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MUSICAL MEMORIES.

BY MRS. LYMAN C. HOWE.

Who whispers in the trees to-day?
What voiceless mystery murmurs unto me?
Whose fingers touch the strings of Nature's harp
And awake this reverent melody?
Great spirit, whatso'er thou art,
In thy grand worship I would share a part!

I hear the tender trill of happy birds,
Soft shade and shine across the meadow glide,
While odors from the early blossoms steal in,
Blending their fragrance with the singing tide,
Which flows in murmurous, wondrous tune,
Chanting its sweet May songs and wooing June.

There comes a fleeting, subtle breath,
Exquisite balm from violet's dewy lips,
Thrilling my frame with childhood's sunny faith,
From heart core to my very finger tips;
I'm child again, and violet faces,
Peep out from emerald hiding places.

Dew-diamonds are on the grass as then,
The same gay songs are on the odorous breeze,
The brook a silver thread winds o'er the plain,
There's just such tassals on the gray birch trees,
And standing there soul full of mute delight,
The little girl, as woman, writes to-night.

Ah! how I dream, the waking comes,
And Nature's mood is full of solemn awe,
And all her hymns of measured multo-tones,
Are ceaseless chants of God's eternal law.
Reaching and striving for the unattained,
The earth is as bright as ever, 'tis I am changed!
And from a grateful heart, I thank the Giver,
For sadder years, lest I linger here forever.

June 2d, 1871.

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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.—(Continued.)

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

"Bring me a glass of water, Mollie," said her mother. She quaffed the cool beverage with eagerness.

"It is so close and warm, raise the window higher." She remained quiet a few minutes, and then tossed her arms above her head, grasped them into her hair.

"Oh, my brain, my brain is on fire," she cried wildly. Mollie was frightened by her mother's manners. She ran and called Mrs. Anisdale, who in turn called the Doctor. They found Mrs. Orland raving with the undurable pains of a brain fever. Her face was flushed into crimson, her veins stood out round and heated; there was a fearful, agonized expression in her eyes, and her ravings became agonizing to hear.

"Love, love, love," she softly said. "Blessed love! how happy we were. So happy. We never distrusted each other. Never. We walked in a garden of flowers. He always led me." She paused for some time, then resumed.

"He removed the thorns. I told him not to go to that rose bush." Then she became wildly excited. "Not to go there! Why did you go there Arthur? Oh, there was a viper under the roses—" shudder-

ing. "Under the roses, covered over and concealed by the perfumed roses, and you knew it not. I knew it. I knew it would bite—me as well as you. You loved me but you would pluck the roses, and see! see! It is coming. It will bite me! Help, Arthur! Arthur, help! Oh, save me. God of heaven have mercy! It strikes at me. It has bitten me. Go to! Avaunt! Touch me not. My blood is filled with death. Mollie! Mollie! run! run for your life. It will bite you! Oh, merciful God! it has bitten her too! I must away! I am on fire! The poison is at work. Love has been stung to death, and to stay is to be predoomed to hell. Water! water!" Here the Doctor gave her a glass, ice cold, which she drank with fierce avidity, and called for another.

"It is against the books and my rules of practice," he protested, "but she will die any way, and she shall have whatever will comfort her while she stays."

The blessed water quenched the fires of the fever. Days of raving were succeeded by a week of semi-consciousness, from which she awoke trembling on the threshold of death. Attention and care restored her to strength, though it was mid-winter before she could arise from her bed.

During the period of her raving, her appeals for help, for love, for him who had deserted her, were enough to ring the hardest heart, and not one of those present could restrain their feelings. While she was recovering, not a word or intimation passed her lips, of her past or of her future. The subject was too painful to give tangible form in words.

After her mother had recovered, Doctor Anisdale insisted that Mollie should attend school, and as Bessie agreed to accompany her, she reluctantly consented. The Doctor could not understand the cause of her hesitation.

"Why, Mollie," said he, "you have the handsomest and best escort in the village. There is not another girl here like Bessie. She will take charge of you. I half wish I was a girl myself, to be in your place." Here he stole a furtive glance at Mrs. Anisdale, fearing she would not accept this admission. That lady was in a happy mood, on which occasion she only laughed at his boyishness.

The true reason was that Mollie had attended school for a week during the summer, and the coldness of the scholars towards her, and the taunts they threw at her, became unendurable by one so sensitive as she, and no persuasion could induce her to attend. Now that Bessie would take her under special care, and their acquaintance had ripened into friendship, she would again go to please her kind benefactor.

Bessie called as promised, and the two walked arm in arm along the street to the school. Mollie was sad and fearful, and Bessie could not dispel the cloud which made her wretched. They entered the school room, and as no one occupied the seat with Bessie, she gave Mollie a place by her side. They at once became the center of all eyes. Some of the elder girls put on a knowing look, and winked at each other; some were quite shocked at the opposition. This was the beginning. When school was dismissed for noon, Bessie, who was the center of attraction, and around whom the school gathered, for she was beloved by all, found herself and Mollie alone. They were avoided as if they had the plague. Her heart throbbed audibly, and there was a choking sensation in her throat. She was brave, and they should not know how their slight had effected her. The recess had nearly expired, and the scholars had

gathered into the room, laughing and talking with each other. Not one had spoken to Mollie, and Bessie was determined that they should. The daughter of Rev. Mr. Fleming, the Baptist pastor, and her chum, were passing near them. They were intimate friends of Bessie. She arose and said in her winsome way, made more touching by the depth of her feelings for the lonely Mollie:

"Hattie and Kittie, I have a new friend, Mollie Orland, allow me to introduce you."

Who could resist the appeal of those soft and beautiful eyes, pleading through the tears just brimming from their lashes for another? Hattie and Kittie could do so. They had learned to be intolerant.

"Miss Bessie Malcom," haughtily replied Miss Kittie Glenning, "you presume entirely too much on our friendship. We demand an explanation. If you call this thing your friend, you must not call us so."

Those tears went back to her heart instantly, and the deep self-respect and pride of her character came to her aid.

"No one can dictate to me who I shall call my friend, Miss Glenning. You are the one who should explain?"

"That I can easily do," simpered Miss Hattie. "This Mollie, your friend, as you call her, belongs to the community. She is one of those vile wretches, and of course cannot expect to associate with decent people."

"It is false. She never has belonged. Her mother has suffered more than death to escape from them."

"Her father is there," said Miss Kittie, "and girls rank with their father. Oh, you cannot extenuate her case. She is a real Socialist, and we cannot recognize her, and if you associate with her we shall cut you."

"You are plain to me; you have that to your credit, and I will be with you. I never dreamed you were so selfish, so devoid of feeling, and cruel. You are unworthy of being my friends. I loath and despise your actions, and believe when you reflect you will be as heartily ashamed of yourselves as I am for you. Suppose your father, Miss Kittie, should join the Community, would you be to blame? Would you not think it unjust to be treated in this manner?"

"There is no use of talking," broke in Hattie. "We cannot afford to sacrifice our reputations for sympathy."

"Well," replied Bessie, proudly, "I can. I can do what I know to be right, and I will, though you all desert me."

Mollie at first leaned her head on the desk in front and sobbed, but becoming angry as the debate proceeded, raised up and sat silently gazing from one speaker to the other. She drew Bessie to her and whispered:

"I will go home."

"And I," said Bessie, bravely, "will go with you, dear Mollie."

They arose and went to the anti-room, where they dressed in silence, nor spoke until ready to go home. Bessie's heart was too overflowing to leave Mollie.

"It was too cruel, Mollie. They are foolish girls and I would not mind them."

"That is well for you to say," sobbed Mollie, for now out of sight of her persecutors she gave free rein to her grief. "Well for you who have

influential friends; who are admired by all and can do as you please. It is different with me. I am alone in the wide world. Mother is my only friend. Oh, wretched and cold is that world."

Bessie could offer small comfort in words. The truth, the blank, grim reality was against her. She only pressed Mollie's hand closer as they walked on.

"You must not tell your mother, Mollie, it will break her heart. She is too weak to bear it."

"No, no, I will not."

"Heigh ho, Bessie," cried Doctor Anisdale, "where are you going so early in the day? Your cheeks grow red every day. They will blossom into red roses in earnest."

The Doctor received Mollie, and Bessie went home. On entering the parlor she found Victor and Mary.

"Are you ill, child?" asked Victor.

"Ill, no. I am suffering." She then related the occurrences of the day.

"Let us go and compel them," said Mary, and they went at once to Doctor Anisdale's.

Mollie fortified herself in her resolution not to tell her mother, and perhaps would have kept her resolve had not an unexpected event swept it away. During her absence, her mother had received a letter from her father. It was brief and unequivocal: DEAR MADAM—

It is time Mollie was with me. We have a school of our own now, and as I learn you are recovering there is no reason why she should not attend. You understand that I am determined she shall grow up despising marriage, and prepared for the reception of our higher views of living.

Respectfully, A. ORLAND.

That was all. Enough to crush her mother's life. Mollie found her weeping, hearing long, deep, fearful sobs, which only accompany the most hopeless grief. She then hung on her neck, and sobbed too; telling her all, and their tears mingled.

Victor and Mary found them thus embracing each other, endeavoring with feeble words to gild the reality before each.

"I am glad to see you," exclaimed Mrs. Orland through her tears. "I was strengthened once by wisely confiding in you. I do not understand why I took the liberty. I am in the deepest deep of the trouble I then saw foreshadowed."

"When you recover, returning health will in a measure dispell these shadows," said Mary, "and life will again present its attractions."

"Not for me." She handed Victor the letter she had received. "You understand, he demands Mollie. He will sacrifice her to his folly. It must not be."

"Come to our home and make it yours. Mollie shall receive the same care we give to our Bessie," interposed Mary.

"This would not be right. I must make my own way. I am well enough now. This blood-hound again brays for blood—for Mollie's. I will go forth. Glad am I that you came. I should have sent for you, as I desired to thank you for your noble sympathy, and to send parting benedictions to Bessie, as good as she is lovely."

"You must not think of leaving. You are yet weak, and unable to labor."

"I must. I owe a debt now to the generous hospitality of this house I never can repay."

"My father," spoke Mary, pressed the Doctor to receive his pay. He would not accept it, and father purchased a gold-headed cane and presented to him, as a token of his regards. The debt is cancelled."

"Oh, you are all friends." She concealed her face in her hands.

"Then why do you talk of leaving us?" This question aroused her to consciousness.

"I must. I cannot stay here. I am going where I am entirely unknown, and begin a new life."

They could not change her purpose, and were content with a partial promise that she would remain quiet for a week longer. Once resolved, Mrs. Orland could not rest. That very night she determined to execute her plans. She had a trifling sum of money by her, with which she could reach the nearest city. She wrote a letter expressing her thanks to the Doctor and his lady, stating the reasons which urged her to go. Mollie would be taken from her if she remained. She would suffer a thousand deaths rather than Mollie should return to the Community. The only method for her was to lose themselves in a city, when she hoped to find something to do.

The Doctor was out until three o'clock in the morning; he slept soundly. After he came, and had time to fall asleep, Mrs. Orland and Mollie arose, dressed and softly passed out. It was cold with an icy north wind from the Lake, which they were compelled to face for three miles to reach the railway station, where they intended to take the early train. Despair is strong and conquered the distance. The train came, and faint, weary, chilled, crushed, hopeless, bore them away.

THE STRUGGLE AGAINST FATE.

"Under the lamp light, died in the street,
Delicate, fair and only twenty;
There she lies,
Face to the skies,
Starved to death in a city of plenty."

The poor have ye with you always. Aye, and forever shall as long as Capital is the Master and Labor the Slave. Slave did I say? The slave is clothed and fed; it is for his interest to feed him, but labor is bought and the laborer may go, to a bed, or a pallet of straw, what cares the employer? The fool has said in his heart there is no God; the toiler shall say it every day, and his children cry it every hour of the day. Mammons children are sleek with good living; their suits are glossy with exquisite finish. Do not touch them, smutty child of labor. They are of another race from you. They are of high caste, and noble blood. Aye, in olden times the Lord was a man who subdued with his word and obedience was rendered because he compelled it. Blood was the food of aristocrats. The blood shed in battle. The aristocrats of to-day are fed on the product of concrete tears of pain, and clothed with the fingers of despair. Does nature make a water-power; forthwith capital builds its factory, and the laborer does all that the water will not, and is allowed to exist, while capital grows plethoric. A working man invents a locomotive. Do working men receive the benefits? Oh, no; but capital pours out of it the gigantic railroad swindling scheme, and so artfully spreads its nets that a whole nation of freemen are made subservient to its designs.

Always with us! The robbed, starved, suffering, poor; hopelessly, helplessly poor, unpitied, degraded, damned. The capitalist who has coined millions from their blood may sit in his cushioned pew, from which they are excluded, and when he dies be buried in a cemetery from which they are rejected, and go to heaven in a grand way. Aristocratic dust will not be suffered to mingle with plebeian clay! In heaven will aristocratic spirits associate with plebeian, or are they equal there? If so, unsatisfying place, where no popular church with a twenty thousand dollar minister exists, nor a sexton to keep out the ragged children of toil.

(To be continued.)

Vex not yourself when ill spoken of—contumelies not regarded vanish; but repined at, argue either a funny soul or a guilty conscience.

The best answer to a slander is, to answer nothing; and so to carry it as though the adversary were rather to be despised than minded.

Will Power.

BY OLIVER STEVENS.

In an article written by me, a part of which was published in the AMERICAN SPIRITUALIST of date of March 12, 1870, under the above heading, from some cause or other a part of the article was left out.

