertained, even by earnest friends of Progress. Let no one imagine that the general intellectual acceptance of any theory in morals, any scheme of social re-organization, any creed in religion, will introduce universal harmony among men. If all people were to become Fourierists and organize into Phalanxes to-day,—or if all would become Christian church members,—or if all would believe in spirit-manifestations even,—let no one expect that the kingdom of heaven would be enjoyed on earth to-morrow. So appear to think some "enthusiastic but not very far-seeing" partizans of different reform movements. Many have idly dreamed that an equal division of the property of the world, the rich sharing magnanimously with the poor, would bring the reign of supernal felicity all of a sudden to this planet. Some are clamorous for the abolition of all external restraints, and of all the present imperfect institutions of society, as if this were the only thing necessary to introduce a perfect elysium among earth's inhabitants.

In opposition to all such vague and vain imaginings, we maintain that *the springs of all reformatory power lie in the latent energies of the human soul.* These must be touched, unsealed, brought forth. The dormant forces of the inner life, of the spiritual nature, must be quickened, and aroused to action. The reason, the moral sentiments, the philanthropic impulses, the religious emotions must be so brought out as to assume an ascendency over the baser, the selfish, the animal, the grovelling portion of our nature. This must be done in us as individuals, as the only means of individual reform; and individual reform is the only means of social and national reform.

This theory of the mode of *moral* recuperation is precisely the same with that now generally accepted by intelligent physiologists and physicians of all schools, respecting restoration to *physical* health. It is understood and conceded that *medicines are never the source of cure.* The cure comes, if it comes at all, from the *vis medicatrix naturæ*—the recuperative force of nature, latent in the human organism. Medicines are useful only as they aid in rousing this latent energy to supply exhaustion and expel disease.

So teaching, preaching, creeds, churches, governments, reformatory institutions, supernal revelations even, are valuable not for what they succeed in *cramming in* to the human mind, but for what they are adapted to *call out* of man's inner and higher nature—to develop those latent spiritual and divine forces, which awaken from the paralysis of moral death, purge out the pollutions of sensualism, and confer the beauty and vigor of true health.

Let no religionist or theologian here turn sanctimoniously away, and say that our theory rejects and ignores Divine agency in reform, and hence is a Godless system. For, when analyzed, what is this latent spiritual energy upwelling from the depths of the inner being? What is even the *vis medicatrix naturæ*, or, as Mr. Sunderland has it, the "Nutritive Fluid," which alone can bring health and vigor to the physical man? Is it anything of man's invention or creation? What is it, indeed, but the very Life-Energy of the Universe, of which the human physical organism is a receptacle in its degree, and of which the human spiritual organism is but a receptacle in a higher degree? What is it, in fact, but the living, present God, inflowing of His Essential Life,—that God "in whom we live, move, and have our being," and without whose immediate presence we exist not for a moment? Yes, the fountain of immortal life and health is within us; but it needs to be unsealed in each plane of our being, its channels cleared from the obstructions which grossness and sensuality interpose, and then shall we know what it is to have "within us a well of living water springing up into everlasting life."

We do not then expect that Spiritualism is to reform the world by the revelation or teaching of a new and authoritative system of religion, a new code of morals, or the direct establishment of new governmental and social institutions. We look not for a *new Bible*, to bind the faith of mankind. The world has had an endless amount of truthful *teachings* already, which have never been, to any extent, incorporated into the hearts, lives or institutions of men. They, therefore, who are looking merely to new teachings, new unfoldings of truth from spirits, angels or Deity,—from any *external* source whatever—for the world's redemption, are, we conceive, looking in the wrong direction. Not that these new unfoldings are not needed, or are not coming—they are both necessary and inevitable, but they are not—except in a subordinate sense—the source of redemptive power. The existence and submissive acceptance of a most perfect, complete and infallible revelation of truth would give no certainty of man's general elevation. And for the plain reason that human minds vary in their capacity to receive and comprehend truth. *In proportion to an individual's interior development*, is his ability to perceive, grasp and understand, in its fullness and harmony, any portion of universal and immutable truth. Infantile minds can never grasp it in its wholeness; nor can distorted and unbalanced minds perceive its beauty and its harmony. A revelation, embracing all the details of man's duty and destiny, with the most perfect forms of all institutions for earth's inhabitants, given in the most exact language, from the most exalted spirits, from the very mouth of the Infinite One himself (were such a thing conceivable), would yet be subject necessarily to misconceptions, limitations and distortions, in all narrow and imperfect minds. An infallible revelation, therefore, would be of little use in our world, except the world were gifted with infallibility in the interpretation and application of it. As the morning sun, when its pure and beneficent beams reach us through a humid and smoky atmosphere, looks lurid and wrathful, like a fiery demon "flaming vengeance from the skies,"—so in the morning of man's religious conceptions, ere the mists and gloom of ignorance have cleared away, the Deity is wont to appear as a being of wrath and of dread, a vindictive judge, "a consuming fire;" and hence the prevalence of the vengeful element in all the earlier religion of the world.

Human advancement, therefore, is dependent, fundamentally, on *interior growth and development, not on external teaching*, except so far as this is made to promote such growth. As the soul's capacities enlarge, the boundless universe of truth is within its reach, to be appropriated just so fast as it is "able to bear it." Inspiration is not a miracle of ancient day, but a present and perpetual fact, according to the degree of man's elevation and capacity.

Creeds, sacred books, institutions, are but the outward expressions of what is *in man;* and were these outward expressions destroyed, they would be immediately reproduced, to the extent that they accord with the life and experience of the world to-day. Sweep away to-day all Bibles, Korans, Vedas, Shastras, and all religious books whatsoever, with all churches and religious institutions of whatever name, and yet there would be not a whit less of real religion and real reformatory power in the world. For this reason, that *man has a religious and aspiring nature*, and all sacred books and institutions are but the varying results of the activity of that nature, under different conditions and degrees of culture. Revelations, however true, are of no use to man, any farther than their written truths become translated and incorporated into his inner consciousness and his outward acts. When thus translated, the life becomes a living gospel, known and read of all.

If, therefore, the world is to have a truer Philosophy of Man's Spiritual Nature, and a more rational Theology, it must be attained, *not simply by giving to the world a statement of truth in a book, but by the harmonious development of men's intellectual, spiritual, moral and emotional capacities, sufficiently to enable them to grasp higher conceptions;* in other words, *by a revelation within the consciousness of the individual souls which compose Humanity.* If the monstrous evils which now afflict the race—as war, slavery, intemperance, indolence, poverty, unchastity, social inequality of the sexes, imperfect governmental institutions, bad marriage laws, land monopoly, competitive trade, etc., etc.—it these are to give place to the reign of justice, peace, purity, and practical benificence, it must be accomplished, not by external forces, but by the opening of men's interior perceptions to the magnitude of these evils, and to the desirableness of reform,—and by the awakening of internal spiritual energies which shall redeem individual souls from the dominion of passion, lust and selfishness, and prompt to lives of Christ-like purity and noble devotion to others' good.

The human soul itself is the greatest of God's revelations, and, when understood, supersedes all others. On its tablets are inscribed, by the Divine finger, the laws of its being and its growth. In its interiors are enfolded, as in the germ of the flower or the tree, the latent Divine impulses and energies, which, as obeyed, will impel it towards all truth, all good, all reform. The wants and yearnings of its quickened religious nature point unerringly to the immortal Truths which alone can meet those wants—its social and affectional needs, its moral, intellectual, æsthetical requirements, indicate unmistakably the necessities of its life, and prescribe the nature of the institutions by which it should be surrounded. These it will establish and perfect, just so fast and so far as it unfolds from within. Its misery is in mental, moral and emotional inactivity—that *spiritual death* which is the opposite of *growth.*

A. E. N.

MRS. F. O. HYZER.

Mrs. Frances O. Hyzer is announced as the speaker at the Melodeon next Sunday. She has, during the year or two past, spoken in various cities at the South and West, where her lectures have been well received. Her powers of mediumship differ somewhat from those of any other person who has yet taken a place before the Boston public. She speaks from impression, though not entranced, and generally improvises both words and music suited to the occasion on which they are given—accompanying herself on the melodeon. Some of her impromtus have appeared in the *N E. Spiritualist* and other publications, and evince a pure and elevated poetic inspiration.

Tests are frequently given in her improvised poems, though not so often in public as in private circles. One of these was published in the Buffalo *Age of Progress*. Being at the residence of Mrs. Lyman Bradley, of Wisconsin, she was impressed to repeat some stanzas purporting to come from a child in the spirit-world, and addressed to Mrs. Bradley. The following was one of the verses repeated:—

"But when thy burning tear-drops fell
Upon my pallid brow,
I heard thee cry in agony—
'I have no daughter now!'
But hadst thou seen the angel throng
That bore thy child away,
Thou'dst not have dropped another tear
Upon my pulseless clay."

Mrs. Bradley's only daughter had not long before passed to the spirit-land; and as the mother bent in grief over the deserted form of her loved child, she sobbed in anguish—"I have no daughter now!" These words were caught by the listening spirit, and were appropriately inwoven into the poem as a test to the mother of the child's spirit presence.

A Counterfeit Hume.

