

# The American Spiritualist.

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[For the American Spiritualist.]

## To "Aunt Fannie."

BY MRS. CORA L. V. TAPPAN.

To thee I would bring a flower  
All dripping with dew gems rare,  
Only a little flower,  
Yet wondrously sweet and fair,  
Just culled from the drooping bough  
Of the tree which o'er our home  
Doth breathe its promise now,  
Of the sweeter life to come.

Just such a little flower  
As blossomed in the "long ago,  
And awakened then the power  
To soothe and bless thee so,  
An apple blossom sweet  
That hung above the door,  
Like the bloom upon thy cheek,  
In the golden days of yore.

And I fasten it to-night  
Just where it rested then,  
With its bloom of pink and white,  
Upon your bosom—when  
With youth's rich morning gleam  
You stood within the door  
And let the golden stream  
Of sunlight o'er you pour.

And the hour shall come again  
When thy life shall just begin,  
But free from the care and pain  
Where the maiden enters in  
To a home of peaceful joy,  
With the loved ones gone before,  
To a bliss without alloy  
And loves' blossoms evermore.

## Man's Obedience to God.

In the early and savage age man fancied that God was like himself, only more savage and demoniac. The conception cannot rise above its source. The best of the harvest and of the flock are set apart for Him. The smoke of incense rises from his altar, and the blood of slaughtered victims stains his shrine. It is the way these Child-Men think they can best please this great Child-God. After a time the sacrifice becomes more personal and of a higher tone. Whatever is held dear is yielded to the selfishness of their gods. The world becomes a serpent's den of temptation. God demands everything, and everything must be yielded to him. He created man for his sole pleasure and profit, and it is man's duty to obey. If we knew that the laws interpreted by the priests were God's laws, the case would be different. Always the priest must stand between us and God. We must drink the water as it percolates through finite channels, often reeking with corruption. The priest has said, "Thus saith the Lord!" and men have run gladly to death. But they have, however united in crushing mankind in ignorance, not been consistent in their interpretation of God's demands. He demands of the Catholics fasts and feasts, and holy days innumerable—of the Puritan absolute rest on Sunday—of the Jew rest on Saturday and circumcision—of the Moslem pilgrimages to Mecca—of the Hindoo widow, burning herself on her husband's funeral pile—of the devotee to plunge into the holy Ganges—of the South-Sea Islander to knock out a front tooth, or cut off a finger—of a modern Christian, to build him a Church and pray and sing therein on Sunday.

To review the various opinions held by the different peoples of the world, to see the craft and cunning, the villainy and arrogance of the priesthood, and the ignorance and folly of the many, presents a sickening picture from which we turn with disgust.

If God has made any revelation of his will regarding the duties man owes to him, he has made it in such

a manner that there can be no mistake, nor need of any class of men to act as interpreters. God knows what man wants quite as well as priests, however well educated they may be. With extraordinary audacity they place themselves between God and man to make plain what he had not power to make intelligible! God's laws need no special interpretation, but are wide as space and ubiquitous in their operations. If he demands anything of man, the mortal need not fear but the demand will be satisfied.

Do we owe any obligations to God? Unequivocally No! Did he create us by a fiat of his all-powerful will? We are so far from perfection, we have little to be thankful for. We can do nothing for God. As finite beings, the sum of all our efforts would count as nought to the Infinite. Ten thousand roasting lambs, or ten thousand prayers are all the same to Him. He must remain from His very Nature the same, impassible, unmoved. Our duty done or neglected, can only affect ourselves. We can run against a mountain and destroy ourselves, without affecting the mountain.

Let us at once free ourselves from the old idea that God directly interests himself in mortal affairs, and can be reached by prayer. A verbal prayer may seem to refresh the heart, but goes no farther. God will not turn aside though the whole world cry "turn." Let us free ourselves from a notion descended from savages. We come in contact directly with immutable laws, unswerving and adamant. They prescribe our duty, which is implicit obedience. All outside and extraneous observances are absolute folly. When the law has been complied with, duty has been done. No fasting, prayer, or Sunday sermon are required.

Duty and obedience to God in the sense taught by the priesthood, is meaningless, except as it gives them an interpreter's position and pay. Ceremonies, observances, customs, made and kept because God demands them, are worse than follies, they are infantile stupidities.

Duty! In that one name more crime has been committed and misery implanted than in any other. All the persecutions of the world have been carried forward to compel men to obey God. Jesus was nailed to the cross that the Jews might not fail in their time-honored temple worship, and the petty churches of the day wrangle and would crucify each other remorselessly over their demanded methods of baptism.

Do you suppose the Infinite cares whether a mortal gets sprinkled in the face, or plunged in the water, or neither sprinkled or plunged? Whether he works on Saturday or Sunday, or observes one of those days by fasting? Whether he circumcises, knocks out a tooth, cuts off a finger, or says grace? If you think He does, you had better carve you a Joss-stick, and bow to that.

Obedience to God means, observance of the laws of our being, and the only duty we owe is this obedience, and it is time we cast aside the trappings, the ceremonies and observances, which only mislead and divert us.

There is no mistaking our duty here. We stand face to face with these laws, and need no priest between us. If we obey, we at once reap the reward, and if we fail, at once incur the penalty. If in an extremity our lips utter a prayer, it is from habit learned in childish days, but which we know is as valueless to help us as the breath that gives it sound. Our obligations and duty to God are not prayer, or praise, but to fulfill the laws which create and support us.

## Humboldt.

The hundredth birth-day of a great man has passed, we had almost said of the great man, for none other is left us. His was a mind reaching through all Nature, understanding the ways of the minutest mollusc,

or the gyrations of the farthest star. His eulogium has been pronounced by a thousand tongues and pens. The lions of eloquence have roared over his grave, and now the jackalls and hyenas have come. In vain we cry—disturb not the repose of the illustrious one, nor disgust us with your meanness. When Agassiz joins them and concludes his tribute, with the inquiry whether Humboldt was a Christian and believed in the existence of a God, what can be expected of the lesser rabble? The orthodoxy of the Swiss naturalist has often been questioned, but it can be no longer, since he howls with the widest mouthed hyenas.

Why this anxiety? This we know, that Humboldt never communicated with any church. His whole life was a protest against dogmatism. Why the necessity of vindication, or would he be better if unequivocal testimony could be produced that he believed in the existence of a God? The hyena disinters the corpse and feeds his hungry maw on decay, but these human hyenas would contaminate the immortal spirit, and thus satisfy their contemptible meanness.

The last words of the great man should silence all cavil, "How grand the subject; it seems to beckon earth to heaven." It was a prayer, a spontaneous burst of adoration, from him whose forehead was already bathed in the light of the eternal spheres.

No whining priest was there; no sniveling hyena, to interrupt the grand apotheosis. Peacefully as a babe falls into slumber, he sank into the arms of nature, and was wafted on the wings of that light he so much loved.

A life of almost a century, without a fault or a blemish. Ah, it is time it be proved that he was not an atheist!

## Are Circles Desirable.

Very much of the imposition and charlatanism which has disgraced, not Spiritualism, but those who have practiced and those who have tolerated it, would have been avoided, if proper measures had been taken to develop in a private way the media through whom genuine manifestations could be produced.

We are not prepared to admit the claim of Mr. A. J. Davis, made in his writing from Orange, N. J., Oct. 19th, 1869, to the *New York World*, that "beyond a sensuous demonstration of the fact of personal immortality—the holding of circles and the accumulation of repetitious 'manifestations,' are not at all beneficial, but rather weakening to both the nerves and the judgment."

"The sensuous demonstration of the fact of personal immortality," is perhaps one important use of the circle in any form, but not only are the ends of psychological science to be served by "the accumulation of repetitious manifestations," if absolute repetition were the order of events; but by "the holding of circles," the links of the chain of spiritual evidence may be kept bright, and oft recurring communion with the angels of the spirit-world unfold the intuitive faculties of the inner nature, without injury to either the intellectual judgment or physical conditions.

What the influence of circles is, in conditions of disorder and comparative, if not entire ignorance of the laws of mediumship, may possibly be manifest where Mr. Davis has made his observations, upon which to base an opinion, but the ill effects wrought upon those who carelessly tamper with forces, powers, potencies and states, of which they have no knowledge, and for which they have neither natural specific adaptation, or developed capacity, may not consistently be adduced as proof of the deleterious nature of circles, in which prudence and wisdom scientifically govern. The requirement does not seem to be the abandonment of circles, so much as the discovery, teaching, and regard of



fundamental principles, laws and requirements in relation to them.

We are impressed that in the limited space which he could command in a political and commercial journal, Mr. Davis failed to elaborate his thought, and that his criticism is rather upon the abnormalism of spiritualistic monomaniacs and the absurdities of incongruous, hasty and disorderly sittings, than the well regulated seances and harmonious gatherings which in the nature of things are possible and inevitable. §

### The Onslaught on Bro. J. M. Peebles.

Having late'y seen a few consecutive copies of the *Religio-Philosophical Journal*, we have been pained to notice a studied and determined effort to build itself up out of the ruins of others. It often stabs at the *Universe*, because it stands on vantage ground in the west, and makes J. M. Peebles, its Editor-in-Chief, the subject of bitter and belittling satire, without a cause.

It is well-known to the public, doubtless, that we were once identified with the corporation that projected and fostered the *Journal*, then known as the office of the *Spiritual Republic*, and that, too, under most trying circumstances, that bled the soul to the very core. We saw and felt an inside and an outside pressure that tried every sense of fortitude and charity.

When Bro. Jones was reinstated, we did hope that the quagmires of jealousy would be avoided—that the paper would rise higher and higher to be a western organ of the very angels, too, who have loved it. Alas! the dial begins to sink, and the augury is another downfall.

Uncharity is the key that opens the gate of death. We take no pleasure in the entertainment of this prophetic feeling. It rolls upon us as one of the sweeping waves of destiny, and duty demands that some one give the warning voice.

The world is wide enough for us all. We need not jostle against each other to crush a single brother or sister. Why will we not remember the solemn lesson every day taught us, that the spirits we invoke register our very words as well as deeds, and keep a moral reckoning we yet must settle? Curses always return home. Jealousy always reacts to devour itself. Uncharity always pierces its own bosom; we receive what we give; if we construct on ruins which we make, to ruins we shall speedily come.

The onslaught is mainly against Bro. Peebles. What for? What has he done? Whom has he wronged? What has he said or done to provoke this covert attack? We know him well; perhaps no one knows him better as to his inner life. Together we have labored and slept, and prayed, and wept, and lost and gained. He is as dear to us as one lobe of the heart is to the other, and so hundreds and even thousands say respecting their relations with him. He has traversed the country, and everywhere uttered "thoughts that breathe and words that burn." His warm heart has warmed many famishing hearts into a purer, and better, and sweeter life. The laurels he has won are well earned at a great price of self-sacrifice—laurels of fidelity, not of pride—and they who tear them would also rend the stars from heaven, if they shine not specially for them.