I did not not feel inclined to blame the editors, for I thought them much more capable of judging what was suitable to go into the paper than I am. But the part left out seemed to me to be such an important link, and the article without it showed such a want of connection, that I was rather sorry they had published any part of it.

The article as published goes on to illustrate an idea, when the idea itself is left out.

The part of the article left out containing the idea read as follows: I have thought it possible, if not probable that our minds may many times have an effect upon the weather without our being aware of it, especially when many minds become concentrated upon one idea. As when a community of so-called Christians desired Theodore Parker out of the way because his teachings were injurious to their particular theory or creed, they could not have been anything but so-called Christians; for they certainly from all accounts were not following any example of Christ's,—(unless it was his cursing the fig tree.)

In reading over the foregoing I came to the conclusion that the example given in relation to Theodore Parker, showing the effect produced by the concentration of many minds upon one idea needed a fuller explanation, and I thought it was possible the omission was caused by an invisible power for that purpose; otherwise this article would never have had an existence.

It may not be very extensively known that a community or society that claimed the name of Christian, in view of the injury that Theodore Parker's teachings were doing to the cause of what they conceived to be the true religion, entered into a combination to pray for his removal by death.

Perhaps they little thought that by so doing they were making themselves his murderers, as much so as burning their victim at the stake, as many other so-called Christians have done. The idea is that their minds were concentrated upon him, willing, or desiring his death. They will say that God caused him to die in answer to their prayer. If they had burned him at the stake, they might say the same with equal propriety. For, according to the Scripture, it is God that worketh in you, both to will and to do. Whether it was the God of their own minds, or some other God, it is immaterial; but so far as they are physically concerned, their will is the only executive, and therefore the only responsible power.

It probably is not very extensively known that one person through mesmeric influence or will power, can produce an effect upon the physical system of another person, even at a remote distance.

But experiments have, within the last thirty or forty years, proved it to be a demonstrated fact. I have never experimented much in that way, and never while trying to produce the mesmeric sleep, except in one instance, where I had an opportunity of witnessing the result.

A hired girl in our family who I had been in the habit of mesmerizing, came into the sitting room when I was lying on the settee. My wife sat near the stove sewing. The girl had her knitting-work and seated herself near the stove some four or five yards from me, and commenced knitting.

I knew she did not know but that I was asleep. It occurred to me to try to produce the mesmeric sleep without her being aware of it. I concentrated my mind on her, the same as when mesmerizing in the usual way, and she manifested precisely the same symptoms that she usually did upon the point of entering into the sleep, when she seemed to arouse as if acting from the impression that she must not go to sleep, and

seemed to exercise a very strong will against the influence.

She even laid down her work to give it her whole attention. After trying some time without producing any further effects I turned my mind from her, and she soon took up her knitting again. I have since become convinced that persons, even the most susceptible to mesmeric influence, can, by the exercise of their will power, successfully resist it.

Professor Townsend, the author of a book entitled "Facts in Mesmerism," relates incidents in his book of his mesmerizing a person when at a distance from him. I have not the book to quote from, but the substance is as follows: A young woman whom he had been in the habit of mesmerizing, came to his house and was busily engaged in conversation with his wife; while he, in another room, unbeknown to her, tried the experiment of mesmerizing her; and at about the usual time of producing it she spoke, saying, "Oh, he is mesmerizing me," and immediately went into the mesmeric sleep. At another time he stated to his family that he was going to try to mesmerize her at home, about a quarter of a mile distant. He noted the time, which I think was about eight o'clock in the evening, and after an hour he stated to his family that he was going to throw off the influence; and while his family were at breakfast the next morning, she came in, and almost the first thing enquired if he did not mesmerize her last evening, and said that at about eight o'clock she was ironing and felt the influence coming upon her, and she lay down on a settee and went to sleep. Her family tried their best without effect to awaken her, but after an hour she awoke of herself.

A gentleman with whom I was conversing several years ago, said that he had produced the mesmeric sleep upon a person at one time when fifty miles from him, and at another time when sixty-five miles away.

I think it was in the year 1843 that Professor De Bonneville gave a number of lectures upon mesmerism, together with manifestations of mesmeric or will power, in the city of Adrian, Michigan. I was present at one of the lectures when he caused a man to set out to walk across the floor, and after walking a step or two, the man stopped and stood like a statue, apparently perfectly paralyzed. After standing a short time, he walked again and stopped, and continued to walk and stop until he had stopped the third or fourth time, when the Professor, who was standing several yards from him, took a lighted candle and went to him and held it near enough to his eyes to nearly or quite burn his eyebrows. His eyes were wide open but he neither winked nor made any apparent motion. In conversing with a gentleman some time after the occurrences above given, he related an incident which he said first caused him to be a believer in mesmerism. He said that he was residing in Adrian at the time that De Bonneville was there lecturing and giving manifestations, and could not believe that man possessed any such power as was represented. He had not seen anything of it, but from the representation of others took the ground that it was a deception, practiced by necromancy or some other art.

But it so happened that he one day met on the sidewalk the Professor in company with a man with whom he was familiarly acquainted. They had some conversation in which he freely expressed his unbelief in mesmeric power, when the Professor noticing a man walking on the opposite side of the street, pointing at the man said, will you believe if I will cause that man to stop when he gets to a certain place. The man had a market basket upon his arm and was looking down, apparently taking no notice of his surroundings until he came to the point designated when he suddenly stopped, straightened up and looked back, first over one shoulder and then over the other, and then he stood, apparently in amazement until the Professor said, now I am going to let him go, and the man immediately walked on.

With such, and thousands of similar evidence, is it unreasonable to believe that there is power in the will of man, where there is no counteracting influence, to cause the life principle to cease under certain conditions.

In Gunn's Family Physician, page 21, a very singular case is given of a man, who, by his will power, could die, or expire, and come to life again.

The case is related as follows:

"The most singular instance of the power of the will over the functions of the body, and taken altogether, perhaps, the most remarkable case on record, being supported by the most unquestionable testimony, is related by Dr. Cheyne, in his "English Malady," page 308 and 310. The case is that of Hon. Cornell Townsend, who for many years had suffered from an organic disease of the kidneys, from which he was

greatly emaciated. He was attended by Dr. Cheyne, Dr. Baynard, and the distinguished surgeon, Dr. Thine, three of the most eminent men in England. These gentlemen were sent for, in great haste, early one morning, to witness a singular phenomenon, or strange case.

He told them he had for some time observed an odd sensation, by which, if he composed himself, he could die or expire when he pleased, and by an effort come to life again. The medical men were opposed, in his weak state, to witness the experiment, but he insisted upon it, and the following is Dr. Cheyne's account: We all three felt his pulse first; it was distinct, though small and steady, and his heart had its usual beating. He composed himself on his back, and lay in a still posture some time; while I held his right hand, Dr. Baynard laid his hand upon his heart, and Dr. Thine held a clean looking-glass to his mouth. I found his pulse sink gradually until, at last, I could not feel any by the most exact and nice touch. Dr. Baynard could not feel the least emotion in his heart, nor Dr. Thine see the least soil of breath on the looking-glass. We then each of us held to his lips the glass several times, examined the pulse, heart, and breath, and could not, by the closest scrutiny, discover the least symptom of life in him.

We reasoned a long time on this strange, odd appearance, as well as we could, and all of us confessed it unaccountable, and beyond our power to explain so strange and inexplicable a case.

He still continued in that condition, and we concluded that he had, indeed, carried the experiment too far, and at last being quite satisfied that he was dead, we were about to leave him. He had continued in this condition about half an hour, it being then nine o'clock in the morning, in autumn, when, just as we were leaving, we observed some motion about the body; and, upon further examination, found his pulse and the motion of his heart gradually returning; he then began to breathe gently and spoke softly.

We were all astonished, to the last degree, at this unexpected change in a man we confidently believed to be dead, and after some further conversation with him among ourselves, went away fully satisfied as to all the particulars of this astonishing case, but confounded and puzzled, and unable to form any rational scheme, by which to account for it.

He afterward, several months subsequent to this event, tired and worn out by his mental and bodily sufferings, sent for his attorney, made his will, settled legacies on various servants, received the sacrament, and calmly and composedly expired in one of these extraordinary and powerful influences of the mind over the physical system. His body was examined, and all the viscera, with the exception of the right kidney, which was greatly diseased, were found perfectly healthy and natural."

Dr. Gunn also gives the account of an experiment made by a celebrated French physician of Paris, upon a culprit who was under sentence of death. The culprit, although a strong man, weighing one hundred and ninety-five pounds, under the belief that he was being bled to death, was made to die in one hour and forty minutes, without a drop of blood being taken from him. I know that the prevailing opinion is, that he died from the effect of his imagination. But would it not be far more reasonable to believe that it was the effect of the will power of the operator, and that the imagination of the patient had nothing to do with it but to disarm his own mind of every counteracting influence?

Dr. Gunn refers to another experiment related in the *London Medical Times*, tried in Russia, upon some murderers, as showing the force of imagination. They were placed, without knowing it, in four beds where four persons had died of cholera. They did not take the disease. They were then told they were to sleep in beds where some persons had died of malignant cholera, but the beds were in fact new, and had not been used at all. Nevertheless, three of them died of the disease within four hours. The reason that one escaped, undoubtedly is, that there was something in the constitution or organization of his mind that enabled him to repel, or counteract the influence of the operator or operators. Some will say if one person can effect another by will power, they cannot produce any particular disease. The effect produced always corresponds with the will of the operator.

Dr. John W. Francis, in his communication published in the book entitled "Strange Visitors," says an intelligent physician will tell you that in his own experience he has witnessed the effect of mind upon the body; that he can give a bread-pill to a patient, informing him that it is a purgative, and it will act in that manner; that a certain powder will create nausea

or a burning sensation, and it will produce these results when the powder itself is harmless. The probability is, that in such cases the confidence of the patient serves to bring his mind into a state of support with the mind of the physician, thereby rendering the patient susceptible to the influence of the physician's will.

I think from my own experience, when the will can rightly be brought to bear upon the object, and there is no counteracting influence, the same result can be produced without any show of medicine as with. I have many times produced a motion of the bowels by the action of my will, in less time than it would take ordinary physic to operate.

In one case where a child was sick with inflammation of the bowels, on two different occasions when the child's mother had remarked that she was afraid she would have to give physic, the child on each occasion had a motion, if I mistake not, within fifteen minutes from the time of the mother's remark. I have been more successful with children than with older persons; probably in consequence of their being more confiding, and therefore more susceptible.

I have thought it probable that it was with this view, that Jesus made the remark, "Suffer little children to come unto me, for such is the kingdom of God."

Some three years ago I was traveling in a car going from Jackson, Michigan, to Detroit, when a child in the car began to cry and scream, so that we could hardly hear anything else. The child was less than a year old, and in the arms of a person whom I took to be its mother, who sat several seats back of me. I went and said to the mother, your child must be in great pain, and asked her to let me take it. She handed it to me and it soon stopped crying, and after a few minutes I gave it back. I went into another car and was gone a few minutes and returned to my seat. It was about half an hour before we arrived in Detroit, but I heard nothing more of the child. My daughter, who was with me, said it cried a little while I was out.

At another time I was on a steamer going from Catskill to New York. The boat was crowded with passengers so that many had to stand without any chance of being seated. Among the passengers there was a woman with a child, perhaps a year old, who occupied a small place nearly surrounded by baggage. Whether the child was crying when I first noticed it or not, I do not recollect, but it soon after commenced crying louder and louder so as to become very annoying to the passengers. The woman appeared very much excited and was exerting herself to quiet the child; she had some children's toys or playthings that she tried to amuse it with, but they made it scream the louder.

I was standing a little out of the crowd unnoticed by any one, so far as I knew, about three or four yards from the woman and child. I thought the child was in great pain. I therefore concentrated my mind upon it and quietly willed the pain to be gone; and in less than five minutes the child ceased crying, picked up its playthings and amused itself with them, appearing easy and happy, and we heard no more of its crying.

I have been impelled to write these things, especially the part that relates to myself, by a desire to do something for the good of my race.

EAST TOLEDO, IS71.

A man cannot be truly happy here without a well grounded hope of being happy hereafter.

Adversity does not take from us our true friends; it only disperses those who pretended to be such.

It is the part of a wise man to foresee misfortunes, and to prevent them before they come; of a valiant man to order them before they come.

Ruskin, the author and artist, writing of London poverty says:—"For my own part I will put up with this state of things, passively, not an hour longer. I am not an unselfish person, nor an evangelical one; I have no particular pleasure in doing good; neither do I dislike doing it so much as to expect to be rewarded for it in another world. But I simply cannot paint, nor read, nor look at minerals, nor do any thing else that I like; and the very light of the morning sky, when there is any—which is very seldom now-a-days, near London—has become hateful to me, because of the misery that I know of, and see signs of where I know it not, which no imagination can interpret too bitterly."

Magnetic Paper, Water, Powders, &c.

BY WM. B. FAHNESTOCK.

There has been a great deal said about "Magnetic" paper, water powders, &c., in the various papers, and the advertising columns of some of them are crowded with cures said to have been effected by them—or by the "Magnetism" supposed to be contained in them. But, as the facts in the case do not warrant the conclusions usually drawn from the phenomena exhibited, I cannot subscribe to the "Magnetic" theory which *appearances* have induced the mass of investigators to accept.

A knowledge of the true cause of these cures, is a matter of deep interest to the afflicted, as well as to those who are seeking for the truth. I will give the facts, which have been developed by many experiments, and although they may be contrary to the generally received opinions of those who still cling to the "Animal Magnetic" theory, I hope, before they disregard the ideas conveyed, they will give them their serious attention, especially as it is at all times unpleasant to be in a false position, as well as it is humiliating to be mistaken, or doing things which are not only unnecessary but often ridiculous, if not pernicious.

