

CLAIRVOYANT

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 sluggish spirit which would rather steal another's possessions than toil to obtain them himself! Where are the spirits, too, of the slaughtered dead? Oh starchy 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.

"Angustine, 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 kidnapers 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 manoeuvres 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 Improvisatore 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 shrieking 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 gazed 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 car-

nage, 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 evolution 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 wore 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 hand full of powder, 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 wizard;" 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 knelt 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, paroling 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 gentlemn 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 aeronautic 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 hysterical 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 sago 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.

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

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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."
 —Jb.
 "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."—Christina.

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 benefited 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? It 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 Christna, 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 of 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 aurore [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 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 being. 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."—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 rugged 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, 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, mispent 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 often 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" show no 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 provide infidelity in 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 to be 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 fibrous, 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, ingenious 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 16th, 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 unconscious—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 *pioussy* 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 no, 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 necessary 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 deadly poison ranking 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 this 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 mystic fables and retaining traditional 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 spirit 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 theoretical 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 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 spirit 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 spirit meeting have never been closed to those unable to pay. And lastly, those who are too poor to pay do not tend to add to the number of those who are too poor to pay. As you are well aware, the great secret

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 elyptic 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.

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 prosecution of the case. 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 incontinences that will astonish the community, and carry desolation to many families.

Conclusive evidence is prepared to establish against Key a series of libidinous acts of 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 it should be thought fit to 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 acquitted, and the libertine obtains new license. Let him be vindicated, and virtue acquiesces in 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 murderer, Mary HARRINGTON, 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, ha, 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.

ANN ARBOR, MICH., April 16. A. E. NEWTON.—MY FRIEND:—I suppose you and your readers like to know how free western, spiritual life, and reform, prosper in this part of the broad western field—in this pleasant peninsula, well high 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 forthrightly 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, Elkhardt, 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 forthrightly 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. Curtis 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 about the dry hanks 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. STREIBERS. 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 interpreter, 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 practiced 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, and 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 incoherent verbal 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. EASTON, 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 16th.

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. ORSON: 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 numbering by reason of a notion which has gone abroad, that certain of its members 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. ORSON: 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 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. ORSON: 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 fall 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 idealty. 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, undevotedness 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 draws 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.

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Tests of Identity.

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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 on 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, or 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 inquiry was put 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 communicate 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 W. R. DICKERSON. 217 S. 9th St., Philadelphia. To THE EDITORS OF THE AGE.

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 offending 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 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 instant 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 occurred 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 condolences 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 young, or generations and strangers of the audience. Old Dr. Bendy 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 today to perform."

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I remain yours truly W. R. DICKERSON. 217 S. 9th St., Philadelphia. To THE EDITORS OF THE AGE.

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 offending 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 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 instant 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 occurred several times.—Dr. Bushnell's Nature and the Supernatural.

.....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 condolences 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 young, or generations and strangers of the audience. Old Dr. Bendy 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 today to perform."

THE SPIRITUAL AGE.

BOSTON, NEW YORK AND CHICAGO, APRIL 30, 1860.

LETTERS RECEIVED.—H. H. WALKER, A. C. SILEY, E. A. GRAVES, D. JOHNSON, O. P. WALKER, M. A. FRENCH, J. MORRIS, P. BLOUNT, A. A. GRIFFITH, L. G. HORN, G. B. STREIBERS, E. W. PEAKE & CO., B. SMITH, S. E. CHELSEA, T. ADAMS, J. BIGELOW, J. H. BASTARD, C. W. JONES

Interesting Miscellany.

For the Young People.

THE CHILD OF THE MORNING MIST.

Written for the Spiritual Age. ARIEL. THE CHILD OF THE MORNING MIST. A STORY FOR OUR YOUNG READERS.

Come, my dear little ones! Come, gather round me and illumine my soul with the light of your bright eyes, your smiling faces and loving hearts.

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."

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?

CLOUD LAND

THE COUNTRY AROUND BOSTON IS JUSTLY CELEBRATED BY ALL TRAVELERS AS BEING THE MOST LOVELY AND PICTURESQUE OF ANY IN THE KNOWN WORLD.

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.

Some of the clouds are white, silver, grey, and pink; others again are gold, purple, blue and black.

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.

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.

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.

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.

When these folks left this world they became little children, and were born into the Cloud Realm.

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.

the happiness of his neighbors and his own want of success. For now, this black king had been a suitor for the hand of the lovely princess Wisdomore.

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.

Months passed away and the sweet waters of life flowed smoothly on with the happy pair, and their union grew stronger and stronger.

