The Spiritual Age.

DEVOTED TO RATIONAL SPIRITUALISM AND PRACTICAL REFORM.

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Spiritual and Reform Literature.

[WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE SPIRITUAL AGE.]

THE IMPROVISATORE:

TORN LEAVES FROM LIFE-HISTORIES.

BY EMMA HARDINGE.

PAGE FOURTH.

With the egotism of human nature generally, we are apt to suppose, when we perceive for the first time some manifestation of the existing order of things, either that we have made a new discovery, or that we are the subjects of some special revelation. Such has been the view with which many of the investigators of modern Spiritualism, Magnetism, and Clairvoyance, have deluded themselves; whereas the fact is, that all these things and many others of the same character have been the familiar practise of the ancients, and a constantly attending evidence of mental materiality in all times and in all places where the physical materiality of religion or science did not proscribe its study. On the continent of Europe and in countries where schools of philosophy have been established, these sciences (especially the two last) have been identified with every search into the curiously abstruse phenomena of nature. It is English and Americans *alone*, who have not recognized their manifestations; and therefore their exhibition as portions of the phenomena of Spiritualism has appeared as a new revelation of Nature to them. The German, Bohemian, and French Savans ridicule the idea of any new revelation in these sciences, while every nation of the East is familiar with their practice, if not with their identity with the agency of departed spirits.

Having said thus much we need add no more in apology for antedating the *discovery of the application* of Clairvoyance in America, by introducing scenes, the details of which are derived from *actual fact*, although the time, place, and names of the actors are all disguised in the license of fictional composition.

The moon was gleaming brightly over the camp ground of the Hungarians, and picturing her fair face on many a gleaming bayonet-point as the moveless sentinels returned the slight salute which Ernest Rossi gave them, passing from point to point ere he gained the remote quarter where he shared with a young lieutenant of his own age, the shelter of a rude tent.—The quiet scene where slumbering masses lay outstretched in that peaceful rest which might know but one more earthly waking, the sight of so many groups of noble forms and gallant hearts, all pressing forward to the mysterious portals of untimely death, or it may be the doom of dragging a mutilated form through the penance of a suffering life, impressed the kind heart of the young soldier with the tenderest sympathy.

"Would I could die for them!" he murmured, "or oh! rather, would it had pleased the great Dispenser of life to teach men what a sacred thing it is. This frame so wonderfully and fearfully fashioned, with such skill, ingenuity, machinery, and beauty—why should this be torn and rent by tiger men, destroying what God has designed so well and nature has outwrought so patiently,—and all for the possession of a few feet of earth in this particular section of the globe? What vast waste lands are yet unclaimed which these greedy ones could possess! What wealth within the giant bosoms of yet unwrought mountains, with which they might enrich themselves, without this cruel butchery of each other—and all to satisfy the avaricious yet sluggard spirit which would rather steal another's possessions than toil to obtain them himself! Where are the spirits, too, of the slaughtered dead? Oh starry homes! they cannot enter you; they are not ready; earth has not yet done with them, nor they with earth. Their mission unfulfilled, some vast mid-region must receive them, the poor, unresting dead! Your tranquil peaceful rest, oh stars, and suns where happily spirits dwell, may not receive the waifs whom God has sent to earth to grow, unfold, and become fit blossoms for the gardens of eternity, but which rude man cuts down before the fruit is ripe, and crushes out of life e'er half the work is done! Murder, thou last, worst crime! thou greatest wrong the undeveloped soul of man can e'er suffer—what sophistry can gild thee? What law of man's contrivance redeem the stain of foolish, useless, but irreparable wrong? What fantastic names, as honor, patriotism, fame, or justice, repair the hideous breach that murder makes in nature, or give back to God who made it with such skill and care, the flowers of life which men, like idle, spiteful children, tear to pieces out of mere revenge."

"Ernest, Ernest! my child! oh save me!" Such was the wild shrill cry that, three times repeated, clear, distinct, and close beside his ear, broke on the startled soldier's meditations. A pause between the repetitions. The language that of his native land—the tone unmistakably that of his mother—left him no room for doubt. Rushing to his tent, he aroused his sleeping comrade, one who as friend and confidant of the young man's most secret thoughts, was well accustomed to the exhibition of his strange spiritual perceptions.

"Augustine, wake!" he cried, "some terrible event befalls my mother, or like a sword impends upon our heads."

For several minutes his agitation prevented his resorting to that far-seeing faculty, which he was daily accustomed to employ for the amusement, or to satisfy the curious speculations of his friends. His companion, however, whose mind was well balanced and commanding, at length succeeded in soothing him, and after several ineffectual attempts to concentrate his powers for the exercise of his clairvoyant vision, he produced a letter which he had lately received from his mother, which he at last found was the one link wanting to bring him in rapport with her.

This letter contained an account of the death of her brother, the old priest, the breaking up of their little household, and the subsequent determination on the part of the poor mother to set out in quest of her son. She had received frequent and dutiful communications from him, was apprised of his whereabouts, and resolved to join him. She had accomplished the greater part of her long and perilous journey, when she found she had entered within the lines of the much dreaded Austrian army. To avoid these she had entered on a wild mountain tract, where she encountered the family of a noble Austrian, who was then in deepest agony of mind, vainly seeking to discover the retreat of some of the bandits so famous in those districts, who had recently carried off his young and only son. The gentle heart of Madame Rossi, deeply sympathizing with the grief of the parents, urged her to aid them by the exercise of her wondrously accurate faculty of clairvoyance. By this means the retreat of the kidnappers was discovered, and the precious child ransomed and restored to the arms of his kindred. In deeply grateful appreciation of the service she had rendered them, the Austrian furnished her with money and a safe conduct through the Austrian lines, on the verge of which she hoped to meet her son.

It was to this point that the letter to her son conducted her little history. What she could not tell was the dire treachery of the woman-flogging nation, who no sooner ascertained that a woman was in their midst, possessed of the wondrous gift of Clairvoyance, and that she was alone, still young and very beautiful, than they by some paltry evasion contrived to fasten upon her the character of a spy, and despite of her friend's pass, to detain her a prisoner. At first they sought to win her to their service by offers of large bribes and promotion for her son, if she would induce him to join their ranks; but when she found that the service required of her was no other than the exercise of her clairvoyant powers for the detection of their enemies' plans, she indignantly refused the treacherous part they assigned her; and by thus manifesting open antagonism to their interest, excited their enmity, and even in the mind of the base and cowardly general officer who had covertly detained her, as much fear of her strange gift, as anxiety to avail himself of it.

Col. Kalozy had not been altogether mindful of his patron the Earl of Ravensworth's interest, moreover. The service of the Hungarian patriots was more remunerative in honor than wealth, while that of the Austrians was exactly the reverse.—To reconcile himself to both, and appropriate if possible the spoils of both, he had long professed himself an *open* champion of the tattered banner of liberty, whilst he in reality acted as a secret agent beneath the golden standard of oppression. For many past months, it had been evident to the patriots that some undetected treachery was at work amongst them. Their best laid plans were thwarted, and their most secret operations so obviously under the espionage of their enemies that all their efforts were bent to discover the traitor.

Just at this time came missive after missive from Lord Ravensworth insisting upon the destruction of the hapless Minstrel. Availing himself of his knowledge of Austrian tactics, the double traitor, Kalozy, contrived to reveal some of their manœuvres to the Hungarians, and then apprised the Austrians that the secret had been disclosed through the instrumentality of the famous clairvoyant, whom the Hungarian officers availed themselves of, as he insinuated, to procure surreptitious information. Thus stimulating alike their vengeance and their superstition, Kalozy hoped that the indignant Austrians would save him the trouble of doing the executioner's work upon his young Lieutenant, but when he heard the poor patriots (driven to desperation by the constant disclosure of their schemes,) propose to consult the occult power with which their favorite Ernest was invested, in the hope of detecting the traitor, he resolved that a speedy termination must be put to the terrible power of the seer. Just about the time that the hapless mother of Ernest fell into the hands of one of the Austrian generals who had long been dealing with the covert traitor, Kalozy, he himself, stimulated by the fear of discovery through the second sight of the minstrel, proceeded to terrify the Austrians by an exaggerated picture of his clairvoyance, and the preparations which a secret knot of traitors were forming by the aid of the most diabolical magic to destroy the whole Austrian power.

To buy the Improvistore over to their interest had been the first efforts of the Austrian dupes of Kalozy in dealing with the poor mother; but when they found she was too inflexible in her devotion to the cause her son had espoused, to make it likely that he could be paltered with, they strove by promises of reward and liberty, to induce the exercise of her power as a Clairvoyant to detect more of their enemies' schemes than they believed the wily Kalozy had disclosed to them. Still, all in vain did they seek to threaten the noble Italian woman into aught that could injure the cause of liberty, and that, through the agency of what both herself and her son considered as a special and sacred boon, from heaven. The gift of clairvoyance and inspiration neither made, nor even changed the characters of these persons; being possessed of it, they used it, as every human being does the talents entrusted to him, according to the predominating feelings of good or evil in his nature.

"Beatrice Rossi must die." The fond mother must leave her young son in the dark hour of danger and the place of treachery.

"Virgin Mother!" she cried, "thou wilt be the solace of the orphan! God's will be done!"

Beautiful, gifted, still in the prime of an orderly life, the sweet and gentle woman longed to linger amongst the fair valleys and lofty blue mountains of glorious mother earth.

"There are fairer landscapes, and more sunny skies in the land of the blest," she thought; "let me die rather than betray the noble and the brave." But when they told her, her first step to obscure and lingering martyrdom was to be brought out in the light of day, and exchanging the shelter of her dark cell for the glare of a noon-day barrack-yard, with bare shoulders, and shrinking womanly nature, to be savagely *flogged*, in the presence, and by the hands of *men*, her strong soul failed her. The whispers of angel comforters could not break through the murmur of her choking sobs; and fit after fit prevented her executioners from presenting her as a sufficiently edifying spectacle of conscious suffering under the lash, until twelve o'clock at night, when with the very first hand that was laid upon her to tear her garment from her crouching shoulders, she uttered the wild cry of agony that sped through nearly an hundred miles of ether, and then, by the mysterious agency of the spirits of the air, thrice echoed in the ears of her unhappy son, "Ernest! Ernest! my child, oh save me!"

Reader, we are not telling you a story plagiarized from the celebrated case of the *in*-famous Marshal Haynau. Woman-flogging in Austria and Russia is not of so rare occurrence that we need harrow up your feelings by the recapitulation of a scene which the last ten years' experience has made familiar to Europeans, principally, by the splendid retaliation which the noble London brewers inflicted upon the Austrian woman-flogger, even in the presence of his aristocratic entertainers. For more detailed account of this special case of modern civilization, consult the files of the London *Times* of about eight or ten years ago. The scene of which we write occurred many years previous, but perhaps to some American readers, needs the citation of the familiar and recent case of the monster Haynau to testify that in Christian countries and under the rule of a most Christian Emperor, *such things are*.

And in the presence of his comrade, Ernest Rossi, under the influence of the far seeing perception of clairvoyance, and bound like a victim to the stake beneath the spell of the mystic trance, beheld strong, savage men lash the frail form of the tender, loving being who had given him birth—heard in the wide conducting space the shriek melt into the low wail—the stifled sob, the long-drawn sigh, the deep stillness of unconsciousness; and then a presence, a dim, gray, shadowy thing stood beside him, in form like the dying mother, a pressure on his arm like the touch of the dead; a long, long distant echo, from a toneless voice whispering, "Come to see me at L—stadt," and all was over.

In low, murmuring cadence the clairvoyant, statuesque and rigid beneath the magnetic spell, had rehearsed the terrible scene in the ears of his deeply moved friend.

"Wake me, Augustine," was his concluding sentence. A few upward passes of his friend's hands, and the released spirit became lord of its earthly casket once more. Consciousness returned, and with it memory, and oh what a dire and portentous consciousness was that which gleamed in the eyes of him who never till that moment had known an angry or uncharitable feeling! The savage hyena would have glared with less terrible fire upon its prey, than the soul of the agonized man, for the first time awakened to the thirst for human blood and quenchless vengeance, gleamed through the lustrous eyes of the Seer.

"Farewell, Augustine, I go to rescue or avenge my mother," were his first words. But he could not part thus, and that Augustine knew. Nearly an hundred miles intervened between himself and the scene of the tragedy he had witnessed. The road was lined with Austrian troops, and by daybreak of the morrow the command had been given to the *rebel* Hungarians by their leaders, to advance to the taking of an important position which they confidently hoped to secure. This last consideration more than all the rest, together with the cherished desire of being permitted to lead a forlorn hope in the course of the engagement, finally prevailed in restraining the unhappy Son from rushing off in the midst of all impossibilities to attempt the rescue of his mother, supposing that she should survive the shameful cruelties to which she had been exposed.—And the morrow's sun shone down upon a dreadful field of carnage, in which no hand drew so red or reckless a sword, as he who a few short hours before had mourned before moon and stars the destruction of a single human life.

"Lead us not into temptation." *Does God tempt us?* If not, what does? These are fearful queries, full of dreadful meaning too; for none can deny that the human heart swelling with loving, generous impulses under the gentle rule of peaceful surrounding, has become, if not an absolute traitor to itself, yet so wildly fierce, so hard, relentless, almost savage beneath the impetus of opposite influences, that we again demand by whom and why are we thus tempted? Oh Life! dost thou demand for the evolvement of all thy purposes, that the secret depths of human souls shall be sounded to their lowest fathom point? Can we never become strong except by conflict—victorious, until the enemy is wrestled with? Must we work out the tiger in our natures before the lamb can rule? Festus says "the safety of superior principles lies in exhaustion of the lower ones." If this be so, then, oh our Lord, lead us into the battle plain of temptation, but give us but strength to conquer!

"For thee my mother!" "Another life for thine, another, and another!" All day long this fearful battle cry rang from the lips of Ernest Rossi, and with every cry his deadly sword struck out a foeman's life. There might have been an hundred Ernests in the field that day; and death in every shape the frantic soldier rushed upon; and yet it never touched him. His reckless daring wove a charm around him. Swords flashed and bullets whizzed above, beneath him; but all in vain;—none touched. The word had somehow gone forth that the celebrated Italian magician fought amongst the rebel ranks that day, and when men saw that slight young form, with cheeks of ashy white, and blood-shot eyes, whilst fury sparkled round his flashing sword, his single arm seemed like a spell of death to sweep around and scatter life like chaff, and all shrunk back aghast.

