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Life Pebbles.

BY A. A. WHEELOCK.

On the shore of Life's vast ocean,
Eagerly my footsteps stroll;
Busy hands bright pebbles raising
Off the sands, where billows roll,
And oft some tide-curved crystal
Leaving, where the waves subside,
Many sea-born, countless treasures,
Which its mystic caverns hide.

Thus within God's golden sunbeams,
Poesy brings old truths to light,
Hoping that her inspiration
May, perchance, to loftier flight
Lead some heart, which struggles onward
To that heaven-lighted sphere,
Where God's works display more clearly,
What we fail to notice here.

On the tide of time progressing,
As the waves beat to and fro,
Are little life-boats, each possessing
Human heart of joy and woe.
Ah! a noble work the spirit
Hath, a mission to perform—
Pointing eyes to see the rainbow
Which is spanned beyond the storm.

DEERING HEIGHTS:

Free Love and Communism as there Practiced, and their Results.

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

CHAPTER I.

Deering Heights.

Drifting, drifting, drifting
Into unknown shadows, into night.
Hopes grey and blasted sink in the surge,
Friendships take wing like clouds;
Dreams go by with the night, as I,
Drift, drift, drifting
By the mysterious currents of Life,
Deep, unfathomable, eternal—
Out of night flowing, into night going—
Sweeping e'er onward.
Wherefore? Whitherward?
To the Unknown.
Old headlands vanish,
The beacons ahead are dim,
But the tide sets onward.

Poet and artist, since the world bloomed in its early prime, have resumed with unwearied assiduity, the task of recording the beauties of spring. They have all failed, but each individual has caught an inspiration of his own from the breath of its genial air, as a new and distinct rainbow reveals itself to every observer.

The arctic zone is a frozen world, and its short day is a burst of sunshine. It has no seasons. It is a long, black winter, a day of summer, and winter intensely cold again. There is scarce time for the white bear to wake, or the vegetative Esquimaux to supply himself with seal, before the sun drops low among the peaks of interminable, never melting, spectral icebergs, and the crushed flocs again congeal into a sparkling expanse, illumined by the waving banners of the Northern Lights. The lichens scarcely have time to tint with green the desolate rocks; the alpine flowers to spread their snowy petals; the dark ocean, freed from fetters, to toss its defiant billows, ere the Frost King binds all with inexorable chains. Winter, winter, winter, a cold and cheerless year of winter, to be followed by another. There, man-the-animal dwells in a cave of ice. His dogs or rough reindeer carry him swiftly over the crackling snow. The denizens of the ice and the sea furnish

him with food. Dwarfed nature, dwarfed man. Hopelessly, helplessly animal by the harsh treatment of Nature. O, dislike the winter, for it is cold, and cold is death.

In the torrid zone is heat and life. Perpetual summer reigns. Blazing, glaring heat and light. Vegetation b'ooms in the dews of night, and takes possession of the earth. Animal life multiplies with astonishing rapidity. There is food everywhere. Of clothing there is no need. Nature bestows with lavish hand, and man is enervated by the luxuries he cannot avoid. His spiritual nature is overshadowed and dwarfed by animal and vegetative growth. Life has the ascendancy over spirit.

The sky of purple light; the palms spreading in tropical gales their coronals of plumes, loaded with fruit, however luscious; gaudy birds and silky vested animals; life without effort, and length of days without aim, all these, oh, tropic world of wonders, are as nothing to the ever-changing vicissitudes of the temperate zone. Up and down its broad fields and interminable forests, Summer and Winter chase each other; and Spring, their child, with her sober sister, Autumn, complete a cycle which never wearies.

Spring, most beautiful of seasons; promising everything, with nothing complete. All buds and half opened flowers, but no fruit. Prophecies written by organic laws on leaf and trunk, on blade and blossom.

When the dead earth is resurrected by the returning sun, and throwing aside her shroud, reveals her wondrous beauty, Spring gaily dances abroad over the fields, with brain wild and giddy from lissomness of heart. The great forest elms blush in delicate green, and the maple, most delicate of trees, blooms in crimson; brown in the greenness of age is the oak, sturdy and rugged; and all the forest is robed ere the persuasion of the days replete with smiles and tears, quickens the blood of the walnut, benedict of trees.

The orchard is festooned with blossoms, as though in the sunny world a snow-storm had lingered, and loaded the branches. The air is redolent with fragrance.

Sunday morning, bright, beautiful and still. It is blessed to walk in the orchard.

So thought Victor and Mary Leland. They walked and talked, while nature went on with her labor. That ancient dame had been frozen all winter, and was in haste to set her agents at their appointed tasks. The breeze was the only t'uant. It was half intoxicated with perfume, and loitered because wanted everywhere, and called by every one. Occasionally it stirred itself into a lazy whirl, and made havoc with the apple blossoms. Down they came like snow. The red-bird chattered in the odoriferous bowers; the robin almost expired in his love-notes; and the bobolink rose fluttering from the grass, entangled in its own strains, and fluttered and sung in the sweetness of despair. Beautiful world for two young hearts. A new world for hearts that are new. Blossoms under foot, blossoms overhead, full of song and love; and beyond, a soft sky, amber flecked, with clouds of purple. The air is like the distilled essence of flowers. The wind threw sportively on Mary's white shoulders the petals that scarcely were whiter, but on her brown hair becoming pearls. The robins sang and the red-birds chattered together, building nests, cunningly devised; talked love, and projected schemes of cozy living. Perhaps they, too, talked love, for they were lovers; they were more—they were accepted—were one.

Here my story commences—at the point where

stories usually end. It is the custom to drop the curtain at the altar. The poets sing in burning measure, of love; love requited and love denied; the novelist plumes his pinions for lofty flights, but when the object is gained, the song of the one abruptly closes, and the other alights. It is a dull, leaden curtain that falls, grim, prosaic and practical as the advertising scene of a second-class theatre.

Now, without precedent or authority, I propose to innovate. The leaden curtain goes up, and where other actors retire, mine are summoned in the first scene. What means the popular style of treating marriage? Is it the opiate of poesy?—the cup Lethean of ideality?

Ask the robin, guarding his perfected nest, with its four fledglings, chirping feebly, but sweetly, and he will fill the whole glade with rapturous song. The curtain may fall on the altar, but they who stand there give the signal. Theirs is the responsibility, and alas! they pay the immeasurable penalty.

The town of Deering, where transpired the events we record, is situated in one of the Northern States, a location so very definite, none can fail to find it on the map. Furthermore, it is contiguous to the storms of the beautiful Lake Erie. When our story was a reality, and its characters figured on the stage of life, it was a small village resembling many another built in the West, in imitation of those that cluster on the hills and in the valleys of New England. There was a store, where everything, from molasses to shoe-thread, from silks to carpet tacks, was kept on sale. There sometimes were two running in opposition, but the intruder usually found the balance on the wrong side, and in less than a year, sold off at auction at a "fearful sacrifice."

There was a hotel—"The Deering House"—three stories, staring white, with a verandah in front, and a sitting-room—not bar-room, for Deering was a temperance town—by the side of which was a glass case, protecting the post-office boxes. All Deering owned boxes, and the most aristocratic carried the keys to private drawers; not that the immense business of the post required it, for the entire mail matter came and went in one small bag; but it was more genteel, and nothing in the wide world did the people of Deering desire more, than to be thought genteel. If Scrobs and Bobbs in the city, had their letters addressed to Box 5001, or 7080, why should not the Scrobs and Bobbs of Deering be indulged at least, in 501 or 708? It certainly sounded better, and thus, as there were less than a hundred boxes, the numbering began well up in the hundreds—almost to a thousand.

There congregated, of evenings and rainy days, the men of leisure. There sat the notary and pettefogger, Samuel Brass, who eked out a precarious living by pleading an occasional suit, where small amounts were involved, making deeds and contracts and doing what little insurance business there was to be done. Mr. Brass had very much the appearance of a foreshortened bald-eagle—an aspect given by his short figure and bald head. His business was to know everybody's business; and he considered himself the most esteemed of men, with Deering ladies, although in truth he was the subject of their ridicule. Samuel Brass, Notary, was by turns extremely pious and radically infidel. When in the latter mood, he was fearless and caustic; but when reconverted, at the semi-occasional revival meetings, a sense of the enormity of his sins would overpower him; he would weep like a child, and being a splendid tenor, would sing in the choir for the next six months.

There sat several old farmers, who had sold or leased their farms, and removed to the village to take their ease; and boys of various ages, smoking vilest cigars; and last, the town politicians, and party hangers-on, and four-corners loafers. Evening after evening, year in and year out, town and national news and politics were discussed, and although no conclusion was ever reached, there was not the least doubt in the minds of the Deering politicians, that they controlled the movements of the State.

Of these, Judge Allclaim was the leader. He owned a neglected farm on the outskirts, and made politics a profession. He was chairman of the Buncom party's central committee. He arranged for the caucuses, and met other leaders in secret conclave, to cut and dry party issues; and at election, was an unwearied ticket peddler. He was called judge, because once, in a very early day, he served in that capacity; but having shown himself of too small calibre for the place, had never been re-elected, or even called to any office. Though generally disliked, Judge Allclaim managed to thrust himself forward; and if there were any "doings" in the town, he was the manager, and more conspicuous than any other. He was a small, dried up man—as though a skeleton had been covered with parchment, and just juice enough thrown in to give the machine life. His head was high and narrow; his grey eyes were close together, and his nose came out from between them like a knife. His lips were thin and compressed, as though his mouth had just been heated with acetic acid. He shaved close, and his hair was thin and stingy. He stooped when he walked, looking sharply, but self-consciously about him; and when he spoke, his voice was quick, sharp and broken. He did not frequent the post office except at seasons of caucus or election. Then he seemed to moult his reserve and become a new man; and yet, all inquired why and wherefore? For twenty years he had acted this part—always been on the committee—always sent as a delegate—often talked of for office, yet never even obtaining a nomination. Such a specimen of disinterestedness and self-sacrifice for country, the world had never seen. He certainly hoped, yet to deserve the esteem of his unappreciating fellows, and obtain their suffrages as a recompense for his labors.

Mr. Tobias Palaver came every morning to the post office, and awaited the mail, impressing everybody with the idea that he expected important dispatches. He was a retired farmer, a man of fifty, with importance and self-esteem enough to run a mill. He had obtained this good opinion of himself from a successful sale of his farm. The elevation from country to village life, had given him exalted ideas of himself. He belonged to the church, and generally talked religion instead of politics. Never was there known a public meeting in Deering, but this Mr. Tobias Palaver would make remarks, or if opportunity occurred, ask some important question, whereon he might hang himself in a conspicuous light before the public gaze.

Dr. Mathews came every morning, to read the morning paper. He was rather a slender man, with a high, bold forehead; his face shaven, but inevitably having a stub-beard of three days' growth. He walked with his head thrust forward, and if abstraction makes a mathematician, he was the equal of Newton. It was not dignified by his acquaintances, with any high-flown name, but he was called absent minded. It is said he once came with a letter to the office, but falling into a deep abstraction, he carefully placed a stamp on his pocket book and dropped it into the letter box.

The keeper of the post-office and of the Deering House was a man universally beloved—generous to a fault, kind and obliging. His charity was seemingly boundless. He was first in public enterprises and deeds of benevolence, and it was said he lived and held his property in trust for the public.

