

The American Spiritualist.

Organ of the Ohio
STATE ASSOCIATION OF SPIRITUALISTS.

RESOLVED, That we are SPIRITUALISTS, * * and that any other prefix or suffix is calculated
only to retard and injure us.—American Association of Spiritualists.

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"THOU KNOWEST."

BY EMMA TUTTLE.

When muffing shadows wind our heads
With sombre turbans, and our eyes
Peer through the twilight which they cast,
To fathom life's deep mysteries;
When God's sweet love seems shut away,
And, though we pray for light and care,
We miss the path and go astray,
How comforting the trustful prayer—
"Thou knowest."

When thorns we saw not gash our feet,
And soil the blossoms in our way,
When Hope turns out a ghostly cheat
Whose heart is ashes cold and gray;
When motives are not understood,
And senseless bickerings distract,
Though our endeavors are for good
And love baptizes every act—
"Thou knowest."

When frantic with its wounds and pain,
The struggling heart can bear no more;
When will and effort seem in vain
And faintness creeps from rim to core,
The bitter pain, the battles fought,
All unavailing though they be,
Whether in action or in thought,
Tumultuously or silently—
"Thou knowest."

TRANSLATION FROM GÖTHE.

Rest is not quitting	Fleeing to ocean
The busy career:	After its life.
Rest is the fitting	'Tis loving and serving
Of self to one's sphere.	The highest and best;
'Tis the brook's motion,	'Tis onward, unswerving,
Clear without strife,	And this is true Rest

The Spiritualist.

"Charity for all: malice toward none."

THE TOTALITY OF THE NEW PHILOSOPHY may be expressed in a few words. Its aim is the aim of Nature: the production of a perfect Man and the elimination of a perfect Spirit. That has been the ideal of Creative Energy through all the vicissitudes of the past, from the chaotic beginning. The stars sang together, "Let us make a perfect man;" the terrible saurians of the primeval slime, the gigantic brutes of pre-historic ages, chanted the same.

In the perfect man there can be no self-abasement; there can be no appeal to any one else; there can be no dwarfing of any faculty of the mind. Go by! blear-eyed Theology that calls the body sinful and corrupt; that would blot out the noblest emotions of the soul. Your ideal is the Stylite on the top of his high pillar, flagellating, lacerating, and starving the flesh, that his miserable soul may gain heaven.

Evolved from and by the elemental forces of Nature; being their concentration, or rather center-station, Man is an integral part of the whole universe. In him everything is represented. He is capable of comprehending all, because a part of all. In his mind is laid the orbits of starry worlds; solar systems and galactic universes dance through the congeries of his brain. He makes grooves in which he compels the elements to run, by embodying his ideas in matter. All he does is the concretization of pre-existing thought. The engine—beautiful, perfect, a miracle of workmanship; the telegraph, and steamship, are ideas clothed with matter—embodied thoughts.

For a moment lay aside all prejudices; let your religious education be as though it had never been; and calmly contemplate this being, with such antecedents, such universal relations, such boundless capacity and such a destiny. Will you not scorn any system that offers violence and insult to the integrity of his character? aye, trample under foot the supposition that he is destined for anything but the unlimited progress of angel-life?

Such are the broad deductions of Spiritualism. We are not to be miserable in this world to enjoy heaven in the hereafter. We stand this hour as much in the courts of heaven, we see as clearly the Father God, as we shall a thousand years hence in the spheres.

It is our duty to apply this directly to ourselves, and at once become our own teachers and our own saviours, and vindicate that the Individual is above all laws, institutions and opinions whatever. This is the religion of the future—the highest type of civilization. Other systems will linger with the races of men whose highest ideal they represent, but from the courts of the world's intellectual nobility they will vanish, and be spoken of as myths which

once aided infantile progress; leading-strings necessary to walk by until the use of our limbs had been attained.

CHARITY.

WE would remind our contributors, once for all, that our motto is the immortal words of Lincoln: "Charity for all: malice toward none," and that so far as lies within our power we shall ever abide by it. To err is mortal. The best have failings. It is not for us to herald the shortcomings of others. Unless principles are involved, rendering it necessary to do differently, we shall ever pass the errors of others by, and speak only of their good qualities. The secular press is reeking with the crimes and miseries caused by the passions and ignorance of our brothers; we desire to present a journal whose mission is to gather only the good deeds and thoughts of the world. We believe the most erring do the best their organization and surroundings will allow. We should do just as they do, if like them and placed in the same conditions. How then can we arrogate to ourselves superior authority, and presume to sit in judgment on their actions? We feel much more like weeping over the faults of others than condemning. If you have a grand thought or a shining deed, spoken or done, we will gladly herald it to the world, to strengthen, ennoble and kindle emulation; but if you have evil to speak of another—however truly—we pray you bury it in the most silent recess of your heart. To forgive and forget is angelic.

LIBERAL AND DIRECT STATEMENT.

THOSE who give the most truthful expression to their perceptions of right and wrong are nearest to the line or the direction of a perfect development.

THE truth-seeker finds at each and every step as he ascends the spiral path, new gems of thought, too subtle, too impalpable for the mind to grasp or comprehend by those on the lower steps of the stairway of human progression.

THAT which is sacred truth to one may be the reverse to another. Our own standpoint of truth may not—must not be the arbitrary rule for others. Perfection is not found in humanity; that is, human knowledge has not yet reached the ultima thule of its unfoldings and capacity to grasp the truth. Our different degrees of unfoldment must account for our different perceptions of the revelations of truth.

WE wish, as far as may be, to make the press a channel for the free expression of thoughts—thoughts which leap, like angels, from the temple of our being, reflecting the image of the divinity in humanity struggling for an outward expression.

OR one thing, however, we feel sure; that a power beyond and above the wisdom of the earth-sphere, has guided the destiny of our country thus far; and that the same power will direct the tide of events so that the future of our country will eclipse the glory of the past. The same causes can never produce the same results in this country; for the reason that the same causes can never again exist.

THE foregoing extracts we clip from the editorial columns of the Cardington Republican. There are three classes of public men in this country: those who are really conservative, those who are hypocritically nothingarian, and those who are really liberal and have the manhood to avow it openly. The first and the last are respected by all whose respect is worth having, but the dogs in the street will hardly turn out for those who represent the other—and the dogs are partially right, if not altogether! What is true of men, in this regard, is also true of newspapers. Some are honestly conservative, and criticize us severely. That's good!—as an appetizer, we mean. Others are brimming with live, progressive thoughts, like the above excerpts. Too many, alas, do not exhibit as much CHARACTER in a column as should appear in a sentence. Destroy the title of such papers, tear off the heading, and you cannot tell the principles they are supposed to advocate—if, indeed, the heading itself is not as non-committal as the rest.

IT is too late in the day to measure literature as brick-wall—by the square-yard. Correspondents, it's no use to fire sheet-lead! Bullets "tell."

TO THE SPIRITUALISTS OF OHIO.

WE urge the necessity for all who have subscribed to the Missionary Fund, at the Clyde Convention, or since, to remit their subscriptions to the Treasurer of the Association, D. U. Pratt. Only by the prompt assistance of the friends of the Cause, can the present efforts of the Board be sustained. We also urge on all friends of the movement to act as agents in the collection of donations, however small. It is only by sending the Missionaries into new localities, that the greatest good can be accomplished, and such generally pay the least. Such places can only be worked through the liberality of Spiritualists of other sections. We hope this subject will appear in its true light, and a thousand hearts and hands will respond.

Hudson Tuttle, Rec.-Sec., O.S.A.S.P.

ARCANA OF SPIRITUALISM.

THE DEPENDENCE OF THE MIND.

WE now shall consider the vital question of the dependence of the mind. The materialist says that it originates in certain combinations of matter, and must perish with the destruction of that combination. Without the aid of clairvoyance, it can be proved that the intellect depends on spirit and not on matter. The instrument of manifestation has been mistaken for a cause.

The mental development of Laura Bridgman, proves that intellect of a high order can exist independent of the senses. Completely deprived of sight and hearing at an early period of childhood, she was a blind and deaf mute. Dr. Howe, her kind and angelic teacher says: "As soon as she could walk, she began to explore the rooms and the house; she became familiar with the forms, density, weight, and heat of every article she could lay her hands upon. I found her of a well formed figure, a strongly marked nervous-sanguine temperament, a large and beautifully shaped head, and the whole system in healthy action." She returned to his institution in 1837.

He continues: "After waiting about two weeks, the attempt was made to give her knowledge of arbitrary signs by which she could interchange thoughts with others. There was one of two ways to be adopted: either to go on to build up a language of signs which she had already commenced herself, or to teach her the purely arbitrary language in common use; that is, to give her a sign for every individual thing, or to give her a knowledge of letters, by combination of which she might express her idea of the existence, and the mode and condition of existence, of anything. The former would have been easy, but very ineffectual: the latter seemed very difficult, but, if accomplished, very effectual. I determined therefore to try the latter."

After describing the interesting process by which he taught her to associate names with things, he goes on to say, "Hitherto the process had been mechanical, and the success about as great as teaching a knowing dog a variety of tricks. The poor child had sat in mute amazement, and patiently imitated everything her teacher did; but now the truth began to flash upon her; her intellect began to work; she perceived that here was a way by which she could herself make up a sign of any thing that was in her own mind, and show it to another mind, and at once her countenance lighted up with a human expression; it was no longer a dog, or a parrot; it was an immortal spirit, eagerly seizing upon a link of union with other spirits! I could almost fix upon the moment when the truth first dawned upon her mind, and spread its light to her countenance. I saw that the great obstacle was overcome, and that henceforward nothing but patient and persevering, but plain and straightforward efforts were to be used.

"At the end of the year a report of the case was made, of which the following is an extract: 'It has been ascertained, beyond the possibility of a doubt, that she can not see a ray of light, can not hear the least sound, and never exercises her sense of smell, if she has any. Thus her mind dwells in darkness and stillness, as profound as that of a closed tomb at midnight. Of beautiful sights and sweet sounds, and pleasant odors she has no conception; nevertheless she is as happy and playful as a bird or a lamb; and the employment of her intellectual faculties, or the acquirement of a new idea, gives her a vivid pleasure, which is plainly marked in her expressive features.'

"Describing the interesting process by which he taught her to associate names with things, he goes on to say, 'If she have no occupation, she evidently amuses herself by imaginary dialogues, or by recalling past impressions; she counts with her fingers, or spells out names of things which she has recently learned, in the manual alphabet of the deaf mutes. In this lonely self-communion she seems to reason, reflect and argue. But wonderful as is the rapidity with which she writes her thoughts upon the air, still more so is the ease and rapidity with which she reads the words thus written; grasping their hands in hers, and following every movement of their fingers, as letter after letter conveys their meaning to her mind. It is in this way she converses with her blind playmates, and nothing can more forcibly show the power of mind in forcing matter to its purpose, than a meeting between them. For if it requires great skill for two pantomimists to paint their thoughts and feelings by the movements of the body and the expressions of the countenance, how much greater the difficulty when darkness enshrouds them both, and one can hear no sound! When Laura is walking through a passage way, with her hands spread before her, she knows instantly every one she meets, and passes them with a sign of recognition; but if it be a girl of her own age, and especially if it be one of her own favorites, there is instantly a bright smile of recognition and twining of arms, a grasp

ing of hands, and a swift telegraph upon the tiny fingers.

"When left alone, she occupies, and apparently amuses herself, and seems quite contented; and so strong seems to be the natural tendency of thought to put on the garb of language, that she often soliloquizes in the finger language, slow and tedious as it is. But it is only when alone that she is quiet; for if she becomes sensible of the presence of any one near her, she is restless until she can sit close beside them, hold their hand, and converse with them by signs. In her intellectual character, it is pleasing to observe an insatiable thirst for knowledge, and a quick perception of the relation of things. In her moral character, it is beautiful to behold her continued goodness, her keen enjoyment of existence, her expansive love, her unhesitating confidence, her sympathy with suffering her conscientiousness, truthfulness and hopefulness."

"The problem of man's immortality has been vexed from immemorial time, yet the theologian and metaphysician, after all their gigantic efforts, have accomplished nothing by way of demonstration. They have never met the question fairly, and scanned it by the light of natural law. Forced to admit certainty into the domain of the physical world,—a term by which we mean what they understand as the world of matter,—they have ever regarded with holy horror the introduction of cause and effect into the realm of spirit. On the threshold of this realm the inductive philosophy, that magnificent system which traces effects to their causes, which discerns a cause beneath every effect, has been dismissed as a profane and erring guide, and in its place a will o'-the-wisp led them through the reeking miasm of metaphysical controversy and along the slippery paths intersecting the night-enveloped swamp lands of bigoted and insane theological disputation.

One fact of clairvoyance—one manifestation of spirit presence—outweighs all the logical argumentations the world has ever heard. We said that if spirit existed it must have form. It must retain, whatever others it may acquire, the five senses. It must be organized. Let us investigate this proposition. The clairvoyant has entered the deepest trance. His body lies oblivious, as near the portals of death as it is possible and not enter. All avenues to the senses are closed; the blood flows slowly and turbidly along its channels; the nerves have lost their irritability; and the brain cannot feel. The blinding lightnings affect not the eye; the crash of thunders are not heard by the ear. Limb after limb can be severed unfelt. Such is the state of the body. What is that of the spirit which has thus temporarily deserted it?

Not unconscious, not senseless, not inactive, but like a freed eagle it soars in the light of a new existence. The channels through which it obtained a knowledge of the world of matter are closed, it is true; but it has no necessity for them now, for spiritual light acts on the spirit eye, waves in the spirit atmosphere vibrate on the spirit ear, and feeling becomes a refined consciousness, which is more delicate and exquisite than it possessed in the body by all conceptions. It sees, it hears, it feels, while the body can be burned to ashes without pain, or even automatic irritability.

Admitting the existence of spirit, we are forced either to believe that it exists as a detached intelligence, or as an entity. The first position we have endeavored to show untenable. If the latter be accepted, it follows as sequence, that that entity is derived from the mortal body, or enters a body prepared for it. The latter position presupposes miracle, the direct interposition of Divinity; presupposes an interference we never see in this life, and have no reason to suppose exists in the hereafter. Mind cannot change from one body to another without a miracle, and as it is possible to account for all connected phenomena by referring them to an entity derived from the physical body, and in a strictly scientific manner, this conclusion must at last be accepted.

If the spirit exists in the immortal land as an entity, of what material is its body composed? We say body, for again we meet the division of mind and body, applying with the same force to the spirit as to the man. Mind is the resultant of organization. In man it is the resultant of the spiritual body modified by the physical organism. After the dissolution of the latter, such modification does not occur, but the mind still is emanated from the spiritual organism.

As the senses cannot recognize the matter of which the spirit organism is composed, and as all idea of matter is derived from them, we cannot form a just conception of all its qualities. We know that it must be the most subtle form of matter. Electricity, supposed to be the most refined form of matter, has often been hypothesized, and that too by intelligent Spiritualists, to be the constituent of the spirit forms. Somehow it is supposed that spir-

its are intimately connected with electricity and magnetism.

Prof. Hare, truthfully observes, "It appeared to me a great error on the part of spirits as well as mortals, that they should make efforts to explain the phenomena of the spirit world, by the ponderable or imponderable of the temporal. The fact that the rays of our sun do not effect the spirit world, and that there is for that region an appropriate luminary, (luminosity?) whose rays we do not perceive, must demonstrate that the imponderable elements, to which they owe their peculiar light, differ from the ethereal fluid, which, according to the undulatory theory, is the means of producing light in the terrestrial creation. Thus, although in manifestations our electricity takes no part, their electricity may be the means by which their wills are transmitted effectually to the phenomena which it controls."