The fight, however, was but a succession of skirmishes, more deadly with this terrible spirit of vengeance in the midst than such scenes usually are; but still not productive of any marked results on either side. The Hungarians had succeeded in one aim at least. They had sufficiently rid themselves of their persecutors, to be enabled ere nightfall to resume a position from which they had been driven a few days previously, and in which they hoped to obtain possession of a most important military station. A forlorn hope, to be led by Ernest Rossi—"the magician," the now half frantic son, hopeless of rescuing his mother, but madly striking for revenge and recklessly seeking death—this was the finale of the terrible day which succeeded the clairvoyant revelation of the past night. And the red sun sinking amidst billows of golden crested clouds, glared on the redder field of death, like the eye of an angry God weeping tears of blood for the slain.

"For thee, my mother; another life for thine! Another, yet another!" sounded out amidst the ghostly light which the pale moon shed upon wall and tower, as the dauntless young soldier with his gallant handful rushed on, over ladders of slain to the topmost stone in the breach. Another step, and the pass was gained. Already the sword of the avenger was high in the air—twinkling, starry worlds gleamed on its blade—death, death everywhere; more death when it falls; but with it, victory.

"For thee, my mother!"

"And for thee, foul wizzard;" cried Kalozy close behind him. With the word, a blow, a struggle, then a fall, down, down, over heaps of slain, wall, rubbish, broken arms—and senseless in the very midst of the defenders lay the dreaded seer.

"Traitor! have I found thee?" burst from the lips of Ernest's generous comrade, young Augustine. "For thee, my friend, my Ernest!" cried the noble youth, striking almost at random, but cleaving in the blow, the very skull of the double traitor. Ernest was gone. No mortal arm could save him. The leader lost, the poor dispirited few who had so gallantly followed him fled in confusion. Taking advantage of the outcry which the capture of the young lieutenant (grown terrible in reputation to the Austrian, as a potent magician, through the misrepresentations of Kalozy) occasioned, Augustine kneeled down, and from the dress of the lifeless Kalozy, extracted his papers, rightly deeming that he should find in these proofs of that treachery which in the secrecy of their tent his friend and himself had discovered through the former's clairvoyant perception. This done, all was over.

"Oh my friend—my Ernest! generous, gallant spirit!—would I had died for thee," broke from the mourner's lips, as turning from the now abandoned breach he proceeded to provide for his safety in retreat. Through the heaps of slain he made his way. The feeble cry of "Water, water! for the love of God!" from dying, parching lips, smote on his ear, and with it came the memory of times when his poor friend had bathed his fevered lips, tended his wounds, shared a soldier's scanty crust with him, and stripped himself of blanket, cloak and coat, to shield him from the damp cold dews of night. All his love, his almost womanly tenderness and care, rose up like phantoms dodging round his way. The thought of Gabrielle, the secret love, and that mysterious airy thing that played around him; the music that he made, so mild and sweet; his cheerful willingness to sing for those who night by night beguiled the weary hours around the soldiers' watch-fires with his voice; all these things long had wrapped his friend in a mantle almost like fascination, a spell, he knew not what, but thoughts like these fell on him, and fancy-pictured stars brought down from heaven and lent to light his feet like spirit lamps—all suddenly gone out—lost, lost forever! In darkness, cold bewilderment, he wandered on alone; then stumbling o'er the dead, sat down and wept most bitterly.

TO BE CONTINUED.

A TALK WITH THE DIVINITY STUDENT.

The divinity-student came down, one morning, looking rather more serious than usual. He said little at breakfast-time, but lingered after the others, so that I, who am apt to be long at the table found myself alone with him.

When the rest were all gone, he turned his chair round towards mine, and began.

"I am afraid—he said—you express yourself a little too freely on a most important class of subjects. Is there not danger in introducing discussions or allusions relating to matters of religion into common discourse?

Danger to what?—I asked.

Danger to truth,—he replied, after a slight pause.

I didn't know Truth was such an invalid,—I said. How long is it since she could only take the air in a close carriage, with a gentlemrn in a black coat on the box? Let me tell you a story, adapted to young persons, but which wont hurt older ones.

——There was a very little boy who had one of those balloons you may have seen, which are filled with light gas, and are held by a string to keep them from running off in æronautic voyages on their own account. This little boy had a naughty brother, who said to him one day,—Brother, pull down your balloon, so that I can look at it and take hold of it. Then the little boy pulled it down. Now the naughty brother had a sharp pin in his hand, and he thrust it into the balloon, and all the gas oozed out, so that there was nothing left but a shrivelled skin.

One evening, the little boy's father called him to the window to see the moon, which pleased him very much; but presently he said,—Father, do not pull the string and bring down the moon, for my naughty brother will prick it, and then it will all shrivel up and we shall not see it any more.

Then his father laughed, and told him how the moon had been shining a good while, and would shine a good while longer, and that all we could do was to keep our windows clean, never letting the dust get thick on them, and especially to keep our eyes open, but that we could not pull the moon down with a string, nor prick it with a pin. Mind you this too, the moon is no man's private property, but is seen from a good many parlor windows.

Truth is tough. It will not break like a bubble, at a touch; nay, you may kick it about all day, like a football, and it will be round and full at evening. Does not Mr. Bryant say, that Truth gets well if she is run over by a locomotive, while Error dies of lockjaw if she scratches her finger? I never heard that a mathematician was alarmed for the safety of a demonstrated proposition. I think, generally, that fear of open discussion implies feebleness of inward conviction, and great sensitiveness to the expression of individual opinion is a mark of weakness.

I am not so much afraid for truth—said the divinity student,—as for the conceptions of truth in the minds of persons not accustomed to judge wisely the opinions uttered before them.

Would you, then, banish all allusions to matters of this nature from the society of people who come together habitually?

I would be very careful in introducing them—said the divinity-student.

Yes, but friends of yours leave pamphlets in people's entries to be picked up by nervous misses and hysteric housemaids, full of doctrines these people do not approve. Some of your friends stop little children in the street, and give them books, which their parents, who have had them baptized into the Christian fold and give them what they consider proper religious instruction, do not think fit for them. One would say it was fair enough to talk about matters thus forced upon people's attention.

The divinity-student could not deny that this was what might be called opening the subject to the discussion of intelligent people. * * * * * * * * *

The very end and aim of our institution is just this: that we may think what we like and say what we think.

Think what we like!—said the divinity-student;—think what we like! What! against all human and divine authority?

Against all human versions of its own or any other authority. At our own peril always, if we do not *like* the right, but not at the risk of being hanged and quartered for political heresy, or broiled on green fagots for ecclesiastical treason! Nay, we have got so far, that the very word *heresy*, has fallen into comparative disuse among us.—*Atlantic Monthly.*

The Spiritual Age.

Progress is the Common Law of the Universe.

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SPIRITUALISM IN RELIGION.—NO. VII.

THE CHRIST.

"In him was Life: and the Life was the light of men.—*John.*

"I am the Resurrection and the Life."—*Jesus.*

"I in them, and Thou in me, that they may be made perfect in one."—*Ib.*

"I am the creation and the dissolution of the whole universe.....I am all things; I am Life; I am the eternal seed of all nature.... Those who adore me devoutly are in me, and I in them."—*Chrishna.*

We cannot properly leave the subject of Incarnations of Deity without a more full expression relative to that prominent example which the Christian world so highly reveres. The writer, be it understood, speaks for no one but himself, and only in the hope of aiding such minds as may be in a condition to be benefitted by what he has to offer.

The term *Christ*, let it be premised, is equivalent to the Hebrew word *Messiah*, both signifying in English simply *Anointed*. The ancient Hebrew people, like most other nations, looked forward hopefully to the coming of One greater than Moses or the Patriarchs, who should shew himself divinely anointed with superior wisdom and power, to be the teacher and deliverer of the people. Of him their seers prophesied and their poets sung, as the seers and poets of other lands foretold the coming of their messiahs—giving utterance to the intuitive and universal longing of the human heart for the manifestation of the Perfect Man; and they portrayed his virtues and his excellences, according to their most exalted conceptions of what a being in human form could be.

At length, after the lapse of weary centuries, an obscure and strange individual appeared in Judea, born under disreputable circumstances, living a singular and nomadic life, careless of the pursuits and opinions of men, but from whose lips fell words of wisdom before unheard among that people, and from whose hands proceeded deeds of mercy and power before unknown. A few of the common, uneducated class—mostly fishermen, publicans and sinners—heard him gladly, and thought that in him they recognized the long-looked-for Anointed One. The learned, however, the religious and respectable classes turned from him with disgust and scorn, deeming him a madman, a demoniac, or a worthless fellow and a deceiver. They cried out, "Away with this fellow from the earth!" and rested not till they had seen his bleeding body stretched upon the cross of execution, and heard his dying cry of anguish.

But his words and his example still lived; yea, he himself was only transferred to a higher sphere of influence, whence he could move with greater power upon the hearts of men. And from that day to this his precepts, his life, and unquestionably his living spiritual presence also, have been among the mightiest revolutionary agencies manifest in human history—however greatly these may have been misunderstood and perverted.—Such is a brief historical view of this personage, in which most readers will readily agree.

At first, those who accredited Jesus as the expected Messiah, called him THE CHRIST, or the Anointed. But in lapse of time it became common to use this *characteristic* term as the proper name of the person to whom it was applied. It is important that we distinguish between the *person* and the *character*.

First, as to the person, Jesus. Some regard him as *more* than a man—that is, constitutionally different from and superior to what any other man is or can be, in that Deity is somehow connected with his humanity in a sense altogether peculiar, extraordinary and incomprehensible. Others regard him as simply an excellent or perhaps perfect type of the human, to whose measure and stature all others may aspire, and sooner or later hope to attain. Here has been the grand battle-ground of Christian sects for centuries, and belief on this question has been and is the most important Shibboleth of orthodoxy throughout the Christian world.

What light does Modern Spiritualism throw upon the subject? is a pertinent question. Some have supposed that if disembodied spirits do really communicate, all we have to do to get at a final solution of this and all other like problems, is merely to obtain their testimony in relation thereto. But this method can never be conclusive to a rational mind, for we find opinions as diverse in the spirit-world as among minds of similar states in this; and we obtain answers ranging all the way from the highest orthodoxy to the lowest naturalism. We may expect to come at the highest truth by no such easy process. We can behold its fair proportions only as our own inner eyes are clarified by purity of heart and life. The true spiritual theory is not necessarily that which spirits teach, but that which commends itself to the deepest intuitions of the spiritual man. Hence, though neither dogmatizing theologians nor dogmatizing spirits may settle this question for us, yet we may hope that growth in *spirituality*, or the development of the interior life within ourselves, will eventually raise us to a point of vision where we shall see things in the clear light of eternal reality. And it is not impossible we shall then find that, on this subject, as on most others which have divided the world, there is truth *on both sides*. Possibly a suggestion or two may be of use to the unprejudiced inquirer.

It has been already remarked that the manner of Jesus' birth, even if that could be satisfactorily ascertained to have been unusual, would not finally decide the question of his constitutional super-humanity—since it is admitted that Deity is really the Father of all Spirits, through what instrumentality soever they may be introduced into conscious existence. It is the opinion of some that new and higher types of humanity have been from time to time introduced on earth, by seemingly "miraculous" means—out of the usual order of "like producing like"—that the supposed myths relative to Chrishna, Boudha, Osiris, Pythagoras, etc., may have had good foundation—and hence, that there is a higher law of generation than that commonly recognized, whose operation is necessary to the introduction of successively higher orders of humanity, as well as of animals and plants.

Whether this be so or not, it is plain that we cannot determine as to the absolute super-humanity of any being, till we have first determined with positiveness *what humanity is*. Until, then, we thoroughly know ourselves, and ascertain to a certainty all the capabilities and possibilities wrapped up in the human germ, or at least are able to draw a clear line of distinction between what is human and what is divine, it becomes us to be modest in our assumptions on the point in question.

On the ideas which people form of the inherent powers, capabilities and qualities proper to man, necessarily depend their conclusions as to the super-humanity of Jesus. For example, there are those who suppose that the powers of clairvoyance, thought-reading, healing by imposition of hands or by a word, opening the eyes of the blind, raising the apparent dead, etc., do not in any degree belong to humanity. These must conclude that any being who exercises such powers is more than a man. But they who find themselves endowed with these same powers, in any degree, or see them employed by others, necessarily infer that their *exercise* is no proof of super-humanity, whatever may be their real *source*.

Some define man as a triune being, consisting of an external body and an internal mental organism, which are essentially the same in all—and besides these an inmost principle of *affection* which in the natural man is invariably selfish and evil.—These can scarce avoid the conclusion that Jesus was more than such a man; for his life, if any confidence is placed in the record, was evidently one of unselfish goodness. Indeed, if such goodness is in itself the Divine Essence, or a proof of its presence, then surely Jesus was "God manifest in the flesh." In this view, the difference between him and others would consist, not in form of constitution, but in *quality of the inmost affection*. This definition limits the inmost of the human self-hood to that quality of affection which is essentially selfish and sinful, while it regards all of an opposite quality that is manifested in man as being the divine self-hood acting within and through him. In other words, it considers man as having no positive goodness in himself proper, but as being a receptacle into which the Divine Life can flow and thereby become incarnated, making a new or Christ-man.

Others, again, regard all men as possessing inherently a germ of Essential Good, more interior than this acknowledged sinful self-hood—which germ is in fact an incorruptible spark of the Divine Essence, that may be expanded till it pervades and divinizes the whole man. These, too, must acknowledge, in this sense, the essential Divinity of Jesus, while they accord the same in some degree to every human being.

It is immaterial to our present purpose which of these theories of man is adopted. Our object is to show that, taking either, we can expect to find satisfactory evidence of the super-humanity or Divinity of Jesus, if such exists, not in a difference of organic constitution, but *in the character or quality of the* LIFE *manifested in him.* Leaving then all speculations about the *person*, which at best are but doubtful with our present knowledge, let us turn to the *character* exemplified in the Nazarene.

What, then, is THE CHRIST, as an element of character, or a quality of the inmost life? We think an answer can be given, aside from the dogmatism of the sects and the cant of superstition—one which will cover the whole ground, and present a definite, rational and vital idea.

But we have already exceeded the proper limits of this article, and must postpone our definition till another opportunity.

DR. HATCH'S PAMPHLET.

This long threatened production has at last made its appearance, under the taking title of "Spiritualists' Iniquities Unmasked, and the Hatch Divorce Case, by B. F. Hatch, M. D." It is made up mainly of the stuff heretofore printed in the N. Y. *Herald*, with the addition of some personal scandal (which probably even that paper would not print), and a purported history of the Dr.'s troubles with Cora.

