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RE-INCARNATION.

Millions of mighty forests
Have passed away;
Millions are simply waiting
To greet the day—
Waiting within the acorn,
Darkly concealed,
Waiting another season,
To be revealed;
Of all the oaks that have been
Beneath the skies,
And all that ever shall be,
The germ there lies,
Waiting a divine purpose,
To grow away,
In summers that are coming,
Eternally.

So of the soul immortal,
Within this clay,
Enshrined for a short season,
And then away!
Away but for life's winter,
Again returns
For growth and experience
In other urns:
Growth here, until all its needs
Are gratified,
And every aspiration
Is satisfied.

Idiot and the masters,
Greatest and least,
Each and all are equal
At Nature's feast
Of life and thought and action
To drink their fill,
And then to other planets,
Through good and ill,
Over mountain and valley,
In night and day,
The soul advances upward
Eternally.

The germ of Divinity
In all concealed,
Waits but opportunity
To be revealed
Unto itself and to God:
Through time's dull strife,
In millions of mortal forms
The soul's own life
Expands in its completeness;
Then it can say:
God and I are one, and live
Eternally.

Be patient, oh struggling soul!
For age to age
Nature unfolds to thy use,
Its living page
Ever saying, "soul of man,
All things that are,
Have ever been, or shall be;
Yon worlds afar
And near, all wisdom, all thought,
Are thine for aye,
Thine, and thy brothers', and God's,
Eternally."

WHENCE CAME LIFE.—Mr. Peter Bayne, in a letter to the *Spectator*, directs attention to the fact that Sir Wm. Thomson is not the original author of the startling theory that life on this globe may have come from the shattered fragments of other worlds. He cites a passage from his life of Hugh Miller, asserting the same idea in still more emphatic language: "Germs of life," he says, "Prof. Tyndall has taught us, are of what may be called infinitesimal smallness, and what proof have we that, as aerolites can traverse space, life-germs cannot traverse space likewise?" Is there anything new?

Address by J. M. Peebles.

DELIVERED BEFORE THE EIGHTH NATIONAL CONVENTION
OF SPIRITUALISTS.

And when the servant of the man of God was risen early, and gone forth, behold, an host compassed the city both with horses and chariots. And his servant said unto him, Alas, my master! how shall we do?

And he answered, Fear not, for they that be with us are more than they that be with them.

And Elisha prayed, and said, Lord, I pray thee, open his eyes, that he may see. And the Lord opened the eyes of the young man, and he saw: and behold, the mountain was full of horses and chariots of fire round about Elisha.—Kings 4: 15, 17.

And after these things, I saw another angel come down from Heaven, having great power, and the earth was lightened with his glory. And he cried mightily with a strong voice, saying, Babylon the great is fallen, is fallen.—Rev. 18: 1, 2.

The precious Apis, for all its godhood, was led with a halter before the Persian King, and stabbed in the sight of the world by Persian steel. "Profane!" exclaimed the priest, as pious persons, on like occasions, have exclaimed a thousand times: "These Puritans have no reverence for holy things." Rather is it because they do reverence things that deserve reverence that they loathe and abhor the counterfeit.—J. Anthony Froude.

The spiritual philosophy puts into the hand of investigators the key which unlocks the mysteries of the past and the marvels of the present. Wherever Bibles have been written, or prophets have lived; wherever seers have been illumined or saints walked and worshipped; wherever the dreamer has dreamed of a coming Eden, and freedom sung of a millennial era; wherever a great mind or a combination of great minds have lifted the waiting souls of generations into a higher civilization, there was the vitalizing element of Spiritualism.

In the above Hebrew passage, we see apparently a hopeless condition—an unarmed man, with a single attendant, surrounded by the furious forces of a hostile king. The King of Syria had suffered seriously from the clairvoyant insight of the Prophet Elisha. Frequently his best matured plans had been revealed before their execution, causing disappointment and disaster. He foolishly believed there was a traitor in his camp. "He called his servants and said unto them, Will ye not show me which of us is for the King of Israel? And one of his servants answered, None my lord, O King; but Elisha, the prophet that is in Israel, telleth the King of Israel the words that thou speakest in thy bedchamber." This was a foe as subtle and dangerous as unseen. He must be captured at all risks. Hearing that the prophet was in Dothan, the Syrian King sent thither "horses and chariots, and a great host; and they came by night and compassed the city about." The rising sun revealed the danger in all its magnitude, to the servant of the Israelitish King. Leaving the house early, he saw horses and chariots surrounding the city, and cries out to the Prophet: "Alas, my master! how shall we do?" No terror thrills the soul of the seer. Elisha, surveying the scene clairvoyantly, calmly answered: "Fear not, for they that be with us are more than they that be with them." Here was confidence in clairvoyance, and trust in the mediative ministry of spirits. Thankful for his divine gifts, he prayed that the same spiritual assurance might be communicated in open vision to his less experienced companion:

"Lord, I pray Thee, open his eyes, that he may see. And the Lord opened the eyes of the young man,

and he saw; and, behold, the mountain, (the eminence on which the city stood,) was full of horses and chariots of fire round about Elisha."

Magnificent was this vision, prelude to victory.

The prophetic gifts of Elisha; the descending angel of John, "lightening the whole earth;" the spiritual perception of Froude, and the peerless clairvoyance of seers, are among the silvery threadings that run through the traditions and histories of the ages. They are God's speaking witnesses of immortality.

Spiritual ministrations are not new in the world—dreams, premonitions, trances, voices, apparitions, visions and prophecies, flash and flame like golden sunbeams, through all the inspired writings of antiquity. Zoroaster, the third, told Cyrus, King of Persia, that he, with the Magi, could disenthral themselves from their bodies and converse with the immortal gods. Pythagoras and Plato taught that celestial beings held the guardian care of mortals. Jesus was a very remarkable Spiritualist. On the Mount of Transfiguration he conversed with Elias and Moses, who had been long in the world of spirits. Jesus selected the twelve Apostles because they were mediums possessed of wonderful spiritual gifts. Phenomena and signs followed, not only the Apostles and first martyrs, but the early Christian fathers. Constantine, who nationalized Christianity, saw the form of the cross in the heavens; Saronarola prophesied; Tasso heard spirit voices; Joan of Arc had visions; Louis XVI., noblest of all the Bourbons, saw a female figure, clothed in white, enter his dungeon—a warning of his sad fate; the Wesley family had astounding spiritual manifestations; Ann Lee had visions and the gift of tongues; Baron Swedenborg held converse with spirits and angels, twenty-seven years of his life; A. J. Davis, clairvoyantly, and the Shakers in vision, foretold the coming of the present spiritual wave that was to flow like a mighty river over the face of all the earth. This newly-initiated "rapping" dispensation rose, like a sun-fringed mist, from a quiet village near Rochester, N. Y. Burnished with the silver and gold of truth and love, this mystic cloud now spans the skies, dripping messages and blessed evangel from angels and gods. The soul-prayer of the million—"Give us this day our daily bread," is satisfactorily answered. Spiritualism is the "bread of life"—a present inspiration, revelation and demonstration of immortality.

"What the thing is," said Mr. Froude, "which we call ourselves, we know not. It may be true—I for one care not if it be true—that the descent of our mortal bodies may be traced through an ascending series to some glutinous jelly formed on the rocks of the primeval ocean. It is nothing to me how the Maker of me has been pleased to construct the organized substance which I call my body. It is mine, but it is not me. The intellectual spirit, being an essence, we believe to be an imperishable something which has been engendered in us from another source.

It is to be observed that this distinguished English writer goes no further than to express a "belief" in an "imperishable something." Some of the more eminent of English scientists, only affirm the "hope" that they may live again to continue the pursuit of knowledge. Many churchmen confess to having perplexing doubts upon the subject; while tombs, graves, coffins and shrouds, are not pleasant sights to the most religious of sectarians. But to rational Spiritualists, the future existence is no longer a hope,

no longer a belief, nor a vague ideal intuition. It is a fact; and a fact, too, susceptible of the clearest tangible demonstration. This is chief among the glories of Spiritualism.

THE PROGRESS.

Less than twenty-five years have faded into the abysmal past since the dawn of these gentle tappings that summoned secularism and sectarisms to judgment. It was the voice of God through angels and ministering spirits. Defining Spiritualism to mean belief in the holding of conscious intercourse with the denizens of the spirit world, and Judge Edmond's estimate of eleven millions was undoubtedly under, rather than over, the actual number, as figures would show were an exact census possible. Spiritualists are not properly an organic body. Generally, they ignore organization and shout lustily for individualism—and individualism as popish as porcupinism, each contending for his phase of this "spiritual-doxy," whether phenomenal, philosophical, or christian, with a zeal far in excess of true wisdom. Such see but one side of the shield. Toleration, unity, harmony, have no lodgment in their souls. Narrow as sectarists, they are as yet but possible men. Self is their primal thought; rule or ruin, their motto. Still these millions constitute an army—a mighty undisciplined army! Only think of it,—“eleven millions,” with co-believers and sympathizing co-workers throughout the enlightened world.

England, in connection with her societies, lyceums and seances, publishes six journals devoted to Spiritualism, viz.: *Human Nature*, *Spiritual Magazine*, *Medium and Daybreak*, *London Spiritualist*, *The Spiritual News*, and *Christian Spiritualist*. Spain prints four spiritualist periodicals; France three, (or did previous to the war); Italy, one; Sicily, one; Hungary, one; Brazil, one; Australia, one—the *Harbinger of Light*,—and Germany several treating of Spiritualism under the heading of Psychology.