According to the Paris *Revue Spiritualiste*, the reputation of Mr. Hume as a spirit medium has tempted a fellow at Lyons to assume his name for the purpose of raising the wind, and who advertised himself as the Hume who had had "the honor to exhibit his experiments before his majesty the Emperor," and who would give a *seance* in Spiritualism at the grand theatre at Lyons, for an admittance fee of five francs. The deception was discovered, however, before the time of the exhibition arrived, and the theatre was not opened. The man's name was Laroche, who, after detection, said he had been operating, and was then operating under his *nom de guerre* of Hume.

Mr. Hume was expected back to Paris soon, whence it was his intention to go to Scotland, and thence to St. Petersburg.

PUBLICATION SUSPENDED.—The Buffalo *Age of Progress*, now in the fourth year of its existence, after bravely struggling for the past twelve months against an ebbing pecuniary tide, has at last put into port for repairs. It is again to appear in October next, newly rigged and manned, with its present able and veteran editor, Stephen A. Allro, at the helm. Success attend it.

NEW MUSIC.—Messrs. Higgins Brothers, of Chicago, have just published the following new pieces, which we commend to the attention of our musical friends: "The Moon's Pale Light is Beaming—a Serenade;" "Songs of the Land of Sunset;" "State Street Schottisch and Waltz," and the "Great Western Band Polka."

THE RUTLAND CONVENTION.

Our readers must be aware that a systematic course of lying has characterized the newspapers of this country in all their dealings with reformers, for more than twenty years. No matter what the object was, Peace, Anti-slavery, Temperance, Woman's Rights, all have been treated alike—and have been left to the "reporting" mercies of worthless wretches who would be driven away from a political convention with a horsewhip. The reason is plain enough. Reformers have been in the minority, and it is generally understood that they will not fight. They are therefore fair game for every one who wishes for the reputation for morality, without practising any virtue, or for courage without running any personal risk.

The Rutland Convention has to take its share along with the rest. It was a very large collection of most respectable and intelligent men and women. They assembled from all parts of Vermont and the neighboring States, though the majority came from the vicinity of Rutland. They came together on purpose to discuss every reformatory project. They did so, for three days together; and though almost every conceivable variety of opinion was alternately advanced and assailed, good order and good humor prevailed to an extent never even approached in a political convention. Three-quarters of the Convention were composed of Spiritualists, who are as much in favor of "Free Love" as they are of Mormonism. There was but one person there who said anything about marriage which might not have been said in any pulpit or drawing-room in Christendom. That one person was replied to on the spot, and by ladies as well as gentlemen. The word "Free Love" was uttered only to be coupled with epithets which expressed the loathing with which the very thought was regarded by the speakers and the assembly. And yet, the newspapers, never shrinking from a lie, if it will only bring in a penny, cooly "report', them as a Convention of "Free Lovers!"

The Boston *Courier* of July 2d publishes a letter from GEO. SENNOTT, Esq., of this city, which we recommend to the perusal of our readers. It clearly and briefly states the true character of the Convention, and respectfully remonstrates with the *Courier* for not having a correct report. The answer of the *Courier* is a disgrace to that able though unscrupulous journal. It is weakness itself. Mr. Sennott's complaint is that the *Courier* calls the Rutland Convention an assembly of "Free Lovers." To this there are but two possible replies, namely: We did not say so; or, we did say so, and it is the truth. The *Courier's* reply—if such twaddle deserves the name—is that the "Pillsburys, Fosters, Roses, and Branches are as disgraceful a set as ever assembled in a civilized country, and are a crazed and prurient congregation."

If they were all that—though we do not admit it,—if they were mean enough to be sent to Congress,—if the moral character of Stephen S. Foster (against which no one ever breathed), was as well *established* as that of Stephen A. Douglas—if, in this community, where solvency is respectability, the note of Parker Pillsbury would not sell on 'Change as speedily as the note of Geo. Lunt, they might not *then* be "Free Lovers",—and that is the point in question. Observe, we do not defend or endorse the opinions of Messrs. Foster or Pilsbury, or of anybody else, just now. We are not called upon to do so here,—we are simply showing what the Convention was; and we look with measureless contempt on the meanness which abandons argument to tell lies, call names, and throw dirt, and the imbecility which can neither defend that course or manfully acknowledge and regret it. Such has been the course of the *Courier* with regard to the Convention. It is charged in its own columns with printing an incorrect report. It does not defend the report; it does not acknowledge its falsity; it carefully avoids answering Mr. Sennott. It does nothing but utter a mass of pure *blackguardism*—that is the word—against Messrs. Foster, Pillsbury and Wright, and winds up with a wish that they and their friends may be placed in the House of Correction! If this is the way to "report" proceedings, even of people with whom we differ, we have mistaken our calling and have been greatly deceived in supposing that a journalist ought to be a gentleman.

X.

TO EMMA HARDINGE.

Peerless Evangel of the Spirit land!
That on the topmost cycle of the Age
Sheddest New Light upon the ancient page,
In thoughts immortal, eloquent and grand!
The dark-robed Past can never more withstand
The radiant Truth that flashes from thy brow;
For thy appeals awake the living Now,
In tones that echo from the Eternal strand.
Fair Consort with the Sages gone before—
Those brave, heroic pioneers of thought,
Whose pearls are gathered on the unseen shore,
Where life progressive is with beauty fraught—
Speed on thy way triumphant for the Right,
Thou herald of the dawn! Thou messenger of Light!

BOSTON, July, 1858. J. H.

Sad Case of Religious Insanity.

The Palmer *Journal* says that Ralph B. Henry, a young man eighteen years of age, living in the family of Augustus F. Tuttle, at Enfield, has become insane on religious matters. Mr. Tuttle took him from the State Farm School four years ago, and is now desirous to return him to the charge of the State. He became very serious and thoughtful during the late religious revival in Enfield, and made a profession of religion, since which his mind has been wholly absorbed in reading the Bible and meditating upon it. He now imagines that God talks with him—that he has given him power to do anything, and that one of his instructions is to burn all the Bibles and Testaments in the world, because they are the works of Catholic priests and full of lies. He has rational moments, but is almost incessantly talking about God, Satan and the Bible. Mr. Tuttle, finding it impossible to take care of him, has obtained permission of the superintendent of the almshouse, to confine him in one of the cells till he can be otherwise provided for.

THE AGITATOR.—The Cleveland *Agitator*, edited by Mrs. H. F. M. Brown, is hereafter to be issued semi-monthly instead of monthly, as heretofore. It gives us much pleasure to record this evidence of the prosperity of a worthy and spirited publication, and of the advancement of spiritual freedom in the West.

S. B. BRITTAN spoke three successive evenings last week to crowded and enthusiastic audiences in Willimantic, Ct. On Sunday last he lectured in Worcester, Mass.

Will Mr. H. P. FAIRFIELD favor us with his present address?

Something more rare than "Truth for the people"—People for the Truth.

ANOTHER LETTER-WRITING TEST.

By consent of parties interested, we here lay before our readers another of those manifestations of occult intelligence, in the answering of a sealed letter. The character of the persons concerned needs no endorsement in this community where they are so well-known; but for the benefit of our readers in distant localities, we may state that they occupy the foremost position for mental discernment, moral integrity, and those qualities in general which command the respect of their fellow-beings. Rev. A. R. Pope, now a dweller in the spirit-land, was for several years previous to his recent departure from the body, the beloved pastor of the Unitarian society in Somerville, Mass. and Mr. Forster, was then, as now, one of the most prominent and active members of that society. Mr. F., though still retaining his connection with the church, has long been an avowed believer in spirit-communion, and has sought on all proper occasions to aid others to the same soul-cheering faith. Many are the souls who hold him in grateful esteem for his words of strength and consolation in times of trial. Many there are who, as a result of his efforts, thank Heaven that "whereas they were once blind they now see," the beautiful light from the spirit-world.

Under these circumstances it was not strange that the widow should seek that support which the bereaved heart instinctively craves—the positive assurance that the loved one still lives. Knowing Mr. Forster's convictions on these subjects, and that he was frequently the recipient of messages from his spirit-friends, she desired him, in case of his receiving any communication from her husband, to make it known to her. Acting upon this, Mr. Forster indited the subjoined letter, requested a skeptical friend to seal it with the utmost care—which he did, placing three seals of wax on a blank envelop, with private stamps—and then took it to Mr. J. V. Mansfield, of Boston, for an answer through his mediumship. No intimation was made as to the contents of the envelop, or whom it concerned. Mr. Mansfield, on taking the note into his hands, at once felt a spirit influence, but remarked that it seemed to be that of a person not long in the spirit-world, who could not obtain complete control then, but he thought an answer would be given at some time. Mr. Forster left the note, and immediately thereafter calling on a trance-medium, he received a communication purporting to come from his wife in the spirit-world, assuring him that his letter would be answered, as Mr. Pope would be assisted by the spirit then communicating. This assurance was given unsolicited, and without any knowledge on the medium's part, of the facts or persons above named.

An answer was sent Mr. Forster on the evening of the same day, with his own note still sealed, which he at once took to Hon. Luther V. Bell, of Charlestown, for examination before opening, with the result indicated below. With these explanatory premises, we give the documents, which will attest for themselves to the further facts in the case. We leave each reader to solve the matter as may accord with his reason, satisfied on our own part that nothing short of the spiritual theory fully meets the case.