A few weeks ago we met Bro. Wilson, Editor of the Pioneer Department of the *Journal* in a happy meeting of the Wisconsin Northern Association of Spiritualists at Oakfield, and there saw him in a light more favorable than ever before. We rejoiced in his power. His adaptation to the plane and needs of the masses is excellent. He feeds them with the food they hunger for. With great earnestness does he work—too hard we sometimes think for long endurance—in stirring the stagnant waters for a spring current of vital spirituality. As we saw him once in a vision, he is indeed a branch of healing to the people. We can overlook the "ego," when truth is foremost. Seeing him in this light, we deeply regret his nurtured habit, so tarnishing to an upright man, of personal innuendoes against those who chance to work outside his channel.

Is it the inspirational part of Spiritualists to act the politician—pander to the passions of the public, to evoke prejudice and gain a partizan emolument that morally festers in the heart as an eating, poisoning cancer?

The mission of Bro. Peebles to Asia is also misconstrued, and ridiculed so often in the *Journal*, we cannot help writing as we feel in defence of the right. His appointment by the U. S. Government, of Consul to Trebisond, Asia, was not "begged," as Bro. Wilson implies. True, his friends, in and out of Washington, worked for him, but he did not ask a Consulship, nor expect it. It is of slight consequence, financially; it yields him no salary; and as it actually hinders the speedy accomplishment of his praiseworthy undertaking, it will doubtless be resigned.

He has gone there with the noble intention of gleanings historic truth, under the guidance of his ministering spirits, from ancient ruins of once flourishing cities that projected a world's civilization—from the hieroglyphics of buried tombs—from obelisks and the rocks of consecrated mountains and shrines—of exhuming psychologically the hidden pearls of wisdom, embodied again in living form, to add a new lustre of spiritual wealth to the spiritual temple we are all trying to construct for a shelterless and impoverished humanity.

Knowing this to be Bro. Peebles' sole mission to Asia, we regard the *Journal's* efforts to belittle him in the estimation of the American public, as morally reprehensible, deserving of this kind yet just rebuke.

If Bro. Wilson, or any of us, stoop to "low ambition and the pride of kings," to underrate another for our own glory, be sure that our glory will fade as the sun in an eclipse, and that every word we speak or write injurious to a brother or sister, will be so much dead weight accumulating to be a very millstone, that will drag us down to the mire we deserve. How logically and practically true is this saying, when we wrong a brother, "He must increase, but I must decrease."

We have been credibly informed from sources we cannot doubt, that the long and scurrilous article against Bro. Peebles, published a few months ago in the *Journal* as an editorial was written by a "hireling" in the office, under protest. The protest indicates that a "still small voice" whispered a warning rebuke ere the deed was done—selling a birthright for a "mess of pottage!" The more morally culpable that. Did Bro. Peebles ever injure this writer? Has he "a calm sunshine and a heartfelt joy," when he thinks over what he wrote? A bribed injustice is almost as cowardly and darkly stained as the spotted heart that forced it into action. That brother, too, will yet regret his course. "There is rain in the sweet heavens to wash us white as snow," but they are tears of sorrow we yet must shed over the recollections of injuries done.

We have written what the angel by our side prompts as an unpleasant duty. If we know our own heart, love of truth and right is the spring of action. Nothing would give us greater joy than to see the *Journal* arrayed in royal robes of charity, marching on to moral and spiritual victory.

The public demands that all our spiritual journals shall be high-toned, literary, alive with charity, sparkling with truth, inspirational in heart, working mutually for a pentecost of the spirit. Let all have a chance and let such as are the most fair and honorable in the race have the crown. \*

### What's in a Name?

Spiritualism as a word is significant of all ideas most divine in the universe. As we are not insensible to regard for the symbols that image forth eternal truth; we have an affection for words and names which are accurate definitions of things we love.

Names should be beautiful in themselves; distinctive and definite, expressing the nature and purpose of that upon which they are bestowed. We dislike appellations which lack significance and absolutely irate titles assumed as a concealment of real character.

There are very few things for which it is so difficult to select appropriate headings, as newspapers and other periodicals. Yet so important is the matter, that the success of an enterprise is sometimes decided by the "taking" character of the name under which it is inaugurated.

The Spiritual press has generally been fortunate in selection. Some of the titles of our periodicals are

extremely beautiful and poetically suggestive; as for instance, the *Banner of Light*; or else, nobly comprehensive as the *Present Age*, and *Universe*. The *Religio-Philosophical Journal* is perfectly significant and a more expressive name could hardly be selected.

But excellent as all these are, unfortunately no American journal in unmistakable characters keeps its own speciality as a *Spiritualist* publication constantly in view. Instead, considerations of policy have caused the founders of various periodicals to avoid the words "Spiritualism" and "Spiritualist" as too obnoxious to the many whose patronage they considered a necessity.

Having faith in the directness of language, our suggestion that this paper should be called the *SPIRITUALIST* was natural. Intended at first for a State or local circulation and influence, to call it the *OHIO SPIRITUALIST* was merely to designate the geographical point of issue.

When the affiliation of a wider circle of co-workers made that title a misnomer, the spreading circulation rendered the prefix "AMERICAN" legitimate.

Considering the fact that modern Spiritualism has made its grand demonstration in the New World and that the climate, social and political conditions of the country alike favor its development; the publishers were justified in the thought that

"No pent up Utica contracts our powers!  
The whole—the boundless continent is ours!"

Animated by sympathies as broad as humanity, and actuated by impulses perfectly cosmopolitan in character, the originators of this paper adopted its present "name."

Generous friends have suggested changes, but thus far the requirement has not been found essential. The progress of events is fast making absurd any idea that the word *American* has the least meaning as the badge of a faction, or the instrument of any partisan warfare. The only "Native Americans" are the aboriginal tribes.

Under the intense and varied influence of our life to-day, the circumscribed prejudices of the Old World are pulverized to dust, forming a fertile soil for the support of new and nobler growth. The lines of nationality disappear; the very distinctions of race are to be lost sight of, and the result of the "American Experiment" is to be the demolition of caste, the abrogation of sect, the establishment of the fact of the solidarity of the people, and the enthronement of humanity.

Thus we are "American" only as we are free, liberal, tolerant, progressive, cosmopolitan; Spiritualists, only as we perceive and appreciate the facts, philosophy, science and religion of Spiritualism.

"Where Liberty dwells there is our country!" and "Nothing that concerns humanity is 'foreign';"

"Our country is the world—our countrymen all mankind."

To us the name of "American Spiritualist" is the proudest and happiest distinction. It is significant of the use of a good and honest title, that the American Consul to Trebisond, J. M. Peebles, by unfolding on board the steamer Brooklyn, "at sea, Aug. 6th," a copy of THE AMERICAN SPIRITUALIST, at once made the acquaintance of his unknown "brothers in the faith," who gathered around him, when he thus found occasion to "hang his banner on the outer walls."

We have had too little outspoken confession; not of faith but of knowledge, in publications and individuals. From various observations we confidently assert that there is much error in a "name."

We are under obligations to our friend Peebles for thus introducing our face in good company, and hope that neither he nor those to whom we are thus recommended, will ever have occasion to regret the acquaintance.

It is our ambition to publish a paper whose "heading" as well as every column shall offend the sectarian bigot, and be at once recognized and hailed with delight by every intelligent Spiritualist and emancipated mind. "We will a round, unvarnished tale deliver—nothing extenuate, or set down aught in malice." §



## Shall we get Revived.

BY A. C. ROBINSON.

This season of the year when the green foliage of spring and summer is exchanged for the seeming barrenness of winter, is generally the time when the Churches begin to think of the necessity of active exertions to proselyte to their several standards of religious faith; knowing as they do the process by which persons are to be inducted into the folds of the Church, they begin to act in earnest to accomplish this object. Whatever of good may be accomplished by any or all of the various sects will be hailed with satisfaction by the real progressionist. It is not their aim to make good citizens, good husbands, good wives and good children merely; but to force an acknowledgment that the method which the Church presents, is the only method by which goodness is obtained, making their several ideas the patent which all are to apply to themselves before they can be truly what they should be. To be good citizens all the obligations of life amount to nothing, unless the individual believes what the Church imposes on him, and if anybody possesses virtue, he must be a thief and robber if he has inherited it from any source outside their sanctuary.

Every minister understands what is to be done to excite into activity that faculty of the mind which goes forth in the form of devotion; and they know full well that when nature is clothed with all the varied forms of beauty, that the mind is quite naturally absorbed with the grandeur and sublimity thereof, and that it is not the time to talk upon uninteresting subjects.

It has therefore been a practice with the Churches in the city to have a short vacation during the summer months, to give the minister a chance to rest; and for the Church to get a fresh baptism from the ministry of nature amidst the rustic scenery of a country life; and consequently to get a higher appreciation of the love and wisdom of the controlling influence of nature, than could be obtained under the droppings of a stereotyped ministry. "Have you got religion?" is the oft-repeated question of the overzealous in one direction, and when the question is reduced down to its proper significance, means simply have you got ready to make a fool of yourself, as the questioner does not mean whether you are ready and willing to obey nature's laws in all her requirements, but are you ready to assent to the dogmas of a particular religious theory, the belief of which you find it impossible to assert, simply because it is not true, and you happen to have been wise enough to have discovered this; consequently you are the victim of their anathemas.

Nearly every sect has some person within their borders whom they make use of for the purpose of making converts, knowing full well that a particular adaptability is required for this purpose.

When the Baptists as a sect desire to make converts to their faith, they just send for the Rev. A. B. Earle, and there is not much difficulty in making accessions to their numbers, provided all reason be suspended, and a total ignorance of all history manifests itself. The psychological influence of this gentleman ranges from three to five months. In the summer months he is quite powerless. If it is by the spirit of God direct that these converts are made, why don't we find them coming forward in the summer months, since he is prayed to in the summer months for this purpose.

It is asserted in the scriptures that the prayer of the righteous availeth much. Now one of two things is apparent, either that scripture is not true, or else none are righteous in warm weather. The endeavor which is put forth is commendable with any class which conscientiously believes they are doing that which will be for the benefit of mankind.

When Error can command her votaries to do her bidding, and these are sustained in their work, is it not important that Truth should be equally as well sustained?

