

The American Spiritualist.

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GALILEO.

"And yet it moves." Ah! Truth, where wert thou then.
When all for thee they racked each piteous limb?
Wert thou in heaven, and busy with thy hymn,
When those poor hands convulsed that held thy pen?
Art thou a phantom that deceivest men
To their undoing? or dost thou watch him,
Pale, cold and silent in his dungeon dim?
And wilt thou ever speak to him again?
"It moves! it moves! Alas! my flesh was weak.
That was a hideous dream! I'll cry aloud
How the green bulk wheels sunward day by day!
Ah me! ah me! Perchance my heart was proud
That I alone should know that word to speak,
And now, sweet Truth, shine upon these, I pray."
If thou wouldst live the Truth in very deed,
Thou hast thy joy, but thou hast more of pain;
Others will live in peace, and thou be fain
To bargain with despair, and in thy need
To make thy meal upon the scantiest weed.
These palaces, for thee they stand in vain;
Thine is a ruinous hut; and oft the rain
Shall drench thee in the midnight; yea, the speed
Of earth outstrips thee, pilgrim, while thy feet
Move slowly up the heights. Yet will there come
Through the time-rents about thy moving cell
An arrow for despair, and oft the hum
Of far-off populous realms, where spirits dwell.
—"Robert Falconer"

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[Written for the American Spiritualist.]

DEERING HEIGHTS:

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

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.
CHAPTER XIV.

MRS. ORLAND, MOLLIE, AND THEIR STRUGGLE AGAINST FATE.

Mrs. Orland fell exhausted in the street. It was impossible to proceed further with her narrative until the other strands of our authentic history were brought forward. Perhaps the reader, if we are fortunate enough to have one who has pluckily thus far continued, does not relish this treatment of the subject, what cares the author? He is not writing for present fame; he does not expect it. His vision is directed futureward, for is it not better generations yet unborn blow his praise through brass trumpets, than all the present race of critics blow it through tin whistles? Besides, has he not the illustrious example of Bennett, Cobb, and others who weekly boil the gruel pot ladled out to a hundred thousand readers by the Ledger and Cosmopolitan Bosh? They would insert that chapter wherein Mrs. Orland fell inanimate in the street, as an advertisement in the leading papers of the country, and console the verdant reader who innocently thinks he is reading a good story, by telling him he may find the sequel by sending six cents for the next number of these incomparable sheets wherein twelve lawyers, twelve judges, twelve preachers, and twelve snobs, rotated in kaleidoscopic glory. As it is, I shall finish in the same book, and not have a "to be continued", to blast my reputation while on my foreign travels. No maiden hanging by the last eye-lash over an infinite abyss, with wild waves dashing at the rocks beneath; no white beauty in the act of elopement with a poor "Lo," no assassin with his dagger just one inch from the heart of his victim, shall be left to harrow

for a week the sympathies of my readers, or curdle the milk of human kindness so that it cannot flow out to real suffering. For this is a narrative of fact, and although compelled to break its continuity from chapter to chapter, patience reader, for all is here contained.

Dr. Anisdale was called early that morning to attend a patient, and driving rapidly through the village in the dusk of the night, his horse suddenly shyed out of the path, nearly overturning his vehicle. He saw a woman lying there, as he supposed dead. He took her up in his arms, and placed her in his carriage. The people of the village were yet asleep and he disliked to create an alarm. One alternative presented itself, to drive her to his own home. A man of quick thought and decision, he leaped into his seat, and wheeling his horse, in a few minutes was at his own gate. Taking the body again in his arms he carried it into his office and laid it on a sofa. His office was a room in his dwelling house. He turned up the lamp and brought it close to the face of the woman. He started back in surprise, then resumed his examination for indications of life.

"It is Mrs. Orland. I saw her that night I was called to the Community. A sad woman, I said then. A strange attack this! There are some faint symptoms of remaining life; perhaps she may be restored. But why should I bring her back? I have often debated this question with myself, and often think I cause more evil than good by such restoration. Yet when assistance is needed, I am ready. What I do must be done at once. I must have assistance."

He violently rang the bell, which was answered quickly by his wife, a benevolent appearing, elderly lady, who supposed it was another summons for the doctor. She was surprised to meet him on her way to the hall.

"Mrs. Anisdale, dear, I've a subject here; a woman I picked up in the streets and have brought home."

"Dead!" cried the lady, in consternation.
"No, not dead, but nearly. Fly around, dear, and help me; we shall soon bring her to."

Mrs. Anisdale was stout and fleshy, but she did "fly around." Whether she was of any assistance, can never be determined, but she was associated in the labor. She applied camphor profusely, and made a thousand suggestions, and kindled a fire in an incomparable short time, and brought hot water by the pailful. Either from the powerful stimulants or the reaction of nature, life became manifested. Mrs. Orland opened her eyes and gazed on Mrs. Anisdale; then she closed them again, and they thought her really dead. It was an hour before she again opened them. The doctor said danger was passed; that she must remain quiet, and charging Mrs. Anisdale to leave her to herself, but watch her carefully, again started on his intended call.

As soon as breakfast was over, Mrs. Anisdale visited her patient. She found her fully conscious and talking to herself. Her face was white as marble, and there was a strange lustre in her deep black eyes.

"Where am I, and who are you?" she asked.

"Me! dear soul, I'm Mrs. Anisdale, Dr. Anisdale's wife, and you are at my house."

"How came I here? Answer quick!"

"The doctor brought you here. There now, be quiet, dear soul. Can't you eat some breakfast? What shall I get for you that you'll relish?" Mrs

Anisdale thought if a person was sick they must necessarily be hungry, and her first thought was what they would "relish." Her words were not heard by Mrs. Orland. She asked, wildly starting up:

"Are you a prophet? Can you interpret dreams?"

"No, no, dear soul. I am a plain woman. You must be quiet."

"Who said I must be quiet? I have had a dreadful dream. I am so glad it was only a dream." She sank back exhausted.

Mrs. Anisdale stole softly out of the room. She wished the doctor would come. She knew her patient was insane, and waiting frightened her like insanity. The doctor came at nine o'clock and dispelled her alarms. The patient was better, but certainly her mind was unbalanced.

"She has endured enough to drive her to insanity," said he.

"Do you know who she is then?" asked his wife, in surprise.

"When I found her I did not, but I discovered that she was a Mrs. Orland, belonging to the Community."

"Oh, horrors!" exclaimed the good lady, her benevolence losing ground, "why did you bring her here? What will our neighbors say?"

"I brought her here because there was no where else to carry her; and as for the neighbors, I have practiced medicine here forty years, and ought to have a name too well established to be easily injured. I intend to do as I please as long as I do right."

Mrs. Anisdale was silent, but as a social volcano was beneath her feet, she trembled for consequences.

"You are Dr. Anisdale?" asked patient.

"I am, dear madam, and glad to see you improving."

"I am quite well. I have had a horrible dream. No, no," said she, correcting herself, "not a dream; it was reality. You found me—where?"

"In the street, madam."

He thought the truth would, under the circumstances, be better than evasion.

"As I thought. I attempted to run away from myself! I failed; I shall fail; women always fail. I can go."

"Nay, nay, Mrs. Orland, you cannot, must not. It would be death for you to attempt it."

"Did you say death? Then I would go. I love death. Why should I desire to live? I am blasted; lightning struck; withered."

"As I thought," muttered the doctor, aside. "I'll never be guilty of reviving another. One is sure to be cured."

"Where is Mollie, or my husband? Nay, not so—Mr. Orland?"

"I do not know. Shall I send for them?"

"I should like to see them—Mollie, not him; he will not come. He has killed me. He will not confront his victim!"

A boy was despatched to the Community on the errand. A few moments thereafter, Grandfather Leland and Mr. Malcom, who were strolling through the village, called on the doctor. He received them in his office, as Mrs. Orland had been transferred to an adjoining room, where she would be more quiet.

"I've had a strange adventure, Mr. Leland," said the doctor "and I'm troubled to know how it will end. I am right glad you have called; right glad to see Mr. Malcom, for you both ought to assist me."

He then related the events of the morning, and concluded by saying:

"Dreadful work there is in this Community."

"Doctor Anisdale, your kindness and self-sacrifice is above praise. You have done your duty, and I will stand by you."

"And I," said Mr. Macolm, "I will share the burden with Mr. Leland."

"This is the result I have expected," said Mr. Leland. "I tell you, Mr. Malcom, evil and only evil can grow out of this foolish theory which these persons are endeavoring to actualize."

"They cry out against the evils of marriage," responded Mr. Malcom, "while the system they advocate is fraught not only with evil but ruin."

"The cry they raise, Mr. Leland, arises from the most debased faculties. I have no sympathy for them; so little, in fact, I should nearly justify a mob,—a remedy to be dreaded more than the disease, but sometimes necessary."

The entrance of Mollie interrupted further conversation. She was flushed and panting for breath; her hair was disordered and her eyes red from weeping.

"Mother," she gasped, looking at Dr. Anisdale.

"Yes, yes, little girl, your mother is here. You can see her."

He opened the door leading into the room where her mother tossed feverishly on her couch. Mollie sprang forward, threw herself upon the bed, and clasped her mother in her arms.

"Oh, Mollie," said her mother, very low, "you have come! I am not all alone. And you will stay? You will not go with your father? You will not stay and be burned with the fires of hell?"

"No, no, no!" cried the passionate girl, "I will stay with you, my own dear mother."

Her hand stole up to the hot forehead of her mother. The errand boy came in, and the Doctor closed the door, as he asked:

"Is Mr. Orland coming?"

"No; he says it is nothing to him, he has not time. I told Sizer Cumin, and he will be here in a few minutes."

"The heartless villian," exclaimed Mr. Malcom.

"I am glad Sizer Cumin is to call," spoke Mr. Leland. "This is his especial work, and he should see it."

Sizer, accompanied by Rev. Saber, came in. He did not believe in formalities, and did not ring, a fact to which he called attention.

"You have one of our spiritual sisters here, Mr. Anisdale?" He would die before saying Doctor.

"Mrs. Orland is here, and has been near unto death's door. Why does her husband refuse to comply with her wishes?"

Sizer struck an attitude. He smelt opposition and was inflamed thereby.

"Do not say husband to me. We know neither husband nor wife. They are names meaning ownership. We are individual sovereigns. Mr. Orland has done what is best to him, and Mrs. Orland must do what is best to her."

"Then you came here," said the Doctor, testily, "to justify Mr. Orland in deserting his wife and murdering her?"

"He did not desert her. He had other attractions. She might have had. I am attracted to her myself; so is Mr. Saber. It was her choice. As for murder, that was her own affair. She ran through the wood all night. Mr. Orland does not compel her to do so. He loves her, and left her for her own good, because he was wronging her by keeping her from her true attractions."

"Sizer Cumin," exclaimed the Doctor, indignantly, "I have known you from a boy up. I considered you a fool, and I do so now, but some rascally villian is making a puppet of you."

"I hope that is not a personal allusion to myself," hotly spoke Rev. Saber.

"Just as you please, gentlemen, just as you please."

You are a precious pack of innocents, all of you. Sizer, is not Heartie still your wife?"

"Wife!" cried Sizer, indignantly, "no, emphatically no! She is attracted to Mr. Vaner far more than to me; and I have my attractions."

"Ah ha, I see! That Vaner is the villian; you are his catspaw. You are not worthy of arguing with, and I won't stoop to do so. If such are your principles, they are worthy of the slums of the cities. If you were not such a fool I would throw you out of the door; as it is, you may go, if you will go at once."

"Thus I am misunderstood. It is the lot of all great minds. They are persecuted. Jesus was reviled and died on a cross, and Socrates drank poison—"

The Doctor was engaged, else Sizer, having an opportunity, might have gone on till this time. He arose, and his gestures were so significant, the valiant pair backed down the front steps, and Sizer went away highly elated at this foretaste of martyrdom.

"It is astonishing that this rotten doctrine gathers so many advocates," exclaimed the doctor.

"That is why it gathers its advocates," remarked Mr. Leland. "The qualities which nauseate a healthy and well balanced mind, attract and deprave the unhealthy. We must resume our walk. I have only to remark, that if Mrs. Orland and her daughter want a home, my house is free to them as long as they desire."

"Allow me, Dr. Anisdale, to defray their expenses while with you."

"Nay, nay," the Doctor began to speak, "you contribute your time, I will defray expenses; we'll divide the honors between us."

* * * * *

The exhaustion of that night of mental anguish and physical effort was not to be overcome by the kindness of the passing hour or the stimulants known to medical science. Stimulants produce a good effect when there is a store of energy on which they can draw; but when there is none, they galvanize the body to a brief activity, to have it more exhausted than before. For a few hours Mrs. Orland was bright and cheerful, although unable to rise. Mollie clung to her side, and would not leave her for a moment. She possessed a strong affectional nature, and all its fervency had been poured out on her mother. She sat on the bedside and held her mother's hand hour after hour. The noon sun flooded with glimmering light the misty atmosphere, and the air was close and oppressive. Mollie saw the crimson glow rise and deepen on her mother's face. She rejoiced at first, for she thought it was the glow of returning health.