But it is not possible to build an individuality out of electricity or magnetism, even if considered an element and not a force. If material, its atoms have almost infinite repulsion on which its phenomena depend; and how, out of such material, can start a form which can never perish? But neither of these are elements, they are forces, and cannot act outside of matter.

What then is the character of the matter which forms the spirit organism?

Refined, ultimate matter is derived from the progress of the physical elements. Eternal progress is written in the constitution of matter. There is a constant flux and reflux through the domain of living beings. By every absorption and elimination the elements advance. This is not recognized by the gross tests of chemistry, but there are other and more conclusive tests.

The rootlets of plants make a delicate analysis, and prove this proposition. In New England, a soil composed of disintegrated granite, and hence rich in potash, is sterile until enriched with ashes. Chemistry pronounces potash from the soil, and from ashes, identical; but the delicate spring-tips of plants speak differently. Lichens and moss, the lower forms of vegetable life, will readily grow in the granite soil, but the higher vegetation require the elements to pass through these lower orders before they can absorb and assimilate them.

Another illustration from the same source is furnished by the result of phosphorus from bones, and phosphorus from limestone deposited in the early ages of the earth. While the former is highly beneficial to growing plants, the latter is useless. While one has been assimilated by living beings a countless number of times, the other has remained fixed in the rock, and has not departed from its primary form. Chemistry pronounces the two identical, but again plants conflict with its decision.

Such facts, which can be greatly multiplied, prove what may be termed the progress of the elements. This progress is slow, but we cannot doubt its existence. Only in those cases when the elements have been as it were fossilized, can we compare their present with their past over a sufficiently long interval of time; but whenever we can do so, a difference is discernable. However small such progress may appear, infinite time will yield any desired modification.

Every cycle of change through which matter passes, eliminates some parts to a higher state. It is from such illustrations that the spiritual elements are derived. They are the aroma of the material world, the fragrance of its perfect bloom.

The spiritual elements, such as the earth emanates, which go to form the spiritual spheres and enter into the organization of spirits, are realities. They possess all the properties of earthy matter, with new ones which they acquire by their refinement. Carbon is represented by a spiritual carbon, oxygen by a spiritual oxygen, etc., through the long catalogue.

Another explanation concerning the un-individualized beings whose spiritual essence ascends into the vast ether, and gravitates like an evaporating cloud to its appropriate position, is here afforded. True, they are not individualized; they do not retain their identity; but they again enter into somewhat similar forms. If of sufficient refinement, the aroma pass at once to the spirit sphere; if not, they reunite with gross matter, and again enter the cycle of living beings, to be again and again eliminated, perhaps to travel up to the human form divine, and becoming embodied, stand forth as eternal as the everlasting planets—nay more, when these shall fade like the baseless fabric of a vision, rise above the wreck of worlds, rejoicing in increasing wisdom.

One law of attraction and resulting repulsion exists both in the earthy and spiritual spheres. The poison wolfbane twining its roots around and among those of the fruitful corn, extracts from the same dew, the same rain, the same soil, the most deadly poison, while the corn elaborates the life-giving grain. Particles seek like particles. They are repelled from dissimi-

lar ones, and thus the intricate and mysterious web of nature is woven.

MISSIONARY LABOR.

MESSRS. EDITORS: I left home on the 9th inst., to do missionary work in Paulding County. Arrived at Paulding County seat that evening. Found an energetic worker and whole-souled man in the person of W. T. French. I delivered four lectures—good audiences greeted me at every one. On the evening of the 13th, I witnessed some good physical manifestations at Bro. French's house, through the mediumship of a lady who belongs to the Methodist Society of that place. An evidence to me that the spirits will not be kept back by any theological opinions, but will renovate all theology through the people who support its institutions. There is neither church nor hall in this place. All denominations hold their meetings in the school-house. During my stay the few liberally minded talked over the matter of building a hall, and finally decided that they had the necessary strength, and that a hall should be put up the coming summer. As soon as it is built, it is proposed to inaugurate a Lyceum. Our friends there are poor, financially, and few in numbers, but the feeling pervades their acts that they profess the purest religion, and the most scientific solution of the problem of immortality that ever was vouchsafed to mortals. This makes them energetic, and I prophesy that the hall-movement will be a success because there is an energetic French-man and his companionable wife at the head of the concern. God bless them! We know the angels will help those who try to help themselves.

At Antwerp we met another pair of devoted souls, in the persons of N. R. Wilson and wife. Thursday evening, lectured to a small but appreciative audience. Friday evening, Albert Wentworth of Carryall, took me to a school-house in his township, that was well filled, and notwithstanding the larger part of the audience was composed of church-going Methodists, they were very attentive, and sang two old-fashioned Methodist hymns, filled with the sentiments of our soul-stirring Spiritualism.

Saturday, returned to Antwerp, lectured in the evening in Mr. Snook's Hall, one of the liberal men of the place. Several things going on to take the attention of the community, however, a fair audience was present. Delivered two lectures in the same place on Sunday evening to a large audience. Every audience in every community has given the utmost attention, and manifested an intense desire to hear more of the gospel truths of our beautiful philosophy.

After a while, I believe that an organization and a Lyceum can be established in this place. There is much more liberalism in this part of the county than at Paulding, but it is very much scattered. It will be gathered in by and by, then we shall see a glorious Progressive Lyceum as the harvest.

Contributions to Missionary Fund; Paulding, W. T. French, \$5.00; public collections, 4.70; individual donations, 2.00; F. S. Cable, 1.00; Carryall, public collection, 3.00; Antwerp, public collections, 7.40; whole amount, \$23.10. Traveling expenses, 7.20.

Shall visit Henry, and Defiance counties next, and try and show them the new born spirit of all religion, the vitality of all faith, and the beautiful philosophy of man's noble destiny in the hereafter.

Yours in the work, J. H. RANDALL.

OHIO STATE RECORD.

BLACK RIVER.—Jas. Reid, Corresponding Secretary, informs us that O. L. Stulliff has addressed the people of Black River four evenings, and that a Society has been formed, with every promise of prosperity. We quote: "Years ago, when the cause was first started, some seed fell in our midst, took deep root and is now bringing forth fruit. If the work could be pushed on by other speakers, assisted by a good test medium, we should be able to sweep all before us, as the harvest is fully ripe."

CHEERY VALLEY.—F. G. Spencer, M. D., writes: "Orthodoxy is having a hard struggle for existence. Not long since, the presiding 'Elder,' after a 'protracted effort' of two weeks duration, found his congregation dwindled down; he put out the lights, tolled the bell, and left. Since then no further demonstration. Our soil is fallow here, and seed sown now would flourish. A missionary is needed, and we must have one. The dear, loving visitants from the Summer Land, bless our home circle, controlling the vocal organism of my earth companion. The spirits speak sweet words commendatory of the course taken by The Spiritualist."

ABURN.—The friends of Human Progress, for several miles around, occasionally meet at South Newbury, where there is a pleasant hall dedicated to Free Speech, but no regular meetings are held. During the past year, H. C. Wright, A. A. Wheelock, C. C. Burlingame and D. M. Allen, have dispensed the "bread of life" to the people. Sometime since a dancing party was held at this place, and the proceeds thereof will be devoted to the 'holy purpose' of putting window blinds on the meeting house. "Tell it not in Gath" that the church-members worked faithfully and vigorously to make the party a success. This is a novel way of raising money to repair a church, but with our orthodox friends "the end sanctifies the means." If it is wrong to dance in a ball-room for amusement, is it not equally so to dance in the same place for the church? "Consistency is a jewel" which the church does not possess. So writes our friend, G. W. W.

RAVENNA.—S. M. D. says: "We are having such good times that I thought it would do all the friends of our cause, who read your paper, good to hear of the onward march of our glorious gospel in Ravenna. In June last, Bro. A. A. Wheelock organized a Society and Lyceum, and since that time we have met every Sunday but one, and discussed many different subjects. Although our Lyceum is small in numbers, it increases in interest. Our Society is harmonious, its prospects are good, and we are determined to persevere in the good work. In Nov., Bro. French was with us and delivered several lectures that were productive of much good. That excellent medium and noble worker, Mrs. Hannah Shaw, (formerly Morse,) of Joliet, Ill., has lectured here twice, and is to speak once more. She has held several circles, and mediums are being developed in our midst. She has had increasing audiences, is a trance speaker, and the controlling influences speak forcibly, intelligently, scientifically. Many in our community have been made to rejoice, through her instrumentality, in communion with the loved ones gone before. Hear it! Bro. Wheelock, French, and all ye noble workers in the field of reform—ye who have administered to us in Spiritu-

al things—and may it gladden your hearts to know that the good seed sown by you is promising a rich harvest. I hear that Sister Warner is laboring in Ohio. Do not pass us by in your journeying. Sister. We should be so glad to listen to your voice once more, as in other days; and I think Bro. E. V. Wilson would find a good field for his labors here. Give us a call, Brother, on your way back to the West."

USE AND ABUSE OF SACRED BOOKS. Synopsis of a Lecture delivered by C. C. BURLINGAME, at South Newbury, O. Reported by George Wm. Wilson, for The American Spiritualist.

Men are often ignorant of the contents of their sacred books. Many persons read the books of the Bible through and through, and never know what they contain. If you tell them what there is in these books, they will say with scorn and contempt that you are uttering a falsehood. If you tell them that in Genesis there are two accounts of Creation—that in the New Testament there are two accounts of the birth and early life of Jesus—they will at once call you a falsifier of the truth. Many have read these books hundreds of times without ever dreaming that they contain two entirely different and irreconcilable stories of Creation and the birth and early life of Jesus.

Why do sacred books exist? Theologians give the answer, that certain men in ancient times were inspired by the Holy Ghost to write these books, that they are infallible, and have been preserved without variation or change that in the least degree affects their authority. They admit that a hundred thousand readings have been added, but it is claimed these are not important. A certain text that is very much disputed over by the Trinitarians and the Unitarians was not in the original copy of the New Testament. So, many other passages are in interpolations. Scholars tell us that the first chapter of Matthew and the first and second chapters of Luke are of doubtful authenticity. The books of Jude, James, 2d Peter, 2d and 3d John, were considered by the Christian Fathers as of doubtful authenticity, and were not relied upon for proving or sustaining doctrinal points.

Why do sacred books exist? My answer is this: In different ages of the world men have arisen who have excelled other men in spiritual as well as intellectual progress. They had larger conceptions of the truth, and were inspired, (to use a common phrase,) not to write truth without alloy, but to utter sentiments in advance of those generally received. Men who excelled in poetry and oratory were said to be inspired, but no one thinks or affirms that their inspiration was perfect.

The human soul stands in such relations to the Divine Soul as to be susceptible to the influx of ideas. While some are endowed with the genius of poetry, oratory and art, others are inspired with clear conceptions of moral and religious truths. These men, in all ages of the world, have given utterance to the truth as they perceived it—having the treasure in earthen vessels, they were limited in the impartation of it by their imperfection. They have given expression to their best thoughts in their best way they could. Men in all ages have thus given their thoughts to the human race.

We only know who wrote a few of the books of the Bible; we cannot even conjecture who wrote most of them. These books must stand not on the merits of their authors, but on their own intrinsic worth. We have evidence of their human imperfection. Sacred books are the best thoughts of the best men of their age. The right use to make of these books is to take them as we would the advice of the best men of to-day. Accept of them not as absolutely good or true in every part, but as giving us the earlier religious views of man, as containing many gems of thought and incentives to noble achievement. They are admirable for this use, if we do not abuse them. Read them with your spiritual nature all alive, fully testing them with your reason. Take them with an earnest desire to make the best use of them, with a respectful but thoughtful reverence.

The abuse of sacred books is of two kinds, coming from two extremes, and both are pernicious. The mind of man has been so highly strained by theologians that when it sees the truth it swings to the other extreme; such deny that these books have any claims upon them. Priests grow out of the ignorance and superstition of men, and their incomplete knowledge of the truth. Spiritual progress is attended by a succession of errors, one giving way to another of less magnitude, until at last the perfect day will be revealed. Religious systems are the natural outgrowth of the human soul. Priests are the products of this growth, but not the original cause.

No sacred book is entirely useless. All these books have some good in them, and bear some evidence of heart-communion with the wise and good of all ages. We abuse them when we entirely reject them, as well as when we accept of them as all good, and as the final arbiters of all questions that pertain to the welfare of man. It is an abuse of sacred books to place them above reason, understanding and conscience, without daring to question their merits or authority.

Sacred books do not claim to be infallible, and the claim that they are so is not supported by facts. There is no evidence to show that these books were intended to be received in the sense and manner that theologians would have us believe. We have no reason for believing that they were intended to be lords of the understanding and conscience.

In ancient times, when a man had a high order of genius, he was said to be inspired—"the spirit of the Lord was upon him," etc. Hence such expressions were used in a different sense from what theologians claim. If a minister is invited to preach in a certain place, he carefully considers the matter, and, after due consideration, says he is "divinely called" to accept of the invitation, which in olden time would have been rendered, "Thus saith the Lord."

The genius of man is reinforced and sublimated by study, but it is a divine impartation all the time. Sacred books should never be received as absolute truth, or as MASTERS of the understanding and conscience. They are only helps and guides—so many mirrors reflecting the light that is streaming straight into every heart.

The Spiritualist.

"Charity for all; malice toward none."

HUDSON TUTTLE, Editors and Proprietors.
H. O. HAMMOND, Office, 111 Superior St.

CLEVELAND, SATURDAY, JAN. 23, '69

THE AMERICAN SPIRITUALIST.

THE negotiation mentioned in the last issue has been virtually concluded, and the subscription list of The Spiritualist, formerly published at Janesville, Wis., transferred to this paper. Bros. J. Baker and J. O. Barrett, the editors of that sheet, will conduct a Northwestern Department in this. The former gentleman, beside his well-known labors in the field of Reform, was for several years editor of a secular journal in Wisconsin, and is a man of influence in the State. He is a terse and vigorous writer. Mr. Barrett is one of the editors of "The Spiritual Harp," and has fine literary qualifications. His capacity and integrity are undoubted.

It is hardly necessary to introduce to our new readers the Editor of the Eastern Department, for the excellence of his productions, through other channels, has made his name familiar upon and beyond the prairies of the West.

We have substituted the word AMERICAN for OHIO, because it covers the area of present and prospective circulation.

With a corps of five editors, and a dozen or more of the best Liberal writers as contributors, THE AMERICAN SPIRITUALIST hopes to deserve and realize the continuance of the signal favor bestowed upon this sheet since its commencement.

No effort will be spared, on our part, to make several important improvements, within a few weeks, if possible. We are gradually working toward an ideal which we shall surely attain. No good deed done for THE AMERICAN SPIRITUALIST will prove "love's labor lost."

PLEASURES OF A BELIEF IN SPIRITUALISM.

WITH what pleasure we contemplate the world of spirits that surrounds us! There are congregated the wise men, the sages, the prophets and the philosophers of the ages gone. They have all passed up the glittering pathway to the Immortal Land. We are travelers up the same way, and they are our instructors and guides. True, the veil of invisibility divides the world of spirits from the world of men, but otherwise there is little distinction. Do you think Clay and Webster feel less interest in the Republic than when they made the nation tremble with their eloquence? They are more cosmopolitan, feel more universal love for the race, not less for their own nation.