There were several public buildings. The school-house, two-story, very white, with an ambitious square steeple, that looked as though the building, some moonlit night, had awakened with the idea of a steeple in its brain, and by great effort, forced one up; but had

been caught by daylight, and suddenly desisted. There were three churches—not organizations, but edifices. Not that all Deering might not have worshipped God in either one of them, but the people had various notions of how this should be performed. The Baptist was built first, when the section was new, and the ambition of the people not exalted. It was a plain, low edifice, rather Grecian in architecture—a feature imparted by its roof and heavy cornice. It was built by a few, at great sacrifice, for the church was small. It was destined to enjoy a flood tide of prosperity, and to sink into obscurity. Its career may be briefly related. In 1842, when the mind of the most inveterate skeptic was inflamed by the bold prophecies of the second coming of Christ, and the dawn of the millenium, the deacons put their heads together to concoct a scheme for a revival. They sent for two celebrated divines, who came at once, and began preaching. For a time they produced little effect, but having gained two or three converts, the feeling spread. The people, far and wide, crowded the church. One of the preachers was a short, rotund man, who led off in the services. The other was tall and dark, ministerial, grave, and extremely dignified. He exhaled a strong fragrance of the oil of ordination. He followed, with terrific descriptions of hell, beautiful sketches of heaven, and drew with terrible accuracy, the sins and secret thoughts of his hearers. He was an eloquent man, of strong magnetic powers, and in a short time the spell thrown out began to be felt. When he finished his discourse, he called those who wished to forsake their sins, to come forward and be prayed for. A few came, mostly women and children; in a few evenings, more. The magnetic power of these, added to his own, drew stronger subjects; old, hardened backsliders and reprobates sought the throne of grace. They believed the preacher when he loudly vociferated, "Now is the appointed time—come, ere it is too late," and rushed as from a sinking craft, to the altar. In a few evenings more, the powerful influence thus created, drew in many who were usually self-possessed and positive to such forces. At the end of four weeks, the battle had been won, and one cold March day, the ice was cleared from the margin of a neighboring pond, and the short preacher had the satisfaction of leading down into the icy flood, forty-one converts, candidates for the church. No dove came down from heaven, nor was there heard a voice, except the suppressed shrieks and sighs of the sisters, who in spite of the intense fever of conversion, had susceptible nerves. As a finale, the minister would preach that evening, which he did to a crowded house, and he might have won lasting laurels had not a vaulting ambition seized him. He thought perhaps there might be another soul to save, a lost sheep to gather in. He would give them a last warning and call. He accordingly dilated in his grandest style, on the exceeding sinfulness of sin, the love of Christ, the blessedness of this last opportunity, and then gave opportunity for any one seeking grace, to come forward. None came. Were there any desiring prayers? Yes, there was one. A weazen-faced man in grey—grey hair, grey beard and grey clothes—arose in the audience, and in a tone clear and piercing as a fife, said, while a pin could be heard to fall:—"I should like to have prayers offered for Miss Grey and her child." The eloquent preacher changed from crimson to the hue of his broad, white neck-tie. Eloquence fled from him. The short preacher closed the services, and the wandering audience dispersed.

In six months, of the one and forty, two remained steadfast. There was a fatality in it. "Miss Grey and her child," a fact or a myth, haunted the church like ghosts. As you have seen a mighty flood collect masses of drift, so this flood drew into its eddy the floating timbers, but the counter-flood of the world washed them away. The counter-flood carried off two-thirds of the old members. Those who remained could not maintain regular meetings. That means speedy death. The building ran to waste like the people. It grew weather-worn; the shingles stood up like sea's on an abused fish; the "naughty boys" threw stones at th

windows; the front steps decayed and crumbled; the grass grew long before it, and becoming sere, flaunted in the wind, a type of ruin; the long line of sheds in the rear, became boardless and demoralized. The pity of one of the old deacons was touched. Out of his own means he had the roof restored and a coat of white paint laid on. The church was new again, but the members were not to be had. They had evanished, with "Miss Grey and her child."

On the other side of the way, on a gentle swell of ground, was the Congregational church. It was erected in a later day, when fashion began to rule, and an aristocracy to be formed. It was pretentious, with a steeple running up until you grew dizzy, and tapering off to a point, tempted the heavens with a rod piercing upward as far as it would stand alone, bearing a golden arrow, much consulted by the post-office business men as to the direction of the wind. The aristocracy of the village patronized this church. All the fine carriages drove to its huge stone steps, on a fine day, when gentility walked or drove out to take the air and exhibit its new bonnet. The most popular preacher was one who spoke in such vague generalities as to mean less than nothing. During service, the air became hushed; there was a painful, pinched feeling. The choir sang, the organ roared, but not a sound of gladness escaped. It was vaulted, sepulchral, shivering music. What though the pettifogger, Samuel Brass, sang beautiful tenor; or the grey-haired deacon's second wife drowned the tenor with her alto; or the younger members, youth and maiden, sang for the privilege of showing themselves and their proficiency; or the village music teacher went on ahead or followed in the rear, with strenuous efforts to keep abreast of the organ, it was always the same solemn strains, like the march of a ghost to his second death. The preacher then gave a prayer, longer than a sermon ought to be, giving God a correct summary of the doings and needs of earth—of the heathen and the church; the choir again; a chapter from the Bible; a short sermon read from neat sermon-note, written expressly to harm no one, and innocent of a thought or an idea not thread-bare, and proven soundly orthodox; a little prayer; a hymn by the choir; a benediction. All go out into the air as soon as possible. Little children who for an hour and a half have swung their feet in despair, from the hard seats, are no more eager than the grown children for liberty. Out on the broad steps the church disgorges. There is light remark, an exchange of salutation, a driving up of carriages, some severe reflections on each other's style, and a home-going; for the afternoon service is not fashionable, and only the old and true members tarry.

The Methodist edifice stood by the side of the Congregationalist. It was of brick, cheap, prim and usurping, with a square, bell-less steeple. The Methodists were scattered, and not wealthy. They were content with a plain church, and considered it contrary to the expressed order of the Bible, to build costly, highly-ornamental churches. Whenever they gain power and wealth, they do not hesitate to disobey.

There was one other important building. When the Congregationalists dedicated their new church, a few liberal minded men joined together and purchased their old building, repaired and refitted it, and opened wide its doors as a Hall for Free Discussion. At first this greatly alarmed the churches, and nothing sufficiently vile and denunciatory could be said against the measure. But the Hall doors were opened for all, and perhaps a greater variety of sentiment never was uttered from one desk. Still the town did not sink, but continued a rapid development, and its prosperity became remarked far and wide.

Such was Deering. A pleasant little village on a high table-land, overlooking Lake Erie, which forms a blue line on the top of the forest to the north. It differed not in essential elements, from other towns; and only becomes of interest as the scene of our story, which we assure the reader, is drawn directly from nature and reality.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Where, and What of It?

BY J. M. PEEBLES.

Spiritism and Spiritualism are not interchangeable terms. A Spiritist is not necessarily a Spiritualist. The first implies facts, tests, belief, sensation; the latter, facts, science, philosophy, practice, spirituality and purity of life.

The spirit world is here, there, everywhere—immeasurable space! There are multitudes of unflashed intelligences peopling the spirit world who are not really in the spiritual world. Only the "pure in heart," the loving and the spiritual minded drink from the fountains that gladden the spiritual world. There are the prophets and the martyrs, seers, sages and the good of all ages. Scripturally speaking, they are those "who have overcome," having access to the tree of life in paradise; beyond them brighten the glories of celestial beatitudes.

The Syrian Jesus very truthfully taught that heaven was a condition—a condition of self-balance, harmony and happiness, depending more upon subjective relations than local surroundings. It is attained in all worlds only through aspiration and obedience to divine laws. The Spirit land is real and substantial. Matter never becomes essential spirit; and yet, every cycle of change through which matter passes, some portions reach a more ethereal condition. There is no law of retrogression; upward, by methods inverse and diverse, all things tend. As fragrance flows from blossoms, so spiritual elements and emanations, as aromas, constantly stream from grasses, grains, fields, forests, all worlds. These refined spiritual essences from this and the planetary words of space, ascend into other regions and gravitate like purpling clouds fringed with gold, to their appropriate positions. These gold and silver-edged strata as arching zones stretching along measureless spaces above us, are too magnificent for description. They are the homes of the spiritual and the holy.

The Spirit-land constituted then, from the etherealized elements and atoms from the many earths and systems that dot the universe, is no shadow-realm, but real and permanent—"a city that hath foundation, whose builder and maker is God." There are mountains, valleys, groves, gardens, flowers, fruits, sparkling rivers, flowing fountains, princely palaces, art galleries, infant schools and university edifices, with tessellated floors, tapestried walls and diamond-pointed ceilings. Spirits residing in these angelic abodes, begin to fathom the riches of true love—love such as warmed the soul of the sainted John when he leaned upon Jesus' bosom.

"If I go, I will prepare a place for you," said the good man of Nazareth. Precious promise! Our friends who have gone are preparing places for us. Blessed will be the greeting. The exalted immortals preparing those heavenly homes, having passed through the disciplines of earth and the higher schoolings of the spirit spheres, are untiring in their activities for the education and redemption of humanity. Memories accompanied them to those upper kingdoms; love never forgets. In morning and evening, down golden tinted rivers come the ministrings of God, to catch the incense of each soul-felt prayer. They come to demonstrate immortality; come to impress and inspire. Their magnetisms are baptisms. Their words of love the musical echos of eternal life. God, angels, spirits, be thanked for Spiritualism.

Phenomenal Spiritualism.

BY C. B. LYNN.

Just now, in Toledo, there is quite an interest in the marvels of mediumship, as manifested through Mrs. Jennie Ferris. Physical phenomena are essential, and by many, are considered fundamental to Spiritualism. By the phenomena, we prove the doctrine of immortality with the inductive method of reasoning. Spiritualism is the only system of religion that affords any such basis. All the other systems approach the idea

of immortality subjectively. It is all ideal, speculative, hypothetical with them. Spiritualism brings the doctrine of immortality down to a matter of scientific certainty. Demonstration, instead of revelation, teaches us of the spiritual life.

We can never outgrow phenomenal Spiritualism; as long as we love science, the phenomena will be dear to us.

Our Spiritualism must not begin and end in the phenomena; indeed, it need not of necessity begin there; but somewhere, in the economy of the Spiritual philosophy, the physical manifestations must be recognized.

Seances are held almost nightly in Lyceum Hall, Summit street, Toledo; large numbers attend. Interest in the philosophy which Spiritualists elaborate from these phenomena is secured, and that is all we want.

We predict great interest in lectures on Spiritualism in Toledo, before long, in consequence of the seances now being held.

Our good brother Henry Breed, Esq. talks as follows to his fellow citizens, through the columns of the Toledo *Blade*:

The phenomena of Spiritualism thus far has most successfully evaded the rigid and analytical investigations of the scientists; or, shall we put it differently, the scientists have most successfully evaded a rigid and analytical investigation of Spiritualism. On Summit street, at Lyceum Hall in this city, Mrs. Jennie Ferris, formerly a resident here, now resident of Orleans, is the individual through whom there is nightly witnessed most strange and marvelous things. I have visited almost constantly Mrs. Ferris' seances, in company with very many of the most distinguished men of the city—men in public and private life, business men, professional, political and literary, with many refined and intelligent ladies, and can say, that while many severe tests were given, nothing ever was pronounced a failure by any audience at any time present. The demonstrations were physical and mental manifestations, by moving musical instruments, such as the guitar, violin, tamborine, bells, &c., and by speaking audibly in the vacant air and through the medium, by laying on spiritual hands, describing spirits so that they were recognized.

A solid iron ring, made and brought by skeptics, has been put upon the person's arm while holding the medium, and done in such a manner that they have universally stated that it was impossible for her to have done it, and if not her—who or what did it! If this is a humbug, who will explain it away? It is time the scientists and ministers came to the rescue, for thousands upon thousands are being drawn from the churches annually, to support the religious philosophy that Spiritualists teach. This philosophy being based on the physical phenomena, identical to those above narrated Mrs. Ferris will give seances at Lyceum Hall for two more weeks. Let the incredulous go and witness what I have seen.

So the good work goes on. By steady, critical analysis and careful and intelligent discrimination, we must journey up the pathway of spiritual truth.

A Preacher on the Square.

A few days past the ears of the pedestrians frequenting the Post Office and Monumental Square, were regaled with stentorian tones from an itinerant, wandering, pilgrim preacher, who seemed determined, in sunshine and storm, daylight and evening, to labor zealously for Jesus with his lungs, whether he performed an honest day's work for himself or not.