LETTER TO THE SPIRIT.

SOMERVILLE, May 27, 1858.

MY DEAR FRIEND AND PASTOR, REV. AUGUSTUS R. POPE:—You are well aware, my dear friend, of the deep interest I have for several years taken in the beautiful and sublime philosophy of spirit-communion. We have occasionally conversed upon the subject. And now that you have passed the boundaries of time, and have, in the providence of the loving Father, "who ever doeth all things well," become a spirit—a practical inhabitant of those beautiful spheres where there is "no more sorrow, sickness or death," but where progression shall be perpetual,—can you not, my dear spirit-friend, be still my Pastor, instructing me even more truly than you could when here upon earth? Believing that you can, permit me to ask a few questions, which shall serve to increase, and, if possible, make my faith in spirit-communion more strong; and if that is not possible, add, at least, to the joys of this beautiful faith, which is daily and hourly, as I believe—in connection with the teachings of our dear elder brother Jesus, (and which this spirit-communion fully endorses)—is fitting and preparing me to join you, in the dear, loving Father's own good time, in those blessed mansions of everlasting bliss and unspeakable happiness. Then, for my own satisfaction, and the happiness your answers will confer upon your beloved companion and other friends to whom it shall be my privilege to communicate them, will you please say if you were *present* on the afternoon of the day before your body was committed to the dust, when I had an interview with your beloved wife? If so, will you tell me who was the *third* person then present, and the subject of our conversation, or some portion of it? and any communication you may wish to make to your bereaved wife shall be faithfully handed to her. Had you anything *especially* to say to the mourning ones around your bed before you left the form? If so, please communicate what you then wished to say, in your reply to this friendly letter, and greatly oblige one who was your friend in the earth-life, and who will esteem it a high privilege to be your near friend, though now a dweller in the spheres of everlasting love and light, (shall I say) *just around us, and not far off from any of us? Yes*, I will *say so*, and you will be so kind as to say if *I am not correct*, and again *greatly* and *forever* oblige your dear relatives and friends, and especially and particularly your friend in the earth-life, and your friend in Heaven,

A true copy. *Attest*, C. FORSTER. CHARLES FORSTER.

THE SPIRIT'S RESPONSE.

MY DEAR CHILD AND PARISHIONER:—I say child, because you were of the flock; I was your spiritual teacher, parishioner, because you was of that number that I watched over and blessed. Blessed is the truth of spirit-communion! Why could not I have enjoyed that full liberty you seemingly enjoyed while I was with you? Well, it was not to be. Now, dear Forster, you know full well I was not an approver of your beautiful, and, now I know, truthful belief. I was desirous of knowing the truth of the so-called spirit-manifestations; but it seemed that I was to pass on without a satisfactory knowledge of the great and glorious truth,—but now, dear Forster, I know without doubting,—I know without taking others' word for the truth of spirit-communion. I know more than my friend Forster, who was so far in advance of me when I was on earth-sphere.

Yes, I come, of a truth, and do communicate. O that my dear wife could but realize it as you do—how happy would she be—but *alas!* she probably never will. Yet I hope in my Heavenly Father to have strength to come by-and-by so convincingly that she will not have much grounds to doubt my spirit-existence and power to come. Truly, God is love—God is all in goodness and power;—and here let me say, not speaking derogatorily of what I and others preached, and that honestly, yet I did feel, not long before I passed away, that God had showed the inhabitants of earth a new light, and now I see it to be so. Truly the time is at hand when men and women shall think for *themselves*—believe from their own *reasoning*. The time has passed, nearly, when one man shall think for a hundred and perhaps a thousand.

Dear Forster, I was *not* present at the time you speak of in your note, therefore I shall not be able to tell you what you required; but, dear one, call often on me, that I may come to you, as early as I have full control. Go tell my dear wife that Augustus lives, and would have her investigate this all-important subject. Dear one, your dear spirit-wife I have met, and through her assistance I now communicate. You have a host of spirits about you. I see Thompson, Hurd, Willard, Mirick, Shaw and others. You are doing your work, my dear Forster. Booth has not yet control sufficiently. Adieu.

Your spirit-friend, AUGUSTUS R. POPE.

To C. FORSTER. Received on Friday, May 28th, 1858.

A true copy, *Attest*, C. FORSTER.

NOTE FROM HON. L. V. BELL.

CHARLES FORSTER, Esq.:—My Dear Sir,—You desire me to state the circumstances of my opening a note, handed me by yourself on the 5th inst. I am ready to do so. While sitting in my study, conversing with Charles Smith, Esq., of Northampton, you brought in a carefully sealed note, informing me that it was one which you had delivered to Mr. Mansfield, and was addressed to our late friend, the Rev. Mr. Pope, of Somerville, and that you had received a response to the same. I find, on examination, that the seals of wax had been so placed that it was impossible that either of the flaps of the envelop could have been withdrawn; and the character of the impressions made it clear to me that they had not been violated since placed on the letter. The gum, also, which fastened the flap of the envelop before the wax was put on, adhered to the letter enclosed, forbidding the idea of its having been slipped out.

Such are the facts as to the envelop never having been opened. How far the reply is responsive to the interrogation, each examiner will decide for himself, and of the degree of probability of its being the result of accident or coincidence. I offer no opinions of my own on this and various similar phenomena connected with Mr. Mansfield's powers, but cannot refuse the simple statement of what occurred before me.

June 11, 1858. Very truly yours, L. V. BELL.

It is proper to add that aside from the test afforded in merely answering the letter, there are allusions and forms of expression in the spirit's reply, which Mrs. Pope recognizes as peculiar to her husband. She does not of course express herself fully convinced of the truth of spirit-communion on this evidence, but at least she feels glad to acknowledge that it may be true; and if it is, she desires every afflicted one may enjoy the comfort to be derived from it. It is with this feeling that she consents to share with the public the evidence contained in the above correspondence.

The individuals named in the last paragraph of the response are persons in the spirit-world, well-known (with one exception), when on earth, to both Mr. Pope and Mr. Forster, but all entire strangers to the medium.

X.

Correspondence.

Spiritualism in Illinois and Missouri.

QUINCY, Ill., June 27, 1858.

GENTLEMEN:—Having taken a deep interest in the well-being of your very acceptable paper, from its birth upwards, and viewing its pages as the channel best adapted for the proclamation of the living gospel of to-day, I take the liberty of writing you a few lines as to the progress of Spiritualism in this city and other places which I have visited.

Early last spring I was induced to visit Byron, Oregon, and Grand Detour, situated on Rock River, and there give several lectures, detailing my experiences in the investigation of spirit-intercourse. I also lectured in Rockford (the place of my residence), Belvidere, and other places in the vicinity, but had no intention whatever of remaining in the field as a lecturer. Several of the places I visited I was urgently requested to return to and give more lectures; and thus I have been nearly five months in the field, going from place to place preaching the "glad tidings of great joy" to all that would come and hear my plain Scotch accent. Several weeks ago I left for this beautiful city, situated on the Mississippi River, and gave five lectures. The first, the subject being "Reasons for being a Spiritualist," was held in the Court House, where some four or five hundred persons attended and listened attentively to the facts which I furnished, and which were principally derived through the mediumship of my own wife. The other lectures were given in the Universalist Church, but were not so numerously attended, the weather being very unpropitious. This place has been entirely omitted by mediums and others lecturing in the West, and consequently there are few here known as Spiritualists. Brother Ambler spoke here about eighteen months ago, to large audiences, and interested many in the beautiful, consoling principles which he so ably expounds; but, not being followed up, the interest soon died away.

During my stay here I have organized several circles, and already a writing and trance medium has been developed. The lady to whom I refer is the wife of one of the first medical gentlemen of this place, and has already given some astounding facts, and promises to be of great service to the cause by convincing many who cannot be induced to attend a lecture. There is considerable interest awakened, but it requires a following up of able lecturers and test-mediums. There is only one "out and out" Spiritualist in this place, and he is one of your "whole-souled" men, and one not afraid to avow his belief. His name is Wm. Brown, Esq.; and to any who may come here I promise that they will not regret calling upon him, as he cannot help being generous and kind. He subscribes for the AGE, and speaks of it as the *only* paper he cares about reading, and says that he could not get along without it. By the by, besides being a Spiritualist, he is a Scotchman; and you know that when once you get one of them convinced (a feat not easily accomplished,) that they remain as firm as a rock while the Orthodox waves come foaming like huge mountains. These waves make a great noise as they come along, but every attempt to overthrow "the deluded Spiritualist" results in their force being scattered and broken, and having to retreat back into their temple of superstition and traditional ignorance.

I visited other places in this State and in Missouri, and lectured to fair audiences. In each place I visit I invariably organize circles, and generally find one or more mediums among those met. I consider this method the best adapted for keeping the interest up, and as the means of convincing many that would not be convinced by the best test-medium coming from a distance.