Intricate and beautiful are our relations to the angels of the spirit-world. They are our friends, our relatives, the good and great gone before us, superior in knowledge and experience, with love and friendship increased in the measure of their greater capacity.

Ah! you who profess to believe the spirit at death removed to a far-off country; that it has no communion with earth; you should behold the groups of those spirits as they bend over their earthly friends, and the intense interest they manifest in their welfare.

We all have a greater interest in the Hereafter than in the Present; our deepest hopes lie there, and we listen with rapture to the voices from the Great Beyond.

My gray-haired friend, years ago you were called to lay in the cold and narrow grave the loved companion who had made life a constant June-day of joy. You wept then—and now, as I lift the misty curtain of the past, you weep. The heart grows sad as I tread the halls of sacred memories. The Years have come with iron feet, but they can never obliterate the memory of the departed, which beneath the searching frosts, like the mountain evergreen, grows fresher. Ah, you consigned the body back to the mother earth; the spirit fledged in immortal life rested over you unseen, perhaps unfelt. Has that spirit departed? Are you left lonely, forsaken, a weary pilgrim without hope? Let me raise the veil and show you how intimately the world of spirits blends with the world of men.

Could I open your spiritual perception, could I quicken your sight, I could show you that loved one, the same as when you first knew her in youth and beauty, a guardian angel by your side. You are susceptible to her holy influence, and have recognized many times in the past a gentle voice saving you from paths of disappointment.

Mother, you have wept for a darling child, a young bud you had watched with tenderest care, and saw, with joy a mother only can feel, bursting into bloom. Just when you thought your fruition complete, when life became most involved in the loved one, a chilling breath snatched it from you.

A little grassy hillock in the churchyard—a little white slab with a name! Is that all?

Nay, the body resting there is not your child, but his worn garment. Your child basks in the sunshine of heaven. It was a cruel stroke which tore him from your bosom, and your very heart strings broke with the blow. You are sad now, as you look through the long vista of events, and a tear wells from your mother-heart. Is your child lost? Does he sleep with the body? Has he gone far away, where not until death can you behold him? Nay, he is here in radiant beauty, with an affection for you heightened by the harmony of his angel-life.

Many—alas, how many!—of you sent your loved ones forth to red-handed battle. One died in the fierce struggle of Antietam, pierced by sharp bayonets; another was torn to fragments by a Parrott shell and scattered like chaff to the winds; another went down in a fierce cavalry charge, his dear form battered by the iron heels of a thousand horse, as they swept like a whirlwind over the slain; another lay wounded amid the dead, and his precious life went out beneath the crushing wheels of ponderous artillery; another died a thousand deaths in the prison of horrors, the name of which is too loathsome to utter.

Mother, the vacant chair at your hearth is a source of unending affliction. Weeping wife, when your infant asks for its father you will say: He went forth to the strife and was drawn into the fierce whirlpool of death; all that he has left us is his proud name and immeasurable sorrow.

Patriotism supports you not. Your country's gain is your countless loss. Brothers, fathers, sons, friends, who went forth with high hopes and lofty ambition, are now beyond the veil of darkness, and on earth write their names no more. The poor privilege of gazing on their inanimate clay was denied you, and you think of them as bleaching in a Southern jungle, or with rude hands concealed in a common grave, where the wreck of valor was indiscriminately plunged.

Is this the reward for your sacrifice, bitter anguish and tears? Ask the question of SPIRITUALISM, and its answer is a balm more precious than Gilead's. Like the sound of the waterfall to the parched traveler in the desert, come the silvery voices of departed friends, softening and subduing the asperities of life, cheering us onward to better aims and loftier endeavors. They call, sweetly and musically call. Oh man, brother, sister, come up hither; partake of these fountains and thirst no more.

You have heard of the happy dying. How beautifully shone the light of heaven over their reposing features, and even after the dissolution, a smile like the radiance of sunset played upon their calm faces. Ah! Death is the key whereby the spiritual perceptions are unlocked, and long before its final stroke it opens man's vision to the future, and he sees the bright springs and clear waters, the green fields and radiant spirits immortal.

From this standpoint we can take a broad survey of our relations to the Future. We are not creatures of a moment; our existence is not like that of a cloud sweeping the sky, to be dissolved into nothing, but ours is a companionship of worlds and stars—aye, more enduring than they. Friends, relatives, neighbors have preceded us, whom we shall greet in the Hereafter; sages, philosophers, the great and good of the ages past await us there, when we shall mature in the light of angelic wisdom.

We have many a lesson to learn from this contemplation. By it we learn our duty to lower, and our relation to higher, orders of intelligences. The brutes of the field, (our ignoble brethren,) all the forms of life beneath us, require our kindness, love and sympathy; the angels of light, our elder brothers, call forth our emulation, reverence, love and wisdom.

CASUAL REFLECTIONS.

"HA! HA! HA!"—A caller at this office has unintentionally furnished a theme for a paragraph. On the first page is an article by the senior editor, entitled "Charity," across the proof of which was derisively written "Ha! ha! ha!" as it lay upon our table. Every effect has a cause; and being in a speculative mood, we query as to the spirit that dictated the exclamation—the clandestine expression of scepticism toward sentiments so noble and humane; the implied ridicule of and disbelief in a beneficent attribute. For the sake of insulted Charity, let us hope the natural inference incorrect! Words are imperfect vehicles of thought. "Ha! ha! ha!" has a thousand meanings—as many as a Scripture text—after the meanings have been put into it; but otherwise both are senseless sounds, simply this and nothing more.

"Ha! ha! ha!" is merriment on the fragrant lips of childhood; a music-wave of happiness from those of sweet-sixteen; is triumph shouted from the stentorian lungs of the athlete; and withering sarcasm darted from the heart of the venomous and unfortunate. "Ha! ha! ha!" is a glorious prerogative of humanity—one of the principal evidences that distinguish men from brutes! The ox can get down upon his knees in the most approved orthodox manner, but he can't stand up beneath the vaulted canopy and shout "Ha! ha! ha!" to the starry hosts of high heaven! Think of it; some of the lower animals shed tears, but Infinite Wisdom has seen fit to reserve for the human species the glorious privilege of a HEARTY LAUGH! The more a man or woman you are, the more you can and will appreciate this glorious gift and capacity; the more you will fill your "Ha! ha! ha!" to overflowing with the merry melody of a sinless life; and the less you will be inclined to make them the vehicle of concentrated spite and derision, or scrawl them across the unsullied page of goodwill and philanthropy!

A WONDERFUL DISCOVERY.—A Rev. Mr. Sweeney of Chicago, has made the wonderful discovery that Spiritualism is the work of demons! The Chicago Tribune lends its columns to this wonderful "wise man" not of the "East," but the West, to diffuse his sapientry. Who is Rev. M. Sweeney? A man of such exalted wisdom should have already been heard from; his fame should have been world-wide. Who is he? As Spiritual manifestations in all ages rest on one basis, if demons cause the manifestations of to-day they have of all times past.

What then, becomes of the Spiritual revelations of the Bible? Does not this sapient Reverend see that he has committed what is considered a grave mistake even by a pettifogger? His testimony proves too much, for it sweeps away indiscriminately all the Spiritual experiences of the past.

THE amount of subscription received by A. B. French, for the College movement, in Dec., in Michigan, \$2,100; and from memberships, collections, etc., \$128.

S. J. S., of Akron, recently recommends that more knowledge of the laws of life, both physical and spiritual, be imparted in the Lyceum, and calls upon all to work zealously in the great field of reform.

Will the Secretary of the Cleveland Society please keep us posted! Extraordinary duties leave us no spare moments;—haven't been out of the office except a few minutes, for 36 hours! How about that election, and other matters, Brother?

THE New York telegram says two young M. D.'s in Cleveland have got themselves into trouble by anticipating resurrection day.

Mrs. S. E. THOMPSON is agent for Professor Spence's Positive and Negative Powders, 161 St. Clair street. Her adv., Dr. Newcomer's, Mr. M. Milson's, "Ripples on the Tide of Life," "The Lyceum Banner," &c., unavoidably postponed—one week.

Now is the time to subscribe.

MARRIAGE.

A PLEASANT little event occurred in our midst a few evenings since, which being quite out of the ordinary course of things, we consider worthy newspaper notice. It was the night of usual "Leaders' Meeting," and quite a large company had assembled for the purpose of attending to the business always enacted on such occasions. The meeting had not been called to order when our "pastor's" wife hurried in and electrified us with the intelligence that there was to be a "Spiritual Wedding" at the Weddell House, and she wished us all to go and witness the ceremony. Of course business was of no importance then, and we hastened to see the happy pair. On our way we learned that they resided in Pennsylvania, and, being Spiritualists, and having made up their minds to walk life's treadmill together, they desired that the words which should make them wedded might be spoken by a Spiritualist. So the two, strong in their convictions, came. This much of their history, and we were prepared to see ushered in by Mr. and Mrs. Wheeler, the intelligent youth and his blushing bride. It is always supposed that a bride looks sweet and lovely and charming, and all those et ceteras belonging to a bride, but indeed there was something so fresh and pure about this young creature, so faultless in appearance and so winning in her timidity, that we were all captivated at once, no wonder at the look of unconcealed happiness and pride her husband wore.

Having never heard the marriage ceremony pronounced by a Spiritualist, we were anxious to know how it would compare with others, and so reported it for the benefit of ourself and friends. Mr. Wheeler, who has been ordained minister, performed the ceremony in these words:

"MY DEAR FRIENDS: You appear among us with the expressed intention of calling us to witness your marriage. I have simply to say that either you are married or you are not married. If not, nothing that I can say will marry you; for the marriage which you call us to recognize must be of the soul. If that marriage of the heart and soul has already taken place, you, as man and woman can determine; and if it does exist, you do right in taking those measures which will make your marriage sacred before the world."

"MR. LEWIS KIRK, if it be your intention to make this woman your wife, take her hand. And now, Miss HANNAH SPENCER, if it be your willing consent to receive this man as your husband, in all the sanctity born of the spirit and of the affections, to love, to care for and abide by him while you remain in the earthly body, and while the same affection continues that you now feel for him, take also his hand."

"In view of your expressed determination, to the end that all things may be done decently and in order, I, by virtue of the authority vested in me, do now pronounce you man and wife; and that which your own hearts' best feelings have joined together may no untoward influence ever sunder."

"MY DEAR FRIENDS, you are married; so far as the laws may do so, so far as all external form may do so, you are married. Again I say, whether married or no, rests with the feelings of your own hearts. Nothing that I have said will perpetuate this marriage—nothing except it be kindly forbearance and goodness on the part of you both. Marriage is a sacred, a divine, a holy thing. And may that happiness which ever attends true love be yours."

"Remember as the husband to be in all things courteous, kind and forbearing; as the wife, to be in all things faithful and dutiful; and may God and the holy Angels smile on you now and ever."

Then followed congratulations, and the usual pleasantries. Amid greetings and good-wishes, we left the happy pair; and so we leave them.

APOTHEOSIS.

BEAUTIFUL is the fall of the ripened fruit—the passing onward of the mature, the aged and experienced. On the 9th of January, 1869, the spirit of Mrs. ALTHEA, wife of Thomas Arnold, of Birmingham, O., left the form. She had long suffered from a malignant cancer, and gladly left a body which had become an intolerable burden. A long earthly life, of 79 years and 9 months, quietly closed when her spirit took its departure. Always a free-thinker and tolerant in matters of religion, our friend was ever more careful to do the duties of life than discuss the creeds of sectarians. Her husband, now nearly 80 years old, has long been a firm Spiritualist, as are most of the family. He consoles the loneliness of his isolation, after 60 years of married happiness, by the knowledge of a quick reunion in the happy Summer Land. The funeral services were from the Methodist Church, and were conducted by the Rev. C. Pearce, of East Townsend, O., and Mr. E. S. Wheeler, of the Cleveland Spiritualist Society. The discourse of Mr. Wheeler was a scientific, philosophic and religious demonstration of Immortality, and was listened to by a numerous company.

On Christmas morning, 1868, Mrs. CAROLINE Talcott, wife of Mr. A. A. Talcott, of Madison, O., suddenly left the mortal for the immortal sphere of life, aged 65 years. She was one of the pioneers of civilization in Ohio, and had lived in Madison since 1815. She and her husband (now in the form) joined the Congregationalists in 1828, but soon became disgusted with brimstone theology and were zealous Universalists. Spiritualism met a hearty welcome from the worthy couple early in the history of the New Dispensation. The funeral of Mrs. T. was held at the Madison Town Hall, Sunday, Dec. 27th. Discourse by Mr. E. S. Wheeler. Another link connecting us with the past is severed, and a bond to the future established!

The Spiritualist.

NORTH-WEST DEPARTMENT.

JANESVILLE, WIS., JAN. 23, 1869.

JOSEPH BAKER, Local, {
J. O. BARRETT, Traveling, } EDITORS.

—All communications for this Department should be addressed, "THE AMERICAN SPIRITUALIST, Janesville, Wis."

CLUBS—1 copy Spiritualist, 1 year, \$2. Two copies, 1 year, one Spiritual Harp, and Planchette Song, for \$5.50. Four copies 1 year and Practical of Spiritualism, \$7. Six copies 1 year, Harp, and Planchette, \$12. Eight copies 1 year and Harp, \$15. Eleven copies 1 year, Harp, Practical of Spirit, and Planchette, \$20. For above clubs postage on books prepaid by us.

ENCOURAGEMENT TO SPEAKERS.

SOMETIMES we think it is a misfortune to our Societies, to have our strong, inspiring speakers "go the rounds" in ministrations to the people, for there is created so high a demand for oratory, that we lesser lights are torn from the galaxy. No; we will not say this; the loftier the ideal the better, provided charity sways all action. Where this is wanting, the peril is—what we often encounter—a technical taste that always brings "a measuring reed" to meeting, and they who cannot fill it are pronounced unworthy of support! When a Society cries "first class speakers!" be sure that the dry rot is in it. There is a condition of the soul that makes one a SPIRITUAL SAVAGE! Such a Society sours in the so-called "Mid-Summer-Night's Dreams." This is one of the causes of our social restlessness, and of the angularities that pierce us as thorns without a single rose.

We claim to have inaugurated a religious movement in consonance with nature—unity in diversity—but our order is direct discord, if we sunder fraternal ties by a select classification, esteeming one honest worker higher than another. In its place the hand is as useful as the eye, so the foot, so the joints. Only functional order produces social health.

We cannot spare one from our ranks—not one who can do any thing for goodness and truth. So long as we jostle against each other in our personal ambition for power, we only sharpen the stings of deserving rebuke. Inspiration comes, warming as sunbeams, to the heart, only when we seek each others weal, "in honor preferring one another." When the heart of self-denial beats in the grasp of the hand, sparkles in the eye, voicing itself in action, lo, each has "a gift of the spirit," and we are a UNIT, happy and prosperous.

Encourage the speakers, the humble and sensitive especially. Compensate justly, generously. Pass round the hand of fellowship!

MEDIUMSHIP IMPERVIOUS TO FIRE.

LAMBELICUS, speaking of inspiration in his day, says: "Many, through divine inspiration are not burned when the fire is introduced to them, the inspiring influence preventing the fire from touching them. Many, though burned, do not apprehend that they are so, because they do not live in animal life."