The burden of the work may be found in the following sample quotation:

"Spiritualism in all its physical facts is true; but through it all there is a powerful influx of an infernal auror [aura?] into nearly all mediumistic minds, which greatly corrupts the moral sensibility, and proves, almost universally, terribly disastrous to its victims."

That there is a *kind* of spirit-influence tending in this direction, and operating upon such minds as are willingly open to it, most intelligent Spiritualists have been aware from the first; and that Mr. Hatch, in nine years' experience, should not have made the discovery till his own gains from this quarter were cut off, is a circumstance that gives no additional weight to his testimony.

The alleged "facts" from personal histories, cited with so much flourish of trumpets, to prove his position, turn out to be few in number, and very unreliable at that. In several instances we know his statements to be grossly untrue, showing, that he has been willing, like any reckless slanderer, to take up floating scandal without proper investigation. This throws discredit upon all his purported facts. But if the whole were reliable, and his inferences correct, they fall far short of sustaining any such sweeping allegations against Spiritualism. They only show that some other people besides the writer of this pamphlet, have mistaken sensualism for its opposite.

If the Dr.'s history of the Divorce Case can be relied on, he is a much abused man; but it is pervaded by such an air of improbability and one-sidedness, and contains such grave charges against men who have hitherto stood high in public confidence, that candid readers must hesitate before giving it full credence.

The literary style of the pamphlet is as greatly at variance with all rules of grammar and rhetoric, as is its spirit with the laws of candor and charity. The author has certainly "unmasked" *himself*, in part, whatever he may have accomplished for others. If, however, the production shall have the effect to convince people that the seeking of spirit-intercourse, and engaging in Spiritualism, for selfish, mercenary or base ends of any kind, is sure to result in disappointment, if not in "moral, social, and pecuniary ruin," renunciation, denunciation, and pious thanksgivings to God for "escape,"—in short, if it shall enable the world more clearly to distinguish between the false and the true, the evil and the good—it will do a great service.

PHYSIOLOGICAL INQUIRY.—A correspondent desires to know, if the entire material of the human body undergoes change and renovation every seven years or thereabouts, why it is that scars in the flesh and marks of fracture in bones remain through life.

Simply because the change goes on particle by particle,—new particles being deposited as the old are removed, so that they fall into the same relative positions, and thus the same general shape is retained.

MRS. F. O. HYZER has become connected with the Cleveland *Agitator*, as corresponding editor.

LIFE STRUGGLES.

"Where now with pain thou treadest, trod
The whitest of the saints of God!
To show thee where their feet were set,
The light which led them shineth yet."

Shall we sit down with folded hands to weep and mourn over the fate that leaves us, as we think, alone in the world,—a wreck on the shore of time?

A fine, strong ship sails fearlessly out upon a sea. Gentle zephyrs scarcely ruffle the blue waters. Her snow-white sails swell with the stiffening breeze, her streaming pennons fling back gaily her adieus to the shore, and over the foam-capped waves that murmur and sparkle and glitter about her, she bounds on toward the deep mid-ocean, reckless alike of shoals and quicksands. But the clouds pile themselves together anon; the lightning flashes, and the thunder rolls. The captain and crew are rudely waken from dreams of security by by the roar of the breakers, and in an instant they are fast upon the hidden rocks. Poor, proud ship, where now are the snowy wings and the bright blue streamers? Where now the sparkling waves, the soft west winds, and the sunny sky? Alas! all is blackness save the white foam of the breakers; an inky sky shuts out all sunlight; and for the music of shrouds and sails, rings out above the angry rage of the mad waters the death-cry of some agonized mariner as he sinks beneath the waves.

Will the night and storm last forever? will the morning never dawn? Wait! All in good time the faint gleam of daylight breaks over the scene; gradually the clouds roll back, and the blue sky peeps out; by and by the sunlight struggles through; the growling waves grow gentle again, and ere the noontide comes, the day is as brilliant and glorious as was the morning when the good ship left her port for the untried seas.

But the ship? ah, there she lies, shivering and splintered and draggled and torn; wounded and bleeding, upon the black rocks,—rocks laid bare now, in all their frightful ugliness, covered before by the rushing waters. Imagine the ship a human thing. Oh, had she but seen these huge stumbling-blocks before! True, maps and charts described them, gave them a name and station; but the poor, young, blind human ship could not believe that death and destruction lurked beneath so calm and beautiful a surface, and trustingly rushed on to destruction.

Shall it be destruction? There is something left,—the ship is not dead. By and by, as the tide flows back beneath it, it rises, despite its wounds, and feels itself once more afloat upon the sea of humanity. "Hush, hush," it says to its newly-awakened heart, "lie still and die. You have been killed,—murdered,—you *must* not revive,—you must *die*." But the quickening human pulse within rebels stoutly; "I am *not* dead," it says, "the blood still streams through my veins. I feel the waters bounding and throbbing beneath me; no, no! I cannot die! Life is yet within my grasp,—I *must* live,—*I will live!*" and the brave thing lifts once more its bruised head, to behold above it, day as beaming as ever, and before it the whole world of ocean, blue and bright as a summer morning, covered with fleets of snowy sails, floating hither and thither, to and from every land beneath the sun.

For a moment the shipwrecked thing wonders that it finds the world yet the same. For a moment she looks down at the ghastly rocks, and thinks of her poor, wounded side. But kindly hands have helped to heal the wound. Though the scars remain, it bleeds no longer; and the ship, though worn and roughened, and dimmed and battered, "lifts to the skies her stately head," and sails out once more upon the treacherous sea. Not proud, careless, and thoughtless, as in days long gone, but humble, earnest and watchful, with Faith for a figure-head, and Hope at the helm.

Is there nothing left then, for those whose dreams have been destroyed? Is there no balm in Gilead for ruined hopes, wasted years, misspent talents, and shattered faith? Must disappointment and sorrow and sin weigh us down forever?

No life is *wholly* wasted, while a moment of it remains. If the years that are gone have been squandered, and we know it, shall we sin still more wickedly by consciously squandering those that are left? Men are not oftenest wrecked upon the broad, bare, hideous rocks of wilful evil. Oh no! the blue waters roll gently and softly above many a hidden peak, and the young, the trusting, the unsuspecting, the brave, receive their first full consciousness of sin, when they feel their heads and souls pierced by the sharp, jagged points. It may be that

"The angel's slackened hand
Has suffered it, that you may rise
And take a firmer, surer stand;
Or trusting less to earthly things,
May henceforth learn to use your wings."

Shall the past bind us down then, for the rest of our lives? A thousand times no! Though every day of every year of our past life be darkened with a sin, there is yet a future. Whole floods of *tears* cannot wash out the past; sighs and groans and self-accusations will never destroy the records of wasted years. But there *is* a way in which the vilest may yet live. It is this, "*Do* with all your might whatsoever your hands find to do." If you get a dim and distant view of the *way* of life, never for one moment lose sight of it again. Be it ever so distant, ever so dim, follow the gleam steadily, and ere long it shall lead you into the strait and narrow path that opens into life eternal.

Dig a deep grave for the past; bury it in the dust; and for its monument build over it a platform, broad and strong, upon which you shall rear a tower and beacon-light of truthful, honest purposes, of love and charity to all mankind, of high-hearted, noble benevolence, of stern morality, of deep, sincere, earnest piety; piety that is *Christian* not because it bears the *name*, but because it partakes *truly* of the nature of Christ.

You shall be true to yourself;—you shall be diligent in all truth; working for humanity however humble; speaking the kindly word, stretching forth the helping hand; never ceasing to toil while the day lasts, and thus, *thus* shall the future atone for the past.

No man or woman is too poor, or too weak, or small, or sinful to put his hand to the plow. What if it be but little that you accomplish? It is something, and the whole broad earth is composed of little grains of sand. What if "society" will not countenance you? What if the "church" frown on you, and respectability turn towards you the cold shoulder? Listen thou to the still, small voice within, and whatsoever it bids, that do, though the whole world be arrayed against you.

"Society,"—and your single self. You have stained your *outer* garment, and the world beholds the spot. "Society's" *inner* garment, although the outside be fair,—is one huge mass of corruption. God sees both. You have resolved to sin no more, and are striving faithfully to wash out your stain. "Society" seeks to cover hers with purple and fine linen, that she may wallow still deeper. Let God be the judge between you.

Do you fear this shapeless mass of iniquity, that by the natural laws of decay must soon become as if it had never been?

But take courage. There are true-hearted men and pure-minded women scattered broadcast throughout the world; there are many of them, and their number is still increasing. You will not lack the sympathy of all good people; you will not lack the approval of an honest conscience; you will not lack the presence of that "spirit of truth which shall guide you unto all truth;" the comforter which God himself shall send unto you.

TWO VIEWS OF MARRIAGE.

Some weeks since we had occasion to express the following opinion on the subject of marriage:

"The truth is, that the existing marriage institution, or at least the prevalent marriage customs, are fearfully corrupt and false to man's higher nature. Where true marriage exists, alienation, desertion and crime are impossible."

This statement, so true to every reflecting man's observation, in the sense we intended it, we find in the late pamphlet of B. F. Hatch, M. D. (the immaculate husband of four wives), taken out of its proper connection, and ingeniously tortured into support of the following atrocious inference:

"In this view of the subject, all who in any way prove infidel to their marriage vows are perfectly justifiable, as the wrong itself becomes positive evidence that the parties are not 'truly married,' and consequently under no obligation to each other. In other words, this is a philosophy which proves to their minds that social corruption and conjugal infidelity is no wrong, but a fidelity to their higher nature."

None, it seems to us, but a mind of the grossest proclivities could deduce such a meaning from our language. There are two opposite views of marriage. One is, that it is a mere thing of convenience, fancy, selfish enjoyment, mercenary advantage, personal aggrandizement, or means to sensual indulgence. The other regards it as a sacrament, an instrumentality to high and holy ends, among which personal discipline and growth in goodness and spirituality are first and foremost. Those holding the latter view, and conscious of their own imperfections, are prepared to accept of trials, disappointments, sorrows and perplexities, as useful if not necessary instrumentalities to the desired end—their own purification; while they who entertain the former supposition esteem all these as evils, to be escaped if possible, at whatever cost.

It was the first of these views, and the prevalent customs and plans of life growing out of it, that we pronounced false to man's higher nature; and no argument is needed to prove that such marriages are the source of much impurity, misery and crime.

On the other hand, it is equally evident that where the dictates of the higher nature are obeyed in contracting a union, or in making the noblest use of it after it has been formed—no such results can follow. Each party will seek the other's good, and patiently bear all outward crosses for the sake of the inward crown.

Now, is this equivalent to holding that any parties, however incongruously *adjoined*, are under "no obligations to each other"? Every person is bound, not only by all just special obligations he or she may voluntarily assume, but also by the universal laws of right, purity and kindness in all relations. Or does it follow from this that "social corruption and conjugal infidelity is [are] no wrong"? Let candid readers judge; and let them also judge of the state of that mind which could so pervert the truth.

One of the Results.

The "Professor at the Breakfast-Table," in the *Atlantic* for May, while discoursing on the propriety of making religion a topic for common conversation, thus feelingly alludes to the great world of invisibles who encompass us about:

"Perhaps some think we ought not to talk at table about such things. I am not so sure of that. Religion and government appear to me the two great subjects which of all others should belong to the common talk of people who enjoy the blessings of freedom. Think, one moment. The earth is a great factory-wheel, which, at every revolution on its axis, receives fifty thousand raw souls and turns off nearly the same number worked up more or less completely. There must be somewhere a population of two hundred thousand million, perhaps ten or a hundred times as many, earth-born intelligences. *Life*, as we call it, is nothing but the edge of the boundless ocean of existence where it comes on soundings. In this view, I do not see anything so fit to talk about, or half so interesting, as that which relates to the innumerable majority of our fellow-creatures, the dead-living, who are hundreds of thousands to one of the live-living, and with whom we all potentially belong, though we have got tangled for the present in some parcels of fibrine, albumen, and phosphates, that keep us on the minority side of the house. In point of fact, it is one of the many results of *Spiritualism* to make the permanent destiny of the race a matter of common reflection and discourse, and a vehicle for the prevailing disbelief of the Middle-Age doctrines on the subject. I cannot help thinking, when I remember how many conversations my friend and myself have reported, that it would be very extraordinary, if there were no mention of that class of subjects which involves all that we have and all that we hope, not merely for ourselves, but for the dear people whom we love best,—noble men, pure and lovely women, ingenuous children,—about the destiny of nine-tenths of whom you know the opinions that would have been taught by those old man-roasting, woman-strangling dogmatists."

The Spirits at "Protracted Meetings."

Mr. Lyman C. Howe, of New Albion, N. Y., informs us that at "protracted meetings" held by the popular religious sects, near Napoli, in that vicinity, some very good mediums have been developed, through whom manifestations of the spirit have been made. One of the clergy says he "don't know what it is"—"don't know but it is like these Spiritualists"—"there is no religion in it any way!" "Sinners" pronounce it an exhibition of psychological or spirit-influence, and it has been the means of convincing many of the verity of spirit manifestations.

Our correspondent adds: "Ten years hence, I ween, 'Orthodoxy' will view 'protracted meetings' with as much distrust as it now does spiritual circles. Spiritualism is flourishing finely in these parts—even so that some intelligent Methodists, having become somewhat skeptical, seek it as affording evidence of immortality."

SPIRITUALISM AT THE OLD SOUTH PRAYER MEETING.—A few mornings since, at the daily prayer meeting at Old South Chapel, Boston, a young man, who represented himself as having fallen very low in vice, arose and declared his purpose to live a better life. The last words of his mother, and a recent vision of her in a dream, in connexion with the Globe Hall prayer meeting, had been the means of his awakening. His mother, when dying, called him to her bedside, and pointing up, said, "Meet me there." These words he could not forget, and not many weeks ago he had a dream, in which he saw his mother again, and heard her say, "Won't you come?" "Won't you come?" His remarks were extremely touching, and many were affected to tears by the recital of the great and sudden change wrought in his feelings and purposes.

Correspondence.

Notes by the Way.

NEW YORK, April 15th, 1859.

