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## OVER AND OVER AGAIN.

Over and over again,  
No matter which way I turn,  
I always find in the Book of Life  
Some lesson I have to learn.  
I must take my turn at the mill,  
I must grind out the golden grain;  
I must work at my task with a resolute will,  
Over and over again.

We cannot measure the need  
Of even the tiniest flower,  
Nor check the flow of the golden sands  
That run through a single hour.  
But the morning dews must fall,  
And the sun and the summer rain  
Must do their part, and perform it all  
Over and over again.

Over and over again  
The brook through the meadow flows,  
And over and over again  
The ponderous mill-wheel goes.  
Once doing will not suffice,  
Though doing be not in vain;  
And a blessing, failing us once or twice,  
May come, if we try again.

The path that has once been trod  
Is never so rough to the feet;  
And the lesson we once have learned  
Is never so hard to repeat.  
Though sorrowful tears may fall,  
And the heart to its depths be riven  
With storm and tempest, we need them all  
To render us meet for Heaven.

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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.—(Concluded.)

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

The most contemptible aristocracy of the world is this aristocracy of wealth. That of force, of the feudal age based on superiority, is unspeakably nobler. Of all the snobs an American snob is the most of a snob. Of all people agape for lords and princes, the American people are the most agape. When they go abroad they are so uncertain of their position they make fools of themselves. John Smith, who buys ten cod-fish for his grocery, by industry becomes able to fill a warehouse with cod-fish, and forgets he ever kept a ten-codfish grocery. He travels in Europe, and you would think him a Duke. He thinks money will buy everything, even to common sense. There is one thing it will not do, and that is neutralize the fishy odor!

Appalled! What is the use of writing against oppression when there is no heart or soul to address? Go by, then, ye poor. Burn on the sun; a summer prize in the cold of winter; work and die. Ye may breathe the air and drink the water, for it is worthless, but bread ye shall only have enough to keep ye from starvation. For that which one aristocrat may waste, a thousand of ye must save by fasting, and if ye die, why who cares if a laborer die? Not the aristocrats.

Mrs. Orland and Mollie had flung themselves among the pariahs. They were laborers. Sweat and blood

was the currency they had to offer, and these are proverbially cheap. There is more than capital wants, and it creates a "struggle for existence," and the weaker must be crushed. What if there is unspeakable suffering, anguish, tears, sin, aye crimes, not crimes but compulsions when men are driven to desperation! Who cares? Lay not a finger on my wealth. Take not a dollar, though a life ten thousand times dearer to you than your own be saved thereby, else a felons cell and manacled labor, or if driven still farther, you take the life of one of the upper caste to save your own, the law will gibbet your body as a warning to all pariahs to hold sacred the wealth of aristocracy.

Mrs. Orland and Mollie plunged into the dense forest, into the forest of the city. Never were they as much alone as in its densely crowded thoroughfares. Circulating along its great arterial trunk with countless others, overawed by its palatial stores, its wealth, its fashion, they felt alone, utterly alone, and an inexpressible chill at their hearts. They were atomies surrounded by swarms of other atomies, who cared not for them, who saw them not, who each rushed on in their own determined sphere locked wholly within themselves; frozen around with an impenetrable crust, frosted with inapproachable reserve, they were exposed to the chill winds from the high-lands of society, and oh, how they shrank before it.

For an attic they paid one dollar a week rent. Rent? Aye, rent. Is there anything shocking in that word? If a capitalist interests himself in the wants of laborers, and builds houses to shelter them, should he not receive pay for his generosity? Certainly, and as in society the poorest go to the bottom, it is right that in dwelling they should go to the top. The attic is the place for them, for who better can afford to climb stairs than they? They rented a room ten feet one way, twelve the other, on one side four feet high, on the other eight. It was ceiled directly on the rafters, and the rain made pleasant music. One small window gave its dull light, from which a magnificent prospect of roofs and chimneys draped in smoke might be enjoyed at leisure. Here they made their battle-ground, and determined to fight for existence. Woman has one resource in extremity. She can sew. They overstock the market, and the price goes down. The laborer has the irrevocable law of supply and demand against him. Its necessities when wanted most are of highest price. In exact ration as labor wants bread, is the price it is compelled to pay for it. The more it has to pay for bread, the less its own blood is valued. When bread is six cents a loaf, a seamstress may get twenty cents for making a shirt, but when bread is twelve cents, she will find difficulty in getting ten cents.

On a chill December afternoon they sat by the window busy with the everlasting sewing.

"Lay by your work, mama," said Mollie, "I will work the faster. You are so weary, you are so thin and feeble, you need rest. Will you not lie down?"

"No, child, I am not weary," replied the mother. "When we get these dozen shirts finished, I will go with them to the store and the walk will refresh me."

"We have two more to finish. There is only a little to do on each. I can do it. Do, mother dear, lie down and rest."

"No, Mollie, I will finish. We have made two dozen this week at eight cents a piece. That will be enough to pay our rent and leave us ninety-two cents. We will have us one warm fire, a cup of hot tea and a warm cake. My poor, poor child, how I magnify these

little things." She dropped her needle, for tears blinded her sight.

"Oh, mama, mama, do not feel so badly. We get along I am sure."

"My poor child," sobbed the mother, "this I cannot endure much longer. I am rapidly failing. You will be all, all alone," and she sobbed more violently.

"Do not talk so, dear mother. Write to father. He was once kind to us, and he may care for us. I can go to him."

"He does not care for me, and I would sooner have a wolf find you than him. He would drag you to perdition. I shall leave you. Then what will become of you?"

She threw her arms around the neck of her child, and the two sat long in silence. Then, as by a mutual understanding, they resumed their work with dry eyes, and without a word. The task was finished. Mrs. Orland put on her shawl, and taking the bundle, said: "I will go with these, and you, Mollie, stay here. We shall need the money to keep us over Sunday, and you know it is Saturday evening."

"Permit me, mama, to go? I can carry the bundle better than you."

"No, child; I will go myself." She went hurriedly out. A sharp gale swept down the street and a snow had set in. Mrs. Orland bravely faced it. She reached her employer and received her dues. One dollar for rent—ninety-two cents her own! Two loaves of bread for twelve cents, a warm cake for ten cents, a quart of coal for five cents, a little bundle of kindlings for five cents, and various other little purchases made fifty-one cents, leaving a trifle to begin the next week.

When she reached home she felt faint and weak, and unable to climb the five flights of stairs. Up, step at a time, she wearily urged herself, and gaining her own room she staggered into it. Reeling this way and that way to the straw mattress, called a bed, she threw herself down. Mollie sprang to her side.

"Are you sick, mama? You should have allowed me to have gone. I was a naughty girl to let you go."

"I am cold and weary. Build a fire in the grate, Mollie. I shall be warm soon."

Mollie took a few kindlings and part of the coal, and soon had a cheerful little fire. It made the room bright, if not warm.

"I am cold, Mollie. Make us a cup of hot tea. It will warm me."

The tea was made and drank.

"Wrap me up close; I am so cold. The storm is bitter."

Mollie did as directed. She then lighted a candle her mother had brought. Seating herself on the bedside she took her mother's hands. They were icy cold. A strange pallor was on her face. Did she breathe? Great heavens, no! She was dying, or dead!

Overworked, with scanty and unwholesome food, with scarcely any fire in her room, and thinly clad, the exposure to the storm had brought on a congestive chill, and her heart had ceased to beat forever. Mollie, the child, sadly holding the hands of a corpse! Wild with grief, she rubbed her arms and chest, and strove to make her answer her despairing cries. There was no answer. The air was chill. Her mother had gone out of it in an invisible breath. Her mother, her all, answered not, heard her not, or else heard from the Stygian shore and could not answer. Awful night!

That child alone with the dead! Alone with a shoreless grief, and a burning agony! Morning came; the Sabbath, with a terrific snow-storm, when families gathered around their cheerful hearth, and are the more content because of the storm, and home is made sunny by the light and warmth of loving hearts. All that day she remained stupefied with misery by her mother's side, and the next night. On Monday morning one of their own caste, a woman whose partial acquaintance they had formed, called in. She strove to comfort Mollie, but of what avail are words! Meaningless sounds are they, that patter like rain drops on the roof, never to enter the sanctuary of the soul.

It was a terrible struggle against the eddy of fate. Overwork makes the mind savage. It destroys refinement of feeling; casts a lethargy over aspirations and ideal attainments. It now sang a syren song constantly in her ear. Even the six and a half cents failed her as the eddy strengthened. Her finer feelings lethargized by over-exertion, friendless, hopeless, she stretched out her hand into the darkness; the eddy ran swift and strong. The syren sang an enchanting song, to seize the pleasures of the hour, and night closed over all.

There was two years of revel. Then from the darkness of the abyss of wrecked hopes and affections came the finis with lash and thong. Sold to darkness and claimed by the demons of darkness.

It was night again. The storm of feeling was answered to by the storm of the sky. Through the blinding rain, over the slippery pavement, on, on, pursued, overtaken, confounded, she rushed. The mother, who had once smoothed her glossy hair, Oh, did she gaze down the illimitable heights and see her daughter torn by the fiends, madly flying on to find relief in death? Every thought was madness, every emotion a scorpion, every passion a fiend.

She hated the world; she loathed herself. The past had been a hell, the present was a hell, the future might or might not be. There was a plunge from the high wharf. It was not heard above the splash of rain.

Her young life had passed, brief as the fragrance of a June rose; rather of a rose changed to a fetid flower, the odor of which is death.

On the shore, drifted by the waves, her body was found. Her fixed eyes gazed direct into the clear sky, earnestly, reproachfully; her dark hair flaunted in the tide, her hands grasping her dress over her heart. No smile irradiated the pale lips, or gathered at the corners of her eyes. Suffering had tightened every fibre, strained every tissue, until that cold face, ghastly and livid was a terrible image of suppressed agony. She had been stretched on the fiery rock of pain and torn, soul and body to their inmost fibre. Her life's bark had gone to pieces in the tempest we call life; a fragment had stranded on the shore.

The escaped perfume of the rose, transplanted to a happier clime, may we hope be unstained by the trials and follies of this.

(To be continued.)

### Mother's Rights.

BY E. S. WHEELER.

Many a discouraged mother folds her tired hands at night, and feels as if she had, after all done nothing, although she has not spent an idle moment since she rose. Is it nothing that your little helpless children have had some one to come to with all their childish griefs and joys? Is it nothing that your husband feels "safe" when he is away to his business, because your careful hand directs everything at home? Is it nothing, when his business is over, that he has the blessed refuge of home, which you have that day done your best to brighten and refine? O, weary and faithful mother, you little know your power when you say, "I have done nothing."

All very true, but no reason why a woman should forever be content as a mere breeding drudge. Motherhood is a holy thing *sometimes*, but the woman who bears unwelcome children, simply as an incident or accident of masculine lust, though she were a wife by all the bonds possible, is but an unpaid prostitute! as much dishonored as debilitated by the life she lives. Freedom, Rights, these are texts for sermons to women; Forbearance and Justice are the lessons for husbands.

### Capital Punishment—Commutation.

BY JOHN B. WOLFF.

A petition, with the following reasons, was prepared, signed by a number of respectable people, and presented to the President, praying for the commutation of the sentence of James Grady, and all other capital convictions, to imprisonment for life. As this is a subject of vast importance to the whole country, affecting the safety of life and property, and therefore necessary that all persons should be well instructed in the arguments *pro* and *con*; and as I am now, always have been, and always expect to be, opposed to sending people into the other world prematurely, legally or illegally, I offer for the most thorough criticism the arguments substantially as prepared, showing why we should not kill legally:

1. Because we have no science of the cause and degree of crime, and, therefore, no exact measure of guilt.

2. Because if we could measure the guilt, we are still wholly incompetent to determine the quality and quantity of punishment.

3. Because we are all the product of causes beyond our control in body, intellect and morals, each human being differing in quality and quantity of power, demanding a separate rule and penalty for each.

4. Because the greater part of the offences against the peace and good order of society are the necessary and inevitable results of conditions in that society, and, therefore, society, and not the individual victim, should suffer.

5. Because it is well established that crimes of all kinds are developed, multiplied and intensified by intoxicating drinks and other false practices, which society sanctions and sanctifies by custom and law (custom is law), and it is therefore wrong to educate our children into crime and then murder them for its commission.

6. Because universal experience has demonstrated that capital punishment—legal murder—does not prevent illegal murder; and because it does demoralize and harden the public conscience, and, therefore tends to increase crime.

7. Because it does not and cannot reform the criminal—one of the principal objects of punishment; and because it does place it beyond his power to atone for his deeds, which can only be done by a life of penitence, and devotion to those who have been injured.

8. Because if he has fully repented and made his peace with his God, and obtained a complete pardon, it is wrong for the creature to execute a person after God, the Creator, has canceled the crime in full; and wrong, if he is unpardoned, to launch him into eternity in that state; therefore, pardoned or unpardoned, it is wrong to kill him.

9. Because the innocent are sometimes killed—an irreparable injury, which society has no right to inflict, on any pretext.