Baron Richenbach, in his experiments with "sensitives," shows that if a bar of an electric magnet be laid upon a steel magnet, the flame of the latter is repelled as if blown by the wind. We are acquainted with a gentleman who, in his former years of exalted mediumship, was so charged with the aura of spirit influence, that, when his finger was placed in a flame, there was not the least consumption or pain. The magnetism neutralized the effects of the fire.

Does not this explain by what means the three Hebrew children escaped unharmed, when the fourth, "like the Son of Man"—a spirit—struck away the flames?

GUIDES.—Who, what, where is our guide? Is it a monopolizer? a supplanter? an egoist? As a man sows, so shall he reap. As are his cherished associates, so is his character.

"Who doth the raven for a guide invite,
Must marvel not on carcasses to light."

MORAL NEED OF A DEVIL.—Selfish men do not like the idea of personal culpability when their lusts are inflamed; it is THEN very convenient to have a devil and make him responsible for all temptations and disasters. The church needs something to CURSE. Selfishness, hate, "evil communications," must have vent, the same as the earth must have volcanoes for its internal fires. Cursing is a relief to an angry soul. The devil is only the providential shift of an inside corruption from the real to the ideal. No harm is done. The cursing, escaped to chase the shadow of an inner lust, leaves room at last for something better. Let us be grateful, then, for the personal devil of the orthodox churches. *

A VETERINARIAN MEDIUM.

HAVING occasion to lecture in Hingham, Wis., a few evenings ago, where we found many earnest, liberal brothers and sisters, and very large audiences, we became acquainted with William Potter, a humble farmer of worthy and unblemished life. He has the "gift of healing" to a remarkable degree. Not only does he cure the maladies of mortals, by the laying on of hands, but even animals, which he has repeatedly done in cases of lameness, sprains, lung difficulties, etc.—to his own and neighbors cattle, horses, etc. Why not the dumb beasts be healed by spirits? They are very receptive to the magnetic touch of human hands. What a blessed gospel this, that sends down from heaven a healing influence to cure our sick birds and beasts! How tenderly loving are our angels, who have hearts that feel all the sicknesses of our world, and "without money and without price" on their part, thus make "EVERY CREATURE which is in the earth, and over the earth, and such as are in the sea," shout "glory, and honor" and power" to the All-Healing Life around and within us!

ZENOBIA, PRINCESS OF PALMYRA.

ROME, from her proud pre-eminence as mistress of the world, had sunk by successive tyrannies. She had patiently endured the scenes of blood which had robbed her of her noblest citizens. The throne of the world had been usurped by a fierce brood of tyrants who appeared in rapid succession, making way for each other by the dagger of the assassin, or the sword of the soldier. He who dared to mount the throne with good intent, soon found it too slippery with the blood of his predecessors to allow him to stand. To record the names of this unparalleled series of tyrants is a heart-sickening task.

Tiberius, fierce, unrelenting; Caligula, furious as a hungry tiger; Claudius, effeminate and imbecile; Nero, a proverb of cruelty; Vitellus, beastly in all his appetites; Domitian, fearful and inhuman; preceded the glorious reign of the Antoninus, who held forth the illusive hope of the Golden Age.

After a momentary calm, Rome again felt the lash of vindictive passion. The monstrous barbarity of Commodus; the world-wide inhumanity of Caracalla; the insane folly of Elagabalus, with the diabolic cruelty of a host of other usurpers, distinguished from each other only by excesses of cruelty and brutality, succeeded that blissful hour.

After these long and terrible years of suffering, hope again revived in the hearts of the patriotic Romans as they gazed on the triumphs of Aurelia, who, having conquered all the enemies of the Empire, and restored its integrity, they easily persuaded themselves would establish a new and Golden Age of peace and prosperity.

His peasant-origin was forgotten when it was remembered that he had scattered the terrible avalanche of Alemanni who who threatened to destroy Italy; that he had wrested Gaul, Spain and Britain from the hands of rebellion, and the vast extent of the Eastern Provinces from the Caspian Sea to the remote empires of Egypt, from the usurpation of Zenobia. A triumph was decreed the successful hero who had once more asserted the supremacy of Rome, and showed the world that obedience to her laws was the only alternative.

Never was triumph more nobly deserved or celebrated more magnificently. The streets of the great Capitol were crowded at early dawn by citizens and strangers from restored provinces, eager to witness the imposing spectacle of the veteran returning with the spoils of the vanquished.

First came twenty elephants, four royal tigers, and over a hundred different species of animals, yielded by the remotest East, West, North and South. Then followed sixteen hundred trained gladiators to be devoted to the bloody amusement of the amphitheatre. After these came the wealth, arms and ensigns of the nations of Asia, and the wardrobe and plate of Zenobia. Then came ambassadors from the most distant parts of the earth, where the terror and fame of the Roman name had reached,—richly dressed, and with them the magnificent presents, the innumerable crowns of gold, and offerings of grateful cities. After these, the host of captives showed the wondering, by their different costumes, the great variety of nations he had conquered. Goths, Vandals, Sarmatians, Alemanni, Franks, Gauls, Syrians, and Egyptians; a never-ending stream, embellished by inscriptions and diversified by ten Amazons of the Gothic nation who had been captured in arms. But all eyes turned to the imperial portion of the procession. Aurelian advanced in a triumphal car of a Gothic king, drawn by four elephants. He was preceded by three sumptuous chariots, the spoils of the East, and before these walked the rebel emperor Tetricus, and the wonderfully beautiful Queen of the East.

She was bound with golden fetters, and the golden chain which surrounded her neck was supported by a female slave. She was the most attractive object of the magnificent pageant. She had long engaged the attention of the Romans, and was prized in proportion to the cost of her conquest. The most heroic, by common consent, she was now pronounced the most lovely of her sex. She was tall, graceful and harmoniously proportioned. Her complexion perhaps a trifle dark, her teeth pearly white, her dark eyes large and sparkling with fire, her voice manly and harmonious, with an understanding cultivated by the sublime Longinus, such was Zenobia, Princess of Palmyra.

She feigned not to observe the plebeian gaze of the assembled thousands, but proudly moved as in her own regal halls. Had she, however, noticed the observers, she would have met only the look of sympathy and pity. Half Rome regretted that she was conquered, so much were they captivated by her manners. She was born to rule, and had broken the restraints of laws and customs to gain the object of her ambition. She claimed her descent from the Macedonian kings of Egypt, and relationship to the renowned Cleopatra, whom she passed in understanding, beauty and chastity.

Odenathus, her husband, had by his own exertion raised himself from an humble station to the throne of the East, and was a fitting companion for so heroic a wife. During the intervals of peace, they pursued together the exciting amusement of hunting, and in time of war she generally accompanied their army, not in a carriage, but on horseback, and in armor, sometimes marching for miles at the head of the troops.

Their combined wisdom and valor made the monarch of Persia tremble on his throne, and wrested from him several of his fairest provinces. But her valor could not save her husband from the secret dagger of the assassin, and he was cut off in the full tide of a glorious career. All that was left the sorrowful queen was to avenge his death, which she did with swift and revengeful rigor; and assumed full control of the government.

According to Roman law, the authority of Odenathus delegated to him by the Senate, expired with him, not extending to his wife. But the proud and ambitious Zenobia scorned both senate and emperor, and obliged one of their generals to retreat with the loss of his army.

She was removed above the petty passions of her sex and her mind possessed more than ordinary masculine powers. If necessary she could pardon; if otherwise she could stifle the voice of pity; and though accused of avarice, so strictly economical was she in her expenditures, she could bestow magnificently when the occasion required. Her fame extended to surrounding nations, who sought her alliance, and to the dominions left by her husband she annexed Egypt, the populous country of her ancestors.

When Aurelian assumed the purple, he determined to subdue the revolted East, and marched into Asia with his veteran legions. Her allies deserted to him, and at first it appeared she would be compelled to surrender without a struggle. But she energetically set at work and met him under the walls of Antioch. History is ambiguous as to the event, but in the second great engagement near Emessa her troops were hewn in pieces by the terrible legions of the Danube, fresh from barbarian war. All the nations submitted to the conqueror, except Palmyra, whither she fled.

Palmyra was built on an oasis in the Arabian desert. The air was pure and healthful, the soil fertilized by numerous springs, and fruit and corn were yielded in abundance. It was placed on the direct route of the great caravans which conveyed the luxuries of the Indies to the nations of Europe. It was enriched by the immense traffic, and for its valuable office as mediator between the Roman and Parthian monarchies, allowed to remain neutral. After the victories of Trajan it was absorbed into the bosom of Rome, when it enjoyed undisturbed peace for more than a century and a half. The reign of Zenobia elevated it to a rivalry with Rome, which proved fatal to its prosperity. With great labor Aurelian invested the city. To reach it he had to pass the deserts in which it reposed like an island in the ocean. Here he was annoyed by the swift Arabs, who, hovering near, dashed on an unguarded point and fled with the swiftness of the wind before the slow-moving legions. After he had invested the city he doubted of success, and offered the citizens their ancient privileges and the queen a regal retreat. But she not only refused his honorable terms, but accompanied her refusal with insult.

The Roman General easily cut off all succor, and soon reduced her to despair. She mounted a swift dromedary and fled from the city of refuge. On, on she rode, like the wind of the desert. The majestic Euphrates rises before her. She will cross its protecting bosom and at least be safe from the conqueror. Alas! the Arab barb is fleetest than the camel, and she is

seized in the very moment of escape, and brought before the stern emperor, not abashed, however but still a queen.

"Why did you rebel against the emperors of Rome?" was the stern question. "Because I disdained to consider as Roman emperors an Aurelius or a Gallienus. You alone I acknowledge as my conqueror and sovereign!" was the politic reply.

But human nature in its ruggedest phase is weak, and we cannot be surprised that her courage failed when the angry soldiery clamored for her life. Then she committed the one weakness, which in all kindness, should be overlooked. She accused the great Longinus, her master, almost her father, of counseling her to obstinate resistance, and on him directed the fury of the conqueror. We pity her weakness; we blame the inhumanity of the victor who condemned him because of his patriotism. Genius and learning had elevated the noble soul of Longinus far above the fear of death, and deeply pitying the fate of his queen, and comforting with philosophical reflections his sorrowing friends, he calmly followed his executioner.

Zenobia, after contributing to the glory of her conqueror, in the grand pageant of his triumph, received from him a splendid villa at Tiber, about twenty miles from Rome, where she sank to the level of a Roman matron, and her daughters married into noble families, preserving the prestige of her name for several centuries.

Such was the fate of the proud queen of Palmyra. That of her favorite city is still more deplorable. After its surrender, Aurelian left a small garrison to preserve the populace in subjection. He had scarcely removed his army before the faithful people massacred the garrison, and set up the ensign of Zenobia. No sooner did a messenger convey the intelligence to him, than he wheeled his veteran army and fell like a thunderbolt on the devoted city. All were involved in the terrible slaughter. Tottering age and prattling innocence, the strong man and the timorous maiden, all alike were indiscriminately, unrelentingly hewn down, and the city left desolate.

As if influenced by remorse, Aurelian granted permission to the rest of the inhabitants who escaped to rebuild the city, but without effect. The rude hand of war blasts in a day the labor of a thousand years of peace, and the wounds of the sword are incurable. Lonely the day after the slaughter, and lonely still, a few mud huts arise in the courts of palaces built by Grecian architects when it felt the fostering care of opulent Rome. The vast commerce which poured the wealth of the Indies into her lap has been diverted into other and less laborious channels, and nought remains but the elegant columns of her temples, standing in the wilderness of sands, a monument to the magnificent Empire of Zenobia.

EDITORIAL NOTICES.

DR. NEWCOMER, the well-known physician and healer, whose success in many cases has been truly surprising, if the statements of very respectable persons may be relied upon, has an exceedingly pleasant office under Lyceum Hall, in this city. He has associated with him a gentleman of much ability and long experience. Dr. Rose is having great success in the treatment of difficult cases.

DR. M. H. HOUGHTON, we learn, intends to remain during the winter in Ohio. He is highly spoken of as a speaker and physician, and is an able, earnest worker. He is accompanied by his wife, who is a very susceptible psychometrist, employing this gift in reading characted and determining disease. They are at present engaged at Milan (where they may be addressed,) with eminent success both as healers and lecturers.

D. M. KING, lecturer on the Science of Man and practical delineator of character from the external signs, is now making a professional tour in Michigan. He is a graduate from the classes of Fowler & Wells and also from the medical school of R. T. Trall. Our wishes are for his success.

E. S. WHEELER will speak for the Second Spiritualist Society of Chicago, in March.

SUSIE M. JOHNSON drew large audiences in Chicago. So say the Spiritual papers. This month she speaks in Rock Island.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

WE solicit a few select advertisements at the following rates: Five cents per line, first insertion; three cents per line, each subsequent insertion. No advertisement counted less than five lines. Blank space measured.

Our readers are requested to patronize those who patronize us, and when making purchases to state that they saw the goods advertised in these columns.

THE BLACK PRINCE.

FIRST PREMIUM COOK STOVE. The Black Prince is incomparably the Best Coal Cooking Stove in use, for perfection of operation, economy of fuel, and for cleanliness. First premiums have been awarded to it at every State Fair at which it has been exhibited. For sale by E. JOHNSON, 13 Prospect street, just above Ontario.

The subscriber has also a large selection of perpetual burning and other Stoves, for hard and soft coal and coke, among which are the following standard kinds: Morning Glory, Stewart, Peerless, Torch light, and all the most approved kinds of Parlor and Cooking stoves for soft coal—some at very low prices.

HAIR WORK.

OF every description on hand and manufactured to order at WILSON & HAYES, No. 74 Public Square, Cleveland, Ohio. The subscribers guarantee to supply a better article, and 20 per cent. cheaper than any other house in the city.

LYCEUM HALL, 290 Superior st., Cleveland, O. This new, elegant and commodious Hall is now open to the public for Rent, by the night, for Lectures, Exhibitions, Societies, &c. For further particulars apply to T. LEES, Ag't., Room No. 1, in Building.

THE GREAT SPIRITUAL REMEDY;

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POSITIVE & NEGATIVE

POWDERS!!

A MOST WONDERFUL MEDICINE, SO SIL-
LENT, YET SO EFFICACIOUS. A penetrating,
deep-searching, irresistible curative agent, standing
alone, unrivalled, without an equal. THE POSI-
TIVE AND NEGATIVE POWDERS strike at
the root of disease; they do no violence to the sys-
tem, causing no purging, no vomiting, no nausea, no
narcotizing. They soothe, and charm, and magnet-
ize, and steal into the centres of vitality, flooding
them with currents of new life, and bathing them in
streams of magnetism which give health, strength,
vigor and elasticity to both body and mind.

THE POSITIVE POWDERS ARE SOOTHING
AND MAGNETIC. They lull and hush the most
sleepless and restless mind or the most agonized body
into the sweet slumber of childhood and the gentle
sleep of infancy. They are all-powerful in controlling
Spasms, Cramps, Convulsions, Fits, St. Vitus' Dance,
and Colic. They allay fevers, and Inflammations,
acute and chronic. They cure Rheumatism, Bronchi-
tis, Coughs, Colds, Croup, Diabetes, and Affections
of the Kidneys. They put a veto on Diarrhea, Dysen-
tery, Bowel Complaints, Nausea, Vomiting. They
charm away Neuralgia, Sciatica, Tic Douloureux,
Headache, Toothache Earache and pains of all kinds.
They cure Indigestion, Heartburn, Sour Stomach and
Dyspepsia in every form. They are a silent but sure
success in all Female Diseases and Weaknesses.—
Thousands of patients report them to be the best med-
icine ever used in the above diseases, as well as Cat-
arrh, Scrofula, Erysipelas, Small Pox, Measles, Scar-
let Fever, and kindred affections.