(To be continued.)

The inquiries answered in public by Cora L. V. Tappan, under inspiration, are generally sound and philosophical, giving perfect satisfaction to interrogators. Here is a sample:

Does not matter ultimate in spirit?

Never; it would be just as possible for spirit to ultimate in matter; neither can occur. Mind or spirit is an essential power, or spiritual force, acting upon matter, but never merging therein. Matter is simply the clothing of the spirit, and very frequently changed. The idea that spirit is merely sublimated matter is purely materialistic.

Harper's Monthly tells of a grand church in Chicago, which boasts of a splendid organ and a three thousand dollar choir, but rather dryish preaching, within which the following lines were found scribbled on the fly-leaf of a hymn book:

"Could old King David but for once
To this good church repair,
And hear his Psalms thus warbled forth—
Good gracious! how he'd swear!
"And could St. Paul but just pop in,
From higher scenes abstracted,
And hear the Romans thus explained—
By George! he'd run distracted!"

The Spiritual Movement in England.

If agitation incites to investigation, and investigation invariably leads to the discovery and acceptance of truth, Spiritualism is certainly on the eve of an important victory in England. It is certain that Spiritual manifestations are widely extending and deeply interesting the more thoughtful classes throughout her "Majesty's Kingdom." Recently Mr. J. T. Taylor, a close thinker and sound scientist, read a paper upon Spiritualism before the "Wood-green Literary Society." An abstract of the paper appeared in the *Saturday's North Londoner*. We take pleasure in putting it before our readers:

"Sir Walter Scott ridiculed the idea of supposing that a town could be lighted by gas; and he, the essayist, had heard Sir David Brewster argue against the possibility of obtaining a correct portrait by means of the camera obscura. In like manner electricity and spectrum analysis had had their day of adversity, and Spiritualism was now passing through the same phase. He spoke at some length on the laws and value of testimony, and the reasonableness of accepting or distrusting the evidence of the senses, and referred to Faraday's assertion that there was no trusting our senses unless the judgment had been largely cultivated for their guidance, showing that if this principle was adhered to in every-day life, there would exist no such a thing as commercial or social confidence. He also spoke of Faraday's principle in the investigation of phenomena, viz., that before proceeding to consider any question involving physical principles, we must set out with clear ideas of the possible and the impossible. But if nothing were to be investigated until its possibility were known, by what means was its possibility to be known unless by investigation? In the case of a table being lifted from the floor without the contact of the hands of any of those surrounding it, Faraday would say that as it was impossible, therefore it never happened, no matter how many witnesses attested the contrary. Had they been trained to habits of scientific observation, they would have found that the table was not raised because it could not be. He then proceeded to give them the testimony of some of the first scientific men of the day in support of the proposition that the alleged Spiritual phenomena were real, and were not the product either of hallucination or imposture. Mr. William Crookes, F. R. S., the editor of the *Chemical News* and *Quarterly Journal of Science*, had borne public testimony to its reality. Mr. Cromwell Varley, whose discoveries in electrical science are of the most brilliant and useful character, was cited as one who had repeatedly testified to the truth of Spiritualism. Lord Brougham, Professor De Morgan, Dr. Robert Chambers, Mr. Alfred Wallace, the naturalist, Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall, William and Mary Howitt, Thackeray, Lord Lyndhurst, Lord Adare, the Earl of Dunraven, Archbishop Whately, N. W. Senior, late Master in Chancery, and many other names of persons eminent in science, literature and art, were mentioned among those who had not merely given in their adhesion to the new faith, but who had written in its behalf, and quotations were given from the writings of each of those mentioned. Mr. Taylor had often seen Spiritualistic phenomena of the most astounding nature; he had not merely seen material bodies of the most ponderous character freely moved about without being so much as touched by any one in the room, but he had been present when, without any contact with any of them, elaborate drawings and writings of a high character had been produced in an incredibly short space of time. These had been done in presence of artists, and scientific and literary men of the highest reputation, who could not possibly be deceived as to the reality of what was taking place.

"And it came to pass," that a gang of boys stoned a Chinaman to death in San Francisco, on the 1st inst., and dozens of people witnessed the crime, and did not interfere until the deed was consummated, and no immediate attempt was even then made to arrest the young murderers.—*Exchange*.

That was right, perfectly right, boys! What business has a "heathen Chinese," imbued with the morals of Confucius, in this Christian country? Brave boys—Sunday School boys! Keep on; murder Indians and stone Chinamen to death; it is all in keeping with Christian practice and Bible teaching. See Joshua 10: 11, "The Lord God cast down great stones from heaven upon them, . . . and they died." If the Lord God in ancient Bible times stoned the heathen, why should not the California boys engage in the same godly proceedings? Will some of our "babes in Christ," or churchal cossets, answer?

Mrs. Conant's Mediumship.

BY J. M. PEEBLES.

The accumulated testimonies of the ages show conclusively that there have always been seers, sibyls, visionists and ecstasies, rightly denominated at the present time, *media*. These royal souls gifted with seemingly super-human powers, have, as message-bearers for gods and angels, been instrumental in lifting the curtain of immortality, and demonstrating to anxious mortals the reality of a future conscious existence.

The five great religions of the world—Brahminism and Buddhism, Aryan in origin; Judaism and Mohammedanism, Semitic in essence and character; and Christianity, a combination of various religious elements, all originated in spiritual manifestations. It is honorable to be a medium. All God's methods are mediative. Socrates was a medium, blessed with an attending demon-guide; Jesus, the gentle Judean teacher, was a medium. Elias and Moses constituted a portion of his circle. Paul termed him "mediator," that is, one acting between. Plotinus, the distinguished Neo-Platonist, walked hand in hand with invisible intelligences. Joan D'Arc, suffering as a martyr for her mediumistic gifts, lives in history immortal. Swedenborg's converse with angels and spirits brightens to this day every page of history treating of immortality. To be ashamed of mediumship is to be ashamed of keeping company with the annointed, the glorified in heaven. When the "fashion of Christ's countenance was altered," as is frequently the case in a superior trance condition, the disciples were evidently surprised, perhaps ashamed. But said Jesus, "Whosoever shall be ashamed of me and of my words, of him shall the Son of Man be ashamed when he shall come in his own glory, and in his Father's, and of the holy angels."

The Reformation, so-called, put a bridgeless gulf between the visible and invisible worlds. Roman Catholics ever believed in spirit communion. They have a feast day consecrated to loving remembrances of guardian angels. But Protestant reformers, in their efforts to avoid all superstition, drifted into cold churchal unbelief, bordering Atheism. The door of communication that John saw "opened in heaven," Protestant Christianity attempted to shut. Churchmen denominated angel appearances, ghosts, demons and apparitions. Visions were illusions. Media they called witches and hung them. And they endeavored to feed souls hungering for a knowledge of immortality, with biblical records and the scattered Mosaic crumbs of ancient feasts.

God lived. Principles were immutable. The veil of mystery was rent in Hydesville, near Rochester, N. Y., and a conscious converse with spirits re-established. In the initiation of this spiritual dispensation, the method, together with the teachings, struck a death blow to the supernatural. Miracles were not mentioned. Spiritism rightly defined is the science of spirit converse, and is just as much in harmony with natural law as magnetism, or any of the physical or mental sciences.

Since the spirit-cabling, some twenty three years since, of that ether-ocean which spans the interstellar spaces, bringing us into continuous intercourse with the risen and the good "gone before," no medium has done a greater, nobler work in Spiritualism than Mrs. J. H. Conant of Boston. And what, if possible, adds excellence to the work, it has been done quietly, conscientiously and womanly. In all enlightened countries, in all the English-speaking islands of the ocean that have given Spiritualism a moment's earnest attention, the mediumship of Mrs. Conant is familiar. Borne to every portion of the reading world on the folds of the *Banner of Light*, her name stands there connected with evangels and good tidings from the Better-Land. Considering

her manifold gifts she is a wonderful woman. Not alone in her "Majesty's Kingdom," but while upon the continent, we heard the message department of the *Banner of Light* referred to in terms of highest praise. Many turned to the sixth page first to see what the "spirit saith." Not a message is utterly in vain—not a sound from those upper kingdoms of blessedness is lost. Some soul will be enriched by it forever. Immortals know their chosen channels—angels the worth of human instrumentalities.

Saying nothing of Mrs. Conant's private seances with friends for counsel; nothing of her sittings for investigators in the ranks of scientists, those beautiful invocations in the circle room; those instructive communications ranging from childish playfulness to profound wisdom; those ready replies to questions often involving a knowledge of metaphysics, natural sciences, and the pre-historic periods, that have appeared weekly several years in the *Banner of Light*, show Mrs. Conant to be the most remarkable woman of this century; or they prove her to be, as claimed, unconsciously entranced and controlled by an order of intelligences royally dowered with intellect and wisdom. In either case—agent or instrument—the dilemma compels the skeptic to confer honor upon one who as modestly as queenly sits the presiding genius of the message department in the *Banner of Light*.

Hundreds of these messages recognized and verified by the parties, are never published. Friends interested solely in the sound and shell of things, or perhaps cowardly, do not so desire. Others are verified in distant portions of the country, and never reported to the *Banner* office. Connected several years editorially with this Spiritualist journal, we write not "hearsay" concerning this matter, but from positive knowledge.

Though Mrs. Conant in normal condition is clairvoyant and clairaudient—though richly blessed with nearly all the spiritual gifts; yet, when giving her communications she passes into an unconscious trance state. All avenues to the outer life are thoroughly closed. To the things of the physical world she is dead. The brain is pathetized by angel hands, and while in this ecstatic condition, her sensitive cranial organs are swept by immortal fingers. Thus transfigured, the communications are not only truthful and satisfactory, but often eminently grand and beautiful. Scoffers are astounded, investigators convinced, mourners comforted, errorists reclaimed, and listening believers themselves strengthened to battle on for the good and the true. Oh, it is blessed to be thus naturally gifted with mediumship; and thrice blessed are those who use their holy gifts for the edification and moral elevation of humanity. Such find treasures in the approval of their own souls, treasures in loving human hearts, and treasures immortal awaiting them in the homes of angels!

How fresh in our memory are the last words of the sainted John Pierpont to us at the National Convention in Providence, R. I.: "Go on brother! God the Father and Christ the Exemplar are with you in spirit. Do the work of an evangelist; proclaim the present ministry of spirits to earth. This belief is the chief blessing of my life, the sands of which are nearly run." Returning from the funeral services, conducted by the Unitarians, to spend the evening with Mrs. Conant, in company with Mr. Colby, the able editor of the *Banner of Light*, Mr. Wilson, the faithful assistant editor, and several other gentlemen, and also ladies, Mr. Pierpont, as a risen spirit, "appeared in our midst, the doors being shut." During a moment's lull in the conversation, he was seen clairvoyantly by Mrs. Conant, standing by our side. The magnetic influence from his presence was as uplifting as powerful. The apartment, previously consecrated for spiritual purposes, seemed now the very gate of heaven. It was an auspicious

season. Soon Mrs. Conant became entranced, and Mr. Pierpont fully identifying himself, referred to a beautiful vision he had had before entering spirit-life. He also gave the party present a most interesting sketch of his reception "over there" by Dr. Channing and a multitude of noble sympathizing spirits, adding that his faith in Spiritualism had become merged into a most blessed reality. His soul was full of gratitude to God and angels. After further addressing us in language at once tender, touching and paternal, he departed from our midst, leaving behind the influence of his new and holier baptism of the resurrection. All wept, and felt that it was good to stand on this mount of moral transfiguration. Memories of this, and other seances, in the presence of this medium for the *Banner of Light*, are treasured as among the sunniest spots in our pilgrim life.

Mrs. Conant has a fine spiritual organization; keen moral perceptions, great sincerity of heart, unshaken faith in the angel-world, an abiding love for the truth of the spiritual philosophy, and is conscious of being constantly overshadowed and guarded by heavenly intelligences. As friend, sister-worker and woman, she is universally esteemed. Not from the beauty of the goddess; not from the flowery dells of Arcadia; not from queens crowned and swaying temporal sceptres; but from such media—such women as these, do men, while getting the demonstrations of immortality, gather moral strength and purity of purpose to further perfect themselves in a true, divine manhood.

Grand Union Pic-Nic.

The Children's Progressive Lyceum of Cleveland, Ohio, extends to all sister Lyceums a friendly greeting, and requests their assistance in a great project. It is our purpose to gather together as many of the Lyceums in Ohio as possible, and spend a day in social enjoyment, that those who are engaged in this beautiful work may become better acquainted with each other, and so be able to work more in unison and to devise means to further the great cause of enlightenment for the youth of our age; to emancipate them from the religious trammels of the past, that they may grow in physical strength and spiritual beauty, and become instrumental in the advancement of human progress.

For this great purpose we invite all the Lyceums in the State of Ohio to join us in a Grand Union Pic-nic about the last of August or first of September, as is most convenient for them. Suitable accommodations will be in readiness for them and such delegations from other States as may wish to be present; and if they will but assist us by their numbers and their talents, a demonstration will be made worthy the glorious cause we represent. Several prominent speakers will be engaged.