10. Because the legal killing of a man is a worse crime, and none the less a crime because legal, than murder committed in the heat of passion; demented with liquor, impelled by a constitutional impulse, imbruted by lust, or frenzied by the real or imaginary wrongs of society, which may have made him the common enemy of his fellows.

11. Because it cannot restore the dead to life, which is the justice of the case, does not render compensation to the living, and does inflict cruel tortures on the friends.

12. Because this method belongs to barbarous ages and nations, is unworthy our age and people, and a blot on our statesmanship.

13. Because the practice is so shocking to sense and soul that we are ashamed of it; that no man cordially touches the fatal drop; that the lowest and vilest shrink from the duties of hangman, thereby declaring the time at hand for its abolishment.

14. Because crime is a *disease*—the product of a diseased condition of body or mind, or both, and it is not just to kill people because they are sick.

15. Because asylums and prisons are abundant; because the national capital should be an example of the wisdom, purity, justice of laws, and should not be humiliated and disgraced by legally murdering people for acts which sane people never commit.

For these and all other reasons dictated by principle, sound policy, the spirit of the age, and, above all, that immutable and inexorable law of natural justice which returns our mistakes and wrongs upon us with fearful unerring certainty, we should cease to demand blood for blood, until at least we have probed to the bottom the causes of crime, can scale its degrees, and determine with some approximation to justice the exact amount due by the criminal to the human law he has violated.

### The Value of Unity.

BY CARRIE H. SMITH.

Union is strength in whatever capacity it may be used. History, ancient and modern, points out to us in letters of blood, the martyrs who offered up their lives, and those nearer and dearer than their own blood as living sacrifices to sustain and maintain their principles. Wherever those principles have been based upon the firm foundation of right and justice, they have ultimately been established, though their advocates may have been scattered like sheep without a shepherd. They finally have, by unity of action and purpose, overcome every obstacle and planted a landmark on history's page to guide and sustain the future advocates of any principle of right or justice presented to an enlightened people.

Political, civil and religious bodies, each represented by mankind from their different stand-points, are governed by authority, invested in a chosen few. That few may set forth in all the strength of their nature and force of scholarly lore, the principles they advocate, but they have not the right to confine, limit or coerce any man or woman to adopt their views. We have found that as long as any of these bodies were governed by the sterling principles of truth, not allowing self or party interest to usurp the place of justice, they have prospered and progressed, gaining power and extending their influence abroad; this power and influence having been acquired through the unity of their adherents.

Not one of the many divisions of authority as represented in the different parts of the old world have been known to prosper longer than they were upheld and supported by the united influence and acquiescence of the people, and as long as those in power protected and labored for the interests of the people, ruling in honor and justice with an eye single to their advancement and the good of the country, they have ever found able supporters. When the distant mutterings of the thunder of revolution have been heard and the shrill notes of the bugle have roused the peaceful inhabitants, the people loyal to their country have flocked around their standard ready and willing to share the common fate of war, in defence of their rights.

The noblest form of government; the most grand and useful productions of science; the finest inventions of art, each in turn suffered, in ushering into practice and establishing themselves, and not until many of earth's brightest gems were sacrificed to the opinion and prejudices of the day, did their forms become a success.

Closely following upon the footsteps of political revolutions and the ravages of war, have followed convulsions in religious bodies. Chained to the fiery chariot of war was that Christian honor the Inquisition. From the record of the past can we doubt the power of unity in feeling and purpose, in sustaining the adherents of Truth in the darkest hour? Let us bow in solemn reverence before the record of our martyred dead, who suffered death in all its ignominious forms, leaving an example and imprinting on memory's table their deeds of noble valor in lines never to be effaced.

Their record gives us the assurance that there is no cause, no form of government, no pursuit in life that has borne such loyal, self-sacrificing adherents as the cause of religion; no class has met with such unmerited persecutions in the past as those who suffered for their religious opinion.

Can we, as the clouds gather at the present day, stand as loyally by principles maintaining our rights, as did our father's before us? Mine eyes seem to see the shadowing of the olden time, at the present hour. Mine ears again hear the groans of the oppressed. My mind pictures a people from whom the garments of mourning have not been removed; their hearts are torn and bleeding in memory of the noble ones who inhabit the various cities of the dead, and while groans

of the dying were wafted on every breeze and our crystal streams dyed in kindred blood, the voice of *disunion* was heard in the bosom of the churches. The raven flapped his wing in ominous proof of the coming crisis which points to the fact of additional revolution, involving man's religious and social interests.

We find an infant band, whose principles are magnanimous, broad, grand and comprehensive, bearing evidence of the approval of high heaven and the co-operation of Material and Spiritual elements combined to sustain and protect their adherents. Among the leaders of this progressive body are fathers who have served in the battle of life; their heads are blossoming for the grave; their steps are trembling with the feebleness of age, while their minds have settled down into the peaceful calm of a principle in which the life and record of Jesus and the teachings of God's laws be an evidence with their works that they are based upon the rock of truth, and though the lightnings flash and the thunder rolls, and the flood comes, their house will stand amid all the warfare that the elements of revolution may bring to bear. With their prophetic vision they see like meteors the bright messengers who bore the torch in other days. Having passed through the furnace of affliction, now purified and redeemed from heresy in their majesty and power, bearing the truths of God's laws down to the laborers in the field of progression.

You who drink from heaven's reservoir, bear the record of the past in your minds and remember that in *Unity there is strength*. Let not the spirit of contention or rivalry cast a shadow upon your sky, that you may not gaze into the deepest depths of your soul and count the gems of purity and true principle imbedded at the bottom.

#### What Was It?

From the Melrose (Mass.) Journal, June 3rd, 1871.

I simply ask this question to my readers, which each one must answer to suit himself, not as a question to be answered by me at great length, and with many metaphysical terms. I am not a theorist. I have no pet theory to advance. But this question has troubled me sorely, and I hope this article may bring forth some response, which will give me the true explanation of the events and facts I am now about to relate. First, let me say, however, that I am not a Spiritualist, but have been compelled to think of that, as an explanation of what would be otherwise entirely dark. But to my story:—

One night last fall, in the middle of November, I was going up stairs, when I suddenly heard a footstep beside me, sounding very much like that of my deceased wife. I stopped and looked round. There was nothing to be seen. I went on, and still the footsteps sounded beside me. As soon as I reached the top of the stairs, the steps turned to one side and seemed to enter a little boudoir, of which my wife was very fond, and where she died. I entered the room, and was conscious of some presence in the apartment. I searched diligently, but found nothing. As I approached a chair which was a favorite of my wife's, I felt still more conscious of a being in the room, and very near me. Still, nothing could be seen, and I left the room, closing the door after me. Directly after, I heard it open. I turned quickly. It was half open. I closed and locked it, and stood looking at it. While I looked, it remained perfectly quiet, but when my attention was diverted for an instant, it gently opened. I turned in season to see it blown wide open, as if by a gust of wind, until it struck the wall as if by a hard blow, but without a particle of noise. I closed and double locked it, but the same operation was repeated. I turned away and went down stairs. The next day, about noon, I returned home to find the house-keeper perfectly frantic:

"She had no objection to help"—not she—"but she'd like to see where it come from."

"What was it?" I begged to know.

She turned upon me:

"Oh, yes! It was easy enough to ask what it was. I hadn't been dying of fright all the morning, seeing the potatoes wash themselves and dance through the air to the pot, and the meat roast itself. Oh, yes; it was easy enough for me to ask what it was? But she wasn't going to stay and see, goodness knew."

And she didn't. As soon as I had seen her out, I went into the dining-room. Dinner was standing on the table. I sat down and helped myself to meat. My tea was poured out and passed to me, upheld half way across the table by an invisible force. I took the cup and dropped it, anxious to see whether it would be stopped. Just before it touched the table it was apparently caught. The cup, however, was overturned, the contents filling the saucer and wetting the cloth. The saucer was withdrawn, and the contents emptied deftly into the cup, and a fresh one filled and passed. The door into the kitchen was opened, the presence passed out, but returned directly and dried the cloth where the tea had been spilled. I am thus particular, for I wish to have it understood that the presence performed for me those duties which my wife had been accustomed to perform during her lifetime. When I returned in the evening, the presence was getting supper. For upwards of two months I lived so, when, for business reasons, I went out West, and locked up the house. While there I had some photographs taken. As I sat in the chair just before they were taken, I felt the presence beside me. This was the first and last time it appeared while I was away from my home. While the pictures were being taken, I felt on my forehead a small cold hand. When they were done, I looked at the negative, and saw beside and behind my picture, a minute but perfect one of my wife, in her favorite position, leaning upon my shoulder, with one hand upon my forehead. This was thousands of miles from the place where she had lived and died. Questioning elicited from the operator, the fact that he had never been farther east than Chicago, so they never could have met. Moreover, there was no picture of my wife in existence then, nor had there ever been one. This was the only time the presence ever made itself visible. In six weeks I returned to my home. I found that the greater part of what I considered my property, was gone. It had been bequeathed to me many years before, by a distant relative. A later will had been found, or made, bequeathing everything to another. Now, then, the presence manifested itself in many ways. If I attempted to read, it would tap on my forehead, to try to distract my attention. If not successful, it would try to gain its object by apparently placing its hands on my book. A semblance of white paper hands would fall on my page. If I brushed it away, it would return. At last, one night in despair, I threw down my book, exclaiming, "My wife will, at least, allow me to read her letters to me," and ran up stairs to look for them. The presence ran up beside me, gained on me, and reaching the head of the stairs first, ran into the boudoir, which it had at first haunted. I followed. The closet door opened, a box was lifted from the upper shelf, and there were our letters. I took them down stairs, and at the very bottom of the box found a will, dated only three months before the maker died, giving all her property to me. It was easy to prove it, and in a month I was in possession of my own.

The next day the presence vanished, and has never returned. "What was it?"

The English Astrologer, T. R. F. Cross, recommending crystalomancy as the top of the tree for Spiritual communications, considers Neptune the ruling power of the Spiritual phenomena. Jupiter gives force to healing Mediumship. The Sun and Mars in the ascendancy, tend to make powerful mesmerists. Saturn leads in Seer-ship.

#### Who is Right?

A diversity of opinion exists on the part of Spiritualists, as to the possibility of one kind of substance passing through another. Our friend A. J. Davis, we believe, denies the ability of spirits to pass through walls or closed doors. We append the following explanation by an ancient Chinese spirit, through Mr. J. J. Morse, a trance medium in London, in response to the query, "How can solid substances pass through solid substances?" B.

The continuity of matter is wholly due to the close adherence of the atoms composing it, proceeding from what is called attraction. If we break a piece of wood into two pieces, we cannot join them as before, because we cannot bring the atoms into the same relations as previously and thus renew the continuity. The ceiling is an association of atoms, all separate and distinct from each other. They do not even come into immediate contact with each other, but are associated by the magnetic spheres which surround them. A knowledge of the chemical laws of matter gives the spirits power to separate these atoms if the proper conditions for doing so be supplied to them. The instrumentality to effect this must be of a kind similar to that which holds the material atoms together; hence it is invisible to the physical eye. The subtle essences evolved from the human organism, known by the name of magnetism and odyle, furnish the spirit with means for operating on the atoms of matter. The operating spirit passes this essence through the body he desires to influence, and by attracting this fluid towards him the atoms of the body operated upon follow it in solution therewith. The object to be passed through the ceiling is then enveloped in the same element, and is drawn by attraction through the shaft or tube of material thus formed from the solution of the ceiling. When the action is suspended, the atoms slowly return to their normal relations, and the perfect continuity of the ceiling is restored. The psychological emanations from various persons adhering to the walls are the greatest impediments to a successful operation.

#### A Fragment.

BY DR. H. B. STORER.

In this rudimental life of man, individual development seems to be the grand effort of nature. To render man distinct, *sui generis*, and to bring him to consciousness of self, all organic tendencies, surrounding circumstances, and successive conditions tend. To ripen the sense of individuality, he is banished as far as possible from his father's house, and his father's presence. Not an animal, not a vegetable, not a clod of earth—that is not nearer the centre of being than man. He is upon the periphery—upon the outermost verge of being he stands, conscious of himself. This is the *last of earth*—the culmination of all her forces, the perfection of all her forms.

How when the spiritual world opens to receive man—when he is born again, the tendency of all things is reversed. His spirit tends to universal sympathy; that is its life, to enter into sympathy with other beings and other forms. To *know God* which is to cognize the spiritual being that actuates all forms.

The life of the spiritual man, then, commencing on the earth, goes on toward perfection in the direction and the degree to which it consciously assimilates with the life of the universe. Now, when the spiritual life is revealed to any one, it is and must be through the sympathetic nature alone. The senses are the doors of approach through which all that is external may come to us; but the spiritual nature of anything or any being, can be known only through spiritual sympathy, which to some extent is also unity. For *sympathy* is possible only with those natures that have a unity of essence or substance. Hence, your minds are appealed to through all sympathetic channels, and by their being called out or awakened into life, do the capacities of the mind enter into the fulfilment of their functions.

