

The American Spiritualist.

Organ of the Ohio and Wisconsin
STATE ASSOCIATIONS 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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LOVE.

BY EMMA TUTTLE.
O, Love!

Thou art an orphan in this world of ours,
Wearing a coronet of dead white flowers,
Who with sad eyes and lashes meek and wet,
Art shower'd in dreams which pain thee with regret.

O, Love!

Fore'er divine in this sin-sullied world!
Thy slender lips contempt has never curled.
Thy pearly fingers cannot wear a stain
Albeit they link with sorrow, sin and pain.

O, Love!

Thou of the drooping lash and mournful eyes,
Wreathed by the angels in thy native skies,
Shalt wear again a living wreath of white
Touched by the glory of supernal light.

O, Love!

Thou art no egotist, in boastful tone
Claiming thy angelhood, and thine alone,
But sighing sadly that each lonely quest
Tells thee the sinless angels know thee best.

IN THE LAND.

BY MRS. M. J. KUTZ.

In the Land where we are going,
There's no sorrow and no tears,
For, beyond the Silent River,
Fade the griefs of earthly years.

In the Land where we are going,
Softly beam the azure skies,
For, beyond the Silent River,
Dark'ning shadows never rise.

In the Land where we are going,
Gently breathes the perfumed gale,
For, beyond the Silent River,
Howling tempests never wail.

In the Land where we are going,
Fair the tinted blooms appear,
For, beyond the Silent River,
There's no yellow leaf, or sere.

In the Land where we are going,
Friend joins hand with loving friend,
For, beyond the Silent River,
Baleful strivings have an end.

In the Land where we are going,
White the robes that we shall wear,
For, beyond the Silent River,
Sin can never enter there.

In the Land where we are going,
Death may never part us more.
For the Silent Flowing River
Stays its waves on yon Blest Shore.
Bostwick Lake, Mich.

ARCANA OF SPIRITUALISM.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, by HUDSON TUTTLE, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the North'n Dist. of Ohio.]

EVIDENCES OF SPIRITUALISM.

In the experience of Mrs. Gourlay, a medium relied on by Prof. Hare, many interesting facts are stated. Among others the following:

"While spending the evening of January 21st, 1854, at the house of a friend, it was proposed by the lady and her husband, that we form a circle. We had not been long seated at the table, when three ladies, two of whom I had never seen, favored us with their company, and took their seats at some distance from the circle. They had been seated in the rooms but two or three minutes, when the following was given through the table:

"My dear mother! In love I meet you this evening. Oh mother! why do you mourn my death? I have just begun to live. Grieve not for me! I wish my husband to investigate Spiritualism. I will communicate to him. Why should you erect a monumental slab to my memory? Let me live in the hearts of my friends!"

SARAH NORTH.

"When the gentleman who took down the communication read it, I was surprised at hearing the name, North, that being my maiden name. As there was no Sarah in our family, I asked the spirit, 'Who is Sarah North?' Before it had time to reply, one of the ladies referred to approached the table in tears. She said: 'That is from my daughter Sarah. I have been engaged to-day, in the solemn duty of erecting a tombstone to her memory.'"

I hear introduce a series of facts, which, as they relate directly to myself, I can personally endorse.

Since the application of the impressibility of mind to the delineation of character, and its extension by experimental research by Mr. Denton, few doubt the truth of psychometry, as the new science has been named. It is found that an autograph placed on the forehead enables a sensitive person to delineate perfectly the character of the writer.

If the mind so affects the paper, that the character of the writer be obtained, it is a matter of just inference that a spirit's autograph, if truly originating from a spirit, would not give the character of the medium through whom it was written, but of the spirit writer. If this be true it goes a great way in the support of Spiritualism. It is the next thing to an absolute demonstration.

My experiments on this subject have been various and successful. I first procured an autograph letter from the medium. This gave by psychometry, his true character, which was as follows:

"This is a very passive organization. This person could be easily moulded to the influence of others. Naturally is very pure in thought, yet adapts himself to the company he is in. In matters of right could meet tremendous opposition unflinchingly, yet would repine at his lot. Is very susceptible; natural powers are not large, yet there appears a degree of activity, or excitement in the mind produced by apparently foreign agency; I can't understand it. There seems a contradiction as of two minds, but it is certain his natural powers are not as large as they appear to be. They are very active. This person has large spirituality, is refined and spiritual in his thoughts; is rather cast down by the things of this world; too much for his own good. The animalities are all small and he lacks energy and decision; is not persevering. [I here asked if he could be impressed by spiritual agency,] yes, but it would be by an inferior order of spirits, unless he wrote mechanically. [What organs induced him to take the stand he has in regard to Spiritualism?] Approbation, or that peculiar organization which had rather be talked bad about than not at all. There is not enough depth about him for a Spiritualist, and he can do that cause no good, but would be more apt to bring it into disrepute by the unsatisfactory communications he is liable to receive, and the manner he relates them and the explanations he attaches."

This delineation was very satisfactory. The following autographs were obtained through this medium, being written mechanically. The difference between the influence they gave and that of the medium is remarkable. The first was derived from the autograph of President Taylor:

"This is a stern, resolute man. His will and his energy are predominant. He never stops to examine the right of the cause in which he is engaged, but does his work as he is commanded. He is not consecutive, nor has he given the subject sufficient thought to be liberal. He would be an infidel, or at least inclined that way. There is no order about him. His pride is in being slovenly. He never stops to consider the justness of his cause, but how he may accomplish his end; is jesuitical, considering the cause as justifying the means. Would make an excellent warrior as regards courage and perseverance, but would be deficient in the qualities which make a great commander. He would not be apt to see the traps a wily foe might lay for him. If not reminded continually of it. He would be a good Indian warrior, to command a few hundred or a thousand men, but would be incapable of a greater command. [What kind of a statesman would he make?] Indifferent. He was never designed for any civil office. He could not stand the necessary mental labor and anxiety of mind. He requires a great deal of bodily exercise and can bear little mental toil. His thoughts have been revolutionized, and he has become progressive and hopeful. It appears that he has entirely changed his mode of life, his occupation, and that his mind does not act in its old and accustomed channel. There is a great agitation of feeling, a retrospective on past incidents, regrets for deeds committed in former years, for which I am unable to account. Spiritual feelings seem to be slowly awakening."

The reason for the last remark will be seen when it is known that the psychometrist first obtained impressions of the earthly character, and lastly, of the spiritual.

The next autograph was one of Lord Bacon:

"This is a character which looks deeply into the philosophy of things. His mind is contemplative and reflective. He would be liable to be led into the fields of philosophical inquiry; if so, his philosophy would be inductive, and deal in facts and causes. I cannot express by words, the depths of mind; it seems as if this was a mind that had been years and years maturing, yet possessing all the vigor and strength of youth; so mature in its wisdom, so laborious in its research. It is a wonderful mind, one of giant powers, of capabilities sufficient to grasp the ultimate of causes and solve the vastest problems of Nature. It has wonderful powers, an intellect like a God; and over that intellect sits a superior and pure morality, unlike that which controls the actions of other men. There is etheriality of thought, a boundlessness of desire, a mighty grasping after the great truths which lie beyond the sphere of human knowledge, that I cannot express. The influence is cheerful, hopeful, loving—angelic."

This delineation ascribes far too pure morality to Bacon. It represents his present rather than earthly life.

Admitting the truth of Spiritualism, it has been said that it was impossible to identify our friends, but here we have the key which unlocks all the mysteries that lie in the invisible domain beyond the senses, and a complete identification of our spirit

friends. We also have a test for the truthfulness of the medium, for if he writes himself it will give his own character, while if a spirit writes, it will give the character of the spirit. We also have the truthfulness of the communication determined by the determination of the character of the spirit author. A test of identity has been asked for—and here it is given. Spiritualists will do well to subject communications to the test, and demonstrate to their own satisfaction, their correctness. I ask the skeptic to answer! As the two last given delineations could not have been derived from the medium, whose character as given is so decidedly different, and as the psychometrist knew nothing of the character of the writer, from whom could the last delineations have been derived? Until this is satisfactorily answered, this test must be considered one of the strongest offered by science, of the truth of Spiritualism, as it is a demonstration that the spirit exists and holds intercourse with earth.

These two delineations are not given as sufficient to prove beyond a doubt the value of psychometric delineations. They are taken from a mass of similar readings, as illustrations as well as proofs. The experiments are so easily tested that any one may prove the position for himself. A hundred illustrations would not set the principle before the mind more distinctly.

Following this method, the autographs of spirits may be employed for their identification, and that even when they are executed by impressions. The influence is more mixed, partaking of the character of the medium, but always reveals its spirit origin.

It is not our intention to give a compilation of the facts, but an outline of the philosophy of Spiritualism. Facts have already been compiled, and volumes innumerable might be written. Little is gained by them except as they excite inquiry, for no amount of written statement can equal a single seance with a truthful medium. Spirit communion must be brought in direct contact with our reason; we must receive the direct words of our dear, departed friends, to have the reality of their existence become to us not only a belief, but absolute knowledge.

It is often asked, what is the good of spiritual communications? The question is urged as if it really was an argument. It is astounding that such an objection should be brought by men who claim to be savants. We might as well ask what is the good of the stars shining, or the rising of the sun? What is the use of human existence, of life in any of its multitudinous forms? To answer would extremely perplex the most astute metaphysician. We take existence as a fact, nor can we answer wherefore. The world exists, and man exists, but who can tell what good is to grow out of that existence?

Whether Spiritualism is moral or immoral in its tendencies; whether we understand its uses or not, affects not the grand question at issue. On other grounds, how can this heartless question be asked? Is it not a good to us to know that our loved ones exist on the other side of the grave? To have all doubts and misgivings swept away by their sweet voices speaking to us of an infinite future? Christianity is of little worth compared to this beautiful demonstration. Prostrated though we be at the side of the cold grave, through our blinding tears and the night of our sorrow, we see the loved forms of our departed angels, and their words of cheer sound sweetly over the agitated ocean of our grief. QUI BONO? The value of all we possess, though it were the ocean world, would be freely given for one single word from their angel life.