We wish to make this the best demonstration of the kind ever made since Spiritualism dawned upon the world to redeem it from bigotry and superstition; to convince mortals of their immortality, and restore to the arms of sorrowing, despairing mourners their loved ones, made better, purer by their change from this sin-tempted world to the beautiful one above!

Very respectfully we solicit replies from the various Lyceums, stating their wishes in regard to the programme of the day, and we hope, assuring us of their presence, for without their hearty co-operation our plan must prove a failure. We have none too much time to make the necessary preparations, and so request immediate answers, and will gladly furnish all information required.

Earnestly hoping that our plan will meet with the approbation of all Lyceum lovers, we leave its success with them.

All communications addressed to

C. I. THATCHER, Conductor C. P. L.,

136 Bank street,

or EMMA ALLEN, Cor. Secretary,

247 St. Clair street.

Banner, Journal, and Crucible, please copy.

Is Mrs. Stowe a Spiritualist?

The Rev. Starkweather, Baptist clergyman of Trumansburg, N. Y., published the following from Mrs. Stowe relating to her Spiritualism:

HARTFORD, Feb. 9th, 1871.

Dear Sir—In answer to your inquiry whether I am a Spiritualist, I reply that I believe in the Spiritualism taught in the Bible, and in that alone; and regard a great part of what is called modern Spiritualism as being precisely what we are warned against in the Bible as seducing spirits and doctrines of devils. Yours very truly, H. B. STOWE.

Note the cunning of the priest in putting the question—"are you a Spiritualist?" She replies cautiously: "I believe in the Spiritualism taught in Bible," &c. Precisely—so do we: trance, vision, healing, gift of tongues, discerning of spirits, prophecy and kindred phenomena. This is the Spiritualism of the *present*—the Bible Spiritualism in which Mrs. Stowe believes. They are parallel.

Had this policy clergyman put the inquiry: "Do you believe in a conscious communion between mortals and their loved ones in heaven?" She would have answered unhesitatingly in the affirmative. And this communion is the central thought—the distinguishing dogma of Spiritualism. "A great part of what is called modern Spiritualism." Called by whom? Sectarian clergymen of course, some of which, like the Church Fathers of the 3d century, will "lie for the glory of God!" But "called modern Spiritualism is precisely what we are warned against in the Bible," &c. This, on the part of Mrs. Stowe, is a pleasant blinder, or a sort of mental "soothing syrup," for Baptist "babes in Christ"—nothing more.

The Bible abounds in commands and "warnings" that not a Christian on earth heeds, viz: Lev. 21: 9; Num. 31: 17, 18; Deut. 23: 10, 12, 13; Ezek. 4: 14, 15, and 16: 3, 36, 37; Isa. 20: 23; 2d Sam. 6: 14, 16, 20. See also these scriptures:

Ye shall eat no manner of fat of ox, of sheep or of goat.
Whoever shall eat any manner of blood, whether it be of fowl or of beast shall be cut off.
Thou shalt not mar the corners of thy beard.
A man or a woman that consulteth a familiar spirit shall surely be put to death; they shall be stoned with stones.—*Bible.*

When a prominent member of the Baptist church in Trumansburg went to Moravia to "consult a familiar spirit" or witness spiritual manifestations, why, upon his return, did not Mr. Starkweather rush into the streets and "stone him to death," according to the command of the "Lord" in the Bible?

The most sensible of the Bible warnings concerning spirits—undeveloped, "seducing spirits," is that of John: "Beloved, believe not every spirit, but try the spirits," &c. We must try spirits whether in the body or out; whether in lower or higher spheres, just as we try Christians, by their practice—by their fruits. But Mrs. Stowe "believes in the Spiritualism of the Bible;" so do we; hence we are both *Spiritualists*. Writing upon this subject in Henry Ward Beecher's *Church Union*, she says:

The continued identity, interest and unbroken oneness of the departed with the remaining was a topic frequently insisted on among early Christian ministers—it was one reason of the rapid spread of Christianity. Converts flocked in clouds to the ranks of a new people who professed to have vanquished death—in whose inclosure love was forever safe, and who by so many sacred and solemn acts of recognition consoled the bereaved heart with this thought that their beloved, though unseen, were still living and loving—still watching, waiting and caring for them.

In every act of life, the primitive church recognized that the doors of heaven were opened through her ordinances, and the communion of love with the departed blest unbroken.

Among the open and professed Spiritualists are some men and women of pure and earnest natures, and seriously anxious to do good, and who ought to be distinguished from the charlatans who have gone into it merely from motives of self-interest.

Those remarkable phenomena which affect belief upon this subject are not confined to paid mediums and spiritual circles, so called. They sometimes come of themselves to persons neither believing in them, looking for them, nor seeking them. Thus coming they can but powerfully and tenderly move the soul. . . . But we do hold to a return to the spirit which caused these customs. We hold to that belief in the unbroken unity possible between those who have passed to the higher life and this. We hold to that vivid faith in things unseen which was the strength of primitive Christians.

The first Christians believed what they said they did; we do not. The unseen spiritual world, its angels and archangels, its saints and martyrs, its purity and its joys were ever before them, and that is why they were such a mighty force in the world. St. Augustine says that it was the vision of the saints gone before that inspired them with courage and contempt of death—and it is true.

It is claimed that there are in the United States four million Spiritualists. It is also claimed by the advocates of these sentiments that the number of those who boldly and openly profess them is exceeded by the greater number of those who are *secretly* convinced, but who are unwilling to encounter the degree of obloquy or ridicule which they would probably meet on an open avowal.

All these things afford matter for grave thought to those to whom none of the great and deep movements of society are indifferent. When we think how very tender and sacred are the feelings with which this has to do; what power and permanency they always have, we cannot but consider such a movement of society entitled at least to the most serious and thoughtful consideration.

Some years ago the writer of this, in deep sorrow for the sudden death of a son, received the following letter from a Roman Catholic priest, in a neighboring town. He was a man eminent for holiness of life and benevolence, and has since entered the rest of the blessed.

DEAR MADAM—In the deep affliction that has recently visited you, I implore you to remember well that there is a communion of spirits of the departed just, which death cannot prevent, and which, with prayer, can impart much consolation. This, with the condolence of every parent and child in my flock, I beg leave to offer you, wishing, in the meantime, to assure you of my heartfelt regret and sympathy.

JAMES O'DONNELL,
Catholic Pastor, Lawrence.

What is this communion which death cannot prevent, and which with prayer can impart consolation? It is known in the apostles' creed as "the communion of saints."—*H. B. Stowe.*

GOD IN THE CONSTITUTION.—Sectarian bigots are anxious that *their* idea of God should be recognized in the Constitution of the United States. God is the Constitution of the Universe, and will govern it, including the United States, by immutable law, without any assistance from those who have never recognized Him where he is most manifest—in the *Constitution of Man*. Recognize the citizenship of Woman in the Constitution of the United States, and more of God will be inserted therein than all the creeds of Christendom contain.—*Dean Clark, in Banner of Light.*

Paul wrote—"Go on unto perfection." The injunction indicating insight, inspires us to write—Go on spiritists from phenomena to philosophy, from philosophy to practice. When Newton saw the apple fall he did not sit down cosily the remainder of his life, watching falling apples. But from that suggestive phenomenon he went on to the philosophy unfolding the law of gravitation, and from this to an application of its practical workings in mechanics in the sciences and movements of astral worlds. We occasionally meet Spiritists who, full twenty years ago, watched the physical manifestations—heard and believed in the spirit-rappings. But the "rappings" have not rapped tobacco out of their mouths; alcohol out of their stomachs; penuriousness out of their pockets; sensuality out of their affections, nor theology out of their brains. They need, in place of more spirit-rappings, a deep spiritual baptism; a searching spiritual culture, and a practical spiritual growth up into the divine truth and power of a genuine, heaven-approving Spiritualism.

Psychopathy.

BY E. S. WHEELER.

Spiritualism is gradually forcing anthropologists, and all who seek the cure of material or mental diseases, to recognize that in the spiritual department the cause and cure of general and special disorders must be discovered. Insanity, long regarded simply as an evidence of diabolical influence, and when proved to be a disease treated from the physical and external plane alone, has been recognized as the product of complex causes, and the fact demonstrated that by metaphysical, magnetic and in general psychopathic operations, a cure could in many cases be effected.

Prof. Mead, having been for a long time distinguished in *Materia Medica*, in Therapeutics, Obstetrics, and the diseases of women and children, turned his attention to Insanity and Medical Jurisprudence; having occupied the Professor's chair in each of these departments, as we are informed, he afterwards was for eighteen years in charge of two institutions devoted to mental derangements. Spiritualism, which has given *new science* to Friend Mead, has also blocked his way among the fossils of his special practice. He now proposes practically to secure the financial co-operation of all who feel an interest for humanity's sake in the insane, to establish a Mental Cure on spiritualistic and progressive principles.

A considerable sum is already subscribed, and the hope that something *practical* will soon be done in honor of Humanity and Spiritualism, is high with the Professor and those who best understand him and his purpose. His apartments are at 1061 Washington street, Boston, Mass., where he is engaged in general medical practice; but we understand the Psychopathic Institution may be located in any part of the country where means and facilities are found. We earnestly wish the Doctor success, and invite the attention of our able friends to his enterprise, as a way in which to aid the age by a *judicious investment*. Let there be one institution, humanitarian and sensible, emanating from Spiritualists at once. We know none as useful as the one of which we write. Letters of inquiry may be addressed to the Professor, or those interested may call upon him as above.

A refreshing hymn for hot weather by the Christian Psalmist, Dr. Watts:

Far, in the deep, where darkness dwells,
The land of horror and despair,
Justice has built a dismal hell,
And laid her stores of vengeance there.

Eternal plagues, and heavy chains,
Tormenting racks, and fiery coals,
And darts t'inflict immortal pains,
Dipped in the blood of damned souls.

There Satan, the first sinner, lies,
And roars, and bites his iron bands;
In vain the rebel strives to rise,
Crush'd with the weight of both thy hands.

There guilty ghosts, of Adam's race,
Shriek out, and howl beneath thy rod;
Once they could scorn a Savior's grace,
But they incens'd a dreadful God.

Tremble, my soul, and kiss the son;
Sinner, obey thy Savior's call;
Else your damnation hastens on,
And hell gapes wide to wait your fall.

If this hymn is not sung, may it be honored with a reading at our Spiritualist Grove and Camp meetings.

CONSISTENT INCONSISTENCY.—As long as they do not see the contradiction, men can sincerely hold the most contradictory views.—*Modern Thinker.*

Bible Revision.

BY D. W. HULL.

I learn from a private but authentic source, that the committee on the revision and retranslation of the Bible, though very active, will not be able to give us the revised New Testament until about four years from now, and the Old Testament not until a little over ten years. There will hardly be a text in the whole Bible left unaltered. Now that these ecclesiastics are fully committed to the work, they find that the changes forced upon them by the unanimous conclusions of scholars are as startling as they are peremptory. The Lord's prayer has, I learn, been already altered in an important particular. The word "trespass" does not rightly translate any word in the Bible. This was indeed known by King James' translators, who thought that the right translation of the petition was, "Forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors." But it was naturally thought that this true translation might endanger the faith of all the shopkeepers in England—a fraternity not much inclined to forgive their debtors."—*London Correspondence of the Cincinnati Commercial*.

What glorious news this is; we have implicitly relied upon our translators for a correct version of the Bible, and lo! they have given us a base counterfeit. We had faith in our Bible translators, not in God; and we tried to persecute all our neighbors into the same faith, when lo! we have discovered that that faith is only a stepping stone to hell!

"Not a text in the whole Bible that will not be altered;" and well they might be, for we are told by the American Bible Society that there are one hundred and fifty thousand mistakes in our English version, which is only one hundred and twenty-seven mistakes to the chapter, or about three mistakes for every verse in it. It is time that we should know that Bible believers have more faith in men than they have in God; and to have faith in any translation is to have faith in the men who translate it, who may err in judgment, or on account of some creeded bias.

It is indeed a sad discovery to be made in this late day, that we have been mistaken in all the by-gone past concerning the divine wishes of the Almighty, and it is unfortunate that we must wait ten years on these savans to produce a correct copy of the divine will. During that period one third of the present generation will die and go to the brimstone country, and the other two thirds will either unwittingly "commit the unpardonable sin" against the Holy Ghost, or lose faith in the men who are translating the Bible. If the Almighty or his servants had only bethought themselves a little sooner we could have had a translation in time to save some; but as it is, perhaps we had better make the most of a bad case.

O, for that mustard-seed faith that will remove mountains. We could then prevail on the Almighty to drop an English copy of his Bible down to us. We should pray for it, but then we read that "Whatsoever is not of faith is sin." (Rom. 14: 24.) And "Without faith it is impossible to please God." (Heb. 11: 6.) And we know if we ask it and do not receive it we have prayed without faith—we have sinned. So taking it altogether, we are in a bad "row of stumps." We'll be damned if we do pray and we'll be damned if we don't.