While in London recently, I accompanied C. Constant, Esq., (from Smyrna,) to the residence of Wm. Crooks, F. R. S., to see his apparatus for experimenting upon the forces connected with physical mediumship. This gentleman from the East, a firm Spiritualist, is gathering material, designing to publish a large volume upon his return to Asia Minor, embodying the teachings of Spiritualism in the Armenian language. While traveling upon the Continent and in the East some three years since, I met Spiritualists and attended seances in Florence, Naples, Messina, Athens, Constantinople, Smyrna, and other localities. Spiritualism is neither local nor national; but cosmopolitan. Its recent star of progress rising in the West is now illuming the East. Its banner, in some form, floats to-day beneath all skies. It is the angel that John saw “come down from Heaven having great power.” This angel is “lighting the earth with his glory and crying mightily with a strong voice: Babylon”—that is churchal christendom—“is fallen, is fallen!”

Spiritualism has no creed; Spiritualists can never become a sect. To crystalize is to die. Sectarisms, under the name of religion, have drenched nations in blood and cursed this beautiful earth quite too long already. Excelsior, is the divine word of the Harmonial Philosophy; and who dare say of it, “thufar and no farther,” when even now it is kindling a new light in Turkey; shining upon the hills of Hindostan; gladdening the valleys of the Anglo-Australians; sunning the plains of farther India; quickening consciences in the courts of Europe, and sounding a trumpet alarm in the Islands of the ocean.

WHAT HAS IT DONE?

Better ask what has it not done. Did God ever speak in vain? Did that mighty angel come down from Heaven to return with no laurels of victory? What has Spiritualism done? Only a Rip Van Winkle escaped from some Sleepy Hollow could press such a question. It has demonstrated a future progressive existence, converting atheists, deists, and secularists, to a knowledge of immortality, and revealed the immutable law of compensation. It has unrolled before us a new geography of the heavens and testified that no personal devil raves “over there,” nor brimstone flames scent and soil the garments of the risen. Unbarring the gates of death, it has brought the loved inhabitants of the summer-land into our cities, our homes, our chambers, permitting us to clasp their shining hands and listen to the music of their voices. It has given the world new inventions in mechanism, and laid open to view the heretofore hidden laws of magnetic reciprocity. On a more material plane it has traced water-courses to

their mountain sources, and discovered mines and oil-wells, making the poor opulent. Its angels that “gather,” have the power, however, to scatter. It has not only foretold future events of vast moment to individuals and nations when aflame with the living fires of prophecy, but it has warned the more susceptible of steamer burnings and fearful railway collisions. With the wand of clairvoyance it has scanned ocean-beds, described geologic strata, suggested new planets, and measured starry distances, while scientists were laggardly adjusting their instruments of observation. Under the name of psychometry, it has read by aural examinations the unwritten histories of Egyptian pyramids and Assyrian ruins; of Grecian culture and Druidic worship, and can trace the life lines of mortals by the touch of ringlet or garment. Each act is photographed upon the conscious sensorium. The judgment seat is within and memory is the recording angel.

Strengthening the weak, warning the erring, waking the dormant, unveiling the treacherous and startling the sinful, it continues to re-thunder the wilderness words of the Baptist: “Repent—confess and forsake your sins.” Only the “pure in heart” see God. To “him that overcometh” is the promise of access to the tree of life. Kindling in all believing souls the loftiest endeavor, Spiritualism is the sweetest answer to prayer and the inspiring genius of every reform movement of the times. Meaning science and progress, morality and pure religion, it is God's living word to humanity through angels and ministering spirits. “O, come let us worship in its temple.”

ORGANIZATION.

Vexed question—and still, question it is, demanding consideration. The universe is an organization of which God is the central soul. The human body is an organization; so is the university, the common school, the lyceum and the family. Organizations to systematize and utilize efforts for the furtherance of good, are necessities. They should not be mechanical and lifeless, but living means to noble ends. Evolved spontaneously they should grow naturally, all within them filling the positions for which they are designed, filling them as the self-sacrificing servants of others. In constituting an organic body too hastily, people sometimes get strangely jumbled together, each desiring to be at the head. Ruin follows. Smitten with a sort of hodge-podge rot, the society, the institution dies. The failure is at once laid to organization *per se*, when the real causes were the loose shabby fragmentary materials constituting it. Two or more persons afflicted with St. Vitas' dance, never dance to the same tune nor pull in the same direction. Mere phenomenal spiritists will never organize. Ignoring churchal creeds and fixed formulas of faith, Spiritualists, as a grand lyceum body, broad, tolerant and catholic, will organize, working on a common platform with all liberalists for human progress. The purposes will be for adjusting finances to sustain seances, meetings, lyceums, libraries; for becoming mutual helps; for projecting and perfecting philanthropic work, and for the cultivation of a personal religious life.

YOUNG PEOPLES' SPIRITUAL ASSOCIATION.

Through the kindness of a gentleman residing in the Monumental City, I am put in possession of the Constitution and By-Laws of the “Young Peoples' Spiritual Association,” an organization conceived and projected by that efficient worker in Baltimore, E. G. Granville. The primary aim of this associative effort, young and vigorous, may be gathered from the Preamble and one or two of the articles of the Constitution.

PREAMBLE.

The undersigned being desirous of reducing to practice the teachings of Spiritualism, as well as improving ourselves, socially, physically, mentally and spiritually, hereby unite ourselves under the following articles of Association.

The objects of this Association shall be for our Social, Mental, Physical and Spiritual improvement, reducing to practice the teachings of Spiritualism, by using all means in our power for improving the conditions of humanity, opening a free library and reading room, and dispensing comfort and charity to the needy.

The Committee on Lyceums shall take measures for opening and sustaining new Lyceums, visit those already established, and endeavor to increase their number and efficiency.

The ulterior aim of this association is to educate the young in the divine principles of the Spiritual Philosophy, thus saving them from the snares of

vice on the one hand, and the cramping creedal influences of sectarianism on the other. It is with unfeigned pleasure, therefore, that we recommend the formation of these associations in all the cities of the Union. They will prove antidotes for Young Men's Christian Associations.

FORMS IN OUR MEETINGS.

This is dangerous ground—forms in public worship! Honorable persons, though opposing, treat this subject candidly; the vile, vulgarly. Much as forms connected with religious worship have been despised by the Jew, it is safe to affirm that all organizations noted for permanence have used, and all individuals indulge more or less in forms of some kinds. This is natural. Ringing a neighbor's door-bell is a form; the fraternal shaking of the hands is a form; the election of a board of common school officers is another, while the casting of votes for the election of a presidential candidate is a form of constitutional procedure. Order, system, forms, are absolutely indispensable to success in every department of social and religious life. There may be abuses connected with any and all systematized methods. These should be guarded against. Wisdom seeks method only as a means of use. When forms degenerate into soulless externals, they lose their power for good.

Sunday worship may be burdened with formalities on the one hand; and on the other, it may be too bald, unsocial, unattractive, and rigidly philosophical. In many congregations of Spiritualists the lecturer is left to perform the whole service—reading, invocation, speaking, and singing even, while audiences sit as critical spectators, much as they would in a theatre, or any well patronized secular entertainment, taking no part, saying nothing, *doing* nothing. Is it strange in this condition of things that many Spiritualists wander off and finally attend regularly upon Unitarian, or the worship of other “liberal” christians? The wonder rather is that more have not gone where they found order—where their emotions were touched—where their religious natures were fed and their spiritual wants better supplied. While creeds and crushing theologies are to be ignored, religion and soul growth are to be cared for and cultivated. Our Sunday gatherings for worship should be thoroughly educational and moral, looking to the highest interests of the physical, intellectual, and spiritual nature. The latter is the keystone in the arch—the added degree to and above the animal organism, constituting man a morally responsible and consciously immortal being.

(To be continued.)

The Late A. B. Whiting.

Again has the Angel of Deliverance swept suddenly down from the upper heights and loosed from earthly bonds the spirit of one of our oldest and ablest lecturers.

From his home in Albion, Mich., on Monday, Sept. 4th, A. B. Whiting passed to spirit life. He had been out of health, but not considered dangerously ill, for several months. Only the day before, he had spoken a short time at the annual Spiritualists' picnic of his townspeople, in a beautiful grove about two miles from his home; and I thought while he was speaking I had never heard him talk more forcibly and eloquent in defence of our common cause and the general principles of progress. He closed his remarks with a soul-stirring poem, which, as we afterward reverted to it, seemed almost prophetic of the events which followed. The subject of the poem was, “Only a Question of Time.” I dined with him on Monday, and he remarked that he was unusually well. Between two and three P. M. he left us without even a “good-by.” The struggle of separation was but momentary with him, at least and as peaceful compose settled over his features, we felt that “our loss was his gain.” The physicians pronounced the immediate cause of his change to have been congestion of the heart.

His funeral was attended by Parker Pillsbury and myself. No words of mine will add anything to Mr. Whiting's public record; it is humanity's inheritance, and his most fitting eulogy. As a friend remarked to us at the funeral, “he died at his post.” And as we folded the lid over the beautiful blue eye and draped the body for the grave, the words of Paul

seemed appropriate: "He has fought a good fight; he has finished his course; he has kept the faith; henceforth is laid up for him a crown of righteousness."