ARE WE DOING OUR DUTY?

This question I ask those who are Spiritualists or friendly thereto. In past years we have had able and zealous friends of the cause of progress, who have spent their time, talents and money, in the vain effort to maintain and continue the publication of a weekly journal, for the advancement of spiritual truths. Again, in the city of Cleveland, we have the attempt made, by those whose ability none, having any knowledge of their writings, can doubt. And now it is with us to say whether they shall succeed or share the fate of their predecessors. Friends, this to them, to ourselves, and to the cause of human progress, is an important question, and it is for us to answer; and why should we not, and that promptly! Are we deficient in numbers, in wealth, in enterprise? or have we not a cause worthy of our earnest support! and should we not extend to them our sympathy and encouragement, and that with a willing hand! How many there are in our ranks who in times past have been worshippers at the shrine of man made creeds and sectarian organizations which have resulted in enslaving the minds of millions of those who have been willing that others should do their thinking; but with those who prefer to reason for themselves, they have not only failed, but have driven thousands to infidelity, from which our soul-cheering faith, or rather knowledge, in the soul's immortality, has delivered them. To the above mentioned dogmas we have given already, and now, in view of our enlarged liberty of thought, should we not show our earnestness in the support of our progressive journals! There are thousands of passive believers in

spiritual communion, who are doing little or nothing for our common cause, whose names, or many of them, might soon be added to the subscription list of some one of our worthy papers, if the more earnest of us would but spend a few of our leisure hours in a conversation that would remind them of their duty to themselves and others. This much most of us can do without serious loss of time or money, and feel that we are doing a labor of love to all concerned, by placing in their hands a medium that shall shed its genial influence throughout our land, and thus each of us show our faith by our work, in adding one or more to the number of subscribers on their list.

And now Messrs. Editors, as an earnest of the above, I send you five subscriptions to THE AMERICAN SPIRITUALIST. Enclosed please find the amount thereof. Hoping that you will hear from me again, I am yours for truth and progress.

S. P. HAMMERTON.

Newark, Ohio, Feb. 24th, '69.

An old book of theological discussion, written by some of the early monks, has been discovered. Some of the important questions which occupied their minds were: "What was the shape of the wings of the Archangel Gabriel?" "Did Pilate use soap when he washed his hands?" "How much wine did they drink at the marriage in Cana?" "Are there any angels with baritone voices?" It is said that the discussion of these different questions fills three volumes of five hundred pages each. How many volumes could be filled with the worse than useless theological discussions of the present day?

The Spiritualist.

"Charity for all: malice toward none."

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

CLEVELAND, SATURDAY, MAR. 13, '69

VOLUME ONE; NUMBER TWENTY-SIX.

[The following article has some personal references. It is well that we should state that the senior editor has not seen it, and therefore is not responsible for anything therein contained.]

TEN months have passed since the Prospectus of THE OHIO SPIRITUALIST made its appearance. Into that period have been crowded the toils and anxieties of years of ordinary life; yet, measuring time as publishers, by the volume, we have been carried forward only about six months. It is entirely proper that we should now more fully state the experience of these months than we have heretofore done, and also honestly make known, to the best of our ability, the prospective career of this journal. For perhaps one year before the commencement of what some were pleased to term "the forlorn enterprise," we were most distinctly and emphatically informed that such a work was before us, through several media, some of whom were entire strangers to us. Great incredulity, culminating at last in forcibly expressed disgust, was the feeling we entertained towards these prophetic intimations. We had left the business of publishing, and never intended to take it up again; nearly all our time and attention were given to another subject, of a very different nature. But still the purported spirit-world insisted upon our devotion to the unremunerative task of publishing a Spiritual paper. We rebelled, but ill-fortune attended every step.

One night, a symbol broke upon our interior vision, clear and distinct as though it were a scene beheld at noon-day with physical eyes. Heavy, rolling, dark clouds surrounded us on either side, like an immense, inverted tunnel, and hemmed us in from the objective world. As we looked upward toward the apex of this circular environment the clouds appeared first gray, then white and fleecy, and through these streamed a golden radiance that chained our enraptured vision. Presently we beheld something shimmering in the midst of this golden flood, and gradually descending; but instead of losing its brightness as it fell, it not only retained it, but lighted up the dark enclosure with a splendor that outward eye never beheld or mere imagination conceived. As it neared us, we perceived it to be a quill. Within a few feet of our head it stopped, when we discovered that it was not merely a quill, but a prepared quill-PEN. Then, with the disappearance of the symbol, came the earnest words: "Trust thy soul, oh brother, and it shall be well with thee." Notwithstanding all this, in addition to the inability which had come upon us, to accomplish anything we desired in the labors that engaged us at that time, there was no

thought further from our mind than such an undertaking as the present. Still symbol after symbol came—injunction upon injunction. So long as we persisted in following out the external programme, mental unrest and suffering were ours, such as are unknown to any save those who have striven against angel admonition. We felt that there was neither justice nor generosity in the influences that subjected us to such unhappiness, and to the severe censure of unphilosophic observers—not then realizing so well as we now do, that they were indispensable to growth. True, we accepted the fact stoically and intellectually, but not in feeling. Repeatedly brought to the verge of desperation, yet considered happy and indifferent to the stern demands of duty, and at times almost led to denounce the spirit world in terms of absolute profanity, the loving tenderness of invisible ministrants was as often made manifest. In the Valley of Humiliation blessings abounded. For instance, when greatly needed, a drawing of an invention burst upon our vision, at Erie, Pa., one night, from which we realized \$125, next day. We had never stopped at Erie before, had started by railroad for another place, but instead of changing cars, stood upon the platform and vacantly gazed at the departing train; then went to a hotel, ordered a pleasant and quiet room, and in a calm state of mind awaited results. Similar instances might be related, but space forbids. It is unnecessary to state why we came to Cleveland—at the time, we confess, unbusiness-like though it may sound to many, we did not know. There was a feeling that it was for some wise purpose, and we had measurably learned to submit to such intuitions. Inaction is no part of our philosophy. Within ten hours, we were at work on one of the daily papers. In a couple of weeks, perhaps, an engagement was offered, at a good salary—and we accepted the proposal. That very night, we were kept in a psychological slumber, in which the first symbol related in this article was repeated, except that, instead of the voice, the words "Behold thy work!" appeared upon the feather-edge of the quill. For two days we felt that we must resume labor—that the necessities of our family demanded it; for two days, under this determination, we were deprived of sufficient strength to go to the office, and a portion of the time our meals were taken at our bedside.

With submission, came strength. Think of it! reader. A stranger in the city where four or five Spiritual papers had failed, attempting to start another, without money, or acquaintances, and with an enigmatical career for reference! Not a dollar! Not a type! Only health, two hands, a purpose made doubly earnest by the secret knowledge of spiritual aid and by separation from loved ones.

A meeting of Spiritualists and Liberals was called, to consider the practicability of the proposed undertaking. Less than ten persons responded; but over sixty dollars were loaned, to purchase heading, column rules, etc., and paper for an edition of fifteen hundred copies. The composition and press-work were partly included. No. 1 of THE OHIO SPIRITUALIST appeared.

The paper was favorably received, that is to say, a great many liked it—five cents worth; a less number, fifty cents worth; a few dared to risk a six months' subscription; and now and then some earnest soul handed over two dollars. Being a practical printer and rapid compositor, we knew that we could get along if (say) two hundred yearly subscriptions could be obtained within two weeks. But, although we printed five hundred copies and sent them to different localities for free distribution, we had not that many subscribers at the expiration of two months, and before we could get money enough to purchase type we had paid out more than its cost, for the use of type!

Several devoted workers now came forward with substantial encouragement, at this juncture, and the "forlorn enterprise"—though it scarcely had a "local habitation"—still had an existence and a name. Four numbers were printed at a job-office on Seneca street; two at the Herald office on Bank street, and five at Mount & Carroll's, 164 Superior street, before we moved to our present quarters. No wonder we were called "the perambulating editor" by our friends, who usually came in with the exclamation, "Well, I've found you at last!" as they wiped from their faces the perspiration induced by going up and down half-a-dozen flights of stairs, on nearly as many streets, in search

of THE SPIRITUALIST! About this time, the senior editor became, by a happy conjunction, joint publisher and proprietor. The ability and influence of Mr. Tuttle, as well as the contributions of Emma, his wife, have added very much to the strength, beauty and success of the journal, while inspiring by fraternal sympathy our hopes and aspirations for the future.

We should be guilty of gross ingratitude, did we fail to mention in this connection the services of our friend and brother, E. S. Wheeler, who was among our earliest confidants in regard to the proposed undertaking. He claimed that failure was almost a foregone conclusion, and said, "Better fully sustain one paper than commence a dozen, to disgrace the cause and distress our friends by a premature death." This was considered, but not then for the first time, for it was the very point that we had most carefully studied. From the moment of our decision up to the present writing, we have freely had this gentleman's generous aid, in various ways, but especially by contributions which have been complimented by competent critics, in this country and Europe. He has been as earnest in his efforts to sustain THE SPIRITUALIST as he was frank in the first instance.

At the Ohio State Convention of Spiritualists, great enthusiasm prevailed, and a resolution was unanimously passed, adopting the paper as the organ of the State Association, and pledging a thousand subscribers within six months. Five hundred dollars besides were pledged in the hall, about one hundred of which were paid at the time. Bro. Fox, President of the American Association of Spiritualists and Editor of The Present Age, urged the consolidation of the two journals, and made very liberal offers. We impressed upon the Convention, in the strongest terms at our command, the importance of acting thoughtfully and deliberately in the matter, and said that no mere resolutions, unaccompanied by continuous and persistent effort, could sustain the paper; and that unless the solemn assurance of the resolution being carried into effect, could be had, common prudence and regard for those dependent upon us, dictated that we should accept the offer made by Colonel Fox. A. B. French, A. A. Wheelock, O. P. Kellogg, O. L. Sutliff, C. B. Lynn, J. H. Randall, Mercia B. Lane, and others, made most eloquent and effective appeals. It was emphatically signified by the Convention that THE OHIO SPIRITUALIST must and would be sustained. Many in the audience were tearful over the uncolored outline drawn of the sacrifices that had been made.