Possessing lungs that would about equal the power of a blacksmith's bellows, he succeeded in attracting two or three dozen boys and men, by psalm singing, when, with Bible in hand, he would proceed to tell them all about the "Lord and Jesus," in whose especial service he had been called.

He concluded a wild harangue one afternoon as we were passing to the Post Office, "thusly:"

"Now my hearers, I'm too hoarse to sing, myself, but I have here some psalms of my own composition which I'll sell, all the way from five cents down to nothing, that the poor as well the rich may have them." Not even a boy seemed desirous of a "psalm for nothing." It was not to be wondered at. The boys

—though principally representing the army of ragged newspaper vendors and boot blacks—were not so easily fooled as to be caught by such chaff. We could but feel to pity the church if their cause, their blessed Jesus and Holy Bible need to be propped up on the Public Square by such dirty, lazy ignoramuses as the one who has howled himself hoarse upon our streets the past few weeks.

We know of but one thing in Cleveland that approaches, or nearly equals, this silly and disgusting feature of serving the Lord; and that is, the parade and show made by the Young Men's Christian Association, every pleasant Sunday on the Square and other public places, where people naturally gather for a walk or a quiet stroll on that day of rest.

These green goslings, these unfledged and scarcely pin-feathered ducklings in the cause of Christ, don't seem to know any better than to think they can tag people around and by their howling and shrieking about God, hell and the devil, make an impression upon those who have too much good sense to go to their Godless churches, to be bored with dry, musty sermons, in support of a rapidly decaying, senseless and utterly useless theology!

Aside from the annoyance, like any other public nuisance, we should hope to see them parade their wares, endeavoring like a first class showman, with psalm singing and praying, to crowd their senseless dogmas upon the people, knowing that all the sooner will they succeed in filling the public mind with disgust.

There is an element of plain, sober, common sense among the people, which accurately weighs and properly judges all this clap-trap in the name of Christianity and religion, and finally places it and its silly performers where they justly belong.

So young gentlemen, go on with your peacock display of Christianity—no one is befooled in the matter quite as much as yourselves.

—Since writing the above, we came across the wandering preacher on the boat to Kelley's Island, who we heard declaring to a Catholic priest, as Bible proof that he was in the "service of the Lord," that he had forsaken a wife and ten children and three good farms, to become a disciple of Jesus! We could not but think that the wife, if no one else, was probably thankful he had entered the Lord's service.

Meetings in Hobart.

EDITORS AM. SPIRITUALIST—Our meetings at Hobart, Ill., this season have been the grandest success we have had. As promised, the inimical Hull Bros. were there with their radical soul stirring thoughts, accompanied by the gentle, earnest Mrs. Horton, and Mrs. Addie L. Ballou with her irresistible, far-reaching logic.

It is unnecessary to say that the people were interested with such a variety of talent. The gathering was large; there were representatives from New York city, Saginaw, Mich., Chicago and Ft. Wayne, besides all the neighboring Societies. In short, it was a perfect Jubilee.

The speaking was good, the singing was good, and relating of experiences was good. The only trouble was the days and nights were not long enough, nor was there enough of them; so we had to separate on Monday to meet next May, when we expect an immense throng—not so much to hear the speaking as to have a good time generally.

After the meeting had closed, the people of an adjoining neighborhood engaged Mrs. Ballou to come out to their place and give them one more lecture. Mrs. B. spoke with perfect freedom on the subject of Man and his Unfoldments, after which she described quite a number of spirits in the audience, which were recognized.

Mrs. B. is an excellent test medium—nearly equal to E. V. Wilson, while her speaking is much more pleasant and agreeable, and her logic is perfectly irresistible.

D. W. HULL.

Thoughts

DEVELOPED FROM MANIFESTATIONS AT THE NATIONAL CONVENTION OF SPIRITUALISTS AT RICHMOND, IND., SEPT., 1870.

My friend and co-delegate from Toledo, Ohio, Mrs. Moliere, a physical, clairvoyant and trance medium, by request, went upon the speakers stand and held her bare arm out in the presence of the audience, and there came upon her arm in raised letters the name of Henry C. Wright, and also the name of a daughter of our worthy President, Mr. Waite of Michigan. The manifestation was given near the close of the forenoon session of the last day of the Convention. After the adjournment, a man by the name of Moses Hull, who for sometime past has held a prominent place in the list of spiritual and progressive lecturers, took the ground that it was a deception, and offered to give the medium one hundred dollars if it could be produced under certain conditions.

There had been considerable talk in relation to it, and near the close of the afternoon session, it was proposed to have the test given. In view of the position that it placed the medium in, she and her friends who were sitting near by her, who were her neighbors, and had frequently seen the manifestations, were anxious to have the test given. I was sitting at some distance from her, and in view of the counteracting influences, the excited state of feeling, and the positive will power of the opposing party, I could not see any chance of success; I therefore set out to go to her, to advise her not to make the attempt, but before I had got far, she arose and addressing the audience, stated something as follows: That she did not want the hundred dollars; that she was not giving the people an opportunity to witness the manifestations for the purpose of making money, and, although under the circumstances she was not sure of getting any manifestations, but in hopes of satisfying the audience that she was not working to deceive them, she was willing to make the effort. I thought perhaps she was under spirit influence, and that her controlling spirit was confident of giving the test, and therefore said nothing to oppose it. The medium after complying with the conditions, which consisted of Mr. Hull holding her hands several minutes, went upon the stand and held out her arm. She seemed to go into the trance as she generally does previous to the manifestations, and I thought from Mr. Hull's appearance that he saw indications of it, for he lowered his head toward, and his mind seemed intently fixed upon her arm. While he was in that position, I noticed that his hand raised to his forehead and made mesmeric passes, similar to passes that I have seen trance speakers make when going into the trance state, and also at intervals, during the time of speaking, as if to renew the influence and make their mind more positive. I thought that Mr. Hull was at least partially under spirit influence. The medium stood sometime without there being any distinct manifestations, and retired.

I finally came to the conclusion that the whole transaction had probably been contrived by spirit power. Although my sympathy had been keenly exercised in view of the position Sister Moliere had been placed in, yet with this view, I could have the broadest sympathy for Brother Hull. I could feel as Joseph, of Bible history, probably did when he said to his brothers: "if you meant it for evil, God meant it for good." Bro. Hull in his remarks to the audience on a previous occasion, stated that he had tried to be a Methodist, and failed; he had tried to be an Adventist, and failed; he had tried to be a Spiritualist, and had also failed; and that he had tried to be a man, which had proved the greatest failure of all. Perhaps if Bro. Hull should become so discouraged in trying to make anything of himself that he can yield himself unconditionally to the influence of his angelic friends, with a desire for truth and righteousness and goodness, they may yet make a man and Spiritualist of him.

I hope Bro. Hull will take no exceptions to what I have written, for I can assure him that he and the public are indebted for this expression of my views and

feelings, to the sympathy that I have felt for him, produced by hearing expressions of acrimonious feeling against him, and by a remark addressed to me by a stranger, soon after the close of the last afternoon session, who said she was sorry to see the Convention break up in a row. The business of the Convention closed very quietly, and had been carried through with great harmony; but immediately after the adjournment there arose quite an excitement in relation to the transaction herein detailed.

Believing, as I do, that all things are under the control of an over-ruling power, and have a tendency to the greatest good, the question arises, what good can there come from that excitement. The answer comes that it was for the purpose of agitating and developing thought. People are eager, out of idle curiosity, to witness the manifestations from the spirit world, but do not consider the object or purpose for which they are given.

OLIVER STEVENS.

Spirit Prophecy.

MR. J. M. PEEBLES:

Dear Sir and Brother—Directly upon my return home, I hasten to comply with your request as to giving you the substance of that prophetic vision, in regard to the assassination of President Lincoln.

In the latter part of the summer of 1858, one evening while sitting for spirit communications—mother, sisters and I, forming the circle. Sister G. became suddenly powerfully influenced. A large space seemed opening above and before her, constantly increasing in size and height, in which she seemed to move toward the Capitol at Washington. On every side there seemed to be the most fearful commotion, among great crowds of people—speaking of some desperate national excitement. Mingled with the white people, were bands of colored folks, seeming to have an equal interest in the excitement of the time, and to be recognized as actors therein. As she approached Washington more nearly, an overwhelming sense of some one's sudden death swept over her—when immediately the Capitol was revealed to her, hung with mourning, and in one of its rooms lay a gigantic corpse—the size of the body being explained to her as typifying the extent of our loss. The figure was covered with a heavy pall, effectually precluding all effort at recognition; the more so, as the medium at once became cognizant of the fact, that there was a dreary space of time and sorrow between that time and the fulfillment of the prophecy, though how long the time, or of what nature the grief, was entirely withheld.

The colored people, especially, seemed to feel the sorrow of bereaved children, and to be privileged to express it in a way up to that time entirely unknown.

Looking out from the Capitol over the country, every public building and private house she saw to be draped in mingled white and black, in the same way and for the same reason, showing that the death reached in a peculiar manner, every home in the land.

My mother then asked, does all this commotion and horror prefigure a slave insurrection? The answer immediately came, "No, but something vitally connected with them, out of which will come great bloodshed."

The medium all this time was very pale, tears constantly running down her face. Just here a voice commenced repeating to her, "Death sitteth in the Capitol," being either the caption or beginning of an old poem upon the death of a previous President, who had died during his term of office. At once the impression came very strongly, that it was a future President; and the promise immediately followed, that all then in that room should witness, during earth life, the fulfillment of the prophecy.

There were a good many details, adding greatly to the interest, and present value, as a test, of the communication; but we cannot recall them with sufficient clearness to give them conscientiously.

The sitting occupied about an hour and a half; but the impression it brought, remained with startling vividness for days, returning at intervals for months after.

On the night of Lincoln's assassination, the same circle, with the addition of one dear friend from a distance, were again sitting for spirit communications, in the same room, when we were told that there was something that very evening, taking place at Washington, which, if conditions could only be favorable on this side, might be explained to us for a test. Sister G.—could not be influenced to see, that night, but through her hand were written several words—"Death," "Washington," "Booth,"—and a great many times, the name, "Wilk s," leaving a blank where the "e" should have been. We could get nothing that seemed at all connected, excepting the fact of there being a death at Washington, about which we should shortly hear—though several sheets of paper were scrawled over with broken words and unintelligible signs.

You may imagine how, with a flash, the broken language of the evening took clear and startling meaning, when the next morning's telegram proclaimed the assassination of President Lincoln! We all remember the terror of the time, the hush of business as to outward things, the harrowing anxiety and fear as to the interior side; but I cannot hope to express the wonderful nearness to the unseen, in which the members of our circle walked the next few days. G.—said, on entering the church where we attended the President's funeral services, she was so carried back to the time and influence of the first long vision, seven years before, as to be hardly able to stand erect, and walk steadily up the aisle. Above the pew where we were seated, and over the pulpit, the mingling and proportion of the black and white drapery, the curve of the festoons, even the shape and plaiting of the rosettes looping it all up, were the exact counterpart of what she had seen and described to us so long before. J. G.

What Fulton says about Tilton, and what Tilton says about Fulton.

[From the Brooklyn Union.]

The Religious Telescope, of Dayton, Ohio, contains a copy of a letter, which it says the Rev. Justin D. Fulton of Boston, has addressed to Mr. Theodore Tilton of New York, although Mr. Tilton has never received either the letter in question or any other, from Mr. Fulton. The Telescope's copy of Mr. Fulton's missive is as follows:

Theodore Tilton, Esq.—

Dear Sir:—I have been informed that you were seen at a restaurant on Broadway, a day or two since, with a bottle of wine before you, and of which you several times partook.

As you are the chief editor of a religious and temperance paper, I assume the right to ask you whether this report is true. If true, I shall take such means as I may think expedient, to put the truth before the public through the newspapers.

J. D. FULTON.

Mr. Tilton has the honor to say, in reply, that so far as regards himself, he drinks wine on communion, and other proper occasions; and that so far as regards the mountebank who is reported to have addressed him the above letter, this hot gospeler, after preaching a Sunday night sermon in Dr. Armitage's church in New York, sauntered down the Bowery in company with a friend, entered a lager beer saloon, and during an hour's stay, drank, (the two together,) nine or ten glasses of lager beer, of which the Rev. Mr. Fulton guzzled the larger part.