Thus the old workers, cotemporary with myself, take their departure, one by one, to the higher schools of experience, and but a few are left to struggle and counsel together here. But oh, how inexpressibly comforting is the consciousness that it is "only a question of time," and we shall rejoin them, and together carry forward the grand purposes of being!

And while we listen with expectant ears to catch the words of wisdom dropping, like refreshing dews, from loving lips in the other and higher life, let us not forget to repay their watchful care by our ministries of sympathy and assistance to those they have left behind. We hope Mr. Whiting's numerous friends throughout the country will send words of friendly appreciation and comfort to his mother and sister, who are lonely, though *not alone*.—*Susie M. Johnson, in Banner of Light.*

Letter from George White.

We print the following epistle from George White, one of the most candid and substantial Spiritualists in the country, because free from the least taint of a bitter malicious spirit. Others on hand, reflecting severely upon E. V. Wilson's articles appearing in the *R. P. Journal* during our absence in Europe, we can not consistently publish. Too personal, they can do no actual good; and further, the columns of the *AMERICAN SPIRITUALIST* were not opened to gratify spite or right old grudges, real or fancied. As for ourself, we had infinitely rather suffer wrong than *do* wrong. Toiling on as best we can to the acceptable work of an evangelist, Heaven knows we have no inclination to injure our fellow men, or aid others in doing it.

Bro. Peebles:—

I see by the *Banner* that you are to attend the National Convention of Spiritualists in Troy, and I address you at that place. Dr. Hootie, of this city, is anxious to obtain a copy of Higgins' *Anaclypsis*, and wished me to address you on the subject. I also want a copy. When do you intend to publish it, and what will be its cost?

I am glad you are to be at the Troy Convention, and hope that men and women whose Spiritualism is in the heart and acts as well as in the head, may predominate. It is high time that our representatives should take action upon the subject of organization, both for financial purposes and for the inculcation and furtherance of morality and virtue. It is folly for us to class hatred and love, malevolence and benevolence, libertinism and chastity, dishonesty and honesty, in the same category. We have a creed now—a belief in man's immortality, communion with the departed, and the impossibility of escaping the penalties of violated law. Some of our speakers rashly repel many of their hearers by their atheistic and harsh utterances; and one of our valuable papers, in other respects, has for almost a year loaded its columns with arguments to prove that an Infinite Intelligent God is a myth. If the world is to be benefitted by the spiritual philosophy, it must be by attraction and not repulsion. We are neither Gods nor above obligation to observe the means promotive of true progress in ourselves and the advancement of human happiness. Prayer is too much ignored by Spiritualists for their own good and that of others. Not cold, formal prayer—mere lip service—but that ardent prayer which begets within us a conviction of our wants and the ever present blessings provided for us.

But I have exceeded my intention in addressing you, and will bring my letter to a close; not, however, without saying that I very much dislike the spirit manifested by Bro. Wilson towards you and others. He is too impulsive and dictatorial, and needs, as the preachers used to say, "a flat stone put on his head." Yet I think Bro. Wilson is doing good in his way.

I have heard indirectly that you were employed for one month of our course. You will be cordially welcomed.

Your Friend and Brother,

GEORGE WHITE.

Washington, D. C., Sept. 11th, 1871.

Theodore Tilton's Biography of Victoria C. Woodhull.

Hastily perusing the biographical sketch of this truly remarkable and doubtless most famous woman of the time, we could but feel, for once at least, that "truth is stranger than fiction."

We do not remember ever to have seen expressed in the same number of words, such a combination of joys and sorrows; such a living martyrdom in childhood; such heroic struggling over the hellward tendency of conditions; the very gall of bitterness in the morning rose-bloom of married life,—and such a manifestation of individual power, executive ability, earnestness, truthfulness of soul and eloquence of speech from the "weak lips of woman," as is here recorded in this little sketch of 35 pages.

We rejoice that Theodore Tilton is the writer of this sketch. From our heart of hearts we thank him for writing it, and in doing so, we believe, he has done truth and humanity a signal service. Perhaps no man in the country is so well qualified to give a brief biography of so eventful a life, as Mr. Tilton. He is brave, fearless, just. The brilliant editor of the most golden paper of this "Golden Age," his statements will be respected and believed by the thousands, and even millions, who will peruse this brief sketch, with mingled feelings of surprise and admiration for both subject and author of such a biography.

We keep a supply of these pamphlets at this office. Send 10c for one and read for yourselves. We cannot better give our readers an idea of what is therein contained, than by the following extracts, which are a complete answer and manly refutation of the vile slanders hurled by prejudiced bigots and quill-driving hirelings, against a pure, high-minded, noble woman.

A. A. W.

After her union with Colonel Blood, instead of changing her name to his, she followed the example of many actresses singers, and other professional women whose names have become a business property to their owners, and she still continues to be known as Mrs. Woodhull.

One night, about half a year after their marriage, she and her husband were awakened at midnight in Cincinnati by the announcement that a man by the name of Dr. Woodhull had been attacked with delirium tremens at the Burnet House, and in a lucid moment had spoken of the woman from whom he had been divorced, and begged to see her. Col. Blood immediately took a carriage, drove to the hotel, brought the wretched victim home, and jointly with Victoria took care of him with life-saving kindness for six weeks. On his going away they gave him a few hundred dollars of their joint property to make him comfortable in another city. He departed full of gratitude, bearing with him the assurance that he would always be welcome to come and go as a friend of the family. And from that day to this, the poor man, dilapidated in body and emasculated in spirit, has sometimes sojourned under Victoria's roof and sometimes elsewhere, according to his whim or will. In the present ruins of the young gallant of twenty years ago, there is more manhood (albeit an expiring spark like a candle at its socket) than during any of the former years; and to be now turned out of doors by the woman whom he wronged, but who would not wrong him in return, would be an act of inhumanity which it would be impossible for Mrs. Woodhull and Col. Blood, either jointly or separately, to commit. For this piece of noble conduct—what is commonly called her living with two husbands under one roof—she has received not so much censure on earth as I think she will receive reward in heaven. No other passage of her life more signally illustrates the nobility of her moral judgments, or the supernal courage with which she stands by her convictions. Not all the clamorous tongues in Christendom, though they should simultaneously cry out against her "Fie, for shame!" could persuade her to turn this wretched wreck from her home. And I say she is right; and I will maintain this opinion against the combined Pecksniffs of the whole world.

This act, and the malice of enemies, together with her bold opinions on social questions, have combined to give her reputation a stain. But no slander ever fell on any human soul with greater injustice. A more unsullied woman does not walk the earth. She carries in her very face the fair legend of a character kept pure by a sacred fire within. She is one of those aspiring devotees who tread the earth merely as a stepping-stone to Heaven, and whose chief ambition is finally to present herself at the supreme tribunal "spotless, and without wrinkle, or blemish, or any such thing." Knowing

her as well as I do, I cannot hear an accusation against her without recalling Tennyson's line of King Arthur,

"Is thy white blamelessness accounted blame?"

As showing that her early clairvoyant power still abides, I will mention a fresh instance. An eminent judge in Pennsylvania, in whose court-house I had once lectured, called lately to see me at the office of the *Golden Age*. On my inquiring after his family, he told me that a strange event had happened in it. "Three months ago," said he, "while I was in New York, Mrs. Woodhull said to me, with a rush of feeling, 'Judge, I foresee that you will lose two of your children within six weeks.' This announcement, he said, wounded him as a tragic sort of trifling with life and death. 'But,' I asked, 'did anything follow the prophecy?' 'Yes,' he replied, 'fulfilment; I lost two children within six weeks.' The Judge, who is a Methodist, thinks that Victoria the clairvoyant is like 'Anna the prophetess.'"

In conclusion, amid all the rush of her active life, she believes with Wordsworth that

"The gods approve the depth and not
The tumult of the soul."

So, whether buffeted by criticism or defamed by slander, she carries herself in that religious peace which, through all turbulence, is "a measureless content." When apparently about to be struck down, she gathers unseen strength and goes forward conquering and to conquer. Known only as a rash iconoclast, and ranked even with the most uncouth of those noise-makers who are waking a sleepy world before its time, she beats her daily gong of business and reform with notes not musical but strong, yet mellow the outward rudeness of the rhythm by the inward and devout song of one of the sincerest, most reverent, and divinely-gifted of human souls.

Spiritualism in St. Joseph, Mo.

Editor *American Spiritualist*:

A few intelligent and zealous Spiritualists in this city, deeming an organization necessary for the good of our cause, and that of humanity, issued and circulated the following:

DECLARATION.

We, the undersigned, citizens of St. Joseph, do hereby form ourselves into a Society, to be known as PROGRESSIVE SPIRITUALISTS, for mutual benefit and the dissemination of truth, and agree to be governed by such Constitution and By-Laws as may be adopted by a majority of its members, and to pay, on the first Monday of every month, the sum set opposite our names, towards defraying its expenses.

Individuals may become members of this Society who are seeking after truth, with a desire to elevate and perfect their natures, and to promote their present and future happiness.

All persons becoming members of this Society will be required to live a good, moral, temperate, truthful, and virtuous life, and to do unto others as they would be done by—otherwise they may be expelled by a vote of two-thirds of its members present at any regular meeting. A member may withdraw at any time by notifying the Secretary to that effect.

After a sufficient number of names were obtained, and the requisite amount of funds subscribed to insure its permanent success, they organized by electing the following officers, viz:

John C. Bender, President; C. F. Smith, Vice-President; John B. Harder, Rec. Secretary; Dr. Daniel White, Corresponding Secretary, and George Seifert, Treasurer.