Hitherto the paper had appeared but once in two weeks. It was now thought safe to attempt a weekly issue. This experiment was a mistake. Intense political excitement everywhere prevailed, and "times" were unusually "hard." Justice compels us to add that the Brother who had done the most for us up to that time, who urged us more than any other to publish weekly, because it would so greatly facilitate his further efforts in behalf of the paper, and who before and after the Convention assured us of his continued co-operation in Ohio, found his duties in other good directions so absorbing that we have received but one subscriber from him, up to the present writing. Other workers found it impossible to do as they expected and desired. After sinking the amount paid to the paper at the Convention, and about one hundred dollars more, and paying for the additions we had made to the office besides, semi-monthly publication was resumed. In an Extra, announcing the change, we wrote nearly as follows:

Our anxiety as to great to issue THE SPIRITUALIST less frequently, and even to reduce its size, if need be, as to increase its dimensions and frequency; for there is no success outside "the law of growth." A tree, transplanted to new soil, must be pruned until the amount of nutriment it requires does not exceed that contained in the earth and air that surround it. We mean to make this paper so small, and print it so seldom, IF NECESSARY TO DO SO, that it will not require more support than naturally comes to it. Its success is therefore a certainty.

With the subsidence of the excitement referred to, and the resumption of Missionary labor, subscriptions came in faster. The additions from other States, not counting Wisconsin names, much exceeded those from Ohio, however. Weekly publication was soon resumed.

When prospects were most depressing, certain advisors counselled against giving publicity to the fact, affirming that to do so would be "poor policy." We have been in the habit of telling the truth, occasionally, of late, and therefore did not heed their admonition—but said that we were "hard up," when we couldn't see the way to the blank paper for another issue. Now we have a different truth to publish: THE BUSINESS OF THE AMERICAN SPIRITUALIST EXCEEDS ITS PRESENT EXPENSES, including reasonable remuneration for our services as printer. Most surprising success has crowned fidelity to principle, earnest industry, and the devotion and sacrifice of those who have become connected with the "forlorn enterprise." The thanks of the readers of

THE SPIRITUALIST are specially due the editors of the Departments recently added, for their talented productions and correspondence.

But while the business of the office exceeds its expenditures, there is still another truth which we wish to impress distinctly upon every reader's mind. It is this: PRESENT EXPENSES ARE CONSIDERABLY GREATER THAN PRESENT RECEIPTS, because we are now paying off "old scores," and making much needed additions and improvements.

This article has become almost "abusively long." In conclusion, we solicit the renewal of your subscription, and earnestly request you to add one or more names to our list.

PROTESTANTISM.

PROTESTANTISM brings from Catholicism everything but the Pope. Its basis is the same—the Bible. Its departure from Catholicism is a departure from reason. Granting its data, the logic of Catholicism is unanswerable: man being incapable of arriving at divine truth, an infinite God delivers to him an infinite revelation. Man, as finite, cannot comprehend this revelation, hence the necessity of inspired teachers, or priests, to interpret it to him. Protestantism places finite man in direct contact with an infinite God—a finite comprehension with an infinite revelation. In the latter case, what is the benefit of the exercise of reason, when the object is beyond the grasp of reason? Practically, the two systems are the same; and whatever power the Bible exerts, is by means of the idea of infallibility attached to its utterances. It is claimed that Protestantism is the system demanded by the present. We ask, is this a fact? Not only, is it what we demand now, but has it elasticity to meet the requirements of the future? Daring questions to ask of a system founded eighteen centuries ago, and claiming for its founder not only the Son of God, but the eternal Father Himself. They may be sacrilegious, but they are of vital interest.

To analysis what does this religion yield? Emphatically it is of denial and abnegation. It has been well said that "Thou shalt not" has a great preponderance over "Thou shalt," in the Decalogue. It is a passive religion. It sets up the preposterous claim that religion, that morals, can be created outside of man, and forced upon him. Here originate missionary schemes. Contrary to this, the field of the world shows that moral precepts, however calculated to impress themselves, have no power unless received by the intellect. Unless so received, they remain dead beliefs, without any bearing on the lives of their receivers. It is safe to say that such is the state of ninety-nine Christians in a hundred, and that they never gauge their actions by the precepts of their religion. It is received that "It is easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven;" that the poor and ill-used of the world are blessed and enviable; that we should love our neighbors and enemies as ourselves; that if one takes our cloak, we should give him our coat; that we should take no thought for the morrow; that we never should resent injuries, and if struck on one cheek, we should turn the other also. When Christians say they believe these precepts, we cannot charge them with insincerity. They are not hypocrites and deceivers. They think they do; but if one should practice them—if he began by selling all he had and giving it to the poor, and some cold day bestowing his last coat on a beggar, these same Christians would cry: "ale fool," or be swift to thrust him into a mad-house. As for loving their enemies, it is beyond the pale of necessary virtues, unless to burn them for not believing like those in power. The heathen Romans, at the rise of Christianity, exclaimed with surprise: "See these Christians, how they love one another!" They would not repeat that now.

Not insincere; they received certain moral maxims, supposed to have descended from infallible wisdom, wholly foreign to their intellect, which is pre-occupied by a set of every day, practical judgments. It is easy to foreknow which must go to the wall. The Christian code becomes from this cause only servicable to illustrate the beauties of Christianity, not the lives of believers.

I question not the origin of Christianity. It is an existing fact. I ask, is it the religion demanded by the present, and from it can a religion adequate to the wants of all future time be evolved? In other words, will it continue a foreign element to be foisted upon its recipient, or has it the vitality of growth? Apparently it progresses. Luther and Calvin, and Wesley, each have done somewhat to improve the old, but in essence it is the same. Man grows intellectually, pushing the domain of thought wider and wider, yet is he content with his father's religious formula?

Perhaps I may be severe if to the question, "What constitutes a religious man?" I answer, change of heart, baptism, either by plunging, sprinkling or pouring, joining a church, regular attendance at meetings, regular prayers. If a man do this,

is he not accounted a Christian, regardless of any moral delinquencies inside of elastic laws? and if he do not these, but is absolutely morally perfect, is he anything else than a lapsed infidel? Infidel! Proud name of honor, under which are ranked all the mighty intellects of the ages. The thinker, daring grandly to stand alone in his belief, and endure the curses of vile-mouthed bigotry and religious hate. This "change of heart" leads to strangest manifestations of intellectual obliquity. What does it mean? Simply that the individual will forsake his evil ways, and strive to do better. It is the work of a moment. The hardened sinner, with conscience calloused to every emotion of justice and right, can at once become a beautiful Christian! This is Catholicism. The murderer kisses the crucifix, and dies. Paradise awaits him. Had he not kissed the crucifix, hell would have been his everlasting doom.

Does such a religion satisfy our religious wants? Do we not demand a religion of growth, whereby we may each day feel that we are more manly, and nearer heaven? What is the incentive for well-doing, if coming at the eleventh hour is as well as at the first? Rather is it not a premium on guilt thus easily pardoned?

WONDERFUL PHENOMENA.

SOME of our readers may remember an account of the New (Davison) Thornless Raspberry, copied into these columns from "The Bond of Peace." We promised to refer to the subject again, but a crowd of other matter has prevented. A letter, from which we make an extract in another place, reminds us of the promise, and we only regret that we are compelled to be so brief.

Mrs. and Miss Davison, of Gowanda, New York, have long borne an enviable reputation for veracity, honesty and respectability. Many years ago, Mr. Davison departed the earth-life, a Universalist. His faith was also shared by his companion. Mrs. D. was among the first to embrace the truths of Modern Spiritualism, and being conscientious as well as benevolent, and endowed with much moral courage, she opened her house to those who desired to investigate the strange phenomena of spirit-intercourse. For years, in spite of misrepresentation and undesired reproach, every Wednesday evening was sacredly set apart as "circle-evening." Since the decease of the husband and father, Mrs. D. and her daughter had maintained themselves by sewing, keeping boarders, etc., in the house that was left to them, if we mistake not, at the time of their bereavement. It should be stated that the mother was crippled, and the daughter in delicate health. The angel world assured them that their fidelity, under such trying circumstances, should be rewarded in a material sense, but they felt that so long as they were true to the "light within," there was no cause for anxiety concerning the future. Years passed on; frequent and most convincing tests of personal identity were had, and not a few became confirmed Spiritualists through the devotedness of the Davisons. By their industry and irreproachable bearing, misrepresentation was silenced, and expressions of respect won from the most bitter opponents of the faith they held. Still the promises were made; still these were interpreted with much allowance, and reliance placed exclusively upon practical efforts, to gain a competence for future necessities. Age was stealthily claiming "Mother," and "Flora's" filial regard, coupled with unusual individuality of character, led her to abandon the thought of marriage.

One morning, Flora exclaimed: "What can be the matter with the mirror?" It was in its accustomed place, but covered with representations of foliage. The first thought was that it must be a freak of the frost; but examination proved this supposition a mistaken one. The deposit was of an oily nature, and exceedingly hard to remove; so the work of cleaning the glass was deferred till after breakfast. It required half an hour's labor to accomplish this, and ordinary soap did not seem to have the usual effect. From time to time these deposits appeared, and it was found that if left untouched, they would suddenly disappear in the night. Meanwhile the assurances from the spirit-land, above referred to, were multiplied, and Mrs. Davison was told that "their blessing should come up from the earth." One morning the representation upon the mirror was unusually distinct, so much so that it was perceived to be a raspberry bush. This picture was repeated, and, in connection with prophecies and significant hints through various media, led Mrs. Davison to believe that something more important was yet to come.