St. Petersburg savans are experimenting with glass tables, and the London *Standard* falsely claims that Mr. Home failed to procure manifestations when using one in his Seance. This is one of the last dodges of the would-be learned. It is well, however, for such experiments to be made, and it will undoubtedly be found that the *material* of the table has no influence on the manifestations.

Extracts from a Sermon

BY HENRY WARD BEECHER.

The condition of the human race as it now exists is not a theme for pleasurable meditation. To those who believe in the moral government of God, and in the active administration of affairs in this world and in nature by the divine mind, the actual condition of the race seems utterly inexplicable. It is full of pain. The lowness of the average of intelligence and of social virtue, and the still lower average of spiritual conditions, fills the mind with amazement that God is Father. The greatest part of the world is but little redeemed from barbarism; and the development of the race from barbarism has been within historic periods, coming on with extreme slowness. Indeed, what has been gained on one side, seems to have been lost on the other. It is true that more races are civilized than at any former period; but how many thousands of years have been expended! and how little of that time seems to have had addressed to it any active or apparently divinely-guided instruments of restraint! How little knowledge of the origin of men, how little knowledge of their own powers, how little knowledge of the laws of the globe on which they dwell, and how little knowledge of the principles on which their prosperity depends, has there been! How little has tended toward civilization, and how much toward animalism and superstition! How little has tended toward anything but brutality! Nations learn but very little, and that little they forget easily. The intellectual and the moral faculties are certainly stronger to-day than ever they were before; they are stronger in a greater number; but the animal passions in the race do not seem to have lost any force. Nor do they seem to be under any greater control than they were a thousand or two thousand years ago.

\* \* The condition of the church itself—all that which we are wont to esteem as the best part of the church—the most favored, the most enlightened, the most cultured—leads one to rebound from the present and to seek comfort in looking into the “ages to come.” The church of the future—we hear much of it; and the less it resembles the church of the present, I think, the more we shall like it, and the more we shall be comforted by it. For the church of the present evidently is a church of sinful men not yet sanctified. It is the assembling together of the sick, although they may be convalescent. We should not seek beauty in hospitals; and as long as pride and selfishness are what they now are, as long as the spirit of evil so largely baffles the work of grace—so long the church, comprehensively viewed, will be rather a hospital than a mansion or a household of beauty. Single groups here and there comfort the eye. We see in villages and towns, and sometimes in large districts, Christian men living in such a way as to throw light upon all the community, and raise the tone of conscience, and promote civilization. Nevertheless, looking at the church the world over, it is a great army divided against itself, filled with seams, filled with imperfections, careless of the highest things, careless of things almost inconsequential, very slow in progress, given up largely to externalities, twined about with superstitions without real worship, standing fiercely and cruelly for things without value, and with an average of piety that is exceedingly low. “The ages to come”—we must look into them, if we would comfort ourselves and be kept from despondency when we look into the time that now is. When there shall be no Oriental church and no Occidental church; when neither Greece nor Rome shall give their name to the collective people of God; when the church shall not be divided up into sects warring with each other, and hating each other, and almost wreaking cruelty upon one another—then, in “the ages to come,” the household of faith will be built beautifully, and God will

dwell with his people, and they shall be like him.

\* \* Our knowledge of God in the present state of things, with all that has been done to winnow the wheat from the chaff, is exceedingly incomplete and unsatisfying. Our knowledge of the divine nature is unlike the knowledge of the qualities of matter which may be discerned by the use of our senses.

\* \* A knowledge of the divine nature is not a thing to be demonstrated by scientific tests. It depends upon growth in us. We cannot understand in God anything of which we have not something in ourselves that stands for a suggestion, an analogue, and of which we have not had a parallel experience. How far can we understand God? As far as we are developed in spiritual directions. How is it possible for us to come to any considerable understanding of God, who is, after all, to us but a Being somewhat greater than good beings whom we have known upon earth? How much can we convey of our nature and of our modes of government to the intelligent creatures that are below us?—for there are creatures below us who understand many things. You could not make them understand these things, because they have not the development, the faculty, that makes the meaning plain to them. The beings below us cannot understand us because they are not sufficiently unfolded.

\* \* And doubtless the same reason prevails in both directions. Growth is the only interpretation of God which will reveal Him to us. It cannot be done by the blazing light. It cannot be done by any formula of words. It cannot be done by any symbolism of nature. All these things may help a little; but none of them are full interpretations, which can come only by the evolution of that which is in us, and which we are.

\* \* Now, our God is as a brilliant star, too far off for measurement. The fact of his existence we know; but little else do we know concerning him. In “the ages to come” we shall see him as *he is*. Now we see him as *we are*. We make up our God very much out of the materials which we have in ourselves. There is not a question that the conception which a person has of God is largely an ideal made up out of his own experience; out of his own imagination; out of his own constructive reason. It must be so. We cannot do better.

\* \* We have never seen him. Nor can we see him and live—or while we are living. It is not given to the body to do it. And if we attempt, as we must, as the very best thing we can do, out of our own limited understanding of mercy, and gentleness, and pity, and love, and self denial and compassion, to conceive of the character of God, it may transcend the heathen deities, it may at times, under the flashing acuminations of our imaginations, touched by his Spirit, kindle to a sacred glow. But, after all, when we shall see him as he is, not the first rude daubs of the incipient artist will seem so rude, when the master-artist has found his skill, as our earliest conceptions of God will seem when, “in the ages to come,” we shall see him as he is, no longer as through a glass darkly, no longer as the vision of our own imagination, no longer as the imperfect work of our reason, but in all the amplitude and fullness of the real Being, and when we are so developed that we are able to behold and still to live.

We cannot at present form a conception of perfection in the elements which constitute character. You could never have told, without seeing it, what the human reason was competent to do. Consider the force of reason, by which the whole physical universe is being now unbarred; by which the most distant orbs are being searched, weighed, analyzed; by which we are unwrapping the sun, and taking off coat after coat; by which we know more about the sun itself than oftentimes men do of the province in which they live on earth. What an education!

What an outstretch of thought!—What development of the reasoning, searching power of the mind! Who could have suspected it in the days of barbarism? No man could then have told that. And who now can foretell what new development the human reason is capable of? As from the lower stages you could not suspect the higher, so from the present stages you cannot anticipate those which are yet to come. Now we think; but in the higher forms of thinking there is the intuition, the jump, as it were, the flash of thought, with which our present thinking is not to be compared. We call it *intuition*, we call it *inspiration*, we call it names; but names are not things. There is evidently the hint of a wondrous disclosure of power in the direction of reason “in the ages to come.” We do not see it here. We cannot know it. We can only know what is the perpetual suggestion of it. The condition in which we are is such as to make it impossible for us wisely and fully to forecast the future.

Who, for instance, can tell what the difference will be to him when he shall drop the body, with all its appetites and passions? How much of that which is sin in us now is from the excesses of the driving forces of the appetites? Many a man is like a very small boat with a very large engine which racks it all to pieces with its power; and many a man is like a very large boat with a very small engine, so that its motion is feeble and sluggish, because the engine cannot generate enough power to propel it. Some men are over-bodied, and some are under-bodied. There is every conceivable variation in men. It is a matter which seems to follow no law of volition, and no law of nature, and no law of science. And it is a matter about which we are never consulted. And every man is to solve the problem of life. Every man is to take his own structure as God has given it to him, and work out true manhood. Every man is to make his own special condition the point of starting and measuring.

Who can conceive what it will be to be set free from all these things, so that the sluggish temperament is dropped; so that the fiery temperament is dropped; so that the intense energy in this or that passional direction has ceased; so that there shall be, as when a whirlwind has passed, a calm, and there shall be no swaying, as the mighty winds sway the groaning trees; so that there shall be quiet in every bodily inducement to evil? We cannot arrive at any notion of how we should feel if we were emancipated from these lower propensities.

It will transcend any image that you make of it. Draw from the heavens; draw from all that there is on earth; draw what you can through the channels of inspiration and of revelation; collect and cluster together the things which men have agreed to consider most admirable; and from these form pictorial parables of the City with its golden streets, with its gates of pearl, with its walls of precious stones, with its beautiful gardens, with its flowing rivers, and with its trees whose leaves are for the healing of the nations; picture as you may the future state from oriental conditions, or from the household, or the commonwealth as they now exist; from any and all of these form your conception of it; form your conception of it in any way that you please; but remember that when you have made it just as bright as your imagination can sketch it, when your fancy, architecturally, has wrought it as skilfully as it can, and everything has been carried to the highest pitch that your earthly power will allow, your conception will yet be imperfect.

Some believe that this mortal body rises again. Thank God! not I. I have had enough of it. And when once the earth takes it, let it keep it. The tree is welcome to what of me it can get, so far as the body is concerned. Says the apostle: “There is a natural body, and there is a spiritual body. Flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God.”

## PHENOMENAL.

OSWEGO, N. Y., July 11, 1871.

A. A. Wheelock:

Dear Sir and Brother—Enclosed please find Mr. D. R. Averill's statement, of a control purporting to be the spirit of Sarah M. Hall, given through the mediumship of Mrs. Robt. Morrison, known here as the Blind Medium.

The name of Miss Hall was unknown to any person at the meeting. Notes were taken, when Mr. Averill kindly volunteered to ascertain if any such persons had ever resided in Rochester, as stated. The result of his inquiries he gives, which I forward without delay.

I am, respectfully, your Brother in the cause of humanity,  
ST. JOHN B. SANBORN.

P. S.—I met J. B. Fayette, of this city, not long since, and he desired to know what was to be done with the picture of Miss Hall when finished, as it was nearly completed.

Yours,  
SANBORN.NEW CENTREVILLE, Oswego Co., N. Y., }  
July 2nd, 1871. }

Mr. A. A. Wheelock:

DEAR SIR,—On the 15th day of May last, I, in company with several of my neighbors and friends, were at the house of Mr. St. John B. Sanborn, of this place, for the purpose of investigating the new philosophy called Spiritualism.

After several of the friends had received communications from their friends, the medium was controlled by a young lady, who bade the company good evening and wished to be excused for intruding, but said, "I so much wished to send a message to my ma." Mr. Sanborn told her we would endeavor to convey her message to her ma. She stated her name to be Sarah M. Hall; her mother's name was Catharine Hall; her father's name was C. S. Hall; her parents lived at 41 Lancaster street, Rochester, N. Y.; that she passed away seven years ago this coming fall; that her brother died thirteen days before she did; both died with typhoid fever; that they lived in a medium sized red brick house with green blinds; near by was a high tower nearly overhanging the house: that her picture hung in the parlor of said house, and had a rose in the hair; that her father had been in the sewing machine business, but that she did not know what his business now was; that she was about to have Mr. Fayette, of Oswego, paint her picture, and she wished her ma to send and get it.

I took notes of the above conversation, and on the 17th of May, two days after, I called at Rochester, and obtained a directory and found there was such a street as Lancaster. I found No. 41 near a church with a high tower; a medium sized red brick house with green blinds; found Mr. C. S. Hall lived there, but Mrs. Hall being out, I called on Mr. Hall at his office. After conversing with him and finding all precisely as stated by the control on the evening of the 15th. I accompanied him to his house, where I found the picture of Miss Hall as she described, with the rose in the hair; in fact each and every statement made through the medium at Mr. Sanborn's I found to be precisely correct. Mr. Hall then gave me the accompanying statement, sworn to before a Notary.

Since my visit to Rochester, I understand the picture has been painted, and I hope soon to compare it with the original, when I will send you a copy.

I have written this statement in a great hurry, being sorely pressed for time. Any further information desired will be cheerfully given. Mr. Hall can also be corresponded with, and would be glad to answer all inquiries.

Make what use of the above you deem proper.

Yours truly,  
D. R. AVERILL.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., May 17th, 1871.

To all Whom this may Concern:

This is to certify that my name is as above. I live on Lancaster street, No. 41, Rochester, N. Y. I had

a daughter, Sarah M. Hall; she passed away seven years ago this coming fall; also a son, George S. Hall, he died about thirteen days before my daughter Sarah, of typhoid fever; my daughter died with the same disease. This gentleman, Mr. Averill, called on me this day a perfect stranger, to inquire full particulars of their deaths.

Any further information will be cheerfully given by addressing me as above.  
CHAS. S. HALL.

P. S.—I am now engaged in the manufacture of agricultural implements. Some three years ago I was agent of a Sewing Machine Co. My daughter's and son's pictures hang in my parlor, as stated by the control, as I am told.  
C. S. HALL.

Monroe County, ss.—Charles S. Hall duly sworn, says, that the foregoing statement was written by him, and that he knows the contents thereof; that the said statement is true in every respect.  
E. B. FENNER,  
Notary Public for Monroe County.

## Progressive.

In one of the numbers of the *Paris Official*, the organ of the Commune, the following decree was published. It is at once sweeping and simple:

Article I. The Church is separated from the State.

Article II. The Church fund is suppressed. [The Church is supported directly by the State in France, and not by tithes as in England.]

