

The American Spiritualist.

ORGAN OF THE OHIO AND WISCONSIN

PHENOMENAL AND PHILOSOPHICAL.

STATE ASSOCIATIONS OF SPIRITUALISTS.

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CLEVELAND, O., SATURDAY, MAY 29, 1869.

\$2 A YEAR.

All articles original unless otherwise designated.

PER CRUCEM AD LUCEM.

She kneels upon the shore of Time,
Strewn with bright records only,
And yet there peals a mournful chime
Across the waters lonely;
For shadows of the fleeting past
Float o'er the rapid river,
And sad waves whisper, hurrying fast,
Forever and forever.

She kneels upon the shore of Love,
Her eyes to heaven uplifting;
Clouds, pearly-tinted, sail above,
Through the blue silence drifting;
And yet, with yearning, troubled heart,
She sees the brightness sever,
And murmurs, as they break apart,
Forever and forever.

She kneels upon the shore of Youth,
Hands clasped in silent yearning;
O light of Hope! O fire of Truth!
Why, why so swift in burning?
A shallop parting from the land,
Glides down the tireless river,
And sad waves wail across the strand,
Forever and forever.

She kneels upon the shore of Death—
Cease billows, cease your sobbing—
Mark how between each weaken'd breath,
The tired heart is throbbing;
Hush, cruel tide, your endless moan!
White foam-wreaths part and sever!
Another bark rides forth alone,
Forever and forever.

She kneels upon another shore—
The last frail links are riven,
The drooping heart will droop no more—
It is the shore of Heaven;
And as white hosts of fluttering wings
The brightness part and shiver,
Far in the depth an angel sings,
Forever and forever. [Selected.]

MISSIONARY REPORT---CONTINUED.

BY A. A. WHEELOCK.

WE found the 'heathen' without 'fortifications,' and very scant of both 'ammunition' and 'supplies,' 'massed' in a small hall! There had never been a lecture given on Spiritualism in the town. It was agreed that the 'Missionary General' should plant his guns at 'short range,' and open upon the enemy with cannister and grape, reserving sufficient force to 'flank them' at the same time, while Brother Lynn, with his impetuous volunteers, splendidly equipped with the latest improved Spiritual 'Sharp's rifles,' direct from Boston, was most advantageously posted to cut off their retreat! For near two hours the Missionaries' guns poured an incessant and galling fire into the shattered and broken ranks of Orthodoxy! The guns of the enemy were so completely disabled that but ONE was fired! A young and enthusiastic volunteer, studying to be a Reverend—which means 'Brigadier General' in the ranks of Orthodoxy—seized an old Baptist fowling-piece, such as small boys are accustomed to use in their first exploits in duck and squirrel hunting, and 'blazed away' at Spiritualism; but the poor old Baptist gun was only a fair sample of all the rest, with which the enemies of Spiritualism are equipped—having different names 'tis true, but known as Catholic, Protestant, Baptist, Calvinistic, Lutheran, Presbyterian, Episcopalian, Methodist, Congregationalist, Mormon, Universalist and Unitarian guns, all made to order by different firms, after the same old pattern, with only a slight and unimportant alteration, and all using the same 'ammunition'—together with a sort of an odd piece, called the Campbellite gun—which, as it can only be loaded with cold water, is considered of little use by the manufacturers of the other guns, all of which, except the Universalist, can never be used to ANY EFFECT, unless loaded to the muzzle with 'hell-fire and damnation,' and primed with 'brimstone.' The courageous young Christian fired but once. He asked the Missionary but one question. His gun, like all Orthodox ideas, 'scattered' fearfully, besides going off 'at both ends.' As soon as

the smoke cleared away, and the zealous young defender of Orthodoxy had regained an upright position, one shot from the Missionaries' rifled ordnance completely silenced the old Baptist fowling piece, and the enemy surrendered without further resistance. When that one question was answered, no more were asked. An old, gray-haired gentleman, Justice of the Peace, arose ere the meeting was closed, and stated the terms upon which they proposed to surrender to Spiritualism. As the Missionary considered the terms perfectly honorable, they were at once accepted.

1st, Spiritualism, with its flag of eternal progress—its truths demonstrative of man's immortality—to remain in possession of the field.

2d, All officers in the army of Orthodoxy—pope, priests, bishops, doctors of divinity, elders, ministers, reverend gentlemen and deacons, to be deprived of rank and all authority over church members, common people, or anybody else; and by virtue of their 'unconditional surrender' of such power, an unlimited parole, with all their rights of person and property, freedom of conscience, speech and the press, with the privilege of earning an honest livelihood, Spiritualism guarantees to them.

3d, The 'rank and file,' and all 'heathen,' of whatever grade, belonging to Orthodoxy, are to have perfect liberty of conscience, opinion, speech and the press, and shall be entitled to all the information they can possibly obtain regarding the Spiritual Philosophy, and besides other reading, are especially advised to read The American Spiritualist, and other Spiritual papers and books, and to send their children to the Progressive Lyceum every Sunday.

After such a surrender, of course there was no more open opposition, and the second evening the hall was well filled, with an attentive audience, anxious to learn something of the Spiritual Philosophy. Bro. Lynn spoke first, and with more than his usual fervency and power, causing many a dry eye to moisten at the glowing description of the meeting of loved ones, beyond the 'silent river,' in the sun-lit vales and flower-crowned bowers of the soul's never-fading 'summer-land.' In proof that these hopes and aspirations, inseparably blended and intertwined with every human life, are not simply day-dreams of the soul—a vain and fleeting show, for man's delusion given—I presented the stern and irrevocable logic of FACTS, upon which our glorious Philosophy rests. Citing such testimony as neither reason nor common sense can deny, and in the free and full exercise of both, carefully analyzing the spiritual phenomena, clearly establishes man's immortality beyond question or doubt. Nothing else proves it. Many of the leading business men of the place expressed an anxiety to hear more upon the subject.

Hubbard is a growing little town—its principal business coal; but it is cursed, like all such mining towns, with too much poor whiskey. After making a careful survey of the SURFACE of the town, Bro. Cephas and I descended on an exploration tour, into one of the largest and oldest coal tunnels, and by the kindness of a conductor of a mule-propelled rail car, we were conveyed two miles under ground! At the terminus, and all along the route of the tunnel, we found men pecking up the coal by the light of little oil lamps. What a gloomy place for daily toil! Not one single ray of sunlight or glimmer of blessed daylight can enter there! For the novelty of it, we tried our hands at the 'picks,' but were soon satisfied, and with a kind word to each of those coal-besmeared sons of toil, wearing out their lives by constant delving in this earth-tomb of labor, we returned to the surface of terra firma again, duly appreciating the cheering warmth of the glad sunshine.

Leaving Hubbard for other appointments, we had a most romantic ride to Youngstown, upon the top of a loaded coal car, at which point we separated—Bro. Cephas taking my prayers and benedictions northward with him, while the Missionary set his face southward in search of 'heathen!'

November 25th, found me at the little town of Lowellville, in a drizzling rain-storm, made happy and comfortable at the house of Bro. Hunter, a medium, and one who early espoused the cause of Spiritualism. There is a great deal of liberal thought in Lowellville, mainly the result of the persistent advocacy of liberal views, for years past, by Bro. Wm. Watson, a very intelligent man, and an outspoken and firm

friend of Spiritualism and the right. It rained incessantly all the evening, and but few were out at the meeting. Collections \$1.25; while Wm. Watson, Dr. R. M. Cowden, J. S. Cowden, and James Brown, subscribed liberally to the Missionary cause. Quite a large liberal Society, and a Children's Progressive Lyceum, can be organized and sustained at Lowellville, with proper effort.

November 27th, I was obliged to remain over night at New Castle, Pennsylvania, as the trains did not connect; but my stay there was made most pleasant, in making the acquaintance and enjoying the hospitality of those earnest, intelligent and zealous Spiritualists, Dr. S. Searls and wife. They are truly a light in a dark 'castle!' May their days be many, and their joys not a few.

November 28th, in the midst of a snow-storm, the Missionary arrived at Salem, the great Infidel stronghold in northern Ohio. Intended to speak here Sunday, 29th, but found an earlier appointment had been announced, for that noble, reformatory, large-souled, clear headed man, C. C. Burleigh. It was our good fortune to hear him, and we could but feel the time was well spent.

Monday, November 30th, was like unto the two previous days, and thus closes November—as cold, snowy and blustery a day as any Missionary ever saw.

IS JESUS CHRIST A "CHRISTIAN?"

BY C. M. O.

I do not believe in splitting hairs, as a vocation. Words are important only as they indicate ideas. But when a certain use of words tends to confuse thought, and divert attention from vital issues, then they become of consequence.

In The Spiritualist of the 24th inst., we read:

"Christians are those who believe in a personal God, a personal Devil, a literal Hell, the special Divinity of Christ, Total Depravity and Vicarious Atonement. So determined the Council of Nice."