While working in her garden, her attention was attracted to a peculiar vine, or shoot, which she had not observed before. Instead of destroying, she nurtured it, and it proved at last to be a new variety of raspberry, unknown to fruit-growers, and undescribed by horticultural works. Gradually its fame spread, and eminent nurserymen from Rochester, Buffalo, and other places, made a pilgrimage to Gowanda, to behold this "eighteenth wonder of the world." There it stood—the "parent plant"—now fully six inches through at the bulb next the ground, from whence proceeded large, symmetrical stalks or canes, seven or eight feet long, as large as a man's forefinger, and without a single thorn—smooth as an iron rod. Mrs. D. sold the right to propagate this new variety, for a limited term of years, to a Spiritualist, acting under the advice of her departed husband. The term has now expired, we believe.

With regard to the photograph on the mirror, we must say a few words. One evening Mrs. D. opened an old daguerotype of Mr. D., that lay on the table beneath the looking-glass, and casually remarked that she did not see why spirits could not reproduce it, and wished they would, leaving the picture open on the table. To her utter astonishment, the morning revealed a duplicate on the mirror, in which the oval "matting," the head, shoulders, arms, etc., were distinct, as well as the features, but the expres-

sion of the features did not seem to be like Mr. D. That picture remained about two months, and hundreds can testify to the fact. The mirror was taken to a photographer in Gowanda, and the likeness imperfectly reproduced. Mrs. D. expressed her opinion that the one on the glass did not resemble her husband in some particulars. Next morning the picture was gone, but the "matting" remained, and in the center were the words, "You forget!"

This narrative is substantially as it has been related to us many times, though it may be incorrect in some particulars. We have examined both the parent bush and its products, and are personally acquainted with the parties interested. We have no pecuniary interest whatever in the matter, and only record the statement as illustrative of the truths to which this journal is devoted.

FELIX SHELLENG.—We have received from this talented composer, two beautiful pieces of sheet music, "Indian Summer," words by Mary F. Davis, and "Bounding o'er the Sea we go." The senior editor was agreeably surprised, to find his name very conspicuously engraved on the title-page of the latter, as the writer. Very few composers have the rare faculty of translating the ideas of the poet into music, but such rare gift has Felix Shelling. He does more; he not only translates and idealizes the words, but intensifies the fancies with most thrilling chords. He has represented the wild freedom of the billowy sea, and the exultation of the spirit consigning itself to a frail bark, and proudly controlling it to its purposes.

A glorious career lies before this composer, for he belongs to the new order of things. He has seized the spirit of the coming age, and shows himself master of its divine chords and spiritual harmonies.

EDS. AM. SPIRITUALIST: Enclosed please find one dollar to continue your paper, which I do not know how to get along without. It is my most welcome visitor, and goes through a number of perusals after I read it myself. Others will read it, but think it too dear to buy. I have sent all my old back numbers East, to Pennsylvania and Eastern Ohio, where I have been visiting this winter.

I am very much interested in that phase of mediumship through which the phenomena of talking foreign languages is manifested, as I am exercised a great deal that way myself. I would like to meet a number of such mediums, where there were individuals who could interpret. If any others feel an interest in the matter, I should like to correspond with them, with a view to such an investigation, from which, I think, much might be gained. J. MELLINGER.

MARENGO, O. Feb. 22.

PHENOMENAL.—This paper is usually more philosophical than phenomenal, but the preponderance is the other way in the present issue. We do not underrate Phenomenal Spiritualism, but are sure what is now needed is a correct interpretation of facts, rather than their indefinite recital. Mental discipline and moral culture should be the paramount objects.

EASTERN DEPARTMENT.

BOSTON, MASS., MARCH 13, 1869.

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

FRIENDS having letters or communications for this Department, will please forward to above address.

SPIRITUALISM IN BOSTON.

SINCE last writing to the readers of THE SPIRITUALIST about Spiritual matters in Boston, some six weeks ago, affairs have pursued the even tenor of their way, undisturbed by any unusual occurrence.

In the course of Music Hall lectures, Prof. Denton was succeeded by Dr. Fred. L. H. Willis, of N. Y., who gave a written discourse on "The Voices of the New Year," which was replete with rhetorical beauty and practical suggestions. Spiritualists, however, having been liberally treated with the best kind, as well as not a little of the other kind, of impromptu or inspirational speaking, do not listen with the best of grace to written discourses, however good and grand they may be, or coming from whatever quarter. They invariably lack the electric and magnetic glow of being served up firsthand.

The following Sunday, Dr. Willis was to have given a chapter of his personal experience in Spiritualism, always an interesting theme, and doubly so where the relator has been called to exhibit, in his own person, such a remarkable variety of the manifestations; but the receipt of a telegram announcing the sudden illness of Mrs. Willis, so favorably, even lovingly known to the Spiritualists of America, for her many beautiful stories to our children, called him home and to her bedside. We are glad to learn that she is now doing well. Dr. W.'s place was supplied by Dr. H. B. Storer, of Boston, who gave an eloquent and instructive comparison of Christianity and Spiritualism, affirming and clearly showing that the latter contained all that was true and valuable in the former, and was yearly adding much more to the stock of human knowledge.

Sister Cora L. V. Daniels occupied the desk the three following Sundays, and was eagerly listened to by some of the largest audiences convened there this season. Her subjects were new, and her treatment of them original.—These discourses were delivered with all that graceful dignity of manner and perspicuity of presentation which so eminently characterize the efforts of this distinguished speaker. A synopsis of her three lectures on "Clairvoyance, or clear thinking and wishing," have already appeared in the Banner. In addition to these

regular discourses, Mrs. Daniels gratuitously gave an admirable and pertinent address before the Mass. Spiritualist Association, in favor of a necessary, proper and judicious organization, and also gave an instructive account of the condition of things in Louisiana, before the Anti-Slavery Convention. Her success here this season was so marked, and the desire to hear her so general, she has been re-engaged for the month of April.

Following her, came Moses Hull, the two next Sundays. We only heard his second lecture, on "The adaptation of Spiritualism to the wants of humanity," which was a spicy and anecdotal effort. Bro. Hull has a splendid memory, quantitatively and qualitatively; is well read in ecclesiastical history, and we regard him as one of the very best debaters in the country. This is his forte. We never hear him discuss without envying him his powers.

Sunday, February 21st, Warren Chase, in place of Mrs. A. A. Currier, who was unable to speak, gave us one of his plain, clear, sensible sermons on "The Religion of Manhood,"—full of strong points, terse statements and practical suggestions. Mr. Chase knows and means what he says, is always in earnest and gloriously independent. We like him best however, when he is most aroused.

The Spiritualists of Boston are finally moving in the matter of building a suitable Hall, in which to hold their meetings, Lyceums, etc. Preliminary steps were taken, and last Saturday evening, February 20th, a meeting was held in the Circle Room of the Banner of Light, well attended by friends interested in the movement. Daniel Farrar, Esq., was made Chairman, and M. T. Dole, Secretary. After a free expression of opinion, a committee was appointed, to whom the whole matter was referred. They are to report at a subsequent meeting, as to the locality, kind and cost of building, the required number and amount of shares, etc.

The need of owning a commodious and attractive Hall in Boston, has long been felt to be a desideratum—a consummation devoutly to be wished—and it is earnestly hoped that the present movement will not cease until such a structure as the growing demands of our cause in this city requires, is fully secured.

THE SOROSIS.

A PECULIAR pleasure, not usually communicated in writing, is always ours whenever we see or hear of any movement in favor of the elevation of woman.

Though comparatively young in the battle of life, it is more than a decade of years ago since we first became enlisted in this sacred cause; and since then, whenever the necessary opportunity offered, have we never let the occasion pass unimproved.

Having yet to hear anything like what is wont to be denominated reason, why woman should not enjoy, in this country particularly, equal privileges, liberties and rights with those of the other sex, we rejoice to know that the day is about to dawn which shall usher in a nearer realization of her just claims and righteous dues.

As a means to this end, we are glad to notice that many of the most intelligent, distinguished and popular women of the country have entered into league together, have formed female clubs, (to which they have given the name of The Sorosis,) and are laying out much practical work for its members.

It is stated that the New York Sorosis recently held an important business meeting, at which elaborate reports were made and resolutions were passed, relative to an act of incorporation involving right to hold and sell real estate. Proposals were submitted to remedy "The Present Inefficiency of Household Labor," by the establishment of a school where servants can be properly instructed in all branches of domestic service; for the establishment of a "Household Bureau," with a superintendent and competent assistant, to correct the weight and to analyze articles of cookery suspected of adulteration. Committees were also appointed to investigate, report, and to submit feasible plans to essentially mitigate the harsher features of Prostitution; to consider the crime of Infanticide and its sister crime of Abortion; and also the erection of Asylums or Foundling Hospitals for unmarried mothers and their offspring.

This looks like business in real earnest. These clubs are extending their potent influence in every direction, though they have just entered upon their career of usefulness.

It is one of the most auspicious and hopeful signs of the times, thus to see the cultured women of America practically interest themselves, and necessarily others, with these unpleasant and hitherto supposed to be forbidden subjects. If the signs that go before tell what impends, what may we not reasonably expect even in the immediate future, from these invaluable assistants to the reformatory labors of those engaged in the work of Political Economy?

NORTH-WEST DEPARTMENT.

JANESVILLE, WIS., MAR. 13 1869.

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

CLUBS:—1 copy Spiritualist, 1 year, \$2. Two copies, 1 year, one Spiritualist 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.

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

IF WE KNEW.

If we knew, when walking thoughtless,
Through the crowded, dusty way,
That some pearl of wondrous whiteness,
Close beside our pathway lay,
We would pause, when now we hasten,
We would often look around,
Lest our careless feet should trample
Some rare jewel in the ground.

If we knew what forms were fainting,
For the shade which we might fling,
If we knew what lips were parching,
For the water we might bring,
We would haste, with eager footsteps,
We would work with willing hands,
Bearing cups of cooling water,
Planting rows of shading palms.