In my investigations of the "Animal Magnetic" theory, even as early as 1843, I was favored with subjects who were very susceptible and clear-minded in all their faculties, and it was through subjects that I received most of the facts in regard to their powers while they were in what I, for want of a better name, call, the artificial somnambulic condition—and during my experiments to develop their powers of feeling at a distance, as well as near by, I had the most positive proof that "Animal Magnetism," electricity, or a nervous fluid, &c., had nothing to do with their powers of discernment or their discrimination, and that it depended entirely upon the clear-mindedness of their faculties, viz: their sight, hearing, taste, smell and feeling, as well as of the respective functions of the various organs of the brain.

My experiments with Miss Z—in regard to her powers of distinguishing articles belonging to strangers as well as to acquaintances, were so remarkable, and so positively illustrate the points under consideration, that I will give one or two of them in brief detail.

Upon one of these occasions, as well upon others which were instituted before, quite a number of articles (ten or twelve) were tossed into her lap by different persons in the room, several of whom were entire strangers. She was then requested to hand each one the article that belonged to them. This she did unhesitatingly, and without making a mistake—repeating the experiment with different articles as often as requested.

Upon several other occasions half a dozen wine glasses were filled with water, in an adjoining room, into one of which, some one was desired to thrust a finger, and upon presenting them to her she never failed to detect the one that had been so touched. Many attempts had been made to deceive her, by sending the glasses in untouched—and then again, by touching two or more, but she could not be deceived, and when asked how she recognized their difference, she declared that she could feel, taste or smell the *peculiar* aura of the individual in them.

These facts, therefore, go to prove: First, that, subjects while in a somnambulic condition, possess discerning and discriminating powers infinitely superior and more acute, than when in a normal state—and as these experiments were made independent of, and outside of the knowledge of the so-called "Operator," it is impossible that there could have been a "Magnetic" or any other influence producing the result outside of the clear-minded powers of the subject.

Secondly—It proves that there must be an aura or

a something recognizable, which the touch imparts to substances, or matter of any kind, that has qualities and is *peculiar* in every individual, or it would be impossible for subjects to distinguish between the articles presented to them—and being different in every person and thing—it cannot be "Animal Magnetism," for that, according to the latest authority, is "imponderable" and a fluid "suigeneris" that is always alike.

The existence of a *peculiar aura* in every person, is also proved most positively by the superior acuteness of the scent in the dog and other animals. This power is exceedingly acute in the dog, who will recognize his master among a thousand, even if they should be dressed precisely like him. This something, therefore, which enables subjects or mediums to detect peculiarities in persons and things, is simply the natural aura or effete matter always emanating from individuals, and is imparted to things that have been handled by them, consequently it is material and recognizable.

Therefore, it is impossible that there should be any virtue or curative powers in any of the bits of paper, water or other substances supposed to be "Magnetized" and sent to patients by mail or otherwise.

Yet, I wish to be distinctly understood that I do not deny that cures have been made in that way; but I differ materially and most positively as to the cause of their having been effected, and the only way that a reasoning mind can account for the fact, is upon the principles of *faith*, or a *belief* upon the part of the patient that they will have the desired effect. But, if the person to whom they are sent, has no *faith* or *belief* in their curative power, I am constrained to say from experience, that they will have no beneficial effects whatever.

This, of course does not include regular prescriptions given by spirits or physicians who have left the form—for, I know full well that remedies have been prescribed by them, which have acted like a specific—and being the result of knowledge in intelligent beings, and not of a supposed something that has no existence. I can understand why beneficial effects follow the former and not the latter, outside of *faith* or a positive belief upon the part of the patient.

LANCASTER, April 12, 1871.

Amusing.

BY E. S. WHEELER.

The *Woman's Journal*, edited by Mrs. Livermore, in Chief, and published in Boston, Chicago, and St. Louis, has an account of the Boston Anniversaries by Mrs. Celia Burleigh, which is instructive by what it mentions, and amusing because of that which it omits. The best address that was made before the Woman's Suffrage meeting at Tremont Temple, was made by Celia Burleigh, and it *may* have been because of her pre-occupation there, that while noticing the Free Religions, and other assemblies, she finds no time or space to refer to a convention which held its sessions on the same street with crowded audiences, I mean the Massachusetts Spiritualists Association Convention.

While the Tremont Temple Suffragists were resolving, Mrs. Warner, Mrs. Hoadley, and others were freely speaking, just as scores of their sisters have done for the last quarter of a century! Spiritualists are the only popular body who have in theory and practice acknowledged *in full* the claim of woman's diverse equality. With them she has held the *first place on the rostrum*, an equal place as a co-operator and advisor; an equal share in all official stations, and to day Miss H. F. M. Brown is in the Chair of their most important organization, THE AMERICAN ASSOCIATION OF SPIRITUALISTS. More than half of all our speakers are women. They are the *best paid*, and most favorably regarded of any. While as media hundreds are thought of with a respect which is almost reverential, especially when, as is often the case, a character of veritable Saintliness is the concomitant of their Spiritual gifts.

Yet, knowing these facts, Celia Burleigh, the radical and eloquent woman, has no eyes to see; no pen to write, a word about a *Spiritual Convention*! Will Mrs. Livermore *dare* mention the facts we have referred to, as she would greedily in any other relation? *No!*

Proselyting in Russia.

One would suppose, in looking over this country and calculating the active elements of vice and immorality that there was ample room for united efforts of every religious denomination at home. Unfortunately "the Greeks are at our own door." If they were a few thousand miles off they would be more plainly visible. We notice that a delegation, including Bishop McIlvane of Ohio, has gone to Russia, for the purpose of promoting religious liberty in that country; and while such a purpose is commendable, no doubt, is it entirely certain that some effort of the kind is not needed even in Ohio? The Greek church is very much like all churches used as a part of the machinery of governments. It adopts the same style of proselyting. The Catholic Poland, equally with the Protestant Swede, unless he surrenders his faith, is permitted to take up his abode in the desolate wastes of Siberia. But, then, that is an inside affair of the country. Russia sends us no preachers here to instruct us, and made no complaint when the Mormons were exiled to Utah. When serfs become educated they will shed their superstitions, and insist on the plainest right of man—liberty of conscience. As long as the government is a despotism the church will be a despotism, and the school house is a better agency than the missionary to reach the end desired. The great efforts of that country to open commerce with the world is one of the surest means of theological revolution. The despotic system cannot long survive attrition with the mind of the intellectual world.—*Chicago Eve. Post.*

The above excellent reasoning of the Editor of the *Post* must commend itself to every intelligent mind possessing common sense instead of Christian bigotry and zeal.

Yes, "a delegation, including Bishop McIlvane, has gone to Russia to promote religious liberty in that country." Perhaps the Editor of the *Post* don't think that the Russians will rush enmass to receive them, exclaiming—"Oh, generous delegation! dear, kind Bishop, how thoughtful of you to come to us! Why didn't you come before." When the Bishop will respond—"let us pray."

We hardly think they will have a Fourth of July reception, not on account of the strange hint given by the *Post*, that perhaps the Bishop might find employment in Ohio, if he really desired to "promote religious liberty," but because the Russians will scarcely give up the Greek church for any such sham as Protestantism!

But we really don't need the Bishop in Ohio—can spare him as well as not, and for any length of time that can be named, can we spare him. As *bishop*, he is of no more account, as far as the morality of the people of Ohio are concerned, than would be the fifth wheel to a coach. Besides, we are utterly astonished at the want of knowledge the *Post* Editor manifests regarding Ohio morality, in supposing we need a bishop any more! Quite probable his services might be needed in *Chicago*. As for "religious liberty," Ohio don't like the *kind* he promotes. It is only the "liberty" of the despotism of the church! And then, the rank heresy of this Chicago Editor—saying that "the school house is a better agency than the missionary, to reach the end desired—liberty of conscience." It really frightens us! We fear if Chicago follows the lead of this heretic, it will become a Gomorrah, or a Sodom, we don't know which! Is not the missionary an agent of God, under the direction of the bishop? What can be superior to that, in America or Russia? We "paws" for a reply. Meantime let Chicago have the Bishop if he ever comes back, for he is not needed in Ohio.

PHENOMENAL.

The Blind Medium at Oswego, N. Y.

Speaking in the city of Oswego last month two Sundays, we made many pleasant acquaintances, and among them several mediums, but were privileged with witnessing manifestations from only one, known generally as the "Blind Medium," by name Mrs. R. Morrison.

The history of this medium's development, like many others if written out, would be, indeed, wonderful, illustrating the rugged, thorny path through and by which Spirit power, conducts the unwilling feet of media to the goal of a higher Spiritual worth and greater usefulness while in the mortal form.

Mrs. Morrison was formerly a Catholic, knew nothing of Spiritualism; but, as is usual with members of that zealous, superstitious sect, was bigoted and much prejudiced in regard to it, as are all Christians to every thing that comes in conflict with their pet theories and teachings of their God, religion, the Bible and the church. In this condition of mind, and with educational influences and surroundings that would tend to hold her there, she was prostrated by a severe illness, rendering her physical forces exceedingly negative, in which condition spirits were enabled to get control of her organism, causing the body to lay in an unconscious state for three days. So complete was the entrancement, so fully were the outer senses of the body closed that no signs of life were visible, and when she came to consciousness, preparations had been made for the burial of her body.

Although sensation had returned, the physical organs of sight, she found were veiled, and as far as the external world was concerned, she was blind, which has continued up to the present time. The appearance of the eye is as natural as that of any person, and our impression was, upon seeing them, that the mysterious veil which now hides external objects from Mrs. Morrison's vision, will some day, not far distant, be lifted, and she will see as plainly as ever. At least, such were our impressions, and we so expressed them.

Since returning to Cleveland, we have had the pleasure of making the acquaintance of Brother H. D. Thomas, President of the Cincinnati Society of Spiritualists, who formerly resided in Toronto, Canada, who attended circles there, where Mrs. Morrison was developed, and corroborates all we heard in Oswego of her mediumship, and the wonderful manner of its development. Bro. Thomas informs us that while there, in Toronto, and while utterly blind to all external objects, as far as the external sight of the physical eye was concerned, when sitting in the circle, so dark that no object was, in the least, visible, Mrs. Morrison, or the spirits controlling her, would describe most accurately, persons and objects in the room, showing that blindness was no hinderance to her unfolding clairvoyant powers, and the ability of spirits to see correctly even in the dark, "for spiritual things are spiritually discerned."

We met Mrs. Morrison at the residence of Bro. H. B. Wilcox, one of those rare persons who illustrates what he believes in by doing rather than much talking. Mr. Wilcox found Mr. and Mrs. Morrison in needy circumstances, and instead of "passing them by on the other side," he kindly inquired after their affairs, and at once commenced to render assistance. He saw the evidence of honesty, sincerity and genuine mediumship, and that her surroundings were not what they should be to aid in her development. He at once from his own means generously aided them to comfortable circumstances, in which Mrs. Morrison's mediumship has rapidly developed into different phases, of "tests," "healing," &c, which were illustrated in our presence most satisfactorily, by describing spirits around us, and especially our blessed angel sister, after whom our sweet little Helen is named, giving our spirit sister's full name—Helen Victoria Wheelock; and certainly, the medium could not possibly have known anything

about the name or the angel girl, in the earth form, who bore it.

Different spirits, well identifying their individuality, came and controlled the medium during her entrancement at this time. Among those who came was a spirit giving her name—Sarah Hall. She had controlled the medium once before at a circle, when she gave a minute description of who she was, who her family were and where they lived. This was taken down in writing, and one of the circle, an intelligent gentleman and member of a business firm in Cleveland, called at Rochester, N. Y. as he was passing through, to ascertain if the information given by this spirit was correct, as Sarah Hall was an utter stranger to the medium and all in the circle, which was held full thirty or forty miles northeast of Oswego, while the spirit claimed her home was at 41 Lancaster street, Rochester, N. Y. Mr. Averill, the gentleman referred to, did call at Rochester and found that the statement of the spirit, Sarah Hall, was truthfully and literally correct. Mr. A. thought so much of the test that he procured the affidavit of Mr. S. C. Hall to the questions he asked, which he says confirms what she said at the circle. We have been promised the affidavit, and shall publish it in our next.

The following are the communications given to us at the residence of Bro. Wilcox—the spirits requesting us to print their brief messages and send to their friend. The condition of the medium was such that each communication was necessarily brief:

SARAH HALL.

"It is about six years—passed away by typhoid fever; my father and mother were in the form; I believe one or two has been added to the family since; I wish my mother and father to investigate this phenomena thoroughly; also, my younger brothers. I send my love to my Aunt Estella (her name is Mrs. Charlie Jones), and to my father, mother and brothers, and want to meet them in that bright summer land, to which their footsteps are moving. My name is Sarah Hall; my mother's name is Catherine Hall; my father's name is S. C. Hall, No. 41 Lancaster street, Rochester, N. Y."

JAMES TONE.

"I came here to send a word to my mother; my name is James Tone, of Rochester, N. Y.; my mother resides on East avenue; was in the employ of Powers, banker, corner of State and Buffalo streets; my sickness, typhoid fever; very short illness. My mother, sisters and brothers mourned for me, but I wish them to know that I am happy. Have one sister—a Sister of Charity—and I wish she was not one. I send my love to all."

HORATIO ANDERSON.

"I have to make quite an effort to come; my name is Horatio Anderson; about one year since I passed away; there are many whom I then thought my friends, but have since proved enemies to my family; I want them and all others to understand that I did not destroy my life by poison; I had a serious disease of the heart and brain which destroyed the body; I wish my wife to know that the law suit she is now in will come out all right—Address, Mrs. Sophia Anderson, of Syracuse, New York."