Thus it appears, even from the testimony of two saints respecting each other, that where "grace was supposed to abound," wine and lager beer did much more abound.

As to Mr. Tilton, he confesses to "drinking wine on communion, and other proper occasions." Now there are temperance men who cannot discover any good reason why the Lord's Supper should be made an excuse for drinking wine, *if it is wrong!*—or how the Lord could be pleased with the exercise, though participated in by fashionable churches and distinguished pious editors.

That the Rev. Fulton should have felt like "sauntering down the Bowery," and "guzzling the larger part of nine or ten glasses of lager beer," after preaching a regular hell-fire sermon, is not surprising to us. We wonder that "the larger part of ten glasses" could get the taste of brimstone out of his mouth. The only wonder is that the "guzzling" should come to light at all, for these saintly, reverend guzzlers have a very

successful way of keeping everything but their long prayers and pretended piety in the background.

Besides, it is seldom that so intelligent and credible a witness as Mr. Tilton, can be found to testify how these godly teachers and instructors relish, and really "hanker after," gin and milk, and lager beer!

Verily, these things show that professed Christians will bear watching, quite as closely as that class they sneer at as sinners.

Leaving the Rev. Fulton, and his beer guzzling on Sunday, after faithful service to the Lord as a "hot gospeler," there is one problem yet unsolved; and we think the accomplished editor of the New York *Independent* is the man to do it. The question is this:—What are those "other proper occasions," besides "communion," when a temperance man may drink wine? Will Mr. Tilton be kind enough to enlighten all concerned, and temperance men especially? ||

Strange Story.

Alfred Powers, whose brother Dan was recently killed, and who is now himself in jail for attempting the life of Annie Rabourne, thus explains his motive:—"We'll, I'll tell you. Shortly after Dan's death, I was quietly lying in bed one night trying to sleep, and all at once he came to my bedside and said: 'Al, I want you to go and kill that woman for me; it is impossible for me to do it.' I told him I would do it, and, after talking awhile, he left me and I went to sleep. Next day I thought the matter over and concluded that it was all a dream, and that I would not act upon the suggestion of a dream. Three or four nights after that, and every time I went to bed, I thought about what he told me. I never saw him again until about six nights after his first visit, when he came again and asked me why I had not done as he asked me. I replied that I could not realize that he had been to see me, and thought it was all a dream. He then told me that if I loved him as a brother, he wanted me to go and kill that woman, and he insisted that I should do it. I then told him again that I would do it. He then went away again. The next day I went and tried to get a pistol from a friend, but did not succeed. I was glad that I did not get one, as I did not want to kill her. I went home that night and tried to sleep, but it was impossible; and in an hour or so after I retired he came to my bedside and said: 'Al, if you don't go and kill that woman I will kill you!' I told him that I could get no pistol, and that I had tried but failed. He told me to go and sell my coat and take the money and buy a pistol, and go immediately and kill the woman. I told him that I would do so, and this is why I did so. I took my coat and got \$3.75 for it, and bought the pistol, as my dead brother told me, and tried to kill her. Since my arrest, Dan has not been to see me". The condition of Miss Rabourne is much better, but she is in fear that she will be assassinated by the friends of young Powers.—*Boston Herald*.

We suppose there are some who will discard this whole story as an actual occurrence, because they cannot think that spirits cherish evil passions; but we cannot see why it should not be accepted as well as any other narrative. If true, it seems to show what we have always thought, that spirits were *men* and *women* like ourselves, and to be regarded as we consider each other. §

Contemptible.

For twenty-one years the press, with a few noble and honorable exceptions, has misrepresented and vilified Spiritualism and its advocates. Editors, reporters and correspondents seem to have been actuated by a desire to outdo each other in this nefarious work.

The Cleveland papers, in obedience to the mandates of their Orthodox masters, have lost no opportunity to defame and ridicule Spiritualism. The disgraceful reports of the National Convention held in Cleveland in September, 1867, published in the papers of that city, should cause the editors thereof to hide their faces in the presence of honest men. The full and impartial reports which the *Herald* and *Leader* published, of the proceedings of the State Convention, held in that city in September, 1868, led us to believe that the editors of those papers were endeavoring to atone for their past sins. We were firm in the faith that it would make something more than "the blood of Christ" to

purify their guilty souls.

The Cleveland press adopted a new system of tactics with the late State Convention. Not a single reporter was present during its sessions, and, as we believe, no mention was made of its being in session. Why is such contemptible meanness manifested towards the Spiritualists of Ohio, who number at least twenty-five thousand? Orthodox synods, conferences and conventions, are fully reported in these papers; but a State Convention of Spiritualists is passed by without notice. It is well for the future happiness of men (?) who are capable of manifesting such meanness, that the doctrine of a roaring, greedy, all-devouring hell, with its lake of unquenchable fire and inexhaustible supply of brimstone, exists only in the imagination of theological bigots. G. W. W.

Auburn, O.

Awful Effects of Christianity.

At a recent church meeting in Georgia a woman, under the influence of a religious excitement, commenced shouting, and so intense was her enthusiasm that she did not cease her gyrations until overcome by violent exertion, intense heat and the fetid atmosphere of a close room. In this condition of utter prostration of mind and body, she was born out of the house, but her vital energies could not be resuscitated, and she was soon a corpse. A young man, during the same meeting, was carried out, having been overcome by oppressive heat while shouting.—*Boston Herald*.

There is a picture to look upon! Perhaps some may object to our heading saying that the cause of this catastrophe of fanaticism was due to the ignorance and folly of those who suffered from the awful conditions.

We have only to say that in ignorant minds Christianity takes deepest root, and fanaticism is the natural fruit it must bring forth from such a soil. Christianity is a system of dogmatic theology, not morals, and it is the influence of a belief in hell, devil, Jesus, Salvation, &c., that drove the poor shouting Methodist mad, and "in a fetid atmosphere," caused her to shout herself to death. There is a Methodist hymn—"We hope to die shouting;" this woman did so. §

"Western Locals."

Our progressive young brother, Cephas B. Lynn, who writes up the spicy "Western Locals" for the *Banner of Light*, and who is now on a tour of lecturing and observation in the West, says:

"Mrs. Emma Hardinge lectures in Cleveland during September. Large audiences greeted her the 4th inst. We predict a great awakening among the friends of Spiritualism in this city, by our sister's ministrations.

"That able paper, THE AMERICAN SPIRITUALIST, is marching on to success. Bro. Wheelock, the managing editor, always welcomes progressive minds at his office. He is an enthusiastic worker. The many Spiritualists of Ohio, who have been so highly gratified at the presence of Mrs. Hardinge among them, should remember that to Mr. Wheelock belongs the credit, in a great measure. This brother has taken pains to secure all the engagements for Mrs. Hardinge, in the State.

"Sept. 9th and 10th the Spiritualists of Ohio held their Fourth Annual Convention. Cleveland was selected by the Executive Committee, as the best place to hold the meeting. It was our good fortune to be present. The number of delegates was quite large. Friday morning (9th) was consumed in the usual business exercises. In the afternoon, interesting discussions took place on the questions of Organization and the Lyceum Movement, occupying the entire session. The evening was given up to enjoyment."

THE TINKERS AT WORK "WHITEWASHING."—It is well known to you that the Convocation of Canterbury has appointed a number of the first scholars of England to attempt a revision of the Scriptures. No doubt the revision will have the paradoxical result of showing that the disputed passages are very few in number. Whatever is done, will of course be done, only with the consent of the whole Church. I have no opinion to give on this subject. My own feelings—I do not speak of my judgment—are not in sympathy with it.—*Bishop Potter, New York, Sept. 29th.*

No doubt they will put as good a face to matters as possible. §

Be praised not for your ancestors, but for your virtues.

Encouraging Responses.

BROTHER WHEELOCK:

Please send my AM. SPIRITUALIST to No. 2½ West Washington street, Indianapolis, Ind. It was formerly sent to Kokomo, Ind. Please do not fail to make the change, as I would be very sorry to be without it.

J. B. MENDENHALL.

EDITORS AM. SPIRITUALIST:

Enclosed find \$3.00, for which please send me the *Universe* and the AM. SPIRITUALIST, for one year, the latter to commence when my present subscription expires. I like your paper much, and hope to get some others here to take it. Yours truly, J. M. FROST.

MESSRS. EDITORS:

Please find enclosed a year's subscription for your paper. Though not "one of you," I am interested in the exposition of Spiritualism as given by Hudson Tuttle, whose articles I have read in the *Radical*. This magazine having discontinued, I turn to yours in search of truths lying outside of beaten tracks, willing to accept them in whatever guise they come, so it be not a questionable one. Truly yours,

M. A. M. CRAMER.

EDS. AM. SPIRITUALIST:

Please send my copy of your paper to this place. The people here are rather astonished at the ideas they hear me advocate, but I find upon examination, they bear it well. When contrasted with the theological dogmas of the orthodox church, the latter appear to great disadvantage. I am in hopes to secure some new subscribers to your exceedingly valuable paper.

Truly your brother, G. W. WHITNEY.

MESSRS. EDITORS:

Enclosed I send you \$1.00 for a subscriber. Hope to send you more. Beaver Dam and vicinity has many still born Spiritualists, but few that are outspoken. We have many mediums, but quiet ones. Planchette is working wonders. I have had one two or three years, and it is out among the churches all the time. We hold circles at our house every Sunday evening, and nearly every other evening, and often every day. I am much used as a healing medium, and also impressed and entranced. We wish we could get up strength enough to have Bro. Barrett hold a mass meeting here, but it is not among the possibles. Fox Lake, nine miles from here, is doing wonders. We are as ever, your well wishers, W. M. A. HITCHCOCK.

MR. A. A. WHEELOCK:

DEAR SIR:— * * * * * I am in hopes of sending more money soon, for books and tracts to circulate. I lend my books, lend and give away my papers—mail many of them. I wish them to do good, and send them on their mission. I work a little in many ways, for the cause of Spiritualism. Should be glad to be able to make our faith appear as glorious and elevating to the community in which I live, as it does to me; but God and the good angels will do the work in time, and we will help what we can. Please find one dollar enclosed, to pay for your paper one year. Give credit for the same, as I am in your debt, and do not wish to be without your able and noble paper. Accept my best wishes.

L. S. DARROW.

GENTLEMEN:

Within you will find \$1.00, for which please send me THE AM. SPIRITUALIST. I have just finished painting a Spiritualist hall, in Richmond, Crawford county, Pa. It is 50x28, and well finished. It was dedicated in June, to liberty and humanity. In a circle in the end of the hall is its name—"Temple of Reason." Its motto, "God is Love," is put on in fine, gilt letters. The Spiritualists in this place number nearly one hundred. Dr. Akens of Blooming Valley, is President of the Society; C. Low, Vice President; Mrs. Akens, Corresponding Secretary. Any speaker traveling through the country, will be well received here. The distance from Meadville is twelve miles, and nine from Tryonville, on the O. C. & A. D. rail road. D. W. DEMILL.

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The Editor-in Chief (†) will contribute exclusively to THE AMERICAN SPIRITUALIST
"RESOLVED, That we are Spiritualists, * * * and that any other prefix or suffix is calculated only to retard and injure us."

God a Murderer.

At a meeting of the medical students of the "University of Wooster," the following was unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, In his great goodness and all-wise judgment, God has been pleased to call hence our beloved professor, Dr. W. H. Jones,

C. M. C. PRENTICE, C. S. PIXLEY, } Committee.
A. F. KELLEY, C. M. HOLLIS, }

There were two resolutions of sympathy and esteem, but if the "whereas" be true, what need of any more being said.

If God, "in his great goodness and all wise judgment," sees fit, for any reason, no matter what it may be, to "call a mortal hence," though he may be a professor in a medical university, why should these young M. D.'s make such a fuss about it?