GENTLEMEN OF THE AGE:—It is ever pleasant for me to write of pleasant things—to talk of the angelic world—to revel in the unseen—to wander away into the land of summer dreams, and in its fair fields to pluck the fragrant flowers of peace and beauty—to listen to the sweet echoes of harmony that charm the soul into bliss; for this requires no sacrifice. If we as journalists, are true to ourselves and the cause of truth and justice, we shall often stir up the stagnant waters of conservatism; we shall often provoke and rouse the sleeping lion in the breast of some who would otherwise be our friends. You cannot touch the interests, the prejudices or the passions of a man, be they ever so good or bad, but you touch him. If the pick-pocket but relieve you of your purse in the street, and you turn upon him, he is your enemy. If a man defraud the community by false pretence, and you expose him in his nefarious work, he is aggrieved, and *piously* regrets that you should have been so *malicious* as to have attacked him when he has not done anything to *you*. The journalist who is true to himself and the interests of humanity must ever expect to have enemies, but should this deter him from a full and free expression of the truth and his honest opinions? For myself, I say *not*, for we have too many Judases who kiss the face and stab the back, who smile before you and curse behind you.

I own my weakness and my susceptibility. I am pleased with the smiling approbation of my reader and my listener. I love to court their kindly words far better than their blows; but I cannot do this always if am true to myself and the cause of progressive humanity. If I sun myself in their smiles, I must do so at the expense of more necessary and important labor. How can I hold my peace and not cry out against some of the great wrongs of the day? How can I walk amid the beautiful blossoms of Nature and see so many rank weeds choking out their life, and not strive with a strong hand to pull up some of them by the roots, though they *do* bleed? How can I in my daily walks (without being accessory to them) see so many evils preying upon the body politic, sowing the seeds of moral disease in the rich and fertile soil of manhood and womanhood, and not strike one blow at the root of the evil?

We have treated effects long enough, and it is high time that we found some matchless sanative potent enough to remove the cause.

There is a deadly poison rankling and festering in the human heart, making it sick and sore unto death. To remove this poison we want something stronger than mere honied words; we want a remedy that will rouse the dormant energies of man's moral nature, and to do this effectually will require something sharper than steel. It is not law we want, for we have too much of this already. What we do require is a strong healthy sentiment, and until we have such a *desideratum* little can be hoped. We want less prayer and more *do* meetings. We want more schools of science and less of theology. We want more moral teachers, and less misty preachers. We want good and true men to represent and govern the people. We must turn out the money-changers from the temple of our National liberties,—the demagogues, the seducers, the duellists, the gamblers, the kidnappers, ah, and the *murderers* too. We must purge the State, the Church, and the Press, and then we shall be on the true road to moral reform. Well I know that many of my readers will differ with me in opinion, and counsel soft words, quoting that stale adage, "Easy blows kill the Devil." This may be so, my friends; but if true, he has been a very long time in dying; therefore you will pardon me for this difference of thought, for I am no hypocrite and shall not attempt to disguise my real views. This letter, the previous portion of it, is intended more particularly as introductory to others that may follow.

If we turn our eyes down the rugged hillside of the past, we shall find that every step which has been gained in human progress has been achieved by hard-fought battles, both in the mental and physical field. Man's freedom thus far has been bought by sweat and by blood.

I know the time *will* come, and it even now brightens the dusky horizon of that morning whose sun shall never set, before all shall be attained through peace and love; but until that time shall have fully come, all true men and women must work and *fight* the hosts of opposition that stubbornly oppose the right.

With this introductory, permit me to turn over a leaf and talk of other matters—of

JUDGE EDMONDS'

second letter to the *Tribune* on Spiritualism,—which appeared in that paper on Tuesday morning, April the 12th. This letter is more particularly devoted to the various phases of "Mediumship." I hardly think the Judge's second letter is equal to his first effort for merit. It is not so strong and telling in its facts as might have been expected from the ample material, the experience and the high reputation of its talented author, who is generally acknowledged to possess a close analytical mind, capable of presenting almost any question with great clearness and force.

The present case is important in some of its aspects. One of the first reform journals of the age has in a very handsome manner opened its columns to the voice of Spiritualism through the mediumship of Judge Edmonds; and there are millions of Spiritualists who will look to him to make out a strong case in their behalf, when it is considered how ample is the material at hand.

What seems to me to be required, is—*First*, the personal experience of John W. Edmonds in the investigation of the so-called spirit phenomena. *Second*, the evidence of reliable persons in regard to what they have seen and heard *themselves*. What we want is, the evidence of *to-day* and not that of the last century. Give us *facts*, Judge and those that are not rusty with age.

MISS EMMA HARDINGE.

This very clever lady has filled the desk at Dodworth's the two past Sundays most acceptably, to fair and appreciative audiences. It was my pleasure to listen to her on both occasions as I have on many others, and I do not hesitate to give it as my humble opinion, that the quality of her lectures is decidedly superior to that of any other trance speaker I have ever heard. Miss Hardinge's strength lies in the domain of fact, instead of attempting to explain musty fables and retailing traditionary speculations. During her lecture last Sunday evening, she made a most capital and telling point by a simple recital of that oft-quoted passage, so much relied on by the church and anti-Spiritualists to demolish spiritual investigation: "And for this cause God shall send them strong delusion, that they should believe a lie; that they might all be damned who believed not the truth, but had pleasure in unrighteousness." The peculiar emphasis with which she gave the words, without comment, made a most decided hit, as the theatrical critics would say. It was very evident her hearers were not of that class who believed in the pious slander that the Divine Father ever resorts to lies and delusions to deceive his children;—it is too monstrous to contemplate for a single moment. Miss Hardinge is to speak with us two weeks more.

MRS. AMANDA M. SPENCE

has been giving a course of lectures the past two weeks at Clinton Hall to increasing audiences, and will conclude her labors here next week.

Mrs. Hatch still continues her meetings every Wednesday evening, and as a general thing they are well attended.

DODWORTH'S.

A new committee has been chosen to conduct the meetings for the coming year at the the above hall; the chairman of which, Mr. A. E. Laing, is a very liberal and intelligent gentleman, well qualified for the position which he has assumed; and if the rest of the committee work with the same spirit and energy that he manifests, there will be no fear as to their success. The attempt is being made to raise sufficient funds by subscription to have the meetings free in future. The intention is very benevolent and praiseworthy; but it is the opinion of your correspondent, based on actual experience in the conduct of spiritual meetings, that they cannot be sustained, at least for the present, by free contributions; nor is it desirable, for there are several weighty objections to free meetings. In the first place this is a country where there "is nothing to be had for nothing." Second, there is no good reason why one man should pay for the privileges enjoyed by a dozen men. Third, man's salvation does not depend upon his belief in Spiritualism. Fourth, free meetings attract a class of persons "who only drop in for a moment" and then out again, to the infinite annoyance and disturbance of the whole audience. Fifth, the doors of a spiritual meeting have never been closed to those unable to pay. And lastly, those who are too poor to pay and too proud to ask for free admission had better stay away. As you are well aware, the great sup-

cess of the Boston meetings has been owing chiefly to the fact that they were an individual enterprise and self-supporting.

THE WASHINGTON MURDER.

The Sickly (Sickles) trial still continues to unfold its slimy coils, bidding fair to be one of the most important and, it is to be hoped, salutary revelations of the present day. It presents to the public mind the true state of what is called refined and Christian society—of those people who turn up their dignified noses and cry loudly against *free love* and Spiritualism, while they themselves are indulging in *free lust*. Sarcasm aside, the present affair shows to the scoffers at Spiritualism, that a mere belief in any system of religion does not necessarily make a man better or worse.

The arguments of the learned counsel have done more than the whole thirty thousand clergymen of the United States could have accomplished in ten years' preaching, to show how little value is to be placed upon *certain* authority. Mr. John Graham, a criminal lawyer of New York, whose business it is to show that white is black and black is white, taking his cue from his reverend brethren, has been playing upon that "harp of a thousand strings," making it very plain to himself, at least, that the Bible commands every man to kill the adulterer—sanctions the murder,—therefore he asks that his client should be acquitted.

One of the most interesting features of this trial, is the various opinions and remarks of the press expressed upon it,—one sustaining, while another condemns the murder in equally strong terms. The New York *Herald*, always on the wrong side of everything right, espouses the cause of Sickles, and seems to be fully committed to the support and vindication of the murderer. In its issue of last Monday it contains one of the richest and coolest despatches from Washington that I have yet seen: I make two extracts from it to show you how deliberately the game is played:

"The Sickles trial has reached its crisis. It is the wish of defendant to spare the character of Key, for his children's sake, so far as is compatible with the provocation he is obliged to prove. Beyond this it is not the desire of Mr. Sickles to go; but if the prosecution, from hostile motives, are determined to assail the antecedents of Mr. Sickles, he will respond to them by unfolding a budget of licentiousness that will astonish the community, and carry desolation to many firesides.

Conclusive evidence is prepared to establish against Key a series of libidinous acts for the last two years and upwards that will bring shame on all in any way connected with him. Let it be hoped, for the sake of the parties, as well as for public decency, that the prosecution will pause and reflect before it is too late.

Mr. Sickles declares that the allegations of the prosecution against his early life are unfounded, and no more than so many idle threats to deter him from exposing the sensuality of Key. He is willing, for reasons stated, to show forbearance, but it is for the prosecution to decide."

The immaculate Mr. Sickles, having murdered the father, and made orphans of his children, "wishes to spare the character" of the dead parent and them from any further infliction. Considerate Mr. Sickles! you deserve the sympathy of the *twenty* ladies of Washington and the thanks of the Humane Society.

Mr. Sickles further admonishes the prosecution and the court, to be exceedingly careful how they handle his "antecedents," as he is *very* tender on that particular point, and if they do not heed the hint, he will show that Mr. Key has had the run of half the first families in Washington; at least that is the insinuation of Mr. Sickles, the "*public benefactor*."

"A striking demonstration of female sentiment here, took place last night, when George Sickles, father of the prisoner, was surprised by a visit at his hotel of some twenty ladies, who came in a body to express their sympathy for his son, and to say that if he thought it would give any comfort to the accused they would daily present themselves, with many more, at the Court House. The person at the head of the deputation was a venerable woman of some three score years, and she used the strongest expressions of commiseration for the prisoner. "We demand his discharge," she said, in behalf of our sex. Let him be convicted, and the libertine obtains new license. Let him be vindicated, and virtue acquires new guarantee."

These ladies (?) must be a set of officious, meddling women, who are determined by their weak heads to make themselves supremely ridiculous and become the laughing-stock of the public. Their virtue must be exceedingly *easy*, that it requires the services and the acquittal of a murderer to protect it. Every true and virtuous woman in the land will be ashamed of these twenty libels on their sex. How many of these *women* will go to Albany and at the feet of Governor Morgan pray for a commutation of the sentence of the murderess, Mary Harting, to save her neck from the hangman's hands? Not one, I venture to say. I wonder if the ancient leader of this score of *brave* women is afraid of her virtue at sixty.

"*We demand his discharge.*" Hah, ha, hah, ha! Excuse my levity and irreverence, Messrs. Editors, for these indignant matrons excite my mirth. Where is Barnum? He should engage these twenty women for a rare show, who demand the discharge of a murderer before the jury have given their verdict. I for one will give a dollar to see them, and another to see their henpecked husbands.

Ever thine, W. R. H.

Words from the West.

ANN ARBOR, MICH., April 16.

A. E. NEWTON:—MY FRIEND;—I suppose you and your readers like to know how free thought, spiritual life, and reform, prosper in this part of the broad western field—in this pleasant peninsula, well nigh encircled by the blue waters of three great lakes and their connecting river. If I should say, in evangelical phrase, "the Lord's vineyard," I suppose pious souls would be moved to indignation at such miserable perversion of good words; since in their eyes we are in charge of another and quite different personage.

But let that pass, since we have the best of it, *and feel better than they do.*

On the Michigan Southern Rail Road, at Coldwater, a thriving county town, is Mr. Willis, whose "ghostly performances" so moved the combined wrath of science and religion among certain grave men at Cambridge as to expel him from those classic halls, and shut out from his poor soul such light of learning and piety as is found there. He seems to thrive well in the "outer darkness," and, I learn, speaks fortnightly to a good audience of Spiritualists and liberal people in a pleasant hall.

Sometimes, you know, what is meant as a crushing blow from a bigot has a quite contrary effect, raising up and strengthening where it was meant to annihilate. I think certain learned professors would be as much astonished, could they see Mr. Willis's congregation, and hear his words of life, as that noted pugilist Heenan *could be* after giving an adversary in the ring one of those left-handed "side-winders" for which he is famous, on seeing the recipient of the blow walk smiling away with renewed spirits as though he had taken a strengthening cordial.

At Sturgis, twenty miles west, the four churches were closed, that free speech might be smitten down. Whereat certain thorough men and women set to work and have put up a building larger than any in the place, which is soon to be finished and dedicated—to Humanity. At Burr Oak, Elkhart, Ind., South Bend and Laporte, good audiences come out to hear persons of fair capacity and liberal sentiments. At Adrian, even in the awful presence of Prof. Mahan, the same is true. At Battle Creek, on the Central Road, for two years past J. M. Peebles, who graduated from a Universalist pulpit *up* to a free platform, has spoken fortnightly in a large hall to good audiences. He is a sort of self-constituted Bishop—*minus* the arrogance and *plus* the democracy of said dignitaries. He goes to some dozen places in the vicinity—Union City and Leonidas, &c., at stated times, and talks with people as a man talking and giving counsel with other men.

At Albion Mr. Whiting is speaking for three months, and visiting other places, Jackson, &c., with success.

I am here for a year and speak once each Sunday, so far with good audiences, on such subjects as I choose, with occasional meetings for mutual expression of thought. In the week visiting towns round about. Have just been to Flint and Pontiac with good audiences, and have frequent calls to villages and country districts. In the Grand River region, northward at Lyons and Ionia Mrs. Kurts is speaking, it is said, with much interest. At Grand Rapids, Lowell and other places Spiritualism is gaining. I trust and believe that fearless and humane and wise reforms are gaining as the result of this; that slavery, and war, and intemperance, and the degradation and belittling of woman, are being more thought of and more condemned, in the light of a higher reverence for humanity, as taught by faith in progress here and hereafter; that men and women are more disposed to meet and conquer the great wrongs of our day.

True there are proofs of human frailty and error among those seeking, or at least claiming, to be reformers. I have heard of two cases where man and woman have left husband, wife, young children, and gone away with some "affinity." At the same time sundry clergymen and church members have done the same thing. Published widely and condemned without measure on one side; hushed up tenderly on the other. Wrong on both, so far as I can learn.

True, you find occasionally an advocate of "free love" in the unnatural, and therefore evil sense of the term, who will talk of "variety in affection," "freedom of affection," "right of woman to maternity,"—covering up under smooth phrase meanness and vulgarity. But such are rare, and, I trust, will be exposed and sifted by keen criticism, and bold, strong, yet kindly speech—the only "*excommunication*" needed.