THE NEGATIVE POWDERS ARE STIMU-
LATING AND ELECTRIC. They give strength
and flexibility to the palsied or paralyzed muscle or
limb. They open the vision of the blind amaurotic
eye. They quicken and electrify the paralyzed nerve
and the lost sense is restored, thus causing the deaf to
hear again, and bringing back the sense of Taste,
Smell or Feeling. They rouse the vital energies of
the patient in Typhoid or Typhus Fevers, and the
prostration of death speedily gives way to the vigor
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In Fever and Ague, in all its forms, the POSI-
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For sale also by Druggists generally. If your drug-
gist hasn't the Powders, send your money at once to
Prof. Spence's address, as given above, and the Pow-
der will be forwarded to you, postpaid, by return
mail.

ROOT & GALE, Dealers in Massillon, Chippewa,
R. Mineral Ridge, Brier Hill, and Massillon Slack
and Nut Coal. Also all kinds of Hard Coal. Office
No. 3 Center st., Cleveland, Ohio. 14

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Goods, Dress-Making, Bleaching and Pressing,
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THE GREAT MAGNETIC MEDICATED PAPER.

A PERMANENT cure for Rheumatism and all
Chronic Diseases. Convertible to any distance
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netic Hair Pins, the subscriber has now completed
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The Hair Pins equalize the nervous fluids, will relieve
headaches, and promote the growth of the hair. The
paper will heal old ulcers and all wounds, inflammations,
&c., &c. Examinations made of urine in diag-
nosing diseases. Application made for patent to the
above remedies. TERMS—Examination of urine and
remedies, \$3. Hair Pins, \$1 per package. Paper
sent to any distance, \$1.

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DO SPIRITS COMMUNICATE?

DR. JAMES V. MANSFIELD, the world renown-
ed Test Writing Medium, through whose hand more
than one hundred and sixty-three thousand communi-
cations have been given to sealed letters or other-
wise, may be consulted by sealed letters or at his par-
lors, 102 West 15th st., New York City. Terms \$5,
and four three-cent postage stamps. 16

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& Mill Feed, 182 Seneca st. 14

CLEVELAND HOMOEOPATHIC COLLEGE
and Hospital for Women.—Mrs. C. A. Seaman,
President. The Winter Course of Lectures will be-
gin the 2d Monday in November, and end about the
1st of March. Clinics in connection with the City In-
firm and New City Hospital, Special Lectures, &c.,
afford students unequalled facilities for improvement.
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West Side.—Mrs. D. while in the clairvoyant state
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cases of Fever and Ague in one week—sent to all
parts of the country on receipt of \$1. Special atten-
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CLAIRVOYANCE and Healing by the Laying on
of Hands. Miss S. A. Boyd still has her office
in Room No. 22, Hoffman's Block, Cleveland, Ohio,
where she is prepared to give sittings and administer
treatment. 16

WESTERN DEPOT FOR LYCEUM EQUIP- MENTS.

WE are now prepared to furnish Lyceums with
Equipments, at eastern prices, and warrant
them to be equal in quality, style and finish, and in
many respects superior to any now in market. Send
for circular. Address W. H. SEXTON & Co.,
Cleveland, Ohio.

lar ones, and thus the intricate and mysterious web of nature is woven.

MISSIONARY LABOR.

MESSRS. EDITORS: I left home on the 9th inst., to do missionary work in Paulding County. Arrived at Paulding County seat that evening. Found an energetic worker and whole-souled man in the person of W. T. French. I delivered four lectures—good audiences greeted me at every one. On the evening of the 13th, I witnessed some good physical manifestations at Bro. French's house, through the mediumship of a lady who belongs to the Methodist Society of that place. An evidence to me that the spirits will not be kept back by any theological opinions, but will renovate all theology through the people who support its institutions. There is neither church nor hall in this place. All denominations hold their meetings in the school-house. During my stay the few liberally minded talked over the matter of building a hall, and finally decided that they had the necessary strength, and that a hall should be put up the coming summer. As soon as it is built, it is proposed to inaugurate a Lyceum. Our friends there are poor, financially, and few in numbers, but the feeling pervades their acts that they profess the purest religion, and the most scientific solution of the problem of immortality that ever was vouchsafed to mortals. This makes them energetic, and I prophesy that the hall-movement will be a success because there is an energetic French-man and his companionable wife at the head of the concern. God bless them! We know the angels will help those who try to help themselves.

At Antwerp we met another pair of devoted souls, in the persons of N. R. Wilson and wife. Thursday evening, lectured to a small but appreciative audience. Friday evening, Albert Wentworth of Carryall, took me to a school-house in his township, that was well filled, and notwithstanding the larger part of the audience was composed of church-going Methodists, they were very attentive, and sang two old-fashioned Methodist hymns, filled with the sentiments of our soul-stirring Spiritualism.

Saturday, returned to Antwerp, lectured in the evening in Mr. Snook's Hall, one of the liberal men of the place. Several things going on to take the attention of the community, however, a fair audience was present. Delivered two lectures in the same place on Sunday evening to a large audience. Every audience in every community has given the utmost attention, and manifested an intense desire to hear more of the gospel truths of our beautiful philosophy.

After a while, I believe that an organization and a Lyceum can be established in this place. There is much more liberalism in this part of the county than at Paulding, but it is very much scattered. It will be gathered in by and by, then we shall see a glorious Progressive Lyceum as the harvest.

Contributions to Missionary Fund; Paulding, W. T. French, \$5.00; public collections, 4.70; individual donations, 2.00; F. S. Cable, 1.00; Carryall, public collection, 3.00; Antwerp, public collections, 7.40; whole amount, \$23.10. Traveling expenses, 7.20.

Shall visit Henry, and Defiance counties next, and try and show them the new born spirit of all religion, the vitality of all faith, and the beautiful philosophy of man's noble destiny in the hereafter.

Yours in the work, J. H. RANDALL.

OHIO STATE RECORD.

BLACK RIVER.—Jas. Reid, Corresponding Secretary, informs us that O. L. Sutliff has addressed the people of Black River four evenings, and that a Society has been formed, with every promise of prosperity. We quote: "Years ago, when the cause was first started, some seed fell in our midst, took deep root, and is now bringing forth fruit. If the work could be pushed on by other speakers, assisted by a good test medium, we should be able to sweep all before us, as the harvest is fully ripe."

CHEERY VALLEY.—F. G. Spencer, M. D., writes: "Orthodoxy is having a hard struggle for existence. Not long since, the presiding 'Elder,' after a 'protracted effort' of two weeks duration, found his congregation dwindled down; he put out the lights, tolled the bell, and left. Since then no further demonstration. Our soil is fallow here, and seed sown now would flourish. A missionary is needed, and we must have one. The dear, loving visitants from the Summer Land, bless our home circle, controlling the vocal organism of my earth companion. The spirits speak earnest words commendatory of the course taken by The Spiritualist."

AUBURN.—The friends of Human Progress, for several miles around, occasionally meet at South Newbury, where there is a pleasant hall dedicated to Free Speech, but no regular meetings are held. During the past year, H. C. Wright, A. A. Wheelock, C. O. Burleigh and D. M. Allen, have dispensed the "bread of life" to the people. Sometime since a dancing party was held at this place, and the proceeds thereof will be devoted to the 'holy purpose' of putting window blinds on the meeting-house. "Tell it not in Gath" that the church-members worked faithfully and vigorously to make the party a success. This is a novel way of raising money to repair a church, but with our orthodox friends "the end sanctifies the means." If it is wrong to dance in a ball-room for amusement, is it not equally so to dance in the same place for the church? "Consistency is a jewel" which the church does not possess. So writes our friend, G. W. W.

RAVENNA.—S. M. D. says: "We are having such good times that I thought it would do all the friends of our cause, who read your paper, good to hear of the onward march of our glorious gospel in Ravenna. In June last, Bro. A. A. Wheelock organized a Society and Lyceum, and since that time we have met every Sunday but one, and discussed many different subjects. Although our Lyceum is small in numbers, it increases in interest. Our Society is harmonious, its prospects are good, and we are determined to persevere in the good work. In Nov., Bro. French was with us and delivered several lectures that were productive of much good. That excellent medium and noble worker, Mrs. Hannah Shaw, (formerly Morse,) of Jolliet, Ill., has lectured here twice, and is to speak once more. She has held several circles, and mediums are being developed in our midst. She has had increasing audiences, is a trance speaker, and the controlling influences speak forcibly, intelligently, scientifically. Many in our community have been made to rejoice, through her instrumentality, in communion with the loved ones gone before. Hear it! Bro. Wheelock, French, and all ye noble workers in the field of reform—ye who have administered to us in Spiritu-

al things—and may it gladden your hearts to know that the good seed sown by you is promising a rich harvest. I hear that Sister Warner is laboring in Ohio. Do not pass by in your journeyings, Sister. We should be so glad to listen to your voice once more, as in other days; and I think Bro. E. V. Wilson would find a good field for his labors here. Give us a call, Brother, on your way back to the West."

USE AND ABUSE OF SACRED BOOKS. Synopsis of a Lecture delivered by C. O. BURLEIGH, at South Newbury, O. Reported by George Wm. Wilson, for The American Spiritualist.

MEN are often ignorant of the contents of their sacred books. Many persons read the books of the Bible through and through, and never know what they contain. If you tell them what there is in these books, they will say with scorn and contempt that you are uttering a falsehood. If you tell them that in Genesis there are two accounts of Creation—that in the New Testament there are two accounts of the birth and early life of Jesus—they will at once call you a falsifier of the truth. Many have read these books hundreds of times without ever dreaming that they contain two entirely different and irreconcilable stories of Creation and the birth and early life of Jesus.

Why do sacred books exist? Theologians give the answer, that certain men in ancient times were inspired by the Holy Ghost to write these books, that they are infallible, and have been preserved without variation or change that in the least degree affects their authority. They admit that a hundred thousand readings have been added, but it is claimed these are not important. A certain text that is very much disputed over by the Trinitarians and the Unitarians was not in the original copy of the New Testament. So many other passages are interpolations. Scholars tell us that the first chapter of Matthew and the first and second chapters of Luke are of doubtful authenticity. The books of Jude, James, 2d Peter, 2d and 3d John, were considered by the Christian Fathers as of doubtful authenticity, and were not relied upon for proving or sustaining doctrinal points.

Why do sacred books exist? My answer is this: In different ages of the world men have arisen who have excelled other men in spiritual as well as intellectual progress. They had larger conceptions of the truth, and were inspired, (to use a common phrase,) not to write truth without alloy, but to utter sentiments in advance of those generally received. Men who excelled in poetry and oratory were said to be inspired, but no one thinks or affirms that their inspiration was perfect.

The human soul stands in such relations to the Divine Soul as to be susceptible to the influx of ideas. While some are endowed with the genius of poetry, oratory and art, others are inspired with clear conceptions of moral and religious truths. These men, in all ages of the world, have given utterance to the truth as they perceived it—having the treasure in earthen vessels, they were limited in the impartation of it by their imperfection. They have given expression to their best thoughts in their best way they could. Men in all ages have thus given their thoughts to the human race.

We only know who wrote a few of the books of the Bible; we cannot even conjecture who wrote most of them. These books must stand not on the merits of their authors, but on their own intrinsic worth. We have evidence of their human imperfection. Sacred books are the best thoughts of the best men of their age. The right use to make of these books is to take them as we would the advice of the best men of to-day. Accept of them not as absolutely good or true in every part, but as giving us the earlier religious views of man, as containing many gems of thought and incentives to noble achievement. They are admirable for this use, if we do not abuse them. Read them with your spiritual nature all alive, fully testing them with your reason. Take them with an earnest desire to make the best use of them, with a respectful but thoughtful reverence.

The abuse of sacred books is of two kinds, coming from two extremes, and both are pernicious. The mind of man has been so highly strained by theologians that when it sees the truth it swings to the other extreme; such deny that these books have any claims upon them.

Priests grow out of the ignorance and superstition of men, and their incomplete knowledge of the truth. Spiritual progress is attended by a succession of errors, one giving way to another of less magnitude, until at last the perfect day will be revealed. Religious systems are the natural outgrowth of the human soul. Priests are the products of this growth, but not the original cause.

No sacred book is entirely useless. All these books have some good in them, and bear some evidence of heart-communion with the wise and good of all ages. We abuse them when we entirely reject them, as well as when we accept of them as all good, and as the final arbiters of all questions that pertain to the welfare of man. It is an abuse of sacred books to place them above reason, understanding and conscience, without daring to question their merits or authority.

Sacred books do not claim to be infallible, and the claim that they are so is not supported by facts. There is no evidence to show that these books were intended to be received in the sense and manner that theologians would have us believe. We have no reason for believing that they were intended to be lords of the understanding and conscience.

In ancient times, when a man had a high order of genius, he was said to be inspired—"the spirit of the Lord was upon him," etc. Hence such expressions were used in a different sense from what theologians claim. If a minister is invited to preach in a certain place, he carefully considers the matter, and, after due consideration, says he is "divinely called" to accept of the invitation, which in olden time would have been rendered, "Thus saith the Lord."

The genius of man is reinforced and sublimated by study, but it is a divine impartation all the time. Sacred books should never be received as absolute truth, or as MASTERS of the understanding and conscience. They are only helps and guides—so many mirrors reflecting the light that is streaming straight into every heart.

The Spiritualist.

"Charity for all; malice toward none."

HUDSON TUTTLE, Editors and Proprietors.
H. O. HAMMOND, Office, 111 Superior St.

CLEVELAND, SATURDAY, JAN. 23, '69

THE AMERICAN SPIRITUALIST.

THE negotiation mentioned in the last issue has been virtually concluded, and the subscription list of The Spiritualist, formerly published at Janesville, Wis., transferred to this paper. Bros. J. Baker and J. O. Barrett, the editors of that sheet, will conduct a Northwestern Department in this. The former gentleman, beside his well-known labors in the field of Reform, was for several years editor of a secular journal in Wisconsin, and is a man of influence in the State. He is a terse and vigorous writer. Mr. Barrett is one of the editors of "The Spiritual Harp," and has fine literary qualifications. His capacity and integrity are undoubted.

It is hardly necessary to introduce to our new readers the Editor of the Eastern Department, for the excellence of his productions, through other channels, has made his name familiar upon and beyond the prairies of the West.

We have substituted the word AMERICAN for OUIST, because it covers the area of present and prospective circulation.

With a corps of five editors, and a dozen or more of the best Liberal writers as contributors, THE AMERICAN SPIRITUALIST hopes to deserve and realize the continuance of the signal favor bestowed upon this sheet since its commencement.

No effort will be spared, on our part, to make several important improvements, within a few weeks, if possible. We are gradually working toward an ideal which we shall surely attain. No good deed done for THE AMERICAN SPIRITUALIST will prove "love's labor lost."

PLEASURES OF A BELIEF IN SPIRITUALISM.