I am now going from this field of labor—one rich, to my own spirit, with fruits and sweet remembrances, for loving and kind words from friends of the cause wherever I have been—and would make one or two suggestions as to the spread of Modern Spiritualism. In a great number of the places I have visited, there is so little interest awakened and such a strong tide opposed to spirit-intercourse, that it is impossible to get out an audience unless the lectures are free. In several instances I tried ten cents as the admission fee, but found few came out; but when I made them free I had always a large attendance. Where the hall, advertising, &c., is paid by the lecturer, his soul may be made glad by having had an opportunity to sow the good seed; but his pocket, especially if it is not full, rather complains of this emptying process. In mostly all the new places I have visited, where no organization exists, I have several times felt this twofold influence of rejoicing in spirit and sighing in pocket. Many, doubtless, a long time in the field, have felt the pleasure and pain of such a process, and have felt the force of ancient writ, when it says, "the spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak." For this reason many places are never visited, and small, inland places never thought of; and thus thousands remain in ignorance of "the Ministry of Angels," who would otherwise rejoice in the sweet messages of love from their homes of bliss. Now the question with me is this,—are places where little interest has been awakened and no means to pay expenses of travelling lecturers and mediums, to be left entirely in the hands of old theology, to fetter and enslave the mind by their sectarian influence and soul-dwarfing creeds? The freed spirit cannot remain long in the enjoyment of its liberty without remembering those still in bonds; and sooner or later it will ascend to the pure, philanthropic spirits, to co-operate in the work of redeeming humanity. But how is this work to be accomplished? I, for one, am against everything of a proselyting nature;—how, then, shall we do this work, and yet be free from this sectarian instrument of making conversions?

Such work can only be done through spiritual missionaries, where men and women will be paid monthly or yearly, as the case may be, out of some fund set apart for that purpose. This plan could not be objectionable to any person, as no Spiritualist dogmatizes in setting forth its claims—but merely appeals to the best feeling of the head and heart. Who, then, will give of their means, and set the ball a rolling? "The harvest truly is great, but the laborers are few." Many cannot work in this field because of their poverty. Let the voices of the freed speak out in behalf of this mighty field, now all but forsaken, and let the trumpet of freedom echo and re-echo along the mountain fastnesses of superstition, and ere long the bastile of error will be ours and the captives will exult in the brightness of the New Dispensation.

Yours fraternally, J B. YOUNG

Parishville, Ill.

A correspondent writing from this place says: The work is progressing in this vicinity. Many have been added to our circles within the past two years. Hungry souls have been fed and are still nourished by the light of reason and wisdom. Rev. I. Francis of this place is doing a good work. He has risen far above the gainsaying mass that surround him. He is a noble soul and true reformer.

Boston and Vicinity.

Melodeon Meetings.

On Sunday forenoon last, Mrs. A. M. Henderson occupied the desk at the Melodeon, speaking on the subject of "Man's inherent right to Freedom." Our brief notes of the lecture are as follows:

While we sympathise with the rejoicing throughout this land of freedom for the blessings of liberty, and are glad for the fruits which have thus far come from the nation's independence; yet, while we look abroad and see the suffering and anguish on every hand, we should see and feel that the climax is not reached—that there is much more to be done before true freedom will pervade the land. Although through the efforts of a few brave hearts who spilt their blood for their country, that country has become independent, and its people politically free; yet, socially there are many bound in chains. Here is a slavery which we cannot too deeply deprecate; what greater tyranny is there than where God-given attributes of the soul are set aside for the lower passions of human nature; and these latter have too exclusive rule in the social world. Even children are made slaves—slaves to custom in dress, food and habits, instead of being developed in freedom. Another social oppression comes from unequal wealth; thousands being trodden down in poverty—slaves to the power wielded by the rich.

Men should learn that there is no true liberty apart from a certain equality. There is no such thing as liberty for the individual apart from humanity. Nothing is a right which is shared at the expense of our brother man; and nothing is to be demanded as a right which is not first conceded to our fellows. As a present rule of action every man, bearing in mind that he must not infringe on his neighbor, has a right to pursue that course which seemeth to him correct. In the true state of society thus every man will become a law unto himself.

In the civil and political world the ruling principle now is a love of power rather than of justice. There is no liberty in policy. Acting under policy, ignorant and degraded men are brought to the polls or placed in office; and slavery is advocated and practised. In the religious world, too, now, the petty monarch of popular opinion holds almost absolute sway. Anathemas are hurled against any that dare to deviate from the popular course. But here, above all, should there be liberty—liberty to search out and embrace the truth; for only "the truth shall make you free."

The lecture closed with an impromptu apostrophe, which we transcribe:

O Liberty! thy hand alone
Can lift the shadows of the past—
Can still the tempest and the groan
Of anguish surging with the blast.
O'er all the earth the tyrant's chains are thrown;—
Oh break them! Make the world thine own!

Come to our homes, O soul of Freedom, come!
Raise the dark pall that o'er our hearts is spread;
Open the graves, those fearful living tombs
Wherein our dearest hopes are crushed and dead.
Are we not children, all, of one great Father—God?
Shall some arise to might while others down are trod?

O men of earth—ye mortals one and all,
Awake to action for your brother's right
And for your own. Obey our Father's call,
And lead mankind to liberty and light!

At the close of the discourse, various qustions were proposed by members of the audience, which were promptly and appropriately answered. From one of the responses we quote this sentiment, which, in our view, embodies an epitome of reformatory sentiment in a nutshell: "*The world needs teachers more than rulers.*"

Cora Hatch at the Music Hall.

On Sunday evening last Mrs. Hatch addressed a large and intelligent audience at the Boston Music Hall. Her subject was one appropriate to the anniversary of the nation's birthday. These words were taken as a text: "Ignorance is man's only slavery; knowledge the only freedom." America, she said, is proclaimed a free country. The Constitution is based on principles of the broadest freedom. Those who founded it made no distinction on account of clime, sect or class, but looked on the rights of all humanity. These principles are embodied in the Declaration of Independence; but with every recurrence of the national birthday are the people found farther and farther from those principles, and a despotism is settling over the land—a bondage as terrible as that of the heathen. Here where float the stars and strips of America, there is no true liberty. There is nominal freedom of speech; but few permit their neighbors to enjoy it. Where are those who would stand to-day, proclaiming freedom of speech and action, and dare to exercise it? There is no moral freedom. Where are the schools and colleges which enlighten the consciences of the young and fit them for moral freedom? There are none. Men are rather educated to be slaves and criminals. And their celebration of this day will afford an evidence of this. We have not those rational forms of rejoicing which promote health and happiness, and give us higher views of liberty; but on every hand we see men giving themselves up to the slavery of their base appetites indulging in drunkenness and other forms of selfish gratification.

Now, this comes of ignorance. Educate men properly, and these things will be changed. The slavery of body and soul will disappear together, when man becomes religiously free, but not till then. Men must be morally and religiously educated for office, before we shall have such laws and institutions as we ought to have. But to-day there is not a man who dares morally to act up to the law of Christian justice, politically to the principles of the declaration of Independence, or religiously to the law of love.

The speaker took a sad and sombre view of our nation. The mellow voice and graceful oratory which it would seem were made to delineate scenes of light and beauty, were used to paint a picture of degradation and slavery of the darkest dye. We can at least hope that there is a bright side to American institutions and American people, and we should have been glad to hear that side presented as an offset; but the fairer side was hardly glanced at. Yet, dark as the picture was, the person who promenaded our streets on the following day and saw the signs of drunkenness and debauchery on every hand, must drop his head in shame to acknowledge there was too much truth in it. Yet we will not yield our faith in the "good time coming."

THE SIGHT RESTORED.—By invitation we one day last week visited the rooms of Madam Du Boyce, the Clairvoyant Physician, at the Marlboro' Hotel, and were quite pleased as well as surprised at what we saw and heard. Several of her patients were present—most of them under treatment for diseases of the eyes—and the accounts they gave of what had been effected for them, were truly extraordinary. It would seem almost as if she operated by magic. One man said that a few days before he had been led to the place totally blind from a chronic inflammation of the eyes, and had his sight so far restored in one half hour that he was enabled to walk home alone. A woman who, on commencing treatment could not distinguish a book from a fan, when held before her face, was able in three days to read the street signs as she rode home in the omnibus. Other instances still more extraordinary were presented; yet Madam Du Boyce makes no pretensions to medical education; the effects are, in one sense, almost as wonderful to her as to her patients. Let the afflicted call and satisfy themselves as to the truth of these statements.

HOW TO KEEP COOL.—An exchange says one of the most simple methods, and at the same time cheapest means of artificially lowering the temperature of a room is to wet a cloth of any size, the larger the better, and suspend it in the place you want cooled; let the room be well ventilated, and the temperature will sink from ten to twenty degrees in less than half an hour.

ON SUNDAY.—We will tell the story of an old deacon of Newburyport, who upon returning home from church one Sunday, found the boys had been making egg nogg, instead of attending divine service. He at once gave them a severe reprimand for their conduct,—then whispering to the elder, asked,—"Is there any left, John?"

IMPORTANT TELEGRAPHIC IMPROVEMENT.—The operation of Hughes' printing telegraph has recently been so improved that the extraordinary feat is performed of sending and recording at the same time, from opposite ends of the wire, two distinct dispatches; and this is done in plain alphabetical characters.