Thus you see what is going on here. This is of course but an outline. In many a town and village are those, eager to hear some ideas above the dry husks on which the pulpit has so long fed them; deeply desirous to find a more practical religion than that of the church which is ever preaching "Christ and Him crucified," and ever neglecting the "weightier matters of the law"—even justice and mercy for the enslaved, the ignorant, the degraded now among us. I intended this Spring to visit my native New England, and see again that beautiful valley of the Connecticut; the "Sentinel Mountains" of the Holyoke range looking down on the winding river and green rich meadows; and good old Boston—all familiar to me in childhood and youth. But, just at present my place is here. That pleasure must be anticipated.

Yours truly, G. B. STEBBINS.

P. S. I need hardly tell that your occasional correspondent from Ypsilanti, E. Samson, is still active, and a few others are with him efficiently. I go there once in a few weeks. G. B. S.

MIDDLE GRANVILLE, N. Y.—We learn from a correspondent that a lady of this place has generously made a gift of a lot of land on which is to be erected a building for Spiritualist meetings. Sufficient funds have already been raised for the purpose. This movement like many others of the kind, grew out of the intolerance of the churches refusing to open their doors to liberal speakers.

Boston and Vicinity.

Emerson on Manners.

The fifth lecture of Emerson's course was on Manners—"not the How? but the What?" Manners may be defined "the happy way of doing things." They form the varnish with which all routine is washed and adorned. It is vain to talk of abilities; it is manners which associate us and give us position. Manners get people out of their animal state, clean and clothe them, and make them get rid of their spite and meanness. Manner is power.

Manners are very communicable; men catch them as they catch diseases. They are often factitious, and grow out of circumstances as well as out of character.

The best index of manners is the eye. There is no nicety of thought that the eyes do not betray. See how they play their part in conversation. They speak all languages; they ask no introductior, but look through and through you. The angels which inhabit this human form show themselves at the doors; and the gnomes and demons also. The eyes converse in their language as much as the tongue. Often the eyes say one thing and the tongue another; and the practised man trusts the former. Some eyes have no more expression than blueberries; others are so deep you might fall into them. Some eyes threaten like a loaded and levelled pistol; others are as insulting as hissing or kicking.

The power of the eyes to charm down insanity, or ferocity in beasts, must come from the strong will. The reason why men do not obey us is because they see the mud in the bottom of our eyes.

The other features, and the gait or walk were commented on by the lecturer, as betraying the man, but he considered them inferior to the eye in this respect.

Manners require time; nothing is so inelegant as hurry. Friendship requires more time than busy men can command. Here is one of the busy man's love letters: "See you at 7 o'clock. I have nothing in particular to say, thank God."

The best manners are the sallies of a spirit which is sufficient for the moment. A person of original power secures immunity from all those forms which are imposed on others. He is a law unto himself. His style is the result of intuition, as it were, and its effects are so instantaneous that we have no time to criticise the process of its working.—The great man cannot help his power, any more than the flower can help its fragrance.

The art of hiding uncomfortable feelings is an important one. The speaker related an anecdote of an Arab whose son was killed by accident while the father was entertaining some friends. The unhappy event was kept a secret from the company, as it would spoil the pleasure of their entertainment. The following morning the accident was made known to them.

Fine manners often give a similar impression with personal beauty. They scatter joy on every hand. An old man once said to the speaker, "When you enter the room I study how I can make humanity beautiful to you."

Manners are not to be directly cultivated;—that is frivolous; leave it to children. We must look at the mark, not at the arrow.

The Melodeon Meetings.

On Sunday afternoon Miss Susan Johnson spoke at the Melodeon on the subject of "Natural and Scientific Religion." Science, she affirmed, is the father and mother of practical religion. With her incontrovertible finger Science has pointed out the truths of Nature, and given the lie to false theology. Theology has its gods, idols, authorities and standards; and so long as you bow down to these you are slaves. But when you lie, as it were, like children on the lap of Nature we are led into all beauties and truths. So soon as you receive any standard as absolute, you have fettered yourself. There is no safety for the best interests of the soul except in the broadest liberty; and this liberty is forfeited just so far as men silence their intuitions, or close up a single avenue of thought or action. On all the pages of Nature is written the word progress; and it is as plainly engraved on the religious nature of man. Religious truths like all others are perceived by man gradually, and he should therefore be at liberty to reject any prevailing idea the moment he sees it to be wrong.

Religion is being modified and reconstructed to meet the increasing light which scientific Spiritualism is bringing forward. Theology relies on a dead past, and fortifies itself with traditionary authority aided by the imagination; while Spiritualism brings the facts of the living *now* to her support. True Spiritualists are not contending for any *ism*, but are advocates of God's freedom and Nature's truth for the soul.

It is brought as an objection against Spiritualism that it contains contradictions; its believers do not agree. But herein lies its safety, in that it has no absolute standard, and consequently allows and requires each individual to see and judge for himself. There must therefore be differences;—the idea of a fixed and absolute position in religion that does not admit of question, contradiction, or of higher advancement is a myth. The God of to-day is demonstrated, practical TRUTH.

ANOTHER CLERICAL CONFESSOR.—Rev. H. A. Eaton, of Waltham, preached a farewell discourse to his congregation on Sunday last, taking for his subject "The Ministration of Angels." He presented the Bible evidences in favor of the belief that departed spirits communicate with men, referring to one hundred and thirty-nine different passages of Scripture supporting this belief. He said he was proud to own himself a Spiritualist; and he was convinced that the very foundations of the church must be based on this doctrine, or it could not stand. Our readers may expect a more full synopsis of this discourse in our next paper.

LAST MEETING AT THE MELODEON.—On Sunday next, the last lectures of the present course in the Melodeon will be given—the hall being about to be rebuilt. The desk on that occasion will be occupied by that veteran of the pulpit and the rostrum, Rev. JOHN PIERPONT.—We hope to see a full house.

PERSONAL.—Letters have been received from Dr. H. F. Gardner announcing his arrival in London, in good health. He speaks in encouraging terms of the progress of Spiritualism in the Old World since his former visit.

BOSTON CONFERENCE.—The following question is now under discussion in this body:—Will associative or co-operative Industry and Commerce remedy the evils of our present Society?

A SUCCESSFUL HEALER.—We are informed that Mr. Wm. Nutter, of 105 Pleasant Street, Boston, whose card appears in our advertising columns, has remarkable success as a clairvoyant physician, in detecting disease, and removing it by the laying on of hands. Until recently, we believe Mr. N. has been a mechanic; but having, after an interesting experience, found himself the possessor of various spiritual gifts, has been induced to employ these for the benefit of the suffering. He is modest and retiring, and not disposed to make exorbitant charges for his services. Those seeking medical aid may find their advantage in giving him a trial.

New York and Vicinity.

Conference at the Lyceum, Clinton Hall, Astor Place,

FRIDAY EVENING, April 15th.

Question: What is the spiritual theory of crime and punishment?

Dr. GOULD: If we are to judge of crime, we must look beyond its effects as seen in judicial calendars and prisons. If ignorance is to be taken as its cause, all punishments are wrong, and we have nothing but confusion and anarchy before us. All landmarks and systems of morals and education should be abolished. A part of our modern Spiritualists have a fashion of combining their infidel notions with certain sayings of Jesus, and making out of them a sort of linsey-woolsey gospel. The basis of our civil laws is not revenge. In theory they are established to dispense justice and prevent crime. Penalties that are the most efficient in the diminution of crime, are the true ones. Jesus himself, notwithstanding his injunction to resist not evil, teaches the doctrine of punishments: as in the expression, Generation of vipers, how can ye escape the damnation of hell? Such language is never employed by a teacher in the training of ignorant pupils. He called on Dr. Hallock to reconcile this language with his assertion that Jesus occupied the same ground as his own.

Dr. ORTON: While Drs. Gould and Hallock are settling the language of certain texts of Scripture, he would call the attention of the Conference to another subject. He apprehended that the Conference was suffering by reason of a notion which has gone abroad, that certain of it numbers are disposed to sneer at physical manifestations, especially such as are novel and extraordinary. Phenomena of a wonderful character, as he was informed, are occurring about us, which are not reported here for the reason he had just named. He referred particularly to manifestations through Mr. Ruggles; and as Mr. Weston was present, he hoped he would come forward, irrespective of the manner in which his testimony might be received, and place what he believed to be facts before the public.

Mr. WESTON, it was announced, had left the hall.

Dr. ORTON: The more remarkable of the manifestations to which he had referred, had been vouched for to him by Mr. Ruggles, Mr. Weston, and two other credible witnesses who were knowing to more or less of the circumstances, so that they are entitled to be considered as resting on as good evidence as we have to sustain the majority of the phenomena which we have accepted as true. If false, the calling attention to them will be likely to aid in their exposure. A gentleman of Toronto, Canada, holding an office under government, visited this city not long since, as is alleged, and while here had several interviews with Mr. Ruggles. This Canadian, Mr. D., it appears, was in the Crimean war, and lost a brother at the siege of Sevastopol by a cannon ball. While communicating with what purported to be the spirit of his brother, suddenly a cannon ball came through the chamber window and struck against the plastered wall, with such force as to leave a deep indentation upon it. Mr. D. took up the ball, hefted it, and endeavored to cut it with his knife. He judged its weight to be eight pounds. This was declared by the spirit to be the identical ball which had destroyed his life. Mr. D. begged that he might keep it, but the request was refused and it was taken away. Subsequently at his urgent solicitation, it was returned for a brief period. Two grape shot of copper or brass, such as were thrown at Sevastopol, were also brought into the room. But none of them was Mr. D. allowed to retain. These occurrences happened by daylight. Mr. D. returned to Toronto, and soon after a heavy gold seal ring was brought to Mr. Ruggles by an invisible agency, purporting to be a ring belonging to Mr. D. A gentleman not connected with Mr. Ruggles, wrote Mr. D., who replied that his seal ring had mysteriously disappeared, and he sent an impression of it. This corresponds exactly with that of the ring now in Ruggles' possession. Different from the notice taken of such occurrences in the United States, these extraordinary circumstances, on being placed before a high dignitary under the Queen, so deeply impressed him, that he has invited Mr. Ruggles to visit him at Toronto.

Dr. HALLOCK: The dancing hats had been sneered at, but he considered them a valuable phenomenon. It would help teach us to educate our senses, and to rely on them in preference to the unbelief or *ipse dixit* of anybody. He had a very respectable opinion of his own senses, and would not give them up for anybody's say so. He had chased various falsehoods connected with those hats, home, and there nailed them; and expected to more. Dr. Gould pits Jesus against himself. He had referred to the sayings of Jesus, not because Jesus said them, but because he recognized them as true. Whatever Jesus said that is true, will stand. So also of the sayings of the apostles, and the phenomenon of the hats. He judged all by the same standard, God's word being in the thing, and man's statement in the book. He had gone back to the old records because many prefer salted provisions to fresh. He found truth there and took it as he would anywhere else. The truths taught by Jesus are of the most revolutionary character. They cut the salary from the sheriff, and dissolve the judiciary at a blow. Look at the directions for worship. On coming to the altar, stop and think, whether your brother has aught against you. God can wait. Go first and be reconciled to your brother. Wm. Penn acted on this doctrine, the Pilgrim Fathers on the other. Look at their struggles with the Indians. Penn shed no blood and built his state in peace. It stands an eternal monument of the radical doctrine of Jesus. A man thus clad, will go anywhere, where the Pilgrim Fathers though covered all over with the Scriptures, dared not go. His own grandfather was a Quaker on Long Island. He and several of his neighbors used to cut hay on the salt meadows in common. One of them bore him ill-will. One day on his way home with a load, just as a storm was coming on, he came across this neighbor, in misfortune. His load was on the ground. His grandfather without reference to their difficulty, stopped and pitched it up for him. That ended the trouble between them. In the language of the neighbor, "Old James Hallock had killed him." Jesus teaches that we are to forgive each other seventy and seven times; that is, always. The basis of all wrong is ignorance. Education will remove it. The criminal may be a learned man in mathematics and chemistry, but understand nothing of the moral bearings of his own conduct. This is where he needs to be enlightened.

Dr. ORTON: It is not necessary that we understand all the consequences that may flow from our acts, to render us responsible for them. The question properly is, do we come up to our own sense of right?—do we act as well as we know how? This we confessedly do not, and hence our criminality. We sacrifice the future to the present. We take its risks, even its certainties of punishment, for the sake of present gratification. Men drink, though they may know it will be followed by a headache; and get drunk, though they know they are destroying health, happiness and respectability. The inebriate will tell you, "I am ruining my family and myself. I expect to fill a drunkard's grave in less than a year;" and possibly he may add, "suffer untold misery in the next life, as the reward of my conduct." Here the difficulty does not seem to be a lack of the knowledge of consequences. He appreciates them keenly. Why then does he not reform? Simply because his appetites are perverted—not undeveloped, but misdeveloped—and urge him on with a force scarcely to be resisted, in opposition to both his knowledge and moral sense. If education is to reform this, it must pass beyond knowledge, and be directed with kindly influences to the training and correction of the perverted appetites.

Mr. BRISBANE: This question needs to be treated with abundant time and preparation, which he lacked. A gentleman gets drunk and can not help it. If we study into the causes we shall see, that when a man is endowed with any ruling passion—and by that he meant the motive power implanted by Deity to make him act—he will bend every thing to its gratification. This ruling force in man he can not resist.—The intellect is only the servant of this propelling power. Drunkenness is inverted ideality. The man's intellect says, look at consequences—health, family, position in society, all ruined. He sheds tears, begs pardon, and promises amendment. Is he responsible? He believed he was in a modified degree; and he is and must be punished. Still we cannot successfully oppose these impulses. But we may obey them harmoniously. In actual life we are obeying them in fragments, in inversions and perversions. All our evils are the result of the perversions, undevelopments and misdevelopments of mankind. Now what is crime?—Bigamy with us is a crime, but it is not so in Turkey or China. We are living in an imperfect condition of society. Correct this and we correct the evils. Much is depending on false organizations.—Society will have its way. Let the barbarians go on and hang and gibbet, and stick human heads on poles in the street to rot in the sun, as he had seen in Turkey and Greece, but let the reformer labor and wait. His day is to come. Give the man the great music and the great art, and he will not get drunk. His drunkenness is a plunge into hell in the effort to get a glimpse of heaven. Restless and unsatisfied in his cravings, he drowns the recollection of his condition, if he fails to grasp his object. So do not blame the criminal too severely, but judge him in kindness. J. R. O.