"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.

"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."

"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."

"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."

"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 AOS 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.

AN ATTEMPT TO REVEAL THE ARAMA OF NATURE; OR, THE LAWS AND HISTORY OF CREATION. BY HUDSON TUTTLE, M. C. D., author of "Life in the Spheres," &c.

GEORGE ATKINS, CLAIRVOYANT PHYSICIAN AND HEALING MEDIUM, having returned to Boston, has opened an office at No. 7 Elliot street, where he will receive all who may desire his services.

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.

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

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

AN ASYLUM FOR THE AFFLICTED. HEALING BY LAYING ON OF HANDS. CHARLES MAIN, Healing Medium, has opened an Asylum for the Afflicted at No. 7 Davis street, Boston, where he is prepared to accommodate patients desiring treatment by the above process on moderate terms.

W. H. NUTTER, Physician to the Troy Lung and Hygienic Institute, 102 Central street, Boston. All curable diseases, such as dropsy, liver, heart, spinal, and various other diseases, successfully treated by the laying on of hands.

THE HARMONICAL MAGNETS; or, the Curative Principles of the Human System, upon new and scientific principles; by HENRY T. PACKER, M. D., Harmonical Physician of fifteen years' practice.

THE SICK ARE HEALED WITHOUT MEDICINE. JAMES W. GREENWOOD, Healing and Developing Medium, Rooms 10, 15 Tremont street, opposite the Museum. Office hours from 9 A. M. to 6 P. M.

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.

DR. JOHN SCOTT, MAGNETIC PHYSICIAN, NO. 16 BOND STREET, NEW YORK. Dr. S. cures Piles and Cancers without the use of the knife.

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.

S. T. MUNSON'S ADVERTISEMENTS. 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.

PHILADELPHIA BOARDING. M. A. HENCK has opened a fine large house for permanent and transient boarders at No. 10 Franklin street, opposite Franklin Square.

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

FOUNTAIN HOUSE. A home for Spiritualists, Temperance men and women, and for all others who seek for quiet, order and comfort.

DECAYED TEETH PRESERVED. 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.

ABRAHAM CHILDS, M. D., DENTIST, NO. 15 TREMONT STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

SUFFOLK DYE HOUSE, CORNER OF COURT AND HOWARD STREETS, BOSTON.

Bela Marsh's Advertisements. THE GREAT HARMONIA, (BY A. J. DAVIS), IN 4 VOLS. Vol. I.—THE PHYSICIAN, price \$1. Vol. II.—THE REBEL, price \$1.

A DISCOURSE DELIVERED UNDER SPIRIT-INSPIRATION, BY MISS LIZETTE POTTER, at the Massachusetts Boston Society, evening, March 28, 1859. Photographically reported by James M. W. Yerrinton.

A NEW SPIRITUAL BOOK! TWELVE MESSAGES FROM THE SPIRIT JOHN QUINCY ADAMS, Through Joseph D. Stiles, Medium, to Joseph Brigham.

ANOTHER IMPORTANT BOOK BY A. J. DAVIS! The subscriber has just issued a new work, written a few weeks since by Mr. Davis in preparing his matter for the Philadelphia Convention at Utica.

THE HISTORY AND PHILOSOPHY OF EVIL; WITH SUGGESTIONS FOR MORE ENLIGHTENING INSTITUTIONS AND PHILOSOPHICAL SYSTEMS OF EDUCATION.

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

HENRY C. WRIGHT'S BOOKS. Marriage and Parentage; or, the Reproductive Element in Man, as a means to his Elevation and Happiness.

WOODMAN'S REPLY TO DR. DWIGHT. 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.

PUBLIC ORAL DISCUSSION. Spiritualism and the Opposition, at Hartford, between S. B. Brittan, and Dr. D. D. Hanson. Price 38 cents.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE FREE CONVENTION, HELD AT BURLINGAME, VT., June 25th, 26th, 27th, 1858. Just published and for sale by Bela Marsh, No. 14 Bromfield street.

RICE'S SPIRIT MEDICINES. Purifying Syrup, Price \$1.00 per bottle. Asthma Sufferer's Elixir, Price 50 cents per bottle.

MRS. METTLER'S MEDICINES. Restorative Syrup—Price \$1 per bottle. Dysentery Cordial—50 cents. Elixir—50 cents.

MISCELLANEOUS. HOPEDALE HOME SCHOOL. The next (Summer) Term of this thoroughly Reformatory and Progressive Institution will open on WEDNESDAY, May 4th, and continue two weeks.

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.

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