If the Lord only had our goodness, or we his power, the poor hell-doomed denizens of this planet would not have to wait ten years for an English Bible; we should scatter them like autumn leaves. It is absolutely necessary that the Lord should give us an English Bible, and if we can't get to heaven without one, it is his duty to give us one, and faith or no faith, it is right to demand it of him. The Hebrew language has been so far forgotten that it is impossible to find a man capable of translating it for us. In the first place, it is written altogether in consonants, without any division of the words, thus:

Beth, nun, yod, nun, cheth, sheen, mem, cheth, mem, waw, yod, peh, tauw.

This is the Hebrew of Gen. 10: 1, which in our

Bibles is translated: "Now these are the sons of Noah, Shem, Ham and Japeth." To see the difficulties in the way of reading the Hebrew, let us take the vowels out of the above sentence and write it solid, thus: Nwthsrtshnsfnhshmhmdjpt. In time we might be able to separate the words and find out their meaning with only tolerable accuracy; but never would we be willing to risk our soul's dearest interest on the solution of a phrase thus written. Take for illustration the letters "thrsfmltst," one would read it, "There is a family out East," another "There is a female out East," and still two other parties, one claiming that the sentence of the first was right only East should be West, whilst the fourth would claim that the alteration made in the sentence should be attached to the criticism of No. 2. The Hebrew letters "yod, von, nun," are rendered, "Jonan, Ionia, John, Joannas, Jonah, and Jonas," as would best suit the purposes of the translators. These are the difficulties in reading our Hebrew; but we are not through them. Each Hebrew word has from eight to fourteen different significations (not less than an average of ten), so that after we have found out what the Hebrew word is, we have to run one of ten chances of getting it properly translated, so if we had a sentence of ten words, we should find a difficulty of selecting from the hundred different ways of translating it; for we are well aware that only one is right, whilst the "odd ninety-nine" are wrong. Bless you, dear reader, in all the translations you could get of the Bible, if it only had ten words in it, you would have to select one out of the hundred chances of getting to heaven by it, knowing that the other ninety-nine roads will surely bring you up in Hell.

In our Bibles, one writer knowing that rain will not raise the water higher than the clouds from which it falls, has come to the conclusion that there never has been a deluge on the earth; that the ark which saved Noah and his family should have been translated a cow, which Noah sacrificed. Another tells us it was not the ravens which fed Elijah, but the Arabians; and still another tells us that Sampson instead of setting fire to the foxes' tails, caught the wheat sheaves (wonder if he had a hard chase after them) and turned the tops together and set fire to them, and thus these men wiggle away at the Hebrew, and give us their words that they know what they are about; but every now and then they will stop to quarrel over a word, some claiming it is a man and others it is a bird; and again they find another word which to save our dear souls, for which they have so much concern, they can't tell whether it is a wheat sheaf or a foxes' tail!

The word translated *suffering* in Ex. 34: 6, is translated *anger* in Gen. 28: 45; *nostrils* in Gen. 2: 7; *face* in Gen. 3: 19. So we may read: "The Lord God, merciful and gracious long-nosed, (long-faced or long-angry,) and abundant in goodness and truth."

If it had been translated "long-faced," we should never have quarrelled about his partiality for the church; or had the word been translated long-nosed, we should not have wondered that his cronies were around trumping up heresies wherever they could.

Prideaux says:

"It must be confessed that there are in Hebrew several combinations of the same consonants, susceptible of different punctuations, and thereby make different words of different significations; and, therefore, when put alone, have an uncertain meaning. But it is quite otherwise when they are joined in context with other words."

Yes, but who is to tell what these other words are? There is a way in which we may reason out a sentence when circumstances favor; but how are we to do when it is otherwise?

But these are not all the difficulties attending our Hebrew Bible. Mrs. Child says:

"The habits of many Jewish copyists created other obstacles. Notwithstanding their great reverence for the words of Scripture, they were prone to sacrifice correctness to the neat appearance of their manuscripts. If they made a slight mistake they left it uncorrected, for fear of a blot; and if they wrote part of a word at the end of a line, they often began the word again on the next line, in order to make the lines appear even."—*Prog. Rel. Id. v, iii, p299*.

All we have to say in conclusion is, deliver us from a book which may be the very means of seducing us into damnation!

St. Nero.

"It is stated that the provisional government of Spain lately seized in one of the Roman Catholic churches in Aragon a statue of Nero, which had been for many years past on one of the altars, and to which many devout Roman Catholics had directed their prayers and offerings, in the belief that the image had been originally sculptured to represent St. Paul."

Just as well! Christianity is one immense plagiarism in toto. Eclectic philosophy, Judaism. Platonism, all combined.

Threads of Spiritualism shine and glitter all through the literary web, so skillfully and beautifully woven from Dicken's brain:

When I die, put near me something that has loved the light and had the sky above it always.—*Old Curiosity Shop*.

It being high water, he went out with the tide—died like a child that had gone to sleep.—*David Copperfield*.

"Now," he murmured, "I am happy." He fell into a light slumber, and waking smiled as before, then spoke of beautiful gardens, which he said stretched out before him, and were filled with figures of men, women and many children, all with light upon their faces, then whispered that it was Eden—and so died.—*Nicholas Nickleby*.

The spirit of the child, returning, innocent and radiant, touched the old man with its hand, and beckoned him away.—*Chimes*.

The star had shown him the way to find the God of poor; and through humility, and sorrow, and forgiveness, he had gone to his Redeemer's rest.—*Hard Times*.

"I felt for my old self as the dead may feel when revisiting these scenes. I was glad to be tenderly remembered, to be gently pitied, not to be quite forgotten.—*Bleak House*.

An admirable catalogue of works on the occult sciences has been printed at Moscow, to the extent, however, of only seventy five copies. The works catalogued comprise a portion of the valuable library of Count Alexis Uvarov, containing altogether about 70,000 volumes. This library is particularly rich in rare works on the occult sciences, and therefore the Count's librarian, M. A. Ladrage, has thought fit to commence a projected catalogue of the whole library with this portion of it. It is entitled "Sciences Secretes," and contains 1,883 articles, classified as follows:—Theosophy, Illuminism, Secret Societies, both philosophical and political; Writings against these; Freemasonry, Templars, Rosicrucians, Brothers of Asia, Illuminati, Carbonari, &c., Alchemy, Spagiric Medicine or Chemistry, Magic, Cabala, Demonology, Divination, Dreams, Astrology, Prognostics. This classification is followed by an alphabetical index of authors, translators and commentators, and by an alphabetical index of the titles of anonymous works.

Life is made up of little things. He who travels over a continent must go step by step. He who writes a book must do it sentence by sentence. He who learns a science must master it fact by fact, and principle after principle. What is the happiness of our life made up of? Little courtesies, little kindnesses, pleasant words, genial smiles, a friendly letter, good wishes and good deeds. One in a million, once in a lifetime, may do a heroic action; but the little things that make up our life come every day and every hour. If we make the little events of life beautiful and good, then is the whole life full of beauty and goodness.

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A. A. WHEELLOCK, MANAGING EDITOR.

Spirit is causation.—"The spirit giveth life."—Paul.

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

Understand It.—All business transactions relating to THE AMERICAN SPIRITUALIST, and all moneys for subscriptions, advertisements, etc., should be sent to A. A. Wheellock, the Managing Editor. J. M. P.

God, Morals, Human Responsibility.

"I believe in God, the great and all-pervading soul of the universe, the intelligent mind from whom proceeds all life and being, whom we the finite can never comprehend, but whose attributes disclose to us in life and being that he is supremely good, infinitely wise, unlimited in power, ever present; the universal sympathetic mind of whom we are a part, whose life is our life, whose spirit is our inspiration, in whom we live and move and have our being—Emma Hardinge, London.

"Do you believe there's a God?" Considering the theological terms in use among different nations for some Supreme Intelligence, we could truthfully answer either in the negative or affirmative. What—who does the inquirer mean by God? The construction put upon the major term in the inquiry must necessarily determine to a good degree the nature of our response.

We do not believe in a personal human-shaped God, who once gossiped with Adam in Eden, ordered Moses to kill old men and little children, commanded the sun and moon to stand still, and now mechanically whirls starry worlds through the illimitable spaces of infinity. If God be a person, or personal, then form, and form implies dimensions, dimensions imply limits; and if limits, then no omnipresence. Otherwise expressed, personality legitimately implies locality, and locality limitation, changability and uncertainty. But affirmatively, we do believe in the Divine Existence; believe in God, the unitive life-principle; the vitalizing formative power; the embodiment of perfection; the Divine Presence, wisdom and love—the All Beautiful. And upon the sustaining, energizing bosom of this God is our soul's rest forever.

Streams do not rise above their fountains; effects do not exceed their causes. In the elucidation of a subject, logicians are careful that their conclusions traverse and lie within the legitimate scope of the premises, be they assumed or axiomatic. They further look well that all their inferences follow by natural sequence.

Atheistic Spiritists—there are such—who see no use for a God in the universe; who insist that "law, force, or the infinite necessity," can clearly account for that universal order manifest among the astral isles of light, and for the existence of the conscious individualities that throng immensity; and, who further assume to account for the wonderful system of adaptation, of graded intelligence, of moral consciousness in man, and of the religious and aspirational tendencies that rise up full-orbed in all royal souls, are justly chargeable with the childish folly of seeking to get the greater from the lesser, intelligence from non-intelligence, and thinking, conscious man through unexplainable evolutions from combinations of thoughtless matter and unconscious force—something from nothing, or somebody from nobody! Is

it affirmed that law is conscious and loving; that mechanical force is intelligent? Very well; the proof, gentlemen—give us the proof; the unmistakable demonstrations of the affirmation!

By the way, this business among certain ambitious men given to word-jumbling and a flighty imagination of making earths and countless worlds, and peopling them with rational reasoning men, *minus* any Absolute Reason to energize and govern,—this business of constructing golden zones and measureless systems gladdened by the smiles of angels and celestial hosts, without any God save a mysterious mixture of force and protoplasm, is, to say the least, attended by stubborn difficulties! Like begets like. Is there any likeness traceable between protoplasm and the intelligence of men and angels?

—And still the wonder grew
How one small head could carry all he knew."

The celebrated Tillotson asks how long it would take, throwing out a quantity of the letters of the alphabet at random, before they would range themselves so as to compose a poem like the Iliad of Homer! We venture the opinion that the poem would be produced quite as soon as would thinking, intelligent man, from cold non-intelligent force acting upon insensate matter. Reasonings indicate certain methods, as necessary to reach right results. Induction, the counter-process in scientific method to deduction, implies the raising of entities into generals, and these into still higher generalities. The logic of induction consists in stating the facts, and the inference from the facts, in such a manner that the evidence from the inferences shall be sufficiently manifest to compel conviction.

Instead of starting off then, lecture-fashion, with the sky-scraping inquiry, "Where, and what is God?" suppose we ask inductively, what is man? What of his origin? What of his capabilities, privileges, responsibilities and relations to the Infinite? The *Des Cartes* axiom, "*cogito, ergo sum*,"—I think, therefore I am—is among the clearest of the self-evident truths. Man knows himself to be possessed of faculties, of powers, which do not belong to the world of physical nature. Coming through observation and experience into cognizance, and a partial comprehension of objective things, he finds himself from the first using comparison, judgment, reasoning faculties and memory. These constituting in a degree his real self-hood, are closely related to the conscious *ego* of which we ever predicate individual identity and intelligible existence.

(To be continued.)

J. W. H. Toohey, editor of the *Spiritual Analyst*, published No. 50 Bromfield street, Boston, has the following in his critical monthly of June:

The proposal of Mr. J. M. Peebles to republish the celebrated *Anacalypsis* of Godfrey Higgins is worthy of his intellectual enterprise, and should be seconded and supported by all classes of thinkers interested in calling into life a high toned and philosophic literature.

The undertaking however is large and must prove expensive to the editor and publisher, without the enterprise is generously supported by the public. Mr. Peebles calls, therefore, for help and co-operation. He wants subscribers accordingly, and will commence the publication, as soon as he can get names enough to cover the bare expense of printing.

The work when republished, will make four or five volumes of 300—perhaps 400 pages each; the set to be sold for \$10; which is very cheap, considering the original in three volumes cost usually from \$35 to \$40. Mr. Peebles paid for his set over forty dollars; it being almost "impossible to obtain them at any price in England." Even in this country we have known the work to sell as high as twelve dollars the volume at public auction, with more than one buyer ready and willing to take the book at that price.

* * The offer of Mr. Peebles is, therefore, as generous as the work is rare and worthy of regard, and can hardly fail of success—if the proposal is kept before the public.

Thanks, friend Toohey, for the above reminder. May it stir up the minds of Spiritualists to send in their names as subscribers.

A True Spiritualist.

It is well known that while Gerrit Smith, the distinguished reformer and philanthropist, has no sympathy with sectarian Christianity, Mrs. Smith is a firm, out-spoken Spiritualist. Read these touching lines:

Mrs. Elizabeth M. Miller, daughter of Mr. Gerrit Smith, sends to us from Geneva, N. Y., "a manuscript written," as she says, "by my dear friend, Mrs. Booth, who died in New York several years ago—a little poem which, to me, is exquisitely beautiful."