It is hoped, then, that the same earnestness will characterize the spiritual movement as is apparent with the various sects. Let it not be said in the future that our cause suffers for the want of material aid or soul sympathy with those who are laboring in its behalf.

Something seems to be lacking when so few patronize our spiritual papers compared with the numbers of those who claim to adhere to its cause. Every paper published in America devoted to Spiritualism ought to have at least a million of subscribers each, and then there would not be half a supply. I dare say that altogether they cannot muster that number.

As the Church gets revived in the winter to their work, let us get revived in ours; let us feel the importance of the work committed to our hands; let us at least manifest a consistency with the ideas we profess. The Church professes to believe that God is able to do everything if they will only pray unto him in faith, believing; still they are working to accomplish what they say God can and will do; while we, as Spiritualists, are not as zealous as we should be according to the means at our command and the profession of our philosophy, which is, that we shall reap only the fruits of our labor. Let us then, one and all, as the long winter evenings roll along, make use of the means at our command, to advance the noble cause which we have espoused; remembering that the humblest possess some qualifications of usefulness. Whilst such a disparity exists as there is at present between the activity of the Church on the one hand, and the professed Spiritualist on the other, with reference to necessary means to disseminate our philosophy, it will naturally be questioned whether we really are in earnest upon a subject which we profess to believe is just what the world needs at this time. The taxable property of Spiritualists amounts to millions of dollars in this country, and no valid reason exists why more should not be appropriated for the benefit of our cause. The resolutions which we have passed at our conventions for the last twelve years, stand at the present as a condemnation for apathy which we manifest for the perpetuity of our principles.

The Catholics of Brooklyn, New York, are building a fine edifice at a cost of two millions of dollars, and in all probability the entire sum will be raised within the sound of Trinity Church bell. And what is true of Catholics in respect to zeal, is also true of nearly all the other sects in Christendom.

Whilst these are contributing through fear of an angry God, let it be manifest to the world that the lovers of justice and truth shall be as earnest to give forth to the world some token of their appreciation of the best of earthly reforms. We ask for no gilded temples whose spires shall point to the stars as indices of our piety and godliness, but means to support our spiritual papers as they should be, so that they may be even wiser and better than they now are; means so that no lecturer in our ranks shall be obliged to remain at home for the want of work; means so that our best literature may be placed in every public library in the world.

Now is the time to think of the importance of our work and seek for the baptism of that spirit which will prompt us to do our work under our own banner, viz: *the banner of Spiritualism!*

## Laughing.

All have a peculiar laugh of their own which perfectly reveals their character. Every one? No! There are some who never laugh, and they should be feared. The man born without mirth, and who has had all the laughter pressed out of him by events, is like the silent serpent, insidious, biting, venomous.

The kinds of laughter are many. There is first the horse-laugh—coarse and rude, which it is insulting the horse to name after him.

Then there is the low villainous laugh of the hyena, and the chuckling, swine-like note.

There is laughter trilling like music from the angels, and hoarse notes like demons.

The thoughtless tones of childhood; the rich notes of health and happiness; the thin huskiness of age; laughter full of soul, and laughter soulless. Sorrow itself is often expressed by laughter—oh, saddest of all sad sounds.

## [SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE.]

BY CEPHAS B. LYNN.

## Religion and the Drama.

It is the genius of modern radical thought to blend rational amusements with religious instruction. Spiritualism elevates the dance and purifies the drama.

Developing the power of the latter seems to be considered almost essential by the Spiritualists on the Western Reserve. At Andover and Geneva, associations for this purpose have been formed, and their public exercises have been marked with decided success. The Lyceum is a grand preparatory school for these young actors.

On our way to work up the "Circuit plan," we tarried a night in Painesville, (Dec. 1st,) and witnessed the presentation of that thrilling play "The Octoroon," by the Dramatic Association connected with the First Spiritualist Society of that city. The performance took place in Wilcox Hall, which is under the exclusive control of the Society. The Hall is the largest in the city, and has been finely fitted up by the Spiritualists.

The elite of Painesville attend Spiritual lectures and all socials and exhibitions given under the auspices of our people. The music by the orchestra under the direction of Prof. Gibbs, long a pioneer in our cause was excellent. The performance passed off very satisfactorily. The cast of characters was admirable. The leading parts were quite difficult but were well taken care of. Mr. Stone, as "George Peyton" was well received. Mr. Tower did "J. McClosky" up in real professional style. Mr. Sutherland as "Sam Scudder," the live Yankee, was a success. Mrs. E. R. Dewey, was at home in the dignified character of "Mrs. Peyton," and Miss S. A. Coucha had all the grace and manners of "Dora" the Southern Belle. Miss C. Ingersoll as the "Octoroon" gained the sympathies of the audience, and Belle Chappe', as mischievous "Paul" the negro boy, could not have been improved. Altogether it was well done.

Singing by Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Smith, which was enthusiastically applauded, followed the "Octoroon," and the roaring farce "My Neighbor's Wife," concluded the evening's entertainment.

We congratulate our friends upon the degree of perfection they have attained, both in the Lyceum and upon the "stage." We hope Societies everywhere will follow in the footsteps of Painesville, Geneva and Andover.

JEFFERSON, O.

December 5th we addressed the liberal minds in this place. Here, as elsewhere, the plan of the Executive Board of the State Association is most heartily endorsed. Jefferson will be one of four places to have speaking once a month. Let Linesville, Andover and Monroe Centre respond, and speaking will commence forthwith. We were entertained by W. H. Crowell, County Auditor, an enthusiastic Spiritualist, alive to the demands of the hour. His residence proved a home to us. We caught happy inspirations from the "little ones." Messrs. Crowell, Holmes, Wood and others are determined that Jefferson shall not be a delinquent when life, activity, organization, co-operation, and "circuit preaching" are the watchwords throughout the State.

## Spirit Inquiries.

BY JAMES LAWRENCE, MEDIUM.

Messrs. Editors—Please give room in your esteemed paper to the following questions asked of the dear Invisibles, perhaps one of a series, if approved by you:

Will the teachings of Theology (orthodox) as at present given, lead a human being to the promised heaven?

In reply, we would ask, will lightning feed and nourish any human being? As well might it be expected.

Such theology lead a man to heaven? Monstrous distortion of the reasoning powers of man! As well might history record all nature's madness, as to suppose man's safety is enhanced one tittle in degree by such a means; rather reverse the matter, and thus come nearer to the truth.

No soul was ever saved or even comforted after it has passed to the shores of immortality, by recollection of all promises, by priest or deacon given him, that Christ his Savior would be there.

Oh, no! in sad bewilderment he still adheres in ignorance to such promises, but finds no reality in all that has been given.



**The Spirits Invoked in Court by an Indignant Judge.**

Engineer Griffin, by whose carelessness or mismanagement the Mast Hope R. R. disaster was caused, was discharged from Court at Milford, Pa., Sept. 24th. The trial was very exciting, and that a verdict of gross mismanagement and neglect of duty would be rendered, no one doubted, but contrary to all anticipation the jury returned a verdict in his favor; a report of further proceedings we copy:

"At the opening of the Court yesterday morning, Judge Barrett ordered the Clerk to call the names of the jury in the Griffin case, and directed that they be seated on his left. The Clerk then proceeded to call the names, and the jurors responded as they were called, until the whole panel had taken their seats. The jury knew that they were under the ban of the Judge's displeasure on account of their action the previous evening, but they were not probably prepared for the pouring out of indignation which was soon to burst forth from his Honor. The court-room was full, and the unusual proceeding had arrested and excited the interest of every one present, and eager curiosity was aroused as to what was coming next. Judge Barrett, addressing the jury, said:

"Gentlemen:—You last night returned into Court after a hearing of two days, with a verdict of not guilty in the case of The Commonwealth agt. James Griffin. This was not expected, and your verdict was against law, against justice, and an outrage against humanity. You violated the obligations of your oath—a plain, simple obligation to render a verdict according to the evidence. Instead of that you rendered a verdict against every particle of evidence. The cause of the defendant was abandoned by his counsel. Drowning men will catch at straws. The theory of the defense is unknown to the law, and the counsel for the defendant did not believe it themselves. I was, and still am, astonished at your verdict. I am astonished that you should in this way set aside the law and violate your oaths; and I trust that the spirits of the dead, dying, bleeding and burnt victims of Mast Hope will rebuke you as long as you live. We have no power to cure the great wrong which you have inflicted on the community."

The Judge continued at considerable length to recount the horrors of the dreadful disaster at Mast Hope, and to ask the jury if they had no sympathy for the sufferers there, but must waste it all on the prisoner, who was the author of the calamity. He concluded his rebuke to the astonished jurymen, as follows:

"In future, I hope that you will feel a proper regard for your oaths. You are now discharged from any further duty at this Court. You are not fit to sit as jurymen. I will not try causes before such a jury."

"Mr. Jessup, of counsel for prosecution made a motion that Griffin be held in recognizance to await proceedings against him on an indictment for manslaughter under the common law. After some discussion by counsel on either side, the Judge denied the motion. Griffin was then released from custody, and immediately started for his home at Susquehanna Depot."

The conviction of Griffin for criminal carelessness would have reflected severely upon the management of the Erie R. R.; and if it had been announced that through incompetency or over work he was unfit for duty—the exposure of corporate infamy would have been the more damnable.

The dismissal and reprimand of the jury by Judge Barrett is almost a positive charge of corruption against them. They may have erred from an undue and misplaced sympathy for the prisoner, but very many will be satisfied that the jury were bought "a job lot" by the agents of Fisk & Co.; and that the verdict was given, less "according to law and the evidence," than in harmony with the interests of those most criminal in the matter.

To have convicted and punished Griffin, would of course have done no good to those who have suffered; and courts are never to be influenced by feelings of revenge. But his discharge in the face of positive evidence, not only concedes impunity to employees and employers—through whose fault our lives may be sacrificed, but gives an alarming illustration of the corrupt proceedings and absurdity of ordinary jury trials.

Moneyed corporations are able to control legislation, to buy up juries, and secure verdicts; they strike down from position with successive blows the guardians of the public good, and install in their places the corrupt tools they use to demoralize, swindle and oppress the people.

Reform or civil destruction are the alternatives of this state of things. We thank Judge Barrett for his denunciation of that perjured crew, and only regret he was compelled to restrict his action to mere words of reproof. Could they have been transferred from the "jury box," to the "prisoners dock," they would have found their proper position; and no "twelve good men and true" would have moved them from thence except for condign punishment.

"We have no power," says the indignant judge, "to cure the great wrong which you have inflicted on community," and so turns to the spirit spheres invoking that justice, the forms of law preserved them from.