A. A. W.

[The following from that wide awake, old and tried Spiritualist and personal friend, Bro. A. Baily, is most acceptable, and we know will be of interest to our readers. Will other friends follow Bro. B.'s example? Give information of the facts that are transpiring in your locality. Make them brief and concise. A. A. W.]

ALLIANCE, O. July 2d, 1871.

Bro. A. A. Wheelock:

Knowing that you, as well as all Spiritualists, are interested in manifestations of spirit power, I will give an account of what is taking place here with us. There is not probably any locality in this country, or any other, where there are more physical manifestations than in this vicinity, especially when we take

into consideration the short length of time they have had for development—some not over two years, and some not two months. The phenomena of playing upon the guitar, drum and other instruments are given through six or eight mediums.

With a few friends I was invited to the house of Bro. Harry Barnes, on the evening of the 24th ult., to witness the manifestations through his son William as a medium—it being only his sixth sitting. When the company were seated, the room was darkened and in a few minutes the medium was securely bound with a rope—both hands and feet thoroughly tied; his hands to his legs and his feet to the chair, while the rope was passed around him and the chair in such a manner that it precluded the possibility of his rising. A skeptic present who had never seen any spirit manifestations, examined the knots, &c., and also at the close, and pronounced them the same.

The light was again removed and guitar and drum were played upon, and bells rang while floating round the room, &c.

At one time the guitar was being played upon while floating and touched overhead on one side of the room, while a dinner bell was rang and struck upon the floor with much force at the opposite side, the two being some fourteen feet apart.

At another time, a mouth-organ, guitar and drum were played upon, and three bells rang at the same time and in different parts of the room, while at the same time raps were distinctly heard in another direction.

The seance lasted about one hour and a half. Now if the medium was humbugging, the performance becomes more mysterious and wonderful, as he must have been made of India rubber. In one case, for a few moments, or in both cases have divided himself into several parts while doing the trick and suddenly consolidated again; in either case it was "a busy time o' year with him" just then.

Bro. Clem. Rockhill is having some very interesting manifestations at his house, of which I will give you the details at another time, as well as among others in this village.

A. BAILY.

REMARKABLE MANIFESTATIONS.—The Wooster (O.) Republican gives a long account of the remarkable manner in which a family in that city has been persecuted through some unexplained agency. Mr. Hoffman, the head of the family, is a miller, and stands in good repute. The trouble commenced by his missing \$2 from his pocket-book; he then hid his money, but was unable to find it again, it having disappeared in an unaccountable manner. Articles of food and clothing began to leave in an equally mysterious way; crockery ware fell from shelves and was broken; stones, gravel, eggs, and other things were thrown about in the house, apparently without human agency, the headquarters of the disturbance appearing to be in the cellar. The family changed their residence, but the annoyances followed them, and as yet no satisfactory explanation of the proceedings has been given. Clothing belonging to the family has disappeared, and then mysteriously returned cut in pieces. Notes have been found in the house without there being any reasonable explanation of their presence, and skeptical young men have been hit on the head with red-hot stones. Mr. Hoffman has had clergymen called in to pray, and has himself indulged in some vigorous profanity on the subject; but neither experiment resulted in quelling the disturbances, which at the last accounts continued a source of great terror and wonderment to the good people of Wooster and the region round about.

Bishop Whitehouse passed sentence of degradation in the Cheney case. Mr. Cheney was not present. The Bishop made a brief address to the clergy and members of the standing committee present, stating that he had hoped to be spared the painful necessity which now presented itself for the first time in his long episcopate of degrading after trial one of his clergy. Mr. Cheney's congregation still sustains him, and he will continue to conduct the services in Christ Church.

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J. M. PEEBLES,
HUDSON TUTTLE, } EDITORS.

A. A. WHELLOCK, 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. Wheelock, the Managing Editor. J. M. P.

Dawn of Religious Conceptions.

He that takes away reason to make way for revelation, puts out the light of both, and does much the same as if he should persuade a man to put out his eyes, the better to receive the remote light of an invisible star by a telescope.—Locke.

If religion be devotion to, and awe of personified life and intelligence, it is possessed by the brutes of the field.

Europe, with all her nameless store
Of cultivation, wisdom, pride,
Had marched through centuries of gore
Before she reached the lighted side
Of God's humanity. Her veins,
Though pure, have run barbaric blood;
Her fair face has worn pits and stains;
But change wrought error into good.
—Gazelle.

Those who regard man as fallen from a high estate, see in the Savage, not a primitive but a degraded condition. This conclusion conflicts with the facts of human history. The races of mankind began, like the individual, in ignorance and brutality. The early man was a savage, a cannibal, whose religion—if he possessed a religion—was of the grossest form. Our pride may revolt against such a view of our ancestors, but it makes it no better by denying, and it is flattering to know that man is subject to progressive growth and unlimited achievements. Fetichism has been considered the lowest expression of religious instinct, but it does not touch the bottom of the abyss. Comte fails to meet the issue when he declares this statement insupportable. He combats a positive subject with metaphysical argument. He says if man existed in a state wholly material, there must have been “a time when intellectual wants did not exist in man; and we must suppose a moment when they began to exist, without any prior manifestation.” This he concludes impossible. His argument is of that metaphysical kind, as delusive as unsatisfactory, which that author utterly discards in others. The “want” is subject to an imperceptibly slow growth. The appearance of the “want” is evidence of the prior capability for its development, and there must be a time when this development becomes manifest.

Fetichism is not the first expression of the religious sentiment. There are many species of animals in which it is apparent, especially in those which have had the advantage of the culture given by man. A kitten mistakes a ball for a living being as readily as a savage sees a life like his own in the wind. The thoughts awakened in the mind of a dog by presenting a watch to his ear, are of the same kind—he regards it as a living being. The savage thinks it possessed with a demon; a Bechuana, seeing the sea and a ship for the first time, said the ship must have come of itself, for it could not have been created by

man. The Yakats are represented as being so amazed by the action of a telescope in bringing distant objects close to the eye, that they believe it possessed by a spirit; writing they cannot comprehend, and books they regard as living objects that can talk.

In our own individual development, we can mark the same ideas in our childhood. They even extend to our mature years, and when a machine refuses to do its work, how readily the mechanic gives it personality. If a child converts a broom-stick into a prancing steed, the engineer always speaks of his locomotive as a person, for which he has the warmest attachment. The child chastises the offending object; the Great Xerxes, leading the myriads of Persia, would send a message to the turbulent sea and bind it with chains. These are examples of the lowest fetichism—the endowment of inanimate objects with life.

We have advanced so far from that primitive faith that we cannot study its peculiar phases without referring to people who are at present in the same stage as that which we have left in the remote distance. As human development is governed by the same unchanging laws, similar stages of growth present corresponding phenomena. As in a forest, the connection between the acorn and the oak can be traced through the intermediate forms of growth, the civilized man stands connected with the savage.

This field of study is lamentably broad, as only a moiety of mankind have become what is styled civilized, and at least one third of the human family are savages. Those vast regions forming the continents of Africa and Australia, the countless islands of the Pacific Sea, and the interminable expanse around the North Pole, in America extending southward almost to the great lakes, are inhabited by rudest tribes, whose religious beliefs are of the grossest form. The Australian has not made an attempt towards embodying his religious ideas, if he has any, in rites and ceremonies. [Latham.] Certain wild songs, accompanied with gestures, mistaken for such, have proved of foreign origin. Even missionaries, eager to discover analagous ideas in the heathen they would convert, have honestly expressed their perplexity. Says one: “They have no idea of a Divine Being. They have no comprehension of the things they commit to memory. I mean especially as regards religious subjects.” Another remarks: “What can we do with a nation whose language presents no terms corresponding to justice or sin, and to whose minds the ideas expressed by these words are completely strange and inexplicable.” “A kind of highly developed instinct for discovering their food, which is always difficult for them to obtain, seems among them to have taken the place of most of the moral faculties among mankind,” is the statement of Lesson and Garnot. Unless watched by the police they would offend law and decency with as little scruple as the monkeys of a menagerie; and so dormant is their reason that the same means must be employed to convince them that is used with children and idiots.

The inhabitants of Central Africa are little more advanced.

Leighton, who for four years served as missionary among the Mpongwes, Mandingos and Grebos, important tribes, says that they have neither priests nor idolatry, nor religious ceremonies. The testimony of Livingstone on the Bechuanes is the same. In order to translate the word God to Caffre intellect the missionaries had to employ the word *Tiwo*, meaning “wounded knee.” Tixo was a well known sorcerer, and received his name from a wound received on his knee. He was the highest ideal of the Caffre mind, and his name best translated the idea of God to their understanding.

Of the Esquimaux, people depressed by the cold as the preceding are by excessive heat, Sir John Ross

speaks in no flattering terms, as regards their religious status:

“Did they comprehend anything of all I attempted to explain, explaining the simplest things in the simplest manner that I could devise? I could not conjecture. Should I have gained more had I understood their language? I have much reason to doubt. That they have a moral law of some extent, ‘written in the heart,’ I could not doubt, as numerous traits of their conduct show, but beyond this I could satisfy myself of nothing; nor did these efforts and many more, enable me to conjecture aught worth recording. Respecting their opinions on the essential points from which I might have presumed on a religion, I was obliged at present to abandon the attempt, and I was inclined to despair.

“The Esquimaux is an animal of prey, with no other enjoyment than eating; and guided by no principle and no reason, he devours as long as he can, and all that he can procure, like the vulture and the tiger. The Esquimaux eats but to sleep, and sleeps but to eat again as soon as he can.”

South of the Himalayas, in the dense forests of Central Hindustan, man exists in lower caste than has yet elsewhere been described. Mr. Piddington, a man who had extensive experience of travel, describes one of these remarkable people whom the Hindoos call “monkey-men”:

“He was short, flat-nosed, had pouch-like wrinkles in semi-circles round the corners of the mouth and cheeks; his arms were disproportionately long, and there was a portion of reddish hair to be seen on the rusty black skin. Altogether, if crouched in a dark corner, or on a tree, he might be mistaken for a large orang-utan.”

No sharp line can be drawn between man and the brute, which shall leave the dawn of religious conceptions on one side and the absence of such on the other. The ancestors of the great European civilizations were savages as degraded as those here introduced. In the Egyptian representatives described by Champollion, the victorious Sesostris leads captive representatives of Europe, Asia and Africa. The European is sketched as a savage clad in the skins of wild beasts, but the Syrian is attired in splendid Asiatic costume.

Europe has her own monuments to indicate the status of her ancient people.

The shell-heaps of the North, the arrow-heads and other imperishable remains found buried beneath the earth, are vestiges of peoples rude as the Red Indian of British Columbia. The inhabitants of Britain, two thousand years ago, met the invasion of Caesar with arrows and spears of wood hardened in the fire. Their clothing was of skins of wild beasts and their dwellings caves excavated beneath the earth. It is well determined that these savages, shouting their harsh war-cries as they gallantly met in unequal combat the invincible legions of Rome, have absorbed their conquerors, and that the present English nation is their direct descendents.

This progress has involved an equal advance in religious conceptions. They began with the reference of all phenomena to a living cause; they end—ah, philosopher, tell us where!

“Human Nature.”

We have completed arrangements with the publisher of this sterling English monthly so that we are enabled to furnish it in connection with the AMERICAN SPIRITUALIST at the same price paid by its English readers. We will send the two Journals one year for \$3.50.

ENGLISH CORRESPONDENCE.—We call special attention to the exceedingly interesting letter from James Burns of London, Eng., editor and publisher of *Human Nature*, on the present aspects of Spiritualism in England.

Resolutions

By the "Woman's Educational Association," Vineland, New Jersey:

WHEREAS, Certain journals and prominent persons have spoken despairingly of Victoria C. Woodhull, apparently endeavoring to turn from her the public patronage she is gaining by earnest labor in the Woman's Suffrage movement; therefore

Resolved That the "Woman's Educational Association" of Vineland, publicly express its disapprobation of the effort to injure her reputation and suppress her energies, and its determination to sustain her as an efficient worker in the equal rights cause.

WHEREAS, We deplore the actions of some sister associations in regard to Victoria C. Woodhull, deeming their treatment unworthy the womanhood of the nineteenth century, and reverencing the spirit that holds its purity amid any sins and sinners, therefore

Resolved, That we will not ask anew the bigots question, "Can any good come out of Nazareth," but seeing in her an able advocate of woman's freedom and human regeneration, generally, whether her pathway has been through thorns, and manglers, or flowers, and palaces, we cordially extend her the hand of sympathy and fellowship in the great and noble work she is inspired to do.

Adopted by a unanimous vote of the Association, at Vineland, June 9th, 1871.

JULIA FELLOWS,
Sec'y of W. E. A.

SPIRITUALIST LECTURERS' CLUB.

BUREAU OF INFORMATION.

Information regarding lecturers, given upon application. Speakers of recognized ability, male or female, can be engaged for any time, for any place, and at the shortest notice, through this Agency—for lectures, marriages, funerals or other occasions.

Members of the Club will please send their address, terms and engagements to the Secretary. All reliable, liberal lecturers and media are invited to join the Club, and thus promote their own interest and accommodate the public.

Per order of the Club. GEO. A. BACON, Sec'y.
Boylston Market, Boston.

LITERARY NOTICES.