CHANGE OF HOURS.—It will be noticed that the hours of meeting at the Melodeon on Sundays are changed to 10 1-2 A. M. and 7 3-4 P. M. There will be no afternoon services during the warm season.

New York and Vicinity.

Conference at the Lyceum, Clinton Hall, Astor Place,

FRIDAY EVENING, July 2d.

Mr. BENNING submitted the following question: What good can result to Spiritualism from these free Conventions, and leading Spiritualists taking part in them?

Mr. BENNING said: He took the negative of this question. He did not believe that any good could result, and should wait, before saying more, to hear something on the other side.

Dr. ORTON said: He thought it the duty of Spiritualists to mingle freely with "publicans and sinners," and let their influence be felt,—in other words, that great advantage was gained to the advancement of the race by the free intermingling of honest men, imbued with the spirit of charity, however diverse and crude and disjointed many of their opinions may be. By this process, half-formed ideas are brought into a clearer light, and by a comparison one with another, higher forms of truth are elicited. Besides, the great questions now before the world, involving all of man's interests, have got to be settled by the world; and these free conventions, however gross and absurd many of the opinions advanced in them may be, are an important means of calling the attention of the world to a consideration of these questions. Where all was free, he was not afraid of the utmost freedom of thought and latitude of expression. The great thing for us to learn is, a full toleration of one another's opinions, even such as we may consider absurd and demoralizing in their tendency, trusting to the influence of Superior light, and the atmosphere of love, without railing, to soften and correct them.

Mr. LEVY: The only question would seem to be, whether we are to become a sect, and stand by ourselves, or remain free and work for humanity? He believed freedom was the great boon of Heaven; and hence Spiritualists ought to meet freely with all, compare views, and labor for the general good.

Mr. PARTRIDGE: The question seems to imply that Spiritualists are a sect. He did not hold them such, in the common acceptation of the term. He had never been much in favor of conventions, but it was necessary for the growth of men that they be left entirely free and untrammeled. He was not afraid of injury to Spiritualism by bringing it on the platform by the side of other questions. Public opinion needed enlightening. There was no prominent Spiritualist who had not suffered in property or reputation by reason of his faith. Every free convention, called for any purpose, helps to set free the human mind and teach men to think for themselves. Since the advent of Spiritualism, no class of men have thought so freely and so much, or grown so fast, as Spiritualists; and they have exerted a great influence in teaching other men to think.

Mr. BENNING: He did not think Spiritualism included within itself all other *isms*. He did not think that it had anything to do with free love, abolition, or woman's rights. Whenever it mingles with these, it is made the scape-goat for the whole. It is made to bear all their sins. Let each stand or fall on its own merits. Spiritualism is, in truth, Immortality scientifically demonstrated; and all these other questions are side questions. Spiritualism is a holy thing, and ought not to be mixed up with everything else. He was opposed to all free conventions like the one just held in Vermont.

Mr. LEVY: He hated all *isms*. They at once bring up the idea of sect, and he ignored all sects. Men must be free. Tyrants are always fighting freedom. Napoleon says the French must not read English newspapers; and the sects say, you must believe with us, or be lost. He believed that Heaven, if we ever get there, would be found a perfect Republic.

Mr. SWACKHAMMER: Spiritualists had not, as yet, succeeded in raising themselves above sectarianism. In all our gatherings may be observed a tendency to throw out some interests and crush some opinions. He believed that sectarianism was the great curse of the world. The voice of an angel, even, was unable to make the least impression on a real sectarian. These free conventions exert a favorable influence in setting men free. Though many, in quitting Babylon, he believed, had run past Jerusalem, still many high questions were introduced, and noble thoughts uttered, in the Vermont Convention. Many are tremulously alive lest Spiritualism should not be *respectable*. It can never be respectable until it acquires wealth and age. There never has been a man since the beginning of time, who claimed to have intercourse with the heavens, who was respectable in the eyes of the world. The doctrine of affinities, of had its origin with Spiritualism, and cannot be separated from it. All these questions must be left free to do battle and settle themselves. We never can become saviors of the people until we cease to sigh for respectability, lay by all care for character, take off our coats, and go to work in the light of our own purity and just purposes.

Mr. PARTRIDGE denied that the doctrine of affinities originated from Spiritualism.

Dr. ORTON said, in its present form, it should rather be traced to the writings of Fourier, in his doctrine of passional attraction. The communists had adopted it, substantially, before the advent of Spiritualism; and Stephen Pearl Andrews, who is generally regarded as the head of free-loveism, in this locality, advocated those doctrines before he was a Spiritualist.

Mr. COLES: He did not think Mr. Partridge and Dr. Orton had told the whole truth. Though Spiritualism did not give birth to the bantling, it had acted the part of wet nurse to it. The world sees us in a clearer light than we see ourselves. We are too fond of blinding ourselves, and resolving ourselves into a mutual admiration society. The world and the church call us fanatics, believers in delusions, spirits, flying bones, and the like; but what do we say of them? We call them old fogies, and all the other hard names we can think of. We do not permit freedom even among ourselves. Brother Tiffany told us some honest truth, truth in which he honestly believed, and forthwith he was taken by the collar of his coat and led out of meeting.

Dr. GRAY: Shall we, as Spiritualists, undertake to stifle free inquiry in any direction? or shall we say with Jefferson, *that evil is harmless, while truth is left free to combat it?* He must agree with Jefferson, and was in favor of the utmost freedom of thought and inquiry, if clothed in proper language. Even free love, which was the most abhorrent to him of any public thought—which he called the gospel of adultery—even that he could and would listen to, calmly and kindly. If our free government is right, free conventions are right. If Protestantism is right, free conventions are right. If all these are wrong, then let us go back to the Pope, ask forgiveness, and take absolution. He was opposed to the Popish practice of prohibiting any opinion, or the expression of any conclusion. He believed that Spiritualism would demonstrate the monogamic law—that one man was made for one woman, and one woman for one man, who were to become one angel. He would as soon think of a separation of his two halves, as of a separation from his proper conjugial companion. Free love, the Fourierite notion of passional attraction, polygamy, and the Christian practices illustrated in our streets, he considered all of a pattern, and destined to disappear.

A gentleman: Mr. Coles is afraid of daggers and garroters, at the Five Points, and in the streets. So was he. But who has produced the evil? We have done it. We have bound those poor creatures down, until we have maddened them. If we want to be free from danger, let us relieve and enlighten them. He did not believe that God ever made a human being, who, if properly developed and cared for, would wish to harm another. J. R. O.

POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTE.—A public exhibition of the pupils of this Institution—situated at 63 West 19th street, corner of 6th Avenue, and conducted by Mr. A. T. Deane—was given on Tuesday evening of the 29th ultimo. There was quite an audience in attendance, principally, we presume, made up of the parents and friends of the pupils, and some others interested in the cause of education, which the growing fame of this school had attracted on the occasion. Among the last are we to be ranked—and we were not disappointed. The exercises, as parts or as a whole, exhibited a critical knowledge and facility, on the part of the scholars, in the branches they had been pursuing, and of judgment and tact on the part of the teachers, which we have never seen excelled. In this school the law of love is substituted for the rod, and the ambition of the pupils awakened by a careful study of their individualities, and appeals to their proper nature. In reading, writing, drawing, French, music, etc., etc., they were equally admirable. In this school there are several novelties, aside from its general plan, well worthy the attention of teachers and parents. O.

The population of N. Y. city has fallen off (for the first time since 1812) within the past twelve months.

Compend of Facts.

A Conclusive Test.

A gentleman of the name of Hall, while formerly a merchant in Philadelphia, was on terms of business and social intimacy with a merchant in Baltimore, who was in the habit of purchasing goods of him. Subsequently the Baltimore gentleman died, and Mr. Hall removed to New York city. After taking up his residence here, he attended several circles, at each of which he received communications from what purported to be the spirit of the Baltimore gentlemen, who desired and importuned him to accept of a *watch* which he (the spirit) had owned while in the body, and which he now wished Mr. H. to have in consideration of former friendship. This watch was said to be in possession of the brother of the deceased, in Baltimore, and Mr. H. was requested to go to said brother and get it, being assured that the matter would be so explained to the brother that the latter would understand the object of his visit, should he go for it. These communications came through several different mediums who knew nothing of what Mr. H had previously received, and nothing in fact, personally, either of Mr. H. or his Baltimore friend; and they were so persistent, and accompanied with such a variety of tests, that Mr. H. finally concluded to go to Baltimore for the purpose of satisfying a curiosity rather than to possess himself of the watch, of which he had no need.

He went, and by inquiry soon found the brother's house. He rang the door-bell, and was met by the gentleman himself, who, though a stranger, accosted him in language substantially as follows:

"This is Mr. Hall, from New York, I suppose?"

"Yes," rejoined the latter.

"You have," said the gentleman, "come after that watch; we have been expecting you, and we have it ready for you. My brother's spirit has informed us of his desires in this matter, and told us to look for you at this time."

Mr. Hall told the gentleman that he had no need of the watch, as he had one of his own, and objected to taking it; but the gentleman insisted upon his taking it as the only means of satisfying the spirit of his brother, who had signified his desires by persistent and boisterous demonstrations.—*Telegraph.*

Spirit Portraits.