A NICE little arrangement, truly. It reminds me of another similar one, in which our astute Pilgrim Fathers, in solemn conclave assembled, Resolved, first. The earth belongs to the people of God. Second. We are the people of God. Satisfactory to themselves, no doubt. But who ever heard of a Rationalist conceding the validity of their land-warrant, in deference to their very convincing logic? 'And the general Evangelical Conference of two years ago reaffirmed'—that THEY too were Christians! Could temerity go farther than to doubt, after this? Now I believe in liberality to opponents. Courtesy and generosity are commendable virtues. But there is such a thing as being liberal at the expense of truth; generous at the expense of justice, and courteous at the sacrifice of human goodness. If the question raised by these mutual admiration societies were one of words only, philosophical and not ethical, neither my deference to Noah Webster, nor my regard for the fair fame of the 'best abused man in the world'—He alone who has a right to say what Christianity is—should induce me to meddle with their pastime. If they were innocent in their assumptions of character, their plays might be beneficial, for they would amuse where they could not instruct. But when self-satisfying resolutions are followed up by aggressive warfare on the rights of man—when the name Christian, like the word Democrat, becomes a shield of sin—a bulwark of oppression—a powerful engine for establishing and extending slavery of the foulest kind—when the destiny of a nation and the hopes of a world hang trembling on the turning of a word—then banish rose-wood literature and drawing-room politeness, and in the most rugged, relentless English, call things by their RIGHT NAMES. When that glorious word Democracy suffers violence at the hands of the narrow spirit of prejudice and caste, shall we who have learned the alphabet determine a man's Democracy by his persistency in voting for Andrew Jackson all his life-time? or shall we square him by the Democracy of Jefferson and Paine?

The persistent perversion and appropriation of this word Democracy, merely as a word, came near blotting out human freedom on this continent. And this perversion of the word Christian, equally gross, equally an outrage on philosophy, history, ethics, gives them a great power for evil—a power which may yet cause the sun of our civil freedom to set in a moral night. And yet most all our liberal—

easy souls, continue the bad habit of admitting that they are Christians, because at sundry times and places they have voted themselves to be such, and they never scratch an Evangelical ticket!

The consequences of this admission on the part of Liberals, are almost fatal to the cause of Christianity. Through a course of persistent and systematic lying and overawing, on the part of the propagandists of Sectarianism, a large share of church-members remain in ignorance of the contents of the Bible and what Christianity is. But few men are thinkers; and of the few who can think the majority dare not, for fear of religious and social ostracism. So Protestants, like Catholics, receive their views ready-made at the counter of the slop-shops. The Bible, for all practical use, might as well be printed in Latin as in English. They dare not find there except what the teacher finds; and he puts there just what he pleases, in his lust of power and gain. Thus the foundation plank, the corner-stone of Protestantism. The Bible, is the standard of faith and practice for Christians, and the obligation to observe the Christian Sabbath, etc., are impudent swindles, which any church-member, with a Bible in his hand and one eye in his head, might see if he dare. And yet they dub these 'human inventions,' these fair-faced frauds, Christianity.

Christianity according to Christ, is a very different article. But so long as the counterfeit passes current at the counter of even Liberals, we have but little hope of driving it out of circulation—little hope of ever returning to a sound and reliable currency. We shall never know what Christianity is, till we determine what it is not. I call your attention from creeds and councils to the New Testament of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, and his only authorized expounder, the Comforter, the Spirit of Truth, which knocks at the door of every honest man who loves truth and works for human good. Here study for yourself the Great Ideal, unattained on this planet, with all our 'progress'—a Christianity transcending its paper counterfeit as far as its author, the great moral luminary of this planet, transcends in his light these low imitations, the fire-flies of Sectarianism—the tallow candles of Orthodoxy.

NORTH-WEST DEPARTMENT.

JANESVILLE, WIS., SATURDAY, MAY 29, '59.

JOSEPH BAKER, Local, }
J. O. BARRETT,* Traveling, } EDITORS AND AGT'S.

ALL Communications for this Department should be addressed, "THE AMERICAN SPIRITUALIST, Janesville, Wis."

THE CHURCH OF ROME.

THE haughtiness of this church, where it has control of the government, is well known; and this shows itself in pompous boasting and arrogant assumptions here. They claim that they are fast multiplying, as in fact they are; but the following from one of their leading organs will show in what this increase consists, and why they are aiming to get control of this government:

'It is perhaps quite legitimate to boast with snug self-satisfaction of the growth of the church in America. But for our part we doubt it. They would doubt it in Rome if they knew the real figures. The church in America is, in truth, a sad church. It is all, as a priest said in our last number, a section from the bleeding side of Ireland, and it is not able to retain what it gets. Look! In one city alone it loses, at a single stroke, twenty thousand souls! Who, in presence of such a dreadful truth, can say that the church here gains more than it loses—that it even preserves its natural integrity? For the twenty thousand in one city alone, does it gain twenty thousand throughout the whole remainder of the country? Ah, no! no! no!

Had the poor parents of these twenty thousand children remained at home in Ireland, there had been no loss to the faith, because, though they had died early, leaving nothing to their children, vagrancy in Ireland does not entail the loss of faith. Such is the holy character of that country, that the fire of faith is always aglow in it. And New York is not the only, the *VIA CRUCIS* the church has in America. Philadelphia is not much less populous than New York. How many children are lost to the faith in this honest, Quaker city every year? Count up our great cities. There are New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Baltimore, New Orleans, Cincinnati, Chicago, Pittsburg, Charleston, Washington, etc., and to these may be added an immense number of very populous minor places. Taking the figures of New York to be correct, and the authority that gives them is reliable, it is a certain fact that not less than two hundred thousand baptised Irish Catholic children are lost every year to the faith in America.

clergyman wrote in these columns last week, when he maintained that the church here is constantly losing more than it gains! What does it gain? Emigrants, nothing but emigrants. What does it lose? The one case in issue shows that it loses every year two hundred thousand of the children of these same poor emigrants. What can be more unfortunate or degenerate than that? Two hundred thousand Irish children—the best Catholic stock in the world—lost every year! Talk of your converts, your growth of liberty toward Catholics! Well may American Protestants be liberal to the Catholic Church, when the latter loses every year, for their advantage, two hundred thousand (these figures are much too low,) of the best Catholic stock that ever received baptism!

Nothing is more out of place, more unnatural, or more heartless than the loud boast made for the Catholic Church here!—The Universe (Rom. Cath.)

It is clearly in the ignorance and low state of the Irish this church now thrives, hence their priests fight against free toleration and unsectarian schools. Knowledge is power and Protestants as well as Catholics fear it. There is scarce a Protestant sect that holds its own, with all the Herculean efforts to keep it alive. The English church lives in name because it is a half-way house from popery, and is a great empty system of forms. Many sects are in truth falling off; yet all complain of the rapid advance of Spiritualism. It is true it does thrive wonderfully, against all the slander, misrepresentation and abuse that is hurled at us. The reason is, we are not supported by richly endowed universities, by law, wealth or fashion, but by the power of truth aided by the spirit-world. Spiritualism, denounced in the legislatures, harassed in the courts, sneered at in college, ridiculed by the ignorant, misrepresented in 30,000 pulpits, and denounced and threatened everywhere, still goes on like the rolling waves of the ocean. This is the wonder of the age. The reason is a simple one. It draws in all sects, classes and conditions *because it is true*. Spiritualists are no wiser than other men, yet our facts and our arguments are not met or answered. The world is prepared for this great truth, and it has come, and will stand. We ask that the issue may be fairly tried and the facts weighed, nor do we fear the issue.

WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH HIM?

THE "devil" who gutted the office of the Spiritualist and threatens the lives of its publishers—what shall we do with him? It's no use brethren, we do need a hell on this occasion, as a "military necessity." Not long since we jokingly appointed brother Peebles superintendent of that special department—fact! and he accepted the office with a charge to "stand guard." He wrote us the other day, saying he had "just sharpened his pitchfork for a new treat, and would pitch the fellow in without mercy, as a warning lesson to the Orthodox." So send him along this way, brothers Tuttle and Hammond, as soon as you catch him and are sure you have the right church devil, and we will attend to our part of the ceremony. *

THE "SEERS OF THE AGES."

THE tendency of our age is to cull all the good of the past, of every description, for reconstruction into the temple of the living present. In this respect Brother Peebles has indeed found the richest vein among all the eclecticians. As we look into the white clean pages of his book, so splendidly bound, we seem to see the past all at a glance resurrected, "born again into newness of life." Brother Peebles has sacrificed time, money and we might almost say, his very eyes, for repeatedly did he nearly blind them at so much reading, to benefit humanity by this most beautiful gift of spiritual literature. It is a standard work, "according to the gospel of St. James". It is written in his best style, with critical care, sparkling with his ready wit and inspirational thought. Aside from being a most entertaining book for general reading, it is invaluable for reference, and would grace any library in the land. We are proud of spiritual literature of this order and comprehensiveness of mind and research. We bespeak for it a large and generous sale, as it certainly deserves. Let those purchase the "Seers of the Ages" who wish to see Spiritualism in its true philosophical, historic and religious form and dress.

"The Seers of the ages" contains nearly four

tualism through India, Egypt, Phœnicia, Syria, Persia, Greece, Rome, through the ages of Christianity, down to the present. It systematizes the doctrine of the Spiritual philosophy, touching all the great questions that have agitated the religious world from time immemorial. It is, what society demands, a complete compendium of Spiritualism in its true relations and uses. Wm. White & Co., Boston, Mass., have given it their usual finished workmanship, as publishers. It is richly bound in beveled boards, price \$2.00; postage twenty-eight cents extra.

WORTHY OF NOTE.

THE Spiritualists of Ilingham, Wisconsin, hold regular service every Sunday in a consecrated hall. It is a circle and conference combined, and is conducted in the most orderly and instructive manner. Several mediums speak as they are moved upon, and their words are toned to a high moral character, promising a generous harvest of spiritual virtues there. The churches persecute them—of course they do; the Pharisees also persecuted Jesus. These friends have lectures when they are able, and we were indeed gladdened to be there on the 9th ult. We do like the method these friends employ to cultivate their forces. The one lecture system is the best, after this, retire with those who love the place and associations, to a consecrated room for spiritual communion.