Hans Breitmann's new book, entitled "HANS BREITMANN IN EUROPE, AND OTHER NEW BALLADS," is in press and will be published in a few days by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia. It contains Breitmann's travels and experiences in Paris, in Belgium, in Holland, in Germany, in Italy, in Rome, where he interviews the Pope; also, Breitmann as a Trumpeter, etc. It will no doubt prove to be more popular than his celebrated "Barty." It will be published in one volume, on the finest tinted plate paper, with a portrait of Breitmann on the cover, and sold by all Booksellers at Seventy-five cents a copy, or copies of it will be sent to any one, at once, to any place, post-paid, on receipt of its price, by the Publishers.

Not Dead—But Living.

MRS. ANNA W. BOOTH.

Our earnest and esteemed Bro. S. S. Clark of West Richfield, O., sends the following Resolutions which were adopted at a meeting held July 2d, of the Spiritualists and Liberalists who have been in the habit of meeting once in four weeks at that place, for mutual improvement. Mrs. Booth was not an avowed Spiritualist, but attended these meetings and was pleased with the theory, so far as she understood its teachings:

WHEREAS, In accordance with nature's laws, and in conformity with the laws of her being, our gentle and much esteemed sister, friend and neighbor, Mrs. Anna W. Booth has passed from the material to spirit life—from the mortal to the immortal, June 4th 1871, at the age of 47 year; therefore,

Resolved, That while our fraternal circle has been broken, we cherish her memory, and will gladly welcome the presence of her bright spirit in our midst.

Resolved, That we extend to the family and relatives of our departed sister, our sincere and heart-felt sympathy in their bereavement and this hour of their sorrow; and commend them to the guidance of loving spirits, who are ever ready to comfort the sorrowing ones of earth.

Resolved, That a copy of these be sent to THE AMERICAN SPIRITUALIST for publication; also a copy of the paper to the family of deceased.

West Richfield, O. S. S. CLARK.

MRS. ANDREWS.

Among those who have this season passed "onward and upward" from the body, my old time friend, Mrs. Andrews, wife of Stephen Pearl Andrews, has progressed to Spirit life. Principle, truth and kindness were the words she brought to my tongue, the ideas with which she inspired my mind. It is some years since we saw each other, but she was one not to be forgotten. She, strong as she was, has gone on; we remain. She has ended an active earthly life. A martyr, her husband declares to the reform for which they labored. There is the more work for those who are left, the more need of the kindly goodness she gave out from a strong nature. To none will the loss be greater, we imagine, than the philosopher himself. May a Spirit preserve and console him, and the memory of her earnest work and patient faith be to us all an inspiration.

E. S. WHEELER

ELI NICHOLS.

Editors American Spiritualist:

I beg you to notice in your columns the departure of two active, worthy Spiritualists and respected neighbors, and subscribers to yours and other Spiritual papers.

Eli Nichols passed out of his physical body, at his residence, near Newcastle, Coshocton county, Ohio, the 20th of last March, aged seventy-three years. He was a man of more than ordinary education and talent, and as a speaker and writer for the press, devoted much of his time to the cause of education, temperance, the freedom of man and other great and vital questions relating to the welfare and happiness of society.

Practically, he was a true Christian—as his family and all who knew of his many efforts for truth, reform and progress, can testify. Discarding the Quaker faith he was educated in, he rejected as divine revelation the thousand and one dogmas and creeds passing under different names for religion.

He was one amongst the very first to advocate free schools in our State, and labored zealously to its accomplishment. He had no deep rooted prejudice to blind his eyes or deaden his senses to the evidence of Spiritualism, and investigated it carefully and earnestly the first and every opportunity that offered. After much investigation, both by means of mediums, books and papers, he became convinced of its truth, and happy he was in his declining years when every doubt was satisfied and he knew that his wife and children, gone before, were not dead but lived, and that he should yet see them and join them in a better life beyond. The prospect cheered and encouraged him during his declining health and last brief illness, and he met the change very calmly, very hopefully, and passed on without a struggle.

He was a respected, valuable member of society; loving and beloved by his family, and we, as Spiritualists in this community, have lost a friend and co-worker in the cause we can ill afford to spare.

WM. BARKER.

MRS. LUCINDA J. WOLCOTT.

[This notice, though prepared soon after the occurrence, was mislaid during our absence, and hence the delay. A. A. W.]

The spirit of this noble woman, wife of Seth Wolcott, passed out of the physical body the 22d of last March, aged 37 years. Her disease dyptheria. Eighteen years of happy married life had been hers. One sweet little girl remains to cheer a desolate father, not yet old enough to fully realize her irreparable loss.

She once belonged to the Baptist church, but having outgrown their senseless dogmas, she came out into the full liberty of a free thinker and untrammelled investigator. Once enjoying the hospitality of her happy home, her conversation then fully convinced us upon this point.

When nearing the great change she said: "Spiritualism is the most rational of any theory I have ever known." A faithful, loving wife, devoted mother, constant friend and kind neighbor, she will be much missed by friends and relatives, but most of all the home circle, of which she was the light and center. But though she has gone from their external vision, her loving spirit will hold a constant mother-watch in that earthly home, while the ears of its inmates, if they could only be tuned to such a hearing, would oft be charmed with spirit voice of wife and mother, saying:

It is said that every mortal
Walk: between two angels here;
One records the ills, but blots it,
If, before the midnight drear,
Man repenteth—if uncancelled,
Then he seals it for the skies;
And the right-hand angel weepeth,
Bowling low, with veiled eyes.
I will be thy right-hand angel,
Sealing up the good for heaven;
Striving that the midnight watches
Find no misdeeds unforgiven.
You will not forget me, husband,
For I'm not sleeping 'neath the sod?
O, love the jewel to us given,
As I love thee—next to God!

Garrettsville O.

A. A. W.

WALKER WILSON.

Walker Wilson's residence is about half a mile from that of Mr. Nichols and just across the county line, dividing Knox and Coshocton, hence in different counties, though near neighbors and intimate friends. Mr. Wilson's departure was sudden and unexpected, resulting from congestion of the lungs, May 18th, 1871, age fifty-seven years.

He came to this country from England about twenty years ago, and soon became an American citizen. He despised king-craft, priest-craft, and all sects and creeds calculated to hamper the mind or enslave the man. On all subjects calculated to advance the interests and happiness of society, such as education, temperance, freedom, etc., he was always on the right side, ready to argue and defend. He bore patiently much abuse in his earnest discussion of the slavery question at one time, and much insult and abuse from the meek and lowly Christians in his frequent discussions on the old Jewish Bible. He honestly believed it an imposition of priest-craft, and that it had been, and continued to be, a great hinderance to an elevated civilization, as well as in the way of true religion.

He gladly embraced Spiritualism when convinced of its truth, and thanked God he had lived in a day and age of the world when there was a revelation of the future life known and capable of demonstration. He often got communications from his children in the Spirit world, and his soul was made glad to know they yet lived. The exit from the body was very calm and with joyful anticipations of the future. He called his wife and children to his bed, kissed them and told them not to grieve, that in Spirit he would often be with them, and they would all be united again in the future life. He was a good and useful member of society, a kind father and loving husband, and his loss will be deeply felt by his family, but they know of the future life and will be consoled to know that he still lives.

WM. BARKER.

MILLWOOD, Knox county, Ohio.

HOMER JUDSON GRIGGS.

Passed to the higher conditions of life from Griggs Corners, June 26th, Homer Judson Griggs, aged twenty-three. He had been fatherless since he arrived at the age of fourteen, his father dying in the service of his country. He was the oldest child of the family, and from his earliest childhood his greatest desire was for an education. When twenty-one years of age he commenced the study of medicine, but applying himself too closely was soon prostrated, and for a short time was obliged to give them up. Again he commenced but soon relapsed into decline. Relaxation from study did not recruit his physical health and he continued to decline till the "great change" came and put an end to his suffering. His disease was quick Consumption, as it is usually termed, though having been afflicted with Hydrocephalous, or Dropsy of the head, when quite young, but, had to all appearance recovered. He bore his last illness with uncommon patience, never complaining, and when asked if he was prepared to go, answering in the affirmative, seeming anxious to live only to care for a widowed mother and fatherless brothers and sisters; but never for a moment considering himself unprepared.

During his last illness it was remarked by very many who visited him, "I never saw any one so very sick as he is, so very patient. Does he never complain?" But no one ever heard him say he suffered, and when a Minister of the Gospel, of the Methodist persuasion, called to see him, thinking to alarm him about his own happiness hereafter, he told him he was prepared and had no fear of death, but was at any time ready, and remained tranquil to the last.

If that Minister was in a like situation could he say as much? Could any human being say more? Those who knew him best, have no doubt of his being prepared to go. He was a noble, talented young man, respected by all and admired and beloved by neighbors, family and friends. He had no sympathy with the popular Christianity of the day. Too honest to be a religious hypocrite, too intelligent to be made the dupe of Priest or Creed, he was a natural, rational Spiritualist.

Four years ago, when visiting Griggs Corners to lecture, during our more active Missionary work in this State, our departed young Brother, then a noble boy, just coming to the full estate of manhood, took us to Monroe Center, on our Missionary journey, and we well remember the interesting conversation then had, for we were unusually impressed with his intelligence, candor and sincerity. Little did we then think that in four short years we should lead the long funeral procession over the same road, following his lifeless body to its last resting place. But such is life. The funeral was largely attended. The services were held at the house where Horatio was born, the writer officiating. To the widowed mother, sisters and brothers remaining, we would say, though ye must mourn his absence, and tears will flow, still "ye cannot make him dead," and therefore, with Husband and Father he will be watching and waiting "just over there" for loved ones left behind in the journey of life, who after a brief separation will join those who have gone before.

A. A. W.

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

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

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

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We do not propose making it a newspaper, in any sense of the word, except in relation to Spiritualism. This is our one sole aim, to give our readers in each issue the status of Spiritualism for the time. With correspondence constantly enlarging, we shall be enabled to present a more and more perfect report of Spiritualism throughout the world.

We call attention to the interesting letters which may be expected from J. M. Peebles, from England. He will, before his return, engage a competent correspondent for our columns, who will write up all items of interest occurring in the old world. Spiritualism on the Continent, under the leadership of Kardec, has taken an unique form, and its evolution becomes of great interest. He will also engage some of the distinguished English and Continental writers who have received the New philosophy, to contribute to our columns.

With the next number, the story, or rather history of "Deering Heights," will be brought to a close, and we shall then give reports of lectures, leading essays, &c., which we have not been able to do, for want of space.

Our contributors are among the most talented in our ranks, and we feel assured in saying that we believe THE AMERICAN SPIRITUALIST for the coming year will not disappoint its readers.

While its Editors and publishers are devoting their lives to make it acceptable to Spiritualists, we ask co-operation on the part of its readers and friends, everywhere. A paper like ours cannot be published without money, and this must be furnished by its readers. We ask of the friends of our Journal, one and all to assist us. Every one of our subscribers can, with little exertion, procure one new subscriber, and this little act alone will double our circulation, and augment the usefulness of our Journal in a far greater ratio.

EDITORS & PUBLISHERS.

Spiritual Media.

Jesus was an excellent medium. Paul denominated him a "Mediator." Passing into his superior condition, upon the mountain, he saw and conversed with Elias and Moses. The Apostles were Media. Because of their mediumistic susceptibilities they were chosen from the multitude. Sensitiveness to psychological influences from mortals or immortals implies gradation, higher and lower, use and abuse.

Touch one chord of a musical instrument, and all the rest of the same tension will vibrate in harmony with it. So the sensitive human spirit sustains similar relations with the spirits that people the spheres of immortality. Media must necessarily be sensitive. This is a condition of mediumship. And as to whether the state should be cultivated, be it normal or abnormal, hinges entirely upon individual temperament and organizations. Some psychologists are not morally fit to exercise a mental control over others. And precisely so with some spirits. Sphere impregnates sphere. Sitting in a circle, the heart should be pure, centered upon the elucidation of truth, and every thought should take hold on holiness and heaven.

No class of mortals are more shabbily treated than media, and yet they need the finest surroundings—the healthiest, purest and most congenial magnetisms possible. Such thoughtful souls as deal kindly with them, and help them to good and beautiful conditions, may expect a "part in the first resurrec-

tion." The following scriptural passages show how they were persecuted in past ages:

"The harvest truly is great, but the laborers are few. Go your ways; behold, I send you forth as lambs among wolves—and as ye go, teach, saying the Kingdom of Heaven is at hand.

Heal the sick, cleanse the lepers, raise the dead, cast out devils—freely ye have received, freely give.

Provide neither gold nor silver in your purses, nor scrip for your journey.

And when you come into a house, if it be worthy, let your peace come upon it; but if it be not worthy, let your peace return to you; * * * and when you depart out of that house or city, shake off the dust of your feet.

Blessed are ye when men shall revile you and persecute you, and say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake.

And lest I should be exalted (says Paul) above measure, through the abundance of the revelations, there was given to me a thorn in the flesh; * * * therefore, I take pleasure in infirmities, in reproaches, in necessities, in persecutions, in distresses; * * * for when I am weak, then am I strong.

Of the Jews five times received I forty stripes save one.

Thrice was I beaten with rods, once was I stoned, thrice I suffered shipwreck, a night and a day have I been in the deep. In journeyings often, in perils of water, in perils of robbers, in perils by mine own countrymen, in perils in the city, in perils in the wilderness, in perils in the sea, in perils among false brethren.

In weariness and painfulness, in watchings often, in hunger and thirst, in fastings often, in cold and nakedness.

Others had trial of cruel mockings and scourgings, yea, moreover of bonds and imprisonment.

They were stoned, they were sawn asunder, were tempted, were slain by the sword; they wandered about in sheep-skins and goat-skins; being destitute, afflicted, tormented, of whom the world was not worthy."

Self-Righteous Christians.