I SHALL BE WITH THEE.

I hear a footstep in the hall,
I see a shadow on the wall—
A moving shadow dark and tall—
A voiceless shadow—this is all.

No gentle footfall near the door
Thrills to my heart across the floor,
And I am weary, thinking o'er
That music I shall hear no more—
That tender music, soft and sweet—
The melody of coming feet;
I cry, and echo sends the call
Back to my heart—and this is all.

I feel a soft hand on my head,
A hand whose touch seems overspread
With balm like that the lillies shed
O'er the white bosoms of the dead.
And I am chill while memories fall
Like odors o'er me—that is all.

I feel the rhythm and the rhyme
Of thy dear life keep sweetest time
With God's sweet sounds, and overclimb
All sounds with which they interchime.
I see thee—hear thee—feel thy breath,
In the still air which answereth
With lightest kiss whene'er I call,
'Mid tears for thee—and this is all.

I cannot hear thee in the hall,
Nor see thy shadow on the wall—
Yet I shall hear an angel call
My name down the jasper wall—
For when the leaves of autumn fall,
I shall be with thee—this is all.

—Golden Age.

Our "Letters from over the Waters" will commence appearing in this journal soon after our arrival in Liverpool. Traveling in England, Scotland and France, we shall describe without fear or favor, things, places, people and institutions precisely as they appear to us.

The *Daybreak* and *Medium* of London, gives glowing accounts of Mrs. Hardinge's tour in the Provinces. Crowds hang charmed and chained upon her lips. Inspired of God and angels, she feeds the multitudes with living bread from Heaven. She returns to this country for a permanent home in September.

A. J. Davis writing us under date of June 11th, says: "I was deeply interested in your article appearing in the *Present Age* on the writings of "Py-mander," showing how exactly the human mind makes a circle every three or four thousand years in the perception and declaration of ideas. To this end chiefly, I suppose, the "Anacalypsis" will deeply interest the searcher after truth, historical as well as spiritual, and I am glad, heartily glad, that you are going to arrange for its publication."

An English correspondent, writing us under date of June 7th, observes: "I have just had a letter from the Rev. Mr. Young Swindon, editor of the *Christian Spiritualist*. He says, 'I am preparing an answer to Peebles' *Jesus—Myth, Man, or God*,'—the work of a thoroughly honest man, but as full of mistakes as an egg is full of meat. I wish half the Christians, however, were but as good and useful as Peebles."

A sorry compliment this—"as full of mistakes as an egg is of meat!" We await with interest the "answer."

Sunday Performances.

Several speakers have been reproved on sundry occasions for precluding lectures with invocations, and voicing benedictions at the close. Others as well as ourselves have also been reprimanded at different times for "offering a prayer" and using the word "services" in connection with spiritual meetings for culture and worship. The only reply consistent with a genuine self-hood is—such is our taste—our business! We bow to no pope. Speakers have rights as well as hearers. Those who are too fastidious, or too highly developed to calmly listen to an inspirational invocation, are at liberty to stuff their ears, or abstain from attendance altogether.

And, as to the phrase—"let us introduce the services," it seems not so very inappropriate, or criminal. If others think differently, all right. We hold no cudgel—prescribe no rules—dictate no forms.

By the way, how would this suit a dwindling class of iconoclastic complainers: We will begin the usual Sunday's performance by the use of "Shoo Fly," with the variations to be followed by a terrific theological canonading, heaping Ossa upon Pelion and rolling upon Osso leafy Olympus itself! How is that? Would not it "draw?"

While it is clearly true, to our mind, that all days, morally speaking, are alike, it is equally true that there is a relation as delicate as natural existing between the serious and the spiritual; between aspiration and inspiration; between methods and the soul's holiest affections.

Mrs. H. F. M. Brown.

The lectures of this able speaker before the Milan Lyceum were of the most satisfactory character. Her audiences were large, of marked intelligence, and fully appreciated her discourses.

She has improved year by year. The keen sarcasm in which she once indulged has become toned, and her sharp and caustic method mellowed into a pleasing effluence which floats over the steady under-current of her argument. Her articulation is so clear and distinct her thoughts flow onward so smoothly, without apparent effort, it is a pleasure to listen.

Mrs. Brown has been and is as indefatigable a worker, as writer, speaker and editor. Always brave and outspoken regardless of consequences, she has constantly stood in the front rank of every true reform movement.

12th Anniversary, Sturgis, Mich.

This old camping ground for Spiritualists. Twelve years ago we delivered the initiatory address in their new brick church, dedicating it to the best interests of humanity. There were present Joel Tiffany and other distinguished writers and speaker. Hon. J. G. Wait, then as now, was the prominent worker. This late meeting revived in us many old and precious memories.

The gathering was large and enthusiastic; the church was literally packed on Sunday. Souls were fed. There was not a breath of jealous discord during the three days. Egotistic wisecracks generally staid away, to the delight of the Sturgis people. The Spiritualists papers were all represented, either by their editors or agents. Many books were sold. The conferences were spicy; the regular speaking excellent. There were present, Moses Hull, H. F. M. Brown, Cephas B. Lynn, Rev. M. Stewart, late from the Baptists, Giles B. Stebbins, Levi Dinklespeil, and others. Several resolutions, embodying the leading progressive ideas of the age were discussed and passed. Among them was this:

Resolved, That while we appreciate the valuable labors of traveling lecturers, we believe that it is well, when feasible, for our societies to make more permanent engagements with the speakers; giving time for closer acquaintance, fuller statement of views, and more lasting benefit to Spiritualism.

Home Again.

Returning to Cleveland just before this issue goes to the press, we have only time to say to our readers that, after two months of travel and labor we are safely back in the *sanctum* again, finding plenty of work, we suppose, because some of the workers are away.

Bro. Peebles has gone to Europe; the "Managing Editress" is still resting in N.Y. State, while we come "solitary and alone," to the examination of huge files of manuscript; answering unnumbered letters; reading proof, and the thousand and one nameless cares and duties that belong to our labors here. But cheerfully, hopefully, we sprung from the cars, and without waiting to remove the dust of travel, we rolled up our sleeves and are at our work. What a world of work is this! The more the real earnest worker does, the more he finds to do! Well, better wear out than rust out. Pray for us brethren—not that we shall "hold out faithful," for that we are certain to do, but that "we may have the blessing" of—*plenty of greenbacks*, to help us on in the righteous cause of publishing this PAPER, as a "means of grace" for "saving souls," by proclaiming the truth!

Our "Editorial Correspondence," and other matters of interest, sent by mail, did not reach the office in season for this issue, but will appear in next number.

A. A. W.

"YES, WHO?"—Mrs. H. B. Stowe losing a promising son several years since by death, was almost frantic with grief. Pondering upon the tremulous, doubting scripture-words—"who shall roll us the stone away from the door of the sepulchre?" She wrote sorrowingly:

"Yes, who? There it lies—hard, cold, inexorable; the stone of silence—the stone of utter hopeless separation. Since the beginning of the world there it has been; no tears have melted it; no prayers pierced it. The children of men, surging and complaining in their anguish of bereavement, have dashed against it, only to melt hopelessly backward as a wave falls and goes back into the ocean. Nothing about the doom of death is so dreadful as this dead, inflexible silence. Could there be, after the passage of the river, one backward signal—one last word, the heart would be appeased."

Spiritualism furnishes the "backward signal;" gives the "last word"—a cheering one, demonstrating immortality—can and does "appease" the aching, bleeding, mother's heart. Mrs. Stowe at present believes in "Bible Spiritualism." So do we; the stone is rolled away; our dead live. It is to us positive knowledge—hallelujah!

The Universalists of Syracuse, N. Y., are in the midst of a delicious Christian quarrel. They want to get rid of their pastor, Rev. G. P. Hibbard, and he will not go. The papers say:

They want him to resign his position and on Sunday they locked the church doors against him and those who sympathize with and support him. This looks as though the irrepressible Ritualistic movement had overtaken the Universalists.

Elder F. W. Evans, prominent among the Mount Lebanon Shakers, sails for Europe on the 1st of July. An Englishman by birth; a personal friend of Robert Owen; an author of considerable distinction, and a Shaker Spiritualist, he can hardly fail of creating something of a ripple upon the sturdy, steady wave of social life in England. We go on the same steamer. Writing us under date of June 17th, he says: "I shall watch the motion of the spirits who are deeply interested to see us comfortably over. If it be the will of God and angels, we shall land safely, and if not, I am ready to go with you into the land of Israel, the spirit world."

Capt, Hon, Rev, Prof, Esq.

Principles, precepts and stern practical lives—these, rather than titles, are to index and give significance to the men and women of the incoming ages. Bro. E. V. Wilson in his renewed attack upon "settled speakers," published in a late *R. P. Journal*, has this paragraph:—"The *Banner of Light, Present Age* and *AMERICAN SPIRITUALIST*, heralded to the world the important fact that the Hon. J. M. Peebles, late U. S. Consul to Trebizond, had been called to fill the desk of the Cleveland Society of Spiritualists for a year."

The passage reminded us of walking the streets of Chicago several years since with a brother lecturer and seeing a large poster headed: "Capt. E. V. Wilson will lecture, &c." Of course it was not this speaker's wish to be thus paraded. Committees do strange things. If, however, honors are thrust upon us, let us bear them meekly. To show our estimate of titles it is fitting to reproduce what we recently wrote Bro. Hull, in the *Crucible*, for offering to "sell" his title (Rev.), and at the same time permitting one to be prefixed to our name:

"Buyers you will no doubt find, for there are those to who neither God nor parents endowed with sufficient wit or wisdom to enable them to honestly put themselves in possession of the most common title. These, envious and jealous of those who without the asking, have received them, will doubtless attend the sale.

Frequently in private and public have we requested that no prefix or affix be attached to our name. These handles really mean nothing—they are a waste of ink and time—and then they hurt the tender feelings of those who wanting, have from the good sense of their peers in authority, failed to get them.

Personal and Local.

J. M. Peebles sails for Europe to-day.

Mrs. Laura Cuppy Smith is speaking in Chicago.

Benjamin Todd is soon to return from the Pacific Coast.

The next National Convention of the American Association of Spiritualists will be held in Troy, N. Y. 12th of Sept.

A. A. Wheelock lectured in Troy, N. Y. and New York city during May; in Bricksburg, N. J., Pultneyville and Oswego, N. Y. during June. He will lecture in Ohio during July; in Massachusetts and the East during August and part of Sept.—returning to Ohio the last of Sept.

Read the communication of C. I. Thatcher, in another column, proposing a grand Lyceum Pic Nic in this city, sometime in Sept. We hope there will be a general response to this timely proposition, from every Lyceum organization in Ohio and as many other states as can possibly take part.

The season for Grove meetings has arrived, and the friends of our cause in Ohio, we are glad to learn, who annually have such gatherings, are preparing to improve the occasion. We wish there could be a Spiritualist meeting held in every grove. If the churches, made and controlled by man, are closed against the proclaiming of this great truth, "God's first temples" are not.

We take this method of saying to the many friends who have written us to attend Grove Meetings in Ohio this summer, that we have but four Sundays in July which we can dispose of in that way; and those with whom negotiations are pending, are notified that arrangements must be closed very soon, if they wish to secure our services at the time mentioned, for we have many more calls than we can possibly fill. Truly, "the harvest is great, but the laborers are few."

A. A. W.

REMOVAL.—Having secured larger and pleasanter rooms, the office of THE AMERICAN SPIRITUALIST has been moved from corner of Prospect and Sheriff streets to Bratenahl Block, South Water St., up stairs—entrance at No. 2 and 12.

A HYMN OF LIFE.

BY H. CLAY PREUSS.

[The following verses are adapted, in part, to an old camp-meeting hymn, which I have often heard sung in my early childhood by an old negro nurse, with thrilling effect. While singing, she would become so enraptured in the spirit of her strain that her soul, shining through the "windows of her eye," seemed to impart a strange, unearthly beauty to her old, black, withered face. The melody was so wild and irregular that I had often attempted, in vain, to "harness it down" to written verse, until finally it faded from my memory. Recently, however, some touching associations of the past revived the recollection of the air, suggesting these verses, in which I have retained, to some extent, in the chorus, the quaint, homely, but expressive phraseology of the original words.]

The path of the soul through this desert of life
Is a wearisome journey at best.

We struggle and strive till we faint in the strife,
And our spirits are longing for rest.

Chorus.

When earth is shrouded in darkness and gloom,
We think of that land that is ever in bloom—
Oh, heaven, sweet heaven, we're dreaming of thee—
Oh, when shall we ever get there?

Our crosses are many, our crowns are but few,
Our loss is much more than our gain;
We turn from the substance, and the shadows pursue,
Till we find that our life has been vain.

Chorus.

While burdened with trouble, with sorrow and sin,
We lift up our souls for the light to come in—
Oh, heaven, sweet heaven, we are dreaming of thee—
Oh, when shall we ever get there?