Let not these men or their buyers, imagine the appeal a mere rhetorical flourish. The atmosphere will burn around them, when they recall their shame, and the rebuke of the viewless spirits sting with a sharper curse than the execrations of embodied thousands. That "dead men tell no tales," is the fools maxim. Let those beware who entertain the idea that the injured, the persecuted, the murdered, are deprived of their power to strike a blow at the guilty wretch by whom they suffered. By virtue of an immutable Spiritual law, they are magnetically and psychologically chained to those who have deceived, betrayed and slain them. Their vengeance is in coals of kindness on the offender's head, and their kindness in leading the hardened, the perjured, the criminal, through hells of suffering, until the very agony of their experience is an *ante-mortem* purgatory from their sins. Intelligent men like Judge Barrett comprehend this law. *The spirits of the wronged are the Furies of Justice!* When all understand the truth, every one will shrink aghast from the consequence of unprincipled action.

It is charming to observe that the expression of a spiritualistic philosophy becomes remarkably frequent in every variety of place and condition. Whenever the deeper and better nature is in any way profoundly stirred, then from the white heat of the burning thought, flash out the glowing scintillations of inspired truth. Sometimes it is the work of intuition, but oftenest, since the knowledge of Spiritualism has penetrated and permeated all classes, it is the eloquent statement of calm and positive conviction. "The omens are all favorable," and ere long the influence of the divine truth of the other hemisphere of life, shall thrill and sway alike, the ranks of society, the schools of science, the courts of justice, legislative bodies and the minds of individuals. Then radical comprehensive reform will become practicable, and the good offices of civilization usher in the noonday of the world!

**California Correspondence.**

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., }  
Oct. 21st, 1869. }

**EARTHQUAKES.**

To-day is the anniversary of the last year's great earthquake. The prophet, who so truly predicted the earth shakes of last year, set some of the weak nerves to shaking by promising another earthquake to-day, but I am glad to say the sunset has found us all "right side up."

But, after all there is not much to fear from the earthquakes on this coast. The most severe shocks were in September, 1812. Some six persons were then killed who were attending service in an old adobe meeting-house in Southern California.

In November, 1852, there were a few hard shocks. In October, 1865, a few shocks were felt along the coast. This year there have been some slight shocks but no damage has been done. We pray the earth be still.

**WEATHER.**

Last May there was but a single smart shower in California, then the "dry season" set in. All the long summer days not a cloud was visible. The earth, to me, seemed one vast ash-heap. Some weeks ago the weather changed; a few fleecy clouds floated up and met, as if holding consultation. The people when meeting did not repeat the old stereotyped expression—"Pleasant day," but said instead, "Looks like rain." Yesterday the clouds thickened, and such a pouring! There were no spiteful autumn blasts with the water, but a friendly, generous outpouring, as if in reply to the petition of the poor, famishing earth. The sun has been out this afternoon. The hills look clean, the trees as fresh as in June; the sky seems a clearer blue for the washing, and as for the ground, I know it relishes the soaking hugely.

**VEGETATION.**

One might with propriety ask, What of vegetation in a six months' drought? Nature cares for her own, so this coast does not suffer thirst or famine. The sand-hills, even, yield a great abundance of fruit without rain or irrigation.

A poor man, Jacob Schram, came to this country some eight years ago, and from his knowledge of grape growing, concluded that the California "foot-hills" were just the place for grapes. The *Bulletin* has the following account of him: "Schram purchased a few acres, built a cabin, put out a few acres to vines; setting out also, as time advanced, and he found means for doing so, fruit trees of all kinds, and cultivating a garden. There being need of the services of a barber at the neighboring watering places, Schram, as a means of earning a little ready money, repaired to the White Sulphur Springs every Saturday to practice upon the few customers offering, the tonsorial art, a habit he still observes, though now very well off, his property being worth \$15,000 or \$20,000. He has now several hundred acres of mountain land, all well fitted for vine and fruit growing; has a large vineyard of the choicest cuttings, fruit trees of many kinds, a fine garden, domestic animals, poultry, and, in fine, everything requisite to insuring a handsome income and a good living. He has several springs on his place, but never resorts to irrigation, the rains and natural moisture being found ample to root his trees and vines and insure for them a thrifty growth afterwards."

A year ago the Kimball brothers purchased a large Spanish ranch on San Diego Bay, about 500 miles south-east of San Francisco. The faithless predicted a dearth of crops, and the death of fruit trees in that southern climate. Mr. Kimball, to try the experiment, set out a variety of fruit trees last February, and others planted corn, cotton, melons, mulberry trees, oranges, &c. The result is cotton has ripened and corn stands eleven feet high.

Mr. Seward, when at San Diego, went out to see how things looked in this new region, and was treated to grapes grown from cuttings since last March. Mr. Parder planted in this same rancho corn, melons, sweet potatoes and other vegetables. Some of his melons weighed from 20 to 32 pounds. From three acres he has sold this season \$2,000 of produce. This seems a large story, but we must remember that the rush in that direction is great, and teamsters go in there for supplies, and there are but few gardeners. Some of his melons sold for 50 cents each, sweet potatoes for 15 cents per pound. Not one of Mr. Kimball's trees have died; I have fruit grown from some of them. These things have grown without irrigation. These facts prove that California may be able to feed the world.

San Diego Bay is to be the terminus of the Southern Pacific Railroad, when it is finished. Wheat can be sent to New York cheaper than Chicago can send it to them. If men and women have the will to work—to till the soil—California offers every advantage. The iron rails are fast seaming the State. There is in the State, a large quantity of government land, and the climate is mild, consequently one has but little need of fuel or shelter. H. F. M. BROWN.

[For the American Spiritualist.]

**The Soul's Kingdom.**

Let men and women—brothers and sisters, everywhere—study how best to make their light shine by acts of love, by philosophical and comprehensive charity; by embellishing their own lives with deeds of real kindness, encouraging the weary with good cheer, and relieving the heavy laden of their burdens—giving to the spiritually weak, the spiritual food which bringeth strength and health.

Let our practical lives exemplify the good that comes to us from the invisible ones; then the home-circle will become a heaven. Angels will be our guests? Let each do his and her part, and the "kingdom of heaven" will soon appear.

JENNETTE J. CLARK.

A correspondent of the *Church News* writes that he attended three London churches in succession on the morning of Sunday, August 15th. In one of them he found an old woman and the charity children; in another there was no service at all; and at the third, up to the time at which he left it, no clergyman had arrived.



## Ventilation—No. 3.

BY JOHN WETHERBEE.

The Janitor of the hall attends to the financial part; he is never preeminent only as a lighter of the gas or door tender; the heads seem to be extemporised from time to time; like that animal of low grade which is but a stomach or sack; which extemporises a leg when it wants to walk or seize something, then again is legless; so this meeting is only a body or a stomach, extemporising its head. The questions grow out of the dispositions of the prominent speakers for the time. This meeting was carried on for years in this way at Chapman Hall. When stores gobbled up Chapman, then this meeting swarmed as bees swarm, and lighted a mile southward at Hospitaller's Hall. This was some ten years ago; but, as we said, we are not intending to write a history of this institute; it seems to have had its pedigree from or connected with Abner Kneeland, whom the old men will recollect held meetings at Julian Hall, and gave birth, we believe to the *Investigator*, now ably edited by Horace Seaver, who seems to be apostolic successor of that line of saints or sinners, as suits the reader. Mr. Kneeland was imprisoned, it will be recollected, for free utterances called blasphemous. It does not seem possible that a man of spotless character, no disturber, could be so used or abused by the religious prejudice and bigotry of that day, yet such was the fact, and we might add that skepticism was in very low repute, until Theodore Parker, the saint and scholar, made it respectable, and modern Spiritualism coming 21 years ago as the bridge connecting religion with life and with the growing rationalism of the time, so that to-day the infidels form the flower of our thinking people; that is, people who believe as Abner Kneeland did, would have been infidels then, hardly so now, as the equatorial line between the true believer and the unbeliever has moved, and the area of piety is extended, so we seem to have a *precession of the equinoxes* in ethics as well as in astronomy, and what was pole-star once is not so to-day. So the thought expressed once that would send a man to jail, and only 30 years ago, to-day, by the blessing of progress, which is only another name for the spiritualistic philosophy, now forms part of the stock of popular piety, when once it was blasphemy or at least infidelity. That we are not wide of the truth in giving this high praise to modern Spiritualism, we will say, if any one will read Oliver Wendell Holmes in his "Autocrat," will find he gives all that credit as strongly as we do, to our heaven-inspiring truth, now beginning to make its deep mark in the world's thought.

The meeting we spoke of was in full blast when the "rappings" in Rochester startled the world.

They were the "Theses," of the new reformation. The subject was early introduced for discussion here, and during the early discussions, or during its first decade, one could see how the infidels took to it. These who could not take the dose, as they called it, of Christianity, those whom the pulpit could not reach, found salvation or hope in this new philosophy. Every one wants to believe in a future life: if the Bible and its claims are the only proof, no sane man can. They also were attracted to a thought outlawed like themselves by the Church, which had such attractive vitality as to roll up adherents in such large bodies as to be a power, and as they also were called infidels, they had a fellow feeling and looked upon this multitude which cold materialism could not reach, but which this did, as their gain; and as both combined to prick the shams in religion's name, the result has been as stated, healthy progress.

This infidel discussion meeting might have "gone up," as the saying is, but for this advent, and probably would; but this added a new element of interest. The modern Spiritualists are a discussing people; men who never argued before, began to, when they had to defend the evidence of their senses against the ignorant *Cant-be-so's* of those who opposed them, and thus a never-ending supply of living questions were before them. Bible questions, centuries old, which had become trite

and wrangling, modern Spiritualists made them all vital, or questions of to-day, thus: "Did Christ rise from the dead?" A new set said yes, for it was his spiritual body that was seen after his death; as one's father or brother of to-day, who has passed on, shows his body to one whose spiritual eyes are opened? or, "is the Bible inspired?" Yes, say they, David and Isaiah spoke by the same law as Harris or Hatch do; if ignorant fishermen became world-wide preachers by so-called miraculous gifts, modern Spiritualism is full of ignorant fishermen and mediums, who are inspired in the same way; proving the old by the new; and Joel and Amos of ante, A. D., are facts, because, as Theodore Parker has said, nothing is more remarkable of ancient sacred record, than the fact, that Andrew Jackson Davis, without education, could give his "Nature's Divine Revelations," and by all these things the rational man sees a beauty and a truth in the Scriptures, where once, as constructed or evangelically taught, all was superstition.

We will defer what we intended to say upon one or two special discussions at this Hall until your next issue.