God's "great goodness," and his "all-wise judgment," in regard to any act, ought to be satisfactory to the oldest and wisest of men, to say nothing of these young and inexperienced students. But the fact is, these young men know better than to believe or think any such thing as their resolution implies. If they do not, God have mercy on the poor patients who may chance to fall into their hands. If the resolution be true, then is God not only a murderer, but pleased with the act.

Now these young men know that Dr. Jones was "called hence" by a bullet from the pistol fired by the hand of Dr. J. F. Galentine, with murderous intent to send Dr. Jones "hence," whether God was willing or not; and that was the "call that took Dr. Jones "hence," and not the "great goodness," nor the "all-wise judgment" of God. It was a human transaction, and God had no more to do about it than these over-wise, (not all-wise,) young doctors. Dr. Galentine gives as a reason why the bullet from his pistol "called Dr. Jones hence," that he seduced Galentine's wife! There, young gentlemen, seems to be the reason, and the only true cause, of your "beloved Professor" being "called hence." Therefore, if God really did call your Professor, must he not have been at the bottom of the cause of his being called? Then is your God not only a murderer, but a seducer, who provokes murder! Really, young gentlemen, your resolution is getting you into deep water. Had you not better confine your attention to anatomy rather than logic, seeing you not only get yourselves into trouble, but your God also.

The question arises, Why do these young men use such language? Why do they attempt to tell something they do not know anything about? What do they know, more than other mortals, about God's great goodness? What special qualification have they, from the study of pills and toe joints, to measure and tell what the all-wise judgment of God was pleased to do? Verily, to the man of common sense, to the modest student of nature, it sounds very like an approach, if possible, to the sublime in impudence and ignorance.

But these would-be-wise M. D.s have one excuse, and only one, for parading their ignorance before the world in this way. Not only have their parents done so before them, but they have constant exam-

ples set them by the reverend D.D.s of every denomination. And it is in obedience to the influence that a sectarian Christianity exerts, that these young men thus undertake to tell what God has done.

If they desired simply to express their opinion of Dr. Jones, and their sympathy to his friends, it was perfectly proper to do so; but in doing that, it was not necessary to drag God into the matter at all.

But as we have said, they have examples set them by the doctors of divinity. Wherever these D.D.s officiate on funeral occasions, they make the same display of their pious egotism. Such, according to newspaper accounts, was the display over the lifeless form of this seducer, at his funeral ceremonies in Hudson. Special correspondence of the Cleveland Leader, said:

"The exercises were held in the Episcopal church. Rev. Professor Hosford preached the sermon. He chose for the text, 'The Lord is our refuge and strength, a very present help in time of trouble.' The sermon was one of Mr. Hosford's most able efforts. No allusion was made to the circumstances of the death."

That was a singular text to choose, under the circumstances. Even admitting it to be "one of Mr. Hosford's most able efforts," we fail to see how it could be shown that "the Lord" was either a "refuge," or "strength," or "a very present help," in this case of terrible "trouble," or any assistance at all!

Who did the Lord help? Not the seducer, if he was a member of the church, for the bullet sped through his heart. Not Dr. Galentine, to prevent the murderous act, nor to assist him after its commission, for he is now in jail, and needs the advice of counsel, and is beyond the "present help, or strength" of any orthodox God, Christ or Lord, to deliver, that we ever heard of.

Nor, according to her statement, did the Lord prove to be much help to poor, defenceless Mrs. Galentine, neither protecting her from the violence of her seducer the first time, nor even assisting to keep the plaster of Paris in the key hole, to prevent his getting into her room with a frequency, afterwards, suggesting that if she really desired him to keep out, why such gentle means were used.

If these pious pretenders really mean what they say, why don't they get their Lord to manifest a little of his great "strength," and show that he really is a "present help in time of trouble."

Whether Christians understand the effects of such teaching or not, it is none the less corrupting, demoralizing and damning in its results. It is an indirect bid to crime! It says to the church member or sinner, you may cheat, lie, steal, seduce and murder; and if, being caught at it, you feel sorry, as of course either saint or sinner, seducer or murderer, would, and repent, then—"The Lord is our refuge and strength, a very present help in time of trouble."

For one, we want no such strength or help. Being free from the influence of such corrupt teaching, we want no assistance from any orthodox Lord or God, who, with an "all-wise judgment," will permit seduction and murder among his own saintly flock, and over the lifeless form of a murdered seducer, allow the tongue of a pious priest, to lisp the brazen lie, that "The Lord is our refuge and strength, a very present help in time of trouble." ||

Policy vs. Principle.

The Massachusetts Woman Suffrage Convention recently met in Tremont Temple, Boston, and its action made no little stir even in that usually stirring place. Being of more than local interest, we will make mention of its main feature. The sessions, which were of a political character, occupied the entire day and evening. The attendance was good; the meetings spirited, and the wrangling considerable—says an exchange.

To a stranger taking a seat among them, there appeared a quarrel going on, as to the expediency or inexpediency of nominating Wendell Phillips as their candidate for Governor, several of the more promi-

nent women speakers objecting to him on the ground that he stood but a slim chance of being elected.

To us individually, this appeared the meanest of reasons for abandoning one to whom the whole woman's movement in this country is under such lasting obligations. A common respect for consistency's sake, to say nothing of principle, ought to have prevented them from pursuing the course they did, or even harboring for a moment the politically bartering thought, to which they gave expression. Their evident policy, however, was to cater to the Republican party in the state, which was to meet in convention the following week and put in nomination its gubernatorial candidate.

It is hoped that the lesson they subsequently learned will prove of practical service to them in the future. It need not be said that the aforesaid Republican Convention, emphatically voted down every resolution which sought to recognize and endorse the Woman Suffrage Movement.

Relative to the action of this Woman's Convention, an exchange pertinently adds:—"It was quite ungrateful on their part, for Mr. Phillips is by far their ablest, most successful, and most deserving champion. We hope they are not given to political coquetry, in their haste to curry favor with popular demagogues; for the Woman Suffrage Movement, though entirely correct in principle, will lose ground if badly managed."

B.

Physical Manifestations and Mediums.

One of the most interesting events of the Convention at Richmond, was the remarkable spirit manifestation through the mediumship of Mrs. Moliere of Toledo. By invitation, the medium came upon the platform, and bared her left arm to the audience, upon which nothing was visible. Standing several moments, there came in plain, large, raised, blood-red letters, the name of Henry C. Wright. A few moments more, and the name of Mary E. Wait came just below the other, the latter being the name of a spirit daughter of President Wait of the Convention, whom, he stated, the medium could know nothing of. Mrs. Moliere passed through the audience, so that every one in the hall must have seen the writing. Soon after the manifestation, some questioned its genuineness. Bro. Moses Hull did so publicly, and offered \$100 to the medium, if manifestations could be given under test conditions that he would name. Mrs. Moliere appeared honest, frank and sincere—expressed her willingness to have the manifestations occur, if possible, under the test conditions demanded by Bro. Hull. Of course there was intense excitement, and we remarked to Bro. Lynn that we could not see how manifestations could occur in such a state of feeling, even if no test conditions were imposed. Mrs. Moliere showed her sincerity and honesty by her willingness to have the manifestations with Mr. Hull's test condition, which was that the writing should come on the right arm, while he held the fingers of that hand. No writing came. We did not expect it. And because it did not, some seemed to think that was evidence of fraud and trickery. So Bro. Hull thought, and so he stated. We could not agree with "Moses" this time, as we declared to those present. But we admired the frankness and independence of Bro. Hull, in demanding to know what phenomena are genuine, and what are not. No true medium will shrink, from the fullest and fairest investigation; and it is high time that Spiritualists should demand the most unmistakable evidence of phenomena before they endorse it. Our cause has suffered long enough from the lying, fraud, cheating and knavery of unprincipled men and women, practicing their "black art" of dishonesty upon the unsuspecting and innocent. We have always denounced such villainy, and shall continue to do so. There are a few who, upon the plea that they are mediums, would try to stretch the cloak of charity over such tricksters as Von Vleck, H. Melville Fay, and

Prof. McQueen, who was so shamefully exposed while traveling in Michigan, with W. F. Jamieson, one of the corresponding editors of the Present Age; and also that artful deceiver, Miss Van Wie, who accompanied Mrs. Wheelock and myself for about four weeks, when I was lecturing in northern Michigan, giving seances at the homes of old and well known Spiritualists, and two evenings of her pretended "manifestations" were given by invitation, at the residence of Col. D. M. Fox, who then resided at Lyons, Mich. Although the utmost diligence was exercised upon both evenings, by an intelligent committee of ladies, upon which the agreeable daughter of Col. Fox acted, not only were the manifestations pronounced satisfactory by all present, but so impressed did Col. Fox appear to be by their genuineness and wonder, that he wrote us a letter a few days after these two evening seances, urging us to return that way with Miss Van Wie, to give more of her astounding and wonderful manifestations at his house! Before the time fixed upon for our return, Miss Van Wie was caught, making the "manifestations" herself, and in her trunk were found in abundance, the very "flowers" shown at Col. Fox's residence, and other places, and which the Colonel admired so much, declaring "there must be over a bushel basket full!"

These experiences develop our caution, and after the tricks have been played upon us a few times, we grow wiser, and become better fitted to carefully weigh and examine all the evidences of Spiritualism that may be presented to us.

We are happy to announce in regard to Mrs. Moore, that we have received a letter from her, in which she states that Bro. Moses Hull had been at Toledo since the Convention at Richmond, and that the writing had been given to him under his own conditions, and he was perfectly satisfied of the genuineness of the manifestations. Whether Moses paid over the \$100 he offered at Richmond, she does not say.

Music Hall, Boston.

The regular course of lectures before this famous society, was opened with Prof. William Denton as speaker. An audience numbering fully two thousand were in attendance, who listened in rapt attention to this gifted orator's elaboration of the Law of Growth *versus* the Miraculous theory of Creation. To those who are acquainted with his masterly powers, we need not add that his address on this occasion was thoroughly radical, able and instructive.

The present course, from the list of names announced by the Charman, Mr. Lewis B. Wilson, who are to occupy the platform the ensuing season, promises to be fully as popular, if indeed not more so, than any of its predecessors.

"Follow Your Attractions."

Is that the idea—follow your attractions? So says the libertine, the thief, the wine bibber and the sensualist. Passions and appetites are blind instincts of themselves; safety only is when moral wisdom checks and rules. Election is the law of nature. How careful is the rose, the leaf, the dew drop, everything that lives, to avoid promiscuous alliances. A little nutriment, a particle of moisture, flicker of sunlight, and it is content. Ours is a fearful experiment when we let *feeling* guide us. Let us nurture feeling, sympathy, tenderness and affection, but place Reason in the vanguard or guide as the light of emotion. Hand to hand may be sensual; soul to soul is spiritual. The high angels are cautious what spheres they touch. "Follow your attractions?" Ah! follow wisdom, follow reason, follow prudence, denying self, crucifying lust; reverence yourself by harmony, purity of heart and watchfulness of deed. No one, in the after thought, regretted obedience to the law of social chastity.

Many interesting articles, communications, book, magazine and literary notices, are necessarily deferred until next number, for want of space.

Emma Hardinge to Her Spiritual Friends and Co-Workers.

Yesterday, October 11th, according to the established legal forms of this, my adopted country, and England, the place of my birth,

I, Emma Hardinge, became the wife of Mr. Wm. G. P. Britten.

The long and highly cherished ties of mutual regard and mutual dependence, which have subsisted between my Spiritual friends and myself, impel me to assure all who may be interested in my career, that the new bond thus entered into, will affect their faithful friends and fellow laborers, only so far as her own immediate circle of personal and social relations are concerned; that intellectually, financially and spiritually, Emma Britten will ever be to the world, the Emma Hardinge of the last fourteen years; that I am warranted in saying, my dear companion feels desirous of assisting rather than retarding me in every good work for humanity, but especially in the cause which in its highest and purest phases, is as much honored by him as it is dear to myself, namely, SPIRITUALISM.