WITH what pleasure we contemplate the world of spirits that surrounds us! There are congregated the wise men, the sages, the prophets and the philosophers of the ages gone. They have all passed up the glittering pathway to the Immortal Land. We are travelers up the same way, and they are our instructors and guides. True, the veil of invisibility divides the world of spirits from the world of men, but otherwise there is little distinction. Do you think Clay and Webster feel less interest in the Republic than when they made the nation tremble with their eloquence? They are more cosmopolitan, feel more universal love for the race, not less for their own nation.

Intricate and beautiful are our relations to the angels of the spirit-world. They are our friends, our relatives, the good and great gone before us, superior in knowledge and experience, with love and friendship increased in the measure of their greater capacity.

Ah! you who profess to believe the spirit at death removed to a far-off country; that it has no communion with earth; you should behold the groups of those spirits as they bend over their earthly friends, and the intense interest they manifest in their welfare.

We all have a greater interest in the Hereafter than in the Present; our deepest hopes lie there, and we listen with rapture to the voices from the Great Beyond.

My gray-haired friend, years ago you were called to lay in the cold and narrow grave the loved companion who had made life a constant June-day of joy. You wept then—and now, as I lift the misty curtain of the past, you weep. The heart grows sad as I tread the halls of sacred memories. The Years have come with iron feet, but they can never obliterate the memory of the departed, which beneath the searching frosts, like the mountain evergreen, grows fresher. Ah, you consigned the body back to the mother earth; the spirit fledged in immortal life rested over you unseen, perhaps unfelt. Has that spirit departed? Are you left lonely, forsaken, a weary pilgrim without hope? Let me raise the veil and show you how intimately the world of spirits blends with the world of men. Could I open your spiritual perception, could I quicken your sight, I could show you that loved one, the same as when you first knew her in youth and beauty, a guardian angel by your side. You are susceptible to her holy influence, and have recognized many times in the past a gentle voice saying you from paths of disappointment.

Mother, you have wept for a darling child, a young bud you had watched with tenderest care, and saw, with joy a mother only can feel, bursting into bloom. Just when you thought your fruition complete, when life became most involved in the loved one, a chilling breath snatched it from you. A little grassy hillock in the churchyard—a little white slab with a name! Is that all? Nay, the body resting there is not your child, but his worn garment. Your child basks in the sunshine of heaven. It was a cruel stroke which tore him from your bosom, and your very heart strings broke with the blow. You are sad now, as you look through the long vista of events, and a tear wells from your mother-heart. Is your child lost? Does he sleep with the body? Has he gone far away, where not until death can you behold him? Nay, he is here in radiant beauty, with an affection for you heightened by the harmony of his angel-life.

Many—alas, how many!—of you sent your loved ones forth to red-handed battle. One died in the fierce struggle of Antietam, pierced by sharp bayonets; another was torn to fragments by a Parrott shell and scattered like chaff to the winds; another went down in a fierce cavalry charge, his dear form battered by the iron heels of a thousand horse, as they swept like a whirlwind over the slain; another lay wounded amid the dead, and his precious life went out beneath the crushing wheels of ponderous artillery; another died a thousand deaths in the prison of horrors, the name of which is too loathsome to utter.

Mother, the vacant chair at your hearth is a source of unending affliction. Weeping wife, when your infant asks for its father you will say: He went forth to the strife and was drawn into the fierce whirlpool of death; all that he has left us is his proud name and immeasurable sorrow.

Patriotism supports you not. Your country's gain is your countless loss. Brothers, fathers, sons, friends, who went forth with high hopes and lofty ambition, are now beyond the veil of darkness, and on earth write their names no more. The poor privilege of gazing on their inanimate clay was denied you, and you think of them as bleaching in a Southern jungle, or with rude hands concealed in a common grave, where the wreck of valor was indiscriminately plunged.

Is this the reward for your sacrifice, bitter anguish and tears? Ask the question of SPIRITUALISM, and its answer is a balm more precious than Gilead's. Like the sound of the waterfall to the parched traveler in the desert, come the silvery voices of departed friends, softening and subduing the asperities of life, cheering us onward to better aims and loftier endeavors. They call, sweetly and musically call, Oh man, brother, sister, come up hither; partake of these fountains and thirst no more.

You have heard of the happy dying. How beautifully shone the light of heaven over their reposing features, and even after the dissolution, a smile like the radiance of sunset played upon their calm faces. Ah! Death is the key whereby the spiritual perceptions are unlocked, and long before its final stroke it opens man's vision to the future, and he sees the bright springs and clear waters, the green fields and radiant spirits immortal.

From this standpoint we can take a broad survey of our relations to the Future. We are not creatures of a moment; our existence is not like that of a cloud sweeping the sky, to be dissolved into nothing, but ours is a companionship of worlds and stars—aye, more enduring than they. Friends, relatives, neighbors have preceded us, whom we shall greet in the Hereafter; sages, philosophers, the great and good of the ages past await us there, when we shall mature in the light of angelic wisdom.

We have many a lesson to learn from this contemplation. By it we learn our duty to lower, and our relation to higher, orders of intelligences. The brutes of the field, (our ignoble brethren,) all the forms of life beneath us, require our kindness, love and sympathy; the angels of light, our elder brothers, call forth our emulation, reverence, love and wisdom.

CASUAL REFLECTIONS.

"Ha! Ha! Ha!"—A caller at this office has unintentionally furnished a theme for a paragraph. On the first page is an article by the senior editor, entitled "Charity," across the proof of which was derisively written "Ha! ha! ha!" as it lay upon our table. Every effect has a cause; and being in a speculative mood, we query as to the spirit that dictated the exclamation—the clandestine expression of scepticism toward sentiments so noble and humane; the implied ridicule of and disbelief in a beneficent attribute. For the sake of insulted Charity, let us hope the natural inference incorrect! Words are imperfect vehicles of thought. "Ha! ha! ha!" has a thousand meanings—as many as a Scripture text—after the meanings have been put into it; but otherwise both are senseless sounds, simply this and nothing more.

"Ha! ha! ha!" is merriment on the fragrant lips of childhood; a music-wave of happiness from those of sweet-sixteen; is triumph shouted from the stentorian lungs of the athlete; and withering sarcasm darted from the heart of the venomous and unfortunate. "Ha! ha! ha!" is a glorious prerogative of humanity—one of the principal evidences that distinguish men from brutes! The ox can get down upon his knees in the most approved orthodox manner, but he can't stand up beneath the vaulted canopy and shout "Ha! ha! ha!" to the starry hosts of high heaven! Think of it; some of the lower animals shed tears, but Infinite Wisdom has seen fit to reserve for the human species the glorious privilege of a HEARTY LAUGH! The more a man or woman you are, the more you can and will appreciate this glorious gift and capacity; the more you will fill your "Ha! ha! ha!" to overflowing with the merry melody of a sinless life; and the less you will be inclined to make them the vehicle of concentrated spite and derision, or scrawl them across the unsullied page of goodwill and philanthropy!

A WONDERFUL DISCOVERY.—A Rev. Mr. Sweeney of Chicago, has made the wonderful discovery that Spiritualism is the work of demons! The Chicago Tribune lends its columns to this wonderful "wise man" not of the "East," but the West, to diffuse his sapientcy. Who is Rev. M. Sweeney? A man of such exalted wisdom should have already been heard from; his fame should have been world-wide. Who is he? As Spiritual manifestations in all ages rest on one basis, if demons cause the manifestations of to-day they have of all times past.

What then, becomes of the Spiritual revelations of the Bible? Does not this sapient Reverend see that he has committed what is considered a grave mistake even by a pettifogger? His testimony proves too much, for it sweeps away indiscriminately all the Spiritual experiences of the past.

The amount of subscription received by A. B. French, for the College movement, in Dec., in Michigan, \$2,100; and from memberships, collections, etc., \$128.

S. J. S., of Akron, recently recommends that more knowledge of the laws of life, both physical and spiritual, be imparted in the Lyceum, and calls upon all to work zealously in the great field of reform.

Will the Secretary of the Cleveland Society please keep us posted? Extraordinary duties leave us no spare moments;—haven't been out of the office except a few minutes, for 36 hours! How about that election, and other matters, Brother?

The New York telegram says two young M. D.'s in Cleveland have got themselves into trouble by anticipating resurrection day.

Mrs. S. E. THOMPSON is agent for Professor Spence's Positive and Negative Powders, 161 St. Clair street. Her adv., Dr. Newcomer's, Mr. M. Mileson's, "Ripples on the Tide of Life," "The Lyceum Banner," &c., unavoidably postponed—one week.

Now is the time to subscribe.

MARRIAGE.

A PLEASANT little event occurred in our midst a few evenings since, which being quite out of the ordinary course of things, we consider worthy newspaper notice. It was the night of usual "Leaders' Meeting," and quite a large company had assembled for the purpose of attending to the business always enacted on such occasions. The meeting had not been called to order when our "pastor's" wife hurried in and electrified us with the intelligence that there was to be a "Spiritual Wedding" at the Weddell House, and she wished us all to go and witness the ceremony. Of course business was of no importance then, and we hastened to see the happy pair. On our way we learned that they resided in Pennsylvania, and being Spiritualists, and having made up their minds to walk life's treadmill together, they desired that the words which should make them wedded might be spoken by a Spiritualist. So the two, strong in their convictions, came. This much of their history, and we were prepared to see ushered in by Mr. and Mrs. Wheeler, the intelligent youth and his blushing bride. It is always supposed that a bride looks sweet and lovely and charming, and all those at ceteras belonging to a bride, but indeed there was something so fresh and pure about this young creature, so faultless in appearance and so winning in her timidity, that we were all captivated at once, nor wondered at the look of unconcealed happiness and pride her husband wore.

Having never heard the marriage ceremony pronounced by a Spiritualist, we were anxious to know how it would compare with others, and so reported it for the benefit of ourself and friends. Mr. Wheeler, who has been ordained minister, performed the ceremony in these words:

"MY DEAR FRIENDS: You appear among us with the expressed intention of calling us to witness your marriage. I have simply to say that either you are married or you are not married. If not, nothing that I can say will marry you; for the marriage which you call us to recognize must be of the soul. If that marriage of the heart and soul has already taken place, you, as man and woman can determine; and if it does exist, you do right in taking those measures which will make your marriage sacred before the world."

"Mr. LEWIS KIRK, if it be your intention to make this woman your wife, take her hand. And now, Miss HANNAH SPENCER, if it be your willing consent to receive this man as your husband, in all the sanctity born of the spirit and of the affections, to love, to care for and abide by him while you remain in the earthly body, and while the same affection continues that you now feel for him, take also his hand. "In view of your expressed determination, to the end that all things may be done decently and in order, I, by virtue of the authority vested in me, do now pronounce you man and wife; and that which your own hearts' best feelings have joined together may no untoward influence ever sunder."

"My Dear Friends, you are married; so far as the laws may do so, so far as all external form may do so, you are married. Again I say, whether married or no, rests with the feelings of your own hearts. Nothing that I have said will perpetuate this marriage—nothing except it be kindly forbearance and goodness on the part of you both. Marriage is a sacred, a divine, a holy thing. And may that happiness which ever attends true love be yours."

"Remember as the husband to be in all things courteous, kind and forbearing; as the wife, to be in all things faithful and dutiful; and may God and the holy Angels smile on you now and ever."

Then followed congratulations, and the usual pleasantries. Amid greetings and good-wishes, we left the happy pair; and so we leave them.

APOTHEOSIS.

BEAUTIFUL is the fall of the ripened fruit—the passing onward of the mature, the aged and experienced. On the 9th of January, 1869, the spirit of Mrs. ALTRIA, wife of Thomas Arnold, of Birmingham, O., left the form. She had long suffered from a malignant cancer, and gladly left a body which had become an intolerable burden. A long earthly life, of 79 years and 9 months, quietly closed when her spirit took its departure. Always a free-thinker and tolerant in matters of religion, our friend was ever more careful to do the duties of life than discuss the creeds of sectarians. Her husband, now nearly 80 years old, has long been a firm Spiritualist, as are most of the family. He consoles the loneliness of his isolation, after 60 years of married happiness, by the knowledge of a quick reunion in the happy Summer Land. The funeral services were from the Methodist Church, and were conducted by the Rev. O. Pearce, of East Townsend, O., and Mr. E. S. Wheeler, of the Cleveland Spiritualist Society. The discourse of Mr. Wheeler was a scientific, philosophic and religious demonstration of Immortality, and was listened to by a numerous company.

On Christmas morning, 1868, Mrs. CAROLINE TALCOTT, wife of Mr. Asa Talcott, of Madison, O., suddenly left the mortal for the immortal sphere of life, aged 65 years. She was one of the pioneers of civilization in Ohio, and had lived in Madison since 1815. She and her husband (now in the form) joined the Congregationalists in 1826, but soon became disgusted with brimstone theology and were zealous Universalists. Spiritualism met a hearty welcome from the worthy couple early in the history of the New Dispensation. The funeral of Mrs. T. was held at the Madison Town Hall, Sunday, Dec. 27th. Discourse by Mr. E. S. Wheeler. Another link connecting us with the past is severed, and a bond to the future established!

The Spiritualist.

NORTH-WEST DEPARTMENT.

JANESVILLE, WIS., JAN. 23, 1869.

JOSEPH BAKER, Local,
J. O. BARRETT, Traveling.

EDITORS.

—All Communications for this Department should be addressed, "THE AMERICAN SPIRITUALIST, JANESVILLE, WIS."

TERMS—1 copy Spiritualist, 1 year, \$2. Two copies, 1 year, one Spiritual Harp, and Planchette Song, for \$5.50. Four copies 1 year and Practical of Spiritualism, \$7. Six copies 1 year, Harp, and Planchette, \$12. Eight copies 1 year and Harp, \$15. Eleven copies 1 year, Harp, Practical of Spirit, and Planchette, \$20. For above clubs postage on books prepaid by us.

ENCOURAGEMENT TO SPEAKERS.

SOMETIMES we think it is a misfortune to our Societies, to have our strong, inspiring speakers "go the rounds" in ministration to the people, for there is created so high a demand for oratory, that we lesser lights are torn from the galaxy. No; we will not say this; the loftier the ideal the better, provided charity sways all action. Where this is wanting, the peril is—what we often encounter—a technical taste that always brings "a measuring reed" to meeting, and they who cannot fill it are pronounced unworthy of support! When a Society cries "first class speakers!" be sure that the dry rot is in it. There is a condition of the soul that makes one a SPIRITUAL SAVAGE! Such a Society sours in the noon-heats of "Mid-Summer-Night's Dreams." This is one of the causes of our social restlessness, and of the angularities that pierce us as thorns without a single rose.

We claim to have inaugurated a religious movement in consonance with nature—unity in diversity—but our order is direct discord, if we sunder fraternal ties by a select classification, esteeming one honest worker higher than another. In its place the hand is as useful as the eye, so the foot, so the joints. Only functional order produces social health.

We cannot spare one from our ranks—not one who can do any thing for goodness and truth. So long as we jostle against each other in our personal ambition for power, we only sharpen the stings of de-serving rebuke. Inspiration comes, warming as sunbeams, to the heart, only when we seek each others weal, "in honor preferring one another." When the heart of self-denial beats in the grasp of the hand, sparkles in the eye, voicing itself in action, lo, each has "a gift of the spirit," and we are a UNIT, happy and prosperous.

Encourage the speakers, the humble and sensitive especially. Compensate justly, generously. Pass round the hand of fellowship!

MEDIUMSHIP IMPERVIOUS TO FIRE.