The "Ilingham Circle" is child-like in spirit, tender in heart and clear in thought. It is a meeting with the angels indeed to be present. We feel that those Spiritualists appreciate the rule—"Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."

SPIRIT MESSAGE.

MY DEAR MOTHER: I have long sought an opportunity to express to you my deep gratitude to God the fountain of all goodness. Numberless blessings it is my happiness to enjoy. Sad indeed was my spiritual condition before my departure. Atheism was my belief—eternal sleep my hope! How happy my disappointment, to know that death, as it is called, is a regenerating, purifying process to quicken and elevate to true life. My transport was inexpressible when I became conscious of my eternal life!

Mother you well know that intellectual pursuits were my delight. Many things, politics and some moral questions occasionally attracted my attention, but never with a fixed purpose did I enter upon their investigation. Perfect in love was my first attainment, and now the boundless and indescribable fountain of all motion, all life and power, is the subject of my spiritual analysis! Mother, can we by searching find out God? We may learn and ever learn and never be able to comprehend.

Dear mother, mourn not for me for I am far happier than I could have been on earth.

The state of society is such as to preclude the hope of immediate reform. You may hope, but be not anxious, for that would make you restless and consequently unhappy. Give no unnecessary thought to the concerns of life, as you will ere long pass away from all that can mar your peace, to this glorious home of the angels! Be trusting, be patient, study to keep your mind in a state of calm serenity, which is greater wealth to the possessor than all the treasures of earth. How often have I whispered to your spirit, mother "search the truth." I rejoice that you are freed from old opinions which ever spread a veil of impenetrable gloom over the minds of those who are so unfortunate as to be influenced by them.

SPIRITUAL HEALER.

It is often asked, Why is it that Dr. J. WORTHINGTON STEWART has such wonderful success "in curing the afflicted, after they have been thought past cure, and given up to pass out of this physical body?" It is this: He says he was born with natural curative powers, endowed by the Father of all "good and perfect gifts;" also, being a medium, he has seen the spirits of persons that once lived on this earth come to his assistance, and with their LOVE, (which did not die with the body,) in connection with the Doctor's prayers, or desires, to save man from his infirmities, he performs, it is said, wonderful cures. Dr. Stewart believes in one God, and that from Him emanates all good.

This is universal, as well in things living as dead, that everything is surrounded by something similar to that which is within it, and that this is continually exhaled from it; a continual stream of effluvia flows forth from a man, also from every animal, and likewise from trees, fruits, flowers, sea from metals

THE SPIRITUALIST.

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H. O. HAMMOND, † - - - - - RESIDENT EDITOR

AND BUSINESS AGENT.

E. S. WHEELER § AND A. A. WHEELOCK, || COR. EDS

AND TRAVELING AGENTS.

GEORGE A. BACON, - - - - - EDITOR AND AGENT

EASTERN DEPARTMENT.

THE AM. SPIRITUALIST PUBLISHING COMPANY.

OFFICE, 111 SUPERIOR STREET, CLEVELAND, OHIO.

CLEVELAND, SATURDAY, MAY 29, 1869.

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

The proprietors form a committee to decide upon the general policy of this paper, and are collectively responsible therefor.

ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS REWARD!

OFFICE OF SUPT CLEVELAND POLICE, }
Cleveland, O., May 25th, 1869.

I am authorized to pay one hundred dollars for the information that will lead to the arrest and conviction of the person or persons who broke into the office of THE AMERICAN SPIRITUALIST, in this city, on Monday night, April 26th, 1869. The name of the party who furnishes the information will be kept strictly confidential.

THOS. MCKINSTRY,
Superintendent of Police.

The above advertisement appeared in the city papers this week.

PARTICULAR NOTICE.

UPON the outside of every package of papers mailed to Wisconsin from the office of THE AMERICAN SPIRITUALIST, this week, will be affixed the following

NOTICE TO POSTMASTERS.

THE enclosed paper has been well wrapped and carefully directed, every issue, yet complaints of its irregular receipt by Wisconsin subscribers reach the publishers almost daily.

PERSONAL.

REV. ISAAC GEORGE, formerly of Dunkirk, New York, has accepted the pastorate of the First Universalist Society of this city. He is not only a Reverend, but an Ex-Editor, and was proprietor of the Dunkirk Journal. Probably owing more to the latter facts than to the former one, he made a friendly call upon us the other day.

WARREN CHASE will speak before the Cleveland Society of Spiritualists and Liberalists, the first Sunday in June.

A. A. WHEELOCK will speak at Shalersville the second Sunday in July, and organize a Children's Progressive Lyceum.

SUSIE M. JOHNSON is engaged to speak in Painesville during September.

E. S. WHEELER speaks in Philadelphia next December.

THE OECUMENICAL COUNCIL.

It is reported that the Pope, on a recent visit to the structures where this much talked of council are to meet, said to the architect:

"Remember, I don't want temporary work, made only to strike the eye, but a good, solid fabric; for the council, though intended to sit only three months, may not separate for three years."

It needs no prophet's ken, to predict a stormy time in this great council. Its sessions will not have entered their second month before those in whose interests it is called will regret the measure. They will find that it is impossible to repress the activity of thought. For over a thousand years, Catholicism, as the highest ideal of Christianity, has clutched prostrate humanity by the throat, while it crushed its bleeding form with hydra-folds. The crisis has come. The eternal progress of ages has brought the race forward, and thought cannot longer be repressed. Cowled monks, and the harlotry of nuns, and the celibacy of sanctified priests, living in antagonism to nature or to their vows, are fossils from a heathen people. A priest has married, and still exercises the functions of his office. The subject will be brought before the council. The social problem will be agitated. Little good can be expected to grow out of it to advanced thinkers, but it is pleasing to know that the heaven is working, even in the ranks of that great and powerful church, which boasts of the ignorance and unthinking faith of its laity, and the bigot-

ry and intolerance, pride and self-sufficiency, deception and falsehood of its leaders. Who can doubt that the world moves! The United Catholic Church will be united no longer. There is a large class in its ranks that regard the enforced celibacy of the priesthood as a crime against nature, and productive of evil. Dare they come before the council and defend themselves? A pope! out of time and season! Surprising spectacle and most astounding phenomenon of this age is a living God's-vicegerent! an antediluvian monster drifted down the stream of time, festering on slime and polluting the atmosphere with pestilent odor!

We have obliterated the slavery of body—oh, how long shall we suffer under the terrible despotism over mind?

"THOUGHTS FROM MY HERMITAGE."

THE manuscript for this long, but unavoidably, delayed book, is in the compositors' hands, and the work will now be pushed rapidly forward to completion. Contrary to first intentions, it will be stereotyped.

RESPONSES FROM THE PEOPLE.

KIRTLAND, Andover, Geneva, Shalersville, and other places, are preparing to give benefit Socials for THE AMERICAN SPIRITUALIST. While we are more than gratified at the substantial aid individual friends are sending and assuring us of, we are especially grateful for the prompt manner in which Societies and Lyceums in all parts of the country are expressing their sympathy and giving us practical assistance. We shall try all the more to make THE SPIRITUALIST a worthy exponent of the philosophy it advocates, believing that this course will endear it to its friends and compel the respect of its enemies. Send on the subscriptions! We NEED them ALL.

Since our last report donations have been received from the following persons:

Jas. Wilson, Ira Davenport, Prof. Payton Spence, Mrs. Saxon, V. Ripley, H. A. M. Bradbury, M. B. Skinner.

ON THE TRACK.

AN excellent clairvoyant has described some of the villains connected with the recent outrage upon our office! Be patient; all will come to light in due time, or we much mistake. Spiritualists are the last persons in the world that any one would expect to hide a crime from, if they but understood the law. Time will show it!

DELAYED.

THE extra labor incident to the selection, purchase and arrangement of new material has delayed this issue one day. Massachusetts and Wisconsin subscribers will not receive their papers before Monday. Probably the next issue will also be somewhat behind time. However we trust its improved appearance will make ample amends therefor.

BRIDGEPORT, Ct., May 18, 1869.

BROTHERS: I have never seen a copy of your paper, but have seen a notice in the Banner of Light of the outrage committed, not upon you as individuals, but upon the rights of free speech and a free press. I do not know the terms of your paper, but I enclose five dollars, for which you will please send paper to my address one year, and the balance, if any, please accept as a donation, to apply to the defence of civil and religious liberty.

Very truly yours, JAMES WILSON.

TOLEDO, Ohio, May 10, 1869.

EDS. AM. SPIRITUALIST: In view of your late disaster, caused by your strict devotion and noble manhood in defending truth. I propose to be one in five hundred who will gratuitously give ten dollars to sustain the paper; thus letting our enemies know we have the money, and will use it until their pet idols are no more. The money to be paid when the names are all sent in and notice given by you.

Many thanks, Brother, for your generous offer. Would you not as readily say 'one of one hundred,' who will thus aid in this contest against superstition and bigotry. No doubt the one hundred would soon respond, if the movement were inaugurated. What say you, Brother Knight? What say the one hundred?

THE SURE SIGN OF DEATH.—The Marquis d'Orches, by his will, founded a prize of 20,000 francs for the discovery of a sure and simple means of recognizing if death be real or apparent. Dr. Carriere, says the Courier de l'Eure, intends to claim the money for a process which he has employed for forty years. The system consists in placing the hand, with the fingers closed, before the flame of a lamp or candle. In the living person the members are transparent and of a pinkish color, showing the capillary circulation and life in full activity; whilst in that of a corpse, on the contrary, all is dull and dark, presenting neither signs of existence nor trace of the blood current.