Regular Meetings will be held every Sunday at their Hall.

Our Society has opened under the most favorable auspices. Our worthy President proposes to donate a melodeon, and the necessary number of "Spiritual Harps," to establish a good choir. The Spiritualists of St. Joseph are composed of men and women whose moral characters are above reproach, and having tested the truths contained in our beautiful philosophy, they desire to impart them to others. More anon. Most truly thine,

DANIEL WHITE, M. D.

St. Joseph, Mo., Sept. 22nd, 1871.

The itch of originality infects too many of our modern writers. They are misty, but not mystics—writers, but not authors.

E. V. Wilson and Settled Speakers.

DETROIT, Aug. 31, 1871.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

The *Journal* of the 12th and 19th of August inst., contains an article in continuation, by E. V. Wilson, nominally on the question of "Settled Speakers," but which is in reality a personal issue between Mr. Wilson and Mr. J. M. Peebles. I am led to notice it only from the reference which is made to the Detroit Society and myself. Until those engaged in the active work of Spiritualism come to treat each other with at least the courtesy and common honor which highwaymen evince for one another, it will make little difference whether the speakers are "settled" or "unsettled." If Spiritualism is simply a prize ring, where brutality and muscle are the governing forces, it is a point gained to ascertain the fact. There are those who do not affinitize with the gentry of the ring, and unless they enjoy the amusement of pocket picking and broken heads, to say nothing of bruises of the spirit, (themselves being the victims) they may prudently withdraw, if the event prove that they have fallen among thieves. We can honor those who have formed the vanguard of an unpopular cause, and whose broad breasts have received the envenomed shafts of its foes for years, but if in thus doing they have become so fully charged with fight that they rush with equal fury at friend and foe alike, the aggregate of gain is scarcely worth estimating.

I do not, therefore, propose to discuss the subject of "Settled Speakers," nor do I intend to become a party to the personal issue between Mr. Wilson and Mr. Peebles. The last named gentleman is now absent in Europe, and Mr. Wilson has the field to himself, unless some of the more immediate friends of Mr. Peebles voluntarily champion his cause in his absence. My desire is simply to speak of the Detroit part of the controversy, and to correct some erroneous impressions which Mr. Wilson's treatment of it are calculated to leave on the mind of the reader.

THE TREBIZOND APPOINTMENT.

I will digress to say a word in regard to the Trebizond appointment, which Mr. Wilson speaks of as "an insult to Spiritualism." This depends upon circumstances. In going abroad, the official character which Mr. Peebles bore was an advantage to him, even though it brought no pecuniary reward. What his motive was in asking for or accepting the appointment, is more than I know. I think, however, there can be but one opinion as to the indelicacy of the *Universe* in giving the appointment the prominence which it did. How far Mr. P. may have approved of this, is also beyond my knowledge. But this is of little consequence.

DETROIT SOCIETY.

Mr. Peebles spoke to the Spiritualists of Detroit for several weeks, commencing on the second Sunday of January, 1869, and closing with the second Sunday of March. About the time of closing his labors, he wrote for the *Banner of Light*,—for which he was then a contributor,—a brief account of the Detroit Society, speaking of it as an "excellent society," not a "nice society," as Mr. Wilson has it. This at least was the heading. No one here, so far as I am aware, discovered anything either horrible or silly in this article. It was deemed complimentary to the Society, but no more than just. Mr. Wilson, however, seems to have viewed it with a critical eye, and made some strictures upon it in the *Journal*. In the *Journal* of the 12th inst., Mr. Wilson says: "To this article there came no response until after Bro. Peebles' appointment as Consul." Mr. Wilson's chronology is at fault here. The consular appointment was not made until some time in July, and my first letter was written in May. Before going further, I quote from Mr. Wilson's recent version of the matter, as follows:

"A short time before Bro. Peebles sailed for Europe, the *Religio-Philosophical Journal* received a letter of inquiry from Detroit, written by Judge McCracken, asking the cause, and wherefore of Bro. Wilson's article on 'A nice Society.' We happened to be in the office at the time the letter was handed us. Instantly a voice said to us, 'Do not publish this letter yet.' As is our rule, we obeyed the voice; the letter lay over three or four numbers. In the meantime we received letters from Detroit (uncalled for by us) fully sustaining every point we had made against 'A nice Society.' Later, Bro. Peebles wrote to S. S. Jones, of the *R. P. Journal*, petulantly demanding 'why the communication from the Detroit friends had not been published;—or will you publish one side of the question and not the other.' This was just what we wanted. The enemy's fire was uncovered, and we knew the actual mover, if not original writer of the McCracken letter, and then the correspondence was given to the world. In good time we replied to these letters, and were at once invited to Detroit, speaking there the four Sundays in October, 1869. While there we gathered up some precious facts about the polished 'St. John of Modern Spiritualism,' Bro. Peebles, the settled speaker, which did him no good."

Here are a number of statements thrown together with a somewhat reckless disregard of facts, or of the relation of facts to each other. The correspondence which Wilson speaks

of as having been "given to the world" after my letter had lain over three or four numbers, consisted of the letter from myself, and another signed Butler. Wilson speaks of "letters from Detroit (uncalled for by us) fully sustaining every point we have made." These letters from Detroit appear to be nothing more nor less than the Butler letter. That letter was a fraud, so shown to be by my letter in answer to it. What, then, of the "voice" which guides Mr. Wilson in his action? He receives a letter from a known responsible source, couched in respectful terms. His monitorial voice instantly says, "Do not publish this letter yet." The letter is held over three or four numbers, until its effect can, as is thought, be neutralized by a fraud, and then the correspondence is "given to the world." Of course I believe what Mr. Wilson says, that the Butler letter was uncalled for by him, nor do I suppose that he was aware of its fraudulent character when published. But his "voice" is a bad one: Whether the voice directed that the correspondence should be placed on one of the inner pages of the *Journal* and not in the "Frontier Department," where the matter to which it related first appeared, and whether the same voice directed that the Butler letter should be given precedence, is not stated.

WILSON'S CHRONOLOGY.

I have corrected Mr. Wilson's chronology in one particular, and there seems some strange incongruity as to time in other respects, to which attention is requested. Wilson says that my letter lay over three or four numbers. If not more than that, would Peebles have been likely to have written Jones a petulant letter on the subject? A delay of three or four numbers in a weekly paper is not necessarily unreasonable; and Peebles was in Portland, a good thousand miles from Chicago. My recollection is that my letter did not lay over more than two or three numbers. Mr. Jones wrote me in reply that it would appear, I think, in No. 12 of that year, which, according to present numbering, would make it the first or second week in June. Yet Wilson says the letter was not received until after Peebles' consular appointment, and a short time before he sailed for Europe, which was in August. Dates are of some importance in the matter of this alleged petulant letter from Peebles. Let us figure up. The article in the *Banner of Light* relative to the Detroit Society was published March 27, 1869. A week or two must have elapsed before Wilson's answer could have appeared in the *Journal*, which would bring it near the middle of April. My attention was called to the subject in a letter from Peebles, written, I think, from Portland (perhaps from Boston) in which he enclosed the Wilson article, and requested me to write an answer to it. Thus Wilson's reply must have traveled from Chicago to Boston or Portland, been read by Peebles, and by him returned to me, which would have put the date of my letter forward to the early part of May. Now, is it not possible that Mr. Wilson has by mistake quoted from somebody else's petulant letter, instead of Peebles'? It is within my recollection also, although I may be mistaken because I have not the letter, that Mr. Jones, in acknowledging the receipt of my letter, stated that the same mail brought letters from other parties in Detroit—probably referring to the Butler letter. If I am correct in this, Mr. Wilson is mistaken in the presumption that the other letters from Detroit, to which he refers, were of a later date than mine. But the files of the *R. P. Journal* will unravel this part of the problem.

SEARCH FOR DATES.

I have endeavored to get the dates of my own and the Butler letter, and the date of their publication, writing to Mr. Jones, of the *R. P. Journal*, for the facts. He replies that upon examination of his files he cannot find them. Wilson says that the petulant letter from Peebles was just what he wanted, because it uncovered the enemy's fire, and that "then [and for that reason, of course] the correspondence was given to the world." Mr. Jones' promise to publish my letter was made soon after it was received by him, so that Wilson is mistaken in saying that its publication was governed by the reason which he gives, or else Jones did not intend to publish it as he agreed to. My letter was written in manifold, as is my custom where occasion calls for it, and I sent one copy of it to Peebles, advising him also of Jones' promise to publish it. It is my firm belief that a comparison of the date of my letter with the date of its publication, will show that the one followed the other with such reasonable time as to show the improbability of Peebles having written the petulant letter that Wilson ascribes to him. And again, if my letter was not received until a short time before Peebles sailed for Europe, how long a time was it before Peebles wrote the petulant letter? And where did he write it from? Was it from Boston, on the ocean, or from Trebizond? How long is a "short time" in Wilson's chronology? There is a strange twist here, which Mr. Wilson, with his particular observance of dates and facts, ought to be able to reconcile.

ORIGIN OF LETTERS.

If the fact be of any importance, I will state that my letters to the *Journal* were written at the suggestion of Mr. Peebles.

Mr. Wilson seems to place some stress upon their origin. While they were written at the suggestion of Mr. Peebles, they were neither inspired nor dictated by him in their terms or thoughts, and certainly Peebles was not the "original writer of the McCracken letter." I trust Mr. Wilson will feel assured that I am capable of writing my own letters. The question of origin is, however, of little consequence. The merit of the point is, whether they are just and true. They came properly from me as President of the Society, because they related to the Society.