The Laporte, Ind., *Times* says:

There are three pictures now in the house of Mr. B. Newkirk, of this city; portraits, which, we are told, represent Mrs. Newkirk's mother and two children; all of whom have been for many years dwellers in another sphere. The production of these pictures has produced a good deal of sensation, and we have been requested to state the facts for the benefit of the curious:

Mr. Rodgers, of Cardington, Ohio, who has been known for some months in spiritual society as the artist-medium, a tailor by trade, uneducated, and without any of the accomplishments of an artist, after urgent solicitation, visited this city a few weeks since, and stopped at Mr. Newkirk's house. He came on Thursday. On Friday he felt influenced—took a sheet of pasted painting paper, requested Mr. Newkirk to place his signature on the back of it, which was done. In a few minutes the medium was entranced, and a portrait was produced upon the same sheet of paper. On Saturday he again repaired to his room in a similar condition, and twenty-five minutes' sitting produced another portrait of a young girl. On Monday following, at the house of Mr. Cathcart, after similar precaution respecting paper, in twenty-nine minutes the picture of a young lad was brought out; all of which are paintings of more than ordinary merit, and one of them an exquisite picture of rare beauty and excellence. The picture of the lady bears strong resemblance to the family. We recognized this on first observation. The pictures of the children we know nothing about, whether they are representatives or not; the family are pleased with them

We have but this to say in the matter: There is no reasonable doubt but these pictures were produced by a man under influences the laws and nature of which we are entirely ignorant of—in the incredibly short time allotted to each—that they are more than ordinarily good, as portrait paintings, so far as art is concerned—that they could not have been executed by the most experienced artist short of many hours labor on each.

It is needless for us to add that it is claimed by the medium and others, that these are the works of spirit-artists, operating through the organization of Mr. Rodgers, who is unconscious of design, execution, or appearance of the picture while in his tranced state. Colored crayons are used, the colors blended by the fingers of the medium—no other instrument being employed. We make these statements without comment, as we do not wish to enter into a discussion of Spiritualism in any manner.

Aid in Emergency.

Mr. Brittan in the course of his discussion with Dr. Hanson at Hartford related the following:

"I recollect that on one occasion I had a note to take up, and did not know where I should obtain the requisite means. (Editors of Spiritual papers and literary people are, perhaps, especially liable to find themselves in such a place.) The outward aspect of affairs gave no shadow of hope that I should be able to meet my engagement, as I had no available resources of my own. Ten o'clock of the last day of grace arrived, and found me in the editorial *sanctum*, writing an article for the press. For some reason, I could not feel any particular anxiety about the matter. I interiorly felt that all would be right; at the same time, my reason told me that I ought to be stirring about and making some preparation to meet the demand. I laid down the pen, resolved to act on the suggestions of my reason, but in a moment I almost unconsciously took up the pen and resumed the function of writing. When the clock told the hour of eleven I was reminded of my obligation. This occurred again at twelve. At one o'clock, a Medium, who only the day before, was 150 miles from New York, and to whom I had communicated nothing respecting my circumstances, unexpectedly entered my *sanctum* and laid down a check for the precise amount required, saying, as he did so: 'I thought you wanted that; am I right?' This is not the only instance in which the Spirits have come to my aid in a similar emergency. But I warn you, that whoever goes into the investigation with a paramount desire to employ the Spirits for such purposes, and who have no higher motives than such as are inspired by self-love and avarice, will fail of success and their expectations will perish."

A Novel Fact.

The statement below appears in the *Weekly Mirror*, Albion, Mich., of June 10th. Mr. M. H. Tuttle, brother of the gentleman at whose store the manifestation occurred, assures us that entire reliability may be placed on the fact as here stated:

On Monday, the 7th inst., the following interesting phenomenon was manifest at the drug store of S. Tuttle & Son, in this village, in the presence of Drs. Wheelock, O'Donoughue, and John Morris, Esq. For some time the glass ground stopple of a gallon tincture bottle had been broken off so low in the neck that it could not be removed by any mechanical skill. The jar was placed on the counter and exhibited for some counsel, when it was suggested by Dr. W. that the spirit of Prof. Hare, if present, perhaps, could raise it out of the neck, when suddenly the hand of said John Morris, Esq., involuntarily moved to the top of the jar—and lo! the broken ground stopple was gently raised to the hand of the medium, to the astonishment of all present.

Curious Phenomena.

We find in a late number of the Portland *Pleasure Boat* a statement from Mr. H. Clifford of Whately, Mass., respecting some phenomena occurring at a Spiritualists' Circle, which are unlike any we have heretofore noted. The light was removed from the room, and in accordance with the request of a clergyman present, a singular exhibition of spirit lights was given. When a question was asked, the answer came by a bright spark or ball being thrown up, some four or five feet high. When a question was answered in the negative, one of these was thrown up; and when an affirmative, three or more were thrown up; when it was not positive, two were seen.

Spirit Writing.

The *Age of Progress* publishes a series of communications from Mrs. J. Swain, medium, in whose presence they were written without mortal aid, on paper placed under the table, at which several persons were sitting. This fact will be attested to by all the members of the circle, says the editor.

Items of Interest.

STATUE OF ETHAN ALLEN.—While at Brattleboro,' on Friday, 25th of June, we asked permission to see the statue of Ethan Allen, which is being made by a young artist, Mr. Larkin Mead. This is the young man who surprised the citizens of Brattleboro', a year or two since, by converting a bank of snow into a colossal statue of the recording angel. It was done on the night of the 31st of December, and the angel was represented as finishing the record of the preceding year. The young artist was called to cut it in marble, which he afterwards did, and it adorned for a time the National capitol. He evinces talents of a high order. His model for the Allen statue is a grand conception. It fitted precisely our idea of Allen. It seemed to be complete. The right arm is uplifted, his eye is fixed, and we almost expect to hear the clay cry out: "In the name of God and the Continental Congress." We think the statue will be a great success.—*Trumpet.*

THE LEVIATHAN AS DESCRIBED IN SCRIPTURE.—A correspondent of the New York *Independent* writes on a subject of prophecy as follows: "I believe the Leviathan which Job so clearly and beautifully describes, is not a *whale* or any other living monster of the deep. A steam-engine on the railroad in itself has no life, yet it moves at the rate of twenty miles per hour with ease; so, for aught we know, the 'Leviathan,' or English steamship, may move with the same velocity, and if so, will it *not literally fulfil the ancient prophecy* recorded in the 41st chapter of Job? Begin with the nineteenth verse, and suppose he is describing a huge steamboat instead of a *whale*. 'Out of his mouth go burning lamps, and sparks of fire leap out. Out of his nostrils goeth smoke as out of a seething pot or caldron. His breast kindleth coals, and a flame goeth out of his mouth. He maketh the deep to boil like a pot. He maketh the sea like a pot of ointment. He maketh a path to shine after him; one would think the deep to be white or hoary. Now I would ask any one who has looked from the stern of a steamboat when sailing, if Job has not described the wake of the boat to the very life?"

SINGULAR USE OF THE MAGNET.—We find among our foreign exchanges an instance of a singular use of the magnet. A smith in Brighton, England, while forging a of piece iron, felt something strike his eye, and, and subsequently feeling great pain, he went to Dr. King in Palace street, who discovered that a piece of iron had imbedded itself in the ball of the eye. After vainly endeavoring to extract it in the usual way, Dr. King thought of a powerful magnet which he had. He applied it to the eye, and was rejoiced at finding the piece of iron instantly removed. It was as large as a grain weight.

BOZ.—Mr. Charles Dickens, the popular author, has separated from his wife. The alleged reason of this is "incompatability," a word which has a variety of meanings in such a case. Some scandal had been afloat concerning improper intimacy, on his part, with a young actress, which he has publicly denied.

MARRIED BY PROXY.—The young Queen of Portugal, who was lately married by proxy in her German home, is making her bridal tour alone, in a Portuguese war-steamer. She has spent some time in England, and has received every attention from Victoria. In a leisurely way she is making her way toward Lisbon, there to meet her husband whom she has never seen.

A WINDY WELL.—In Smith County, Mississippi, about a month ago, Mr. Baugh was boring for water in the piney woods, and when he had bored about forty feet, a "mighty rushing wind" came out of the hole, which continued for several days. He quit boring and waited to see what would come of it. He placed a bottle over the hole and the wind makes a noise in it which can be heard a mile. It "blows" for about a week at a time, and then it begins to "suck in," which it continues to do for about the same time, when it blows again.

PERSONAL AND SPECIAL.

ELLEN E. GIBSON may be addressed at Augusta, Me., until further notice.

A. B. WHITING will lecture in Springfield, Mass., on Sunday next. He may be addressed until August 1st, at East Abington, Mass.

Mrs. CORA L. V. HATCH will speak in Music Hall, Springfield, Sunday, July 24th, at 3 o'clock, P. M.

Dr. C. C. YORK, Clairvoyant and Healing Medium, respectfully informs the afflicted that he is prepared to respond to their calls, in any place where his services are desired. His method of healing is from spirit directions—by the laying on of hands, and by remedies from the vegetable kingdom. Address in care of Bela Marsh, No. 14 Bromfield street, Boston, Mass.