If we knew what forms were weary,
Climbing up the hills of pain,
On their shoulders heavy crosses—
In their hearts the world's disdain—
We would pause amid our smiling,
We would say, poor, weary soul,
Have you need of our assistance?
Can we help you towards the goal?

If we knew, when friends around us,
Closely pressed to say good-bye,
Which, among the lips that kiss us,
First beneath the flowers would lie,
If we knew what hands among them,
First in death should folded be,
And what eyes, so kindly gleaming,
First should heaven's glories see,

We would clasp our arms around them,
And, half blind by our own tears,
Tender words of love eternal,
We would whisper in their ears.
We would say, thy name forever,
We will cherish, we will bless,
Through the grave arise between us,
Dark, and cold, and comfortless.

If we knew where Genius struggled,
Through the weary nights and days,
Never cheered, amid her toiling,
By a word of love or praise,
Boughs of laurel and leaves of laurel,
We would place within her hand—
Little deeds, with pleasant meanings,
Hungry hearts can understand.

If we knew what hands were rearing,
Massive structures in the sand,
Planting up, that its branches,
Might overshadow their palace grand,
We would point to splendid mansions,
Once as stately as their own—
Shining fragments, domes and turrets,
Which the winds had overblown.

Holy Father, in great kindness,
Look upon thy children here,
Show us where our help is needed,
Make our duty plain and clear;
Give us hearts to help each other,
Make us to each other true,
Give us patience, while we finish
All the work we have to do. "LUNA."

IS IT MORAL?

WE have received a tract without name or date, advocating "Adventism," mailed in Canaan, entitled, "The Lord is Coming in the Air," in which we find the following:

"The moment the lost, leprosy sinner believes in Christ, the life, he is cleansed—the power passes over him; he himself does nothing to further it, he is the leper, he is the receiver of the power of God, it is God who works in him."

We should hardly notice this silly trash did we not know this sentiment is a part of the doctrine of the churches claiming to be "evangelical," and is, as we believe, a cause of a vast amount of that immorality of which the clergy so loudly complain. That the sinner escapes the punishment he justly deserves, and is accepted as a saint, by simply believing on the blood of Christ, and so goes to heaven, while the moral man, for lack of this saving faith, must sink to hell—this sentiment, by representing morality as a dangerous delusion, and the easy way of escaping the consequence of crime and wickedness, "believing on Christ," meaning shirking our sins on to him, and so stealing his merit, is in our opinion a false and a most pernicious error. It discourages all moral well doing by teaching that it is useless, nay, dangerous; While all sin is removed and the vilest rascal at once becomes a saint and an heir of glory, is cleansed from all his foul deeds by simply believing in Christ.

We believe in but one way in which the sinner is saved either here or hereafter. He must reform his life, "cease to do evil, learn to do well;" "the prodigal son" must return to his father's house; the work must begin with himself. In this, holy and good spirits will aid him; but let him remember, that the farther he goes astray the greater is the labor in returning. Justice demands that he should be just, and Justice must be fully satisfied by himself. The fact that Christ satisfied Divine Justice may be a good example, but it does not screen us from the requirements that he obeyed, in the least. Nor will it save any one from the consequences of selfishness, hate, malice or any other sin, if he practices these evils.

Such, we believe are the teachings of sound reason, daily experience and the feelings of every heart, warm with divine love and charity. Such are the teachings of Spiritualism! Heaven can only be enjoyed by the heavenly mind, and this must be in one's own soul. The tree is

known by its fruits—"ye shall know them by their fruits," and a good man will do good works for these are the fruits of goodness.

PROGRESSION.

THE great law of Progression is written on all the face of existence, from the inanimate rocks beneath our feet up to the highest archangel before the throne of the great eternal cause of all things.

The astronomer takes us back to an almost infinite period in the remote past, when the bright, fixed stars were chaotic, nebulous matter, but now glorious suns; and to other nebulae now in the slow process of development.

Nothing is fixed, but all is motion, and that motion is progression, however slow it may appear to us, the creatures of today.

The geologist, measuring our earth's past geological growth by millions of years, and reading its history on the rocks and fossils, shows us it was once a mass of matter far different from its present fair condition. Its atmosphere then would have been a deadly poison to beings that live on it now, and monsters lived and rolled in its deep morasses. Ferns, then, were gigantic trees, and no living intelligence was on its surface. It was more like the fabled abodes of demons and furies.

The trees of that age were embedded in vast, deadly forests, carrying the marks of waste, evil, and the wrath of God. But from this scene of horror, we now have the rich treasures of our coal-mines, yielding us heat and light, stores of wealth, on which thousands live, the blessings of which are beyond computation, and are yet but in their development, as we learn their uses.

Those pestilent marshes where carbon has combined with calcium, now furnish our beautiful marble and more useful limestone, or are now fruitful soil. Wisconsin, once the bed of mighty waters full of shells, now that that period has passed, is a bed of deep soil in its vast prairies, where wild beasts and wilder men have given place to the useful animals and the abodes of civilization and refinement, that in the glorious future, some better developed race will study as the past barbarians, and wonder at our strange customs, our horrid wars and our ignorance and folly.

The earth has slowly progressed—so has its inhabitants. New discoveries are constantly being made as man progresses. The past history of our race carries us back to barbarians, and not two hundred years history will show us a race who knew nothing in comparison with to-day, of any useful art or science. Astronomy was in its infancy; geology and chemistry was unknown; electricity was the voice of God in thunder; the power of steam was undreamed of; the swift telegraph, the railroad, the photograph, if thought of, were the dreams of madmen, and though we still fondly cling to the laws and barbarous customs of our ancestors, and in many cases, to their horrid religious opinions, the monster-births of ages of ignorance, yet, a better day now is dawning.

All monsters die hard. So does error, when it takes the monster forms of slavish superstition and destructive bigotry. All systems of religion are growing milder. Men no longer think it necessary to sacrifice their children, to appease the wrath of God, and will soon cease to think his anger, caused by the eating of an apple, could only be pacified by the murder of his son. Men worship a different, and milder God, the more their minds are enlightened and their feelings refined, and higher motives than revenge and destruction govern their moral actions. So we progress.

The human race, like all else, progresses, and their progress will refine them in every respect. Much has been gained, but much remains to be done. A condition of which we can as yet but conjecture the value, is to be attained, and for this let us labor.

TURNED OUT!

THE other day, in the big city of Chicago, under the ban of a grave council of ecclesiastical doctors of the Universalist denomination, we were turned out of the hollow-hearted synagogue, for teaching the gospel!

There was where we were hatched—it is a good place to emigrate from! Will report the riches of that kind of of business, soon. We shall see what we shall see.

CURIOUS FANCIES OF A DISORDERED MIND.—Sebastian Huffer, a shoemaker at Hannibal, Mo., became possessed of the idea that Satan was in his dog, and that it would be a righteous act to kill the brute. After he had despatched the dog, he concluded that the incarnation of evil had taken possession of his eight years old daughter, and, calling her to him, he seized her, placed a strap around her neck, threw her to the floor, placed his foot on her head, and taking a knife, cut out her heart and swallowed the coagulated blood. He was arrested sometime after committing the deed, being found in his own house with the door fastened.

He made no attempt to conceal his guilt, but gave a straight-forward history of the affair, manifesting no regret at the occurrence. He stated that by drinking the child's blood he would never want for food, and that he felt justified in the course he had pursued.—Ex.

NEW THORNLESS RASPBERRY.

NINE years ago our attention was first attracted to this plant—then a little tiny vine—crawling on the ground. Its appearance was closely watched by my mother during that season and the next. I was absent from home at the time. After my return I was invited to go and see our treasure. Said I to my mother, "What shall we do with it?" This was a problem which we could not solve. The culture of small fruits formed no part of our education. Time passed on; the problem remained unsolved. Our friends and neighbors could not assist us. Previous to the appearance of this plant, we had perhaps a dozen common raspberry plants growing three or four rods from the new one. They were strong, healthy plants, had always borne abundantly. The spring that the thornless was two years old, we found that the others had been destroyed, root and branch, to show as that the new variety must take the place of the old.

Perhaps you remember the account we gave you of our mirror being so beautifully worked upon by the invisible fingers, producing such beautiful wreaths of flowers as no work of art could begin to equal, and all this in the still-hours of night when we slept; also photographs were produced to the astonishment of all and horror of many. The substance used on the glass looked like frost work; to the touch it was oily. The work of the spirit artist remained sometimes on the glass weeks and days. The photographs remained for months. Nearly two years had passed away and our glass had not been worked upon by the loved angel fingers. We began to fear they had forsaken us; not so, again they worked, this time, covering the glass with a beautiful, graceful representation of the raspberry. To us the language was, spread the plants. We endeavored to do so and succeeded as well, perhaps, as we ought to expect. There is one thing we do so regret. Our plants mostly went east and many of the New Jersey men are sending out weak feeble plants grown in hot houses or from buds instead of the tips of the canes, which, of course, will injure the reputation of the plant. One thing I have omitted, that is in favor of this new variety. Anyone can enjoy the fruit without injury to the stomach. The seeds are most as small as in the strawberry, not any more than half as large as in the Doolittle. Our spirit friends say the leaves, roots and berries possess great medical qualities.

Gowanda, N. Y. F. M. D.

BROTHER A. J. DAVIS says: Mrs. Davis joins me in wishing you and your effort in Cleveland, the most complete and happy success. Your paper is slowly making its way into public esteem. We fear the people of Ohio do not liberally sustain you. They are in many places almost inert.

PLANCHETTE.—When I was in New York last fall, I bought a planchette, and after returning home I commenced practicing with it according to the directions, accompanying the instrument. I was anxious to ascertain whether it would move with out being governed by my own mind. I soon discovered that when I could divert myself of all control over my hand and arm so as to leave it perfectly free, some power would cause it to move entirely independent of my will.