## Thinking.

There is pride of beauty, of grace of carriage, of dress, and of wealth; but greater than these is pride of *intellect*. Sir or Madam, you do not think, is an expression amounting to the gravest insult. The imputation big with truth, is met with a malignant retort; intellectual pride has received an incurable wound.

Mind finite or a part of infinity, is of necessity always active; seeks no release from action; wearies not of constant exertion; only requires a change of subject-matter—variety.

Notwithstanding this established principle in mental philosophy, what's more patent to the man of thought and observation than this paradoxical fact. There are but few thinkers.

Thinking, not bodily growth, constitutes manhood.

The full stature of man physical may be attained, while the mental faculties are immature. The constitution may become fixed, while the intellectual and spiritual man has scarcely emerged out of infantile state. The limbs may be strong, but the reason weak. B. may astonish his spectators by an exhibition of his matchless muscular power in some feat at walking, running, leaping, wrestling, or fighting; while it is conspicuous to all his admiring lookers on that he cannot observe, examine, reason, plan, or execute. He is a *boy* in the art of thinking; a *stranger* in the province of thought.

Rigid thought should be given to whatever matter we may see, hear, or read. It is an easy task to *march* through a book, and an *unprofitable* one. One carefully *studied* page has greater value than a volume read without analytical reflection. Food taken into the stomach must be digested before additional food can be either relished or received into the system safely.

Vast stores of knowledge may be accumulated, and its possessor be no wiser. A merchant may load his shelves with valuable goods, but should he bar and lock the doors, and cast the key into the sea, he would reduce himself to penury. The goods are inaccessible; so, without close thinking, knowledge is unavailable and a burden; the doors and drawers of the great storehouse of *facts* and *truths* must ever remain unopened, and intellectual penury is inevitable.

Nor is he a thinker who can only reason while the imprimery of a book is fresh upon his lap, or some fact gleaned from some conversation or lecture continues to echo in his ear. Society abounds in this semi-intellectual element.

The man of this mould of mind is often seen in the dazzling light of borrowed capital. He leaps into the colossal proportions of an intellectual giant. But he flourishes like the fabled gourd, and sinks to the plane of an intellectual pigmy, and is remembered only in contumely. This element floats on the sea of mentality a floating foam or bubble, driven along or vanishing beneath the touch of the real thinker. Their mission is fulfilled.

Without deep thinking we cannot develop or know ourselves. Closest scrutiny only reveals the purpose, nature and power of our mental faculties; and only careful inspection discovers to us the true character of our dispositions.

Thinking is essential to a correct opinion. I give it as my judgment, or I know it—Burns style—when it is conspicuous to all that the speaker is unacquainted with even the alphabet of the science of thinking, and that the great seal of phrenological law and want of culture is set upon them to the contrary.

No fact is better attested than that those least capable of mental exertion are the most fruitful in opinions. Superficialness is always in antagonism with any *new phase* of religious, political or social development.

Is it not patent to all that those who are the most virulent in their opposition to an *ism* that has just become of age, or emerged out of its minority years, and already commands the high respect and firm belief of millions of the *best talent* and *learning* in both the old and new continents, are they who know the *least* about its phenomena, because they think the least?

Another fact is equally well attested: Protracted thinking is productive of modesty. Point me a man full of ignorance and conceit, and I will show you a man void of this virtue.

A feeble reasoner is a bundle of opinions, and is incessantly prating over them on account of his limited modicum of sense and ill regulated zeal. But the strong thinker has few opinions; these are ventured with marked modesty, and maintained by vigorous thought.

"I have always been a Democrat or a Republican, a Christian or an Infidel, an Orthodox or a Spiritualist, and I expect to die such, right or wrong"—is an everyday saying. Self-deluded man! Adhesion to an opinion whose absurdity has been made manifest, is not firmness, is not thought; it is obstinacy; mulishness. Not to regard him a progressionist, would be equivalent to effrontery. Yet, he is as changeless as the laws of the Medes and Persians. Progression is change, but change is the product of thinking. Break down this barrier—think, and Spiritualists would be numbered to-day at billions, not millions. Obstinacy, I apprehend, is the ruling, sovereign power to a great extent, and this dead weight must be removed antecedently to any advancement along the scale of truth.

Sound and long-cherished opinions are frequently abandoned under the fire of an attack, because they were entertained without due consideration. The thinker, right or wrong, ever holds the vantage ground. In fact, the vigorous reasoner is an abler man without books, than he who carries in his memory the library of Alexandria, without original and terse thought.

But what is thought? Pertinent question. I answer—it is neither *fact* nor *truth*; for these will exist, whether we think or not. The work of thinking is that of collation more than creation. To collect and throw into form the multitudinous ideas, images, fancies, or pictures that inhabit the region of the spirit, is *the* business of thinking.

In fine, arduous thinking is the basis of all culture, and without it all other is splendid ignorance. It gains us time, respect, position, dignity, and success in business; it gives growth, firmness, expansion to the mental energies; enabling us to act with facility, precision and logically. Thinking is the lever which moves the world, and without it man is on the high road to bankruptcy.

Writing makes an accurate man, reading an extensive man, and *thinking* a deep man.

CHARLES ROBINSON,

Leader Beacon Group, Andover Lyceum, Ohio.

A little two-year old found a dead mouse in the trap in the back-yard, and taking it up in her chubby little hand, ran in to her grandmother and held it up, saying, 'O grandma, here's a little mouse just gone to his heavenly father.'

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"RESOLVED, That we are Spiritualists, \* \* \* and that any  
 other prefix or suffix is calculated only to retard and injure us."

## Purity.

Purity has been sought by renouncing the world and retiring from its allurements. The rocky cavern, the cell of the monastery, the solitude of desert and forest, each have had their fanatical devotees, who unable to conquer themselves in the world, voluntarily banished themselves out of it. But character thus gained is at best of a negative and spurious kind. A powder magazine is safe if fire is kept from it. An individual may preserve himself unsullied in the darkness of a cavern, simply because untempted. He is no better or worse for that. It is not so much what a man does, as what he is. Doing is only a revelation of the inner being.

The Spirit touches the material world through and by means of the physical body. Evolved from that body, it bears its stains. Hence physical purity is an essential condition of Spiritual growth; perfect health a cardinal required of Spiritual elevation. The functions of the physical body are not necessarily degrading, but they are not the equals of the Spiritual perceptions. They should not be co-ordinated with, but governed by the latter. The body was created for the Spirit, not the Spirit for the body. If this is reversed, the path of life is a loathsome road beset with pain.

Purity is not bestowed by a miracle. The waters of the Ganges, or the Church fount yield it not. It is the result of struggle. It is the serene calm of a lifetime of Spiritual dictatorship, wherein all the untoward promptings of menial desires have been subdued by the supreme power of conscience and reason.

Have these menials rebelled and essayed to rule? Blasting is the result and the antipode of purity has been reached. The old man pauses on the verge of the dark beyond; his limbs quaking with palsy; his countenance fearfully chiselled into a caricature of humanity by unhallowed desires.

On the other hand how beautiful the rounded and complete life of one who has grown strong and noble by successful resistance; whose calm reason has ever remained sole lord of his being. The decline of such is like a glorious sunset. When the sun wraps clouds of golden glory around him after the conquering march of the day, reflecting to the last moment supernatural splendor over all the landscape.

Now and then we see such men and women. They reveal to us the possibilities of humanity. †

## Common Schools and the Bible.

Ever since the first publication of this journal, our love of justice, and dislike of sectarianism, as well as our hopes and fears for the common schools of the country, have led us repeatedly to advocate the emancipation of the public schools from any and every sectarian taint and influence.

This we have urged in the name of justice no more than in the interests of sound policy and wise expediency. Recent events in the city of Cincinnati have given fresh interest to our paragraphs, and we recur to them to repeat the substance of our conviction. In the present condition of things, we are reduced to but one alternative, which is this—Either make the schools free from every theological contamination, or witness the disintegration and annihilation of the public schools themselves.

The Bible in schools is the symbol of Protestant domination, and must be removed, before the co-operation of the entire community can be secured, as is ab-

solutely essential to the support of a universal education.

The Catholic element now acting with free thinkers in the matter, is only anxious to dispossess others, in order to gain power themselves—to displace the Bible, to make room for "The Lives of the Saints," or anything else that will establish "the Church," where Rome affirms she should be—in authority over all education everywhere.

The sensible men of the country must rescue the schools from Protestant sectarianism, and save them from an equal calamity from "The Mother Church." Not only must the Bible be set aside from its offensive position, but text books corrupted with a debasing theology must be excluded. The school must become utterly free from any sectarian bias. The school-fund must not be divided on any account. And when we have a free school, teaching only science and elementary knowledge, then a compulsory law must compel attendance from every child not a member of some private school, or otherwise thoroughly instructed. §

## Leaves of Healing.

Sunlight infiltrating the hearts of flowers changes their pale complexion into more beautiful hues. The touch of frost wilts them. We are suns or frosts in social life. We bless or injure by our influence. Our affections are the batteries of life—the molders of our bodies—the fashioners of our characters. If the mental predominate, we have for effect the exact counterpart—the mental form; the mental attributes. If the passions predominate, then we have the sensuous type. The same ratio holds true with the spiritual. As the root gives forth the tree, as the fountain gives forth the stream, so the ruling affection of the soul shapes and directs the body and its senses and temperaments, and even thought and action; and determines, too, the status or plane of our character. The ruling affection, tinging every channel through which it flows, projects from those channels, from every organ of the body, from the brain and all its senses, its own magnetic sphere.

Our spheres, then, may be properly styled our souls gushing outward as sunbeams from suns, or as frosts from ice. If, then, our ruling affection is habitually lustful, or animalized, then our sphere is so—its instinct, its nature, its use, its attractions are all of the same status—lustful, animal, groveling. When angels and spirits approach us, they at once sense the true condition of our inner life the moment they touch or enter our spheres. So we are "living epistles," read correctly by all the spiritually minded. What a severe and solemn truth is here, and how morally beautiful!

Spiritual affections are "leaves for the healing of the nations." Animalized hands laid upon us in healing tend to drag down into a yet grosser association; spiritual hands touch magnetically the inner life, and lift up to holier affection and action. When Jesus healed, he said, "Be thou whole!" that is, be thou purified in soul and body, or "Thy sins are forgiven thee!" He thoroughly healed, for he was interiorly spiritual and thence physically pure in all his habits of life.