This may be a scientific test, and in these days of frequent, profound, and prolonged entrancement, is valuable—but whenever there is a doubt of death, the fact of life should be assumed, until the actual decomposition demonstrates the dissolution of the body.

The office of The American Spiritualist, at Cleveland, was entered and despoiled on the night of the 26th ult. Its type was thrown into the stove and over the floor, and other hindering and disgraceful acts committed. The paper's defense of its peculiar theological views is supposed to be the cause. It is surprising how little toleration is even yet allowed in this country in such matters! Of course the paper will be out again, though delayed.—The Boston Commonwealth.

A METHODIST CONFESSION.

THE organ of the Methodist denomination in New England, Zion's Herald, of May 6th, makes a memorable confession in concluding a literary notice of Mr. Charles T. Congdon's Political Essays, a series of articles of remarkable wit and wisdom, which originally appeared in the New York Tribune. This interesting and "ower true" confession is as follows:

Not till the church bravely leads the world, can it hope to convert the world. She will be laughed at, and be powerless before it, until she sets up a higher standard than its instincts have discerned."

THE Massachusetts Legislature of late has been considering the woman question. The committee to whom the matter was referred, made, last week, a favorable report—the work of Hon. Whiting Griswold, State Senator. The proposed amendment to the Constitution reads as follows:

"The word 'male' is hereby stricken from the third article of the amendments of the constitution. Hereafter, women of this Commonwealth shall have the right of voting at elections, and shall be eligible to office, upon the same terms, conditions and qualifications, and subject to the same restrictions and disabilities as male citizens of this Commonwealth now are, and no others."

NATIONAL Lyceum Convention, Buffalo, Sept. 2, 1869.

STATE RECORD.

OBERLIN.—The good people here are wide awake. Have purchased a fine lot and intend building a hall, some day, which is much needed as the hall they occupy is not very commodious. They hold meetings frequently with good attendance. D. J. Starbird speaks here on Sunday, May 30th.

CASTALIA.—The friends in this locality are few in number, but brave and true. They have no organization; no place of meeting except a school-house. A union meeting-house was proposed, and the land to build on offered by Bro. Selvy, but the project was rejected by the Orthodox people. A Methodist preacher here declared he had never before heard anything on the subject of Spiritualism.

KIRTLAND.—Friday afternoon, June 4th, A. A. Wheelock will lecture in the town hall, commencing at two o'clock. Collation and Social in the evening, for the benefit of this paper.

ST. MARY'S, Auglaize Co., O.—Amos Benton, writing from this place, says: "There is a section

of country in Auglaize and Mercer counties, but little known to the outside world, inhabited by people coming from different parts of our great country, and holding a variety of opinions in regard to political and religious matters, among whom are thinly scattered some Free Thinkers and Spiritualists, who are seeking for light, more light, and not being entirely satisfied with that which is weekly dispensed from the orthodox pulpit, requested a lecturer to come over and speak to them on matters pertaining to the future, or at least to the unseen world. Five lectures were delivered by Dr. J. H. Randall, which were well received by all free and independent thinkers, and by some who are still bound to the old established theories of theology; but there were others who thought to the penitentiary for life was about the mildest infliction that ought to be meted out to him; and, perhaps they thought it would add greatly to their happiness in the future, while standing on the high battlements of heaven themselves, to see him, and those of his faith, rolling and tossing on the mad waves of fiery brimstone throughout eternal ages—notwithstanding that he said nothing harsh—nothing disrespectful of their doctrine and belief, but only expressed his convictions of their want of foundation in truth.

The subject of the last lecture which the Doctor gave, was given to him at the time, by a committee appointed for the purpose, viz.: "What was the character and mission of Jesus Christ?"

The Doctor treated the subject in a masterly manner, to the entire satisfaction of all unprejudiced minds; but there were some, of course, who did not agree with him, that Jesus was a mere man, conceived and born in the same way, and by the same natural laws, as all other human beings—that his mission was nothing more than that of any other good philanthropist, and that there was no peculiar merit in his death, the merit being in his life—in his extraordinary development as a good man, healing medium and moral teacher. This, of course, did not suit the views of Orthodox hearers, and one man, who disclaimed any connection with any church, said he would give his views on this subject, at that place, on the following Sunday—which appointment was punctually kept, and he preached the Roman Catholic doctrine of the immaculate conception, proving by the Scriptures, as he believed, that Christ was God as well as man. He quoted numerous texts, both from the Old and New Testament, commencing with the first chapter of John, and summed up his evidences by saying that Christ suffered himself to be worshipped as God, therefore, if he was not God, he practiced deception, and was a very dishonest, bad man. He said that his mission was one of peace and good will to men—that he was the Prince of Peace, co-existent and co-equal with God the Father; that God was the author of all things good, but not of all things evil.

At the close, I read to him the seventh verse of the forty-fifth chapter of Isaiah. "I form the light, and create darkness; I make peace, and create evil:—I, the Lord, do all these things." He then contended that evil was not sin; but had to admit that all sin was evil. I then referred him to the tenth chapter of Matthew, thirty-fourth, thirty-fifth and thirty-sixth v., which are given as Christ's own words, in which he expressly says that he did not come as a messenger of peace, but to create strifes and dissensions. But that did not mean what it said, yet his quotations meant exactly what they expressed. He brought with him extracts from the apocryphal New Testament, and quoted Nicodemus, who says that the saints arose from their graves and went into the holy city at the time of the crucifixion; and he spoke of the angel appearing to John, and forbidding John to worship him, because he was only one of his fellow servants, the prophets, and finally made Spiritualism clear by his own arguments, which he was forced to admit, but said Spiritualism was antagonistic to the Bible, and if true it destroyed it, and if the Bible was true, as he contended it was, to his certain knowledge it destroyed Spiritualism; a statement at least somewhat paradoxical, which left the matter in something of a muddle, yet Orthodox minds looked upon it as clear and lucid.

it is still harder to conceive, clearly, how a son can be his own father, as must be the case if Father, Son and Holy Ghost are one, coequal and coexistent, and the immaculate conception of Jesus Christ is true.

SHALL WE DRESS IN MOURNING?

ONE of the most astonishing spectacles is that of a believer in the cheering philosophy of Spiritualism, putting on the weeds of woe. To those who regard death as the "King of Terrors," it may be well, but for a believer in the return of the departed, it is contradictory to the belief expressed. We know the feelings of the lacerated heart, and deeply sympathize with its agonized throbs as it is robbed of what it has ever considered the loved. Over the grave the mourner gazes sadly and wearily, the senses crushed and torn and the spirit dimmed by the pelting rain, insensible to the impressions of the invisible world. The dark clouds of the physical senses obscure the spiritual sun, and we cry out from our rack of torture, to those who are gone, and over the chill void even echo refuses her answer. If we loved the living we worship the dead. We would pay them respect. We would change for them the order of our lives, and constantly give outward expression to our grief. We give such expression in our garments. The sack-cloth and ashes of the heathen devotee become crape and black satin. If the dead are truly dead; if they go down to the grave as a final goal; if they pass to an infinitely removed hell, or almost equally deplorable, a heaven where they forget us in the new scenes with which they are surrounded; if death destroys all human emotions and feelings, and if we meet on the shining shore our departed ones, as cold, intellectual passivities, oh then, let us put on, not only mourning garments, but the hair-cloth of the ancients, that its irritation may constantly remind us of our irreparable loss! Let us wear it not for a year, but for our mortal lives.

If, on the contrary, we receive the Spiritual philosophy, and believe that death is only the gateway to another better and brighter state of existence; that the spirits of the departed are constantly around us, and all that is required is a channel for us to receive words of love from them, why should we put on the meaningless weeds of woe?

If our grief repeats itself on the minds of the departed, it is selfish in us to repine, and by our sorrow give pain to those for whom we suffer. Mourning garments perpetuate and keep alive this unwarranted grief. They are fitting for a barbarian, or a believer in the doctrines descended from an age of barbarism, but not for those who know that death is the usher to a higher plane of existence.

Respect for the dead!—not to be paid with crape and solemn faces, sighs and tears, but a well-ordered life, that shall reflect the purity of those loved ones who look down on us from the vernal heights of Immortality.

REMINISCENCE.

AMONG the early recollections of the writer, is the advent into an obscure community of a lecturer upon the subject of Electro-Magnetism. Handbills were circulated announcing among other remarkable phenomena, that smooth pieces of iron would be held together without visible fastening, so that two strong men could not pull them apart, and small metallic images would spring from the table to a piece of "witch-iron," or loadstone, suspended above them, etc., etc. A few who were believed to be prone constitutionally to "new-fangled notions," were so indiscreet as to express their credulity, only to be laughed at by a larger number, who declared that it was "time enough to be-

themselves." Others stoutly affirmed that such performances "were agin natur," and must be accomplished by secreted machinery; besides, such exhibitions turned young minds from the contemplation of more serious subjects, and had a tendency to break up the prevailing winter revivals—they ought not to be countenanced! More than this, the "lectricity man" had said that it was not a "providential dispensation" which killed Jake Meigs, (who was struck by lightning while finishing a hay-stack, Sunday,) but that "twould have been all the same if the parson, who preached his funeral sermon and sent him to hell, had been up there instead, with the same long-handled pitchfork, any week-day when a thunder-storm was coming. This saying reached the school-committee, who, although they had promised the village school-room to the lecturer, refused to hand over the key until they had obtained definite assurance from him that no such "dangerous principles" would be advanced. Deacon Alger and Mrs. Deacon Fox embraced—thinking an example should be set—the opportunity to express their disapproval by their absence.