INVITED TO DETROIT (?).

Mr. Wilson further says: "In good time we replied to these letters, and were at once invited to Detroit." In plain language, then, having published an article which was an insult to the Society, the Society endorsed the insult by inviting its author to speak to them. This is the logic of the statement. The facts are these: The Society Board at that time was composed of six persons. Myself and one other member of the Board were absent from the city. Probably not one of the remaining members of the Board ever heard of Wilson's articles, as but few copies of the *Journal* are taken here. Wilson, with other speakers, had been corresponded with, relative to engagements for the future. Wilson replied to the Secretary's letter, and, as the matter required immediate action, the Secretary visited personally those members of the Board who were accessible—a bare majority—and got their assent to the engagement. The subject was never acted upon by the Board in session; and had it been presented to a full Board, it is very doubtful whether Mr. Wilson would have been invited here at that time. But the engagement thus made was carried out in good faith, and Mr. Wilson received the best treatment that the Society and its officers and members could extend to any speaker.

THE "VOICE" AND THE BUTLER FRAUD!

Another point: Wilson speaks of "letters from Detroit (that is, the Butler fraud) fully sustaining every point" he had made against the Detroit Society. It is out of my recollection what his "points" were, but this is the logic of the case: He had made some points against the Society; these points were controverted in a letter from the President of the Society; other letters from Detroit (namely, the Butler fraud) fully sustained every point that Wilson had made. Then, either the President of the Society, or the mythical Butler, lied. I do not blame Mr. Wilson for placing me in this predicament; I only blame the "voice" which told him to credit the fraud instead of the genuine.

COLLECTING FACTS.

One fact touching Mr. Wilson's labors here. The Detroit Society had followed the usual order of religious meetings, including singing, using the Spiritual Harp. Thinking, from the strictures which he had previously passed upon the Society and its formalism, that Mr. Wilson might have a genuine disrelish for those things, I said to him that the Society had never officially adopted any method; that the alternation of singing, etc., was purely a thing of practice and not of rule; and that he was at liberty to conduct the meetings in his own way. He replied approvingly of the order and method of the meetings; said, "I like it;" read the pieces from the Harp for the choir, complimented the Harp and thanked its compilers for the service they had rendered the cause of Spiritualism in its preparation, and on several occasions complimented Mr. Peebles personally from the platform. And yet it seems he was at the same time collecting facts which he claims were discreditable to Mr. Peebles, as noticed in the next paragraph.

Mr. Wilson speaks further of facts which he gathered here to the discredit of Mr. Peebles. It seems to me that it would be more just to state the facts, if he had any, than to intimate their existence without stating them. What statements may have been poured into willing ears by prejudiced or mischief-making persons, I do not know. But I do know that with the Spiritualists of Detroit, as a whole, and by others who know him, Mr. Peebles is held in high estimation both as a speaker and a gentleman. I cannot well resist the conclusion that there seems a disposition on the part of Mr. Wilson to make a case against Mr. Peebles by the force of assertion merely, whether the facts sustain it or not. I submit that with the analysis which I have given of the Detroit portion of Mr. Wilson's presentment, there is nothing that exposes Mr. Peebles to censure or dishonor in the slightest degree. How it may be with other allegations that I have no knowledge of, I of course cannot say, but if they rest on no better foundation, Mr. Peebles will not be damaged by them. I am not a man worshipper by any means. Mr. Peebles is no more a saint than many others of us. He has his failings, no doubt, even if his accusers are faultless. But not being his worshipper, I am yet his friend and do no more than an act of friendship in vindicating him in his absence, deeming him unjustly assailed.

"FLOURISHES AND GASPS."

It may be a topic of inquiry with some why the Detroit Society flourished under Peebles' ministrations, and why it has given scarcely a gasp since Wilson lectured. Conclusions should not be hastily drawn. Facts and circumstances are the only criterion to judge by. A brief review of the history of the Society seems to be demanded.

Before there was any Society organization, five gentlemen joined, of their own motion, in renting a hall for a year, and corresponded with Mr. Peebles,—the intention being to hire him for six months or a year, as he had previously lectured here and was well liked. I was not one of the number, but I understand that the correspondence was on this basis, and some disappointment was expressed when Mr. Peebles left us. I am unable to say whether the engagement was specific for a given time or not, or what his understanding of it was. A judicial inquiry might be necessary to determine whether there was a binding engagement or not. Of this I shall speak after a little.

SOCIETY ORGANIZED.

The Society was organized some two or three weeks after Mr. Peebles came and sought to carry out the programme which the five gentlemen had commenced. Everything went smoothly and prosperously to all appearances. It was an "excellent Society" in its general features and prospects. The meetings were well attended, the hall being generally filled every evening, and the last evening Mr. Peebles lectured the attendance was larger than ever before, the hall being crowded to its full capacity. So there was no diminution of interest. The seeds of failure, however, were in the Society. First, it had no sufficient financial basis. It had assumed the engagements of another party, without the means to carry them out. It had a monthly subscription, which came in by dribblets when it came at all. The Sunday collections were regarded as liberal, ranging from ten to twenty dollars per Sunday. But these sources of revenue were not sufficient to meet the current expenses of the Society, which were in some respects perhaps on a more liberal scale than was necessary. Young societies, like young persons, sometimes lack the prudence which governs older heads. When Mr. Peebles left, the indebtedness of the Society was about one hundred dollars. I do not think that he had any knowledge of the state of the finances. No financial statement had been submitted. The Treasurer, with more liberality than prudent caution, had made advances from his own pocket, instead of calling upon the Society to foot its own bills as they became due. Yet I believe that had it been definitely known that Mr. Peebles would remain with us, the entire deficit could have been raised by a single appeal, and that means would have been forthcoming for the year's expenses. I give it as the opinion of fully nine-tenths of those who were regular attendants at the meetings, that Mr. Peebles' continuance with us would have ensured the entire success of the Society. Opinions, however, are not facts. We know what has been, and can speculate upon what might have been.

PEEBLES LEAVES—SOCIETY DECLINES.

When Mr. Peebles left, the Society suffered a sudden decline. A number of the monthly subscribers declined further payment on the plea that their subscriptions were predicated upon Peebles' engagement. Under these and other discouraging circumstances, the Board shrunk from assuming responsibility in making further permanent or even monthly engagements, and the platform was supplied during the balance of the spring by such chance engagements as could be made. In the meantime the rent account was accumulating, and the Society was in bad shape. The meetings were wholly suspended for a couple of months during the summer. The existing indebtedness was necessarily taken care of by those who were personally responsible for it, and under the hope that the fall might bring a revival, speakers were engaged for the months of September and October,—Mr. Wilson for the latter month. It was a forlorn hope, however. The September engagement, with one of the best speakers in the field—Mrs. Nellie Brigham—did but poorly. Mr. Wilson scarcely did better. But for the lucky thought of throwing around his last evening the attraction of his spirit delineations, and charging an admission fee of 25 cents, the fund would have been provokingly short. As it was, extra contributions were levied to a considerable extent, and at the close, fifteen dollars was still lacking to pay Wilson's salary. Mr. Wilson generously said, "Make me up ten dollars, and I will donate five to the Society." The sum was advanced by a member of the Board, leaving, however, other indebtedness to be provided for. This concluded the work of the Society for the time being. It afterwards made a feeble effort to do something, but only to fall more hopelessly. Wilson was less a success than Peebles, although, as will be seen, there were reasons for it other than personal ones. Peebles rode on the flood, and Wilson on the ebb tide. It is worthy of remark, however, that the tide set with increasing volume in one direction as long as Peebles re-

mained, the only failure being in the matter of finance, and this has been fully explained. It is also worthy of remark that the tide ebbed suddenly when he left. If these facts are of any value as to the relative popularity of Peebles and Wilson, or if they have any bearing upon the "settled speakers" question, they are given for what they are worth.

The terms of Peebles' engagement here, and the disappointment and regret felt when he left, have been alluded to. Suppose that he did engage to stay for six months or a year; if those with whom he made the engagement were unwilling that he should leave, they should have made formal objection at the time, else they forfeit all right to complain. He may not have understood that he was under such an engagement. He had a right to his understanding of it, and if others understood it differently, they should have told him so, and thus made an issue which mutual explanations might have settled satisfactorily. Some persons complained that his labors with the Society were confined to Sunday, thinking that he should have devoted more of his time to it. He had a book in press in Chicago, where a portion of his time was spent during the week, and while here he was largely occupied in writing. Individuals may not have been satisfied with his conduct in these things, but if it was contrary to the terms or spirit of his engagement, it should have been brought to his notice officially, instead of being bandied about in the way of private complaint. I never heard these objections raised until after he left. Mr. Wilson himself gave no attention to the Society except on Sundays.

CONCLUSION.

I have given this review and this history thus fully, because I have wished to cover all material points, and because it may be of interest here and elsewhere. I could not well do the subject justice in less space. I have extenuated nothing, nor have I aught set down in malice. I have written with the intention of being understood, thus hoping to avoid the necessity of again appearing in print.

One word personal to myself. There may be those who, in considering the causes of failure of the Detroit Society, will charitably conclude that its history might have been different if it had had a better President. This position I shall not question. I can only express the hope that if any objector is ever placed at the head of a society composed of such harmonious and amiable material as the Detroit Society was, that its career may be more successful than was that of the Detroit Society.