It would sometimes move in a circle, sometimes in straight lines, and sometimes form a kind of wreath. At other times, it would draw figures, I could not see that they represented anything in particular. Sometimes, when I have been watching it very closely to see what it was making, before I would be aware of it, my mind would be having some control. In some cases, it would almost invariably cause a blemish by making a mark out of place, a crooked mark, that would seem to cause the controlling power to become dissatisfied with it. It would then move and make marks, back and forth, across it, so as to completely scratch the whole thing out.

At one time I had been making different figures, none of which I could make out as the representation of anything. I then took a half sheet of paper and placed planchette upon it, and requested it to draw the form of something that I could understand. The thought came to me and I requested it to give a representation of a lady. It moved off and marked out the form of a lady with a long trail to her dress. After the pencil had passed several times around so as to define the outer form, it commenced drawing in to the center and kept going round and round until it was all filled up. While it was going around, it moved pretty quick, except at the turns, at which places it moved very slow, especially about the head and neck where it seemed to give a particular bend. Not the Grecian bend, but a bend of the head forward, indicative of a lady walking in a hurry. The pencil when moving around to fill up the inner part of the form, every time it came near the back of the trail, would stop and then move a little back and forth, so that when it was done there were some small fragmentary things, with out any particular form, represented as being attached to the trail. It then formed the representation of a forest immediately in front of her, with the trees all leaning forward, which I think indicates her going into it "with a rush." After it had finished the forest, it moved to the head, and thence moved so as to form a line from the top of the head, extending back some farther than the head, so that the back end of it was about two thirds as high as the top of the head. The line turned around so as to form the representation of a kind of sack, and then moved back toward the head and turned up, and by passing quite a number of times around, back and forth, formed a border in front and over the top of the picture, extending a little further back than the end of the trail, when it formed a perpendicular line downward, crossing the back part of the sack so as to leave a small part of it outside of the enclosed picture.

While viewing the picture after it was done, the thought came to my mind that it represented a lady rushing into the wilderness of fashion with her thoughts trailing. I could not clearly make out what was meant by part of the sack being left outside, unless it was to indicate that she had not so entirely entered into the world of fashion, but that her mind or thoughts would occasionally revert back to former times.

Now the query is, where would the thoughts of a lady naturally be when walking along the sidewalk, crossing the street, or rushing through the crowd, with a long trail to her dress?

East Toledo, O. OLIVER STEVENS.

ERRATA.—It is an easy thing to make typographical mistakes. They are of two classes—those resulting from ignorance and those which may be termed mechanical errors. The majority of blunders in all papers belong to the latter division. It is one thing to quietly sit down in a comfortable condition of body and mind, and leisurely seek errors, and quite another to perceive them while apprentices are asking questions, compositors calling for copy, and callers intruding into the sanctum of a tired editor. But no excuses make errors less mortifying. Bro. Bacon has been lecturing us, and not without cause. Mrs. Hammond, too, is much chagrined at some senseless expressions the compositor has made her use, in the article headed "Phenomenal Spiritualism," page four. Read, 13th line from the beginning "the" vital, instead of the "other" vital: also, 13th from end, omit "not."

STILL THEY COME.—Every mail brings orders for the forth coming work by Mrs. Hammond, the first form of which will soon go to press. Don't delay. Price \$1.00; five copies to one address, \$4. The usual discount to the trade.

DR. G. NEWCOMER, of this city, is called to Garrettsville and will remain there during Friday and Saturday. Those in the vicinity, wishing his healing aid, or medical skill, he requests to call and see him at the Hutchinson Hotel.

EDUCATIONAL.—Mrs. Ledsham has removed to No. 158 Prospect street, where she will be pleased to receive all desirous of securing her services as music teacher. Either the old or new method for the piano, taught as may be desired. References given if requested.

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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My husband, J. J. HARRISON, has been afflicted with the Asthma for ten years, tried everything that was recommended by the Physicians, and found no permanent relief until he took your Powders. He had one very violent attack soon after receiving your Powders, and about six double doses of the Positive, one or two hours apart, relieved him entirely of that attack, which otherwise would have lasted from three to ten days, during which he could not have laid down day or night. He has now no fears of the Asthma, and considers your Powders the best medicine in the world.

An old lady of this county, Mrs. STUART, now near 70 years old, has been afflicted with the Asthma for 27 years. She would have to sit up every night from about midnight until day, without sleep and could scarcely breathe. Two or three doses of the Positive Powders relieved her immediately, and she sleeps soundly every night. She says it is the very medicine we have always needed in this country.

The Positive and Negative Powders have also cured several cases of Chills and Fever.

EDWIN JAMES, of Frankford, Pike Co., Mo., reports Jan. 3d, 1868: "One case of Lung Fever, two cases of severe Cold with Typical Symptoms, and several cases of Infantile Diarrhea, one of some months standing—all cured by the Positive and Negative Powders."

The following is from J. T. LORD, No. 257 Grand St., New Haven, Ct.:

DR. SPENCE, Dear Sir: We think your Powders the best medicine for Female Difficulties that we ever used. They have accomplished more for my wife than the most sanguine could have anticipated.

IRA D. SMITH, of New Haven, N. York, writes as follows:

DR. SPENCE—Dear Sir: Those Powders you sent me did the work. About the first of September last, my wife was attacked with a severe Cold. She coughed almost incessantly, and was attended with a high Fever, which increased daily. She commenced taking the Positive Powders as directed. The Fever abated, the Cough ceased, and she improved fast. But she had been troubled with the Neuralgia for years. When the box of Powders came, she commenced using them, and before that was gone her disease had fled, and has not returned; but that was not all. The disease had left her destitute of the sense of smell, and very hard of hearing. The most offensive smelling thing that could be produced was all the same to her; but one-half of a box of Negative Powders did the work and she is now well, and can both hear and smell as well as she ever could, thank God. They ought to be kept in every family. This for truth.

W. BANKS, of Meriton, Bourbon Co., Kansas, under date of Jan. 15th, 1868, writes as follows:

Before your Powders came my daughter was taken with Lung Fever, with pain in the side and bad Cough, so she had not lain down for two days and nights. I gave her two Powders and they cured her in less than six hours.

FRANKLIN SWEET, of Kirksville, Adair Co., Mo., says:

Your first box of POSITIVE POWDERS entirely cured me of a severe attack of CATARRH and inflammation of the Brain. The best language of mine would fail to express the extent of my gratitude.

THE magic control of the POSITIVE and NEGATIVE POWDERS over diseases of all kinds, is wonderful beyond all precedent. They do no violence to the system, causing no purging, no nauseating, no vomiting, no narcotizing. Men, Women and Children find them a silent but SURE success.

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For sale also by Druggists generally. If your druggist has not the Powders, send your money at once to Prof. Spence's address, as given above, and the Powder will be forwarded to you, postpaid, by return mail.

SPIRIT MANIFESTATIONS,
Witnessed at different times during the last year, through the mediumship of Master FRANK GOODMAN, a lad eleven years of age.

While living in Joliet, Ill., we first witnessed these manifestations, in the way of loud raps on the center of a table around which we were seated, simply to see if we could get some demonstrations, not being aware that our little boy was a medium. These raps soon changed to knocks, so loud and powerful that I was obliged, at three different times, to fasten on the top of the table, which had been broken loose by the force producing the concussion. Next came the moving of ponderable bodies. Marbles were thrown about the room at almost any time, often striking us on the forehead, nose and mouth, with such force as to bring forth an ejaculation of pain, accompanied by a desire to retaliate upon the perpetrator of the deed, had he been visible. These marbles Frank would often gather up and put into a little bag, and lock up in a writing desk which sat upon the table in the parlor, (that being the front room in a suite of three rooms,) then as we would be sitting in the third room back, the marbles would come flying about in all directions, and frequently the bag itself, with a few left in it, would be hurled at us. Another curious and amusing manifestation with marbles, was the following: Frank would take as many as he could hold conveniently in one hand, covering them tightly with the other, all present knowing how many he had. Immediately the table would rap the number he had left, either less or more than the original number, which would invariably prove correct—the marbles being imperceptibly removed. After they had all disappeared in this manner, they would, one by one, drop on the floor. I often held his hands in mine, so I was positive he could not drop them, and with the same result. One evening, while holding a circle in the back room, two photographs, which had been in an album in the parlor, were dropped on the table around which we were seated. On examination, we found their places in the album empty, and the leaves torn. I replaced them, but the next day they were removed again, and we have not seen them since. Next came showing, touching and shaking of hands—playing on guitar, and raising Frank to the ceiling. All this was done in daylight, except the raising of the medium. That, with the showing of phosphoric lights, requiring darkness. Now, in conclusion, I will only add a few of many equally wonderful manifestations, given since our return to this place. One is the fire test, in which the medium, while entranced, handles red-hot coals without the slightest injury; also thrusts his head into the grate among the flames without a hair being singed. Another is the ring test. The spirits having made the request, I obtained five copper rings of different sizes, which Frank keeps with other articles in a small tin box. One day recently, while out on the street, all these rings were put upon his arms and legs, under all his clothing, without his knowledge, and he was obliged to wear them for a week, for in trying to remove one of them, I gave him so much pain that I had to give it up. They were taken off by the spirits as quietly as they were put on. A day and a half he had to go to school with his hand so rigidly closed that it could not be forced open without injury. In connection with this phenomenon, is proof, positive enough to convince any unprejudiced mind, that some intelligent being had control of that hand, quite independent of Frank, for he would play a game of dominoes, or puzzle, on the slate, with his eyes closely blindfolded. His eyes have been closed for several hours at a time, yet he could run about and play as well as when they were open, seeing clearly out of the back part of his head, as he expresses it. Knives, forks, napkin rings, etc. etc., are carried about, even to the third story, with as much ease as if borne by mortal hands. He is also clairvoyant and clairaudient—sees and describes spirits, and hears them talk.