On the 3d of November, we shall embark for our native country, in the Cunard steamship, "Abyssinia," and on the first Sunday of December next, I hope to resume my public ministry as a Spiritual lecturer, on a London rostrum. But whether in the Old or the New World, I shall ever be found at the post of duty, where my beloved spirit masters placed me fourteen years ago; and in earnest of my undiminished devotion to this holy service, I desire hereby to add my intention of never publicly renouncing the name by which my spiritual experiences have rendered me known, and in some instances, at least, I hope, endeared to the kind and loving friends amongst whom my pilgrimage has been conducted. Hence, although in such scenes of private life as my busy ministry may permit me to enjoy, I shall require to be recognized by my husband's name, wherever I may now or henceforth be publicly identified with my beloved cause, I shall still be the servant of the spirits and the friend of humanity.

EMMA HARDINGE.

229 East 60th St., New York City,
October 12, 1870.

Emma Hardinge's Work in Ohio.

Now that Emma Hardinge has become Mrs. Emma Britten, we may speak of her earnest labors under that name, as closing in Ohio. Sad indeed would be the thought, as we write this, that her great public services were to close, did we not have the assurance, also, that "Emma Britten would be to the public, the Emma Hardinge of the last fourteen years." Therefore, with not only hope, but a promise for the future, we cite with feelings of gratitude and satisfaction, her noble work in our State.

Her engagement was for two months, and although every available moment was occupied, not one-half the calls for her to speak, could be filled. Her perseverance, untiring industry and endurance are wonderful. She gave eight lectures one week in September, besides the travel incident upon their being delivered at different points.

Let us assure those who were disappointed by not being privileged with her ministrations in their locality, that it was not possible, in two short months, for one person to do and endure more than this earnest worker did.

A general interest was awakened wherever she spoke. Thousands gathered at the great mass meetings, as in Milan, Painesville and Farmington, and at other points, while her Sunday lectures in this city, filled Lyceum Hall, especially Sunday evenings, to overflowing.

Her closing lecture—"America the Land of the Free," etc.—generously given as a benefit to the Cleveland Society of Spiritualists, and which we shall publish as soon as space permits, was admitted by all to be one of the most complete and eloquent productions that has ever been given on the subject.

In conclusion, we may say, that the universal testimony of those who heard Emma Hardinge, is, that while grateful memories of her grand, soul-feeding inspirations still remain, they hope for the presence of Emma Britten in Ohio, to again re-ignite the Spiritual fires upon our altars.

Marriage of Emma Hardinge.

At Grace Church Rectory, Jersey City, Tuesday, Oct. 11th, by the Rev. L. Rice, Emma Hardinge to Wm. G. P. Britten, both of London, England.

Mrs. Hardinge is no more!—but "she still lives,"—proving Spiritualism to be true. She is now the happy Mrs. Emma Britten; has married one of her own countrymen, Mr. Wm. G. P. Britten, a gentleman of culture, and a devoted Spiritualist. We wish them joy such as angels love to record. Having been born in England, she may now be regarded as really and truly a "Briton."

THE NORTHERN OHIO FAIR.—The old saying that "a bad beginning makes a good ending," was fully realized by this Association in its first trial. Commencing in a severe rain storm, it closed its first most successful Exhibition with the smiling approval of an October sun. The grounds are most admirably chosen, and hereafter an annual Northern Ohio Fair, will be looked for as naturally as the coming of autumn.

DR. J. K. BAILEY, we learn has been in the vicinity of Harrisburg, Pa., where he has been laboring for the cause. He spoke at Mechanicsburg, Pa., the 2d inst. He goes northward to Elmira, N. Y., and proposes to answer calls to speak along the line of the Erie Railway in Southern N. Y. and Northern Pa. Address until further notice, Elmira, N. Y.

"In the midst of Life We are in Death."

This expression has really been verified in the case of our esteemed Brother Stewart Chamberlin, of Le Roy, N. Y., who on the 24th of September, at the mature age of 68 years, put off the mortal body, and went to dwell with the angels. He was with you, Bro. Wheelock, at the Mediums' and Speakers' Convention at Laoni the first Saturday and Sunday in Sept., in his usual health, and enjoyed that—his last earthly meeting—exceedingly.

He was one of the earliest disciples of the Spiritual philosophy, and has ever been a bold, out-spoken advocate of its claims, and has ever rendered efficient aid in its promulgation. His hospitable mansion has ever been open for our lecturers and for circles, and seconded by his worthy companion, they have furnished the center, around which the Spiritualists of their vicinity have rallied. He will of course be greatly missed, but though not with us as of yore, in the form, we have his assurance that from his higher home—"home of the angels, beautiful home," he will continue to aid and bless by his presence and influence.

His funeral services were conducted by the writer, and the consolations of our Spiritual gospel tendered to the bereaved family, in the use of Paul's language of triumph—"O death, where is thy sting! O grave, where is thy victory!" which language was very appropriate to the progressed condition of Bro. Chamberlin.

Byron, Oct. 2d 1870.

J. W. SEAVER.

We also received a communication from Mrs. Cushman, who feelingly pays a tribute to the memory of the departed. Surprising, indeed, was the news to us of the sudden transit of Bro. Chamberlin to his spirit home. Right well, Bro. Seaver, do we remember him at the Laoni Convention, and of his assurance to us, that the radical sentiments uttered there were a feast to him. Also the warm hand-clasp and hopeful good bye with an urgent invitation to visit him at his home in Le Roy, N. Y. Brave, noble, generous soul! He walks with the angels now. Our full heart-sympathy to the loving wife and mother, and children who must feel his absence so keenly. May we all so live that he will gladly welcome us to the land of light and beauty, where so many are waiting for us to come.

WHY WE PUBLISH SO MANY ADVERTISEMENTS.

There are certain complaints publishers of periodicals are apt to receive from subscribers, which are so unreasonable that we must crave the indulgence of the reader in a little space to reply to them. These complaints are levelled against the appearance of advertisements in their favorite journals, the assumption apparently being that having purchased a copy of a periodical, or subscribed to it, the length and breadth of the sheet is the reader's property, and should be filled with literature. Now, to these complaints or assumptions there are two answers. The first is that by means of the revenue from advertisements, the publishers are enabled to give their subscribers a far more valuable journal than they otherwise could afford to do. With many periodicals, the greater part of the cost of illustrations and contributions is paid for by advertisements, the sheet itself being sold for little more than the bare cost of the white paper and the printing. The subscriber is obtaining for almost nothing, that which cost a large outlay; and the advertisers, instead of being objects of his denunciation, are entitled to his gratitude. If any complaints are pertinent in the matter at all, they should come from the advertisers, who would seem to be paying more than their proportion of the expense; but intelligent advertisers usually concede that this liberality, jointly theirs and the publishers, extends the circulation of the publication, and hence, in the end redounds to their advantage. No circulation, attainable by a first class weekly, would be sufficient to meet the outlay in producing this Journal, if no revenue were derivable from advertisements. If advertisements were excluded, the price would have to be increased, or the expenses materially reduced. The second answer to these complaints is that advertisements are really important in a journal, being in fact only so many items of information which it is desirable for people to know. Advertisers could not afford to advertise—and they pay large prices—in the absence of response to their advertisements; and if responses come, the evidence is complete that the advertisements have been not only important to the advertiser, but useful to the reader. The advantages thus are entirely mutual. The reader often discovers in the advertising pages, an announcement of new books, that as an intelligent man, he desires to be informed about, and which in many cases are of interest to him, or possibly, of value to his business; he finds the particulars of a new household utensil, the purchase of which will abridge the labor or contribute to the comfort of his family; he learns the price of apparel, and thus is enabled to employ his means judiciously and to the best advantage in procuring articles of this kind; he gathers information as to various forms of investment, by which he may place his reserved money in the best securities; in short, the advertising pages supply him with no little information vital to his comfort or important to the right understanding of things about him. A journal without advertisements is incomplete, and keeps away from its readers many things they ought to know. Advertisements are a chronicle of the world's progress; they exhibit its industrial activity, and show what is doing in the world of thought, of invention and of art. So much better is this all understood in England than with us, that there all the literary and scientific journals give very great space to advertisements, and have them always paged in the number, so that they may be bound in the yearly volume, and remain a permanent record of the business aspect of the times. In an old newspaper or magazine, the advertisements are often the most curious and instructive part of the publication, and serve the same purpose as old ballads and old songs do in throwing a valuable side-light upon the manners and habits of the people of a particular period. The social history of a people could be written from their advertisements. Literature proper exhibits the culture of a few; the literature of advertisements shows the taste and culture of the multitude. If amusement could be derived from English advertisements, what must be said of American provincial ones, with all their splendid energy, their sounding pomp and their wonderful grammar? A curious and entertaining book has been written, on the History of Sign-Boards; a still more entertaining volume could be compiled from advertisements gathered from different times and various sources. It would be one of the richest collections of *dissecta membra* in history.—*Appleton's Jour.*

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6	4.75	6.56	10.23	13.86	17.52	21.19	26.67	37.63	50.40
7	5.50	7.56	11.74	15.87	20.04	24.22	30.46	42.94	57.48
8	6.25	8.56	13.25	17.89	22.56	27.25	34.25	48.52	64.56
9	7.00	9.56	14.76	19.89	25.08	30.28	38.04	53.56	71.64
10	7.75	10.57	16.27	21.90	27.61	33.31	41.83	58.87	78.72
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They are introducing improvements in their organs, the present season, which they regard as very valuable and for which patents were granted them in June and August last.—*Boston Advertiser.*

We—wife, baby and ourself—gratefully acknowledge the receipt of three boxes of splendid grapes from Hudson and Emma Tuttle, and a large basket full from Addison Kelley of Kelley's Island, "Walnut Grove Farm," and "Kelley's Island," we shall long remember, and if we ever get up a geography of this continent, we shall make these two places prominent on the map, and teach our children where grapes grow so abundant, sweet and delicious that even our little Helen's teeth were not "set on edge" by eating them. With a large cluster of the delicious product of "Walnut Grove Farm" in each hand, she tries to say, "Thank you" to sweet little Rosa Tuttle, for the box sent to her.

WILLIAM DENTON, THE GEOLOGICAL AND RADICAL; a Biographical Sketch by J. H. Powell, author of Life Pictures, etc., etc. Boston, published by J. H. Powell, 1870. 25 cts

We were displeased that any one should undertake the biography of Wm. Denton, before it was possible to make such a work complete. But an interested perusal of Mr. Powell's pamphlet, reconciles us to his work. We approve of the manner and recognize the wisdom of the work. The outline of such a remarkable and heroic life as that of Denton, has a moral which cannot too soon become public property. There is nothing more disgusting than the everlasting puff—puff—puff! which in the case of some public characters, sends them on like a high-pressure steamboat—a puff for every turn of the wheels! Mr. Powell is warm in his commendation of his friend and countryman, but as evident truth is the basis of his praise, his plaudits are not offensive. Wm. Denton has earned all he has, and every one who honors manhood and honesty, can but be gratified by anything of good fortune or recognition which may reward him for his industry and integrity. The thousands who have heard his lectures, and those who have read his books, will welcome this personal introduction to the teacher, the author, and the man. We know very few pamphlets so well worthy of reading, because of timely interest as well as the moral involved. For our reasons we refer to the writing itself. For sale by the author, and at all liberal book depots.

A NEW SPIRITUAL MAGAZINE.—A few weeks ago we received from the publishers, W. F. Brown & Co., the prospectus of a Spiritual Monthly. We have now before us a specimen copy of the magazine, edited by Mr. J. H. Powell. It is a handsome monthly publication of 48 pages, quite stylish in appearance, and is filled with original matter. From the editor's varied experiences, and his well-known industry, he is peculiarly fitted for a work of this kind. We wish him eminent success. The Spiritual monthly and Lyceum Record is only \$1.50 per year. Cheap enough.

PERSONAL AND LOCAL.

Mrs. H. F. M. Brown, President of the American Association of Spiritualists, and editor of that most excellent children's paper, *The Lyceum Banner*, is spending a few days in Cleveland.