We garner our treasures—our jewels so bright—
And we worship our idols of clay;
But Death steals within, like "a thief in the night,"
And filches our jewels away.

Chorus.

But we know there's a bourne for the poor wearied soul,
Where Death will give back all the jewels he stole—
Oh, heaven, sweet heaven, we are dreaming of thee—
Oh, when shall we ever get there?

N. B. Starr, Spirit Artist.

The tendencies of mortal life linger long in the land of souls. Explorers traverse space; astronomers measure astral worlds; geologists study the strata of new earths; poets court diviner muses, and the old master artists inspire media to transfer the shadows of imagination, and the realities of spirit life, to canvas. Among our inspired media for painting is N. B. Starr. The Port Huron *Commercial*, speaking of Mr. Starr's recent painting for the Spiritualist Society, entitled—"Evening in the Isles of the blest," says:

Looking at this matchless creation, we insensibly forget that it is the handiwork of a feeble old man, sixty-six years of age, who has lived a life of mechanical toil, at a most unpoetical trade; who has never access to the schools of art and design—the works of the old masters, or any of the sources of instruction that are deemed indispensable to the acquirement of that skill which transfers to canvas in fadeless beauty the scenery of earth and heaven, and think only of the lovely view before us, and the Paradise that blooms for mortals on the immortal shore

Australian Barbarism and American Journalism.

BY E. S. WHEELER.

Modern Rationalists, of the Rev. Mr. Frothingham stamp, are not appreciated in Australia. One of them the other day said that the Old Testament was not a fit book for women and children, and that Moses was "a robber, murderer, and an old wretch." He was sent to prison for two years on the charge of blasphemy.—*Boston Journal*.

The Boston *Journal* used to be a very respectable paper, but since the death of Col. Rogers, its former proprietor, has been cajoling the churches. It does its dirty best to affix a stigma upon Mr. Frothingham in the above item, but the mud thrown does not stick. The *Journal* seems to approve of the bigotry of Australia, at least has no word of reproof it dares to utter. Such acts and such journals are a healthy stimulus to all Liberals and Spiritualists.

Shifting Sunday.

At the late M. E. Methodist Conference a report was presented from the "Committee on the Observance of the Sabbath." The sentiment of the paper is shown by the opening paragraph:

"We believe that the Sabbath was God's perpetual ordinance for the individual man, for society and for the State. We believe that Jesus Christ shifted Sabbath sanctity and service from the seventh to the first day of the week, so that the 'Lord's Day' is truly and authoritatively the Christian Sabbath—that it is an absolute ordinance of Jehovah which is binding on us," etc.

Now this we call a *poor shift*,—and we think too highly of Jesus to believe that he would be responsible for it. Who is? We used to think the old English Puritans were,—that they were the first that introduced the monstrous dogma that instead of all distinction of days into holy and unholy (as of animals into clean and unclean) being done away by the freedom of the Christian dispensation (which esteems nothing unholy but sin, and nothing holy but righteousness) there was simply a change of days from the seventh to the first, and that the Fourth Commandment under the Christian dispensation is just as strictly binding with regard to the first day as it was, previous to Christ, with regard to the seventh.

But we have learned better. Reading "Calvin's Institutes" we found that he repudiated with horror this doctrine of a "Sunday Sabbath," as an egregious lie, and intimated very plainly that it was concocted by Roman Catholic priests and prelates. Following up the suggestion, we searched the records of the Papal Council, and the writings of the Catholic schoolmen, Thomas Aquinas and others, and sure enough, there it was as large as life,—the very doctrine that we were taught, when a boy, out of the "Assembly's Catechism."

And so it seems that we can relieve our Puritan fathers from the heavy burden of having introduced this odious superstition; and only regret that they should have been so foolish as to go contrary to the advice and warning of Luther and Calvin, and all the great Protestant reformers, and conspire to revive and perpetuate the most "unintelligible dogma," as Archbishop Whately calls it, of the Papal Church, that worst of all the Roman Catholic corruptions, the dogma of a Sunday Sabbath. And we are sorry that our Methodist friends, met in "Conference," cannot spend their time better than in attempting to bolster us this fast dying superstition.

The report, with the account of the great "*shift*" in it, was accepted by the Conference, and thus endorsed.—*Rev. J. L. Hatch in the Golden Rule*.

Massachusetts gone Back.

BY E. S. WHEELER.

Massachusetts through her Legislature has refused this year: To open her Public Libraries on Sunday; to charter the Woman's Apprentice Association, for the aid of industrial women; to modify a strict illiberal law which allows divorce only for adultery; to charter the Liberal Tract Society; or to enact a ten hour law for the benefit of operatives and laborers.

Alarmed at the proposal to open libraries on the Lord's Day last year, the country saints sent their ministers and priests in many cases to legislate for them; consequently, retrogression has taken the place of an advance. To imagine a bill could in any sense be "liberal" or reformatory, was enough to throw the Rev's. into a St. Vitus war dance of opposition. They legislated for their creed every time, never for the good of the public. When in this country abuses become rank enough, the friends of Progressive Order will make their power felt in favor of good sense and civilization. Then a different class of persons will legislate in a different spirit, not only for the relief of Massachusetts barbarism, but for the better and the best everywhere.

"Social Science," and Capital Punishment.

It is a healthful sign of progress when such a journal as the *Scientific American* writes thus soundly of crime and punishment:

"Criminals are now regarded by thinking men in a very different light from that generally entertained fifty years ago. Physiologists and psychologists are beginning to see that what we call moral obliquity is, in a great measure, if not entirely, the result of disease. The man who in a fit of *mania a potu* brains his wife with a frying pan; the wretch who, devoured by base passions, breaks by force through the restrictions society imposes for the protection of female honor; the man who, maddened by jealousy, shoots down the real or supposed destroyer of his peace; the wealthy kleptomaniac; the petty pilferer; the murderer in cold blood; the burglar; the pickpocket, and the highway robber, all are in the same category of people diseased, through the undue prominence of some passion or appetite, or through the absence or decay of those sympathies, affections, impulses and emotions that impel men to kind acts, and deter them from acts injurious to their fellows.

The application of the term *justice* to our dealings with these unfortunates, is as contrary to reason and fact as it would be to apply it to the removal of small-pox patient to pest houses. The crude idea mistaken for justice in most minds, is a desire to gratify a feeling of revenge. Science is teaching us that justice, so far as the administration of human law is concerned, should mean the best means for protecting society from the contagion of crime, and the lawless acts of the depraved in body and mind, whether it be enforced isolation from society, or by death. Science is teaching us the terms, punishment, penalty, justice, do not assert that which society has a right to do with criminals. It teaches that, while society has the undeniable right to protect itself against crime, as against any other class of disease, it has not the right to revenge itself upon morally sick, any more than upon the physically sick.

It thus throws a clear light upon the much debated question of the abolition of "capital punishment," as it is called. It teaches us that society, as well as the individual, has the right to use any and all means absolutely necessary for self protection and defence; and that the question of means must be considered in no other light but that of expediency.

The individual does not argue the question of abstract right or wrong when called to desperately defend his life, even if obliged to resort to killing his antagonist; and neither need society debate the question. It has merely to determine what is necessary to save itself from destruction. If it be necessary to take the lives of criminals in order to insure the peace and good order of society, the necessity is the justification of the act.

This narrows the dispute down to the determination whether it be necessary for society to kill men in order to protect itself or not; and this determination must either be based upon the already acquired experience of the race, in social government, or upon new experiments, performed with a view to decide the matter.

If crime be the result of disease, it should seem that remedies and treatment designed to cure and prevent the disease, should more engage the attention of reformers than the protection of the healthy from its effects; because that is really the most difficult problem to solve. It is one, however, which society at large is reluctant to grapple with, because the search for ultimate causes reveals too plainly the fact, that in the faulty structure of present social organizations lies the principal germs from which crime originates and spreads to curse the earth."

HUMAN DIVINITY.—Humanity is its own special Providence. That which it neglects to make it fails to have.

E. S. W.

Clippings from European Papers.

Dumas left the unpublished MSS. of twenty-three novels and fourteen plays.

Baboo Kanyelall Dey, a Bengalee chemist of local distinction, has been appointed a Fellow of the Calcutta University.

The Earl of Denbigh delivered an address in Liverpool, at the annual reunion of the Catholic Young Men's Societies, and announced that a Catholic Union was being organized to restore the Papal dominions of the Pope.

Among other consequences of the war, we are deprived of the third volume of M. Garcin de Tassy's "History of Hindi and Hindustani Literature," which is now lying at Paris ready for publication.

A French paper publishes the following paragraph: "It is not generally known that the assassination of Prim is but the first execution of a sentence pronounced by the secret provisional government of Spain, who have condemned to death the 191 deputies who voted for the Duke of Aosta."

Azamat Batuk is writing a little book on the recent history of France, under the heading of—"On the Ruins of the Second Empire." The learned Turk having made the campaign as the special correspondent of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, the book is to embrace the events which followed the fall of the Empire, as well as those which preceded it.

It is a curious but significant fact that Mr. Herbert Spencer's writings can be bought at St. Petersburg in a Russian version, although none of them have appeared in a French or German translation. Mr. Mill's "Subjection of Woman" has also found a translator in Russia, and not, we believe, in France or Germany.

Major Raverty is preparing for the press, for the Bengal Asiatic Society, a translation from the Persian of the "Tabakat-i-Nasiri," a general history from the earliest times to A. D. 1259, by Abu 'Uma-i-Uzman, bin Muhammad, Al-Minaj, Jurjani. This work, printed in the original, forms the first volume of the Society's "Bibliotheca Indica."

The Darwinian theory of Natural Selection has been attacked by Mr. A. W. Bennett and Mr. Murray, and defended by Mr. A. R. Wallace and others. Mr. Wallace having also vindicated his claims to priority in the question, since he published many of the now recognized theories and speculations on the subject of Natural Selection, at a time when he was a resident in the East Indies, and entirely unacquainted with what Mr. Darwin had written on the same subject.

From the *Levant Herald* we learn that Kerbela, the Shiite shrine, near Bagdad, is still a seat of peddling in literary and theological wares. This is the place where the Shah of Persia now is, and to which ghastly pilgrimages yearly take place of some 4,000 dead bodies, on camels. The holy ground of Kerbela is a chosen place of interment.

The English hill-regions in India now boast of newspapers, the editors of which can write coolly, and supply an English audience at breakfast, and without dread of fever. Simla, Darjeeling and the Neilgherries have their organs. The latter has an *Excelsior*.

Amongst the unknown curiosities in the British Museum are some cases bequeathed by Francis Douce, the well-known literary antiquarian, on the condition that they are not to be opened till the year 1900. No one, we believe, is aware of their contents. Some assert that they contain masses of scandal respecting his literary contemporaries; but from what is known of Douce's character, we do not believe that he was base and silly enough to wish to preserve mischievous gossip for the reading of posterity. Others say that the bequest is restricted to the unpublished results of his extensive researches.

Voices of Correspondents.

NEW ORLEANS, April 26, 1871.

Mr. Editor:

DEAR SIR,—What is Truth? You interrogated the Parsees, Brahmins and Chinese; the Jews, Catholics and Mohammedans. What is Truth?

I was, about two years ago, upon a mountain, with a school-mate from whom I had been separated for more than half a century. Past tuition, he went to practice engineering in the East and I came to plant cotton in Louisiana. We met again in Italy, at Naples; and when we were upon that mount (the Vesuvius, which at that time was throbbing and roaring, belching forth fire, melted lava and huge stones,) at the break of day, the slopes of the Apennines began to appear on one side, and on the other the vast expanse of the sea blending in a haze with the sky,—and with each day did these questions arise: What is Truth? Is there a God? I maintained the affirmative for two reasons; the first that it was and had always been a universal belief, and I would stand with the immense majority and not with an unappreciable fraction in opposition: *Omnium consensus natura vox est*. And the second (much the stronger, I think) that I, a man, an atom in the universe, had some intelligence, some understanding, a mind, and would not but infer, being a part of the whole, that there in the immense whole must be an infinitely higher intelligence than mine. How man, so minute and contemptible a particle of the universe, could claim alone to exclusively possess intelligence! * * * Here my old friend, for all answer, laughed at me, and with the familiarity and good humor of an old acquaintance, called me a bigot, a dotard, who in the forests of Louisiana had not followed up the progress of science, which now admitted nothing else but matter and force. Indeed, I was not strong enough to grapple with his acuteness and learning, and could but comfort myself with refreshing my memory of the beautiful lines of Wordsworth:

* * * Great God, I'd rather be
A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn,
So might I, standing on this pleasant lee,
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn;
Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea,
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathed horn.

My dear sir, allow me to say, not in arrogance, but with all submission and perfect good will, that if you should send the ten visitors of New York to the top of the mountain, and then ask of them: What is Truth? I fear very much they would give such different answers as to yet keep open the question—what is truth? It strikes me that truth is like the sun. we can't look at it, but see it by reflection or through a darkened glass.