Emma Hardinge, the good and the gifted, writes thus plainly, in Mr Burns' *Medium and Day Break*, to the self-righteous Christian English:

"I know by bitter experience that it is the custom for the pious and respectable of this land to assume at once that every 'medium' is a rogue or lunatic, every Spiritualist unworthy of credit, and all public professors or advocates of Spiritualism fit subjects for mobbing, insult, slander, anonymous letters, ribald criticisms, and blatant outbursts of Christian censure. I believe no Spiritualist could obtain justice in any law-court in this country; and I would and do choose patient submission to wrong and injury, sooner than stand as a Spiritualist to demand justice from any English tribunal. Fourteen years of martyrdom in bearing public testimony to the truth of Spiritualism convinces me that all the worst possible elements in the human character have been called forth in the persecution of Spiritualists, and the vengeful crusade against Spiritualism."

English prejudice is bitter. Once converted, however, Britons are brave defenders of the truth.

Spiritualists, on the whole, are much like other mortals. Some of the noblest, purest and most self-sacrificing souls we have ever known on earth were media. They are media still, though secluding themselves from public sittings and refusing all mention of their names in Spiritualist journals. Their object is neither fame nor pelf, nor power; but human good. And often, oh, how often have these sensitive souls been forced to suffer because of the deceptions, meannesses and moral bankruptcies of strolling charlatans displaying mock jewelry and practicing a kind of "juggling medo-worship" for money. These bring odium on genuine mediumship, besides hindering many from continuing their researches into ever-recurring Spiritual phenomena. Spiritualists themselves are often too gullible. Really worthy media will not object to having either their manifestations or morals candidly criticised. Gold courts the fires of the furnace. Critically discriminating then between abuse and use, sham and substance, Spiritualists should support and defend all genuine Media.

Good Fortune and Bad are equally necessary to man to fit him to meet the contingencies of this life.

Wonderful (!)

BY E. S. WHEELER.

In Hickman, Ky., they have a German blacksmith who performs extraordinary cures without medicine, and without even touching his patients. He works regularly at his trade, does not pretend to be a doctor, and takes no money for his services. The *Courier* of that place says there are living witnesses to his inexplicable powers with whom the editor has conversed personally, and who are worthy of all credence. Rheumatism, fever, warts, old sores and one reputed cancer have disappeared at the command of this remarkably gifted blacksmith; but as to the means by which he accomplished the cures, no one seems able to offer any information.—*Springfield Union*.

What a wonder some folks make about that which is no wonder at all! Just as if there were not in Springfield and everywhere else men and women, too, continually doing things the *Union* makes so strange of. In Boston, Samuel Grover, a cabinet maker, formerly had his residence on Dix Place, and almost unheard of, has been modestly doing a world of good. In the past ten years the Doctor has by spirit power examined and treated over 20,000 cases, and with excellent success. There are others like him. J. B. Crandon, in Tremont Temple year after year; A. P. Pierce, in Hollis Place, and many others, but the press must needs refer to such things as unusual "for fear of the (Jews.)"—*Christians!*

Trial Subscribers.

We propose to make the following generous offer to our friends for trial subscribers to the remaining half of Volume 4:

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And a copy of "Arcana of Spiritualism" to the one who obtains the Club of twenty.

A. A. W.

Is it So?

We are pained to hear it reported that the new and famous physical medium, Harry Bastian, while in Boston was caught assisting the performance, if not, in fact, making all the manifestations himself, that have heretofore, in his presence, been attributed to spirit agency. Is it so?

Lyceums of Ohio, and Others,

What say you to the Grand Union Pic Nic to be held in Cleveland September 16th and 17th, 1871? Will you come? PLEASE WRITE, and say, YES or NO, AT ONCE! C. I THACHER, Conductor.
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A Live Humbug.

The *Present Age*, is a large paper, and of course space is not so much of an object with it as with smaller papers, so it amuses its readers with full reports of George Francis Train's speeches. It boasts of being the first paper that ever caught his speeches; quite likely. The world would be quite as wise if it were to be the last one. Reporting his speeches reminds us of an invitation we had to go out on Massachusetts Bay to fish for a certain kind of fish. Said the one who invited us: "They are a very wild fish, it is almost impossible to catch them, but when you get them they are not worth carrying home;" we didn't go.

Mr. Train's subject reported last week was: "The Lawyers, the Doctors, the Ministers." There is a great deal of humbugery connected with all these professions, but they might be ninety-nine per cent. humbug, all of them, then put all the Lawyers, Doctors and Ministers together into one laboratory, and by a chemical process, extract all the humbug from them and stew it down so as to get it into one man and there would not be enough of it to make as big a humbug as George Francis Train.

We judge from the reports and editorial remarks in the *Present Age*, that the journal has swallowed him "boots and breeches," and we know from his remarks that he has (only while in Chicago) swallowed the *Age*, as he does every paper that will toady to him.—*Critic*.

SO NEAR AND YET SO FAR.

BY JEAN INGHELOW.

Man dwells apart, though not alone,
He walks among his peers unread;
The best of thoughts which he hath known,
For lack of listeners are not said.

Yet dreaming on earth's clustered isles,
He saith: "They dwell not lone like men,
Forgetful that their sunflect smiles
Flash far beyond each other's ken."

He looks on God's eternal suns
That sprinkle the celestial blue,
And saith: "Ah, happy shining ones,
I would that men were grouped like you!"

Yet this is sure, the loveliest star
That clustered with its peers we see
Only because from us so far,
Doth near its fellows seem to be.

Spiritualism in England.

[Special Correspondence of the American Spiritualist.]

LONDON, W. C., ENGLAND, June 16.—There is nothing so difficult to chronicle as the progress of Spiritualism. Its career and the advancement which it manifests from time to time are no less deceptive to the Spiritualist than to the outside public. If a wonderful phenomenon occurs and if it gets into the newspapers the mouth of society is full of the great event and Spiritualism is supposed to be an accomplished fact, and again, if these extraordinary events become scarce, and if the curiosity of the phenomologist and newsmonger is in a latent state then the verdict goes forth that Spiritualism is dead—that the "gullibility of the public" has been appeased, and that the nefarious sharpers "who trade upon human credulity" have been forced into another occupation. I repeat, these symptoms are delusive. The real progress of Spiritualism is not characterized by any such popular manifestations. There is an undercurrent, a process of germination, awakening into life, continually taking place in the public mind towards the Spiritual which is the only indication of real advancement.

It is exceedingly hard to judge of this state of mind. Some of our most hearty Spiritualists are so situated that they have no opportunity of judging of such matters, and hence their hopes are in a state of chronic lassitude for want of encouraging stimulus. From my peculiar connection with the movement in this country, I am, however, glad to afford to all who are not so favorably situated, the most correct assurance that Spiritualism has never sustained any retrogression in this country, but that its onward career is characterized by accumulating force and rapidity, and that at no period of its history did it grow with more luxuriance than it does at this moment. We have a variety of agencies at present in operation tending particularly to such a result. The various periodicals seem to be in full action, but more notably is the influence of the *Medium*, the only weekly which we possess, noticed, as an ever busy promoter of the movement. It has attained a circulation perhaps equal to all the other periodicals combined, and its influence can scarcely be estimated.

Closely connected with the press we may associate the labors of Emma Hardinge. Her orations have been reported in all the publications, but more particularly in the *Medium*, in which her Sunday event, service in London have been reported weekly.

This has brought the whole of the Spiritualists of Great Britain within reach so to speak of Mrs. Hardinge's voice, and the effects of her marvellous inspirational teachings are manifest throughout all parts of Britain and even in the Colonies. We have also been singularly favored by the peculiar flow of originality which has pervaded these Sunday evening discourses. Mrs. Hardinge has attempted and successfully carried out one of the boldest enterprises which it is possible for the human mind to undertake, and which no per-

son but a Spiritualist and one under the influence of Spiritual powers could have accomplished. Her gigantic task has been neither more or less than to hew out of the facts of existence a unique system of religious belief, or in other words, a scientific theology.

At the close of her series in London, previous to her departure for the Provinces, the ladies of her congregation presented her with the following address, which very succinctly indicates the scope of her labors:

"Highly esteemed and eloquent Teacher—We can not allow the present course of orations to conclude without giving some expression to the pleasure and admiration which your labors have occasioned in speaking to us of 'The Gospel of the Divine Humanity.' Your noble effort has been to demonstrate, in a logical and scientific manner, the existence of the Eternal Cause, an infinite and spiritual Being, a wise and beneficent God, the prime source of all finite existence, the kind and loving Parent of man as a spiritual being. While other religious systems have isolated man from his spiritual origin and inheritance, except in special instances and by exceptional means, Spiritualism, under your able exposition, has restored an ever-present and all powerful God to the universe, as in the beginning, and man to an indisputable, because demonstrable, immortality. This great intellectual task has been accomplished on your part, assisted by inspiring guides, entirely from the testimony of the Creator's works as found in nature, which you have rendered clear to the apprehension of all, without resorting to the authority or revelations of sects, or sacred writings in this or past ages.

"We gratefully acknowledge the inestimable service which such demonstrations must afford to the cause of true religion and human enlightenment, and gladly recognize spiritual inspiration, now, as at all periods of man's history, as the true source of all knowledge relating to immortality and spiritual existence.

"That you may be long spared to fill the exalted position in which the spirit-world has called you, and that we may yet again have the pleasure of listening to your eloquent pleadings for truth, is the heartfelt wish of the subscribers and attendants of the London Sunday Services."

Mrs. H. was five weeks in the Midland and Northern counties of England, during which time she gave twenty-six orations and met hundreds of inquirers in social life.

This is the first effort of the kind which has been undertaken by the Spiritualists of this country. True, J. M. Peebles and J. Burns have taken frequent trips and done good service in their way, but the late tour by Mrs. Hardinge has been productive of results which could not have been dreamed of by the greatest enthusiast a few months ago. The fruits of this effort has suffered somewhat from the inexperience of those who conducted the meetings and the crude state of our organization, generally.

Many of the committees were disappointed in not being favored with a visit as Mrs. H. had to pass important places in order to reach London to fill imperative demands upon her presence.

The press throughout the country has been forced to acknowledge her labors in a respectful, and in most cases an appreciative tone. The moral effect of this is incalculable, and must for ever elevate Spiritualism in public opinion above the low status which it has unfortunately borne hitherto.

Notwithstanding the primitive nature of our organizations the results of the meetings were remunerative in most places and might have been so everywhere if unity and experience had directed the operations of our committees.

She is again with us in London for a short time, where her lectures on Sunday evenings are attracting larger audiences than ever; in fact, I may say that Spiritualism is in a much more backward state in London than in many other parts of the country, and were it not for the indefatigable perseverance of an exceedingly limited number, Mrs. Hardinge could not have had the opportunities for reaching the public mind which she has turned to such good account in our metropolis.

J. BURNS.

"A Rotten Old Concern."

BY E. S. WHEELER.

The Methodist Book Concern seems as much a "A Den of Thieves" as ever the Temple at Jerusalem was; but Jesus could not have driven Carlton and his confederates away from *their* plunder! For months, Dr. Lanahan, one of the trustees, has tried to have the books overhauled, and the affairs of the Concern investigated, but Carlton and his crowd, though charged on excellent authority with stealing thirty or forty thousand dollars, have successfully prevented an examination. They have had plenty of time to "cook the accounts," but even now fight against all inquiry. A trustee's meeting the other day broke up in a row, in which the gentle Methodists called each other liars, &c., &c., with perfect freedom (and truth?)

"Dr. Carlton, in the Lanahan trial, June 21st, under cross examination, admitted that he was a director in the Shoe and Leather Bank, the Home Life Insurance Company, and in an oil company. He also acknowledged to being an Alderman in Elizabeth city, trustee of the Methodist church there, trustee of the Genesee Wesleyan College, and when pressed for his other secular connections, begged leave to be excused, on the ground that he could not see by what right the counsel pryed into his private affairs!"

An interesting paper on the introduction of maize into China, by Dr. Hance and Mr. W. F. Mayers, appears in a recent number of *Pharmaceutical Journal*. The authors are inclined to believe that Asia may rank as a native country of this cereal. The remote date assigned by Chinese records to its introduction, and the circumstance that the introducer is unknown, being, in Dr. Hance's judgment, irreconcilable with the supposition that it was brought to this country by the Portuguese, their first arrival here under Ferdinand Perez d' Andrada being in 1517, and the earliest notice of maize in European literature dating later than 1530. Mr. Mayers gives translations of passages from Chinese authors bearing upon the subject, as well as facsimiles of early Chinese engravings of the maize and millet.

Letter from New York.

REAL LIFE IN THE METROPOLIS.

BY MILORED DE LORME.

In my walks through this modern babel, where one can scarcely pass a block situated in the most central aristocratic portion—aside from lanes and by-ways where filth, squalor and penury predominate—without encountering Lazaroni and pitiable objects of charity, I had frequently noticed an aged woman clad in clean, but shabby garments, standing upon a corner—illy protected from the elements by a peanut vender's dilapidated, small shed. Not with brazen countenance and professional stereotyped story did she demand alms, but hesitantly casting such imploring glances at the passers-by as to induce the most invulnerable and parsimonious to drop her a pittance. Day after day her pinched and anxious face just visible beneath a Shaker bonnet, (in January,) besought assistance from the busy throng, with little or no success.

Hers was the old and harrowing story of abject want, brought about by that insidious enemy to comfort, thrift or happiness in households—*whisky*. Her husband, she told me, was a mason by trade and comparatively young, but he had become so crippled by rheumatism and constant drinking of poison, that from a small competency of at least ten dollars weekly they had come to begging as a last resource.