These are a few of the many strange things which occur in his presence, and through his mediumship. Any one desiring further information with regard to the same, is at liberty to address the undersigned, or to visit us in person. Both myself and wife are healing mediums of great power, which we are ready to exercise whenever called upon in good faith.

Columbus, O. A. GOODMAN.

CHURCH AND STATE.

A movement, on the part of the Christian church, is being vigorously put forth for a more thorough indorsement of the Christian religion by a legislative or constitutional act of the government in the United States.

Without hesitation, or mental reservation, we place upon the whole movement our unqualified disapprobation. Civil and religious liberty have been the crowning excellence of our form of government, as compared with others. Every attempted innovation upon the broadest latitude of political or religious liberty, should be promptly met at its most incipient conception, and should be stamped with the broad seal of reprobation. It matters not

how respectable or how honorable the advocates of this movement may be;—it matters not how earnest or how conscientious they are in their appeals to the rulers for an acknowledgment of the Christian form of religion, it is but an entering wedge to prelacy and to church supremacy. Everywhere, in church and in state, there is an element "that seeks for power, for plunder, and for extended rule." It is an indwelling element of human nature, and is not peculiar to any form of political or religious faith. It is peculiar to all who are "subject to like passions with other men." A single glance of the eye over the map of the world, reveals the fact that the Christian form of religion constitutes only an integral portion of the multitudinous forms of worshipping the First Cause of all things. The Hebrew church and people, form an important and rapidly growing item in the religious and in the commercial interests, of this as well as other countries. No class of people, religious or political, sustain themselves with as little tax upon the charity of the people, or of the government, as the Jews. This modern church movement is a repudiation, or an attempt at repudiation, of every form of religion and religious belief that does not acknowledge the Divinity of Christ, and his perfect equality in power and glory with the Father of All.

We claim, as did the fathers of our government, that no legal preference should be extended to any form of religious belief. Our country must be the asylum of the oppressed of all nations, and the home of the free—free thought, free speech, free religion.—Cardington Republican.

MEMORIALS continue to pour in asking Congress to recognize a Supreme Being in the preamble to the Constitution.—Eleven of this character were presented on Friday, 12th inst.

No doubt there will be any quantity of these petitions sent to Congress, for when the religious people get stirred up they are very industrious; but it is to be hoped that Congress will have more sense than to waste its time in debating the object of these petitions, which simply is to engraft a sectarian religion upon the National Constitution.—Boston Investigator.

MISSIONARY WORK.

Summary of four months' Missionary Work, ending with December, 1868.

CONTINUED.

OCTOBER 1st found us at Clyde, looking after and endeavoring to increase the annual subscription to the "Missionary Work." But here, as almost everywhere, the political strife and din sounded high above every other note of human interest, and yielding to the earnest invitation of friends, I consented to speak upon political topics.

OCTOBER 2nd I spoke at Elmore on the same subject. Returning to Clyde, we attended Lyceum in the morning, joining and assisting in the exercises, which are always pleasant for us to participate in, receiving as we ever do, a fresh baptism of strength divine from the sunny, sunny smiles of childhood. We found this Society and Lyceum, as a whole, in a growing and most prosperous condition. A Lyceum's greatest need is a Hall of its own to meet in, and the right kind of energetic and efficient officers. This is all-important to the success of a Lyceum. See to it, dear friends of the Ohio Lyceums, that your officers are selected with regard to their ability and efficiency to fill their position. Never select from a feeling of favoritism merely, but always from a tried and proven capacity, as well as earnest devotion to the duties of such positions, and the growth and progress of the Lyceum, and you are as certain of success as you are of existence! We rejoice with our friends in Clyde, at the now certain prospect of having, at no distant day, a hall of their own, as our friend and Bro. Barnhardt Kline, whose heart and soul is alive to every good word and work, is, from his own abundant means, erecting a large brick block, in which a most commodious hall will be finished off, one hundred feet long and forty feet wide, and when done, the Society and Progressive Lyceum of Clyde, it is understood, will be invited, by the generosity of Bro. Kline, to occupy it.

The "renowned Davenport Brothers" were here, giving demonstrations of the same "wonders" they have so frequently beguiled the "crowded heads of Europe" with; but whether spirits performed these "wonders," the "Brothers Davenport" did not declare, nor did any one in Clyde, so far as I could learn, seem to know from whence such "wonders" proceed! We did not have the opportunity of attending their seance.

Tuesday eve, Oct. 6th, addressed a political meeting with Gen'l Gibson, at Genoa. Wednesday eve, at Clyde, although the weather was unfavorable, between two and three thousand people assembled in the Wigwam, to listen to my discussion of political issues, so deeply agitating the nation. Our stay at Clyde was more than pleasant, made welcome as we were, at the pleasant homes of Bro's A. B. French and Z. Perrin. I lectured Sunday eve, to a large and most attentive audience! Spiritualism has a deep hold in Clyde, and will spread and increase with the coming years.

OCTOBER 8th, we reached Toledo—"Home again!" It seems good to get back once more within the warm sunshine of the hearts and smiles of old friends. But scarcely had we returned before business called again, and the 9th and 10th was spent in a trip to Williams county, to fill appointments for two political speeches, and at the same time look after the interests of the "Missionary Work" as much as I could, as I had never been in that section of the State. I found but few Spiritualists in that section, and, generally speaking, a great deal of prejudice against it—proceeding, as such prejudice ever does, from ignorance of this subject! The kind of "Missionary labor" most needed there at present, is that which could only be performed by excellent, truthful, test mediums. In order to meet our old Lyceum of dear friends and dearer children, I returned to Toledo Sunday morning on a freight train, which at small pace slowly crept along, "making a night of it," and the morning to 10 a. m., to convey a "Missionary" 60 miles!

Attending the Toledo Lyceum, it was plain to be seen that "Many the changes since last we met." The attendance was small that day, but the quiet determination to carry on the work so happily begun, I could see and feel was the spirit universally shared by all the dear friends at work here. Mrs. Bronson, filling an engagement, spoke after the Lyceum exercises were over, and in the evening. No opportunity, therefore, was given me to bring up

the "Missionary Work," and I wish to say just here that it has been a matter of painful regret to me, to find some of our speakers manifesting so little interest in this most important work, and practically ignoring it, in places where they have been engaged speaking for Societies, by not even referring to it, or calling the Spiritualists whom they address twice every Sunday, to take some action in aid of the "Missionary Work." I was not a little surprised, that Sister Bronson should speak for the Society in Toledo three whole months, and, with all her restless eloquence, not one cent was raised, or asked for, as far as I could learn, to assist in carrying forward the work of organizing Societies and Lyceums in Ohio. With other speakers it has been the same—excepting Bro. A. B. French, who secured a subscription of \$100 to the "Missionary" cause, while speaking in Geneva, beside receiving ample compensation for his own lectures. I do not know of any other speaker, who has spoken for Societies in this State, unless engaged in the "Missionary Work," who has tried to raise one dollar for this cause! I revert to this matter, for the purpose of showing how easily this work may be aided by each and all, and how easily neglected!

Remained in Toledo until after the 13th, the day of the State election, to vote, when Mrs. W. and I started for Andover, Ashtabula Co., to hold a two days meeting, 17th and 18th, in company with Bro. A. B. French, who was to be in that section of the State, canvassing for funds for the National College.

We took night train from Toledo, and in sleeping car were comfortably whirled along to our "Missionary Work," at the rate of twenty five or thirty miles an hour, which brought us to an early breakfast at Cleveland, where eating at railroad speed, and talking at the same rate, and at the same time, with Bro. Hammond, who had come to get a business glimpse of us, in twenty minutes we were whirling away eastward again, having to go through Pennsylvania via Girard and Esplanade, as the quickest and easiest route for us to reach Andover. Saturday came with most unfavorable weather, so that but few were in attendance during the day, but a large audience came out in the evening. Bro. French and I spoke as the spirit gave utterance, and I believe to the general acceptance of all who listened. Sunday there was a large attendance, forenoon, afternoon and evening. Bro. French presented and eloquently urged the necessity of building a National College, in the forenoon, while in the afternoon and evening I presented the importance of the "Missionary Work" in Ohio, and the yet greater importance, to the friends in Andover, of organizing a "Progressive Lyceum." To accomplish this, I set in motion a subscription list to raise funds with which to purchase equipments for the Lyceum, and during the day about eighty dollars were subscribed for that purpose. Notwithstanding this many were the doubts expressed by our friends, both as to being able to raise enough money for equipments, as well as finding children enough to even organize the Lyceum, though an equipment for one could be purchased. Very much to the surprise and amusement of the old ladies, I promised to furnish the requisite number of children for a Lyceum, if the friends would furnish the means to carry it on. The necessary amount of funds being subscribed, the fourth Sunday of November was fixed upon as the day when the Children's Progressive Lyceum of Andover is to be organized. That it will be a grand success here, I have not the least doubt, for with such workers in the cause of human progress and reform as Col. Morley and wife, the Brothers Morley and their families, Captain John Keen, Sister Barber, Brother and Sister Knapp, and scores of other earnest seekers after truth, our beautiful teaching of a natural, harmonious and truly divine religion, is assured to take deep root, grow and bear fruit, in Andover, as that the flowers will bloom again in the coming spring time. Having given a political address Friday evening, on my arrival in Andover, I was most persistently urged by the friends to fill a few appointments in that section, upon political topics. Accordingly, Monday eve, Tuesday eve, and Wednesday, I spoke upon that subject.

[To be continued.]

PHENOMENAL SPIRITUALISM.

BY ORPHA E. HAMMOND.

From the forthcoming work, now in the publishers' hands, entitled, "Thoughts from my Hermitage."

For twelve years we have been, through the mediumship of different members of our family, receiving evidences not only of spirit existence, but of spirit power.