A mere lad, we still took a lively interest in what was decidedly the event of the winter in that obscure locality, and early filed an application with a doting grandpa for the necessary pennies to purchase a half-ticket, which entitled us to a front seat on the floor, among about fifty other highly excited urchins.

The exhibition proceeded—all that was promised was not only performed, but explained, to be discussed and re-discussed for weeks, in the isolated homes of that rural neighborhood.

The revival languished; and two weeks subsequent to the lecture, Elder Simonds gave one of his "most ablest" discourses upon "providential dispensations." He alluded to the death by "direct visitation from God," as an illustration, dwelt at length upon the lamentable disparity between religious growth and intellectual attainments in these "last days," and insisted that the rapid increase of "so-called" science was simply putting power into the hands of the unregenerate.

But the lecture introduced us to a new realm of thought, demonstrated to our young mind the power of unseen influences, and step by step has led us toward a comprehension of the sublime truths of the Spiritual philosophy.

FRAUD.

ONE Wm. Ferries is denounced as a rope-tying humbug, by the Sunday evening conference of the first Society of Spiritualists of Milwaukee, Wis. A series of resolutions are published in the Banner of Light to that effect, signed by the President, George W. Machie.

The man who tampers by fraud with the evidences of future life, and for gain, or any reason, outrages the souls of earnest inquirers through his deceptions, is a wretch it were more than courtesy to call a villain! The whole matter of rope-tying is an unnecessary brutality, and not satisfactory as a test. Any well trained lad will struggle out of most of the bonds which can be constructed in this way. There are but a few ways in which a supple fellow can be made fast, and those ways not the ones liable to suggest themselves to persons who have not experience. We are fully convinced that spirits can and do, tie and untie ropes, but we do affirm there are other pleasanter, more effective and desirable ways of testing their powers, and that without abusing the medium, as is now sometimes done.

Before long, in an article upon the "Motive Phase of Mediumship," reference will be made to the matter. In the meantime, let the worthy and honest mediums receive the reward they merit—the conditions they require; and the counterfeiting impostor the

EASTERN DEPARTMENT.

BOSTON, MASS., SATURDAY, MAY. 29, 1869

GEORGE A. BACON, - - - EDITOR & AGENT.

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MORALITY VERSUS RELIGION.

THE following extracts are from an editorial in the Boston Gazette, of May 15th. They express the general sentiments of those who really think on this subject in the light of common sense.

Similar views are forcing themselves upon the attention of those who are farthest within the pale of the church, and will yet cause the church to build itself anew. It is refreshing to find such healthy expressions in a paper like the Gazette, which probably circulates more freely, and is read more generally on Sundays by Bostonians, than any other one paper.

Has Protestantism come, or is it in the act of coming, to a practical divorce of religion and morals? Are we drifting into a conception of Christian piety which virtually regards the religious character as something standing outside of and apart from the moral character, and having no vital or necessary connection with it? * * The question is certainly one of the gravest consequence; and those who have any interest or understanding in it can hardly be too prompt in shaking it up, and striving to come at the right of it.

We have more than once taken occasion to remark that the clergy in this country, those of them at least with whose doings we are most familiar, have somehow worked the moral and theological elements of the Gospel strangely out of their natural proportion and order. Of course they do not consciously hold any antinomian theories or opinions: they would be among the last to teach or to tolerate any such doctrines explicitly or directly; yet their course is full of subtle and indirect consequences in that behalf. We have long seen, or thought we saw, that the tendency of their proceedings was to make religion, in effect, a substitute for duty. The natural inference from their most prevalent and most popular style of teaching is, that so men be pious enough, and emphatic enough in their piety, they need not mind much about being honest and true. And it matters little in this respect, perhaps none at all, whether their piety be the piety of ritualism or that of revivalism, and whether it goes by ecclesiastical millinery, or by sentimental effervescence.

* * * People are led to place the soul of religion in certain doctrinal tenets and propositions, or in certain excitements, agonies and transports of the camp-meeting and the anxious-seat, or in stimulating themselves through a given process, and experiencing, as they suppose, some inward changes, and getting up some emotional tokens of vital piety. These sentimental raptures, ecstasies and vapors have no practical force, value or meaning whatever: they are quite from or beside the purpose of keeping the commandments, of doing justly, loving mercy, and walking humbly: their tendency is rather to relax the sinews of virtuous living; for a subtle compounding process often takes place, and people are by these means betrayed into dispensing with the active and essential parts of duty. All this, it seems to us, is not a whit better, in fact it is much the same in principle, as the course of those who give their thoughts mainly to the cut and color of their ecclesiastical garments, and to ritualistic playings, and petty ceremonial observances, and all the elaborate trifling of devotional theatricals. Both kinds of performances are at the best mere pastimes of religious fancy and sentimentality; they involve no discipline of Christian virtue, call into exercise no principle of moral growth; they yield people no aid towards conquering their evil habits and tempers; they have no force to kindle or sustain the energies of practical duty: if they ease the conscience, it is only to hurt by easing; cheating the heart with unrealities and shadows, and unbuilding it from the solidities of truth; deluding people with the notion that the Christian life consists in fancy and feeling, and not in doing that which is right:

and, in short, possessing them with the idea, at once foolish and wicked, of thinking, or feeling, or playing out their salvation, instead of working it out.

* * However people may disown it in words, it is nevertheless written deep in their hearts, and their acts declare it, that the being a good man has little or nothing to do with being a good Christian.

* * Let them have now and then a windy or a showery day of emotional repentance, and they need not concern themselves about doing works meet for repentance. He that hath clean hands and a pure heart, that hath used no deceit in his tongue, nor done evil to his neighbor, may do very well for this world; but he is merely a formal, unevangelical person, and knows not what vital piety is. The idea of serving God, and communing with Him by religiously heeding the sanctity of His law in the daily walks of business, society and recreation, has become well-nigh obsolete. * * *

Under such a course of teaching, it is no wonder that Christianity, holy and perfect as is its moral legislation, should have ceased to have much perceptible influence on the moral conduct of life. To make men fair and upright and just in their dealings, speaking the truth from the heart, and self-exacting in their business and social intercourse, has pretty much grown, in the popular estimate, to be no part of its legitimate work. Men have enough other ways of being pious without any such daily trouble as that. And it is a little strange that many an earnest and true man, seeing how much of holy sham there is in it, should sicken of the whole thing, and turn away from it as a delusion and a snare. The instincts of moral manhood may well teach them that it is far better to be an honest infidel outright, than thus to hold the faith in unrighteousness. * * * In considering the enormously disproportionate time and stress which our clergy are in the habit of giving to the mint and anise and cummin of Christian piety, while overlooking the weightier matters of the law, we have often been reminded of Prince Henry's comment on Falstaff's items of tavern account: "Oh, monstrous! but one-half-pennyworth of bread to this intolerable deal of sack!" In its intellectual aspect, the thing is ludicrous enough; but in its moral and religious aspect, it is infinitely sad.

CHRISTIAN PROGRESS.—Eighty per cent. of the Spanish people are grossly ignorant. In 1860 the astounding fact was officially made known that, out of a population of 16,673,000, only 3,136,000 Spaniards were able to read and write. Manifestly self-government is an impossibility in Spain. Besides, Spain has no ordinary roads, and only a few wretched railroads, built by French capital. Fuel is scarce; the Spanish farmer has no market. Coal has to be carried on the back of asses. There is no working class, properly so called, in Spain. There is a peasantry, a professional and official class, but the commercial or industrial class is small.

Spain has been the most devotedly pious and prayerful nation in the world. Priests and popes, kings and queens have nearly ruined her. Now a band of patriotic infidels are trying to reform all that, but the task is almost hopeless.

A GIRL LIVING WITHOUT FOOD.—A little girl at Llanfankelyr—Arth, Wales, England, is said to have lived since the 10th of Oct., 1867, without food. A committee of respectable men was formed sometime ago to inquire into the case; three gentlemen were requested to watch the girl. These gentlemen, one of whom is a medical student from Llandyssul, another a scholar of St. David's College, Lampeter, and the third a medical assistant, watched the girl continually from March 22nd, to April 5th, and they state that nothing whatever was given her during that time. So the story rests, incredible as it is true, but supported by evidence that is difficult to disbelieve.—Boston Journal.

DR. CHALMERS beautifully says: "The little that I have been in the world, and known of the history of mankind, teaches me to look upon their errors in sorrow, not in anger. When I take the history of one poor heart that has sinned and suffered, and represent to myself the struggles and temptations it has passed through, the brief pulsations of joy, the tears of regret, the feebleness of purpose, the scorn of the world that has little charity, the

desolation of the soul's sanctuary, and threatening voices within, health gone, happiness gone—I would fain leave the erring soul of my fellow-man with Him from whose hands it came."

OLD PEOPLE.

THERE is another sort of human beauty than that made up of coral lips and beaming eyes. It is a beauty that is not of the face nor of the mind; and it belongs only to old people, for the beauty we speak of is memory. It is the memories which old people bring along to our days out of ancient years which gives them their beauty. They stand like bas-relief designs on life's historical page—they are like stories commenced in a chapter long since turned over and continued under an increased numerical superscription. Memories cling to them like the scent of rosemary—associations adhere, surrounding them with a kind of light, like cobwebs that gleam around the leafless branches of a tree that has whitened to many a long winter. The veneration which all decent minds feel for old age, flows from the veneration of the past, which is one of countless human instincts. What is remote always takes a distinct majesty; we respect it as a thing of which we know just enough to perceive how unfamiliar we are with it. The present is of ourselves, a portion of our being, an abstraction with which we are ever face to face, and which we caress or maltreat as the humor takes us. There is an affection for the present, but no respect. Old age, then, has this advantage over a younger generation. In its presence we are standing before the adumbration of past glories. That skinny hand was plump, we think, that filmed eye was keen, those shrunken shanks were stout in days of which the perpetuation is to be found only in them and in our libraries. What days! These are the recollections that make poetry of old age, and impart the beauty youth may sigh for in vain.