Article III. All property (real and personal) in mortmain belonging to religious bodies is declared neutral property.

Article IV. An inquiry will at once commence as to the value of these properties, and in order to put them at the disposal of the nation.

Should the whirligig of party eventually make it law, the consequence would be felt as well by Protestant, as by the Roman clergy. At the present moment there are one thousand State-paid Protestant churches in France. These include the Lutheran and Reformed. The newly proposed law would compel these parishes to be self supporting.—*Christian Union*.

## Hunger Overhead.

BY E. S. WHEELER.

An intelligent old Irish laborer tells us that during the Irish famine everybody had wonderful appetites; even those who had plenty ate in some cases twice as much as common, regularly. Those at all deprived were insatiable, and ate enormously even when they had been reasonably fed for a day or two. When asked to explain the matter, our Irish friend declared: "The hunger was overhead—it came in the air,"—which to the Spiritualist is good sense and reason, since by psychical law the wide spread agony of apprehension and desire for food, would psychologize all minds with the fear of starvation and the impulse to eat continuously.

A St. Louis gentleman, who employs a coolie servant, cannot keep Ah Sin from paying his devotions to an old brass andiron and offering up dead rats as sacrifices on the fender.

"It is becoming more and more probable that revolution in the church cannot be prevented."—*Protestant Churchman*.

"Unless the interest in Christian theology is revived; unless opinions are more respected; unless faith is more cultivated and understood; unless God is more known and worshiped and felt; unless sin is more dreaded; unless man's moral position is regarded with more concern; unless Christ's work is more profoundly studied and understood, not only liberal Christianity, but Orthodox Christianity, will soon be in ruins, and the gospel have to begin its work anew in a demoralized and atheistic world."—*Liberal Christian*.

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

Good bye, old flesh and blood. I am bound for God's kingdom without flesh or blood; and what it will be to be without them, I cannot tell; but I know it will be magnificent—never tiring any more, unwearied and unwearable, with nothing to hinder, and everything to help. Is it needful that one should sleep and wake? Is it needful that one should waste half his precious time in sleeping and eating? Is it needful that more than one half of our being should be dedicated to the animal life? Is it needful that there should be but half or a third of our time available for the immortal? However it may be in the present, "in the ages to come," over the mountains, across the valleys, behind the clouds, beyond all calculable periods, there will be a state in which we shall have dropped this natural body, and in which we shall be endued with our spiritual body, whatever that is, and shall be free from the circumscription and weariness of this mortal condition. Who can tell how he will seem, or how he will be, then? Besides, there will be the presence of things which are not known now and here. He shall be surrounded with influences of which we know nothing, but which grow out of the perfected state.

A hopeful, a joyful imagination of "the ages to come," should be encouraged, though it may be full of fancy and inaccurate—as it will be. For we do not pretend that any man can limn this picture. We do not pretend that any man is entitled to say that his view is any more correct than the views of others. But after all, the main defect of forelooking into "ages to come," will be deficiency rather than exaggeration. Our mistake will be, not in making reason too full, but in its meagreness; not in making purity too resplendent, but too tame; not in making joy too great, but too little; not in making things better than they are, but in not knowing how to make them good enough. We are not in any danger of exaggerating, so far as our conception of the future state is concerned.

As we go down toward the end of life, and one after another is taken from us, these "ages to come" are the breast of consolation to us. And we look toward them. We look away from the trite, the flat, and dreary monotony of the present; we look away from its temptations and trials; we look away from the things as they are, to that blessed time, ages from now, in which there shall be perfect thought, perfect feeling, perfect association, and perfect knowledge, knowing as we are known, and in which we shall go on forever and forever, blessed and blessing.

## A Pleasure in Store.

BY E. S. WHEELER.

Messrs. Wm. White & Co. will soon publish a biography of Mrs. Fannie Conant, the celebrated Medium of the *Banner of Light* "Free Circles and Message Department." Mrs. Conant is one of the remarkable women of the world, and in her speciality, perhaps by virtue of development and situation, the most distinguished. The forthcoming account of her, will, we are told, elucidate much that is of interest in her mediumistic unfolding, spirits and mortals co-operating to set the matter forth both from the mundane and supernal point of observation. In calling attention to the fact, we bespeak an interest in the proposed publication such as very few subjects could inspire. Hundreds of thousands have been blessed and instructed by the mediumship of Mrs. Conant, all of whom, with many others, will be eager to become better acquainted with her in every way, as through the promised volume they may have the pleasure of doing.

Thoughts, like fire-brands in the wind, fly faster when kindled by the torch of Inspiration.

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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.

### Mediumship.

One of the most singular occurrences connected with Spiritualism is the present action of some of its believers, in repudiating Mediumship, by which the entire system has been revealed, and on which it absolutely rests. We, as Spiritualists, claim a religion which is scientific, based on facts and not on faith. We look to the manifestations for evidence. They are the sheet anchor of our philosophy. Without Mediumship, Spiritualism would never have existed; without the manifestations it has no support; without the communications it has no system of philosophy.

Say what we will, and in false pride and dignity attempt to place the intellectual phrase above the rappings, and the moving of physical objects by unseen hands, cast the latter aside and we are lost in the same wilderness of uncertainty, through which mankind have wandered in past ages.

It is true many of the manifestations are of a low character, and communications often are faulty in grammar or even in sense, the position of the true Spiritualist is made more plain thereby. He is not to cast all Mediumship aside, but thoroughly investigate every phase. The Medium is not to disown his mediumship, because of false communications or undignified physical phenomena, but to cultivate and improve his glorious gift to the utmost of his capacity.

H. T.

### Letter from J. M. Peebles.

Just as we go to press, the mail brings us the following brief letter from Bro. Peebles, and knowing how many anxious friends, with us, are following him with their thoughts and prayers, and will be looking to these columns for information concerning him, we give it insertion, being able to promise our readers more from his pen in our next. A. A. W.

WHITE STAR LINE, Steamer “Atlantic,”

QUEENSTOWN, Ireland, July 10, 1871.

Friend Wheelock:

This is the tenth day at sea. The South-west coast of Ireland is in sight. My feet are praying for solid soil. Have been studying for the last half hour the ruins of an old castle, through Captain Murray's telescope. The distant fields are clad in emerald—Oh, how fresh and fair!

Time drags. A few have been sea-sick; the voyage has on the whole, however, been exceedingly pleasant. The steamer new and neat, is in style and proportions magnificent. The officers are fine samples of English gentlemen. The cabin passengers, a hundred and thirty or more, are highly intel-

ligent, and with the exception of one or two waspish priests, social and genial.

The first Sunday an Episcopalian and Presbyterian occupied the morning; the evening service was given to Elder F. W. Evans and ourself. He preached Shakerism, and we the gospel of Spiritualism. Heavens what a bombshell in the camp. Discussion has been the order of the day since. Dusty bibles have been thumbed, and the “perseverance of the saints” subjected to new trials. Pray for them, brother. We expect to reach Liverpool day after to-morrow.

J. M. PEEBLES.

### The Bible and Spiritualism.

Faith, as related to intuition, is elemental in the human soul. Firm is our faith in the spiritual of all books. We believe in the Bible—aye, more, we believe all of the Bible—believe its history to be history; its proverbs to be proverbs; its psalms to be psalms; its parables to be parables; its errors to be errors, and its truths to be truths. Reason is the final appeal. The Jewish and Christian Scriptures abound in facts relating to Spiritualism:

According to the ancient Bible accounts, very soon after mortals began to pass into the immortal world, angels and immortalized spirits commenced holding converse with men on earth. To this end three angels appeared to Abraham while he sat in the door of his tent, and he conversed with them and set food before them; Gen. xviii. When Hager and her child were perishing with thirst, an angel of the Lord came and showed her a living spring; Gen. xvi. The angels appeared to Lot, and he bowed his face to the earth before them; Gen. xvii. Jacob, in vision, beheld a ladder set upon the earth, and the top reached to heaven, and he beheld the angels of God ascending and descending; Gen. xxviii. 12. An angel appeared to Moses in a flame of fire from the midst of the bush; Acts vii. 35. As Jacob was journeying on his way he met three angels; Gen. xxxii. 1. As Elijah was sleeping under a juniper tree, an angel touched him and said unto him, ‘Arise and eat;’ 1 Kings. xix. 5. The prophet Daniel says, While I was speaking in prayer, even the man Gabriel, whom I had seen in the vision . . . tended me; Dan. ix. 21. Angels and spirits appeared to the Marys at Jesus' tomb. Matthew says the stone was rolled away by the angel of the Lord; but Mark, referring to the same thing, calls the angel a young man clothed in a long white garment. See also Job iv. 14, 15, 16; Fear came upon me and trembling, which made my bones to shake; then a spirit passed before my face; it stood still, but I could not discern the form thereof, and I heard a voice, saying, Shall mortal man be more just than God. Rev. xxii. 8, 9; ‘And I, John, saw these things and heard them, and fell down to worship at the feet of the angel that showed me these things. Then said he unto me, See thou do it not, for I am thy fellow-servant, and of thy brethren the prophets. Worship God.’ Rev. iv. 1; ‘After this I looked, and behold a door was opened in heaven, and I heard a voice talking, and it said, Come up hither.’ Acts xxiii. 9; ‘And there arose a great cry, and they said we find no evil in this man, but if a spirit or an angel hath spoken with him, let us not fight against God.’ Luke ix. 30; ‘And behold there talked with him two men who were Moses and Elias.’

These texts declare in the most positive manner that the man Gabriel touched the prophet Daniel; that Samuel from the spirit-world appeared and held converse with Saul; that a spirit passed before Job's face, and he heard the voice; that an angel conversed with John, which proved to be his fellow-servant; that an angel or spirit spake to Saul, and that Moses and Elias appeared and talked with Jesus in the presence of Peter, James, and John, on the mount. In fact, the Bible abounds in spiritual appearances, visions, trances, dreams, and wonders, and the living facts of to-day confirm those ancient facts.

### CHRISTIAN INCENDIARISM.

Bigoted, zealous, ignorant Christians have different ways of serving their God. Some are very zealous in “good works,” especially when other people are looking on. Some are noisy, loud and boisterous in their pretensions. At times they shout and scream as though their God was deaf, or had gone a journey; and somewhat in contrast with that “still small voice” they tell us of, as doing such wonderful work!

Others are more quiet, and prefer a “closet” with the “door shut,” especially, if some sister can be persuaded to assist in their pious devotions, which is frequently the case, as we learn by the daily press.

These quiet, peaceful, lamblike worshipers are usually ministers, we believe.

Then there is another class, ignorant, superstitious, zealous, who believe in doing something for the Lord every day, for fear, if they do not, they will not be counted industrious workers in his vineyard. This class, of course, are easily manipulated and controlled, by the blatant priests of Catholicism, and the impudent, self-righteous, ministerial gentry of Protestantism, the influence and power of both tending to the same end—the absolute subjugation of the individual to the church. To these ignorant followers it is constantly represented that their God demands of them a ceaseless warfare upon everything that is in opposition to their pet schemes for the enlargement of Zion's borders, which being truly interpreted, simply means the increase of numbers, wealth and power of our church.

In Catholicism the direct teaching is, the end justifies the means; hence, ostracism, persecution and the rack, thumb-screw or stake, for the heretic, has been the history of the Catholic church in the past, while its devoted, ignorant followers, in our day, manifest their sense of justice and Christian spirit, as in New York city, by bloody riots, upon the slightest pretext, utterly regardless of right and justice, or the human lives their thirsty vengeance would sacrifice, plainly showing that their religion has no more restraint upon them than the poor whiskey which too often becomes a part of the inspiration which fires their Christian zeal.

Constitutional law has no restraint upon such Christians; their religion has none; the canons of the church are useless, powerless—therefore shotted cannon and gleaming bayonets, brute force, is the only power that inspires their respect.

Is Protestantism, creedalized and crowded to its logical results, as a church organization, any better? Not a particle. The logical results when carried out are the same. The main difference between the two is—Catholicism is bold, aggressive, defiant—Protestantism is cowardly, sneaking, tricky. Although it professes not to do things for “Christ's sake” in a corner, in secret, yet its professions when compared with its practice shows what a hollow sepulcher “full of dead men's bones and all manner of uncleanness” it is. The manipulations of each church organization is as much of a secret to the outside world as the operation of any order of Jesuits. Its Christian failings are cloaked and covered up until from increase of dishonesty, corruption and rottenness, it runs out between the clabboards, astonishing the sinful world and sickening sinners, even, with its stench, when, as seen in the Methodist Book Concern, these pious, pure lambs of the fold, go to law with each other for “Christ's sake,” ostensibly, but mainly to grab for the spoils, and hoping thereby to sufficiently dust the eyes of a sinful world, so that it will still regard them the same virtuous Christian saints they profess, and, with unblushing impudence, claim to be.