Oh, for a healing like this, that will cleanse the inner life, make it a paradise of purities, and the abode of innocent angels; thence will outflow a sunny physical health that shall be to the world the visit of an angel indeed. \*

## Music vs. Theology.

A National Musical Convention was recently held in Boston, being one of the fruits of the grand Peace Jubilee. The election of its President resulted in the choice of Hon. Elisha Dyer, of Providence, R. I., who, in assuming the duties of the chair, made a most suggestive and eloquent speech—as will be seen from the following extracts, taken from a condensed newspaper report:

Mr. Dyer, after gracefully acknowledging the compliment which had been paid him, and which he attributed solely to the generosity of those friends to whom his active, earnest, and all-pervading sympathy with music was well known, said:—If I am ever conscious of the existence of any emotions of the soul, in all their strength and purpose, they are those which are called into being whenever and wherever I am in contact with this heaven-born science. And while yielding to no one in sincere respect and admiration for the self-sacrificing, trying and discouraging efforts of the Missionaries of

the Cross, showing, as they do, the highest attributes of humanity in their sincerity and self-denial, yet he felt that his impulses and efforts for the redemption of his fellow men came from the consciousness of the irresistible power and pure influences of melody and harmony. The highest occupation of Heaven's redeemed hosts is in their production, and the bliss of Paradise is in the raptures of their being. There is no emotion of its earthly nature that does not respond to some one at least of the thousand voiced appeals that come from the pure strains of song and melody.

The harmonies of power and majesty that come from the land of Luther, of Bach, Handel, Haydn, Mozart and the honored host of Germany's rearing and culture re-echo the rolling tones of awe and reverence, inspired by the thunders of Sinai as they roll through the moral atmosphere of man's being.

When the gentler, dew-like influences of the spirit pass over the soul, there come the warm, gushing, responsive impulsive melodies of Italia's genial clime to purify and perfect the gratitude and love of erring humanity's renewed nature and purpose.

I am aware that this Convention is the natural result of that most successful, monster-like gathering, the "National Peace Jubilee and Musical Festival," so recently existing in this city of most liberal purposes and successful accomplishments. And to those most pre-eminently contributing to that success do we owe our acknowledgments for this our happy assembling. But from this Convention society has the right of demanding the reformation of to-day from its follies and vices. Teach the soul its higher attributes, as we make a united, determined effort to bring its most active impulses, under the influences of this science, the handmaid of religion, the purest, highest source of love, obedience and energy, in all of our better nature's being. Fill it with the raptures of harmony. Woo and win it with the sweet strains of melody, and the reformation of humanity is not the Herculean task of to-day, with its bars and bolts, and dungeon cells, that the Law's stern dignity requires to sustain its severe though just enactments. No man ever yet went from song to murder.

Ours is the time, here is the place, and God grant we may be the persons to institute, ordain and carry forward a reformation, co-equal to that of Luther, that we can, in the name and power of Divine strength, accomplish, and in reverence and heartfelt gratitude for these our hopes and heaven-born purposes, let us unite in ascriptions of praise and supplications for counsel and strength from the source of Infinite Purity and Power.

## The Lunatic Hospital at Worcester, Mass.

Governor Claflin, the Executive Councilors, members of the Board of State Charities, and other gentlemen, visited the State Lunatic Hospital in Worcester Monday, and after an inspection of the institution, were taken by Dr. Bemis, the Superintendent, to the new location, two miles north of the Court House. The new site comprises 200 acres of land, and is admirably adapted to meet the contemplated change in the arrangement of the hospital buildings. It is proposed to have one central building, where the offices, chapel, kitchen, &c., shall be located, with wards for one-third of the patients, say two hundred. Houses or homes to accommodate fifteen in each, with ample yard room, would be provided for others. The plans of Dr. Bemis, it is said, met with universal approval. It is believed that the present hospital estate can be sold for enough to defray the whole cost of the new establishment, estimated at \$500,000.—*Boston Journal*.

This plan of Dr. Bemis is a grand advance on the old prison like edifice of the past. The herding together of several hundreds of lunatics in one building, is an outrage on humanity, a disgrace to civilization.

The magnetic and Spiritual influences thus developed constitute a HELL of the first magnitude. The Science of Spiritualism has given men like Dr. Bemis some hints which they have at last made use of; the back numbers of this journal contain references to this subject. When the law of psychological sympathy is fully recognized and studied, then the treatment of the insane will be very much improved. Healthy assistants in the Asylums must be removed every three years at the outside, and some susceptible persons cannot remain at all. Into this witches cauldron of confused influences called an "Asylum," the insane are gathered; the wonder is any ever come out with their right mind again. The suffering lunatics should be placed in smaller families than proposed, and then wisely cared for. The question is not how to most cheaply house and feed these unfortunates, but to restore them to health and reason as soon as possible. We are not in with those who see in every maniac a New Testament case of possession, but we know happily that a knowledge of Spirit control would save many a mediumistic sufferer from hopeless lunacy and life long confinement. §

## Thompson, O.

The Spiritual Society of this place is in a very prosperous condition. Years ago sectarian bigotry was so fierce that the Spiritualists could not secure a building suitable for holding meetings. For a while they met in a grove, but finally were excluded therefrom. The plan of the State Board is most heartily endorsed. A fund for the support of "circuit speaking" is now being made up. Bro. Hulbert, Tillotson and others are earnest workers. Spiritualism never stood higher in Thompson than at the present time. The march is onward and upward. Victory is inevitable. ||



## In Memorium.

PRESTON—Passed from earth-life, Dec. 4th, 1869, "Nellie," aged ten years and eight months, eldest daughter of Vm. E. and M. J. Preston. Funeral at their residence in East Cleveland, on Wednesday, Dec. 8th, at 10 A.M.

## Medical Science Baffled!

The unexpected transit of this beautiful young girl from her happy home and the pleasant and endearing earthly associations by which she was surrounded, and where her earthly existence like a blooming flower was cast, from which her sweet young life so early faded, came as a most sorrowful surprise to family and friends.

She had entertained a happy company of her youthful associates only the evening before she was taken sick on that fatal Friday. From the following circumstances, which were told us by the child's sorrowing father, it will be seen, that her sudden, extremely short, though fatal sickness, entire'y baffled all medical skill, and her sudden departure, with the inexpressible grief that came with it, caused such an anxiety upon the part of her parents, to *know* the cause of so unexpected a change, that they determined upon a *post mortem* examination of the lifeless casket, which developed the fact, that her disease was *acute* inflammation of stomach and bowels!

She attended school—was in apparently good health Thursday evening, Dec. 2d.—was taken sick Friday morning, and Saturday morning at 7 A.M., without a struggle or pain, her bright spirit passed out of the body, no doubt aided by blessed Spirit friends who were waiting to bear her gently "o'er the river."

But what puzzled the medical fraternity was, that in this disease, so quickly destructive of life, she should suffer *no pain*. Of course the doctors were astonished! They could not account for it. As an explanation for such a seeming mystery, we would suggest to these over-wise M.D.'s that there may be something in the philosophy of Spiritualism, that when understood and comprehended will fully explain it. We unhesitatingly assert that our Spirit friends have the power and frequently do take away "the sting of death!"

As evidence in support of this beautiful Spiritual law and truth, so consoling to the stricken hearts, by such sorrow assailed, we cite the following circumstance, and call on the "medical fraternity" to note the significant fact, that after the "dreaming" spoken of by "Nellie," she did not suffer the least pain!

On Friday between 3 and 4 o'clock, P.M., during the temporary absence of the mother, who had gone for the physician, the servant girl "Katy" went in to see her. Found her with open eyes looking intently towards the door. "Nellie" did not appear to see "Katy." She then went to the side of the bed and stood there for some time. Finally "Nellie" saw her and said—"Are you here?" "Katy answered, "yes, how do you feel, Nellie?" She replied, "Oh, I have been dreaming. I heard such beautiful singing and I sung such beautiful songs!" Certain it is that from that hour of entrancement—when her clairaudient powers became so developed, by the filing of the physical, that her soul, though yet in the body, could drink in the melody that angels were chanting, doubtless as a fit welcome to her joining them—and when, no doubt, her sweet child Spirit went near the borders of the "Summer Land" she suffered no more pain!

Kind Spirit-Friends, who had gone before, seeing and knowing, that as a bud of unfolding beauty, she must now be translated to the fadeless sun-lit-love-wreathed bowers of Spirit life, threw their hallowed influence around her, and with their ho'y, heavenly magnetism, smoothed the otherwise rough and dreary passage "over the turbulent river," accomplishing what all the medical skill and doctors of divinity in the world have utterly failed to do—wresting victory from the grave! Blessed consolation this. So says the afflicted hearts that mourn her *absence* but not her *death*, for they know she still lives and waits to joyfully welcome their coming.

The following beautiful poem was most feelingly

read by Rev. C. L. Shipman, of Girard, Pa., who officiated at the funeral services:

Still my heart and eyes are turning  
To a little vacant chair,  
Standing idly in the corner—  
Ever standing idly there:  
Once it held a little maiden,  
Very dear and very fair.

In the fullest tide of rapture,  
In my life's serenest hour,  
When my spirit sang within me  
Like a bird in summer bower,  
Came a tempest sweeping o'er me,  
Came with desolating power.

Then a voice of tender sweetness  
Died away in plaintive sighs;  
Then a face of gentle beauty  
Faded from my yearning eyes,  
And a spirit pure and sinless  
Mounted to its native skies.

Oh! the sorrow of that moment;  
Oh! the weary, weary pain,  
Pressing, like an iron fetter,  
Close on throbbing heart and brain,  
Waking thoughts of gloom and madness  
Like the captive's heavy chain.

Years have passed, and griefs wild torrent  
Now hath slowly ebbed away;  
Years have passed, and resignation,  
Smiling, bids me trust and pray;  
Yet a memory, sad and sacred,  
Trembles at my heart away.

Ever as the shades of twilight  
Wrap the world in tender gloom,  
Comes a welcome, fairy vision,  
Stealing to my lonely room—  
Seeming like a ray of sunshine  
All the darkness to illumine.

Then the little chair beside me  
Rocketh softly to and fro;  
Then fond eyes to mine are lifted:  
Then sweet accents round me flow,  
Till again my dreaming spirit  
Drinks the bliss of long ago.

## New Plan of Work.

The generous response of Spiritualism in different sections, to the new plan proposed for missionary work in Ohio, is truly indicative of grand results. It seems to be the feeling everywhere, that it is high time Spiritualists were *doing something practical*, in a united, co-operative effort, to spread and establish the divine truths they teach. We have theorized, without any system or order, for needed work, until the issue is now forced upon us. Construction and consequent growth—or destruction and inevitable decay! Spiritualists of Ohio! which shall it be? It is for you to answer as far as this State is concerned. We believe Ohio stands ahead of any other State to-day, in the permanency and effectiveness of the "missionary work." The plan presented by the Executive Board of the State Association to furnish regular speaking to already organized Societies, as well as to organize new ones, in conjunction with the Lyceums, which is the most important work of all, is most wise and practical.