J. O. Barrett, State Missionary of Wisconsin, is lecturing at present, to great acceptance, to the society in Norwalk, O. He is doing our cause great service in the kind, loving, cultured and polished manner in which he so ably presents the divine truths of our philosophy.

J. M. Peebles is doing a grand work in Cleveland. The friends are becoming interested and united. The Society and Lyceum are on the increase in numbers. Mr. Peebles works faithfully in both. The genial influence of his harmonious, loving soul, is felt like warming, golden sunshine upon all.

We are pleased to hear of the success which our friend, Dr. Ashley, meets with, in his treatment of difficult and intricate cases, especially those referred to in his advertisement, which appears in another column. His office is centrally located at 144 Seneca St., in the room lately occupied by Dr. M. C. Parker. He will be happy to visit patients in the country, who may be unable to go to his office.

U. S. HAMILTON, BELoit, Wis.—This faithful brother is a healer by angel appointment, an instructive speaker and an honest man. He proposes to "go forth as a messenger." Let us encourage him and all such, with just reward for the good they do.

MEETINGS.

Rev. J. M. Peebles will deliver his interesting lecture on "Life in Turkey," with full Turkish costume, at Frank's Hall Wellington, Ohio, Saturday eve, Oct. 22d,

A. A. Wheelock will lecture Sunday, Oct. 23d, at Frank's Hall, Wellington, O., at 10½ A. M. and 2 P. M.

Mrs. H. F. M. Brown speaks at Lyceum Hall, Sunday morning, October 23d. Subject—"Life in California." J. M. Peebles in the evening. Subject—"My Pilgrimage from a close communion Baptist to a Spiritualist."

NOTICE.

E. V. Wilson will lecture in Union Hall West Farmington, on the evenings of Nov. 8th, 9th, 10th and 11th, 1870.

MARRIED.

At the residence of Mr. A. K. Terry, Rochester, Minnesota September 26th, by W. F. Jamieson, Mr. Charles F. Fox and Miss Sophia Myers, both of Rochester.

SOCIABLES AT LYCEUM HALL.

The most pleasant and agreeable Sociables of the Season, are held at LYCEUM HALL, Every Thursday evening. Tickets can be had at the door.

OHIO STATE SPIRITUALISTS' ASSOCIATION

The Ohio State Association of Spiritualists is inaugurating a new and systematic plan of work for the coming year. We publish the list of officers for the year 1870, and suggest that friends throughout the State put themselves at once in correspondence with this useful organization:

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Contributions may be sent to D. U. PRATT, Treasurer. All communications regarding the "Missionary Work" should be sent to A. A. WHEELOCK, Ohio State Missionary 33 Sheriff street, Cleveland, O.

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- "Constant and persistent advertising is a sure prelude to wealth."—Stephen Girard.
- "He who invests one dollar in business, should invest one dollar in advertising that business."—A. T. Stewart.

AUDITOR OF STATE'S OFFICE, Dep't of Insurance, COLUMBUS, March 2, 1870.

IT IS HEREBY CERTIFIED, That the Massachusetts Mutual Life Insurance Company, located at Springfield in the State of Massachusetts, has complied in all respects with the laws of this State relating to Life Insurance Companies, for the current year, and has filed in this office a sworn Statement, by the proper officers thereof, showing its condition and business at the date of such statement, (December 31, 1869,) to be as follows.

Aggregate amount of available Assets, including the sum of \$681,320,81 in premium notes held by the Company on Policies issued.....	\$2,879,957,37
Aggregate amount of Liabilities, including re-insurance.....	2,593,772,17
Amount of income for the preceding year in cash	804,848,84
Amount of Income for the preceding year, in Notes for premiums.....	355,084,63
Am't of expenditures for the preced'g year in cash	560,859,83
Amount of Notes used in payment of Losses and Claims during the year.....	10,111,65

In Witness Whereof, I have hereunto subscribed my name and caused the seal of my office to be affixed, the day and year above written. JAS. WILLIAMS, Chief Clerk for Auditor of State.

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Is the name of a medicine prepared by C. C. BEERS, M. D., long and widely known as a specialist in the cause of Intemperance and sanity. It will, if used according to the simple yet scientific directions, make of any drunkard

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DRUNKARDS HAVE BEEN CURED.

What the People Say!

Believing that a few letters and certificates from those who have been cured of Intemperance, and from those who have had their friends redeemed from this curse, would be evidence that this disease can be cured, I give a few of the great number which I have received:

RECOMMENDATIONS:

The following letter is from an Ex-Member of Congress from the State of New York,

My Dear Sir:—Thinking you may feel some curiosity to know of my health since coming home, I write to say that my experiment of your treatment is beyond all question a perfect success.

Hoping I may be the means of putting many others in the way of making your acquaintance, I am, with best wishes to you and yours,

O. B.

Quincy, Ill., Oct. 12th, 1867.

Sir:—The two bottles of medicine, sent to my address here have accomplished thus far all that you claimed for it.

I have met the Young Men's Christian Association, and presented to them what I believed to be the merits of your medicine, urging their immediate action in the recommendation of its use in the Asylum of Good Templars, which institution is yet in its infancy, having incurred heavy expense in the procuring of a proper house or home. Yesterday I was waited on by a committee of three, saying that they had decided on giving it a trial.

Mrs. A. E. DUNAHOO.

South Onondaga, Oct. 17th, 1867.

Dear Sir:—Your "Radical Cure" for intemperance has proved so beneficial to my husband, that some of my friends wish me to write for more.

My husband was and has been for some years very intemperate; but, thanks to you and our Heavenly Father, he is entirely cured, and words will hardly express our gratitude. I sent before in Mrs. Bradley's name, for fear I could not persuade him to take it, but now he is willing to say he owes his cure to your medicine, and for it we shall ever remain grateful to you.

Mrs. O. H. AMIDON.

South Onondaga, N. Y., Oct. 17th, 1867.

Sir:—Enclosed find six dollars (\$6.00) for which send your "Radical Cure" to O. H. Amidon, Syracuse, N. Y.

He has been cured by its use, and others are wanting to try it. Send the quantity you can afford to for the enclosed money. Forward by express at your early convenience. Send a dozen circulars, if you please.

Yours, &c., PHEBE BRADLEY.

Sir:—Thinking you might wish for my reference with regard to the efficacy of your "Cure," I give you the address of T. V. D., Buffalo, N. Y., to whom you may write for particulars. You may remember that I caused to be sent to you from Rochester, N. Y., an order for some of your medicine a year ago. He is a thoroughly cured man, not only of rum-drinking but also of tobacco-chewing, and has resumed his place in his father's affections and business.

W. A. KNIGHT, 701 Broadway, N. Y.

Pequonock, Conn., July 19 1865.

At the request of Mrs. W., I write you. She received our circular two weeks ago last Monday. I received the medicine I ordered ten days after I sent the money, and it has proved to be a perfect cure so far, for the one I got it for,

used only one bottle, and he has not taken one drop of spirit since, nor does not have any desire for it, nor to go where it is kept. He is a changed man entirely. To-day I carried the bottle I had lent to Mrs. W., to cure her husband. If it will cure him it will cure any one. I fear one bottle will not be enough for him. Please write as soon as you receive this.

Address

F. B. STEBBINS,
Pequonock, Conn.

Eastville, Va., Nov. 1, 1864.

Dear Sir:—Some weeks ago I ordered one of your circulars hoping to benefit a friend fast sinking into a drunkard's grave. I persuaded him at length to send for the medicine—he took it, and it has worked a perfect cure; the very smell of whiskey is now loathsome, and the same of beer, cider, and all alcoholic liquors. He is now another man—his wife the happiest of women. I wish you now to send me a package of circulars for distribution—I wish to do all the good I can.

Respectfully,

T. W. SMITH.

Lyndon, Vt., May 2, 1864.

Dear Sir:—Your Remedy for Intemperance has been instrumental in bringing joy and peace to our once unhappy home, and nearly restoring the patient from his former habits, although circumstances beyond my control prevent me from following the directions minutely as I otherwise would have done. Language is far too feeble to express my gratitude to you as the preserver and restorer of one who is dearer to me than life. Please send me two more bottles without one moment's delay as I have only one dram left, and I do not feel safe without it.

In haste,

JANE BARTLETT
Lyndon, Vt.

The following is from a gentleman who formerly kept the Alms House in a neighboring town. Two men have been cured, have left the Alms House, and are now supporting themselves and families, when before, the town had to support them. The medicine was given nearly two years ago.

Plymouth, Aug. 27th.

Dear Sir:—I have been away from home most of the time, since meeting you in Boston, and have not noticed your cure in the papers; I will as soon as I can get time. In regard to the Alms House inmates I would say, after having given your medicine for a short time, the inclination for strong drink was very much lessened, and the persons often said to me they were not going to drink any more, and time proved they felt and meant to do so. Two of the cases are now out of the house, and supporting themselves and families. I herein give my testimony, in any case of drunkenness, that I could calm the patient in one hour's time, by giving only one teaspoonful of the mixture, without the individual being aware of taking anything out of the common course of drinks. It is not detected by the inebriate till he feels the effect of it in his stomach, taking away all desire for strong drink. No person who has a friend or relation addicted to the habitual use of intoxicating liquors, should be without it, or even would be, after giving it a fair trial. More anon.

Yours truly,

D. C. CLIFFORD.

Boston, Sept. 1st, 1864.

You wished me to state what I know personally in relation to the effect of your "Radical Cure."

You kindly presented me, some months ago, with a number of bottles. The first cure was that of a gentleman who had for years been addicted to the use of ardent spirits—so much so, that there was scarcely a day but he was intoxicated. From a high business standing he was brought down to utter want. He used only one bottle, and is now engaged in his former pursuits, with a dislike as strong against, as it was formerly for, ardent spirits. I might mention three other cases, with the like gratifying results, with which I am cognizant.

Very truly yours,

J. R. DILLINGHAM.

Providence, R. I., March 18, 1865.

Dear Sir:—Since writing before, I have heard of a perfect cure that has been cured in this town by your medicine. Will you please to write so that I can get the letter by Saturday, and tell me how many bottles at the most it will take to effect a radical cure. I want enough to cure him [speaking of a friend] without stopping to send for more.

Yours truly,

M. J. LAKE.

Chicago, March 8, 1855.

Sir:—I now write to let you know that the man that took your medicine last October, in Groton Junction, has not drank since, and says he never will drink again. Since I came here, I have been telling how much good the medicine has done. There is a lady here that wants to get it for her husband, so I thought I would write to you and see what way you can send it.

Mrs. MARY ANN MURPHY.

147 N. Green Street, Chicago, Ill.

The following letter is from an ex-member of the Massachusetts Legislature

East Boston, March 4, 1867.

Sir:—I feel it a duty to humanity to inform you of the result of my observations in regard to your remedy for drunkenness. I first became acquainted with you, when you with others brought the subject of an Asylum for Inebriates before the Legislature of this State, of which I was then a member. The evidence before the Committee was conclusive in favor of your "Radical Cure for Intemperance."

Wendell Phillips, Esq., stated that the ratio of cures which

had been made in different institutions and the result of comparison was six to one in favor of your remedy. Judge Russell's letter to the Chairman of the Committee, was decisive in regard to the success of your practice, as was also the testimony of a large number of gentlemen, who stated what your medicine had done for them personally; besides hundreds of letters, speaking of the wonderful success of your medicine. I must say that I was surprised, for I had been looking at reformatory means of ridding men of this curse, rather than to medication, to save the inebriate. After hearing the testimony of such a large number in favor of your manner of treatment, I recommended it to some of my acquaintances, and have been more and more favorably impressed with the surprising effect of your Remedy, in removing the appetite for intoxicating drinks. I would also state that I have advised some half-dozen of my personal friends to use it, and so far as I know, all have been cured.

JOHN B. HAM.