What the influence of such a condition of things upon the ignorant followers of a creed? Of course they must “serve the Lord.” They are told repeat-

edly from the pulpit that they must be diligent in this business and fervent in spirit. They are admonished that this *Christian* work is a "constant warfare" with the *enemies* of the church! What wonder then that certain zealous bigots, belonging to the church, should feel that they were doing God's service to set fire to a Spiritualist Hall; threaten to break up Spiritualist meetings—or, like the old Scotch Presbyterian in Wisconsin, think that "some one ought to take broad-ax and hew that man Wheelock down" for his "blasphemy!"

Such is the tendency of Christianity to-day, as the following from Bro. Granger of Ashley, Delaware county Ohio, plainly shows:

I will try and give you a few facts about the fire: It was burnt the morning of July 1st. I think the value of what was burned was between \$3,300 and \$3,500, probably nearer the latter figure. We put up a stage with scenery for dramatic performances which, counting time as well as material, would amount to two or three hundred dollars. Then there were two stoves, pipe, chandeliers, lamps, chairs, dishes, book-cupboard and books, about one hundred volumes, besides all the manuals we got of you, except about twenty-five of the small edition, and all our Lyceum equipments except the badges, as well as my organ which cost \$135. We were insured for \$2,000, which I think will pay all our liabilities and perhaps leave us besides the lot and foundation, some one or two hundred dollars.

Our Orthodox friends feel rather sore over the fire, and condemn the set very generally that is the people here, but there was some rejoicing away from here, and one Methodist exhorter's wife in Westfield, only wished all the Spiritualists had been in the hall and burned up too—very pious wish.

We want to build a brick building next time, so it will not burn so easy. We are determined to build another hall and have it clear of debt when done; but our Society is poor, and we hope to receive aid for the building and Lyceum from abroad. We feel as though our cause was the cause of all who favor free thought through the country.

W. GRANGER.

The Hall was set on fire about 1 o'clock at night. A hole was bored through the clabboards in the rear end of the building and kerosene poured in and set on fire. The threats previously made by those interested in the church and the "glorious triumphs" of Christianity, indicate rather plainly, we are informed, that the destruction of our beautiful Hall was from a Christian source, the work doubtless of some earnest, pious soul who was desirous of rendering the Lord a special service.

Certain it is the Hall was set on fire and destroyed: Who has any hostility to Spiritualists but *Christians* and their friends and allies? *No one else.* Who then would be likely to destroy a newly built Spiritualists Hall? Let the *saints* answer that question. Meantime we hope the friends in Ashley will be diligent in gathering up the proof so as to be able to show not only *who* the Christian was, but how zealously a *saint* can serve his God at midnight with torch and fire!

We are rejoiced to be able to say to the Spiritualists of Ohio and throughout the world, that though their Hall, Lyceum equipments and nice little library lies in *ruins*, the Spiritualists of Ashley are not intimidated nor discouraged. They are brave and courageous having \$800 pledged for the building of another Hall, which plainly says to all *Christians* and everybody else, though they may burn Spiritualists Halls and even Spiritualists, they cannot burn, destroy or stop the progress of its divine truths.

To our dear friends and earnest co workers in Ashley, we would say, remembering our former labors among you, especially our great joy in being called to dedicate your beautiful new Hall and organize your small, though promising, Lyceum, we shall not cease our efforts until some one is again invited to dedicate another Spiritualist Hall in Ashley.

A. A. W.

English Spiritual journals describe the manifestations of Mrs. McDougall Gregory's as of the most astonishing and convincing character.

### Ohio State Convention.

We publish the call for the Fifth State Convention. From what we know of the Milan Society, under whose auspices it is to be held, we can vouchsafe a most hospitable reception to the delegates who may attend. The immense Grove meeting held there last year, when Emma Hardinge addressed from three to four thousand people, tested the hospitality of the members, and will long be remembered with pleasure by those so fortunate as to attend. It was pronounced by that distinguished speaker, in an English paper, as one of her most successful.

Let every Society and Lyceum send representatives. A feast of spiritual food will be spread for all. We regard the greatest immediate good of our conventions to be the social life they impart. Spiritualists and Liberalists, isolated from each other, there come in contact; become acquainted and friends. A thorough knowledge of each other is the best antidote to envy, jealousy, and the selfishness which invariably grows out of isolation.

### A Christian Fire.

The beautiful Spiritualist Hall at Ashley, Ohio, built about two years ago, being among the results of our "missionary labors," has been burnt to the ground. Enough has been discovered to convince our friends there that the foul deed was caused by **CHRISTIAN HATE AND MALICE AGAINST SPIRITUALISM.** It was set on fire about one o'clock at night, and their Lyceum Equipments, Library and an Organ loaned to the Society by Bro. W. Granger, Conductor, were all destroyed!

Spiritualists of Ohio and the world! This is not a blow at the Spiritualists of Ashley alone. It is a **BLOW AT SPIRITUALISM!** Let us meet it as such. The building was insured for enough to pay the debt on it and save the **LOT.** It is desired to put another Hall (of brick) upon the same site—at once. The Spiritualists of Ashley are not numerous, but they are faithful and full of courage. They have \$800 pledged already, to build another Hall. We ask *Spiritualists* to aid them. If every Spiritualist in Ohio would contribute **TEN CENTS EACH,** it would **BUILD THE HALL.**

Send in your contributions at once and let the Hall be built before snow falls again. Any contributions for this purpose sent to W. Granger, Ashley, Ohio, or to A. A. Wheelock, care of **AMERICAN SPIRITUALIST,** will be promptly acknowledged and the amount and names of the contributors published in this journal. No matter how great or small the amount—the widow's mite is needed. *Send it on at once.*

A. A. WHEELLOCK.

Other Spiritualist papers please copy for a few issues.

To light a room do not rail at the darkness; open the shutters and let in the sunbeams. In the spring-time God does not rashly, rudely tear the remaining dry leaves from the trees, but lovingly sifts down dews and rain-drops. These so warm and swell the buds, that expanding they gently push away the old leaves, making room for leaf and blossom. A lesson this for reformers.

Read the extract from a private letter from Eli Brown, Agent for the American Association of Spiritualists, on the 9th page. It has the true ring to it, and all must see that Eli means work. We bid him God speed.

A. A. Wheelock will spend August and part of September in Massachusetts. He will visit "Cape Cod, Nantucket and all along the shore," where the Yankee said he was born, and other parts of Massachusetts or the Eastern States, wherever desired. Address Boston, care of *Banner of Light.*

### THE IRREPRESSIBLE CONFLICT IN RELIGION.

Our German fellow citizens of Cincinnati seem disposed to play their part in the "irrepressible conflict" on religious matters. Twenty-eight organized societies give expression to their opinions on the Sunday question, in the following Resolutions. The Chairman of the meeting, at the commencement of the deliberations, said:

"When we became naturalized," said the president, "we abjured allegiance and fealty to foreign potentates, but we did not 'swear off' our rights, our social manners and our religious observances or non-observances."

The Sunday laws as now enforced he believed destroyed morality rather than promoted it. The agitators were not rioters. They claimed social liberty and equality, and on that basis they would fight until their constitutional rights were secured.

### PREAMBLE AND RESOLUTIONS.

The preamble and resolutions finally adopted by the Committee were then read by Mr. Brather. They were as follows:

**WHEREAS,** Under the constitution of Ohio (article 1, section 7) no preference shall be given by law to any religious society, and no interference with the right of conscience shall be permitted; and

*Resolved,* That the question whether the individual citizen shall observe a day of rest from labor, and what day he shall select for such observance, or whether he shall do business or labor or abstain from it on any day, is not a public question to be regulated by legislative enactments, no more than the question what hats or clothes he shall wear, but a strictly private matter, the determination of which should be left to his own conscience, views of propriety, interests or desires.

*Resolved,* That the so-called Sunday laws and ordinances requiring men to refrain from common labor and making it a penal offense to do acts on Sunday which are lawful on any other day of the week, and which do not interfere with the public peace or the rights and liberties of anybody, must be considered an encroachment upon individual rights, incompatible with the spirit of our state constitution.

*Resolved,* That these laws cannot be uniformly and impartially enforced, and that a partial or arbitrary enforcement of any law conferring privileges and immunities on some branches of business or industry, or on some particular avocation, and also on certain classes of the people, which immunities are denied to other branches or avocations, must be considered a violation of the principle of republican equality and of "equal and exact justice to all."

*Resolved,* That the question whether or how to observe a day of rest might and will, in its general features, be regulated by custom, like the observance of the 4th of July, and Christmas and New Year's holidays, without legislative interference with private affairs or infringement of personal liberty.

The preamble and resolutions were taken up *seriatim*, and, after discussion, were each adopted.

When the first resolution was up, Esquire Renau took exception to it, claiming that the state had a right to prescribe a day of rest, and that the adoption of that resolution would only render matters more difficult, and involve the agitators in new controversies.

Mr. Rothe, of the *Volksfreund*, as a member of the committee, observed that this matter had been well and fully considered by the committee, which had come to the conclusion that if it were once admitted that the state had the right to establish a weekly day of rest, as claimed by Renau, this whole agitation was useless, and would come to naught. He said, however, that there was no fear that Sunday, as a day of rest, would be abolished, because it had no legal sanction.

"We are in favor of Sunday," he said, "but we are opposed to a legal Sunday. We shall keep Sunday, but we want no dictation from above to do so." [Loud applause.]

"**DEERING HEIGHTS.**"—The announcement in the last *AMERICAN SPIRITUALIST* that "Deering Heights" would be concluded in this No. was a mistake. There are two more chapters.

## Peace, be Still.

BY MRS. EMMA SCARR LEDSHAM.

Restless souls, your lot bemoaning,  
Peace, be still;  
You can make this earth an Eden,  
If you will.

All you need is love and patience  
For the work.  
Rouse ye! lo, the dawn is peering  
Through the murk.

Soon the sun of truth will brighten  
All the sky,  
Then no longer in the darkness  
May you lie.

When he has dispersed the shadows  
Hovering near,  
Then the beauties of life's landscape  
Will appear.

Ne'er presume God's earnest workers  
To deride;  
If you cannot join their labors,  
Stand aside.

Stand aside and with your love-words  
Cheer them on;  
Tell them He hath given talents  
To each one,—

Precious gifts, that wisely planted  
In the field,  
Strengthening food to craving natures  
Soon may yield.

On your hearts imprint this lesson,  
Wisdom rife:  
Love and labor are the mainsprings  
Of all life.

## Editorial Correspondence.

Our next point of labor was

PATCH GROVE,

Grant county. Here we found a beautiful broad prairie and broad, liberal souls. Nay, not only broad and liberal, the leading minds of this intelligent community, but so absolutely *infidel* to the claims of Christianity, that we began to wonder if the "*Boston Investigator*" did not originate here, especially as we found almost every intelligent man in the community was a subscriber and reader of it. No wonder that infidelity to Christianity is firmly established in Patch Grove, when such men as J. Warner, Wm. Humphrey, Geo. Ballantine, Robert Collier, A. Paul, (not St. Paul) James Lewis and many more of the most intelligent and worthy citizens are its supporters. Owing to detention of cars by storm, we did not reach Patch Grove until time for lecture Sunday. The meeting was held in Academy Hall. Here we found a goodly number, the seats nearest the platform presenting an unbroken front of *Infidels*, throwing such a positive, defiant magnetism as we never before felt from a public audience—being thick enough to cut with a case knife which being condensed into words plainly said, "Mr. Spiritualist, we are *Infidels*, every one of us. We are not ashamed of our infidelity. We are not afraid of God, Man, Spirits or the Devil. We have come to hear you and judge for ourselves. If you have anything *better* than infidelity and Materialism, we shall be happy to hear you present it."

Although that was rather a cold element with which to commence the fervent exercises of devotion, still, there was such frankness and sincerity in it, that we accepted the situation and proceeded. We were introduced to Mr. J. Warner, formerly State Senator, evidently the venerable, respected gray haired "Head-Center" of this infidel element, and for full twenty minutes every thought we sent out seemed to bound back upon us. It seemed to us much like attempting to melt a monster ice-berg with a single ray of sunlight transmitted through a gimlet hole! But as we moved along with the unanswerable logic of our subject, upon well defined grounds which

their intelligence could but admit, conditions changed and there was a receptivity in these minds, that not only received but drank in and greatly relished the sublime truths of the Spiritual philosophy.

As we were to remain in the vicinity a week, pressing invitations poured in upon us to go this way and that—to this school house and that village—so every evening was soon filled with appointments.

Some incidents occurred that will show the spicy and varied experiences a faithful Missionary may meet with in this work. We had an appointment for one evening lecture in the school house at Mt. Hope—six miles to go.

We were stopping with Bro. Wm. Humphrey, whose generous nature and great soul is now in active sympathy with our cause. He and his good wife were formerly faithful church members. The larger intentions and keen spiritual perceptions of the wife led her out of *church bondage* first, then she was truly a "help-mate" and helped her husband out.

For a time both stopped at the half-way house of *Infidelity*. Finding nothing here but one limitless expanse of *cold, barren rock*, the intuitions of the woman, wife and mother again took the lead, and after much searching and many trials, both became, and now are out-spoken Spiritualists.