Prof. J. L. OTIS will address the friends of Spiritualism July 11th, at Milford, N. H.; 17th, at Lowell, Mass.; 26th, at Cambridgeport, Mass.; Aug. 2d, at Putney, Vt.; Aug. 9th, at Portland, Me., or at some other place in that State. He will receive calls to lecture on week day evenings at other places, till Aug. 24th, when he will be engaged in his school; and he trusts that the friends will consider this as a sufficient answer to the numerous letters of application upon his table.

Miss A. W. SPRAGUE will speak at Felchville, Vt., the fourth Sunday in July.

Mrs. H. F. HUNTLEY will lecture in Quincy, Mass., on Sundays, July 11th, 18th, 25th. Those desiring her services during August or September, may address her in July at Quincy Mass.

LORING MOODY will lecture in Bath, Me., Sunday, July 11th; Brunswick, July 18th.

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."

Miss EMMA HARDINGE will lecture in Troy on the Sundays of July 11th and 18th; at Burlington, July 6th, 7th and 8th. Applications for her services to lecture on other week days in July, within a convenient distance of Troy, to be addressed during June, to Miss Emma Hardinge, 8 Fourth Avenue, New York, and during July to the care of Gen. E. F. Bullard, Waterford, N. Y.

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.

AMANDA M. BRITT intends making a lecturing tour through Wisconsin, Northern Illinois and Michigan, beginning July 1st. Applications for her service sent to La Salle, Ill., will be promptly responded to.

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.

Mrs. C. M. TUTTLE leaves for Saratoga Springs, N. Y., after the first week in July; and for the West on about the first or middle of August. Any who desire Mrs. Tuttle's lectures on the route of Buffalo, Cleveland, O., and the Southern Michigan Railroad, to Laporte, Ind., may address her at Saratoga Springs to 1st August.

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

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, JULY 10, 1858.

LETTERS RECEIVED.—J. M. Pool, L. Willis, W. Reed, (Yes.) E. H. Doane, E. D. Couch, E. Dimick, S. Moyer, H. W. Jackson, G. W. Stuart, H. Ballard, C. Putnam, G. W. Brown, D. Warren, D. F. French, A. G. Smith, J. G. W. Weeks, D. Gilchrist, M. Mullett, D. Matthews, J. F. Nichols, O. French, "Calvert." D. M. F. Walker, M. A. Townsend, J. O. Proctor, W. W. Smith, F. A. Williams, B. Blood, Jr., N. Landon, Higgins Bros., M. Swan, W. Tompkins, C. B. Peckham, C. A. Patten, J. C. Blackey, T. L. Hungerford, B. B. Newton, G. Houghton, L. L. Burdett, L. Carpenter, F. L. H. Willis, A. McKenzie, R. G. Bailey, R. K. D., J. B. Young, S. Tarbell, S. Andrews, S. A. Sinclair, W. G. Hodges, H. J. D., L. M. Snow, L. J. Faller 2, G. H Upham, A. Tarbell, J. Stearns, E. Cross, G. B. Stebbins, S. Young, P. Chambers, J. Gardner, J. Sleeper, S. Kelsey, I. S. Morrill, F. L. Wadsworth, G. Barnsley, S. K. Grissom, J. Witt, N. Clark, O. Bentley, W. S. Clark, M. J. Brigham, J. Davis, J. A. Deveau, E. M. Barrett, E. C. Cochran, W. G. Tarbell.

Miss M. MUNSON has removed from No. 3 Winter street, and, in connection with Mrs. Jenness, taken house No. 18 Lagrance Place.

MEETINGS IN BOSTON.

SUNDAY MEETINGS.—MRS. FRANCES O. HYZER will speak in the Melodeon, on Sunday next, at 10 1-2 A. M. and 7 3-4 o'clock, P. M.

MEETINGS AT NO. 14 BROMFIELD STREET.—A CIRCLE for medium development and spiritual manifestations will be held every Sunday morning, at 10 1-2 o'clock. 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

Miss WATERMAN, Trance and Test Medium, 142 Harrison Avenue. Hours, 9 to 12 and 3 to 9. Terms fifty cents per hour.

Miss E. MOORE, Rapping, Writing, and Trance TEST Medium. Rooms No. 15 Tremont street, up stairs, opposite the Museum. Hours from 9 to 12 and 2 to 7.

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

Miss B. 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

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Interesting Miscellany.

AN ANGEL CAUGHT ME.

Some years ago I had occasion to preach in the beautiful city of B——. I had selected as a theme the mysteries by which the dispensations of divine providence are often shrouded in this world, and the clear light, which shall, in another state, dispel our doubts and darkness—choosing, as the basis of my remarks, the words of inspiration, spoken by the Apostle Paul: "Now we see through a glass darkly, but then face to face; now I know in part, but then shall I know even as I also am known." I had not proceeded far before I found my heart deeply interested in the subject; while a fellow feeling was soon visible through the entire congregation, and very shortly both preacher and people seemed lost to earthly things, and absorbed in the grandeur of the theme.

In the course of my remarks I referred, for illustration, to the celebrated dream of Dr. Doddridge, in which he thought he was carried up to heaven. There, by the direction of his angel-guide, he was waiting for the master of the place, in a magnificent chamber of a palace, the walls of which were lined with the most glowing imagery, which, upon a close inspection, he found to be a panoramic history of his own life. As he proceeded to examine it, his mind was lost in wonder, love and praise; for the mysteries which, in untold instances, had shrouded his pathway, and rendered all about him dark and doubtful, were now solved, and he no longer looked through a glass darkly—no longer knew in part; but the whole of the divine plan was now fully revealed—wonderful plan, thought he—how marked with wisdom! how baptized with love! He now felt the force of Cowper's lines:

"Behind a frowning providence,
He hides a smiling face."

Proceeding in his investigations of this wonderful picture, upon which the full-orbed light of heaven was shining, he beheld himself upon a journey—which journey he instantly remembered as having taken place in time. The horse he rode had stumbled in a dangerous pass, and fell; he was thrown from the saddle with great violence, but sustained no injury. This had always been a matter of surprise to him, and he never knew by what means he had escaped an instant and awful death. Now, on this bright panorama, in the mansions of the blest, it was all explained, fully painted out—AN ANGEL CAUGHT HIM IN HIS ARMS, *broke the force of the fall, and he was saved*. He now saw it all—saw it *face to face*. My own heart was deeply affected while passing through this narrative, and so were many others; while a deep stillness prevailed, allied,

"To all that silent heaven of love"

for which we so much sigh.

The sermon ended, the hymn was sung, the prayer was offered, the benediction pronounced, and, as the congregation was slowly retiring, I descended from the pulpit, while there came rushing down the aisle to meet me, a tall, portly man, with a dignified and manly bearing. He had been for many years the captain of a vessel, doing business on the mighty deep. He was now a retired gentleman, and at the same time, a consistent follower of the meek and lowly Jesus, living upon his hard-earned, but honest fortune.

He stood before me with both hands extended, ready to grasp my own, while the big tears chased each other in gushing torrents down his manly cheeks. "O," said he, "God be praised, my brother; I see it all *now—an angel caught* ME *in his arms;* yes, it must have been so; nothing else could have saved me. "Look here," said he, and another flood of tears gushed from his eyes, "look here," and he pointed to his noble brow, now partly bald. On looking up, I saw where, years ago, had been cut a deep, heavy gash of several inches long, the scar of which was yet distinctly visible. Said he, "I was out upon the rough high seas, the storm was fearful; but a sailor must know no fear—duty required that I should mount to the top of the highest mast. I did so, lost my footing and fell—fell to the vessel's deck. Unheard of mercy, I was taken up alive; while this scar is the proof of that fall, and the evidence of my deliverance. I have wondered a thousand times that I was not destroyed. I have long been looking for the cause of my deliverance; but I have been looking through a glass darkly. Now I see, yes now I see—'*an angel* caught me in his arms.' It was this that saved me; nothing less could have done it. An angel caught me! an angel caught me! Yes, I see—I see." And all these utterances were baptized, nay, deluged with his warm, heart-gushing tears of gratitude and love.

An angel caught me! Blessed thought! Dear reader, how often in thy life-pilgrimage has an angel caught *thee* in his arms, and saved thee, and thou knewest it not? Look at the numerous dangers which throng our pathway through life's toilsome journey, and ask, How are we saved? And the answer will come up, "An angel (God's ministering spirit) caught me."

Mother, dost thou remember the fearful fall of thy infant, when death was looked for as the sad result, but, instead of death, that infant smiled and lived? Ah, yes; that accident is well and painfully remembered; but why did the little one live? An angel caught it, and softly gave it back to life and thee.

Youth, dost thou remember, when in thy thoughtless mirth, far from a parent's eye, led on by rude companions, the danger to which thy waywardness exposed thee? Yes, and the memory of thy peril causes quick throbs to shoot through all thy frame. What was it saved thee? Was it strength, or skill, or nimbleness of limbs, or self-possession? *An angel caught thee*, and gently led thee back to friends and home.

Reader, you may tremble, perhaps, in view of life's numerous dangers; but there is a God whose angels have charge of those who trust in him; and although this may seem, in the hours of your distrust, a dim and uncertain truth, yet the time will come when you, face to face, shall see it, and know this fact with as much clearness as ye are known of God.—*Cor. Sunday School Advocate.*

Character.