Will you be so kind, good sir, as to favor me with the above begged information? You will thereby bind the lasting gratitude of your friend,

JEROME CALLEGARI,
53 Rampart street, cor. Bienville.

FLORENCE, 14th March, 1871.

Mr. Editor:

MY ESTEEMED BROTHER,— * * * But let us not mind past things, now it is time to arrive at a clear understanding between us. Perhaps we did not understand each other when proposed for us to be co-workers. My "appeal" will give you a just idea of my meaning. I do not ask you to adopt my opinion, but to study our doctrine and begin to give publicity to argument submitted to you, then your readers might form a sound judgment and approve or condemn as their reason induces them to do. (It is a very stupid proceeding, that which has been followed till now by the Spiritualists; with an unparalleled ignorance of our philosophical literature they dared to pronounce their verdict.) Of Allan Kardec they knew but the assumed name, as told with much impudence by W. H. in the *Spiritual Magazine* of this month!

After all I have little part in the work, I am only an instrument in the hands of the spirits. They never refuse to my calling. I have some splendid communications from the ancients—few days ago Epaminonda, to day Scipio. I hope you will find some good translator for them; they are interesting, even for unbelievers. The *Banner* has given the messages I had from Humboldt and Washington.

Your affectionate friend and brother,

G. PARISI.

[The appeal referred to by Mr. Parisi, our Italian friend, will appear in these columns soon as space will permit.—Ed.]

WILMINGTON, O., May 22nd, 1871.

Editor *American Spiritualist*:

It has been a long time since I met you in Louisville, but I have followed you in your wanderings, through the pen. How much I enjoyed reading the deep soul aspirations from your earnest spiritual nature, when you were the Western Editor of the *Banner*. We miss your articles much.

I often think of the test my spirits gave you at Sister Taylor's, in Louisville, Ky., when you were lecturing for their society. Your guides told through me that you would visit the old world; how soon was it verified! From Louisville I went to St. Louis, and there I first met Alcinda Wilhelm. She was one of my best friends. She made me a promise that if she went home first she would manifest to me, and she kept it, for she came ten days before we received notice through the *Banner* of her departure. In our private as well as public circles, she often speaks of you as one that she loves and one devoted to the cause of truth and progress. One test comes to my mind as I think of dear sister Alcinda.

While in Louisville, Dr. Henry Slade's father came to my home, a perfect stranger, and desired a sitting, to which I acceded, and his daughter and sons came and gave names and incidents of their departure, both written and verbal. The old man was overjoyed, and when I returned to my normal condition, he exclaimed:

"I do now believe in the immortality of the soul! I know they live! Have I not proof of it?" Then he took from his pocket piece after piece of paper, with writing upon them, giving names and beautiful messages and drawings from the hands of angels. He says: "You do not know me. I will tell you who I am. I have seen Henry under influence, but never was convinced before! How can I reward you?"

His daughter Phoebe had told him that she would come for him in two years, and he promised that at his departure he would call upon or return to me.

He kept those papers, every one, and carried to his home in Michigan. Bros. Whiting and Slade told me that he would not part with them, for they were his *Savior*. And he kept his promise made two years previous, saying "I will be with them of the spirit land. Many other similar evidences I have received from the angel world, showing that spirits forget not the promises made in earth life.

I preached last Sunday, unexpected to myself, in an M. E. Church, by request of the preacher, and made an appointment to preach there again in three weeks. Many will hear me in public that are afraid or ashamed to meet me privately.

I understand that you and Mr. Tuttle edit the Year Book of Spiritualism. What can I contribute for it? If the above tests will serve, use them; and I will gladly contribute more if desirable.

May angels guide you in pleasant paths, and when your labors are o'er, may you realize your grandest anticipations beyond the river of life. Yours for truth and right,

JULIA A. STARKEY,
Formerly Mrs. Veazie, of Louisville.

DODGEVILLE, Wis.

Mr. Editor,—I wish to become a subscriber for the *AMERICAN SPIRITUALIST* and *Lyceum Banner*, \$2.00 per annum. I received your paper for March 25th; I want to commence with the succeeding one. You remember John Hardy's article of one Sarah Clegg, my mother. All of that is correct to the letter; I know her mode of expression; I believe she has much to say. As soon as I am prepared I will reward the medium, Mrs. Hardy, but I am in a great mining project, which is realized now but will be a few weeks before I can have any return. Iowa County, Wisconsin, is a thickly settled county. There has never been a Spiritual lecture given in it, nor a medium in public. They all slide along North or South some fifty miles. I am sure that large and remunerative audiences could be got if some rousing lecturer would go through.

A railway comes to Mineral Point; the county seat is at Dodgeville, eight miles north. I think Wisconsin missionaries ought to stir up this county.

Yours respectfully, SAMUEL CLEGG.

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A. A. W.

G. Parisi's Appeal for Re-Incarnation.

A late Italian mail brought us a package of pamphlets from the Editor of the *Aurora*, published in Florence. Our venerable friend will accept thanks. They shall be distributed among those who will care fully read them.

These pamphlets bear the following heading—"An Appeal to the Leaders of Spiritualism in England and America." From the deep respect we bear to the author, as well as a desire to candidly investigate all subjects relating to this and the after-life, we have perused this pamphlet with deep interest. The object of the paper seems to be to engage English and American Spiritualists in the study of Allan Kardec's doctrine of re-incarnation; that is, "a plurality of bodily existences." We shall publish a portion, or the whole of this "appeal" in the AMERICAN SPIRITUALIST.

Believing in pre-existence, we are in no way averse to the philosophy of re-incarnation, so far as it accords with our reason and judgment. There is no doubt an underlying stratum of truth in this as in all speculative systems. But thinking Americans can neither be frightened nor scolded into any dogma.

Mr. Parisi mentions, among the modern precursors of this doctrine, Charles Bonnet, Dupont de Nemours, Ballanche, Jean Reynaud, St. Martin, C. Flammarion, the distinguished astronomer, A. Pezzani, an eminent author, and others accept it.

A friend by my side desires these questions answered in plain, solid Anglo-Saxon, by either Parisi or Miss. Blackwell:

1. Is re-incarnation with you a speculative theory, or a matter of positive knowledge?

2. If knowledge, did you have any method of arriving at said knowledge other than through seeing, hearing, the touch, &c., in connection with reason and consciousness?

3. When re-incarnationists are divided among themselves, and when vast majorities of influencing spirits, whose identities have been proven, and truthfulness established, deny the theory *in toto*, should not Continental adherents present the doctrine with a good degree of modesty?

4. As the spiritual bodies of all, even infants, attain the full statue of manhood in the spirit world, and as spiritual bodies are substantial bodies, constituted of refined etherialized substances, how can the spiritual bodies of immortals be cramped, condensed or compressed to the foetal point for re-conception, pre-natal life and re-birth?

5. Why do those spirits of the Kardec school speak so authoritatively and dictatorially?

Americans accept nothing as true because taught by popes, priests, spirits in the body, or spirits out of the body. Freedom being our inheritance, and investigation our privilege—individual reason, or the voice of God within is our only authority.

We propound these inquiries for another, being anxious ourself to have re-incarnation Spiritualists, Christian Spiritualists, Shaker Spiritualists, and independent Spiritualists—all to have a fair hearing. That those who lived depraved lives upon earth are, as spirits, near the earth; that they get further experiences by coming into magnetic relations with mortals; that they have to continue a schooling there, that they have neglected here, is doubtless true. In fact, every round upon the ladder of progress must be pressed.

We take pleasure in recommending all Spiritualists in America and elsewhere to read the works of Allan Kardec and others teaching or treating favorably the doctrine of re-incarnation.

Will subscribers having copies of the AMERICAN SPIRITUALIST of June 17th, and not caring to keep a file, return them to our office? There is a demand for this issue beyond the supply.

PLEASE REMEMBER!

We take this method to whisper just a confidential word or two into the confidential ear of EVERY ONE OF OUR FRIENDS, whose SUBSCRIPTIONS ARE DUE, to PLEASE REMEMBER—REMEMBER—REMEMBER! that we WANT, NEED, and MUST have the MONEY! We want it NOW. One subscription is but a trifle to one individual. A number of such trifles to individuals, becomes a matter of GREAT MOMENT to us!

We now find names of several subscribers on our books who have given no heed to the "blue stamp" on the margin of their paper, making their subscription *over due some weeks!* We doubt not this is simply neglect.

PLEASE REMEMBER, then, and SEND us the MONEY AT ONCE.

A. A. W.

The following Preamble and Resolutions were unanimously adopted at the close of Mr. Peebles' lecture in Cleveland, Sunday evening, June 25th, 1871:

WHEREAS, We, the Spiritualists of Cleveland have had the privilege of listening for some four months, during the last fall and winter, to the teachings of Bro. J. M. Peebles, known extensively on both sides of the Atlantic as a man in whose heart "is the law of righteousness;" whose tongue, when circumstances seem to require it, is a two-edged sword, whose utterances are wisely adapted to conditions, and whose labors to enlighten and exalt humanity are indefatigable. And,

WHEREAS, While favored with his services, we enjoyed the greatest degree of harmony, with large and constantly increasing audiences; hence, it was and is, to us, a matter of deep regret that circumstances will not permit his remaining with us, at least, one year. And,

WHEREAS, We have learned that he is again on the eve of sailing for Europe, therefore,

Resolved, That we hereby tender him our assurance of unabated regards, fondly cherishing the hope that his voyage may be a safe and pleasant one, and result in the recuperation of his over-taxed mental and vital energies.

Resolved, That we commend him to the guidance and protection of, and soul-satisfying communion with, those "ministering angels" who are accomplishing through him their purposes of benevolence to persons, both in earth and spirit life, while we fervently desire to again see his face in the form, and listen to the music of his voice.

Resolved, That these proceedings be officially signed by the president and secretary of our Organization; a copy thereof transmitted by the secretary to Bro. Peebles, and others forwarded for publication to the AMERICAN SPIRITUALIST, *Banner of Light, R. P. Journal, Present Age and Crucible.*

D. U. PRATT, Pres't.

JOSEPH GILLSON, Sec'y.

The poet Robert Burns wrote;

"Can it be possible that when I resign this frail feverish being I shall still find myself in conscious existence? When the last gasp of agony has announced that I am no more to those that knew me and the few who loved me—when the cold, stiffened, unconscious corpse is resigned into the earth to be the prey of unsightly reptiles, and to become, in time, a trodden clod, shall I yet be warm in life, seeing and seen, enjoying and enjoyed? *Would to God I as firmly believed it as I ardently wish it!*"

Deep—deep soul questions, these! Modern Spiritualism, and that alone, furnishes to these inquiries a satisfactory answer.

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A. A. W.

Eighth National Convention.

THE AMERICAN ASSOCIATION OF SPIRITUALISTS.

The Eighth National Convention will meet in Troy, N. Y., on Tuesday, the 12th day of September, at 10 o'clock in the morning, and continue in session three days.

Each active State or Territorial organization of Spiritualists, within the limits of the United States of America, shall be entitled to one delegate for each fractional fifty members of such organization, and of each working local society, and each Progressive Lyceum within the boundaries of such State or Territory, provided that only one general organization shall be entitled to representation from any State or Territory—Each Province of the American Continent shall be entitled to one delegate for each working Association within its limits, and the District of Columbia shall be entitled to two delegates.

Each active local Society, and each Progressive Lyceum of any State, Territory or Province, which has no General Association, shall be entitled to one delegate for each fractional fifty members.

These associations are respectfully invited to appoint delegates to attend this meeting and participate in the proceedings thereof.

H. T. CHILD, M. D., Sec'y, HANNAH F. M. BROWN, Pres't,
634 Race St., Philadelphia, Pa. Chicago, Ill.

LITERARY NOTICES.

THE SPIRITUAL ANALYST AND SCIENTIFIC RECORD for June offers a good table of contents. Originated by J. H. Powell, as the *Spiritual Monthly*, and for sometime under his editorial supervision. The conduct of the magazine bearing the new title is the responsibility of Mr. J. H. W. Toohey. It is to be hoped the future of the publication will combine all the good made evident in the beginning with the excellence its present editor makes a standard.

Critical and fearless, constructive and to the purpose, the temper of the present number may be taken as an omen of character to be continually developed. The editor contributes the first article of this issue on "The Dualism of Theology and Science," in which he explicitly denies the "conceit," that "there are two principles from which all things proceed," as stated by Mares, whether such "crudities are put forward as the "God and Nature" of the Theologian; the "mind and matter" of the scientific professor; or the "natural body and the spiritual body" of Paul and the popular belief. The editor re-affirms the assertion of "the spiritual unity of nature," as made by the Massachusetts Spiritualists Association half a dozen years ago. Mr. Toohey, A. C. Robinson and E. S. Wheeler, were the committee of revision, who put forward the much debated, brief statement of "Principles" containing the same. It is a matter for congratulation, that correction of slander may follow the exegesis now begun. Let it go on until—

1. "The Spiritual Unity of Nature.
2. The correlation, equality and universality of Law.
3. The spirituality of the Soul.
4. The equality of the sexes, and the moral integrality of sexism.
5. The humanity of Progress, and
6. The eventual fraternization of nations."

as they were affirmed in the report made of the convention at Tremont Temple, and all elucidated so that envy itself shall be as unable to misconstrue as to awaken a response from the sympathetic affections which joined in the time serving hullabaloo once made over that candid, concrete and beautiful expression of fundamental ideas.