S. B. McCracken.

PHENOMENAL.

We have intended for some time to write something of our personal experiences with these excellent test mediums,

THE SHERMAN FAMILY,

living at Gahanna, Central Ohio.

We had heard favorable reports of their mediumship, but as it is said that "seeing is believing, and feeling is the naked truth," we did not propose to rely upon any less evidence than our own senses. During our visit to Franklin Co., in July, to attend Grove Meetings, it was our good fortune to meet these mediums at the house of Virgil Moore and at John Sherman's, and to the best of our ability testing the truly wonderful manifestations there given to us and others.

These mediums are Mr. John Sherman and his two sons, Moses and Henry. At Mr. Moore's, Henry and his father, and Mr. Harris, who plays the violin in their circles and is largely mediumistic, were present as mediums. The circle was held in Mr. Moore's sitting room. Only our wife and self, besides the family and mediums named, were present.

The instruments used were a guitar, drum, triangle, and a tin trumpet about two feet in length. Mr. Allen, assisted by us, secured Henry to his chair with a rope, placing such private marks upon it that it could not be untied without our detecting it. Mr. Virgil Moore was selected to hold John Sherman by the hands during the manifestations.

It should be remembered that not one of this company had ever witnessed any manifestations by these mediums, and hence our precaution and efforts to detect if possible. We feel confident there never was a skeptic, or any number of them, who ever entered upon the examination of a subject with a more sincere desire and fuller determination to know the truth of the matter, than that small, select circle.

Henry being securely fastened, Mr. Moore holding

John Sherman with a skeptic's grip by the hands, Mr. Harris armed and equipped with his violin,—the company joined hands in a circle not over six or eight feet in diameter, with the instruments all lying upon the floor at their feet. The light was then extinguished, and almost instantaneously the guitar, drum, trumpet and triangle, were floated or carried around the room above our heads, frequently being brought against the ceiling with much force, while moving, all the instruments being played upon most of the time, while frequent responses to questions, by the mediums, clearly showed that they were in their seats, and not moving around with the fairy-like instruments; besides the fact that just as soon as the manifestations ceased, light was struck, when the mediums were found just as they were left—Henry firmly secured and his father still under the relentless grip of Mr. Moore.

While the mediums were in this position, the instruments were carried round to different ones; placed on their heads—in their laps—the guitar being thrummed, showing the power to be intelligent. Different ones in the circle were familiarly handled with spirit hands at the same time, while conversation with the mediums being kept up, plainly demonstrated that neither they nor other human hands could have so manifested at the same time to so many.

Besides these, and many other manifestations we have not room to describe, the trumpet was used to convey intelligent sounds; in other words, some power talked through the trumpet, evincing no little degree of reason and logic, which all were satisfied did not and could not emanate from the mediums, or any person in the mortal body.

As a conclusion to the seance, all except Mr. Sherman, Henry, Mr. Virgil Moore and ourself, were requested to leave the room, when the spirits claimed they would untie Henry and retie him and us with the same rope, Mr. Moore still holding his father. Henry was thoroughly examined and found to be firmly secured to the chair, as at first, showing our work of tying was well done. Seating ourselves close together—Henry, his father, Mr. Moore and ourself—all others left the room, taking the light with them. Mr. Moore held Mr. Sherman firmly by the hands. Very soon we could hear the rope flying off of Henry, and at the same time we felt more than one pair of hands tying the rope round our wrists and limbs. It was quickly done. Not over five minutes could have elapsed; light was called, which on being at once brought in, showed Mr. Moore firmly holding Henry's father by the hands, while Henry and ourself were closely bound together with one rope, seemingly more secure and enduring than the bond of matrimony to some people; in fact, we were tied together so securely that we must have remained thus, only for the assistance of our friends in releasing us, after they had fully satisfied themselves that the tying was some thing entirely beyond our power to perform. We feel perfectly confident, and hesitate not to say, we know that human hands did not do it.

The following evening we devoted again to examining tests by these mediums, at Mr. John Sherman's house. This time Moses, the eldest son, was present. The seance was for us specially. We tied both the boys securely to the separate chairs they used. We held their father by both hands, placing our left foot upon Henry's feet and our right upon the feet of Moses.

While in this position, all the instruments were played upon—a large drum being carried full ten feet, to the corner of the room, where the "reveille of the drummer boy" was executed with fine effect. Speaking through the trumpet, when the name of our spirit sister and an aunt were distinctly and correctly given; and in answer to our mental request that as many spirit hands touch us at the same time as possible, we distinctly felt six pair of hands upon different parts of our person at the same instant! Such evidence of spirit existence cannot be gainsayed. If you want demonstration, send for the Shermans. Address, John Sherman, Gahanna, O.

A. A. W.

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A. A. WHELOCK, 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.

"Our Shaker in England."

The above is the heading to an article in the *Golden Age* of Sept. 23th 1871, the only paper, report says, that ever "paid from the start." This number gives Horace Greeley a well-deserved dressing down, for his contemptible criticism and pretended report of the Eighth National Convention of Spiritualists. Mr. Greeley was once progressive and brave. In those days the *Tribune* was our political bible. They are now past. Greeley, by a narrow religious conservatism, is out-living his usefulness. His first days were his best days. Spiritualists—a word in your ears—drop the New York *Tribune*. There are 11,000,000 of you. If the brain of Horace is not vulnerable his pocket is. Republican Spiritualists, take the New York *Times*. It is an honorable Journal; and the New York *World*, a Democratic sheet, able and spicy, treats Spiritualists fairly and impartially. The *Golden Age* is rightly named "golden."

But to "our Shaker"—Theodore Tilton and Elder F. W. Evans are warm personal friends. The following is from the pen of Elder Frederic, in the *Golden Age* of the 23d ult.

Various classes in England were interested. The Spiritualists first, as Emma Hardinge was just about to take her leave of English Spiritualists, who had so graciously dealt by her. Then the Co-operatives are an extensive, growing and influential class in England. And after them, but closely allied to them, came the old personal friends of Robert Owen and those who accept his principles—the sceptical, untheological classes, and the Rationalists, who are fast friends of the Shakers, and thorough investigators of their claims and ideas. Then to all of these we add two others, the statesmen and even members of Parliament, who feel that England rests upon a volcano which may burst with destructive fury at any moment, and also the religious people who have faith that God will in some way actualize the millennium and not leave the people to accomplish a Paris insurrection.

So there was no lack of people who wanted to hear more of the peculiar socialistic Communism of an Order which had made a theory a definite, prosperous, and most promising fact. Men are learning to judge institutions by their fruits. It was no cause of wonder, then, that when a meeting was called in St. George's Hall, and all of these parties came to attend, that the hall was too small by once if not twice; for hundreds who came, failed to gain admittance to the Shaker lecture. The London *Times* reporter was the most fair and independent of all the newspapers in England. The reports of the meetings being copied by the provincial press, I soon began to receive invitations to lecture in other places—some as far as Glasgow and Edinburgh. I am much indebted to my friend J. Burns, who is also my publisher in London, No. 15 Southampton Row, Holborn. He is editor of the *Medium* and *Daybreak* and *Human Nature*, and keeps a progressive library, and is the head centre of radical ideas in England. I am under many obligations to him for assistance in working up the various meetings which were held in London, Bradford, Bishop, Dukland, Birmingham, Worcester, Manchester, and Liverpool, all of which were well attended by deeply interested audiences. J. Burns, and J. M. Peebles (author of several works on Spiritualism,) were present at many of these meetings, and took occasion to speak upon the subject of Spiritualism, of which they are most able advocates.

It is not generally known, even by Spiritualists themselves, that Spiritualism came out of Shakerism. All Shakers are Spiritualists, but all Spiritualists are not Shakers, in matters of "temperance in all things," and the practice of the sexual self-denial. In the first appearing of Christ, and the century following, demons—"wicked spirits of the dead"—obsessed many. Jesus, the apostles, and others constituting the Pentecostal Church, cast them out. So in this second appearing of Christ, there is very much of obsession, with the accompanying "unfruitful works of darkness."

Many poor obsessed media have either visited us or come under our observation. Experience has taught us how to deal with these disorders, and disorderly spirits too. Only religious Spiritualism can stand. All the rest will perish with the curiosity which it excites.

I am well satisfied with my English mission. The fields are "white unto the harvest" sickles of Shakerism, and I think the long looked-for time has fully come for the establishment of the order of Christ's second appearing in England. This is the opening of the second cycle or sounding of the second thunder, of the "seventh thunders," which contained the sacred history of the Gentile Pentecostal Church.

"There were giants in those days." Virginia papers tell us that railway workmen between Weldon and Graysburg recently discovered a catacomb of skeletons, remnants of a lost and forgotten race. The bodies were strong in appearance and remarkable in formation. The skulls were an inch in thickness, the size of the head very large, and the teeth filed sharp, the animal remaining perfect. In full life they must have been eight and ten feet in height. The bodies were packed up in a mound tier upon tier, and near them were sharp stones, arrows, mortars, pipes, and implements of industry. The mystery is, who were these giants? To what period of the world's chronology did these lost tribes belong? And why do they not measurably reproduce their history through modern media? That a superior race preceded the Indians originally discovered, is susceptible of the clearest demonstration. What of them?