It is no great accomplishment to have lived before the days of gas, steam, and electricity; before iron-clad steamers and the underground railway. And yet the fact deserves reverential recognition. Such a life comes to us instinct with the associations of great men and stirring times—times that appear to us with a more quickening eloquence than we are likely to exert upon posterity. The old people of our day spring from a period when genius spoke as it speaks not now. We are no unworthy inheritors of that genius; but the channels into which we have directed it will excite in the minds of posterity admiration rather than affection. It is just the difference between the age of iron and the age of gold. We love the memories of our old people—the memories of the old people of the future will, we think, awaken only astonishment.—The Leader.

RELIGIOUS MATTERS IN THE SPANISH CORTES.—In the Spanish Cortes, a Congress, April 27th, one of the Republican members made a speech in which he advocated atheistical (?) principles, and alluded to the Christian religion in terms of disrespect. He was interrupted by Senior Rivers, President of the Cortes, who declared that the deputy could not be permitted to continue his remarks. The Republicans, indignant at the decision of the President, withdrew from the chamber. They subsequently returned to their seats and proposed a vote of censure against the President. A stormy debate followed, terminating in the withdrawal of the resolutions.

Spain tolerates all religions since the revolution, and though the Catholic church is the established one, will probably be found as liberal as England whose precedent she copies, supporting another form however. Honor to the Spanish radicals!—Mil. Gracias Senoras.

THE OLDEST SPIRITUALIST.—Methusaleh did not live so long as he might have done had he attended to good advice; for it is written that, as he was sleeping on the ground, when well stricken in years, an angel came to him and told him that if he would rise up and build himself a house to lie in, he would live five hundred years more. Methusaleh made answer that it was not worth while to take a house for so short a term. And so he died before he was a thousand years old.

National Convention, Buffalo, Aug. 31, 1869.

PLANCHETTE; OR THE DESPAIR OF SCIENCE.

This is the title of a publication recently issued from the Boston press of Messrs. Roberts & Brothers. It has, within a very short period, received a rapid and wide spread circulation. The volume bears the initials and its pages the witness of the profound philosophy and elegant scholarship of Mr. Epes Sargent, a name widely familiar to the readers of American literature.

The title is no indication of the matter contained in the book; but was selected, we suppose, as well from the popularity of the little parlor toy, which of late has created such a stir and confusion in orthodox circles, as for the purpose of giving a broader scope to the facts, phenomena and philosophy of Spiritualism. The author has most concisely grouped many of the remarkable phenomena which have attended the birth and progress of the New Religion. He has shown conclusively the fact—if human testimony is worth anything—that the spirits of the dead can and do communicate with mortals. He has adduced such evidence as cannot be rejected in a Court of Justice, to establish the great truth of the Immortality of the Soul of Men.

Let us consider for a moment the grandeur and beauty of this wondrous problem of the ages past.

Struggling along for hundreds of centuries; groping in the darkness of materialism, atheism and pantheism; getting a gleam of light from the blind faith of Christianity, or a faint hope from the philosophy of Rationalism, the human race has come to the stature of its present spiritual maturity. Coming up in organic life from the grosser materials of the earth, through all the forms in the kingdoms below him, man has reached his present advanced state of physical and mental development. It is not difficult to trace in that part of ethnological history which pertains peculiarly to mental phenomena, the rise and progress of the religious element. It has risen from the worship of sticks, stones and idols, to the adoration of the sun, moon and stars. It has bended the knee to dumb animals and deified the human form; fallen in the dust beneath a golden calf and canonized a Jesus. We may even trace the period when the idea of immortality was born to man in the age of Moses, emphatically the age of barbarism and brute force, when the law was "an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth," and blood for blood. Man had no idea of a future life, at least the Jewish man had not, for in the Pentateuch there is nothing which intimates of a life beyond the grave. There is no law or doctrine of Moses laid down or enforced with a reference to the salvation or future well-being of man, nothing in fact which pertains to a life beyond the confines of the earth.

Jesus came to inaugurate a new era; it was "peace on Earth and good will to Man"—the era of Love and Kindness. In his time the idea had in some way crept in among the Pharisees, that the soul of man was immortal, the Sadducees adhering to the teachings of Moses, did not believe it, and it was left for that despised sect of the Jews to teach the first principles of immortality. Jesus himself taught the same principles and lived a life which verified his teaching, a fact which cannot be stated of many of those who, in modern times, claim as special election as his disciples, and profess to teach his doctrines. It is not difficult to trace the rise and progress of the spiritual idea in man. The limits of a paper like this of course forbid anything like an extended examination of the subject, and we must therefore be contented with a mere statement of the fact which we believe to be fully understood by our ethnological students, that the spiritual perceptions and faculties are of comparatively recent origin; that there was a time not remote in the history of the race, when the human mind did not rise above the trees, or in other words, that man had no conception of anything above the mere surface of the earth. But like all other things in nature, man is subject to the universal law of progress, ever developing from the lower to the higher planes, until at last he has come to understand and comprehend the spiritual realities of life which pertain to and are inseparable from his existence on this planet. We do not mean to say that all persons are endowed with these spiritual faculties or are able to comprehend spiritual truths; this is not a fact, for if it was all persons would at once become Spiritualist, and would comprehend nature from the same standpoint. This would be in violation of the eternal law of progress, and would destroy that variety in nature which is essential to the development of truth and to the onward march of events; thus the results of the law would destroy the cause itself.

But we have now reached a point in the history of our mental philosophy where there is presented to the mind a certain class of effects, which if admitted to be true, tend to a verification of all the highest hopes and the noblest aspirations of man. We de-

sire to be immortal, we wish to live always. The Christian has a certain faith that the soul does not perish, but his future is shrouded in uncertainty, his life beyond the grave surrounded with darkness and doubt, he has no knowledge of the great hereafter. It is the gloom of midnight illumined only by a ray of hope.

Twenty-one years ago, a tiny rap was heard near Rochester, in the State of New York—an angel rapping at the door of human hearts. This little rap, grown to great proportions and diffusing itself with a variety of the most wonderful phenomena, is the corner-stone of the grandest edifice ever raised by human hands to the memory of an eternal principle.

These phenomena, classified and arranged in this book with objections stated and refuted, it is claimed by those who profess to understand them, furnish irrefragable proof of that which under other systems of religion or philosophy is only a hope, a dream, or a matter of blind faith. While Christianity leaves man at the grave in the grossest kind of darkness, this philosophy raises him up a regenerated spirit—tells us how we live and where we live after we put aside the vestments of mortality and assume the garb of angels. Spiritualism exhibits death to us, not as the common enemy of mankind, but as the friend and saviour of the race. It being the birth of the spirit into a life new but yet comprehensible to all, is not to be feared or dreaded any more than the birth of an infant into this life should be feared by it, but rather welcomed as a relief from physical suffering, and as the advent of a morning pregnant with the glories of a brilliant future. Rejecting the theories of a system of arbitrary reward and punishment, Spiritualism comes with its authenticated facts, to show to man exactly how he does live when he passes beyond the confines of his material body. A grand philosophy recognizes the fatherhood of God and the common brotherhood of man, claiming that no man shall call God his father who does not also call man his brother. It alleges that man, having a common origin, is sure also of a common destiny—that none in the Universe are lost—that God, who does all things well in regard to the task of taking care of all his creatures, with a verified knowledge that all who lived together and loved each other here, will live together and still love each other in the land of the morning, this beautiful system, the result of the logic of nature, comes to every human heart with a sympathetic appeal to the finer attributes of the soul which cannot be resisted. To the wife whose companion has passed beyond the confines of mortality—to the mother who has laid the body of her young babe in the church-yard, the angel whisper comes telling her that all is not lost—that the loved ones still live and still love her as deeply, as fervently, in the land of the immortals, as they did when in immediate contact on the earth, and that in the not distant future, the reunion is certain and fixed. If this is not a consolation and a comfort, then there is no consolation in religion for the severance of human affections.

As a philosophy, Spiritualism is as broad as the extended universe—goes from star to star, from system to system—opens the pages of nature, and seeks to understand the laws of God as manifested in the works of his hand. 'It is shorn of all the troubles which besets the Christian in his dark and weary pilgrimage of life. It has no hell of fire and sulphur to bring black despair. It cares not for the fashion of altars, the shape of gowns, the true mode of baptism.' It has no house of worship, no forms, ceremonies or rituals, but beneath the dome of nature's grand cathedral every human soul may aspire to God. Maligned by its enemies, and stabbed in the house of its friends, Spiritualism is still growing in stature and strength, counting its believers by millions, its inspired apostles by tens of thousands; it is building up a system which is at once a positive philosophy and a natural religion.

GEO. A. SHUFELDT, JR.

A SERMON IN THE ARMY.

An article in The Spiritualist some time since in regard to the Spiritualism of H. W. Beecher, recalled to mind a sermon I once heard in the army.