A man's character is the man—the expression of his individuality. Take that away, and we should all be alike—a uniform set of wigmaker's blocks, without enough difference to distinguish us apart. In persons of strong character, this expression is correspondingly strong. It impresses itself upon all their surroundings—their garments—apartments, etc., etc. Who has not seen hats which looked just like their owners? Yet in the hatter's window, the hats looked like nobody—they must be worn, to get something of the wearer's individuality into them. Apartments show this, also, very strongly. Not so much in the simple matter of neatness or unneatness, as in the *character* of the disorder which reigns in them—for two littered rooms may be as unlike as two men.

THE HINDOOS.

These extracts are taken from a very able and interesting article on the Hindoos in a late number of the *Christian Examiner:*

When asked by Mohammedans or Christians to change their religion, they freely admit that other men's religions are best for them; they only claim that Hindooism is best for Hindoos. To put off their religion and put on that of the Christians, seems to them as absurd as it would be to put off their light and graceful cotton garments, so well suited to the climate, and to put on swallow-tail coats and stove-pipe hats; and nearly as impossible as to change their bronze and black complexions, which wear so well even into old age, for the marble faces of Europeans, which are only good while youth and health remain. As well renounce themselves as their religion, which enters into their laws, manners, literature,—constitutes their nationality, their civilization,—forms the ground-work of all their self-respect.

One day, after a noisy and idolatrous procession of the Hindoos had taken place, happening to meet a Brahmin whom we had often met for the purposes of business, we inquired of him why it was that his people worshipped idols. His reply would have done honor to Plato:

"What you see is only the *outside* of our religion—the *costume*, the fashion of the common people. Men of sense everywhere, in all religions, worship the One God. Our outside ways and forms are strange to you, as yours are to us; but underneath all this outside show and dress, we unite in the same substantial truth."

"But why allow these idols, and especially such coarse and foolish ones?"

"Children have dolls and toys to help out their thoughts, and so the common people must have their idols, often rude ones."

"Why do you not teach them better?"

"That is hard; take from them their idols, their outside forms and helps, and we take from them also the internal reality; we confuse their weak and ignorant minds. Ignorant and foolish people will and must have foolishness in their religion. In *your* country, have not the ignorant people foolish notions and ways in religion?"

This home thrust was as unexpected as it was effective.

With his utmost tenacity of his right to be let alone in his religion, the Hindoo never assumes that the religions of other men are bad and false. He believes that to *them* their religions are true and sacred, as his is to him. He is educated to hold firmly his own religion, and to respect the consciences, feelings and prejudices of others. We are educated to believe that we have in our religion a monopoly of all religious truth and merit; that other religions are false and wicked; that it is one of our solemn duties to invade the religions of others, to thrust our faith upon them in all ways except that of force. It is not enough that we prefer Christianity above all other religions; we are called upon to *hate* other religions. Even from Unitarian writers, often charged with carrying their liberality to such an extreme as to evince indifference to all religion, we could make quotations, showing that they also might take lessons in liberality from the Hindoos. The example of the Hindoos proves that boundless liberality to other religions is entirely consistent with the most ardent, and even fanatical, attachment to one's own. The "greased cartridge" rebellion is of itself sufficient proof that the Hindoos are not chargeable with religious indifference. Neither need anybody be, though liberal and tolerant to the widest extent. Strange that we should be importing into New England facts and arguments from the antipodes to prove a point like this.

DREAM OF A QUAKER LADY.

There is a beautiful story told of a pious Quaker lady, who was addicted to smoking tobacco. She had indulged in the habit until it had increased so upon her, that she not only smoked her pipe a large portion of the day, but frequently sat up in her bed for this purpose during the night. After one of these nocturnal entertainments, she fell asleep, and dreamed that she died and approached heaven. Meeting an angel, she asked him if her name was written in the book of life. He disappeared; but replied on returning, that he could not find it.

Oh," said she, "do look again; it must be there."

He examined again; but returned with a sorrowful face, saying it was not there!

"Oh," said she in agony, "it must be there! *I have an assurance that it is there! Do look once more!*"

The angel was moved to tears by her entreaties and again left her to renew his search. After a long absence, he came back, his face radiant with joy, and exclaimed,

"We have found it! but it was so clouded with tobacco smoke that we could hardly see it."

The good woman upon waking, immediately threw her pipe away, and never indulged in smoking again.

DYING YOUNG.

"*Whom the gods love, die young.*" Was a greater falsity ever spoken?

So the gods did not love those benefactors of our race, whose lives exhaled daily incense to a hale old age. Mere heathenism! How Methusaleh must have been hated by the Divine, when attaining his unparalleled age! And with what an evil eye all the worthies of old must have been regarded! The Apostle John—saint with the child spirit—beloved of Christ, was he, in his meek, placid age, *un*loved of God? Pshaw! with what gibberish men seek to conceal the effects of their own sins!

By what license does the venerable Humboldt still live! *hated of the gods*, according to the heathen proverb adopted by *Christians* (?) Blessed old man! what a libel on goodness, usefulness, science, is that heathen saying!

No, no, no; it is the obedient and the true who live, hale and happy, to old age. Benign years attest to them the favor of Heaven. Blessed be the memory of their law-honoring habits, their excellent example to a rash, excitable world.

Glory to gray hairs upon the crown of righteous years!

Instead of this heathen falsity, we offer a true sentiment:

THE OBEDIENT FIND SERENE OLD AGE.

Sophistry may perplex truth, ingenuity may warp the decrees of justice, and ridicule may raise an undeserved laugh; but where free inquiry prevails, errors will be corrected, justice will be revered, and ridicule will be retorted on those who have abused its influence.

A proverb is defined as a coin from the mint of wisdom stamped by the hand of experience.

They tell us to to wait—that time will ripen the corn; but time will not plough the field.

For the Spiritual Age.

HEAVEN.

BY KATE E. P. HILL.

I would sing you a song of Heaven,
If my soul could chant the hymn;
I would sing of its skies, whose gorgeous dyes
Would make our own grow dim.

I would sing of its mountains, bathed in light
That never will fade away;
Of the murmuring breeze, through whispering trees
That never will know decay;

Of glorious birds, that trill strange words,—
With a mystery in their flow,—
'Till the scented airs grow holy with prayers
That only they can know.

I would sing of its lakes, for the *lilies'* sakes,—
The purest that God has given,—
Of all the flowers which we call ours;—
How white they must be in Heaven!

I would sing to you of its violet blue,
That watches the loving sky;
But droops its head when it hears the tread
Of an angel footstep nigh.

I would sing of Love, in that land above,
'Till I could not hush the strain,—
Of its perfect bliss—'till the joys of this
Would shrink to immortal pain.

But my soul is mute,—like a tuneless lute,
That has been forsaken long;
Its pulses thrill, but its voice is still,
And I *cannot* sing the song.

Sweet land! I have *dreamed* of thee
When the summer moonlight fell
In silver showers on the nestling flowers,
Asleep in the greenwood dell.

And I have woke—when the vision broke—
With a sob on heart and brain;
That I should stray from that shining way,
Back to the world again.

But I know I shall see thee more, sweet land,
When these fitful hours are fled;
When the flowers lie low, where they used to blow,
And the sky in the west grows red.

I shall steer my bark where the waves roll dark;
I shall cross a stranger sea;—
But I know I shall land on thy bright strand,
Where my loved ones wait for me.

There are faces there, divinely fair,
That the earth lost long ago;
And foreheads white, where curls lay bright,
Like sunbeams over snow.

And there are eyes like thine own blue skies;—
Eyes I have seen before,
Will grow as bright as the stars of night,
When I near the welcome shore.

There are little feet I loved to meet,
When the world was sweet to me,
I know will bound, when the rippling sound
Of my boat, comes o'er the sea.

I shall see them stand on the gleaming sand,
With their white arms o'er the tide,
Waiting to twine their hands in mine,
When I reach the farther side.

Sweet land!—I have dreamed of thee,
When the summer moonlight fell,
In silver showers, on the nestling flowers,
Asleep in the greenwood dell.

And I know I shall see thee once again,
When life's fitful hours have fled:—
When the flowers lie low, where they used to blow,
And the sky in the west grows red.

TEMPLE, June 17, 1848.

THE SOUL.

One thinks the soul is air; another, fire;
Another, blood diffused about the heart;
Another saith the elements conspire,
And to her essence each doth give a part.

But, as the sharpest eye discerneth nought,
Except the sunbeam in the air do shine,
So the best soul with her reflecting thought,
Sees not herself without some light divine. DAVIES.

LOVE DEPARTS NOT.

Soft, the angels close around thee—so, thou walkest dream pursued,
Golden cords of help unwinding, in the circling solitude,
Seest stars immortal kindling from the failing suns that set,
And believest, though thy friend is gone, his love surrounds thee yet.

PROSPECTUS.

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"THIRTY YEARS A SLAVE."

"Spit, spit, spit;
Out the window, out the door—on the carpet, on the floor."

Science says—"*Tobacco is a deadly poison*,—its use creates nervous derangement, draining the system of its vitality—producing in the end organic disease of the liver, stomach and heart."

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