Sympathy for her forlorn condition led me to accompany her to 14th street and first avenue, up three flights of rickety stairs, through an atmosphere reeking with the fumes of gin and noisome odors, to a room with one window and not more than seven feet square, where were all the appertences of house keeping, consisting of a few cracked and broken dishes, an old fashioned chest from the Emerald Isle, a stove evidently on its last legs and patched with mortar—fagots and bits of coke, for which the poor old creature daily sought, made a smoky and uncomfortable heat to keep warm, if possible, the miserable carcass of a being in a beastly intoxicated and helpless condition, fast asleep in a corner, covered with a tattered coat.

The good old wife manifested much solicitude for this disgusting object who had lucid intervals sufficient to devour with avidity every broken crust and crumb which she obtained, and usually all the contents of her pocket, after each day's weary march, went to gratify his insatiable thirst for

rum. Mary—that was her name—had been obliged to pay one dollar weekly as rent for this dingy apartment, to a mercenary and extortionate landlady. While wondering that such vampires were allowed to exist and prey upon their kind, the beldame appeared, and thrusting a depraved countenance in at the open door and menacing them with her fist, exclaimed, or rather roared out: "Well, old woman, if you don't pay me the rent, and that this day, I'll pitch ye's into the shtrate and that murtherin drunken baste, wid not a bone lift in his skin, through the windy after ye!" The poor old object of wrath sat in the corner and softly and sorrowfully wept in helpless despair. I paid at once a month's rent in advance and \$3 back dues—left an order at a butcher's that she might occasionally have a soup bone, and immediately set about enlisting a few charitable ladies in her behalf. I succeeded so well that ere long she had a comfortable bed and a Saturday's loaf, and now and then a substantial dinner sent for her consumption. On every occasion of her being given a tit bit, with a glad smile lightening up her wrinkled but not uncomely face, she would slip it into her pocket saying, "Shure I'll take this home to John." Her devotion to the ingrate was really affecting to witness, and the meek manner in which she bore with his imbecile and inhuman treatment was pitiful evidence of forbearance—still ministering to his comfort, often going hungry without a murmur that he might satisfy the cravings of a whiskey-saturated-anatomy, and even shielding him in a measure from my lecture on the evil of his ways. Time sped along—at intervals Mary came to me with a bright face, telling me of kindly donations received—such as coal and a ticket to the poor dispensary in 11th street; also a lady gave her \$1.50 to redeem a stuff dress which she had pawned, and in which she afterward proudly paid me a visit, her aged head being protected by an alpaca hood which I had labored to construct, and I must confess was of a style of architecture past finding out.

For several days in March I missed her, but one stormy Saturday I was called to the kitchen to interview the dame who told this woful cause of her silence: "My lady, on Monday last I begged two pennys from a young girl in front of Lord and Taylor's, and just as I had thanked her wid a curtsey and gratetude in me eye, a low sized man in blue coat wid many brass buttons and a star, approached me—I saw ye biggin,' sez he—'ye did,' sez I, 'and I hope ye'll assist me,' sez I, too—I'll assist ye to the Tombs,' sez he—and he marshalled me into a cart, while I enthrated of him to let me go and tell me old man me distination. He held a big club over me old definceless head, showing me no mercy, and I cried me aching heart out wid grief. I was shut up wid nagers and thim low wretches, which told me at oncet with leering that I'd no doubt get Blackwell Island for a good six months. I expended the two-pence for a neshlighh to burn in me small cell; and auch cushla machree! there's no describin in the sorrow of the nights I there passed. The rats was as large as a cat—scampered upon the flure—up the gas pipe, and thin fell down upon me, bedad! I thot they'd ate me. I niver ate or dhrank a drop or morsel the whole time. When the Judge arraigned me—'What are ye's here for, Mary Carter,' sez he. 'For bein poverty stricken, yer honor,' sez I. 'What good hev ye done, and what bad also,' sez he. 'I make bould to reply that I've done no bad intentionally, and shure I've done very little good in the world at all—and bad luck to the villain who disgraced me by bringing me to this thavin place, savine yer honor prisence! He dismissed me wid good advice, and I hurried away to find old John, who, bliss his heart, had sarched the town over in ivery station house for me, until he couldnt see out of his two eyes for wapeing. Mrs. Murphy, me landlady, gave me me binidiction, ye may be shure. May the devil fly away wid the ungenerous officer who so wronged one of God's unhappy craters that I am."

This painful detail, she certainly made somewhat comical by interlarding it with the inate Irish humor.

The law which prohibits vagrents from asking aid on the street, may be a salutary measure; but its too rigid enforce, ment may entail heart rendering misery.

The old woman seemed after this to become infirm and utterly discouraged and dragged out a most precarious existence, paying no attention to John's importunities to resume her detectable calling. One Sunday in April, John came to me staggering and in mauldin accents told me that Mary had dropped dead within an hour, imploring me to come and see that she was not taken to the Morgue, or that hospital students might not steal her attenuated body. John ceaselessly mourned, and the burden of his grief found vent in these words. "Oh, I've no one to bog for me now!" She has gone to her rest; composedly, her face almost wore a smile as if greeting the angel of death with rejoicing—eager to be beyond the abuse and clammerings of the inexorable landlady, and the struggles to keep soul and body together.

The Coroner's verdict was—"Died of a broken heart." A mob followed Mary to the Potters field. The long occupied street corner is vacant.

Voices of Correspondents.

LINESVILLE, June, 20th 1871.

EDS. AM. SPIRITUALIST:

Gentlemen—Please find enclosed \$2 for the continuance of your paper. I am very glad to continue it, and I do not intend to have it stopped. Go on, and may God bless the truth, with good to all.

Algonac, Mich., June 18, 1871.

Bro. WHEELLOCK:—

Dear Sir—Please send me the AMERICAN SPIRITUALIST as long as you can afford for the enclosed, and no longer without more money, as I like to read my own paper,—not the Editors.

Yours, truly,

S. W. GREER.

Ft. Harker, Kas. June 3d, 1871.

Mr. A. A. WHEELLOCK:

I am very happy to know you have continued my paper in my absence.

I was obliged to go away, and on account of my health was detained, but on my return found all my papers laid carefully away; and I have spent many happy hours in reading them.

Please continue it and the Lyceum Banner; also send me the little book entitled, "Self Contradictions of the Bible."

S. I. M.

SPARTA, June 25, 1871.

BR. A. A. WHEELLOCK:—Enclosed find \$1.50 to renew my subscription for the SPIRITUALIST. For its heroic defence of free thought and speech, and bold denunciation of antiquated shams; for its willing acceptance of light and truths from all sources; in short, for its eclectic character. I think it commends itself to the good will of not only Spiritualists but to the thousands of Liberals all over our land who do not adopt that name. Abundant success to you in your warfare upon burnished ecclesiasticism, and self-righteous cant.

Yours, truly,

E. F. RING.

Du Quoin, June 15, 1871.

Hon. J. M. PEEBLES:

Dear Brother—Your kind favor of the 13th came duly to hand. Enclosed please find \$1.50, the subscription price of your paper. As soon as I can get some sample copies, I will do what I can towards extending its circulation.

In remarking to you that lecturers had broken up Societies, by preaching against organizations, I did not intend to be understood as speaking in reference to Du Quoin alone, but Societies everywhere.

D. W.

Wilmington, Del., June 12th, 1871.

A. A. WHEELLOCK, Esq.:

Dear Bro.—Will you send me ten or fifteen copies—back numbers will do—of the AM. SPIRITUALIST, as I am earnestly working to get subscribers for your paper, as well as all the Spiritual papers.

Bro. J. M. Peebles was in our city two weeks ago and fired our spiritual natures into such a blaze that it has illuminated our whole Society; and may the angel world ever bless him for it.

Mrs. F. O. Hyzer has been engaged to lecture for us the present year. Wilmington is well pleased with her mode of lecturing—full audience every Sunday afternoon and evening of men and women of intelligence.

R. L. S.

Chicago, June, 21, 1871.

Bro. WHEELLOCK—I am glad you sent our paper. There are so many good things in it, we would be sorry to be without it. Please find enclosed \$2 for the AM. SPIRITUALIST and Lyceum Banner. I tried to get a few subscribers before sending my subscription, but they called me "infidel," for my believing in Spiritualism; and infidel I am. How could I be otherwise? I was born of a mother who subscribed to the Calvinistic "Klu Klux Clan" of 1819, when preachers, deacons and church communicants drank gallons of pious punches and apple toddy after prayers, before retiring for the night. Is it any wonder they sung that long metered tune so lively?—"Praise God from whom all blessings flow." What lively Christians rum punches and apple toddys made in those days of Christianity. Here is an illustration of the effects of wine, from the holy bible, Genesis chapter 19th, verses 30th to 38th:

"Moab and Ben-ammi, by scripture 'tis clear,

Were the sons and grandsons of Lot,

Whose mothers, their sisters and aunts also were—

Each was uncle to each, was he not?"

May the God of nature speed the progress of the women and men of our day, that they remain in ignorance no longer. It was the God of nature that taught me to be infidel, and shun that vindictive, unmerciful, cruel, theological creed—cursed, drunken, hypocritical debauchery of Calvinism.

M. M. Butt.

Canfield, Ohio, June 22, 1871.

A. A. WHEELLOCK:—Dear Sir—

We receive your paper regular. It is a welcome visitor with us. Could not think of being without it. There are but few Spiritualists in our town, at least but few that openly declare themselves believers. We have never had any lectures here upon the subject, but we earnestly hope that the time may soon come that we may have a medium developed among us, and that the minds of Orthodoxy may be enlightened upon the subject. We hope to soon be able to procure a place where we can hold meetings and have the glorious philosophy of Spiritualism spoken of in public, that our people may know it is not so much of a humbug as they now claim that it is. Success to you all.

Respectfully yours,

A. W. C.

Bricksburg, N. J., June 18, 1871.

A. A. WHEELLOCK:

Dear Sir—Your lectures have created quite an excitement, and the Rev. Mr. —, of the Methodist persuasion, preached a sermon last Sunday against Spiritualism, not denying the phenomena but ascribing all to his Satanic Majesty. Mr. Beach will answer him this week through the papers, and so the ball rolls on!

If we throw out a challenge to some of these opposers of Spiritualism for a debate, can we rely upon you to meet them? Hoping to hear from you occasionally, I remain

Yours, fraternally,

WM. C. LIPP.

REMARKS—You are hereby authorized to present a standing challenge to the clergy of Bricksburg for me, or to any respectable Minister—I mean moral character and for learning and ability as a Debater—who will fairly discuss publicly, a plain statement of the issues between Spiritualism and Orthodox Christianity. I have been ready and desirous, since my six days discussion with Rev. Prof. A. N. Craft, of Farmington, Ohio, to find another Methodist lemon to squeeze, but have not been able. The prospect is they will all decay before I get another chance.

A. A. WHEELLOCK.

Soon after the Union Convention of Spiritualists and Shakers, held in Cleveland last winter, Elder J. S. Prescott of the North Union Shaker fraternity, wrote thus to a Shaker Elder in the East. Ed.

* * * * * Our Convention, held with the Spiritualists last winter at Lyceum Hall in Cleveland, was pronounced a decided success. It was said to be the most harmonious, satisfactory and productive of good, of any convention ever held in the city.

With some slight exceptions, it was so to us, who were called as delegates to represent the different Societies of Believers, and to place them in their true position before the world; and to solve some problems of long standing.

We are in favor of holding conventions as often as once a year, at least, and oftener if occasion requires, to go hand in hand with the "Shakers" already established, and as soon as circumstances will admit, to establish a Missionary Board of two of each sex from each Society, or a general agency.

It is said, that there are 40,000,000 of inhabitants in the United States; and out of these there ought to be, at least, one million of Shakers, to counter-balance the populative principle, and to become the salt of the earth by keeping the higher law. Thine ever,

JAS. S. PRESCOTT.

North Union, June, 1871.

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.

Editorial Correspondence.

Leaving Sparta in company with that faithful missionary and co-worker, Bro. Barrett, we surprised the good friends of our cause at the little town of

NEW LISBON,

by suddenly appearing in their village just an hour or two before dark.

"Shall we have a meeting to-night?" asked Bro. Barrett of the first Spiritualist we found, as soon as salutations were over. This direct attention to business seemed to please our friend, who at once responded, "There is little time for notice, but if a room can be secured we will improvise one on the 'double quick.'"

Bro. Sanford kindly offered the use of his house, which with such short notice was well filled with people; not all Spiritualists by any means, for the little town could not boast of that number of *known* Spiritualists. It doubtless has thrice the number of those assembled there, as is the case with almost every little village, who *are really* Spiritualists, but dare not let it be known! Alas, what a despot is fear—what an exacting tyrant is cowardice!

Brother Barrett, would have us speak first. For nearly an hour we reasoned with those who had assembled, of the reasonableness of the spiritual philosophy. All seemed deeply impressed with its great importance. Bro. Barrett then made some touching remarks, and our meeting closed.

An earnest desire was manifest by all that we remain longer, but as our engagements would not admit, we were earnestly invited to come again. A few faithful ones live here and keep the spiritual fires burning.

Enjoying a comfortable night's hospitality with Bro. S., we took early train for

PORTAGE CITY,

which reminded us, spiritually, of a dried up pasture field,—not that Spiritualism has gone to seed, for it did not seem to us there had ever been growth enough to reach the seeding process,—but a dry, deadened, lifeless condition, seemed to envelop the town, skirted, fringed and frescoed with the cobwebs, mysticisms and senseless clap-trap of a dismal, soul-crushing Theology.