IAMBICUS, speaking of inspiration in his day, says: "Many, through divine inspiration are not burned when the fire is introduced to them, the inspiring influence preventing the fire from touching them. Many, though burned, do not apprehend that they are so, because they do not live in animal life."

Baron Richenbach, in his experiments with "sensitives," shows that if a bar of an electric magnet be laid upon a steel magnet, the flame of the latter is repelled as if blown by the wind. We are acquainted with a gentleman who, in his former years of exalted mediumship, was so charged with the aura of spirit influence, that, when his finger was placed in a flame, there was not the least consumption or pain. The magnetism neutralized the effects of the fire.

Does not this explain by what means the three Hebrew children escaped unharmed, when the fourth, "like the Son of Man"—a spirit—struck away the flames?

GUIDES.—Who, what, where is our guide? Is it a monopolizer? a supplanter? an egoist? As a man sows, so shall he reap. As are his cherished associates, so is his character.

"Who doth the raven for a guide invite,
Must marvel not on carcasses to light."

MORAL NEED OF A DEVIL.—Selfish men do not like the idea of personal culpability when their lusts are inflamed; it is THEN very convenient to have a devil and make him responsible for all temptations and disasters. The church needs something to curse. Selfishness, hate, "evil communications," must have vent, the same as the earth must have volcanoes for its internal fires. Cursing is a relief to an angry soul. The devil is only the providential shift of an inside corruption from the real to the ideal. No harm is done. The cursing, escaped to chase the shadow of an inner lust, leaves room at last for something better. Let us be grateful, then, for the personal devil of the orthodox churches. *

A VETERINARIAN MEDIUM.

HAVING occasion to lecture in Hingham, Wis., a few evenings ago, where we found many earnest, liberal brothers and sisters, and very large audiences, we became acquainted with William Potter, a humble farmer of worthy and unblemished life. He has the "gift of healing" to a remarkable degree. Not only does he cure the maladies of mortals, by the laying on of hands, but even animals, which he has repeatedly done in cases of lameness, sprains, lung difficulties, etc.—to his own and neighbors cattle, horses, etc. Why not the dumb beasts be healed by spirits? They are very receptive to the magnetic touch of human hands. What a blessed gospel this, that sends down from heaven a healing influence to cure our sick birds and beasts! How tenderly loving are our angels, who have hearts that feel all the sicknesses of our world, and "without money and without price" on their part, thus make "EVERY CREATURE which is in the earth, and over the earth, and such as are in the sea," shout "glory, and honor" and power" to the All-Healing Life around and within us!

ZENOBIA, PRINCESS OF PALMYRA.

ROME, from her proud pre-eminence as mistress of the world, had sunk by successive tyrannies. She had patiently endured the scenes of blood which had robbed her of her noblest citizens. The throne of the world had been usurped by a fierce brood of tyrants who appeared in rapid succession, making way for each other by the dagger of the assassin, or the sword of the soldier. He who dared to mount the throne with good intent, soon found it too slippery with the blood of his predecessors to allow him to stand. To record the names of this unparalleled series of tyrants is a heart-sickening task.

Tiberius, fierce, unrelenting; Caligula, furious as a hungry tiger; Claudius, effeminate and imbecile; Nero, a proverb of cruelty; Vitellus, beastly in all his appetites; Domitian, fearful and inhuman; preceded the glorious reign of the Antoninus, who held forth the illusive hope of the Golden Age.

After a momentary calm, Rome again felt the lash of vindictive passion. The monstrous barbarity of Commodus; the world-wide inhumanity of Caracalla; the insane folly of Elagabalus, with the diabolic cruelty of a host of other usurpers, distinguished from each other only by excesses of cruelty and brutality, succeeded that blissful hour.

After these long and terrible years of suffering, hope again revived in the hearts of the patriotic Romans as they gazed on the triumphs of Aurelia, who, having conquered all the enemies of the Empire, and restored its integrity, they easily persuaded themselves would establish a new and Golden Age of peace and prosperity.

His peasant-origin was forgotten when it was remembered that he had scattered the terrible avalanche of Alemanni who who threatened to destroy Italy; that he had wrested Gaul, Spain and Britain from the hands of rebellion, and the vast extent of the Eastern Provinces from the Caspian Sea to the remote empires of Egypt, from the usurpation of Zenobia. A triumph was decreed the successful hero who had once more asserted the supremacy of Rome, and showed the world that obedience to her laws was the only alternative.

Never was triumph more nobly deserved or celebrated more magnificently. The streets of the great Capitol were crowded at early dawn by citizens and strangers from restored provinces, eager to witness the imposing spectacle of the veteran returning with the spoils of the vanquished.

First came twenty elephants, four royal tigers, and over a hundred different species of animals, yielded by the remotest East, West, North and South. Then followed sixteen hundred trained gladiators to be devoted to the bloody amusement of the amphitheatre. After these came the wealth, arms and ensigns of the nations of Asia, and the wardrobe and plate of Zenobia. Then came ambassadors from the most distant parts of the earth, where the terror and fame of the Roman name had reached,—richly dressed, and with them the magnificent presents, the innumerable crowns of gold, and offerings of grateful cities. After these, the host of captives showed the wondering, by their different costumes, the great variety of nations he had conquered. Goths, Vandals, Sarmatians, Alemanni, Franks, Gauls, Syrians, and Egyptians; a never-ending stream, embellished by inscriptions and diversified by ten Amazons of the Gothic nation who had been captured in arms. But all eyes turned to the imperial portion of the procession. Aurelian advanced in a triumphal car of a Gothic king, drawn by four elephants. He was preceded by three sumptuous chariots, the spoils of the East, and before these walked the rebel emperor Tetricus, and the wondrously beautiful Queen of the East.

She was bound with golden fetters, and the golden chain which surrounded her neck was supported by a female slave. She was the most attractive object of the magnificent pageant. She had long engaged the attention of the Romans, and was prized in proportion to the cost of her conquest. The most heroic, by common consent, she was now pronounced the most lovely of her sex. She was tall, graceful and harmoniously proportioned. Her complexion perhaps a trifle dark, her teeth pearly white, her dark eyes large and sparkling with fire, her voice manly and harmonious, with an understanding cultivated by the sublime Longinus, such was Zenobia, Princess of Palmyra.

She feigned not to observe the plebeian gaze of the assembled thousands, but proudly moved as in her own regal halls. Had she, however, noticed the observers, she would have met only the look of sympathy and pity. Half Rome regretted that she was conquered, so much were they captivated by her manners. She was born to rule, and had broken the restraints of laws and customs to gain the object of her ambition. She claimed her descent from the Macedonian kings of Egypt, and relationship to the renowned Cleopatra, whom she passed in understanding, beauty and chastity.

Odenathus, her husband, had by his own exertion raised himself from an humble station to the throne of the East, and was a fitting companion for so heroic a wife. During the intervals of peace, they pursued together the exciting amusement of hunting, and in time of war she generally accompanied their army, not in a carriage, but on horseback, and in armor, sometimes marching for miles at the head of the troops.

Their combined wisdom and valor made the monarch of Persia tremble on his throne, and wrested from him several of his fairest provinces. But her valor could not save her husband from the secret dagger of the assassin, and he was cut off in the full tide of a glorious career. All that was left the sorrowful queen was to avenge his death, which she did with swift and revengeful rigor; and assumed full control of the government.

According to Roman law, the authority of Odenathus delegated to him by the Senate, expired with him, not extending to his wife. But the proud and ambitious Zenobia scorned both senate and emperor, and obliged one of their generals to retreat with the loss of his army.

She was removed above the petty passions of her sex and her mind possessed more than ordinary masculine powers. If necessary she could pardon; if otherwise she could stifle the voice of pity; and though accused of avarice, so strictly economical was she in her expenditures, she could bestow magnificently when the occasion required. Her fame extended to surrounding nations, who sought her alliance, and to the dominions left by her husband she annexed Egypt, the populous country of her ancestors.

When Aurelian assumed the purple, he determined to subdue the revolted East, and marched into Asia with his veteran legions. Her allies deserted to him, and at first it appeared she would be compelled to surrender without a struggle. But she energetically set at work and met him under the walls of Antioch. History is ambiguous as to the event, but in the second great engagement near Emessa her troops were hewn in pieces by the terrible legions of the Danube, fresh from barbarian war. All the nations submitted to the conqueror, except Palmyra, whither she fled.

Palmyra was built on an oasis in the Arabian desert. The air was pure and healthful, the soil fertilized by numerous springs, and fruit and corn were yielded in abundance. It was placed on the direct route of the great caravans which conveyed the luxuries of the Indies to the nations of Europe. It was enriched by the immense traffic, and for its valuable office as mediator between the Roman and Parthian monarchies, allowed to remain neutral. After the victories of Trajan it was absorbed into the bosom of Rome, when it enjoyed undisturbed peace for more than a century and a half. The reign of Zenobia elevated it to a rivalry with Rome, which proved fatal to its prosperity. With great labor Aurelian invested the city. To reach it he had to pass the deserts in which it reposed like an island in the ocean. Here he was annoyed by the swift Arabs, who, hovering near, dashed on an unguarded point and fled with the swiftness of the wind before the slow-moving legions. After he had invested the city he doubted of success, and offered the citizens their ancient privileges and the queen a regal retreat. But she not only refused his honorable terms, but accompanied her refusal with insult.

The Roman General easily cut off all succor, and soon reduced her to despair. She mounted a swift dromedary and fled from the city of refuge. On, on she rode, like the wind of the desert. The majestic Euphrates rises before her. She will cross its protecting bosom and at least be safe from the conqueror. Alas! the Arab barb is fleetier than the camel, and she is

seized in the very moment of escape, and brought before the stern emperor, not abashed, however but still a queen.

"Why did you rebel against the emperors of Rome?" was the stern question.

"Because I disdained to consider as Roman emperors an Aurelius or a Gallienus. You alone I acknowledge as my conqueror and sovereign!" was the politic reply.

But human nature in its ruggedest phase is weak, and we cannot be surprised that her courage failed when the angry soldiery clamored for her life. Then she committed the one weakness, which in all kindness, should be overlooked. She accused the great Longinus, her master, almost her father, of counseling her to obstinate resistance, and on him directed the fury of the conqueror. We pity her weakness; we blame the inhumanity of the victor who condemned him because of his patriotism. Genius and learning had elevated the noble soul of Longinus far above the fear of death, and deeply pitying the fate of his queen, and comforting with philosophical reflections his sorrowing friends, he calmly followed his executioner.

Zenobia, after contributing to the glory of her conqueror, in the grand pageant of his triumph, received from him a splendid villa at Tiber, about twenty miles from Rome, where she sank to the level of a Roman matron, and her daughters married into noble families, preserving the prestige of her name for several centuries.

Such was the fate of the proud queen of Palmyra. That of her favorite city is still more deplorable. After its surrender, Aurelian left a small garrison to preserve the populace in subjection. He had scarcely removed his army before the faithful people massacred the garrison, and set up the ensign of Zenobia.

No sooner did a messenger convey the intelligence to him, than he wheeled his veteran army and fell like a thunderbolt on the devoted city. All were involved in the terrible slaughter. Tottering age and prattling innocence, the strong man and the timorous maiden, all alike were indiscriminately, unrelentingly hewn down, and the city left desolate.

As if influenced by remorse, Aurelian granted permission to the rest of the inhabitants who escaped to rebuild the city, but without effect. The rude hand of war blasts in a day the labor of a thousand years of peace, and the wounds of the sword are incurable. Lonely the day after the slaughter, and lonely still, a few mud huts arise in the courts of palaces built by Grecian architects when it felt the fostering care of opulent Rome. The vast commerce which poured the wealth of the Indies into her lap has been diverted into other and less laborious channels, and nought remains but the elegant columns of her temples, standing in the wilderness of sands, a monument to the magnificent Empire of Zenobia.

EDITORIAL NOTICES.

DR. NEWCOMER, the well-known physician and healer, whose success in many cases has been truly surprising, if the statements of very respectable persons may be relied upon, has an exceedingly pleasant office under Lyceum Hall, in this city. He has associated with him a gentleman of much ability and long experience. Dr. Ross is having great success in the treatment of difficult cases.

DR. M. H. HOGERTON, we learn, intends to remain during the winter in Ohio. He is highly spoken of as a speaker and physician, and is an able, earnest worker. He is accompanied by his wife, who is a very susceptible psychometrist, employing this gift in reading character and determining disease. They are at present engaged at Milan (where they may be addressed,) with eminent success both as healers and lecturers.

D. M. KING, lecturer on the Science of Man and practical delineator of character from the external signs, is now making a professional tour in Michigan. He is a graduate from the classes of Fowler & Wells and also from the medical school of R. T. Trall. Our wishes are for his success.

E. S. WHEELER will speak for the Second Spiritualist Society of Chicago, in March.

SUSIE M. JOHNSON drew large audiences in Chicago. So say the Spiritual papers. This month she speaks in Rock Island.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

WE solicit a few select advertisements at the following rates: Five cents per line, first insertion; three cents per line, each subsequent insertion. No advertisement counted less than five lines. Blank space measured.

Our readers are requested to patronize those who patronize us, and when making purchases to state that they saw the goods advertised in these columns.

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The Spiritualist.

EASTERN DEPARTMENT.

BOSTON, MASS., JANUARY 23, 1869.

GEORGE A. BACON, - - - EDITOR & AGENT.
P. O. Address: Boylston Market, Boston, Mass.

ORGANIZATION.

It is a fact, however inconsistent and unphilosophical it may appear, that quite a number of the best intentioned and ordinarily intelligent people to be found anywhere, have a sort of mortal or foolish fear of being associated in any way with anything appertaining to Organization. Notwithstanding this cowardly condition of mind, it is becoming more and more evident that the time is approaching, perhaps as rapidly as is best, when the necessity for a more general action among Spiritualists will so manifest itself that regret will then be seriously felt because steps had not been taken earlier, in order to be better prepared for the most stubborn and practical affairs of life.

That "eternal vigilance is the price of liberty," we must never forget. Where indifference now prevails, self protection (if nothing else) will enforce action. Wisdom everywhere acknowledges and justifies her children. Because of former experiences relative to church matters, many good friends withhold their sympathy and support from movements which range themselves under the sheltering wings of Organization. Having felt the restraining power of arbitrary rules as well as the usurpation and despotism of creeds, they unwisely run into the other extreme. They object to the simplest and most innocent employment of the law of association. They make no distinction between the proper and the improper, the legitimate and the illegitimate use of a thing which, in itself, when rightly adjusted, is indispensable. They confound the use with the abuse—a proceeding altogether too common. Its frequency, however, is no excuse for so persistently adhering to such a fatal custom.

Practically speaking, Organization means simply order, system, business regulated according to the most approved, effective and useful methods. Because it thus enters into every department, do we meet with it in every relation of life. Those who most affect to sneer, or are inclined to regard with ill-favor all attempts of a public character toward Organization are usually and inconsistently found, with reference to the management of their private business, to be acting in accordance with the very principles involved in and underlying this subject—and which they condemn with much gusto when these same principles are sought to be employed on a larger scale. The jewel of consistency, in this particular, does not find its appropriate place in the crown which encircles their life.

Nothing of importance is ever accomplished without considering the proper means to ends, which is but another name for Organization.

But the advent of every such child, ere it has a fair chance to manifest itself, is sought to be strangled by certain doctors of the common run of things. Every step taken towards an organic movement by those most interested, is immediately greeted with a shower of small shot in the way of adverse criticism, by many pseudo public and professional writers. But in this connection nothing is clearer than that the fountain principle in Nature teaches a lesson which, if disobeyed and ignored, involves loss to the transgressor, whether he be one or many.