To reach our appointment at Mt. Hope, as there had been a slight fall of snow, Bro. H. sent his hired man with a span of mules and light cutter to convey us to our meeting. Already suffering from a severe cold, we were well bundled up to protect ourself from a piercing east wind, blowing directly in our face, and when within about two miles of the school house, jogging along at an easy pace, one of our spirit guides said to us: "Tell the driver to look out—going to hit something." We did not mind the first admonition. Then it came so powerful, that before we had time to think about it, our mouth was at the ear of the driver, shouting: "Look out! You are going to—hit something." The last two words were uttered as we pitched head foremost upon the ground, the driver on top of us. It being too near dark to see the track clearly, we had not discovered the "rock on which we were wrecked," it being a small sharp stone entirely covered with snow, which one of the runners came in contact with, snapping the tongue from the cutter, and piling us, driver and all in confusion in the snow at the feet of the frightened mules. But *who* notified us of the *danger*? That is what puzzled the driver and it may puzzle some others.

"Now, what is to be done?" said our driver, with a discouraged look; "we are full two miles from Mt. Hope." Seeing the cutter could not be repaired, I requested him to unfasten the mules from each other and said: "If Christ could ride an ass into Jerusalem to enlighten the Jews, I can ride a mule two miles to Mt. Hope with the hope of enlightening the prejudiced Christian heathen I may find there."

We mounted and were soon at Mt. Hope, where we found the school house crowded with people.

At the little village of Bloomington we were advertised to speak two evenings, but through the influence of a small-sized Methodist Minister, who was running a protracted meeting, the only hall in town which had been promised for our lectures, was closed against us, we found as we arrived there only two or three hours previous to time for lecture to commence. We looked the town over, determined not to be cheated out of a chance to have "our say" from any such cause, and the only suitable room we could find to occupy, was the Billiard Saloon of Peter Woodhouse, which was willingly and generously given us for the evening, Mr. W. kindly providing seats for the occasion.

Of course the news soon spread where the lecture

was to be, and the saloon was filled with men.

When we entered, the billiard tables were covered, and mounting a box behind one of them, at the rear of the large room, we addressed for two hours as attentive and respectful an audience as ever listened to a lecture, upon the beautiful philosophy of Spiritualism, showing how naturally, when understood, it leads every being into the grandest realization of virtue, temperance, truth and goodness.

Our lecture was well received, many declaring they never heard a lecture upon the subject before and were surprised that the doctrine was so reasonable and consistent. The "pious" ones of the town undertook to create an unfavorable impression against us and our cause, because we lectured in a saloon.

Our reply was that "Jesus ate with Publicans and sinners;" that speaking in a saloon could not harm us any, but if Christian teachers had not grace sufficient to keep them from "falling," if they went into such places to preach, *they* had better stay away, "lest they fall into temptation," as many of them do, notwithstanding the *infinite* power of "saving grace!"

The next evening the old Academy building was fixed up for us, and crowded full of people. Here it was that the ire of an old Scotch Presbyterian was aroused. We quote the following from Bro. Barrett, in a recent number of the *Banner*, and it plainly shows the meek, dove-like, lamb-like, *Christian* spirit that actuates a bigoted, sincere, earnest Christian:

We are reminded of Bro. A. A. Wheelock's labors out in Bloomington, Grant County. There he was obliged to speak in a saloon; then in an old academy, abandoned to the owls. He dealt his firing with admirable execution. An old Scotch Presbyterian present said to some of the liberal folks, after the speaker had gone, "It was awful!—such blasphemy! I wonder Divine vengeance did not kill him on the spot. I think it would be doing God's service to take a brood-axe and hew that maun Wheelock doon!"

What the reason was our godly Scotch brother did not attempt the Christian work of hewing "that maun Wheelock doon," when he was there, is more than we can tell, unless the edge of his Orthodox "brood-ax" was somewhat dulled by the replies we made to his questions at our lecture.

Be that as it may, we don't "scare worth a cent," and merely suggest to all pious Christians that the "hewing doon" business is a game more than one can play at.

Not only do these Christians manifest a spirit of vindictive persecution, that could not be expected to originate outside of Orthodox, Christian teachings and an Orthodox Hell, but often times we find certain newspapers generously volunteering to assist this malicious, villainous, hell-born spirit, by manufacturing and printing all the LIES necessary to misrepresent the truth! The following, clipped from a New York daily, is a fair sample of how *near* the truth these quill-driving allies of Christianity generally come in speaking of Spiritualism or Spiritualists:

Being refused a church at Troy, N. Y., wherein to lecture, Mr. Wheelock, of THE AMERICAN SPIRITUALIST, rented a billiard saloon for an hour, and delivered his address, standing on a billiard table, to a large and probably appreciative audience.

This little effort in the interest of Christianity to slur and slander a Spiritualist, sums up thus: Lie No. 1—Mr. Wheelock never "asked for a church to lecture in" at Troy, N. Y. Lie No. 2—Hence he was never "refused a church at Troy, N. Y." Lie No. 3—He never "rented a billiard saloon." Lie No. 4—He never "delivered his address standing on a billiard table." Lie No. 5—Hence there was no "large and probably appreciative audience" in any billiard saloon in Troy, N. Y. listening to him.

The man who wrote that paragraph is "probably" a Christian, for there is an unqualified *lie* in every line! If what the Book says about "all liars" be



true, we congratulate this one on his "success" and the certain prospect of suffering brimstone in an Orthodox Hell, so long as sensation can possibly be felt in the nostrils of a liar.

But we are encouraged. When Christians, and those writing in their interest for the sake of "filthy lucre," so far improve as to come so near the truth that they locate a billiard saloon in Bloomington, Wisconsin, down in Troy, N. Y.,—almost a thousand miles from the place—we think there is reason for hope that the saving power of Spiritualism may yet save even such lying hypocrites. May good spirits and all Spiritualists strive to save them.

Returning to Patch Grove, Saturday afternoon was spent in organizing the Spiritual and Liberal element into a society. Wm. Humphrey was appointed President, S. Warner, Secretary, and R. Collier, Treasurer. Our stay on our return to Patch Grove was at the hospitable home of Bro. Robert Collier, whose kindness, and that of his pleasant family, as well as the many pleasant acquaintances made while lecturing in this place, we can never forget.

Thus closed our labors in Wisconsin, which summed up on our return to Cleveland—forty-six lectures in forty days, and a journey of 1500 miles. We can but remember Wisconsin with pleasure, and ceaseless prayers for the blessing of angels upon all the dear friends we met in our labors there. A. A. W.

### An Interesting Letter from Mrs. M. S. Hoadley.

Dear Readers of the American Spiritualist:

Vermont has held another Spiritual Convention of four days continuance, only ten miles from the celebrated Mount Mansfield; and on the second day quite a large party went to the summit of the Mountain. There were no transfigurations that I was aware of, for the people came down the same as they went up, only a little more weary and anxious for the supper, supplied at the Mansfield House by the kind proprietors, Messrs. Keeler & Bingham.

Morning and evening conferences, with good speeches and fine singing, made up the programme of each day. Some excellent resolutions were discussed and adopted. Plans for raising money were presented, and the idea of settling speakers furnished another topic for discussion.

Great souls and lesser ones made up the mass, as usual, and whether the greater or lesser predominated, the fruits, in time, will show.

The President of the Convention was Volney Slocum, of Rutland, with his wife as Vice-President. Speakers were chosen and arranged by a business committee appointed at the time. Other officers were also chosen then and there. Speakers were Dr. H. B. Storer and Mr. Geo. A. Bacon, of Boston; Mr. A. E. Stanley, from Randolph; Dr. Lawrence, N.H.; Samuel Nichols, N. Y.; Mrs. Fannie Davis Smith, Mrs. M. S. Hoadley, Mrs. E. Paul, Mrs. Manchester, Mrs. S. E. Warner, Mrs. Sophie Wood, Mrs. M. A. Heath, Mr. A. E. Carpenter, Dr. Henry Houghton, and Mrs. Slocum.

A beautiful tribute was paid by Dr. Storer, in one of his speeches, to our sainted Henry C. Wright and Achsa W. Sprague. Communications from H. C. Wright, through the medium powers of Mrs. A. E. Carpenter, perfectly characteristic of that noble man. Letters and names also appeared upon the arm of this wonderful medium.

While I was reading a communication from H. C. Wright, received through J. V. Mansfield, of New York, with Mrs. Carpenter at my side, she exclaimed, "Something is coming on my arm; please put your hand on my arm!" I did so, and very soon upon raising my hand, there appeared the name of H. C. Wright, in his own autograph, though written as it were with the medium's blood. The appearance of these letters is as though the blood were brought near the skin in its circulation, which must be the

case, because when a hand is passed over the writing, as over a vein, it disappears, just as the blood does in a vein under the same pressure, and appears again as soon as the pressure of the hand is removed.

Such manifestations cause our human conceit to fall many degrees, I am thinking, for who among our most learned men and women can explain this strange phenomena? And when daily the wonders increase what are we going to do? Surely we must bow before the unseen presence of the master workman of this great system of wonders.

Not only do these things prove to us the continuance of conscious life beyond this, but that our minds still grow and gather more knowledge of infinite laws. Who can comprehend the possibilities of the Infinite? When even a finite mind can command the circulation of blood in the human system, and cause it to serve such a wonderful purpose, what may we not expect as we advance still farther to ward the Infinite? Face to face with angels, we may hope to stand in the good time coming. No doubts, no clouds, no unbelief.

On Monday morning, June 26th, the friends parted to seek their homes and avocations; and it is to be hoped that all were made wiser, better, more loving and charitable, to deal with their fellow travelers in the future. I hope to see the time when people will dare to analyze causes and effects, more than at present, thereby learning a truer system of reform.

Success to you, AMERICAN SPIRITUALIST, so far as you dare to be true. May your columns ever be open for free thought utterances.

M. S. HOADLEY,

Sec'y pro tem, of Vt. Convention.

### Voices of Correspondents.

NEENAH, Wis., June 30, 1871.

Bro. Wheelock:

Enclosed you will find \$1.50 for THE AMERICAN SPIRITUALIST. We remember with pleasure your short visit among us, and hope it may be repeated at no distant day. Your lectures were valuable to those who heard, and we hope at some future time to be able to offer a better compensation for such a Spiritual entertainment.

MRS. RUTH LEAVENS.

MORRISTOWN, Minnesota, July 10th, 1871.

A. A. Wheelock:—A year ago this month, I sent you \$1.00 for your paper, which has come regularly. I now enclose \$2.00 for AMERICAN SPIRITUALIST and *Lyceum Banner*, as you advertise they both can be secured for that sum.

Spiritualism is a fixed fact in Minnesota, and many are learning new truths daily—or to them new truths—in regard to our philosophy, and are ready to bless the angel bands for such knowledge.

Please send to my address as above, and oblige

HARRIET E. POPE.

SOUTH BARRE, June 26, 1871.

Friend Wheelock:

Mr. M. Milleson, the Spirit Artist for Portraits, has spent several months at my house in South Barre, N. Y., and has left several thoroughly recognized portraits that are continuing to excite a solid interest in this soul-string philosophy. He has gone into the State of Michigan to spend the summer, where he can be addressed for the month of July at Detroit. From a personal acquaintance with M. Milleson and his success in drawing Spirit faces, that are fully identified here, we confidently recommend all who are in earnest to give him a call.

M. B. DELANO.

HASTINGS, Minn., July 15, 1871.

To the Editor of The American Spiritualist:

You will find within \$1.50 for your paper the next year. I have been in the habit of reading the Spiritualist papers from the beginning of this new era. I am now sixty-six years of age, and have passed through all the religious changes from Orthodoxy through Universalism, Unitarianism to a Christian Spiritualist, and even beyond that, but still I can't agree with Mr. Francis, in the *R. P. Journal*, where he says there is no God. When I go out in the evening and look above, I cannot comprehend how any human spirit could ever set this great piece of machinery in motion. I feel like saying with the poet, "the hand that made us, and these things, was Divine." But I will leave this, and say what I meant to when

I sat down: That I like your paper the best of any that has been published since *The Spiritual Telegraph*, by Partridge. The least to condemn, and the most to approve. Wishing you abundant success, I am yours, very truly,

A. B.

BARTON LANDING, VT., June 12, 1871.

A. A. Wheelock:

Kind Sir—Please find enclosed \$2.00, a year's subscription for THE AMERICAN SPIRITUALIST, with *The Lyceum Banner*, which we wish you to send to our address. Having taken your excellent paper for one year we feel that we cannot do without it, as it is ever a welcome visitor at our home.

We will sound its praises loud and long

Until, shall heed, the jostling throng,

And in one grand triumphant song

Shout, long live "The Spiritualist."

Until its pages clean and pure,

A wider circuit, shall procure,

Bring comfort to each door,

"The Spiritualist!"

Let its truths spread far and wide;

Moved by the great Eternal tide,

Telling of the brighter side,

"The Spiritualist."

A welcome messenger of light,

Teaching the aged and the youth

The ways of righteousness and truth,

Long live "The Spiritualist."