Sermons in the army, as elsewhere, presented considerable of variety. When the 'contrabands' came into Tullahoma, after the evacuation of the place by Gen. Bragg in '63, a part of them were assigned quarters in an old church building directly opposite where my own tent stood at the time. They seemed to run entirely to religion; they sung, prayed, exhorted, and preached every evening. Looking at the troubled times through the eye of ignorance and superstition, they appeared to realize that there was a mighty and mysterious hand directing events to some wonderful end. They were perfect strangers to the idea of cause and effect; and I never witnessed the devotions of a people so purely mystical in its spirit. It carried one back to primitive times. There were no attempts at reasoning; the exercises were

entirely declamatory and sensational. The feeling phase of Methodism seemed to have found fitting subjects.

From this part of the village, our battery, the 20th Ohio, was sent inside the rebel fort Raines. Just outside the gate, was the encampment of the 79th Regiment, Illinois. On Sunday evening, the 26th of July, 1863, I heard singing in the Methodist fashion outside the post. Being in the mood to improve all such occasions, I attended. The services were conducted by the Colonel of the 79th Illinois, a tall, pleasant looking man, whom I had seen several times before, who was known throughout the brigade as a very humane officer, and who was a father to his men and so regarded by them—a very rare thing in the army.

After prayer he took occasion to refer to the little company assembled to hear him as affording a marked contrast with the regiment, a thousand strong, which had left home for the battle-fields of the South only a year or so before. Every advance, every retreat, every battle, had reduced the number, till now the regiment was only a remnant, a little family group.

Here he was interrupted by an orderly who handed him a dispatch. After reading it, the preacher remarked that he had often observed a want of interest in their Sunday evening meetings, but that he had something now to communicate to them which would be of interest to all:

Gen. Morgan had been taken prisoner in Ohio. The speaker had often heard of people going in at the big end of the horn and coming out at the little end; Morgan, the great raider, had gone in at the big end, but we had made the other end so small that he could not get out at all. He thought it would be just so with all the rebels; whereupon he proceeded to review the course of events, giving hope to his soldier audience that the time would come by and by when the last battle would be fought, and the victorious veterans might all return to their homes.

But encouragement was needed now. I do not recollect that he recommended them to Jesus or to God for help. Such recommendation might have seemed to be far-fetched, in the spirit of the camp. He referred with pathos to the loss of two or three of his own children, but he did not believe that they were wholly lost to him. He felt that in times of trial and danger these children were with him to afford comfort and help.

This he might preach to war-worn and home-sick soldiers; but I had to ask myself whether he would have dared preach it in the theological atmosphere of his circuit at home.

He had occasion in the course of his sermon to define hell. He said it was the second death; "that it meant separation from God, from heaven. It did not mean corporal punishment; it meant to be cast out with all the wicked from the presence and society of the good."

These are all the points necessary to state here. Aside from the singing, the meeting did not seem like a Methodist meeting. There were no women, and I felt more than once that there could not be a genuine Methodist meeting without the presence of women. There was no sensationalism. The sermon was not in the spirit of Methodism. His idea about the guardian spirits of his children was spiritualistic. That concerning future punishment was by no means orthodox; it was to assert the grouping of people in the next world according to their affinities of character; and I made this application for myself, that if I should be delegated to some corner of the other world with others of like tastes with myself, I should not think our hell a very bad place. And though I could not then, any more than now, assure myself of the truth of those spiritualistic views. I felt gratified, nevertheless, to see an orthodox minister step out from the beaten track of dogmas, and hear him preach doctrines so unlike those of orthodox Methodism. The circumstances of war had broken the mold of routine-sermonizing for one clergyman, and here he was preaching heretical doctrines.

So fully had I come, from my experience and observation in the service, to appreciate the worth of any officer who evinced a fatherly concern for his men, that, though he never had occasion to befriend me, I remember Col. Buckner, of the 79th Illinois, with a feeling akin to gratitude.

Shortly after this, his regiment, with most of the brigade, was overwhelmed at Chickamauga, and I think more than half of it killed, wounded, or taken prisoners. The following summer, on Sherman's toilsome and bloody march from Chattanooga to Atlanta, the Colonel was seriously wounded. Have not heard, but trust he still lives; and whether he preaches orthodox Methodism, or something more liberal, I am sure he will temper it with his own native humanity; and as once the man rose superior to the officer, so now may that same man rise superior to

TO THE SPIRITUALISTS OF OHIO.

FINDING that my business connected with the "Missionary Work" and The American Spiritualist makes this city a more central point for me than Toledo, I have located in Cleveland. My home and address will hereafter be, No. 16 ANN STREET, CLEVELAND, O.

While hoping to add to the number of our friends in this beautiful "Forest City," we would assure the many dear ones in Toledo of our sincere regrets at leaving them. They are all remembered by us; and we shall ever have the same interest in their happiness as individuals and their success as a Society and Lyceum, as though we lived there.

Having been requested by brother Tuttle, Secretary of the Executive Board, to visit the Societies and Lyceums already organized, my Missionary Work during the summer will be mostly on the Western Reserve and in Northern Ohio. I would call the attention of the friends in each locality, to the great importance of AIDING and ASSISTING to carry forward, with more vigor and fervor, than ever before, this NEEDED WORK. The field is broad—requires time. Money is needed in any work to make it a success. Only a little from each one, then there is no burden, and the work goes on! We have made a glorious beginning. Eighteen Lyceums organized in one year and several more soon will be. While other States are suspending missionary labor for lack of means, let Ohio push ahead as the BANNER STATE in this work, and let her still challenge the East and the West, to keep pace with her in the grand march she is making!

Those who wish me to address meetings in their localities, organize Societies and Lyceums, or attend grove-meetings, should address me at once, as much of my time for speaking during the summer is already engaged. I speak for the Society in Cleveland during the Sundays in June and will attend grove-meetings or lecture evenings, if desired, at a reasonable distance from the city during that month.

A. A. WHELOCK, Ohio State Missionary.
16 Ann street, Cleveland, O.

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Hoc Scripto Testatum Volumus Virum Probum

J. WORTHINGTON STEWART, M. D.

Omnia Studia et exercit ad gradum Doctoris in Arte Medica spectantia rite et legitime peregrinasse; cumque, coram professoribus examinatione comprobatum Doctorem in Arte Medica, creavimus et constituimus; eique omnia jura, immunitates et privilegia ad ileum gradum hic aut ubique gentium pertinencia dedimus et concessimus. In cujus rei majorem fidem, hocce diploma, communi nostro sigillo munitum, et chirographis nostris subscriptum, sit testimonio. Honorum admissimus, Dei I, Mensis Januarii.

J. S.

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I HAD been suffering from the effects of a blow on the head, which happened in June, 1867, which produced weakness of the brain and spine, causing me to suspend, in a great measure, both physical and mental labor. I had received some benefit from different treatments, but would always take a relapse. About the first of April, 1869, I called on Dr. Stewart. The Doctor located my disease, without my giving him any information as to what the difficulty was. I was encouraged to take treatment, and can gratefully say that I am now able to perform a pretty good day's PHYSICAL WORK, and my brain has been benefited also. Dr. Stewart's treatment has, up to present date, proved a PERMANENT BENEFIT to me. I will say that I have not obeyed his instructions as to performing hard labor, which he objected to; and I think I would have been even better than I am, had I taken his advice. I know of no invalid, in or about Salem, treated by Doctor Stewart, who has not either been cured or benefited by his treatment.

Very respectfully submitted to the afflicted, by, Yours truly, LEWIS SCHILLING.

MISS AONES CRAIN became deaf by inflammation of the brain, April, 1865; could hear no sounds for four years, but talked by writing or by the hand signs, called on Dr. Stewart about the first of last April. From that time she began to improve, and now hears the clock strike. It was so strange a noise at first that it frightened her very much, so that she came running to her mother to know what was the matter. She can also distinguish the different voices, when her eyes are closed. She hears at times very plainly. She also had a large swelling on her neck for three years, that disappeared under his treatment.

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WITCHCRAFT IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

The South Bend National Union of last Saturday gives the following astounding facts in regard to a young girl who has been in a trance for eleven weeks, and while in that condition has made some remarkable revelations. While under this influence she speaks German correctly. The Union says:

Some weeks ago it was our intention to lay the following facts of the following very singular case before our people, but at the request of the physician, Dr. Fletcher, have been waiting further developments:

North of the village of Mishawaka lives a well-to-do farmer, named Jacob Martin, a Pennsylvania Dutchman.

Mrs. Martin was born in Germany, but the language used in the family for years has been English, the parents preferring to have the children speak that instead of the German language. Mr. Martin's mother had formerly lived in the family and slept with Julia, a girl about thirteen years of age. According to the statements of several who have visited the family, the old lady has for some time had the unenviable reputation of being a witch. About a year ago it was not found agreeable to have her in the family, so she was removed to Mishawaka. Shortly afterwards Julia was attacked with rheumatism, and in a short time her limbs swelled so that they had to be bandaged. She had to be cared for like an infant from this time till about ten weeks ago, when she fell into a trance, which lasted for three days, during which time she took no nourishment, apparently in a deep sleep, from which no one could succeed in waking her. Several physicians visited her, but could not determine what the symptoms betokened. Dr. Fletcher, of our city, was at this time called, who pronounced it catalepsy, produced by spinal difficulty. On the evening of the third day she awoke in convulsions during which time she bit her tongue so that a spoon covered with cloth had to be kept in her mouth. Several thicknesses of the cloth were bitten through in a few minutes. During a lucid interval she made some startling revelations in regard to her grandmother, asserting that she had bewitched her, and was endeavoring to make her CHEW HER TONGUE OUT, to prevent her telling the strange things which had been revealed in the visions. Her conversation was carried on in 'high' German, which had never been spoken in the family, and much of which they could not understand. When they did not comprehend her she talked the Pennsylvania Dutch quite as fluently, although she never was able to speak a connected sentence in either language before. She also related a circumstance regarding some ladies of South Bend. Upon investigation, it was found to be reported correctly. Told of some persons who were on the way to see her but had met with an accident. Shortly after the ladies arrived and stated that they were detained by the breaking of their vehicle near South Bend.