Child murder;—is it not dreadful! According to statistics and official statements in London journals, three thousand infants are murdered yearly in the city. This number has no reference to fatal destruction and abortions. Four hundred and eighty-one of these murdered innocents were found in the streets. Others disappeared without any trace whatever. Talk about the heathen Chinese murdering their "female infants," when Christian nations murder both male and female indiscriminately, and almost by the wholesale. Many have yet to learn that the infant is an immortal being from the moment of embryonic conception. Purposed abortion at any period is, therefore, murder. Physicians, parents, will be necessitated to meet these "little ones," these blasted buds, in the future life. Terrible the retribution!

Mrs. Mary L. Strong—formerly Mrs. Langston—now a resident of Dayton, Ohio, designs to lecture during the winter. She is regarded by those who have listened to her inspirations, as an excellent speaker, and is certainly gifted with superior clairvoyant powers. Address her, Dayton, O.

Spiritualism, as a phenomenon and a philosophy, was never moving through the world in such rapid strides as at present. But whether it is to become a grand organic movement in the future, or operate as a diffusive principle, enlightening the world of theology, remains to be seen.

The able article from S. B. McCracken, Esq. of Detroit, entitled "E. V. Wilson and Settled Speakers," which will be found on the 4th and 5th pages of this number, was sent to the *Religio Philosophical Journal* at the time it bears date, but not having appeared in that paper, we are authorized to publish it from a duplicate copy. The sub-heads are our own.

OUR LYCEUM CELEBRATION.

LARGEST Gathering of Lyceums ever held.

Procession Half a Mile Long!

One Thousand Flags Waving

ARMY OF PROGRESSION MARCHING.

A GRAND SUCCESS.

It is with feelings of pride and great satisfaction that we undertake the pleasing task of giving to our readers an account of the recent Lyceum Celebration and Pic-nic in Cleveland.

Now that the excitement of the occasion has passed, and we sit down in quiet reflection upon what transpired; think of the labor and efforts of our friends to bring it about; see in our memory so vividly, the long procession of moving banners, that with bands of music marched through the streets of this beautiful city, eliciting by their splendid appearance words of commendation from opponents,—and then think how these seven or eight Lyceums gathered here were but the advance guard of a mighty army of Progress, whose steady tramp will yet be heard round the world, when unity of purpose finds expression in unity of action,—we can but rejoice more and more, as we reflect upon the signal success attending this annual gathering of the Lyceums of Ohio.

Another noticeable and healthy sign of the final reign of reason, displacing hateful prejudice and bigotry, was the respectful manner in which the press—with one exception—spoke of the celebration and its exercises.

The following from the Cleveland *Plain Dealer* is truly characteristic of candor and fairness:

Convention of Spiritualists.

A LARGE GATHERING — PROCESSION — EXERCISES AT CENTRAL RINK—LECTURE BY MRS. WOODHULL AND BALL IN THE EVENING.

On Tuesday a largely attended convention—or union picnic as the programme terms it—of the Spiritualists of this part of the State was held in Central Rink.

The Lyceums assembled early in the morning at the Union Passenger depot, those already in town there meeting those arriving by train. A procession was formed headed by the Grays' band and having the Painesville cornet band about the middle of the column. The route of march was through Water street to St. Clair, to Bank, to Superior, to Erie, to Euclid and down to the Rink. The procession was composed of men, women and children, each one carrying a flag or a banner, and altogether presenting a very pretty and quite novel appearance. The Lyceums of Cleveland, Painesville, Toledo, Norwalk, Kirtland, Geneva and Thompson were well represented. The chief marshal of the procession was Mr. A. A. Wheelock, who, we understand, organized the various Lyceums named.

Arrived at the Rink the Painesville band played several selections of music, while the delegates were being arranged in the seats by divisions and Lyceums. Mr. C. I. Thacher, of Cleveland—Conductor of Cleveland Lyceum,—president of the day and the person by whose efforts mainly the convention was brought about, then invited the speakers and conductors of Lyceums to seats upon the platform.

The Daily Cleveland *Herald* has the following:

The procession consisted of about a thousand people, comprising eight Lyceums, a large proportion of them being women and children, and presented a novel appearance. Arriving at the Rink the exercises of the day were introduced by an address of welcome from Master Eugene Johnson. Following this, A. A. Wheelock, editor of the AMERICAN SPIRITUALIST, was introduced and delivered an address. The Shakers' choir entertained the audience for a brief time in their peculiar way, and following this was the calisthenic exercises of the Lyceums from the following places in order:—Painesville, Geneva, Thompson, Kirtland and Cleveland.

Time was taken to discuss a substantial repast which had been taken from the swelling baskets of the celebratists and spread upon tables in the Rink; and after dinner the exer-

ercises were continued. The Painesville Lyceum by special request gave a further display of exercises of the body, showing much proficiency and entertaining the audience handsomely. J. M. Peebles delivered a brief but stirring address, declaring and manifesting a hearty interest in the cause of the advancement of the principles of Spiritualism. He said that the enthusiasm had been caught in England and that three progressive Lyceums had been formed, and that Spiritualism was about to take root also on German soil.

The following is the excellent address of welcome delivered by Master Eugene Johnson, of the Cleveland Lyceum. It was finely rendered, Eugene maintaining his reputation of "our young Lyceum Orator."

You are welcome, all. Welcome from your sunny homes, your happy hearthstones, your cheery nooks, to the hospitality of our city, the joy of our assembly, the altar in the sanctuary of our temple of hearts. Welcome as fast and firm friends of our lovely and enduring principles of progression. Welcome, too, as fellow men pressing onward through life to its final goal. Thrice welcome as our friends, bound together by ties most sacred and indissoluble—Faith, Hope and Death. Not one of this multitude to-day but feels a touch of the harmony which echoes the clarion shout of Welcome! not a heart here which throbs not in tender sympathy with every guest; not a soul but feels the breath of kindred souls warm into ecstasy by this social gathering of love.

The melancholy grandeur of autumn envelopes us with the embrace of a golden harvest reaped. We breathe the atmospheric wave that has kissed the clusters of the vine, and bask in the gentle light which gleams over the pathway of departed summer; but from these we turn to the happy throng gathered here to-day and breathe the air of friendship unalloyed, bask in the sunshine of happy hearts and faces, and repeat our song of "Welcome, welcome, welcome all."

We come hither to see the strength and grandeur of the wave of human progress, rolling upon the bosom of the ocean of life; to witness the advances it has made toward the shore of infinite perfection, whither it rolls; and our hearts rejoice that so many witnesses to the truths of philosophy join in celebrating the festivities of this happy hour. It points us to the future with a surance that as to-day we welcome these joyous multitudes to our halls of joy so shall we, ere long, welcome to the shrine of our philosophy, the doubting thousands who to-day grope along the beaten rut of the centuries ago.

It is a cheering thought to us as we welcome to-day, that no discordant element intrudes itself upon us, that no dark blot of infidelity tinges the happy page of history we are making to-day; no stygian shadow of uncompromising jealousy or rivalry hangs between us and the light we cherish. But we meet as met the morning stars which sang together, reflecting the light from the fountain, calm, joyous and serene, radiant with the blush of Aurora peeping through the golden gate in the Orient. So we meet and greet to-day, the fadeless rays of love and truth hursting through a thousand hearts in all the splendor of their original fountain-head, while the chorus which chimes in every beaming face wakes the echoes which herald the dawn of the halcyon morn of life and peace.

Well was it said that "he who educates a nation's children shapes its destiny." If that education is softened by the touches of love such as brings us together to-day, if elevated in character by social contact, that nation whose destiny is committed to our care shall always, in its standards, float the symbol of prominent and enduring harmony and peace. In this relation, then, we are friends and brothers all, and we meet each other to be glad in the happiness of all, to wake the echoes in the halls of our great joy, and to prepare, in part, for the coming day which shall bring us the glory and labor of power. From youth to maturity is the part of the pathway of life we are treading to-day. The stars of destiny shed around us their mellow light, and herald our coronation morn. Together we are marching on, and exchange greetings by the way, reflect each others smiles, and tune anew our harps to the echoing lay of "Welcome! welcome! welcome!"

The reporter of the Painesville *Journal*, who accompanied the Painesville Lyceum, gives a gentlemanly and candid report of the celebration, filling over a column in that paper, from which we take the following extracts:

We may here remark that the Painesville Band was highly complimented by the people of Cleveland, standing on the sidewalks all along the line of march, which was up Water, St. Clair, Bank, Superior and Erie streets, and down Euclid avenue to the Rink. As they approached their destination the Cleveland Lyceum—marching then in single file—separated into two lines facing each other, allowing the remainder of the procession to pass by and be blessed by a look at the happy faces, and as they marched into the building they left the strains of music from the Grays' band outside only to take

up those of the Painesville band inside. After all had entered the Grays came in and favored them with one piece, after which they disbanded for the day.

The Painesville band being escorted to the stage, after the necessary delay the exercises were opened by a selection by the band, followed by a piece from the Cleveland choir.

* * * * *

Mr. A. G. Smith's fine singing was followed by the delivery of a communication from the spirit world by Mr. Emery Olds. Mr. A. A. Wheelock, in behalf of Mrs. Woodhull, presented each Lyceum with six large, well-bound books, after which Miss Stella Smith delivered a very pretty piece. The exercises were closed by a few remarks from Mr. Peebles, and a general shaking of hands. Many left on the evening train for home, the balance remaining to hear Mrs. Woodhull speak in the evening and to trip the light fantastic toe to the time of the Cleveland Grays' band. The Society of Spiritualists is as yet small—but for all that the managers of the different associations and the general directors manifest as much zeal and interest as they would were their Lyceums the large institutions which they hope to see them. We have omitted heretofore to say that there were a number of neat, tidy and good looking Shakers present who were quite a curiosity to a great many present.