NEW YORK CONFERANCE.—The time of holding the New York Conference is changed from Friday to Tuesday evenings. The same room at Clinton Hall, Astor Place, will be occupied for the coming year.—The change of time has been made to accommodate the press. O.

Compend of Facts.

Tests of Identity.

"And he said unto him, [Abraham unto Dives] If they [the brothers of Dives] hear not Moses and the prophets, neither will they be persuaded, though one rose from the dead."—*Luke* 16: 31.

In consequence of this declaration, I have but little hope that the skeptical of this world will believe the narration I am about to give. I am naturally skeptical myself, and have pursued the practice of the Law for twenty-five years, which is calculated to confirm any skeptical mind in its prejudices, for our motto is to *doubt until it is proved.* Thus you will perceive the position I occupied relative to my investigation of Spiritualism (as it is called). I considered myself sharp in the detection of fraud;—so also with my brother, who is also a lawyer of some distinction.

We were attracted to Spring Garden Hall to listen to a lecture by Judge Edmonds, whom I knew to be one of the most learned jurists of the age. After having listened to his discourse we walked home, down the avenue, within hearing of a conversation between one Mr. Davenport and a friend, which we thought was intended for us to hear. In consequence of having heard this conversation on the subject of spirit manifestations, we were invited to attend a circle at Mr. Davenport's on the following Monday evening, which we did. On being requested to be seated at the small table, we took places opposite each other, the better to detect the imposition as we conceived; our theory being that those gentlemen sitting opposite each other could not by having their hands on the top of the table tip or tilt it between us.

After having been seated a short time, say ten minutes, Mr. D. asked if there was a spirit present that desired to communicate with "this gentleman," referring to me. On the instant the table moved from me directly against the breast of my brother with some force. This astonished me, for I did not push it, and he could not have pulled it by the force of his fingers upon the table, nor could those other friends have moved it thus. If they had made the effort necessary for that purpose their hands would have moved upon the table top, without moving the feet upon the floor, as we conceived and as we still believe would have been the case. Directly after this the inquiry was put by by Mr. D., "Is there a spirit present that desires to communicate with the other gentleman?" referring to my brother Joseph, who is now practicing law in the city of New York. There was a response of three distinct raps. Mr. D. then observed that this was the first time there had ever appeared a rapping spirit in his house to his knowledge. My brother was now put in communication with that spirit which indicated its identity by spelling by the alphabet in the usual manner, *John Q. Dickerson*, who declared that he had a son in San Francisco, Cal., No. — —— street; the number and street I have forgotten.

Brother wrote to California according to the directions of the spirit. Some time afterwards he received an answer corresponding with the statements made to him by that spirit. We tested all the communications so made, and found them all correct in substance. The result has been, instead of exposing the humbug as we intended, we both became convinced of the real presence of disembodied spirits.

There is another fact I consider remarkable. My wife for some years previous to her death refused to speak to my brother Joseph; and although the spirit of my daughter Adelaide did communicate with me and declared that the spirit of her mother was present, whom I had a great desire to commuicate with, upon being asked if she would hold communication with me *refused*.

Some three or four days after this interview, I found a letter on my office table; the superscription I recognized as her handwriting. I opened it and read thus:

"Dear Will: (which she always called me in life)—The reason I refused to communicate with you on the 26th inst., was that your brother Joseph was present. SARAH W. DICKERSON."

This 26th inst. was the very evening we were there; and I showed this letter to most of the family and some friends, all of whom recognized it as her handwriting. I at once instituted the inquiry as to where the letter came from, and how it found its way to my office table. My brother Lewis brought it from brother Joseph's, Sixth St., above Walnut, where it was sent by the daughter of Mr. Davenport, who is a young lady about fourteen years old, a writing medium. These facts left no doubt on my mind as to the truth of Spiritualism. But I have had many other experiences quite as convincing as these facts, until there is not one doubt left upon my mind. I would as soon doubt the existence of God himself as that of his ministering spirits.

I remain yours truly WM. R. DICKERSON.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE AGE. 217 S. 9th St., Philadelphia.

The Gift of Tongues.

Nothing is farther off from the christian expectation of our New England communities, than the gift of tongues. So distant is their practical habit from any belief in the possible occurrence, that not even the question occurs to their thought. And yet, a very near christian friend, intelligent in the highest degree, and perfectly reliable to me as my right hand, who was present at a rather private, social gathering of christian disciples, assembled to converse and pray together, as in reference to some of the higher possibilities of christian sanctification, relates that after one of the brethren had been speaking, in a strain of discouraging self-accusation, another present shortly rose, with a strangely beaming look, and, fixing his eye on the confessing brother, broke out in a discourse of sounds, wholly unintelligible, though apparently a true language, accompanying the utterances with a very strange and peculiarly impressive gesture, such as he never made at any other time; coming finally to a kind of pause, and commencing again, as if at the same point, to go over in English, with exactly the same gestures what had just been said. It appeared to be an interpretation, and the matter of it was, a beautifully emphatic utterance of the great principle of self-renunciation, by which the desired victory over self is to be obtained. There had been no conversation respecting gifts of any kind, and no reference to their possibility. The instinct of prudence threw them on observing a general silence, and it is a curious fact that the public in H——— have never, to this hour, been startled by so much as a rumor of the gift of tongues, neither has the name of the speaker been associated with so much as a surmise of the real or supposed fact, by which he would be, perhaps, unenviably distinguished. It has been a great trial to him, it is said, to submit himself to this demonstration; which has recurred several times.—*Dr. Bushnell's Nature and the Supernatural.*

Various Items.

.....Dr. Edward Beecher, author of "The Conflict of Ages," is about to publish a work entitled "The Concord of Ages."

.....Some years ago, Dr. Webb, a well known physician in Windham, Conn., committed suicide by hanging himself in the stable where he kept his horse. He was succeeded in practice by Dr. Litchfield, who kept his horse in the same place, and once remarked to a friend, "I seem to see him hanging there every time I go into the barn." A short time afterwards Dr. L. hung himself in the same place. These are two cases out of the dozen suicides within as many years in the town of Windham.

..... The story that twenty ladies called on Mr. Sickles, father of the prisoner, and offered their condolence and sympathy, with the suggestion that if desired, they would present themselves in Court daily, has dwindled down to the fact that three ladies, temporary residents in Washington, called on Mr. Sickles, Sr., and made the above offer. One of them was from Tampico, one from Philadelphia, and the third is the principal of a female seminary near Boston. For the credit of the sex, we are glad that no more than three were concerned in this unwomanly proceeding.

..... Many of the old school clergymen have had a habit of spicing their prayers, especially at funerals, with bits of local and personal history, addressing them nominally to the Lord, who is not supposed to be wanting in all desirable knowledge, but really to the younger generations and strangers of the audience. Old Dr. Bently of Salem had his invariable historical passage in each funeral prayer; and on one occasion it was as follows:—

"O God! the man who with his own hand felled the trees, and hewed the timber, and erected the frame of the house in which we now are, was grandfather of the man whose funeral obsequies we have met to-day to perform."

THE SPIRITUAL AGE.

BOSTON, NEW YORK AND CHICAGO, APRIL 30, 1859.

LETTERS RECEIVED.—H H Waldo, A C Stiles, E. A. Graves, D. Johnson, O Franch, M A French, J Morris, P Blount, A A Griswold, L C Howe, G B Stebbins, S. W. Pease & Co., B Smith, S. E. Chellis, T Adams, L Bigelow, 2d, H Butterfield, O W Jenks, W R Hayden, W Henderson, E W Knight, M Helen, J C Bates, A F Randall, G H Sargent, C H Latham, R B Lawrence, L Humphey, G Barnard, C Brown, H M Burdick, A Pratt, B Jones, Mc Nally & Co., P Standage, A B Flint, J Holly, S H Gilmore, C Hoofent, S C Howe, K Wingfield, J A Hough, W S Gay, L L Wheeler, S Bates, I F Barry, A Hitchings, E Woodworth.

SPECIAL AND PERSONAL.

PRIVATE COURSE OF INSTRUCTION

In Vital Electricity, Electro-Physiology, Animal Magnetism, Psychology, Mental Telegraphing, Etc.

The rapid progress of Spiritualism in this country has awakened a wide-spread and constantly increasing interest in those sciences which are founded on an observation of the phenomena and laws of the Imponderable Agents, and especially on their Relations to Vital Motion, to Sensation and to Thought, as well as to the several physiological and psychological changes they are capable of producing, illustrations of which are daily occurring in the ever-varying conditions and aspects of Human Nature.

In the judgment of the undersigned the present time calls for *A Course of Familiar Instruction* in which the important facts and essential principles involved in the subjects referred to may be properly classified, and so explained as to render them familiar to the common mind. Thus we may render our knowledge useful by such a practical application of the same as shall preserve the physical, mental and moral harmony of the individual.

To this end the undersigned will organize and instruct *Private Classes* wherever his services may be engaged for this purpose.

The course of private instruction will comprehend the Relations of Vital Electricity to the Organic Functions; Philosophy of Health and Disease; how to distinguish, by the observation of External Signs, the Positive and Negative forms of Disease; *how the mind may renovate or destroy the body;* how to apply this power to the treatment of the sick; how to resist frost and the atmospheric changes; how to guard against Contagion; how to relieve pain and remove Disease by equalising the Nervous Forces and the Arterial Circulation, without waiting for the slow process, and the doubtful results of the ordinary methods; the scientific application of Electricity and Magnetism as Remedial Agents; influence of physical, mental and moral states on organic formation and character; the *modus operandi* whereby the senses of one person may be controlled by another; the process of inducing the Magnetic Sleep and the Clairvoyant Vision; how to perform all the so-called Psychological Experiments, including Mental Telegraphing at a distance, &c. &c.

Address S. B. BRITTAN, New York City, or Newark, N. J.

L. JUDD PARDEE speaks in Fitchburg the first two Sundays in May. He may be addressed at the Fountain House, Boston.

G. B. STEBBINS speaks on Sundays through the year at Ann Arbor, Mich.; and will answer calls to lecture in that vicinity in the week.

N. FRANK WHITE can be addressed until the middle of May at Beloit, Wis.; he will lecture through the month of June at St. Louis; from there to Cincinnati, then east. Any calls for week evenings can be addressed to him there; calls east of Cincinnati should be addressed him at St. Louis to give time for the appointments.

LORING MOODY will lecture as follows—Natick on Sunday, May 1; South Natick Monday and Tuesday, 2d and 3d; Medfield, Thursday and Friday, 5th and 6th; Walpole, Sunday, 8th; Franklin, Tuesday and Wednesday, 10th and 11th; South Franklin, Thursday and Friday, 12th and 13th; Blackstone, Sunday, 15th; Millville, Tuesday and Wednesday, 17th and 18th; Mendon, Thursday and Friday, 19th and 20th; Milford, Sunday, 22d. He will act as agent for the AGE and BANNER.

MRS. M. MACOMBER, impressional speaker, will receive calls to lecture. Address at Olneyville, R. I. 17—3m*

Mrs. M. speaks at Fitchburg April 24th; Hartford, Ct., May 1st and 8th; Putnam May 22d and 29th.

MRS. FANNIE BURBANK FELTON will lecture in Baltimore, Md., the five Sundays o May. Friends in the vicinity of Baltimore wishing to engage her services for week evenings, during her stay in that place, will address Willard Barnes Felton, Box 944, Baltimore, Md.

MISS A. W. SPRAGUE speaks at Portland, Me., the first four Sundays in May. Her address through the month of June will be Plymouth, Vt; through July and August she will speak at Oswego, N. Y.

MRS. C. M. TUTTLE speaks in Hartford, Ct., the last two Sabbaths in April; May 1st in Somerville; 8th and 15th in Bridgeport. After this other places can engage her services by addressing M. H. Tuttle, Hartford and Bridgeport, Ct.

GEO. ATKINS will speak in Plymouth May 1st; Putnam, Ct., May 8th and 15th.

F. L. WADSWORTH speaks at Waltham, Sundays, April 24th and May 1st; Lowell, May 8th, 15th and 22d. Those desiring his services during the week in the vicinity of the several places named, can address this office.

DR. J. MATHEW is in Minnesota. From June 1st to July 14th he will attend to the wishes of friends on or near the route from Lacrosse to Milwaukie, including the region about Sheboygan, Neenah, Appleton, &c. From July 14th to August 31st he will be on the Michigan route from Grand Haven to Detroit. All friends desiring a visit for one, two or three lectures, will please write early in May, and direct their letters to Sweet Home, Wyoming P. O., Chicago Co., Minn. ☞ Dr. M. will act as agent for the AGE.

S. B. BRITTAN will return from his long Western and Southern tour about the middle of April, and will spend the spring, summer and autumn in the Eastern and Middle States and the British Possessions. His friends in New England, New York and elsewhere at the North, who may require his services from and after the first of May, either on Sundays, or for philosophical, popular and practical lectures—to be delivered through the week, will address him at New York, or at Newark, N. J., his present residence.

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

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

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

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

MEETINGS IN BOSTON.

REV. JOHN PIERPONT will speak at the Melodeon, on Sunday next, at 3 and 7 1-2 o'clock, P. M.

MEETINGS AT No 14 BROMFIELD ST.—A Spiritualist meeting is held every Sunday morning, at 10 1-2 o'clock.

A Conference Meeting is held every Monday evening at 7 1-2 o'clock.

MEDIUMS IN BOSTON.

J. V. MANSFIELD, Medium for answering Sealed Letters, No. 3 Winter st., Boston (over G. Turnbull & Co.'s dry goods store). TERMS—Mr. M. charges a fee of $1 and four postage stamps for his efforts to obtain an answer. For $3 he will guarantee an answer, or return both letter and money in *thirty days from its reception.*—Visitors received on Mondays, Wednesdays and Saturdays. 18

Mrs. MARY A. RICKER, Trance Medium, Rooms, 145 Hanover St., Boston. Office hours from 9 A M to 6 P M. Private sittings 50 cts per hour. Residence, Parker St., (Caryville) Chelsea. 17—3m*

Mrs. A. W. DELAFOLIE, the Independent Clairvoyant, Electropathist and Medium, has rooms at 11 Lagrange Place, where she will be happy to receive those desiring her services. 9

Mrs. L. A. BIRCH, Clairvoyant Test Medium; also public speaker; No. 12 Avery St. Circles on Wednesday and Friday evenings.—25cts. 14—3t*

Mrs. BEAN, Writing and Test Medium. Circles on Tuesday and Friday evenings, for development and manifestations. No. 30 Eliot street.