In the essay upon "Spiritual Doubles," the phenomenon is attributed to an action like that which produces atmospheric reflection or mirages. The article is brief, and while the facts, clearly put forward, are valuable, the explanation given is not sufficiently elaborated to become more than a suggestion,—a suggestion, to, which does not seem to lead directly to the "truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth" involved in the subject under consideration. However, it is but the commencement of a discussion, the result of which must be to enlarge knowledge, and make more evident the wonder and beauty of life.

The essay on "Common Sense and Its Issue," reproduced with typographical revision in this issue of the *Analyst* demonstrates that common sense is very common stuff; hence, uncommon *bad* stuff. The article is an appeal from intellectual

mob law, to the order and wisdom of the Supreme court of Science. It is an argument for education, an incentive to study, a stimulus to thought. Its tendency will be to foster modesty, to annul bigotry, disarm prejudice, and aid progress by making fraternity and co-operation possible, on the basis of a through investigation and understanding.

"The Scientific Record" is up with the times in the direction of its observations. "Reports and Notes" are interesting as well.

"Stop that lie," says Mr. Toohey in a note, and recalls to mind that at Lawrence, Mass., half a decade ago, he was synoptically, and hence of necessity partially reported. He declared, he says, his preference for *genuine* mediumship, over "mere shut-eyed imitations." The word "mere" with a great deal else was omitted from the report of a long debate, which occasioned a wide misunderstanding, whereby he was charged with being an enemy of media and a disparager of mediumship, when he has been for a score of years, a friend to one, and a trusting student of the other. All this has been circulated to his personal discredit and general damage, although, as he writes, "the reporter before and since our last visit West has put a few lines in the Spiritual papers as partial correction."

It is to be regretted that the unnecessary sensitiveness of any one interested in the popularity of some special phase of "abnormalism," should induce them to make the literal wording of an imperfect report the ground of a disparaging attack upon an individual. To fully and wholly report the doings of a lively convention day after day, would be difficult, perhaps unprofitable. Synopsis may be attempted, but when speakers are themselves concentrative and close, omission of words abrogates sense, and justifiable complaint follows. Those who write and publish may learn a lesson; but those who read and discuss have equal reason for consideration.

First, let us have an end of persecution for opinion sake—even though one affirms his lack of confidence in some who see with their eyes shut!

Second, let speakers be plain and direct; reporters attentive and faithful; editors and publishers impartial and liberal; above all, let readers be candid, sensible and receptive, more anxious to make known, magnanimously, the *spirit* of the record than hold an earnest mind condemned, for uncertain words spoken in heat of debate, and reported in the imperfection of abbreviated haste.

As an Anthropologist, Mr. Toohey has made mediumship a study; and all classes of sensitives will do better to acquire his knowledge than to attempt to create a prejudice against him, on account of any utterance he may make—"shut-eyed" or open eyed. We have come to the eve of the time when "mere" pretense cannot be made profitable; and assumption from any quarter must be backed by demonstrations of ability and attainment.

E. S. WHEELER.

APOTHEOSIS.

H. S. Fitch, Esq., writes the following to the Rochester *Union and Advertiser* under date of June 5th, 1871:

"The coming in of to-day witnessed the 'going out' of the little remaining life of R. Gould Murray, Jr., of your city. Two weeks ago last Thursday he left Rochester, accompanied by his wife, for the far West, hoping a change of climate would be of benefit to his impaired health. Arriving here, he stopped for rest and a short visit with friends, and though for a few days he improved, his malady, consumption, had taken such a firm hold on his not over strong constitution, that nothing could check its progress, and after three days of severe suffering, at 12.30 this morning, attended by his devoted, loving wife, and friends, he passed quietly away. A few moments before death, after he had lost the power of speech, and while we anxiously watched the little remnant of his life slowly ebb away, he took the writer's hand in his, and with a pleasant smile on his pale face, he gave a hearty grasp and nodded a last farewell.

He was born at East Henrietta, April 27th, 1835, and had just passed his 36th birthday. About 1851, he entered the dry goods store of P. Connolly, on State street, as clerk. Afterwards was with Owen Gaffney & Co., and in 1853 he entered the old Commercial Bank on Buffalo street, as assistant Teller. Subsequently was Discount Clerk until 1856, when the Manufacturer's Bank was organized, in which he was appointed Teller, a position he held until about the time that institution was consolidated with the Eagle into what is now the Trader's National Bank. He was afterwards Teller in the Farmers and Mechanics Bank until 1862, when from long confinement in a banking office his health began to suffer, he resigned his position and went to Titusville, Pa., where he remained a year. His health being improved he returned and accepted the position of book-keeper for David Upton, Esq., then master mechanic of Western division of N. Y. C. Railroad, which he kept two years. Again going to the oil regions he spent another year, but returned in 1865, and entered the Rochester Savings Bank as book-keeper, a position he held

until the first of May last, when his ill health becoming so apparent, the trustees of the Bank granted him three months leave of absence for travel and change of climate, and generously continued his salary during his absence.

In all the relations of life he has filled the measure to overflowing, and all the duties of business positions he has occupied have been performed with careful faithfulness and ability. He was always a dutiful son, a most devoted husband, father and friend, and I believe every one who knew him will bear witness of a most exemplary life in every particular, and he never forgot he was a gentleman. The bank has lost a faithful, competent employee; his associates, a genial warm-hearted companion and friend; his wife, a constant, loved and devoted companion, and the writer of this, the dear friend of youth and manhood. Perfect in his life here, he has entered immortality, leaving behind nothing but pleasant memories, which will ever remain fresh and dear.

Editors American Spiritualist:

To the above permit me to add a few lines for the gratification of my friends in different localities who read your valuable paper. The subject of that obituary, who inherited the full strength of my paternal love for an *only* son, to me is not dead, but alive in a higher and better sense than ever before; his glorified body permeated with the vigor, and his smiling countenance glowing with the radiance of eternal youth. To me he is not lost; I *know* where he is. From just across the river, on the banks of Immortality, I have heard from him "glad tidings." Attempting to make known to me his conditions and surroundings, he described them by declaring they were "indescribable, joyful, beautiful, splendid beyond all conception." A more dutiful and affectionate son never dwelt in human form. In the morning of his existence here, by his native excellence and developed charms, he entwined himself around every single fibre of my heart, and never subsequently, to my knowledge, performed an act that could lessen the number or diminish the strength of these endearing ties by which we were united. For years past, when we have been separated, I have been in the receipt of advices from him once, twice, and often thrice a week. I miss his communications, but can cheerfully forego the pleasure derived from that source, and from his visible presence, in view of his perfect deliverance from the sufferings, mental and physical, which he must have endured here, by a continuance in earth-life; the inheritance upon which I know he has entered there; the delights that thrill his angel heart, and will continue to do so in increased measures while the pendulum of eternity vibrates, and the privilege of receiving from him telegrams from his new and imperishable home, a palace "not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

O, the priceless value of that telegraphic arrangement by which messages are received from the objects of our purest and most abiding love, who are permitted to roam o'er the illimitable, elysian fields of the celestial world; visit planets that dot immensity of space, the handiwork of an almighty creative power, guided by unerring intelligence and boundless benevolence; slake their thirst for knowledge at incorruptible and exhaustless fountains of wisdom, and inspire hearts in earth-life, saddened by blighted hopes or ruined prospects, "with joys unspeakable and full of glory."

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The Washington [D. C.] Chronicle says:

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To the unknown.
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No one to see it all over and ended,
Priestly or lay;
No one to pray—
No one to say
Good-bye to the spirit departing to-day,
Because he is poor.

Open your doors,
Ye angels that take
Unfriended mortals for charity sake
Up to your floors;
Say, have you places
Where Love's lighted faces
Shall welcome him, freed from the earth's cold embraces,
Where he was torn
By talons of scorn—
Manfully borne
All night through, though evermore crying for morn—
Because he was poor.

He died alone,
Because he was poor;
None lingered or watched at the sad earthly door,
For hearts are stone
Not one to ache
For his pitiful sake—
Ah! well that the morning was only to break
There by his bed;
None at his head
Save invisible dead—
Who come in our places to watch, it is said—
Because he was poor.

I see how it is—
How it seems to me,
He treads the bright floors, which I barely see,
And the heavens are his;
His sickness, health—
His penury, wealth—
And bliss insupportable comes, as by stealth
From endless skies,
This is the prize
Of one who dies
Unsunned in the warmth of human eyes,
Because he is poor.

New Orleans, April, 1871.

H.

No Going Back.

Advances in literature, art and science, with deep unfoldings of the wisdom principle, call for correspondingly higher expressions of truth. The intelligent masses, touched and inspired by the progressive spirit of the age, cannot go back to the musty folios of the authoritarian, to creeds chiseled from Asian pyramids, or to priestly embalmers with their worm-eaten spices. No thinking Spiritualist, governed by principle, ever returned to a sectarian church. Henry Ward Beecher says:

"In springtime the leaf bursts away from its cements and springs forth into light. The little brown shell which enfolded its incipient life, but which is no longer large enough to hold it, shrivels and drops. Suppose in the summer hours, the little hard shell should come back, and say to the live full-orbed leaf—'Come! fold yourself up and lie down in your cradle again.' Do you think that the leaf would do it? Do you think it could? Never! No more can we in the summer of the world, we who have grown in the liberty wherewith Christ has made us free, go back and lie down in the bosom of some narrow creed, some old, dry, dead form which Christ's coming burst asunder.

I hold that men are at liberty to form and hold their religious opinions, unwhipped of the law, and unwhipped of public sentiment; and that the infliction of moral penalties for differences in belief is as really persecution, and in our day as cruel as any persecution that was ever inflicted."

Paragraphic.

Our own company we cannot avoid; we should make it as good as possible.

Peace and virtue, like the evening star and sun, are never far apart.

When we rise above our fellows, our head is a mark for their missiles.

Be courteous to all, intimate with few, and let that few be well tried.

Genius is the gold in the mine. Talent is the miner who brings it forth.

Believe but half the ill, and credit twice the good said of your neighbor.

One venomous word,
That struck its coward, poisoned blow
In craven whispers, hushed and low.

No one has measured the power of kindness, for it is boundless. No man has witnessed its death, for it is eternal.

We are apt to see the dark clouds that hang over us, forgetting the clear blue sky beyond them.

God gives every bird its food, but does not throw it into the nest.

The grand essential of happiness in this life is something to hope for, and something to love.

Little graves—the footprints of angels.

Of all monarchs, Nature makes the best laws, and is surest to punish their violation.

Many friends are like the shadow, which follows you only while the sun shines.

I knew two friends as much alike
As ever you saw two stumps,
And no Phrenologist could find
A difference in their bumps.
One took a paper, and his life
Was happier than a king's;
His children all could read and write,
And talk of men and things.
The other took no papers, and
While strolling through the wood,
A tree fell down upon his crown,
And killed him—as it should.

There is no proof to the contrary that this "other" was one of the unfortunates who had neglected to subscribe for the AMERICAN SPIRITUALIST. What a warning!

Sing to my soul the sweet song that thou livest;
Read me the poem that never was penned—
The wonderful idyl of life that thou givest
Fresh from thy spirit, oh, beautiful friend!

We have no doubt but that Heaven will be exactly according to the taste of each individual. Every one will realize precisely that Heaven for which his ruling love, his proclivities and tastes, exactly fit him. According to an omnipotent spiritual law, he can be in no other Heaven. In the divine spiritual and celestial order every one enjoys hereafter his own Heaven. Accordingly they differ as the spirits and angels differ in their interior qualities. The reply of the urchin to his mother, as related in the following anecdote, is plenary with a volume of spiritual philosophy. We can assure him that it "makes no difference to God," and that if he should happen to go there before he is developed beyond the jewsharp plane, he can have his jewsharp:

A tender mother was endeavoring to convey to the inquiring mind of her little child the idea of Heaven, and the necessity of being a good boy in order to obtain admission there hereafter. She pictured to his imagination the happiness of the blest, and as an additional inducement for him to lead a correct life, said that he would be "like the angels who would have golden harps in their hands."

"Mamma," responded the urchin, wistfully gazing into his mother's face, "if it makes no difference to God, I'd rather have a jewsharp."

The astonished parent rang the bell, and the nurse removed the polite little stripling to his bed. C. M.

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Friends—The volume for 1871 presents you with the results of last year's work. By it you see what are the demands for the Year Book of 1872. This important work is not ours, but *yours*; therefore, we ask—plead for your assistance. In order to make the Year Book as complete as possible, we address this Circular personally to every Spiritualist in the world, requesting them individually to assist us in perfecting our task, that it may be a correct representation of the present status of Spiritualism. We especially desire all mediums to write us, stating the character of their mediumship, facts, &c., and to hear from all public lecturers, and from any one who is interested in the advancement of the cause.

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