MRS. DANIEL BUCHANAN.

DAYTON, June 27, 1871.

A. A. Wheelock:

DEAR BRO.— \* \* \* My plans—they are indefinite, because I shall adapt them to circumstances at all times. I work here during July in organizing a society for the friends. They are now in much better shape than ever before, and I hope to get them so put together that they will form a good working body. I am raising a permanent subscription fund for them, by which they will be able to employ good speakers about half the time.

\* \* \* I believe in organization as a means of promoting our welfare as a philosophical religious body, and I propose to organize new Lyceums wherever I can find sufficient good soil. In going so points to work I propose to organize classes in Gymnastics, or the whole Lyceum in such a class; shall lecture to the children; shall do all I can to assist or inform the Lyceum workers of the many important means of sustaining its interest, and of promoting its beautiful objects; will introduce the best books and encourage proper children's literature; shall endeavor by every possible means to awaken parents to an appreciation of children's needs and wants. I expect to work hard.

I do not propose to wait for calls, but propose to make them. \* \* \* When I contemplate the magnitude of the work and realize the littleness of our ability, the fewness of our numbers, I shrink in weakness in thinking of the task. Yet it must, it shall be done, and body, mind and soul, if need be, shall be spent in its behalf. Let all workers stand together, for in unity there is strength.

ELI F. BROWN.

### Eighth National Convention.

THE AMERICAN ASSOCIATION OF SPIRITUALISTS.

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

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

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

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

H. T. CHILD, M. D., Sec'y, HANNAH F. M. BROWN, Pres't,

634 Race St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Chicago, Ill.

**A Sectarian Judge Rebuked.**

BY GEO. A. BACON.

It will be remembered, perhaps, by some of our readers that not long since Rev. Mr. Hatch, the radical tract distributor of Massachusetts, was seized and ejected from the Reading rooms of the Young Men's Christian Association, in Boston, by several of its officers, while he was quietly engaged perusing one of the papers. Having been invited by the secretary of the Association to join, he did so, paying at the time the required fee, and taking the customary certificate of membership. Thus the manifest outrage and injustice of these *Christian* gentlemen was apparent as fire at night, to all who were not blind to the light.

Because of their unwarrantable assault upon him Mr. Hatch subsequently brought them to trial in the Municipal Court before Judge Bacon, of severely Orthodox proclivities, whose decision against Mr. Hatch and in favor of the Young Men's Christian Association, surprised everybody who knew aught of the facts or the law in the case.

These events transpired two or three months ago, but only last week, one of the significant results of this *ex parte* affair manifested itself, in the loss of this Judge's re-election as an overseer of Harvard University, because, as is reported, for this and other unfair judicial decisions. We are glad of it.

The only safety for the people is to see that, when other things are equal, only liberal minded, honest and enlightened men and women are elevated to places of responsibility, trust and honor.

**A Spiritualist's Company.**

BY E. S. WHEELER.

"Too Good Company for Me."—It was one evening last summer when a lady, who belongs on the editorial staff of one of the leading dailies of New York, had been detained by office duties until rather a late hour. Living on the Heights in Brooklyn, but a short distance from Fulton Ferry, it was not much of a venture to go home without escort, and so she started. On the boat, standing outside enjoying the refreshing breeze after the day's toil, she perceived a gentleman (?) in rather close proximity to where she was leaning over the guards, but said nothing. "Are you alone?" said he, as the boat neared the slip. "No, sir," said the lady, and without further interruption, when the boat touched, stepped off. "I thought you were not alone," said the fellow, stepping to her side again. "I am not," replied the lady. "Why I don't see any one,—who is with you?" "God Almighty and the angels, sir,—I'm never alone!" "You keep too good company for me, madam,—good night," and he shot for a Fulton-avenue car, then nearly a block away. The heroic woman was permitted to "keep to the right, as the law directs," and enjoy that full measure of quiet satisfaction one always feels from keeping good company.—*N. Y. Paper.*

Yet the angel spirits work even for those who insult woman, and where there is sensibility to a rebuke like that given by this Spiritualist lady, thought may quicken decency. Who can afford to be as brave, as pure, like as who *know* angel spirits are their often visible guardians?

**Ohio State Association of Spiritualists**

Will hold its Fifth Annual Convention on the first Saturday and Sunday of September next, in Roberts' Hall, Milan, O., commencing at 11 a. m. Each local Society and Children's Progressive Lyceum is entitled to four delegates, and two additional for each fifty members, or fractional after the first fifty.

Important business will come before the Convention, and every Society and Lyceum in the State is earnestly requested to send a full delegation.

The well known and tried hospitality of the Milan Society is extended to all delegates, who will be provided with homes, as far as possible.

Eminent speakers are expected, who will be duly announced, and a cordial invitation is extended to all speakers and mediums; to all Spiritualists and Liberalists, to meet and renew their strength at this annual reunion.

Milan is situated three miles from Norwalk, on the Lake Shore R. R., and all trains are met by the hacks.

HUDSON TUTTLE, Pres't,

GEO. W. WILSON, Rec. Sec'y,

EMMA TUTTLE, Cor. Sec'y.

**GROVE MEETING.**

The Spiritualists of Shalersville, Mantua and Freedom townships will hold their Annual Meeting the last Sunday in August, in Truman Vaughn's Grove, two miles east and one mile west of Mantua Station, Ohio.

Mrs. F. O. Hyzer of Baltimore, and other speakers are engaged. All are invited.

P. S. There will be no meeting last Sunday of July as was advertised. D. M. KING.

**MASS MEETINGS IN WISCONSIN.**

Speakers J. O. Barrett and Mrs. Mattie Hulett Parry, will hold Grove Meetings,

At Geneva, Saturday and Sunday, Aug. 12th and 13th.

At Oakfield, Saturday and Sunday, Aug. 19th and 20th. Dr. E. C. Dunn will be present.

At Beaver Dam, Saturday and Sunday, Aug. 26th and 27th. Dr. Dunn will be present.

At Reidsburg, Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 2nd and 3rd.

**NEW YORK STATE CONVENTION.**

The Fifth Annual Convention of the New York State Association of Spiritualists will be held in the village of Le Roy, Genesee county, N. Y., on Saturday, September 2, 1871, commencing at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, and continue two days if thought expedient.

Each local Association of Spiritualists in the State, Children's Progressive Lyceums, and Friends of Progress are entitled to, and earnestly requested to send two delegates, and an additional delegate for each fifty members, and fractions of that number over the first fifty.

The delegates to represent this State in the next Convention of the American Association of Spiritualists to be held in the city of Troy, N. Y., on the 12th day of September next, will be appointed at this meeting.

It is hoped and earnestly desired that each active society of Spiritualists and Children's Lyceums, in the State, will at once forward to the Secretary at Rochester, N. Y., the name of each Society and Lyceum, its location and number of members. Also, the names and address of such persons as may be desired for delegates from such localities, in order to enable the Convention to select the proper number of delegates, properly distributed throughout the State, as this is the only channel through which the delegation from this State can be received in the National Convention of the American Association, according to the provisions of its Constitution, and also its published call for the Convention.

J. W. SEAVER, President.

P. I. CLUM, Secretary.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., July 1871.

**MASON AND DIXON'S LINE****SPIRITUALIST CAMP MEETING!**

There will be a Grand Camp Meeting of Spiritualists at

HAVRE DE GRACE, MARYLAND,

commencing at 2 o'clock p. m., of

Wednesday, August 23, and continuing over Sunday.

It is designed to make this Camp Meeting the *Grandest Convention of Spiritualists ever held in the World*. Good speakers, Test and Physical Mediums, will be in attendance, and no pains will be spared to make this the most interesting, instructive and harmonious gathering in the world.

ON FRIDAY, the third day of the meeting, there will be an exhibition of the

CHILDREN'S PROGRESSIVE LYCEUM,

in all its workings. This exhibition will be participated in by several Lyceums. Lyceums from every part of the United States are invited to attend and take a part. The Philadelphia, Wilmington & Baltimore Rail Road Company, have agreed to carry passengers to and from the Camp Meeting at reduced rates.

Come one, come all, bring your tents, blankets and provisions, and let us have a time long to be remembered.

For particulars address Moses Hull, or James Frist, Baltimore; A. P. McCombs, Havre de Grace; or H. T. Child, M. D., 634 Race Street, Phila.

**JUST ISSUED.**

That beautiful little book of Dialogues and Recitations, written by Mrs. Shepard, is now ready for sale. It is just the thing for Lyceums. All Lyceums have felt the great need of such a book as this. Send for it at once. The price is exceedingly low—plain cloth, substantially bound, 50 cents; embossed with gold lettering, 75c. Postage 8c. Only 2000 printed. First orders first served.

A. A. W.

**LITERARY NOTICES.**

CHRISTIANITY: its Origin, Nature and Tendency, considered in the light of Astro-Theology. By Rev. D. W. Hull. Baltimore: published by the Cosmopolitan Publishing Co. Paper, 16mo. pp. 75.

This Pamphlet has been received from the publishers, and will be noticed more at length in some future number.

THE BHAGVAT GEETA, or Dialogues of Kreesna and Arjoon, in eighteen Lectures with notes. Translated from the original in the Sanskrit, by Charles Wilkins. Chicago: Religio-Philosophical Publishing House, 1871; pp. 129; price \$1.25.

Among the auspicious signs of the times is the perfect level to which all the great religions of the world are being brought by scholars, and the disappearance of prejudice whereby one system is regarded better than another. It is boldly expressed by some of the best thinkers of the day, that all the diverse beliefs have a common origin and are outgrowths of the inherent qualities in man. It is no longer fashionable to style Mahomed a vile impostor, and the Moslem faith a delusion, nor to turn the shafts of ridicule against the religion of the Brahman. It is admitted that the food which has supplied the spiritual wants of great races of mankind, that count their followers by millions and hundreds of millions, must have a deep foundation. Christianity is found to suffer by comparison with the creed of the Moslem or Hindoo, not only in regard to the number of its adherents, but in the nobility of life its reception imparts.

The book before us has for immemorial ages supplied the spiritual wants of a people occupying the vast territory of Hindustan. It has formed a portion of their bible, and has been their most holy and sacred book, though only one of many sacred writings, as the Vedas, etc., Kreesna, or Krishna, was the incarnation of Brahma, as Christ was of God, and the two stories are perfectly parallel. The Hindoo incarnation was far more philosophic and complete, and the Christ of the Evangelists is but a faint and imperfect echo of the grand old story written beneath the banyan's shade, by holy hermits, thousands of years before.

The Bhagvat-Geeta was written in the Sanskrit, a language so ancient that no one can say when it was a living tongue, and so perfect that when first investigated by Europeans, they thought it invented by the Brahmans in order to conceal their knowledge from the inferior castes. Closer research revealed the original language, from which the ancient Greek and Latin, as well as our own tongue, were branches. These Linguistic researches have demonstrated the existence of a primal Aryan family, from which as children the Greek, Latin and Indo-Germanic peoples sprang. The Sanskrit was the tongue spoken before their separation; before one branch had penetrated the jungle of South India, or the other penetrated Europe through the gateway of the Caucasus. This language is preserved by the Brahmans in the sacred writings, of which perhaps the Geeta is most conspicuous. From it, it is a difficult task to make a translation and preserve not only the sense, but the subtle spirit, which escapes the artificial word. Mr. Wilkins performed that task, and his translation was published almost a century ago, and time, the true critic, pronounces his work well done. The general reader would be better pleased had the notes been more profuse, for at times it is difficult to understand and grasp the idea shadowed forth by a grand mysticism, without a perfect knowledge of the circumstances.

The present publication is a reprint from the original translation, and reflects credit on the editor and the publisher. It has, also, been republished independently by J. Burns, of London, and its rapid sale in both countries indicates the intense desire of the masses for spiritual knowledge. The book has a peculiar significance to Spiritualists, as anti-dating the New Testament by three thousand years at least, and giving the spiritual thoughts of a kindred people in that remote age.

Really it is, however, but a fragment broken from the *Mahabharat*. Its plan is simple, and its purpose to inculcate the moral principles which should order the conduct of life.

Arjoon, the favorite pupil of Krishna, when about to commence a great battle on the plains of Keorookshetra, in the beginning of the Kalee-yood or fourth and present age of the world, fought for the supremacy of India, was seized with grief at the suffering and ruin the battle must cause, and "sat down in his chariot between the two armies, put away his bow and arrows, his heart overwhelmed with affliction." Krishna beholding his sorrow, came to him, and in conversation points out to him the duties of life. In this book the Brahmans find all the mysteries of their religion. It is designed to teach the unity of God, and the blessings flowing from a well-ordered life. Krishna teaches the efficacy above all things of works. All duties of life are to be performed, and such actions have no taint of sin. Purity gained by passivity is of secondary worth.

"The man who hath his passions in subjection, and with his mind forsaketh all works, his soul sitteth at rest in the

nine-gate city of its abode, [the body,] neither acting nor causing to act."