Spiritualists must expect to vegetate, germinate and grow; but wisdom dictates the employment of methods to facilitate cultivation. If in "union there is strength," by parity of reasoning, in diffuseness there is weakness—which common experience demonstrates. Why is it that to-day, Spiritualists, who as a body are so numerous, generally progressive, and with such vast resources at command, have so little collective weight, influence or power? Is it not because they lack that which comes by virtue of association, practical union—proper and effective Organization? It certainly seems so to us.

REFORMS.

WHAT duties and demands crowd the hour! Each sacred to the advancing interests of humanity, and each claiming in its respective turn the reader's special attention. The duties and demands growing out of the various subjects of Equal Rights, Universal Suffrage, the Elective Franchise for Women, with the privilege to do and go wherever her talents enable her; the questions of Marriage, Divorce, Education, Politics, Elections, Labor, Land, the Peace movement, treatment of the Intemperate, the poor Magdalens, the Indians, the Prisoners, the Insane, etc., and the most practical one of all, underlying the whole brood as it does—the question of how and to what extent the Theology of the past and present affects these subjects? Questions of vital moment rapidly succeed each other and press their individual claims upon our consideration; which not to recognize and help, as far and fast as possible and consistent, would be open rebellion on our part. Be it known that personally we are not inclined to rebel against these movements of

an equitable and liberalizing tendency, which so mortally afflict conservative society, and which are popularly termed reforms. As a rule we favor them all, though oftentimes questioning the wisdom with which they are embraced and advocated. We even sometimes approve of saying and doing so-called 'injurious' things, just to wake up some people and to shock certain Rip Van Winkles from their sleepiness. While not wedded to any particular or specially isolated reform, we claim to be interested in the general spirit and totality of all reform. We are a part—a very insufficient and humble part it is true, but still to us an important part, of the great whole. Whatever concerns the good of humanity collectively, has an interest for us individually. We are disposed to have that interest continue a personal one. Even were it possible to have it otherwise, which it is not, we greatly prefer, so long as we have a moiety of influence towards shaping public sentiment or forming public opinion—and none are so simple or obscure but exert a certain amount of influence, or contribute their quota towards making up the sum total—we are anxious to have ours unmistakably in favor of something better than what predominates, either politically, socially or religiously. We prefer improvement—changes for the better; though all changes are not so necessarily. Yet we have an unflinching confidence both in the progress of humanity and the humanity of progress.

Our demands and duties, physical, domestic, monetary, social and spiritual, duties public and private—overlap and interblend; and in no one department can they be omitted without affecting to a greater or less extent all the others. The law of dependence and relationship cannot be abrogated.

In the field of Progress or Reform, the orderly arrangement is, first the enunciation of principles; then promulgation or agitation of them; next the acceptance and application.

Principles first, next men and women to embody them, and then the application to conditions.

THE PRESENT AGE.—Our worthy cotemporary, at whose mast-head floats The Present Age, recently cut loose from her moorings, set sail and bore away in a south-westerly direction, for the port of Kalamazoo, a goodly harbor in the Peninsular State of Michigan. With her popular and efficient Captain, and manned by such an earnest and intelligent crew, one feels sure that a prosperous voyage awaits her. Freight with an assorted cargo of choice merchandise, may favoring gales waft her safely to her journey's end.

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(The above came to hand too late for insertion in last issue.—Eds.)

SPIRITUALISM IN CHICAGO.

DEAR SPIRITUALIST: The New Year finds me in this Western "hub," preaching some, and praying less, for the First Society of Spiritualists. The meetings are held at Library Hall, morning and evening, and are usually well attended. The Lyceum holds its sessions immediately after the adjournment of the morning lecture. The President of the Society, Mr. J. R. Robinson, has shown himself to be an efficient manager, and the prosperity that has attended the Society thus far, is measurably due to his zeal and earnestness.

At Music Hall meetings are also held morning and evening, under the direction of Mr. Spettigue, at the same hour. I have not had an opportunity of being present. I learn however that they are well attended.

The Religio-Philosophical Journal is published in this city, and I learn from the proprietors that its prospects are brightening daily. Bro. Jones possesses a marked degree of persistence, and with ample means at his command, there can be little doubt that success will eventually crown his efforts. His subscription list is rapidly increasing, and the liberal offers he is now making for new subscribers cannot fail to give it a general circulation throughout the West.

The Lyceum Banner, edited by Mrs. Brown, and published by Mrs. Kimball, also goes from this great commercial center, scattering rich blessings on the "buds of the household," wherever it falls. It is indeed a great work, and the Spiritualists of America may rejoice that it has been commenced by those so eminently fitted to prosecute it. They are brave, earnest women; know just what they wish to do, and no obstacles can prevent their doing it. They will succeed, if energy, perseverance and talent can accomplish the work, and it is to be hoped that every Spiritualist in the country will see and feel the necessity of sustaining them.

There is also another paper published here called News from the Spirit World, but not having been developed into the

new order of things, I am poorly prepared to speak of its merits. The parties interested, no doubt, know what they are about, and we shall all, I presume, be permitted to enjoy the new government when they get it fairly started.

There are many good mediums in Chicago. The most remarkable one I have yet met is Peter West. He is a perfect clairvoyant, answers sealed letters, has writing upon the slate in plain sight by daylight, sees and describes spirits accurately, and is daily the means of convincing some skeptic of the reality of spirit intercourse. I only wish every earnest enquirer could have a sitting with Peter West. His rooms are at 129 South Clark Street, rooms 19 and 20.

Last but not least (in size), the inevitable Barnes of Fourth National Convention notoriety, is in the city fulfilling his "mission." He has proved a little annoying to the Young Men's Christian Association. Being blest with good lungs, he can out-do them all in the length and tone of his prayers, and has availed himself of the opportunity of exhibiting his powers. They were somewhat startled, on inquiring who he was, to learn from his own mouth he was a "sledge-hammer in the hands of Almighty God, pounding upon the anvil of time until all the dross is sunk in oblivion." Barnes is invincible, and would not down at their bidding or singing, for his work must be done at all hazards. He is just now specially interested in a Christian Convention in session in this city, and will no doubt add much to the interest of the Convention. He informs your correspondent: that he shall organize a third Society here, on Christ's platform, and after he gets it in successful operation shall go East to your city, where I presume he will receive a hearty welcome.

Spiritually, Chicago is a most beautiful illustration of the philosophy of Herbert Spencer, that the tendency of all growth or evolution is to advance from the homogeneous to the heterogeneous—from unity to variety. There is certainly every variety of opinion, and fossilization need not be anticipated from the unity of feeling. The city in its growth and character is indeed the prodigy of the age, a true type of the great West. Every condition of life is daily exhibited here; all the extremes of society are visible at a glance; great blocks shoot up like mushrooms on every side; fast horses, fast men and women, pushing on with a velocity that is only equalled by the spirit of the age. Fraternally yours,

A. B. FRENCH.

Chicago, Jan. 15th, 1869.

DEGREES.

PHYSICAL
INTERNAL
INTERMEDIATE
MAGNETIC
SPIRITUAL

PHASES:

ACTIVE AND PASSIVE VOICE:

1. POSITIVE.
2. HARMONY.
3. REASON.
4. PERCEPTION.
5. PSYCHOMETRIC.
6. IMPRESSIONAL.
7. PSYCHOLOGICAL.
8. SYMPATHETIC.
9. SUBJUNCTIVE.
10. TRANCE.
11. MOTIVE.
12. VIBRATORY.
13. AUTOMATIC.
14. SPASMODIC.
15. NEGATIVE.

1. POWER.
2. HARMONY.
3. REASON.
4. VISION.
5. SENSITIVENESS.
6. RECEPTIVITY.
7. SYMPATHY.
8. SUBJECTION.
9. INTERVERSION.
10. MAGNETIC FORCE.
11. VIBRATION.
12. MANIPULATION.
13. GUSTICATION.
14. PHENOMENA.
15. QUIETUDE.

1. LOVE.
2. TRUTH.
3. INTRINSEC, CLAIR. PROPH.
4. COGNITIVE.
5. CATIONS.
6. PSYCHOMETRY.
7. IMPRESSIONS.
8. HALUCINATIONS.
9. HEALING.
10. MISSIONS.
11. EXPRESSIONS.
12. MOVEMENTS.
13. SOUNDS.
14. WRITING, ETC.
15. IMPERSONATION.

PHASES OF MEDIUMSHIP. II.

As every individual is assumed to possess the same number and description of organs and faculties, though not in the same degree of enlargement or growth, it is to be supposed that during the process of development, every medium would pass through each of the several phases with more or less thoroughness.

Making proper allowance for the effect of conditions in repressing mediumistic growth in some directions, and for the

influence of will-power in quickening it in others, such, upon observation, seems to be the case; still, the manifestation of susceptibility in some phases is so slight as to be unnoticed until that state is outgrown, and the power of manifestation attracted to the stronger organs and more capable faculties. There, that power becomes obvious, and by its action develops the phase which shall give a name to the medium, and decide for the time being their use.

The sphere of use is the action of the strongest faculties, the fullest capacities, in the highest degree of development. So mediums are capable of greatest efficiency in some particular Phase, and under favorable circumstances pass rapidly to their legitimate position in the work of investigation; nor should ordinary considerations be allowed to disturb or check their progress, since to repress or pervert the course of their development, is fraught many times with serious danger and grave responsibility. To diminish the dangers which lurk around the pathway over which so many are destined in this age to pass, is ardently desired of all humane Spiritualists, and minds endowed with an intelligent comprehension of the subject.

The laws which underlie Mediumship are universal in their existence and action, and the natural progress of humanity in physical refinement, spiritual harmony and power, will be productive of mediumistic organizations in all classes and conditions, capable of grandest uses and highest happiness, or if surrounded by ignorance and treated with the stupidity of prejudice, liable to the greatest suffering, and to be the cause of infinite trouble to all.

The Phases of Mediumship begin with the "Negative" and end with the "Positive." It is evident that the Negative condition and Passive Development of quietude must precede the higher Phases, but observation, long extended, will prove a mediumistic experience may appear to compromise the individuality of the medium, and depress their apparent force of character, yet in due time, its legitimate effect must be to lead upward and onward through the Perceptive, Inspirational and Harmonial Phases, to a state of magnetic and spiritual Power.

It is the prerogative of the fully developed medium, to stand in a Positive attitude toward all that is inferior or below him, while Negative and Receptive to all that is superior, excellent and divine.

Any thing like an elaborate and exhaustive description of the various Phases that have been recognized in the three Degrees of our order, is not possible in this connection. The limits of the writing proposed, and the purpose of its publication, both forbid any attempt at such a treatment of fifteen different topics, as has been given to one Phase by thoughtful writers, who have filled a volume upon that single subject.

Such a work would rather form a library within itself, and no more useful encyclopedia could be edited; but its publication is reserved for the future, when the material will be much more abundant, as the demand for positive Spiritualism shall be greater.

If a crude outline of the whole subject can be made to serve as a guide to the investigator, or save those who possess the organization and require the development of mediums, from loss and hindrance, the object of the present effort will have been attained.

LETTER TO A CLERGYMAN.

BY A SPIRITUALIST.

DEAR SIR: You affirmed in your discourse this afternoon, that there is no way of salvation but through Christ; accepting him as the saviour of the world, and believing the various Bible or theological doctrines, respecting his "miraculous conception," "supernatural power," "divinity," etc. You say: "Come to Christ and be saved;" and in answer to the self put inquiry, "how?" answer, "by righteousness;" which of course is goodness, and can only be known to exist in any one by a good, moral, upright life. Now I submit to your candid judgment, whether all who have come to Christ in the manner you propose, and are perfectly sound in doctrine, are living uprightly? Could you answer this question in the affirmative, your case would be quite clear, provided you could prove that goodness is not an inherent element in the soul of the individual manifesting it. These points are against you, and no amount of sophistry can elude the thinking mind from their notice. This is a practical age, and he who professes to be righteous, should be, at least, as righteous as the poor "infidel," whom you find "wrecked upon the great ocean with no means of salvation from a watery grave and endless torment beyond." To partial observers, those who float upon the surface of popular opinion, who may be said to have no opinion of their own, or what they do have not a demonstrated reality of their own experience, to such, your assumptions appear very plausible, and they look with confiding trust to the imaginary saviour set forth. These are the minds usually caught up by this surface religion; this worship of idols, au-

thority, and religious dogmas. But give these minds the reins of free thought, and a spirit of investigation, and they will "stumble" over these stumbling blocks of theological ignorance, viz.: "total depravity," "miraculous conception," "vicarious atonement," and "endless hell." Even as our first parents stumbled out of ignorance and "became as gods," they will come out into the broad fields of individual sovereignty, where shines the beacon light of reason, and where burns on the tablet of every soul the immortal fire of true religion. This religion is the spontaneous upwelling of the soul after a condition higher, a power superior to self—a searching after the Infinite Source of Being, that adoring and worshipping, and in that reposing in child-like trust. And I affirm that all religious emotions, aspirations and experiences—truly such—have their rise and cause in the divine nature of the human soul. Therefore, a religion claimed to be based upon something supernatural, something that the spirit of God or Christ especially imparts to the soul at any stated period of a man's life, to redeem it from an otherwise inevitable and endless hell, is a poor apology for religion, decidedly unfit to be preached at this enlightened day. Ah! many, many does it keep in darkness and in ignorance of the true God, and the nature of their own souls. The true God, the God of nature, cannot be revealed through supernatural events; and it is only the false notions of God that seek to discover Him through these means. A fallacious theory seeks a fallacious proof; but a rational theory has an abundance of rational proof. Look to nature for God, for there only is where he reveals himself.

I venture to say that there never was such a thing as a supernatural event. All events, all phenomena are the results of a natural cause. There is no place in God's universe where natural law does not abound and govern and control every event. And as life is unchangeable, there never was a time in all the past when effects were produced by any other than a natural cause.

Sir, I would not take from you your "only plank," upon which you are afloat on the great ocean of life, and which is your "only hope of a safe landing upon the immortal shore;" but I want to remind you that your plank is something foreign to yourself, somebody's else goodness, something only hoped for, and like all things terrestrial, not belonging to the soul as a spiritual element, and must be left this side of the mystic river. There will be no saviour over there, except Wisdom and individual Goodness. No pack-horse there to bear the burden of your sins or mine. Jesus or spirits are happy there in proportion to their moral and spiritual unfoldment; religious professions and ceremonies have nothing to do in saving them from the darkening effects of error, the blighting effects of bigotry and selfishness, or the legitimate consequences of the disobedience of any moral, physical or spiritual law. There are none here or there, (the belief of Christians to the contrary notwithstanding), but that are susceptible of spiritual enlightenment and moral advancement, and in God's own good time, all will be righteous and happy. The divine spark, emanating from the Deific Mind, must exist in every soul "created in His image;" which is the secret of its immortality and progressive nature. The doctrine that "nothing of the divine can exist in human nature because conceived by human nature, and in accordance with the natural law of reproduction," is not only a disparagement upon the Deity, but a great hindrance to the unfoldment of the divine within; and is putting off that for which you and all other good souls pray—"the kingdom of heaven upon earth." If the kingdom of heaven ever comes upon earth, it must come by the unfoldment of the divine nature in the human soul. Truly yours,

HENRY A. BRADBURY.

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