Mrs. WATERMAN, Healing Medium by laying on of hands, and Miss WATERMAN, Trance and Test Medium, 12 Eliot street. Hours, 9 A. M. to 9 P. M. Terms 50 cents per sitting.

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

Mrs. R. H. BURT, Writing and Trance Medium, No. 2 Columbia street (from Bedford street). Hours from 10 to 1, and from 2 to 7. 2—3m

Mrs. LIZZIE KNIGHT, Writing

Interesting Miscellany.

THE OVER-HEART.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

"For of Him, and through Him, and to Him are all things, to whom be glory forever."—PAUL.

Above, below, in sky and sod,
In leaf and spar, in star and man,
Well might the sage Athenian scan
The geometric signs of God,
The measured order of His plan.

And India's mystics sang aright
Of the One Life pervading all,
One Being's tidal rise and fall
In soul and form, in sound and sight,
Eternal outflow and recall.

God is: and man in guilt and fear
The central fact of nature owns;
Kneels, trembling, by his altar-stones,
And darkly dreams the guilty smear
Of blood appeases and atones.

Guilt shapes the terror: deep within
The human heart the secret lies
Of all the hideous deities;
And, painted on a ground of sin,
The fabled gods of torment rise!

And what is He? The ripe grain nods,
The soft dews fall, the sweet flowers blow,
But darker signs His presence show;
The earthquake and the storm are God's,
And good and evil interflow.

Oh, hearts of love! Oh, souls that turn
Like sunflowers to the pure and best!
To you the truth is manifest;
For they the mind of Christ discern
Who lean like John upon his breast!

In him of whom the Sibyl told,
For whom the prophet's harp was toned,
Whose need the sage and magian owned,
The loving heart of God behold,
The hope for which the ages groaned!

Fade pomp of dreadful imagery,
Wherewith mankind have deified
Their hate and selfishness and pride!
Let the scared dreamer wake to see
The Christ of Nazareth at his side!

What doth that holy guide require?
No rite of pain, nor gift of blood,
But, man, a kindly brotherhood,
Looking, where duty is desire,
To Him, the beautiful and good.

Gone be the faithfulness of fear;
And let the pitying heaven's sweet rain
Wash out the altar's bloody stain,
The law of Hatred disappear,
The law of Love alone remain.

How fall the idols false and grim!
And lo! their hideous wreck above,
The emblems of the Lamb and Dove!
Man turns from God, not God from him,
And guilt, in suffering, whispers Love!

The world sits at the feet of Christ
Unknowing, blind, and unconsoled;
It yet shall touch His garment's fold,
And feel the heavenly Alchemist
Transform its very dust to gold.

The theme befitting angel tongues
Beyond a mortal's scope has grown.
Oh heart of mine! with reverence own
The fullness which to it belongs,
And trust the unknown for the known!

THE DYING CHILD.

A little daughter, ten years old, lay on her death-bed. It was hard parting with the pet of the household. The golden hair, the loving blue eyes, the bird-like voice—the truthful, affectionate, large-hearted, pious child! How could she be given up? Between this child and her father there had always existed, not a relationship merely, but the love of congenial natures. He fell on his knees by his darling's bedside, and wept bitter tears. He strove to say, but could not, "Thy will be done!" It was a conflict between grace and nature, such as he had never before experienced. His sobs disturbed the child who had been lying apparently unconscious. She opened her eyes and looked distressed.

"Papa, dear papa," said she at length.

"What, my darling," answered her father striving for composure.

"Papa," she asked, in faint, broken tones, "how much—do I cost you—every year?"

"Hush, dear, be quiet!" he replied in great agitation, for he feared delirium was coming on.

"But please—papa, how much do I cost you?"

To sooth her he replied, though with a shaking voice:

"Well, dearest, perhaps two hundred dollars. What then, darling?"

"Because, papa, I thought—may be—you would lay it out this year for poor children—to remember me by."

With what delicate instinct had the dying child touched the springs of comfort! A beam of heavenly joy glanced into the father's heart, the bliss of one noble, loving spirit was mingled with his life. Self was forgotten—the sorrow of parting, the lonely future. Naught remained but the mission of love, and a thrill of gratitude that in it he and his beloved were coworkers.

"I will, my precious child," he replied, kissing her brow, with solemn tenderness.

"Yes," he added after a pause, I will do it every year, as long as I live. And thus my Lillian shall yet speak, and draw hundreds and thousands after her to heaven."

The child's very soul beamed forth in a long, loving smile-gaze, into her father's eyes; and, still gazing, she fell asleep. Waking in a few minutes, she spoke in a loud, clear voice, and with a look of ecstacy:

"O, papa, what a sweet sight! The golden gates were opened, and crowds of children came pouring out. O, such crowds! And they ran up to me and began to kiss me and call me by a name. I can't remember what it was, but it meant, 'Beloved for the father's sake!'" She looked upwards, her eyes dreamy, her voice died into a whisper. "Yes, yes, I come! Icome!" and the lovely form lay there, untenanted of the lovelier spirit.

John Lee arose from his knees with a holy triumph on his face. "Thank God," said he, "I am richer by another treasure in heaven."

Galileo.

In 1682 Galileo, then a youth of eighteen was seated in church, when the lamps suspended from the roof were replenished by the sacristan, who, in doing so, caused them to oscillate from side to side, as they had done hundreds of times before, when similarly disturbed. He watched the lamp, and thought he perceived, that while the oscillations were diminishing, they still occupied the same time. The idea thus suggested never departed from his mind, and fifty years afterwards he constructed the first pendulum, and thus gave to the world one of the most important instruments for the measure of time. Afterwards, when living at Venice, it was reported to him one day that the children of a poor spectacle maker, while playing with two glasses, had observed, as they expressed it, that things were brought nearer by looking through them in a certain position. Everybody said how curious, but Galileo siezed the idea and invented the first telescope.

For the Young People.

Written for the Spiritual Age.

ARIEL,

THE CHILD OF THE MORNING MIST.

A STORY FOR OUR YOUNG READERS.

BY DR. WM. R. HAYDEN.

Come, my dear little ones! Come, gather round me and illume my soul with the light of your bright eyes, your smiling faces and loving hearts. Come, take your seats by my side, or on my knees with your arms about my neck; for in your pure presence and embrace I shall rise nearer to Heaven.

You will all recollect that it was once beautifully and affectionately said by a good man of olden time, "Of such as you is the kingdom of Heaven." That remark is as true to-day as it was eighteen hundred years past.

A few weeks since I promised the good gentlemen who send you the paper every week, that I would relate a story I knew, for their little readers, whom they as well as myself love very much. So I have come this week, with the birth of the spring flowers with all the fragrance of youth and beauty upon them, to fulfil that promise, and tell you the story. And when I have accomplished my pleasurable task, if it shall have pleased *you*, I shall be amply repaid by the rippling smiles that dance over your pretty faces like sunbeams upon the ocean wave. Your approbation shall be a greater treasure to me than the name gained by the author of the "Mount Vernon Papers," although I shall not have contributed a farthing to the purchase of "*two hundred* acres," as a resting place for a pint of a great man's ashes, in which fat worms do revel. Verily the wisdom (?) of to-day shall become the folly of to-morrow. But let us leave "dust to dust," and soar with the spirit above the earth.

Have you not, all of you, my dear children, looked up into the sky on a warm summer's day and seen the majestic, fleecy clouds towering far up into the azure vault of heaven, like lofty mountains floating lazily through the blue fields of airy space? I know you have, and often wondered, and asked many a strange question about those clouds—whence they came and whither they went. "Who made them and what for?" "Who live in them?" and many other like questions which only children can ask. So I will tell you a story this afternoon about

CLOUD LAND

AND

ARIEL, THE CHILD OF THE MORNING MIST.

The country around Boston is justly celebrated by all travelers as being the most lovely and picturesque of any in the known world; and for this reason, if for no other, I have laid the scene of my story in the immediate vicinity of that city, near to, but above the "Monterey Station," West Roxbury, Massachusetts.

Right over those verdant and beautiful hills, near the station which you see from this eminence, there is a very large tract of country called the Cloud Realm. This mysterious world is divided into many nations, and is presided over by as many different rulers. These kings are not born to their positions, neither are they elevated to them by the people, but attain to them through goodness of heart or some other peculiar qualification; every one in Cloud Land finding his or her true plane from the law of affinity and attraction; and they can no more exist out of their own atmosphere, than you can live under the water. Not that they literally die, but become changed by partaking of its influence or character.

Some of the clouds are white, silver, grey, and pink; others again are gold, purple, blue and black. These various colored clouds are inhabited by various little people whose states, character and complexion are as varied as the tints of the clouds in which they live. It has been conjectured that these clouds are spiritual emanations or exhalations from this earth of ours, and, that they borrow their character and color from their inhabitants.

The people of the white clouds are celebrated for their purity, benevolence, and real goodness. They live together in the most perfect harmony and love. They have everything that heart can wish, desire create, or thought cultivate, that is good. They have no sick or poor among them, because they live strictly in obedience to the Divine law of their being. Therefore they have no lawyers, doctors, ministers, or undertakers in the beneficent clouds, all of these finding their proper sphere in the lower or dark realms.

The greatest ambition and highest pleasure of the Lilies (people of the white clouds) is to do something to increase the happiness of each other; so much so that self is the very last thought that ever enters their minds.

Next in goodness to the Lilies are the "White Plumes" and the "Golden Crowns," as they are familiarly called.

The dark clouds are peopled by a race of malevolent, discontented, angry beings, who are filled with the remains of bad passions brought with them from their former abodes. Therefore they delight in evil thoughts, bad deeds, and are prone to jealousy, hatred, revenge, hypocrisy and deceit, rejoicing in the misfortunes of mankind. In fact they are mischievous, tell bad stories, quarrel with one another, live very unhappily and progress very slowly.

The dwellers in the other clouds are more or less good according to their color.

I have been told, with how much truth I cannot say, that all the people who inhabit these clouds, once lived on this earth, and after their death went directly to one of the clouds and were admitted to their proper place just as you are promoted from one class to another at school.

When these folks left this world they became little children, and were born into the Cloud Realm. Sometimes, it is said, they are sent back to this world for disobedience; others again on missions of honor, to comfort the sick and dying, and for other benevolent purposes.

With this somewhat lengthy introduction I will now commence the story of

THE WHITE AND THE BLACK KING.

It was in the warm and sultry month of July 1855, that prince Ariel, ruler of the kingdom of Peace (one of the white clouds) wooed, won and married the beautiful and virtuous princess Wisdomore, daughter of the good king Justin, of the Golden Realm; and there was much rejoicing among all the people of the two nations, who were on terms of the greatest friendship. But while they were making merry at the feast, with the ruddy wine and delicious fruits of those fair countries,—while, I say, they were indulging in all the rich delicacies of the royal palace—floating over the golden floors in the mazy dance—listening to ravishing music of angelic voices and Æolian harps,—there was another king, dark and stern, whose soul was filled with rage and disappointment at the happiness of his neighbors and his own want of success. For know, this black king had been a suitor for the hand of the lovely princess Wisdomore. He was a dark and powerful ruler over one of the black clouds, and much feared by the surrounding nations for his hostility to everything just and good. King Ogle (for that was his name) had long been deeply enamoured with the beautiful princess, and sought every opportunity to woo the fair lady; but Wisdomore saw the true character of king Ogle, and as she could love nothing bad, she had rejected his suit, and would not for a moment listen to his honied words. This, as a matter of course, greatly incensed the powerful monarch, and he determined to be revenged on his good neighbors for the slight which he had received at their hands. So when he heard of the marriage of the princess, he went away and shut himself up in one of the dark chambers of his own soul and plotted mischief against the happy pair.

King Ogle well knew that just so long as the prince and the princess suffered no impure thoughts to enter their minds and kept their garments spotless, he could gain no power over them; for that was one of the laws of their being. He also knew that the first moment they gave way to any unholy passion or desire, that moment he could induce them to enter his kingdom and they would be subject to his power. Being a wily king, he determined to bide his time and wait patiently. So he watched them closely whenever they approached his domains.

CHAPTER SECOND.

Months passed away and the sweet waters of life flowed smoothly on with the happy pair, and their union grew stronger and stronger. In vain did the argus eyes of the dark king rest upon them; for their feet went not astray from the path of duty, and all their steps were those of truth and purity. At last, a spy came to Ogle one day with the news that prince Ariel had gone on a long journey to a distant country, and would not return for some months. This pleased the king, and he rubbed his brawny hands with delight, and thus reasoned to himself:

"The prince away;
She is mine;
An easy prey."

"By my shield, this is right good news, and I will work with redoubled energy, for she is only *half* against a *whole*."

And straightway he racked his wicked brain to devise some new scheme to induce the good princess to wander from the true path. After many hours of study, a new thought shot across his mind and lit up his swarthy features, and he exclaimed in thunder-tones:

"I have it, I have it, and soon she will be in my power. Hah, hah! proud princess, thou art mine; mine for a thousand years,"—and stamping his huge foot upon the sooty floor, he called his prime minister, a very cunning and bad man.

"Deceit!" cried the king.

"Here am I, master," responded the minister, rising suddenly up through a murky cloud at the feet of the king.

"Thou comest well, Deceit."

"Thanks, great king."

"Dost thou know the princess Wisdomore?"

"Even so, your highness, I do."

"It is well. Know, Deceit, that I once sought the hand of this wench, and she rejected me with scorn.

"Impossible!" returned Deceit.

"I have said it. But I will be revenged for the insult, and I pant for the hour."

"You shall have it, great king."

"So I *will*, but I require your aid in its accomplishment."

"You have only to command your servant for him to obey," replied Deceit.

"Thou art faithful; but tell me to what passion or desire is woman most susceptible?"

"Love."

"Not so. Try again, Deceit."

"Slander."

"Thou art apt, good Deceit. One more trial."

"Coquetry."

"No, no; I do recant. Thou art dull and stupid. Let me tell you the two vices which are most dangerous to a woman's peace,—temptations into which she will sooner fall than into any other snare a man can set for her."

"My ears are thine, great master."

"Curiosity and Fashion," answered the king. "To the first she will sacrifice all things, even life itself; and to the second she is the most abject of slaves."

"Thou hast spoken truly."

"Silence! I hate truth. So now listen to me, and then act. I want you to summon to your aid the two spirits of whom I have just spoken; give them their instructions, and see that they pursue the princess, night and day, waking or sleeping, and instill into her mind their most subtle poisons. And if they but do their work faithfully she will be my prisoner in less than a month. Away."

"I am gone," exclaimed Deceit, as he sank through the misty floor, during a dismal roll of thunder.

CONCLUSION NEXT WEEK.