Krishna speaks the thoughts of to-day when he says: "Mankind are led astray by their reasons being obscured by ignorance; but when that ignorance of their souls is destroyed by the force of reason, their wisdom shineth forth again with the glory of the sun, and causeth the Deity to appear." "The soul of the placid, conquered spirit, is the same collected in heat and cold, in pain and pleasure, in honor and disgrace." "No man who hath done good goeth into an evil place."

Krishna thus condenses his moral code,—a "sermon on the Mount," but 3000 years older:

"He, my servant, is dear unto me who is free from enmity, the friend of all nature, merciful, exempt from pride and selfishness, the same in pain and pleasure, patient of wrongs, contented, constantly devout, of subdued passions and firm resolves, and whose mind and understanding are fixed on me alone. He also is my beloved of whom mankind are not afraid, and who of mankind is not afraid, and who is free from the influence of joy, impatience and the dread of harm. He, my servant, is dear unto me, who is unexpecting, just and pure, impartial, free from distraction of mind, and who hath forsaken every enterprise. He also is worthy of my love who neither requireth or findeth fault; who neither lamenteth nor coveteth, and being my servant, hath forsaken both good and evil fortune. He also is my beloved servant who is the same in friendship and hatred, in honor and dishonor, in cold and in heat, in pain and pleasure; who is unsolicitous about the event of things; to whom praise and blame are as one; who is of little speech, and pleased with whatever cometh to pass; who owneth no particular home, and who is of a steady mind."

With the unity of the Infinite Source of Being, Krishna taught the transmigration of spirits in a perpetual cycle or spiral. He taught the doctrine of destiny, good and evil.

Our space will not admit of more extended quotations, although the temptation is great to gather the pearls and rough diamonds of thought which thickly strew this coast-line of an ancient world.

The publishers should receive the thanks of all liberal readers, for rendering accessible a book previously difficult to obtain.

BORN INTO THE HIGHER LIFE.

Passed to spirit-life on the 11th of June, 1871, at Antwerp, Ohio, Niram Strout, aged 56 years. He was born in Jay, Maine. In the year 1835, he, with his father's family, moved to Ohio, where he resided until the spirit was released from that worn out body which had long suffered from a lung disease. In the early days of Modern Spiritualism he became a trance speaking medium, and continued as such for several years, after which his voice was no longer heard as a trance speaker, but his vision was quickened, and I have heard him say, both in private and public, that he frequently saw his spirit friends and talked with them face to face. At different times I have heard him publicly declare his faith in Spiritualism.

I think it was about three days before the change which released him from his sufferings, that I called to see him, and asked concerning his hopes of the future, and his answer was that his mind had long been settled upon that subject, and requested me to tell the people in my neighborhood that what they had heard him publicly say in our school house, was now his dying testimony. He felt no fears of the future, but was waiting patiently for his time to come. He further added, "O, I rejoice all the time."

The day before his spirit took its final leave, he said: "I have had a vision of my spirit home. I have seen my two girls; they are not little children now, but have grown to be young women." I am told that the last words he was heard to say were, "I am going up!" at the same time pointing his finger upward, still continuing in a whisper to utter words of rejoicing.

He has left a wife and four children, who deeply mourn his loss, but not as those who have no faith in their spirit friend's return to earth.

ALBERT WENTWORTH.

At Burton, Geauga county, Ohio, June 20th 1871, Mrs. Cordie A. Folsom, aged 25 years, wife of J. B. Folsom, after a long and severe sickness laid off the mortal and assumed immortal robes. Her remains were brought to Braceville, Ohio, the residence of her parents, O. J. and Martha Miller, for interment, and on the 22d, a large number of friends assembled at the old homestead and listened to a most able and beautiful discourse from Mrs. Thompson of Cleveland, upon the death of the physical and birth of the spiritual into higher life. In the evening, after the funeral, she was enabled to communicate, through Mrs. Thompson, words of cheer and comfort to her husband and friends. She leaves two small children as a memento of her former self. A NEIGHBOR.

GEORGE R. TURNEY.

Died August 18th, 1870, after a brief illness of congestive fever, at his residence in Mifflin township, Franklin county, Ohio, Mr. George R. Turney, aged 49 years.

Mr. Turney was married to Miss Cynthia Pinney, October 11, 1853, who, with a family of six children survives him.

The subject of this sketch died where he was born, his home being the home of his fathers. He grew up and spent his life amid the scenes and memories and results of the early struggling lives of his fathers clustering around him. He was a worthy member of society, and an influential and useful citizen. His life was characterized by a most remarkable industry and energy.

Mr. Turney was an ardent patriot, and gave his material aid and large influence, from the beginning, to sustain the Government in the maintainance of republican liberty, in the days of her greatest trial; and in 1864, when the Government called for her citizen soldiery, he, like thousands of our patriotic citizens, left the plow and took up the implements of warfare and marched to the front, and did noble service in the cause of humanity and republican freedom.

The death of such a man is a public loss, and while we, as a community, bow to the inscrutable decrees of Providence, we feel that our friend died in the midst of his usefulness.

C. P. L.

Although the subject of the above notice passed to spirit-life the 18th of last August, we insert the notice now, not only to let Spiritualists know that a faithful co-worker and brother has "gone before," but to illustrate the peculiar tact which some people have of suppressing facts and failing to tell the whole truth.

C. P. L., as near neighbor, well knew that Geo. R. Turney was an active, earnest *Spiritualist*—that he lived such and passed out of the body such; and with a very little trouble Mr. C. P. L. could also learn (if he does not already know it, which is highly probable,) that George R. Turney, as a spirit, frequently controls his second son and gives not only consolation and comfort to a widowed wife and fatherless children, but aids and assists his wife by giving information about business affairs at home; the education and direction of the children, and such matters as naturally interest those dear ones of his paternal care and love who are left behind in the body.

When will men have courage to speak the whole truth about their fellow men? But if there is ever a time when the truth should be told, and when it is unmanly to keep it back, it is when the lips of a neighbor or friend are mute in death; and from them no response can be heard, though the spirit lives and communicates the glad tidings to mortals through the mediumship of his own child, a fact which we would recommend C. P. L. to look into. A. A. W.

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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.

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For further particulars enquire of the MANAGING EDITOR of this paper.

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"Of a race that is passing away."

We renew our faith with history, and re-light a taper at the shrine of Cooper, as Powhatan's proud, stern 'No,' and gentle Pocahontas, 'I give my life instead,' fall again on our credulous ears.

"Once more Massasoit 'bends the war cloud to peace' and King Philip 'pleads his wrongs,' while Canonicus 'strives his race to save with Mianatanomo.' Softly down the corridors of Time faintly steal the dying echoes of eloquent Garangula, and full in sight avenging Tecumseh grasps the futile hatchet to save

"hunting grounds and graves Sacred to sires and braves."

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Questions of the Hour.

[Marion, six years old.]

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A WOMAN'S POEMS."

Do angels wear white dresses, say?  
 Always, or only in the summer? Do  
 Their birthdays have to come like mine, in May?  
 Do they have scarlet sashes then, or blue?  
 When little Jessie died last night,  
 How could she walk to Heaven—it is so far?  
 How did she find the way without a light?  
 There wasn't even any moon or star.  
 Will she have red or golden wings?  
 Then will she have to be a bird, and fly?  
 Do they take men like presidents and kings  
 In hearses with black plumes clear to the sky?  
 How old is God? Has he gray hair?  
 Can he see yet? Where did he have to stay  
 Before—you know—he had made—Anywhere?  
 Who does he pray to—when he has to pray?  
 How many drops are in the sea?  
 How many stars?—well, then, you ought to know  
 How many flowers are on an apple-tree?  
 How does the wind look when it doesn't blow?  
 Where does the rainbow end? And why  
 Did—Captain Kidd—bury the gold there? When  
 Will this world burn? And will the firemen try  
 To put the fire out with the engines then?  
 If you should ever die, may we  
 Have pumpkins growing in the garden, so  
 My fairy godmother can come for me,  
 When there's a prince's ball, and let me go!  
 Read Cinderella just once more—  
 What makes—men's other wives—so mean?" I know  
 That I was tired, it may be cross, before  
 I shut the painted book for her to go.  
 Hours later, from a child's white bed  
 I heard the timid, last queer question start:—  
 "Mamma, are you my stepmother?" it said.  
 The innocent reproof crept to my heart.

Count de Gasparin.

BY E. S. WHEELER.

The Count de Gasparin, whose recent death at Geneva, Switzerland, is announced by mail from Europe, was a warm friend of the United States, and did excellent service with his pen during the rebellion to vindicate the Union cause abroad, publishing three important works which had a great influence upon European opinion. He was born at Orange, France, in 1810, and served in the Legislative Assembly, where he was a strong defender of religious liberty and negro emancipation, from 1842 to 1848, but after the revolution of the latter year removed to Switzerland, where he has since resided.

The Springfield Republican, from which the above notice is quoted, omits to say that the Count was an earnest student and believer in Spiritualism, and has written several important essays upon the subject. It is amusing to notice the covert persecution of Spiritualists. Whenever anything can be said, false or true, against us, it finds a prominent place, but even truth, fact and history are repressed when any credit can reflect upon our philosophy by its statement.

This is because Spiritualists are too often themselves impracticable poltroons, who neither stand by their own convictions, fulfil their obligations to the truth they know, or compel respect by resenting the insults they receive.

This is the text of the decree by which the fall of the Colonne Vendome was decided: "The Commune of Paris—Whereas—The imperial monument of the Place Vendome is a monument of barbarism, a symbol of brute force and false glory, an affirmation of materialism, a negation of international law, a permanent insult by the conquerors to the conquered, a perpetual attempt against one of the three grand principles of the French revolution, fraternity—Decreed, The column shall be destroyed."

Paragraphic.

We have a hope, steadfast and sure,  
 A balm that heals the wounded heart  
 Of every pain;  
 All ties of earth-life, sacred, pure,  
 Beyond the tide of death endure;  
 And those we've loved and mourned to part,  
 Will come again.

At Madrid and Barcelona there are signs of a coming revolution, which the government is taking all measures to suppress.

For the first time in the world's history an ecclesiastic has been brought before a tribunal of the justice of the country at Rome. He is a monk, who killed one of his brethren, and it is likely to fare hard with him. A jury is now in session in a building which was occupied as a convent but a few months ago.

In the Police Court at St. Louis one day last week, the lawyers present declining to defend a party arraigned, the Judge (Cullen) left the bench and conducted the case. The jury returned a verdict of acquittal, and the Judge pronounced it a just verdict.

Estha Greatback, who has recently passed the second special examination for women at the London University, was the lady who, out of the seventy-four candidates, took the first prize for examination on physical geography, early in 1870. In December, '70, she gained the celebrated Mills-Taylor scholarship, and also took a prize for excellent studies in political economy.

"The Sabbath is not a Christian but a Jewish institution, which Jesus said was made for man. It is only rightly kept when used for the happiness, the welfare, the education, the elevation of men; and if these objects can be promoted by concerts and lectures, by opening libraries and museums, and galleries of art, as well as by means of churches and Sunday Schools, we ought to bury our prejudices and hasten to adopt the new programme. The more avenues to purity and piety that can be opened the better; and he who opposes the opening of any new way by which men can be led out of the perdition of the passions and the slough of the senses toward righteousness, lest his particular route shall be deserted, shows more selfishness than Christianity."—*The Golden Age.*

Hon. T. M. Allyn, owner of Allyn Hall, in the Allyn House, and one of the wealthiest men of Hartford, Conn., has offered the Young Men's Institute \$40,000 to establish a free public library and art gallery, and a clear title to the hall story of Allyn Hall Building, to be fitted up for that purpose. The latter is worth more than \$100,000. He desires that the library shall be kept open Sundays, but this is not a condition imposed upon the gift.—*Exchange.*

We believe that a perfectly sound and healthy state is necessary to perfectly reliable manifestations. It is true that abnormal physical states, whether by drugs or disease, are often attended with genuine spiritual manifestations, but who among us would be willing to accept the ravings of delirium or the vagaries of the hasheesh eater, as the utterances of divine inspiration?  
 J. T. ROUSE.

Can a man be a Christian who does not believe in Christ? That is a puzzler. I think a man may believe in Christ who does not believe in his name. Using that name in its superficial meaning means nothing. The name stands for certain qualities—love, purity, truth, faith and obedience to God. The man who believes in these and has them in his heart, is a Christian, no matter what he thinks about the name. There is many a man who believes in Christ, only he don't call it by that name; and they are remarkably free from Christianity. The question after all is, has a man got the Spirit of Christ in his heart? If he has, he is a Christian, no matter by what name called; and he is a stranger to the Savior, even if the most rigid of dogmatists, if he has not got charity out of a pure heart and a good conscience with faith unfeigned.

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

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Our initial volume for 1871, presenting, so far as possible, the general status of Spiritualism for the year, has met with unexpected success. The public mind was ripe for the book. That it has been criticised both justly and unjustly, is true; and yet, it has met with a very cordial acceptance in this country and Europe. The sales have been extensive.

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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