We are happy to announce that several circuits have already been organized—some of the best speakers in the field engaged—and with commencing of the new year we hope and expect there will be ten or twelve missionaries earnestly at work in Ohio. As fast as the Circuits are arranged, we shall publish the time for lectures, and the speakers officiating at each place.

We call upon the friends throughout the State to respond at once in support of this new plan and give it a thorough trial.

## Personal.

E. S. Wheeler returns from the East to speak in the West. He is ready for work.

C. B. Lynn is working bravely in the Missionary field in Ohio.

J. F. Suttiff is speaking Sunday's, almost every evening, in the vicinity of Columbus. He lectures at the State Capitol Dec. 3rd, 4th, and 5th. He is to hold a discussion with a leading member of the Methodist Church, in De'aware, on Spiritualism, some time in January next, we learn.

## Items.

A most welcome visitor, the *Lyceum Banner* for December, has reached us. As always, its contents, like the smiles and sunny faces of children, are fresh and instructive. Many the eager child that will gladly greet its coming, and instructively rehearse its well-filled pages during the long winter evenings that are upon us. Every Spiritualist family should have it. Its editor and publisher will have a special reward in heaven for their love-labors for the children.

Mrs. Addie L. Ballou spoke at Lyceum Hall Sunday morning and evening. Although the weather was most unfavorable for meetings of any sort, yet Lyceum Hall in the evening was filled by an audience, who seem to think that they were well paid for venturing out upon so stormy a night. We have heard the lecture spoken of as deeply interesting and instructive. Mrs. Ballou speaks again next Sunday.

The *Ladies' Own Magazine* for December is before us. Among other excellent articles are "Woman's Moral Work," and "Home Jottings." Success to "The Ladies' Own."

Wm. White & Co. have recently published a new volume by Lizzie Doten. Whenever we have the good fortune to see a copy of the book we shall take pleasure in a review of the same.

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Mr. Denton is dead in love with truth, and has little sympathy with those who endeavor to put stopples in volcanoes, for fear their lava may shrivel a leaf of Genesis, or take out injunctions against earthquakes, knowing they will upheave the rotten foundations of some popular Church. His heresy fortunately expatriated him from England in early life, and by closing one after another minor employment, forced him into his present legitimate profession as a Lecturer and Author. He has produced a number of concise critical pamphlets, which do him honor and the world good; but it is in "Our Planet" that he condenses the substance of his scientific researches and travels, and fully develops the interesting style which has made him popular as a speaker from Maine to the Mississippi. The fact is, Mr. Denton brings to the details of science the aspiration and expression of the artist and poet and all the inspiration of a seer and devotee.

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The *New York Tribune* says of "Our Planet," "This is a book for the masses—a book that should be read by every intelligent man in the country." The *Revolution* observes, "Mr. Denton has succeeded well in one thing, his book can be understood; an immense recommendation in these reckless, headlong, or head-breaking times, when patient, sober study and reflection have almost ceased to exist, and become fossiliferous.

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tyrants of the weak and poor. Such a writer, such a book,  
cannot fail to have their influence; and though some may be  
shocked and some confounded by the propositions advanced, we  
little fear the effect will be other than to hasten the advent  
of that "good time" so long coming.

The book is suitable for a holiday gift, and is for sale at the  
office of the American Spiritualist, 47 Prospect st., Cleveland,  
O. Price \$1.50; postage 16 cents.

## THE SOUL OF THINGS;

Or PSYCHOMETRIC RESEARCHES AND DISCOVERIES. By William  
and Elizabeth M. F. Denton. Boston: Walker, Wise & Co.The appropriate motto of this book is a quotation from Words-  
worth—"Enter into the soul of things."

No more wonderful phase of spiritual development can be im-  
agined than the unfolding denominated Psychometry. We do  
not refer to it at this time with the idea of introducing this fa-  
mous book to any considerable portion of the intelligent Spir-  
itualist public. Still, we have a few remarks to make con-  
cerning it; and if they happen to be of a favorable nature, it

is because we have been pleased and instructed by a perusal of  
the publication.

With Professor William Denton—the eloquent, radical and  
popular, scientific lecturer—the general public have a most  
satisfactory acquaintance. The lady associated with him in  
this investigation was gifted with extremely rare endowments  
as a Psychometrist. This power was carefully tested by Mr.  
Denton on various specimens of different minerals, vegetables,  
fossils, petrifications, bones, etc. These observations were made  
with scientific care, and recorded with philosophic delibera-  
tion and accuracy. The whole collection of facts, so interest-  
ing and wonderful, goes to substantiate the theory of the au-  
thors, that all life is constantly photographing itself on the  
material substances by which it is surrounded, and to eluci-  
date the law by which these pictures are developed before the  
mind. This book is one of the contributions Spiritualism has  
made to progressive science, and a scientific argument for Spir-  
itualism. Though as co-icise as a text book, we read "The  
Soul of Things" with the fascination of a work of fiction. In-  
deed, it is truth itself, stranger than fiction, written in the vivid  
style which is a part of Mr. Denton's remarkable power. The  
reader pursues the course of experiment with an excited inter-  
est no mere work of art could so well maintain. We follow  
the vision of the Psychometrist from pole to pole, from conti-  
nent to continent. She reads the history of the tribolite and  
meteor, from their shattered fragments; and looks down  
through the geologic strata by the same faculty with which  
she glances backward in retrospection of the ages. The spaces  
and all time are brought before us, and the shifting panorama  
of the vision is a historical picture gallery and museum of the  
world. Mr. Denton has placed us under obligations, as Spir-  
itualists, by thus introducing his facts in scientific order. The  
same mode of treatment is required in connection with every  
phase of mediumistic development. Let those who wish to in-  
vestigate Psychology, who would acquire a knowledge of the  
powers and faculties of the immortal spirit, peruse carefully  
this book. All may not adopt the theories of the author, but  
enlarged study may enhance the area and use of present  
knowledge; and ultimately, as the subject is understood, some  
one may be able to carry out the wishes of the authors, who,  
in the preface of the work, write, "we trust that it will  
have the effect of inducing men of intellect and means to in-  
vestigate and teach, though they should pull down all the the-  
oretical scaffolding that we have erected."

For sale at the office of the American Spiritualist, 47 Pros-  
pect street, Cleveland, O. Price, \$1.50; postage 20 cents.

## POEMS FROM THE INNER LIFE

BY LIZZIE DOTEN: WHITE &amp; CO., BOSTON, MASS

The title of this book is its best preface and criticism, and  
has been too long before the public and too widely known to  
require introduction.

Lizzie Doten was a poetic spirit from the first. She is of  
that order who "learn in suffering that they teach in song."  
Her career has been no idle holiday. Nursed among the stern  
realities of "a struggle for life," on the bleak coast of New  
England, her mind has learned to grasp the actual, even while  
transported with vision of the everlasting Real.

The range of her genius is as wide as the scope of her sym-  
pathies, and she can say in truth, "Nothing which concerns hu-  
manity is foreign to me."

To such a character came the full influx of the modern wave  
of Spiritualism. The power of its inspiration specialized in  
the influence of the spirit of Edgar Allen Poe, or Robert  
Burns. "Poems" were then a necessity, and that they were  
"from the Inner Life" none need to read who heard them de-  
livered.

The volume of which we write does not contain all the poe-  
try of the author. Her pen has done service in more than one  
field of labor; now weeping as a sister beside the dungeon  
and the felon, tears an angel might envy, grieving in sympathy  
over every form of wrong, her muse wears the cypress drench-  
ed in tears, rather than bay leaves steeped in wine.

But then, from the inmost of her womanhood, her spirit  
gathers strength. On eagle wings she climbs toward God; and  
from upper atmospheres, lets fall the light of Christ like love,  
on the laboring and sorrowing, or clouds in anger to pour sharp  
sleetly scorn on popular shams, and blast with bitter frost of satire  
the fungus growth of social corruption.

Then the swelling floods of her argument arise, and the tor-  
nado of her eloquence sweeps down on every "refuge of lies,"  
sending the denizens of those "cowards' castles" flying in ter-  
ror from their falling ruins; searching for truth, beneath which  
"Rock of Ages" to "shelter from the stormy blast"

A spirit capable of this became united in magnetic and spir-  
itual rapport with the sphere of mind wherein moved Poe and  
Burns, and the gentle presence of Miss A. W. Sprague; then  
the literature of Spiritualism became enriched by such produc-  
tions as "Compensation," "My Spirit-Home," "I Still Live,"  
"Life," "Love," "For A' That," "Words O' Cheer," "Resurrexi,"  
"The Prophecy of Vala," "The Kingdom," "The Cradle or Cof-  
fin," "The Streets of Baltimore."

The book contains all these, as well as a number of others,  
the very gems of the writer's inspiration. The volume com-  
mences with a most interesting preface by Miss Doten herself,  
concerning her mediumship and kindred matters.

The Prose Lecture, entitled "The Mysteries of Godliness," is  
a most instructive discourse, and especially valuable because  
made up in part of an analysis of Poe's character; which from  
such a source is the more peculiar, and must attract the atten-  
tion of all who have read, wondered, shuddered and wept over  
his marvelous writings. The mystic "Farewell to Earth,"  
which closes all, is as glorious in its way as anything else in  
the whole series, and as the final inspiration is doubly grand.  
The spirit, full of the fire of immortal aspiration, spurns the  
clay of earth, and points along the eternal future, "Through  
the countless constellations upward to the Royal Arch," and  
hearing the cry of angels, "Come up higher,"

"Drawn by Love's celestial magnet,

Winged with Faith and Hope it flies,

Upward o'er the starry pathway,

Leading onward to the skies,

To the land of light and beauty,

Where no bud of promise dies,"

It passes, and on us lets fall at once its benediction and "Fare-  
well."

Such a book will grow in popularity with all who freely love  
the True, the Beautiful and Good.

Price \$1.25 per copy; postage 20 cts. Full gilt \$1.75 per  
copy; postage 20 cts.

For sale at the office of the American Spiritualist, 47 Pros-  
pect street, Cleveland, Ohio.



[For the American Spiritualist.]

## The Plea of Adversity.

BY MRS. EMMA SCARR LEDSHAM.