The flower falleth to the earth, and from its seed springs a richer abundance in the future; so shall the soul of man expand as a flower in the glories of the perfect day.

THE SPIRITUAL AGE:

FOR 1859!

No pains will be spared to make the AGE in all respects a most valuable family paper. Every effort will be made to add to the high reputation which it already enjoys as an exponent of Spiritual Truth and a Pioneer of Reform. In a word, it is the design of the publishers to give their patrons, in the fullest sense,

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AN ATTEMPT TO REVEAL THE ARCANA OF NATURE;
OR, THE LAWS AND HISTORY OF CREATION.
"Our bark is Reason; Nature is our guide."
BY HUDSON TUTTLE, M. C. Ad., author of "Life in the Spheres," &c.

The first volume of this work is now completed, and will be published as soon as a sufficient number of subscribers are obtained to warrant its publication. It will receive no inflated recommendation, but will speak for itself. In justice, however, we say, that small as it is, it has consumed more than five years of intense study. The work is based on the positive evidences of science, and although entering a new field of research, it advances not a single proposition, nor any theory or hypothesis, except it is supported and confirmed by authenticated facts. The great questions of which it treats, and endeavors satisfactorily to answer, can be learned from the following, synopsis of its contents. Our plan is to demonstrate—1st, How the Universe was evolved from Chaos by established laws; 2d, How life originated on the Globe, and to detail its history from its earliest dawn in the Geological strata to the present time; 3d, How man originated, and a detail of his primitive history; 4th, How mind originated, and the laws by which it is governed; 5th, Man an immortal being; that his immortal state is governed by fixed and immutable laws.

This volume will contain between three and four hundred pages 12mo, and will be sold for $1.25. The first edition will be furnished to subscribers for one dollar per copy. The friends who desire the speedy appearance of the work, will please send in their names as soon as possible; and if they will act as agents, for every six subscribers obtained one copy will be sent free. Address HUDSON TUTTLE,
16—3t Berlinville, Erie Co., Ohio.

Medical Cards.

GEORGE ATKINS, CLAIRVOYANT PHYSICIAN
AND HEALING MEDIUM, having returned to Boston, has opened an office at No. 7 Eliot street, where he will receive all who may desire his services. He will receive calls to lecture on the Sabbath. 16

I WAS CURED OF SICK HEADACHE,
Which had afflicted me at intervals of two weeks or less, for nearly thirty years, by using the *Compound Sarsaparilla Syrup*, prepared without alcohol, by B. O. & C. G WILSON, Wholesale Botanic Druggists, 18 and 20 Central St., Boston.
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THE PREMATURE DECAY OF YOUTH
JUST PUBLISHED BY DR. STONE, Physician o the Troy Lung and Hygienic Institute, a Treatise on the Early Decay of American Youth; the vice of Self-Abuse and its direful consequences; Seminal Weakness, and other Diseases of the Sexual Organs in both Male and Female.

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

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

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HEALING by laying on of hands. CHARLES MAIN, Healing Medium, has opened an Asylum for the Afflicted at No. 7 *Davis street*, Boston, where he is prepared to accommodate patients desiring treatment by the above process on moderate terms.

☞ Patients desiring board should give notice in advance, that suitable arrangements may be made before their arrival.

Those sending locks of hair to indicate their diseases, should enclose $1 for the examination, with a letter stamp to prepay their postage. Also, state leading symptoms, age and sex.

Office hours from 9 to 12 A. M., and from 2 to 5 P. M.

W. H. NUTTER,
Trance, Healing and Developing Medium, 105 Pleasant street, Boston. All curable diseases, such as dropsy, liver, heart, spinal, and various other diseases, successfully treated by the laying on of hands. Charges moderate. Office hours from 9 A M to 5 P M. 12—3m

THE HARMONIAL MAGNETS;
For the cure of disease of the Throat, Lungs and visceral organs, upon new and scientific principles; by HUMPHREY T. PACKER, M. D., Harmonial Physician of fifteen years' practice.

Call and see them at his office in Wood's Block, nearly opposite the Irving House Cambridgeport, from 10 o'clock, A M., till 4, and from 6 till 9 P. M.
N. B. The Dr. has now but one office, where he may be found, as above. 45—tf

A. C. STILES, M. D., INDEPENDENT CLAIRVOYANT,
OFFICE, NO. 196 MAIN ST., BRIDGEPORT, CT.
A true diagnosis of the disease of the person is guaranteed, or no fee will be taken. Chronic diseases scientifically treated. Strict attention given to diseases of the Eye and Ear. Cancers removed, and cure warranted. The Electro Chemical Baths will be applied when necessary, for the removal of poisonous minerals from the system. Persons from a distance can be accommodated with good board at a reasonable rate, near the Doctor's office. Office hours from 8 o'clock, A. M. to 6 P. M. No patients received Sundays. 46—tf

THE SICK ARE HEALED
WITHOUT MEDICINE. JAMES W. GREENWOOD, Healing and Developing Medium, Rooms No. 15 Tremont street, opposite the Museum. Office hours from 9 A. M. to 5 P. M. Other hours he will visit the sick at their houses.
Investigators will find a Test, Rapping, Writing and Trance Medium at the above rooms.

MRS. C. L. NEWTON, HEALING MEDIUM,
Has fully tested her powers, and will sit for the cure of diseases of a chronic nature, by the laying on of hands. Acute pains instantly relieved. Chronic Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Chronic Spinal Diseases, Pains in the Side, Disease of the Liver, Nervous Prostration, Headache. &c. Terms for each sitting, $1.00. Will visit families if required. No. 26 West Dedham street, two doors from Washington street, Boston. 6—tf

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NO. 16 BOND STREET, NEW YORK.
Dr. S. cures Piles and Cancers without the use of the knife. ☞ All Rheumatic and Chronic Complaints treated with certainty. Hours from 9 A M to 5 P M. 47

S. T. Munson's Advertisements.

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

Mrs. Mettler's Restorative Syrup.—For an impure state of the blood, derangement of the Secretions, Bilious Obstructions, Unequal Circulation, Sick and Nervous Headache, Inactivity of the Liver, Constipation of the Bowels, Irritation of the Mucuous Membrane, etc. Price per bottle, $1.

Mrs Mettler's Dysentery Cordial.—A Stomach and Bowel Corrector. Price per bottle, 50 cents.

Mrs. Mettler's Celebrated Elixir.—For Cholera, Colic Pains, Cramps of the Stomach and Bowels, Rheumatic and Neuralgic Pains, Bilious Stomach, Fever and Ague, and internal injuries Price per bottle, 50 cents.

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Mrs. Mettler's Healing Ointment.—For Burns, Scalds, Fresh Cuts and Wounds of almost every description, Boils, Salt Rheum, Blisters, Swelled and Sore Breasts or Nipples, Glandular Swelling, Piles, Chapped Hands or Chafing. Price per box, 25 cents.

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The subscriber is happy to announce that he has engaged the services of Mrs. W. R. Hayden, of Boston, the celebrated clairvoyant and test-medium. Her "seances" will commence on Wednesday, the 19th inst., at the rooms for spiritual investigation, Nos. 5 and 7 Great Jones street, and will continue until further notice. Mrs. Hayden is widely and favorably known for her medium powers. It was through the instrumentality of this lady, while in England, that Robert Owen, and other distinguished men, became convinced of the truth of spiritual intercourse. Mrs. H. is also clairvoyant for the examination of disease, in the exercise of which gift she has been eminently successful. Hours, from 9 A M to 6 P M, every day (Sundays excepted),
4—tf S. T. MUNSON, 5 Jones street, New York.

MEDIUMS WILL BE IN ATTENDANCE CONSTANTLY,
Day and evening, at MUNSON'S ROOMS. S. T. M. has the pleasure of announcing that he has engaged the services of some o the best mediums in the country; the hours will be from 10 o'clock, A. M. till 2, and from 3 till 5 P. M. Evening circles from 8 till 10. On Tuesday and Thursday evenings the circles will be public.
33tf S. T. MUNSON, 5 Great Jones St., New York

Bela Marsh's Advertisements.

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The publisher has recently issued the Fifth Edition of the above popular works of Mr. Davis, and is ready to supply all orders promptly either at wholesale or retail.
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FREE LOVE AND AFFINITY.
A Discourse delivered under spirit-influence, by Miss Lizzie Doten, at the Melodeon, Boston, Sunday evening, March 20, 1859. Phonographically reported by James M. W. Yerrinton. Price 8 cents each, or $5 per hundred. This discourse contains much good advice, and was listened to with very general satisfaction. BELA MARSH, Publisher, 14 Bromfield street, Boston. 15—tf

A NEW SPIRITUAL BOOK!
TWELVE MESSAGES FROM THE SPIRIT JOHN QUINCY ADAMS,
Through Joseph D. Stiles, Medium, to Josiah Brigham. 494 pages 8vo. Price $1.50
Just published and for sale by BELA MARSH, 14 Bromfield St. Boston. 6—tf

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ANOTHER IMPORTANT BOOK BY A. J. DAVIS!
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THE HISTORY AND PHILOSOPHY OF EVIL;
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Single copies at retail, 30 cents; bound in cloth, 50 cents. On receipt of price, the book will be sent by mail, postage free. Quantities at wholesale, with reasonable discount, sent per order to all parts of the Union.
Address the Publisher, BELA MARSH, No. 14 Bromfield street. Boston. 41—tf

THE SPIRITUAL REGISTER FOR 1859.
Price 10 cents, is just published and for sale by BELA MARSH, 14 Bromfield street, Boston. 6—tf

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Marriage and Parentage; or, the Reproductive Element in Man, as a means to its Elevation and Happiness. Price $1.
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THE PROVIDENCES OF GOD IN HISTORY.
By L. Judd Pardee. Price 10 cents. Just published and for sale by BELA MARSH No 14 Bromfield street. 42 tf

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A New Edition of this excellent work is just published. It has been carefully revised and stereotyped, in order to meet an increased demand, and is put at the low price of 20 cents per copy. A liberal discount at wholesale.
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Spiritualism and the Opposition, at Hartford, between S. B. Brittan, and Dr. D. D. Hanson Price 38 cents. Mrs. Hatch's Discourses on Religion, Morals, Philosophy and Metaphysics. Price $1.00. The Mistake of Christendom; or Jesus and his Gospel before Paul and Christianity. Price $1.00. Just published, and for sale by BELA MARSH, No. 14 Bromfield street. 17—tf

PROCEEDINGS OF THE FREE CONVENTION,
HELD AT RUTLAND, Vt., June 25th, 26th, 27th, 1858.
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Purifying Syrup, Price $1,00 per bottle. *Nerve Soothing Elixir*, Price 50 cents per bottle. *Healing Ointment*, Price 25 cents per box. *Pulmonary Syrup*, Price 50 cent per bottle.
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Restorative Syrup—Price $1 per bottle. *Dysentery Cordial*—50 cents. *Elixir*—50 cts. *Neutralizing Mixture*—50 cents. *Pulmonaria*—$1. *Liniment*—$1 *Healing Ointment*—25 cents per box. For sale by BELA MARSH, No. 14 Bromfield street, Boston. 14—tf

Miscellaneous.

HOPEDALE HOME SCHOOL.
The next (Summer) Term of this thoroughly Reformatory and Progressive Institution will open on WEDNESDAY, MAY 4th, and continue TEN WEEKS. For Circulars containing full information, please address either of the Principals.
HOPEDALE, MILFORD, MASS., April 6, 1859. } 16—3t WM. S. HAYWOOD, ABBIE S. HAYWOOD, } Principals.

A CARD.
For some time past I have devoted my peculiar mental and psychometrical power to directing persons how to improve their condition and select right business pursuits &c. At the request of many, I have concluded to assist persons in making changes and getting situations. For this purpose I shall receive business applications. Persons having stands, or business situations that they would like to dispose of—such as stores, hotels, farms, manufactories, &c., can apply, and should state terms, conditions and particulars. Persons in want of the same should apply, stating what they want, and how much capital they would like to invest. Persons in want of a partner, teacher, agent or mechanic, should state what they want and the qualifications required. Persons in want of such situations should apply. Those having means to invest, and those seeking investments; and finally, any business application will be received. No charge will be made for the applications. When the application is met, the parties will be informed, and a small compensation required in proportion to the value, which shall be made satisfactory. By sending a small portion of their writing, persons may have a reading of their character, condition, qualification and business adaptation, with important information concerning business, health, marriage, and all matters that require mental insight and clairvoyant perception.

Terms, for a full reading on all points, $3; readings on a single point, or personal readings, $1. Advice will be given on business matters and changes; fee $1. Persons who prefer the accuracy of the reading to a test, may state their size and complexion.

All letters should be directed to Natick, Mass., or left at my office, No. 7 Davis street, Boston, where I may be found on Saturday of each week, for readings or business. Those who doubt my ability or integrity in these matters, will be furnished with satisfactory references on application. H. L. BOWKER.
NATICK and BOSTON, Mass. 12—tf

LIGHT BREAD,
WITHOUT YEAST OR POWDERS.
☞ How to make *light* delicious Bread with simple Flour and Water *only*.
Merely your address and one dime will ensure you by return of mail a little book on Healthful Cooking and How to Make Light Bread with Flour and Water only. Persons interested are invited to call and see this delicious bread. TEMPERANCE HOUSE, Nos. 18 and 20 Lagrange place, Boston.

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M. A HENCK has opened a fine large house for permanent and transient boarders at No. 202 Franklin street, opposite Franklin Square—a beautiful central location with the comforts of home. 2—tf

SPIRITUAL, CLAIRVOYANT, AND MESMERIC PRESCRIPTIONS,
CAREFULLY prepared by OCTAVIUS KING, Botanic Apothecary, 654 Washington street, under Pine Street Church, Boston.
All of Mrs. Mettler's Medicines for sale as above. f

REMOVAL!
DR. REDMAN has removed his office from 108 4th Avenue to 109 Bleeker street where he will receive visitors and patients as usual. 6

FOUNTAIN HOUSE.
A home for Spiritualists, Temperance men and women, and for all others who ask for quiet, order and comfort. This house is now under the management of the subscriber, who will always be at his post ready to attend to the wants of those who may favor him with a call, at the corner of Harrison Avenue and Beach street.
39 tf E. V. WILSON, Manager for the Proprietors.

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DR. AMMI BROWN, 24 1-2 Winter street (Ballou's Building), by a new article of Gold Filling, is prepared to restore teeth, *however badly decayed or broken*, to their original shape and strength, avoiding in most cases the necessity of removal. Teeth extracted by *Electricity* without extra charge. 8—tf

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