On Sunday last she was conscious about an hour, at which time she insisted that it was the influence of her grandmother which caused her illness. She wept bitterly when she spoke of going away again, said she feared she might never see them again, but stated that she 'would be back again on Wednesday if permitted to return.' When asked if she did not want something to eat, she stated that she had taken no nourishment for several days. When questioned as to what kind of food, she said: 'We eat manna where I've been.'

On Wednesday about noon, she suddenly awoke from her long trance, and stated that 'God had told her that she could sit up at the table and eat anything she wanted.' At her urgent request her father lifted her from the bed where she has lain helpless so many weeks, and placed her in a chair at the table, when she helped herself to potatoes, bread and butter, fried eggs, and pie; everything but meat she partook of freely, and when her mother, frightened at the quantity she was eating, chided her, saying she feared the consequences, the girl stated that God had told her nothing she ate would hurt her, and that she must cheer them (her parents) up. They had been low spirited for many weeks, and now must be encouraged. There had been evil spirits in possession of her, she said, for ten weeks, but the good spirits had overcome them. She stated that the doctor was giving her just the medicine she needed, with this exception, that since he had seen her she had a soreness in her throat and lungs, and she wished them to write to him for a prescription to remove that difficulty. Upon being laid back in the bed, her voice changed, and she spoke as follows:

'I am Julia's aunt (naming an aunt who had died in Germany.) You have had a very sick girl. She is not now exactly sick, but will show a change in a few days. If God should take her away, you must not mourn for her, for she is His child. I think however that she will be permitted to remain with you.'

She also told several other singular things which we are requested to withhold at present. On Wednesday afternoon, when we last saw Julia, she was in that same death-like stupor that has characterized her disease for nearly eleven long weeks. Her body is wasted to a mere skeleton. Altogether it is one of the most singular cases of which there seems to be any record.

Sentinel, of May 12th, 1869. It is the record of a very interesting case of mediumism, under peculiar circumstances. Simply from the statements made, a definite analysis may be impossible; but enough is given to indicate to the scientific Spiritualist the general condition. We may accept the statement of Dr. Fletcher as to the existence of spinal difficulty, (irritation?) Inflammatory rheumatism pre-existed; and the age of the girl may be a reason for believing that her condition may have been aggravated by the efforts of nature to establish the menses. The superstition in regard to the grandmother is to be remembered by the psychologist. In her condition, chewing of the tongue may have been only a symptom of common spasm, and her assertion as to her grandmother was probably a simple psychological reaction. Disease and fasting had made her negative, and in that condition she was easily psychologized by her family, and gave voice to their idea as to the grandmother, and her character as a witch. This impression mingled with her memory of her vision, and so she gave forth the statement and accusation, in an interval not so 'lucid' as was supposed. In this diseased, confused state, German spirits approached her, and a mixed control was established; probably the influences were in part ignorant, and some may have been angry that the old grandmother had been banished to Mishawaka. The medium seemed to be clairvoyant, though all that may have been a matter of control. Eventually, by some means, the attention of a strong, wise spirit was attracted to the unfortunate condition of things, and in a positive way he impressed the girl by his will, and thus broke the psychological condition. To her ideal he was, as she reported, 'God.' * *

The control of the sympathetic Julia followed, and under the guardianship of her aunt, her probable recovery began. We hope Dr. Fletcher may be impressed and advised to the proper course with his interesting little patient, and that her recovery may be rapid. Her development may become of use, and through her 'the good spirits' clear up some of the darkness that has enveloped South Bend. Such are our conclusions in this matter, still we are aware that negative persons are liable to injury by spiritual emanations, proceeding from disaffected or malicious people. Hate is poison, and envy venom! We are too ignorant of the law of these things, but yet slowly learning. We should be careful not to create hatred by injustice, or superstitiously make indefinite assumptions as to the agency of others in our affairs. The close study of Spiritualism is required, that such persons may be at once properly cared for, not as in a recent case, where a girl falling in a trance, was kept in a coffin, in a cold room, until (of course,) she was dead. We recommend a harmonious circle and music, with magnetic treatment; and should be glad to hear more from the case. §

LETTER FROM H. F. M. BROWN.

AMERICAN SPIRITUALIST: Some one has kindly sent me a good-looking paper bearing your name. I was glad to see you. I wished to reach forth and clasp the warm hands that sent you out, a light bearer to souls who live in dark places; but I was reminded that the Mississippi and the Missouri rivers divide us. So, the words my heart would say, I'll

"Send by the angel post to night."

I see that you have been defamed, mobbed. Blessed are they who bear the curses for Truth's dear sake. The world has never mobbed popular rascals; thorn-crowns have never been plaited for the bigots and cowards; the demagogue has no fear of being stoned and starved for conscience's sake. The prophets, the seers, the saviours are, and have always been, the targets for fools and knaves to shoot at. So, dear Spiritualist, take heart and be glad that you have been tried and found worthy of being *piet*.

I hope the city by the lake will not be condemned, like the city of the plains, for the sins of a few ignoble souls. I know something of Cleveland, and I will venture that there are among you righteous men enough to save one Sodom, and brave, beautiful women enough to redeem Gormorrah, twice or thrice.

The observer in things spiritual, sees many clouds, but he sees too, a rift in them all. Envy, spite and lies, a trio of demons, may hang cloud-curtains between you and the sun; but the angels let in the light and often twine the curses with blessings.

Mumler has been widely advertised by the late Gog and Magog battle: your friends, too, will

that Milan has sent in her words of hope in the shape of greenbacks. Milan people, and their Berlin neighbors are greatly given to deeds of mercy.

I did not begin my letter, as is the custom, by giving the town. Like the Irishman's "flea," I am nowhere; but am waiting for a train to take me to some human habitation. If my friends care to know where I am hoping to be—if they have for me, a word or newspaper, (I shall be so glad of both!) they may direct, till the middle of June, to Burlington, Colorado. I am on my way to make a flying trip through the Territory by stage; thence by rail, to Sacramento, California. I go alone, yet not alone, for besides the good angels, there is a great herd of humans bound for the mountains and plains. They are mostly men in search of gold. Thus far my way has been pleasant. The country is beautiful with flowers of every variety. For many miles the broad prairies stretch away, all covered with flowers, blue, white and yellow. Lo, the poor Indian once called the Iowa prairies, "the floor of heaven," the stars he called "angel eyes." A late star and moonlight night half-convinced me that the Red man "builded better than he knew."

H. F. M. BROWN.

CHRISTIANITY THE ONLY TRUE RELIGION, NOT THE BEST.

BY REV. GEORGE B. CHEEVER, D.D.

It is only on this ground that the evidences of Christianity can be based. Any argument that undertakes, as recently in the Atlantic Monthly, to show that Christianity is the best religion, must fail. It is either the only true religion or no religion at all. Any religion which is from God must be divine revelation; and such a religion must be without error, must be infallible, must be perfect, or God is not its author, and the pretense of its being a true religion makes it a forgery. Every religion except Christianity is a lie, and that is what makes Christianity necessary; so that Christianity, to be true, must be an aggressive and exclusive system, making every other religion false.

No error ever came from revelation; but from man arrogating the pretense and usurping the authority of revelation.

MR. CHEEVER says so, and the New York Independent prints the article from which this paragraph is taken. An editorial from the same paper confesses that its own radicalism is only half-baked, and asserts sadly that "All men are liars." Did they mean to hold up Cheever with the two Ds. as an evidence? So the Atlantic don't come to time on the question. Arrogant assumption is the cue of the D. Ds. and "It is only on this ground that the evidences of Christianity can be based." The Atlantic has not enough bigotry to write as Cheever does, nor enough courage to say with the Rev. James M. Peebles "Christianity is the humbug of the Age;" or with Rev. O. B. Frothingham, "We are no longer Christians." Mr. Cheever assumes too much. Religion is neither Christian, Mahomedan, or Brahminical; and Christianity is not even that which the Atlantic claims, but one of the worst of systems, and the arrogant intolerance of such D. Ds. is evidence in point. Brimstone hells, personal devils, tri-party Gods, illegitimate redeemers of worlds damned for fun—these are its basis, and ferocious bigotry and revengeful intolerance have been the outworkings of its spirit. Constantine set up the cross, in Europe, in a soil soaked in blood; and "eminently pious men" have murdered hundreds of thousands, to enforce a conviction of the very propositions Mr. Cheever promulgates! Outside the "Celestial flowery kingdom" say the Chinese, "are only dogs and barbarians." Mr. Cheever is a spiritual Chinaman, who finds nothing in Plato or Pythagoras, but everything and all things in his narrow sect. All that is true and beautiful of Christianity is from the Eclectic and Platonic philosophers—its indecencies and horrors, are its own; they are new forms of development for fungi from the foul soil of ignorance and superstition. Contrast the arrogance of the Christian D. D. with the Hindoo Brahman who benignly says: "Heaven is a place of many doors, and each may enter in his own way," or with the generous answer of the Lamas of Thibet; "We do not suppose ours are the only prayers in the world."

When we become possessed of "the only true religion," it will recommend itself as mathematics do to the minds of men; it will begin with fact, proceed with logic; and end in demonstration. Such a religion is not Christianity, after the