Ye foolish ones who fear and hate me so,  
And pray for my destruction, day by day,  
Pause and reflect upon your ignorance  
Of my high mission. They who know me best  
Confess how much of patience, strength of mind,  
Wisdom and charity they have received  
From my unstinting hand. Do ye not know  
That ere the barren soil can fruit produce,  
Nutritious and refined in quality,  
The sharp-edged plough-share must be driven deep  
Beneath its surface, till to shreds are torn  
The matted roots of weeds that long have kept  
All nobler vegetation from the field?  
I am God's ploughshare! Through the mind  
I quickly glide, upturning in my course  
The roots of sin and folly, weeds most vile;  
Repentance is the harrow following me,  
And after it comes virtue, scattering  
Her precious seed, the germs of all that seem  
To us most good, most pure, most beautiful.  
How gladdening is the sunshine to your sight!  
How grateful to your bodies is its warmth!  
But who among Earth's children would desire  
Its presence always? Weary of its glare,  
Would they not pray for evening's quiet shades,  
To lull their o'erwrought energies to rest?  
You, looking downward, say despondingly,  
How much of beauty does the night conceal!  
I looking upward, cry exultingly,  
How much of glory does the night reveal!  
For then are visible those shining spheres—  
Those wondrous atoms in the universe of God,  
That witness bear to his immensity.  
So when my gloom o'erspreads the human soul,  
Its glowing traits of beauty, goodness, grace,  
Appear as never they appeared before,  
When 't was submerged beneath the flood of light  
Poured from Prosperity's effulgent sun!  
Oh, when I come, receive me patiently,  
And entertain me kindly while I stay;  
For I am sent a temple to prepare  
Within your hearts for Deity's own use.  
There may'st thou carry thy complaints, and there  
Receive His counsel and encouragement,  
When cares perplex or dangers terrify,  
Till stronger grown, and nobler, and more wise,  
And clearer-sighted, thou shalt cry aloud,  
"Blessed forever be adversity,  
Whose presence purifies and fits mankind  
For the enjoyment of a higher bliss  
Than earth can ever know—the bliss of heaven!"

CLEVELAND, O., Dec., '69.

## The Imposter McQueen.

A private note from Norwalk informs us that the great pretended Exposer of Spiritualism, McQueen, is in that place making public exhibitions of his rascality and impudence in pretending to be able to refute the scientific, well established and now universally admitted facts of the Spiritual phenomena. Is it not strange that such a worthless charlatan and moral scavenger should receive so much sympathy from the church? McQueen, H. Melville Fay, and Carbonnell! All *exposers* of the *truths* of *science*! Three precious scamps! We hope they will continue to do "solid lying" against Spiritualism! It can stand all the *fulmen brutem* of this trio and all others.

James Oliphant, minister of Dumbarton, had a curious habit of making running comments, in a low tone of voice, as he read the Scriptures. Hence; as he never cured himself of the practice, those seats nearest the pulpit were most highly prized. Here are two samples of his "pulpit notes." Reading of the swine running into the sea he muttered, "Oh that the devil had been choked too!" Reading Peter's remark, "We have left all and followed Thee," the minister ejaculated, "Aye boastin' Peter; aye, braggin; what had ye to leave but an old crazy boat, and may be two or three rotten nets?"

## Note from E. S. Wheeler.

*Editors Banner of Light:*—In the last issue of your interesting journal, you credit the *Ohio Spiritualist* with a long and favorable notice of Miss Doten's "Poems from the Inner Life." I think it was Byron who said: "Glory consisted in being shot in battle, and having one's name *spell wrong* in the Gazette!" There is no *Ohio Spiritualist*. The *American Spiritualist* is published at Cleveland, Ohio, but is no more a local journal than the *Banner of Light* is a "Boston Notion." As this mistake has been made before, will you be so good as to direct that it be avoided in future, and oblige? Just a paragraph more, if you please. In your transfer of the article to your columns, the printer followed copy with that fidelity which has made the *Banner* famous for typographical excellence. The MSS. I sent the *American Spiritualist* read: "Her *muse* wears the cypress drenched in tears, rather than bay leaves steeped in wine." The wondrous alchemy of the composing room turned her "muse" into "music," and the crown of classical and festive bay became a villainous tincture, a "Tonic Bitters," who knows? "Her *music* wears the cypress drenched in tears, rather than *berry* leaves steeped in wine." Well, no wonder, unless she had the neuralgia! Messrs. Editors, I know the man who put that in type. I never have injured him! He is a virtuous man, a sober man, the father of a family, in mature years, and an old jour. I—I—f-o-r-g-i-v-e him, and ought to be canonized for my magnanimity.

Sincerely yours,  
E. S. WHEELER.  
6 Gloucester Place, Boston, Nov. 9, 1869.

The above pithy note from our associate, is a timely notice which we hope our "exchanges" will observe, as regards the *American Spiritualist*. The subject of Bro. Wheeler's forgiveness, our "old jour," returns thanks for magnanimity conferred, and wishes us to congratulate him "all the way to Boston," that "Her *music*" is no longer drenched in tears" or "*berry* leaves steeped in wine." As to being "canonized," we have also been requested, by said "virtuous man, sober man, and old jour," to prepare an "affirmative paper," asking His Holiness the Pope, to at once *canonize* the possessor of such unbounded "magnanimity!" The request will be presented at the coming Ecumenical Council by Pere Hyacinthe, and it is supposed and confidently hoped by "old jour," that the Carmelite monk's influence with the Holy Father will accomplish the object! Bro. Wheeler, you are in great *danger* of becoming a saint! ||

## The Dangers of Spiritualism.

The following remarks are extracted from a speech made in London by Mrs. Hardinge;—"Another danger ascribed to Spiritualism is found in the fact that mediums are generally very unbalanced persons. This Mrs. Hardinge had frequently found to be the case; she had found that spirit mediums are generally very fragile in body. She knew two young persons who had been many years before the American public as mediums. They were very small physically, and as long as she had been acquainted with them, she had expected to hear of their death at any moment. They had always been in an abnormal and unhealthy state; they were deficient in sight and hearing, and their physical power in every respect was so paralyzed that they were every way incapacitated for motion. In the presence of these girls there had been and still was presented most extraordinary manifestations. A great number of musical instruments, trombones, violins, &c., were placed in the room. The girls were subject to the most stringent scrutiny, and so placed as to render it impossible for them to perform any action for themselves. Mrs. Hardinge had been frequently present when the whole of these instruments were played upon with great vigor at the same time, and the girls would be placed by the invisible agencies in a large chair in the centre of a table with all the instruments piled round them. Now, what deductions were to be drawn from this case? These fragile persons, as it were on the verge of the grave, had thus lived and maintained a painful existence for upwards of fifteen years; they still lived, they still performed, and yet they were at the point of death. She found that from their earliest infancy they had been afflicted, and that their lives had been sustained by the helpful magnetism through which the manifestations were produced. But she said she had a case which came nearer home. Some sixteen or seventeen years ago, a young girl studying a profession which necessitated the use of the voice, found herself afflicted with a disease of the throat and lungs which threatened serious consequences. As the whole of her life depended upon the maintenance of her voice, it was necessary that stringent measures should be made for her relief. A celebrated physician operated upon her but without

much effect. A second, third, fourth and fifth operation was performed. Assumed to be on the verge of incurable consumption, she proceeded to America. The disease followed her, till at last she found her voice was quite gone as far as music was concerned—a victim to injudicious operations. Finding herself in a foreign land, with the staff upon which she leaned broken, she visited a clairvoyant, who declared that spirits would restore her voice. She was at that time a spiritual medium, having become acquainted with Spiritualism a short time previously. Six weeks after the dictum of the spirits, she stood before 2,000 persons and spoke for a lengthened time. For fourteen years she has sustained similar addresses six times a week, speaking to audiences of between 700 and 2,000 persons without difficulty. That illustration, she said, stands before you. This, she said, was a case showing the beneficence of spirits in opposition to the dangers of Spiritualism.—*London Daybreak.*

## SOME RECOLLECTIONS OF OUR ANTI-SLAVERY CONFLICT.

BY SAMUEL J. MAY. Boston: Fields, Osgood &amp; Co.

The facts of the last fifty years, in relation to American Slavery are the substance of one of the most sublime chapters of human history. Mr. May, an early agitator and worker for "immediate emancipation," has done well to chronicle the events of his time, while the remembrance of them is still fresh in his mind.

The battle is over; now let the Gazette be issued. Some are elected to honor and immortality, and some stand "fixed by the slow finger of unmoving scorn" in the pillory of infamy forever.

The book of Mr. May is as instructive as interesting, failing in neither; the author's personal claims are most modest; it nerves the reformer in his struggle to-day to read of this now almost ancient heroism in Boston and Connecticut less than forty years ago: One fact we have our memory refreshed in regard to, that is, the hostility of the Church to the Anti-Slavery movement from its inception. Containing so much of interesting general history and thrilling personal narrative, so well told, this book should be appreciated by the student of politics and the general reader.

For sale at the office of the Am. Spiritualist, 47 Prospect st.

## BE THYSELF:

A Discourse by Wm. Denton, price 16cts., postage 2cts.

## WHAT IS RIGHT?

A Discourse by Wm. Denton, price 10cts., postage 2cts.

## COMMON SENSE THOUGHTS ON THE BIBLE, FOR COMMON SENSE PEOPLE.

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## A DISCOURSE BY WM. DENTON, PRICE 10CTS., POSTAGE 2CTS. THE DELUGE IN THE LIGHT OF MODERN SCIENCE.

A Discourse by Wm. Denton, price 10cts., postage 2cts.

BOSTON: Published by the Author.

"The Light of Modern Science" is the cause of most fearful fluttering by the bats and owls of sectarian theology in the caves of superstition. These pamphlets are each sunbursts of "common sense" upon dark subjects, clearly establishing that the answer to "What is Right" is, "Be thyself." Geology unsettles Genesis; and the conclusions of Reason are fatal to authoritative dogmas of Bible infallibility; the absurdities of the old cosmogony, theology, and history, are mercilessly pointed out in these Essays by Wm. Denton with a manner as vivid as his general style—plain as the alphabet, simple as truth, yet cogent and unanswerable; the arguments presented are death-blows to assumptions long submitted to, through ignorance and imbecile cowardice. These books are tracts, whose general circulation would be a benefit to Christendom; they would foster healthy thinking, and hasten the era of spiritual emancipation.

For sale at the office of the Am. Spiritualist, 47 Prospect st.

A certain paterfamilias residing near Winsted, Conn., and who is in the habit of exacting of his household a strict fulfillment of all devotional duties, recently heard a terrible racket among the youngsters in their dormitory. Going to the staircase, he sternly demanded to know what was the matter up there. The following was the explicit reply: "Harry won't let me say my prayers, d—n him."

The 3d volume of THE AMERICAN SPIRITUALIST commences Jan. 1st, 1870.—One dollar a volume—26 numbers.