The first manifestations received by us, were for the purpose of healing. Differently from the usual manner of this phase of spirit influence, the medium was the invalid also. He had been suffering with great severity, for a long time, with spasmodic asthma, and derangement of other vital and secretory organs. Frequently his difficulty of breathing was so great, that in the coldest winter weather he sat with doors thrown open, his breast bared, his mouth agast and perspiration standing in great drops upon him, while we stood or sat with shawls, cloaks, and other out-door garments about us, our hearts writhing in agony at beholding suffering which baffled all our powers to alleviate. We were silent and motionless, for often the movement of our garments would only increase the disturbance of his breath. None except those who have suffered, or at least have witnessed such suffering, can imagine the scene. The invalid was a young man who had never investigated Spiritualism in any of its phases. He knew nothing of the principles of magnetism or psychology, and nothing of medicine more than is known by nearly every young person possessing ordinary observing powers. It was in the winter of 1855, about the 10th of Jan., that my sister and myself were watching beside his chair. His sufferings for a fortnight had been intense. Soon after midnight we noticed a marked difference in his respiration. His pulse, which had been wiry and violent, became calm and regular. He dropped his head upon the back of a chair which stood near, and slept as peacefully as an infant for about an hour. Presently he raised up and began talking of himself, expressing himself in the third person. We dreamed not of spirit-interposition, and naturally attributed it to delirium. But soon the description of the disease, and the calmness and correctness of speech and manner, showed that it was not produced by any diseased or delirious brain. Some very simple, but as experience afterwards proved, important remedies, were prescribed, such as the use of soft instead of hard water, for his baths, and also for his drink, etc. We were told by the spirit not to mention to the medium

and invalid what had occurred to him, that his mind might not be agitated.—Then, after a few moments silence, he began vomiting as thoroughly as though from the effect of a powerful emetic. The attack for the time being was broken up, and the next day found him as clear as a bell, but all unconscious of the source of his relief. Twice thereafter our unseen benefactor came in the silent hours of the night, with healing, not on his wings, but in his permeating influence, and spoke to us sweet words of comfort and instruction, each time enjoining silence upon us. But the angel world is subject to conditions as much as this.—They cannot work without means, let their desires be ever so great. Owing to some cause unknown to us, the anxiously looked for aid came not. Our brother was daily becoming more and more emaciated; every attack evidently bringing him nearer physical dissolution. Medical aid had been procured from all the different schools of physicians. A diagnosis of his disease had been sent to the celebrated Dr. Fitch, of New York, who sent him a prescription, an inhaler and box of medicines, which, judging from the scent on opening it, would almost make a dead man jump. Poor brother thought he was only to faithfully follow the directions, in order to obtain health and happiness. If efficacy had depended upon quantity or diversity of remedies, or if the psychology of an idea could have effected anything, surely "his faith had made him whole." But he derived little, if any benefit from them, and had sunk very low in the depths of physical suffering and mental despondency. We had given up all hopes of his recovery. For weeks he had been obliged to sit in his chair day and night, being able to change his position but very little. He was greatly emaciated, and unable to speak except in a low whisper. One morning while the rest of the family were at breakfast I sat beside him. He pressed my hand, and drew it toward him, to let me know that he wished to speak to me. I bowed my head to listen, and in a very low whisper, with considerable interval between the words, he said: "Ask—father—to—drive—over—after—Jerry—Carter." I obeyed at once, and shall never forget our father's sorrowful look as he answered: "Poor boy, nothing can help him, but he shall have whatever he wishes." I think not a word was spoken by the invalid until father arrived with our neighbor, the well known clairvoyant, Jeremiah Carter. It was then Dr. Carter's habit to pass into the interior state by means of an artificial magnet, but it seems that his and my brother's invisible guides had it all arranged. Dr. C. had only time to enter the room and offer the usual salutations, when he was taken possession of by his controlling spirit.—My brother-in-law, Geo. C. Rood, was present. The spirit caused Dr. Carter to take my brother's right hand, and to utter these words: "Mr. Rood and Orpha will please join us in our circle, and you will presently see that performed which in the days of Christ would have been pronounced a miracle." We obeyed, and within the space of twenty minutes my brother was taken possession of by spirits, (skeptics, can you say by evil spirits?) His shoulders were thrown back, his attitude erect, his face radiant. He stood upon his feet, and in accents clear and loud, as in usual declamation, measured out to us such words of truth and instruction as awed the entire household. A faithful diagnosis of his disease was then given. He was made to go through with some physical exercises, and we were directed to commence holding daily circles for his benefit, commencing at one o'clock P. M. The circle was to consist of twelve members, males and females, and to have instrumental music with vocal when convenient, and vocal alone otherwise. We were to sit a portion of every day, for a certain number of days not designated. The object of these circles was, of course, for the purpose of healing the invalid, or of mitigating his suffering. We had never any encouragement that he would be entirely restored, his disease being caused by an organic injury which could not be overcome. The principal remedies employed during his treatment, were manipulations, dancing and other physical exercises, which will hereafter be described more fully, together with tests, etc., of much interest.

FROM EZEKIEL SKYBROAD.

GENTLEMEN AND LADIES: Maybe you've heard of Deakin Josiah Starkwether—he's a deekin of the baptis perswation and so is my dad and so am I.

Now I dont mean that i'm a deekin, only a baptis. Some remorseless kusses has called us 'hard Shell Baptis,' i dont no why unless its kaws we be so dead set agin sprinklin and Spiritulism. Now Spiritulism is like I heard deekin Jiles' wife say of the Methodis last winter wen they hed thar big revival meetin, and Joe Frost the gambler got religion and jined thar church, and Jim Finch that miserable drunken swarin repobate that works in the deekins distillery jined, and Captin Jones wife wat hed ben flantin with evry disipated kuss in the town wen the Captin was off sailin on the high sees, jined; and that leetle weezled up methodis preacher Watkins wat they dried up fur huggin widder Smith, jined agin;

and Mike Stokes got religion fur the forty-leventh time; and Arabella, (thets deekin Josiah Starkwether's oldest gal—she aint old tho, but kinder up whar gals begin to lie about thar ages), now Arabella sed of thay wanted Mike Stokes in hevin, thay'd better kill him now, fur ef thay let him dy natually hed most likely dy back-slid and thay'd luze him.

Now we baptis dont bleve in backslidin. "Wunst in grace allers in grace," the kriptur ses, and yoder order heerd the Sarkwethers and our fokes laff wen thay heerd wat Mike Stokes sed wen he got religion agin and jined the methodis church, Polly Hopkins she heerd him, she's a baptis, but she jest went intu thar meetin too hev fun with the boys on the back seets; she was thar wen Mike jined and made his inaugural speech; twas quarterly meetin and the presidin elder wanted all them thet wanted to jine the church too cum forard; all them thet I menshnd afore cum forard and Mike Stokes—wen thayd all got throo tellin how good god hed ben too cum in sparin thar unprofitable lives, wen ef justis hed a ben dun too em, thay'd a ben in hell or states prison. The presidin elder cum round and putin hands onto Mikes shoulder, sed in a perswadin kind of a tone, brother Stokes, cant yoo tell us wat Jesus hes dun fur yoo? Mike riz up, the teers streamin down his cheeks, and to-backer juice from both corners uv his mouth, sayin in a loud voice "men and bretherin, I've hed religion many times afore, but thay luffed me out uv it, but now I've jist got religion wat is religion, yoo ken bet high on that; then the saints clapt thar hands, and the sinners shouted and clapt thar hands too; I spect thay thaunt Mike like the feller thet left his country fur his countrys good, thay want sorry thet he went over too the sheep, but ez elder Duzenberry (thets our preacher) ses, "this is digressin." Miss Deekin Jiles sed, speekin uv this batch uv sheep, thet thet methodis church wuz like her swill bari, ef she hed suthin tew nasty to fling out into the yard, it fell natually tew the swill bari; so tis with the spiritulists, thar made up uv the rag tag and off skourins uv awl creashun—infidels, lunatics, an fools, the leavins uv aul isms an' ites the devil ever invented, democrats, blaek-republikans an' mormuns, a hetur-a-gener us mass uv stuff, an' tha dont wun on em bleve in no devil an hardly a god an aint afeerd to say hard things about gods pepel. Speekin uv democrats an the devil reminds me uv suthin thet tuk place over tew deekin Josiah Starkwethers last sundy nite; now the deekin is a democrat an a leetle hard on the bit at that, an feelin oneesy about Arabella's age, hed got a—a what d'ye call it, a devels imp of a contrivance wat yoo put yoor hands onto an it rites ansur to questions. The deekin hed kept it hid an ben experimentin fur his own benifit, but it wood'nt go fur him, an as I was thar he brung it in fur us to try. Now Arabella, put your hands on it, sez he. After lookin under it and pokin it round with her paw, as boys poke a mud terel to see im crol, she put her lily white hands both onto it, lookin sideways at i, while the deekin put a sheet uv ritin papur under it, and liftn his specks, set down to investergate. Purty soon the thing begun too go, and the Deekin looking wild around, asked, Wil Arabella ever marry? It rit, Yes. Who, sez he. It rit, A nigger. You orter seen the deekins fase. it war blaek with rage. Seezin the thing, he throd it inter the fire—Exclamein i orter node it was a Nastey Blaek republican Thing.—After prayers, i squewed Arabella's hand and cum hum.

Yours tenderly, EZEKIEL SKYBROAD.

ONWARD.—The present age, freighted with governments, civil and religious, and the grand paraphernalia of infinitesimal minor activities, is onward. Those who can't keep pace with the lightning train of this fast age, are in danger of being crushed beneath its ponderous wheels, or left in the rear, solitary and alone, to plod along at a Jugernaut pace, under the shadowy and crumbling towers of the dead past. "Get up and dust," all who would stand erect and firm amid the crash and revolutions of this revolving age. No time to stop and hem and haw, and vacillate about what to do, or what course to take. Grab the first effective instrument that lies in your path, and pitch in. It is neck or nothing, now. Young men and maidens, this is your hour. Put in your best blows, and see that every blow counts one for the attainment of some object of human elevation for yourselves. Don't spend your dimes for jewelry that is not really worth one good potato just washed from the dirt.—Exchange.

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