After diligent searching, we found *one* live Spiritualist—a woman—Mrs. Race, at whose home we were kindly entertained; and acting in conformity with her earnestly expressed desire and our conviction of missionary duty, that Portage City should have the true gospel once preached within its borders, a small "upper room" was secured, notice for a meeting given out, and at the appointed time the combined enthusiasm and eloquence of the two missionaries was poured upon an audience numbering fully one dozen souls, whose appreciation of missionary work and the status of Spiritualism in this place, was manifest by the collection taken, amounting as it did to the enormous sum of *eighty cents!* Just then we fancied we heard the musical voice of Bro. Cephas B. Lynn crying out, "Count your money—count your money!" Bro. Barrett wanted we should burden ourselves with the whole amount, but that we would not consent to, and so it was equally divided between us, to serve as an eternal reminder of experiences in missionary labor.

But let it be distinctly understood that such experiences are only exceptions to the general rule of generous contributions to the work and the workers wherever the missionary may go, carrying the glad tidings of this blessed gospel to the hungry, famishing souls everywhere in need of it.

Our line of march was next direct to

MADISON,

Capitol of Wisconsin. Here we found a beautiful city, with the State Legislature in session, and all the attendant humming and buzzing that usually is

manifest where so many of the political "king bees" undertake to swarm in one hive. Of course the ostensible object claimed, (and about which all this incessant buzzing and *some stinging* is kept up,) is to "protect" the state hive and the hard working, industrious bees; but the fact is, all this buzzing means nothing more nor less than a well planned, preconcerted *raid on the honey*—grabbing for offices and other numberless schemes of plunder!

Who shall write the history, or even count the number of those schemes of plunder, originating in that great white marble gambling house of the state, under the pretended sanction of law,—some of which have fallen still-born with the weight of their own villainy; others brought into existence to suffer death by the stench their agitation created; and yet, numbers of others fastened upon the people to fatten and feed the increasing brood of corrupt, partisan politicians! And yet, Wisconsin is no worse than other states; and with all its legislative villainy would doubtless pass for a patron saint in comparison with New York city's far-famed "Tammany Ring!"

Among the active corps of able reporters for the press, who stand as faithful guards and sentinels—in the interests of the people as against political intriguers and corrupt combinations, we found our genial friend, Frank A. Moore, of that able and interesting sheet, the *Evening Wisconsin*. After a hasty "interviewing" of Frank, whom we found keeping faithful watch upon the towers of our political zion, and a pleasant call upon one of Wisconsin's most intelligent and faithful public servants, L. C. Draper, Esq., and finding it impracticable to lecture in Madison on account of not being able to obtain a suitable hall, we parted company with Bro. Barrett, moving eastward on the Milwaukee & Prairie du Chien Road, our first stop being at the little town of

MAZOMANIA.

Although a stranger, we were warmly welcomed to the hospitable home of Brother and Sister Cropper, and Brother and Sister Siener. We found there had been considerable agitation in this little town in times past upon this subject; tests given and lectures heard, and at one time a small but prosperous Children's Lyceum in successful operation.

We gave two lectures under most unfavorable circumstances, especially of the weather, but were more than paid for our effort, besides the generous compensation we received, in knowing that our lectures gave food and satisfaction to the faithful few who braved the storm to come and hear. Bro. Siener is a well read Spiritualist. Brave, frank and outspoken in his nature; his store is a regular battle ground between Orthodoxy and Spiritualism, in argument. He has a pleasant, intelligent family, all Spiritualists, whose society and hospitality we enjoyed much.

Bro. O. B. Hazletine we made the acquaintance of, and an "old soldier of the cross" is he in Spiritualism. He was one of the first to embrace this great truth, although a church member, and in the midst of persecution and opposition he has faithfully and manfully defended the cause.

We also met here our earnest, hard working Sister Pease, Conductor of the prosperous little Lyceum at Richland Center. She is a little woman but has a great soul, and it is all in the work.

Bro. Cropper is a liberal rationalist of the most liberal school. A great reader, thinker and reasoner, the Orthodox find him a hard nut to crack. Mrs. Cropper is an earnest Spiritualist; her whole soul is in the cause. She was Guardian of the Lyceum. Our stay was mostly at this truly hospitable home for every hard working missionary pilgrim. Besides Willie, the "School Boy," there was bright-eyed little Percy creeping and chirping upon the carpet, the

baby and idol of the household. We had no difficulty in making friends with Percy, for he was such an angel of goodness that he would make friends with all.

Little did we dream then that the Angels would come so soon for Percy, causing such desolation and leaving such an unfilled void in loving hearts. And yet, the bitterness of such a grief has been given to the members of that household to drink since we were there, and Percy has gone to live with the Angels. A private note from the grief-laden mother brought the surprising news to us.

Thankfully remembering the kind hospitality extended to us, and treasuring the bright friendships formed in this happy home, we fervently pray that loving Angels will come and heal the wounds of these sorrowing hearts, and that their own sweet little Percy may now prove to be the Morning Star of brightness, whose light shall lead the whole family to the joyous heaven of Spirits, where Percy dwells and where all will yet be re-united. A. A. W.

God and Worship.

BY E. S. WHEELER.

If I worship, it is my own ignorance inspires me with devotion; to acknowledge God, is to confess our own incompetency of understanding. As fast as I know, I cease to adore; I neither fear, wonder at, nor reverence that which I comprehend; since I have thus found it less than I.

Common prayer is the contrivance of fools; the trick of knaves; the consolation of cowards.

Nature is the true Church; Science the real High Priest; Humanity is *Humane*. Better than to be humane is not possible.

Lecturers' Appointments.

A. A. Wheelock will speak at a Grove Meeting Saturday and Sunday, July 15th and 16th in Parks' Grove, on Elm Creek, seven miles northwest of Columbus, O. In the Grove at Gahanna, Saturday and Sunday, July 22d and 23d. Those remarkable Test Mediums, the Sherman brothers, will be at these meetings to give tests. Let there be a grand rally of all Spiritualists and Liberalists in that part of the State, and all others who would like to know something about a future existence.

Mrs. Thompson will speak the 3d, 4th and 5th Sundays in July, at Bennett's Corners, Ohio; 1st Sunday in August at Grafton Center, Ohio; 2d Sunday in August at Alliance, Ohio.

JUST ISSUED.

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Woman! genial light of morning,
All that's fair in life adorning,
Trust and joy of the despairing,
Cheer and hope of the wayfaring,
Ever may my heart be human,
As the tender heart of woman.

Love is what we all do name her,
Prize her dearly, oft defame her,
Know, if from our life we drop her,
It would not be worth a copper;
Star of morn and star of even,
A glimmer of the dawn of heaven.

Better far to be without her
Even, than once to doubt her.
She's always good,—if ever evil,—
It is not woman,—but the devil
That assumes her form,—the better
To bewilder us,—and fetter.

Transcendent woman! may there be,
Forever, in my heart for thee
A chaste devotion:—when I die,
A benediction be her sigh;
And in that dream'd of summerland,
'Twere bliss to wander hand in hand.

Mother, daughter, sweetheart, sister;
Pity him who never kissed her,—
Wanderer, without place of entry,
On despair's frontier—a sentry.
Where no soothing voice shall bless him,
Loving bosom, ne'er caress him.

Thus do thousands sing about her
Who are better off without her,
Who have seen her in the phases
Of her countless hues and hazes;
Known her faults and her offenses
In their varying moods and tenses.

Result of Orthodox Teaching.

"A little girl of six years, daughter of a Methodist minister, committed a fault, and denied it. Her mother, learning she was guilty, asked her why she told the untruth, when she replied with great sangfroid, 'I should not if I believed as you and father do, but I am a Universalist.'"

It is a poor compliment to Methodism and a "Methodist Minister," if his "little girl of six years," was more in favor of Universalism than the teachings of her father. Again, if the pious influence of these godly Ministers is such, as not to prevent their children *lying* at that tender age, what "whoppers" will they not be likely to tell when grown up? Illustrating with more evidence the common saying that "Ministers' children are generally the worst children in the world!" Children at that age most generally reflect their parents, and in this case we doubt not the child was a "chip of the old block."

A. A. W.

Favoring, as we always have, a decorous observance of the Christian Sabbath, we do not think that respect for it will be promoted by arguments which are substantially untruths. At a recent meeting of the Sabbath Society in Boston, Dr. Kirk said: "The Parisians are reaping the results of their unhallowed desecration of God's Holy Day, in destroying both themselves and valuable works of art." That is, churches have been burned, ministers of the gospel murdered, tens of thousands of innocent people made miserable, and a great many beautiful pictures ruined, because the Parisians danced and went to the theatre or the public gardens on Sunday. We must be excused for declaring that we don't see the *sequitur*, especially as the very people who least deserved it are those who have been most cruelly subjected to the visitation. There are plenty of arguments in favor of Sabbath observance a great deal better than Dr. Kirk's.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Adversity overcome, is the highest glory; and willingly undergone, the greatest virtue; sufferings are but the trial of gallant spirits.

Ministers' Record.

Rev. J. W. Robinson, the great clerical forger, of Iowa, is said to have had his life insured for \$100,000 in various companies, with a view of a sham death and a handling of the money by his "afflicted" wife.—*Investigator.*

Deacon Cyrus K. Wood has been turned out of the Congregational church in Gardner. The church voted down the decree of the ecclesiastical council fifty to ten. His offence consisted of improper conduct with an unmarried lady.—*Boston Herald.*

It is reported that Rev. J. W. Cramer, recently appointed Minister to Denmark, has received a challenge to mortal combat from Lorenzo Lake, of Memphis, on account of a difficulty between Mrs. Lake's brother and Cramer, while the latter was Consul at Leipsic.

In the Police Court at Springfield, Mass., on the 28th of April, Rev. Thomas Jordan, an Irish Protestant clergyman, late chaplain at the county jail, was held in \$500 for felonious assault upon a married woman with intent to commit a rape. Jordan is 82 years of age.

Much commotion has been excited in the ecclesiastical circle of Odessa by the sudden exodus of a priest of the Greek Church with 20,000 roubles and a wife belonging to an official of the city. They are supposed to have gone to Constantinople, where connubialities are less rigidly held than in Russia.

Rev. James Pressley, D. D., of the Monongahela Presbytery of the U. P. Church, has just been excommunicated and deposed by the Presbytery, for "unkind, violent and cruel treatment of his family," for "use of vulgar and profane language" and for "unfaithfulness to the marriage vow." Dr. Pressley has appealed to the next U. P. Synod of Pittsburgh for redress.

The reason that Rev. Dr. Dudley did not, as was announced, take part in the union religious meetings in Singleton, near St. Joseph, Mo., was because the young wife whom he left in Kentucky when he eloped to Missouri with a Penitentiary bird's mate, suddenly arrived at Singleton, which fact caused the reverend doctor to suddenly decamp, together with all his spare cash. The two wives intend to equally divide his valuable real estate in Singleton.

A Commission consisting of half a dozen ministers of the Methodist faith, have just concluded the trial of Rev. Hiram Meeker, at Granville, Washington county, and pronounced him guilty of seduction, blasphemy, and all imaginable crimes. They also entered an order suspending him from the ministry until the next session of the Troy Conference. This festive old gentleman is sixty-six years of age, and has enjoyed a good reputation.

J. Murphy, a Roman Catholic priest at Canton, Ill., has been found guilty of illicit intercourse with his housekeeper, and was dismissed a day or two since. On Friday he undertook to leave the town with a lot of goods belonging to the parish, boxed up, but an officer stopped him. A crowd assembled at the depot and threatened to lynch him, and were only prevented from doing so by officers. Much excitement prevailed. Murphy heretofore stood high in his profession.

The Chicago *Times* contains a letter from Marshalltown, Iowa, dated June 8, giving an account of improper intimacy between a man and woman who ranked high in the Methodist church, Sunday School, social position, &c. He is also a preacher. Both of the culprits are married. The *expose* created a great excitement, and the outraged husband had commenced a suit for divorce, and also sued the preacher for damages. The church has excommunicated the guilty parties, and is in mourning for the short-comings of two of its principal saints. The Methodists are unfortunate in having so many of these affairs, but somehow they were always noted for bad sheep among their flock.—*Investigator.*

Rev. J. B. Johnson, formerly a resident of Wakefield, Mass., where he was a regular ordained preacher of the Gospel, came to this city in '68, and abandoning the pulpit, engaged in the grocery business. In December, 1869, his wife, for reasons which will appear hereafter, took steps for a divorce from him, and with her two children went to reside with her brother—her husband's life and conduct being such as rendered it necessary. He has been seen at the theatre and going to and coming from, houses of ill-fame on numberless occasions. The haunts of the strange woman have been his frequent resorts, even when the words let fall from his lips in the sanctuary were yet warm in the ears of his listeners and pupils.—*Boston Herald.*

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While we shall retain in the next volume the general features of the first, we shall endeavor to make it more comprehensive and superior in every way. We have secured able, biographical sketches of several of the most conspicuous of the early receivers of Spiritualism—such as Robert Hare, Robert Owen, John Pierpont, and others. The memory of these Fathers should be preserved, together with the striking evidences by which they were convinced of Spiritualism.

We shall greatly enlarge our record of facts, as they are the basis of our philosophy and of universal interest. Essays on subjects pertaining to Spiritualism have been promised by the best thinkers in our ranks in Europe and America; so that this department will equal the high standard of excellence attained in the first volume. One of the editors intends visiting England the ensuing summer for the express purpose of gathering material for the European department.

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.

All correspondence or books for review in this country should be addressed to Hudson Tuttle, Berlin Heights, Ohio. All correspondence from England or the Old World should be addressed to J. M. Peebles, Cleveland, Ohio.

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