This certifies, that, at the suggestion of some of my friends, I called upon Dr. Beers, to inquire in regard to his Radical Cure for Intemperance. I was very favorably impressed with his philosophy of the cause and cure of Intemperance. At his request, I called on a number of ladies and gentlemen, whose names were given me, who had been cured of all desire or appetite for stimulating liquors, and who were earnest in their expressions of gratitude for the wonderful change which the medicine had produced. Although hitherto quite skeptical in curing intemperance by medication, I must say that the evidence in favor of his practice is overwhelming, and I can truly say [if human testimony is worth anything] that if the people of Boston really knew what the Radical Cure is doing to change the condition of homes and families—from wretchedness and misery to happiness and peace—it would create such an excitement in this city as has seldom been seen.

Truly your friend,

IGNATIUS SARGENT, M. D.,
Boston.

Malden, Aug. 30th, 1864.

Dear Sir:—I think it my duty to inform you of two cures by the use of your medicine, which came under my particular notice, in Providence, R. I. some two years ago. One of them, within ten years, from being a man of more than ordinary business capacity, through the use of intoxicating drink sank lower and lower, until he got into the gutter, where the "Radical Cure" found him, took away all appetite for strong drink, and to-day he is a man again, enjoying the confidence and respect of his friends. Another case in the same city, was a gentleman of culture and wealth, who had become so degraded by the use of stimulants that he was given up by his friends as a hopeless case. He was told of the "Cure," and said, "With a little help, I can overcome this habit." The poor man little thought that the membrane of his stomach was diseased, and that no coaxing or driving could remove it. Only a judicious course of medication with the "Radical Cure" would remove the malady. He used the medicine, is wholly himself again, and is now holding a high office under the federal government. If the facts in relation to these two cases will be of any benefit to the cause of humanity, you are at liberty to use them.

Yours truly,

C. C. HOMER.

This letter is from a friend who has taken some interest in letting the good effects of the "Radical Cure" be known:

Hartford, Aug. 16th, 1864.

Dear Sir:—Since being here, I have become acquainted with a case of intemperance, which, I think may be cured by your Remedy. He is perfectly willing to take your medicine, so that it will not be necessary to take it in liquor. In another instance I have recommended your Remedy, and it proved a cure. The last I knew about it the man had not drank for over a year, nor had he any inclination to. I shall send for the medicine for this man as soon as I get your answer.

Yours truly,

A. M. KNIGHT.

Here is one from New Hampshire, which shows what a single bottle of the "Radical Cure of Intemperance will do:

Portsmouth, June 20th.

Dear Sir:—Having taken your "Radical Cure" some two weeks, with good effect, thank God! and not having taken quite one bottle, I wish to know if I must continue to take it until all is taken. I thank God and you that I ever took it. I have no desire for drink. You may use my name to do good to others. I have drank for years.

Yours with respect,

D. Y. ADAMS.

What the Papers Say.

We would call attention to the "Radical Cure for Intemperance, prepared by Dr. Beers. We know of many who had the desire for alcoholic stimulants entirely removed by its use.—Boston Journal.

In the Providence of God, while influences are at work to make us a nation of drunkards, a medicine has been discovered that destroys all desire for intoxicating drinks.—Transcript.

A Radical Cure for Drunkenness may be procured of Dr. Beers, of this city. There is no humbug about this. Try it you who are afflicted with too great a desire to imbibe to excess.—Pilot.

Any amount of evidence from all directions could be produced, if required, but the above is certainly sufficient.

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TABLE OF CONTENTS.

AUTHOR.	SUBJECT.
Henry J. Raymond,	To the New York Public
Margaret Fuller,	Literature in Spirit-Life.
Lord Byron,	To His Accusers.
Nathaniel Hawthorne,	Apparitions.
Washington Irving,	Visit to Henry Clay,
W. M. Thackeray,	His Post Mortem Experience.
Archbishop Hughes,	Two Natural Religions.
Edgar A. Poe,	The Lost Soul.
Jean Paul Richter,	Invisible Influences.
Charlotte Bronte,	Agnes Reef—A tale.
Elizabeth B. Browning,	To Her Husband.
Artemus Ward,	In and Out of Purgatory.
Lady Blessington,	Distinguished Women
Professor Olmstead,	Locality of the Spirit-World.
Adah Isaacs Menken,	Hold Me Not.
N. P. Willis,	Off Hand Sketches.
Margaret Fuller,	In Spirit-Life.
Albert Stuart,	Conversations on Art.
Edward Everett,	Government.
Frederika Bremer,	Flight to my Starry Home.
Rev. Lyman Beecher,	The Sabbath—Its Uses.
Prof. George Bush,	Marriage in Spirit-Life.
Junius Brutus Booth,	Acting by Spirit Influence.
Rev. John Wesley,	Church of Christ.
N. P. Willis,	A Spirit Revisiting Earth.
Anonymous,	Alone.
Baron Von Humboldt,	Earthquakes.
Sir David Brewster,	Naturalness of Spirit Life.
H. T. Buckle,	Mormons.
W. E. Burton,	Drama in Spirit Life.
Charles E. Elliott,	Painting in Spirit Life.
Comedian's Poetry,	Rollicking Song.
Lady Hester Stanhope,	Prophecy.
Professor Mitchell,	The Planets.
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TIME-TABLE, MAY 23, 1870.

WESTWARD.

	Accom- modation	Special Chic. Ex- press	Toledo Express	Sandusky Mail	Express	Pacific
	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.
Leave Cleveland,	4.30	5.25	2.30	4.05		6.45
Arrive Toledo,	9.30	8.50	7.40			10.45
" Detroit,		12.50	11.20			
" Jackson,		12.55	11.15			
" Kalamazoo		4.55	6.55			
" Grand Rapids,		8.15	10.00			
" Chicago		4.20	6.50			7.20
		P. M.	A. M.			A. M.

EASTWARD.

	Atlantic Express	Day Express	Cincinnati Express	Conneaut Accommo- dation	Express	Spec. N. Y.
	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.
Leave Cleveland,	7.45	10.45	4.00	4.55		10.50
Arrive Erie,	10.50	2.00	7.05			1.30
" Dunkirk,		12.30	3.55	8.59		2.50
" Buffalo,		1.50	5.30	10.30		4.10
" New York,		6.40	11.00	3.30		6.25
" Boston,		11.00	3.30	5.00		11.50
		A. M.	P. M.	P. M.		P. M.

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TRAINS WESTWARD.

Leave Boston	5.00 a. m.	8.30 a. m.	3.00 p. m.	9.00 p. m.
" N. York	10.30 a. m.	11.00 a. m.	8.00 p. m.	11.00 p. m.
" Buffalo	11.50 p. m.	6.05 a. m.	11.50 noon	8.25 p. m.
Arr. Clv'nd	5.15 a. m.	2.05 p. m.	6.25 p. m.	4.20 a. m.

TRAINS EASTWARD

Leave Chicago	11.50 a. m.	5.35 p. m.	9.20 p. m.	8.00
" G. Rp'ds	7.30 a. m.	4.30 "		
" Jackson	3.15 p. m.			7.00 a. m.
" Detroit	3.15 p. m.	11.25 p. m.		7.25 a. m.
Arr. Cleve'd	10.40 p. m.	7.25 a. m.	10.55 a. m.	3.40 p. m.

CONNEAUT ACCOMMODATION,

Stopping at all Stations.

Leaves Cleveland	4.55 p. m.	Arrives at Conneaut	7.48 p. m.
Leaves Conneaut	5.45 a. m.	Arrives at Cleveland	8.30 a. m.

SANDUSKY MAIL.

Stops at all Stations.

Leaves Cleveland	4.05 p. m.	Arrives at Sandusky	6.50 p. m.
Leaves Sandusky	7.10 p. m.	Arrives at Cleveland	10.05 a. m.

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Leaves Cleveland 6.45 p. m. going West.
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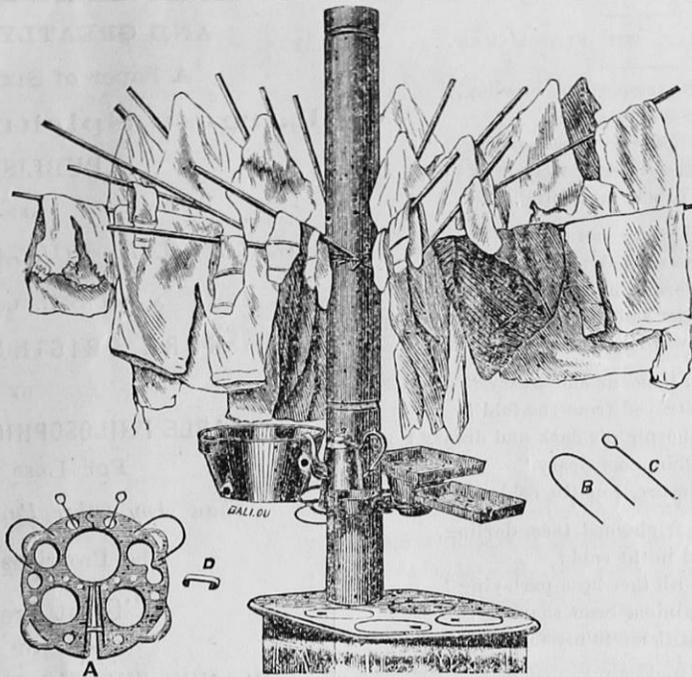
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A Drunkard's Daughter Perishing in the Snow.

BY UNCLE HAT, THE PLOWMAKER.

'Twas night, and the tempest was howling,
A lone one I met on my way;
Dark clouds in the heavens were scowling,
And winds round the stranger were prowling,
Like vultures, to gobble their prey.

Her eyes that were glassy and tearless,
Told half that she wished to conceal—
That Nature, who formed her so peerless,
Had left her to wander so cheerless—
Hence, little for words to reveal.

"Ah, whither, thou lone one and weary?
A lambkin, just strayed from the fold?
Know'st not that the night's dark and dreary?
Then haste to my cabin, poor deary!
'Twill keep you secure from the cold.

"What gorgon has frightened thee, darling,
To ramble abroad in the cold?
What demon has with thee been parleying?
Have Pluto's vile minions been snarling?
Come, lambkin, with me to my fo d.

"What mother could e'er fail to kiss thee,
And cuddle thee up for the night?
What sister so dull as not miss thee,
Or tempest so rude as to hiss thee
When roaming abroad in such plight?"

And then I repeated my offer,
And urged its acceptance the more;
Nor deigned to pronounce her a scoffer,
Though she remained deaf to my proffer,
Nor charmed by the light at my door.

"Ah! where is the father to find thee?
In mirage I now see him trying;
And where is the home left behind thee,
With all the love-ties that should bind thee?
Darling, speak, for thou art dying!"

"If orphans must steal, beg or borrow,
I never would live to be old,
And wander unheeded in sorrow;
This snow be my bed on the morrow;
Pray, let me, sir, die in the cold!"

The words that she spake seemed to smother
A heart that was breaking with woe—
"I once had a home and a mother,
They're gone, and I ne'er found another;
Pray, let me, sir, die in the snow!"

And while the lone darling stood shaking,
Frail nature betrayed a sad moan;
I prayed for a heart that was breaking,
From out my own heart that was aching,
Ere yet her pure spirit had flown.

For death, kindly death, o'er her bending,
To snatch the poor darling from woe;
While anguish its arrow was sending,
The storm-cloud its fury was lending,
Her requiem to sing in the snow.

So death that is stronger than sorrow,
And love that is stronger than death,
By favor the elements borrow,
To make her a bed on the morrow,
And greedy winds swallow her breath.

By right that kind nature has given,
I snatched the poor lamb to my breast;
Its beatings for death and for heaven,
Heart beatings all told it was riven,
And fluttering on to its rest.

I spoke of a home up in heaven—
That bright summer-land in the sky—
Sweet refuge for hearts that are riven,
To orphans so graciously given—
Then kissed her and bade her good-bye.

And mindful for fear I might smother
The breath that was leaving the form,
While passing I heard her say, "Mother!"—
The last word, she ne'er spake another—
Her spirit went out in the storm.

A lady made reference the other day to Mr. Bryant's translation of Homer, in the presence of an old lady, who suddenly remarked, with a look of wonder: "Why, I didn't know's th's ever but one besides Enoch translated. I can't think of his name now, but tain't Homer—any way."

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