Too much praise cannot be accorded to the Cleveland Lyceum for the promptness both old and young manifested in being at Union Depot "on time," to meet the other Lyceums at the early hour of seven o'clock.

As the long trains came in with their precious freight of happy children and starry flags, from the different parts of Northern Ohio, their presence seemed to say,—

"Up from the meadows rich with corn,
Clear in the cool September morn,"
These Lyceum children one and all
Forward march to the bugle call,
Of freedom's guard, the advancing van,
In triumph aiding the progress of man.

The Cleveland Lyceum were in rank with banners flying, and when the trains came into Union Depot they "presented flags," while the Cleveland Grays' band discoursed sweet music.

The Procession soon formed with Grays' band leading and the Painesville band about midway in the column, when the line of march to Central Rink—as advertised—was duly executed. The marching was splendid. All the Lyceums seemed to vie with each other in presenting a fine appearance.

Crowds of eager spectators thronged the sidewalks and windows of buildings, and while the procession was passing on Superior street, all business except gazing with wonder upon the Spiritualists' marching column of Lyceum children, was nearly suspended for the time.

Each Lyceum with their full equipments, and especially their starry flags fluttering in the breeze, helped to make the appearance of the column in its march very attractive.

The Cleveland Lyceum equipments were entirely new. Their flags were made of rich merino, fourteen different shades, in accordance with recommendations in the Lyceum Guide. The flag-staffs were turned walnut, mounted with gilt spear heads. The Guardian's flag was deep green, five feet by three, with a wide gold fringe around it. The badges were entirely new; beautiful rosettes with gilt stars in the center—the officers' and leaders' being trimmed with gold and silver,—and three streamers, across which diagonally the name of the Lyceum was printed.

Conspicuous in the procession was the tall form of Mr. Charles Thompson, carrying the large banner of the Cleveland Lyceum.

To the rear of the Cleveland Lyceum came Wm. G. Smithers, bearing aloft the beautiful banner of the Toledo Lyceum, which cost \$100,—a full description of which was given in this journal recently. The other Lyceums had beautiful banners and complete equipments.

It was regretted that the friends from Norwalk and Milan did not reach the city in season to join in

the procession, but they were warmly welcomed at the Rink.

We heard much praise of the silver cornet Band of Painesville, as well as our Cleveland Grays.

AT THE RINK.

After all had reached the inside of this spacious enclosure the indoor exercises commenced, all of which are quite specially recited in their order in the above extracts from the daily papers.

The following speakers were present: Victoria C. Woodhull, J. M. Peebles, Cephas B. Lynn, Eli F. Brown, O. L. Sutliff, O. P. Kellog, Emma Martin, Sarah M. Thompson, Dr. J. K. Bailey and A. A. Wheelock.

Among the great number of strangers and visitors we noticed: James Wilson and wife, Conductor and Guardian of Bridgeport (Conn.) Lyceum; Thomas Hornbrook and wife, of Wheeling, Va; John B. Walker and wife, of Youngstown, O., and Mrs. Ella Breed, Guardian of Toledo Lyceum.

Our course our earnest Bro. Cephas B. Lynn, who was present, entering into the full spirit of the joyous occasion, was also busily gathering "locals" for the *Banner of Light*.

Coming all the way from Chicago to attend this celebration, was that well known worker, friend of the children and Lyceums, Lou H. Kimball, publisher of the *Lyceum Banner*; and we want all the children to know that Mrs. Kimball marched with the procession, and carried a flag as did the rest.

When the programme for the forenoon was finished, there came an exercise in which "flags were lowered" and every member and all friends of the Lyceums present were put on special service, at tables spread, nay loaded, with "good things"—with an abundance our eyes never saw excelled.

The exercises in the Rink by the different Lyceums was very entertaining, if the frequent applause of the large audience was any evidence; while we were highly gratified to note the improvement made since the time we organized them,—the Thompson Lyceum being no exception, although only a little over a year old.

The Painesville Lyceum was the best drilled in calisthenic and wing movements. Geneva Lyceum excelled in flag movements. Kirtland Lyceum was more particularly prepared for mental exercises, speaking, &c., but as there was not time for everything in one day, their excellent speakers could not be heard, which was deeply regretted by all. One essay only was given.

The finest exercise of the Cleveland Lyceum, we thought, was the marching of fifteen little girls on the stage, all dressed in white, singing, "This is what we do at the Lyceum,"—illustrating with wing movements. The calisthenics led by Lewie Gleason were well done, as was the marching and flag exercises under the capable management of Mr. Thomas.

An excellent piece was finely rehearsed by Emery Olds.

In behalf of Victoria C. Woodhull, we presented to each Lyceum three sets of her elaborate work, entitled "The Origin, Tendencies and Principles of Government;" also the same number of her sister's very able defense of woman, entitled "Constitutional Equality a right of Woman."

The Lyceums passed a unanimous vote of thanks to Mrs. Woodhull for her generous gift and for her presence at this celebration.

Time arriving when the trains would take visiting Lyceums to their homes, the exercises of the afternoon were closed by a short, earnest and well received speech from our associate, J. M. Peebles.

Not less than three thousand persons were in attendance during the day; many who came from a distance remaining to hear Mrs. Woodhull in the evening.

Continued on 10th page.

THE BRIDGE.

BY MRS. EMMA SCARR LEDSHAM.

There's a safe, strong bridge o'er the river of death,
Built by the angels. Come and see.
It swerves no more in the wind's rude breath
Than the trunk of yon giant forest tree.

'Tis a magical bridge, for in passing o'er
The old grow young and the sorrowful gay,
And the sick are healed ere they reach the shore
Ablaze with the light of eternal day.

No more need the children of mortals fear
To cross the gloomy and turbulent tide,
For the structure is strengthened year by year
By bands of workmen from either side.

In its midst upriseth a column tall,
Supporting a graceful and snow-white dove,
From whose beak dependeth an open scroll,
With the name of the bridge: Immortal Love.

Editorial Correspondence.

"Home again" just in time to harness into the work of assisting in our grand Lyceum Celebration; and in the midst of accumulated business matters, gathering during a two month's absence, we sit down to write of our recent visit East.

Time nor space will not permit us to chronicle the half we saw and heard regarding the still onward sweep of that mighty power of Spiritualism in the East. Our time limited, space limited—worlds of work crowding us,—we must be brief, and must speak of the most we refer to in a general way.

CAMP MEETINGS

are getting to be a decidedly successful way of holding Spiritualist meetings, during the summer, down in Yankee land. A continuous journey of 750 miles by cars, the latter part of July, and we were landed in the midst of the Harwich Camp Meeting, on Cape Cod. [A full report of the meeting was given at the time in this paper.] We refer to it as one of the bright places in the memory of our journeyings, in part lived over by recurring to it. Three years before we were among the thousands who came to the Cape Cod meeting. The faces of old friends and earnest workers greeted us here, as well as many new ones, while some we thought of and met before, we ne'er shall see again.

Returning to Boston, we were domiciled at the pleasant home of Bro. Geo. A. Bacon, whose house is a general resort for the workers, mediums, lecturers, and the literati of Spiritualism.

THE BANNER OF LIGHT.

Calling at the office of this sturdy and faithful advocate of Spiritualism, we found Bro. Colby, though suffering from a recent fall, with the editorial harness on,—Bro. Wilson having gone to the country for a short vacation.

Bro. Colby ought to take a rest, but so identified has his life become with the editorial duties of the good old *Banner*, that we doubt if he could be contented to stay in the body, without the stimulant of some work in that direction. But whether on this side or the other, Luther Colby's great benevolence will make him an untiring and faithful worker for humanity and Spiritualism.

The *Banner's* excellent reporter, Mr. Day, reminded us of a busy bee assisting in the editorial rooms.

In the counting room the genial face of Bro. Wm. White made us glad, as it does every one who sees him, while the manifest order and neatness of everything in this department, plainly shows that Wm. White and the able and affable clerk understand business.

The renowned public circles were discontinued, —as is customary during the hot season—much to

our regret, as we desired to attend some of them, and witness in the circle room the control of one who has been such a faithful instrument in the hands of the angels for so many years, as has Mrs. J. H. Conant.

DR. H. F. GARDNER.

We were much gratified in making the acquaintance of this old and sterling Spiritualist of the East. Dr. Gardner is noted for having a mind and will of his own; and the manner in which he gets up his Abington Grove Meeting, shows an executive ability much needed at the present time, to bring the chaotic elements of Spiritualism into orderly manifestation.

BOSTON HARBOR.

One of the most pleasant days we spent in Boston, was the one in which—accepting the invitation of Bro. Colby,—we took a trip down the harbor. Our party consisted of Bro. Colby, Mrs. Conant, Dr. Peck, Mrs. Lou Bacon, Miss Belle Bacon, and two other ladies whose names we cannot call to mind, and ourselves. It was a very sultry day on the streets of the Hub, but the breeze from the ocean as we steamed down the harbor and back, was most enjoyable; while the different points of interest, the beautiful view we had, and the agreeable company, made the trip very entertaining.

A DAY WITH PROF. DENTON.

Receiving a cordial invitation to visit this modern iconoclast of christian idols, we spent a day with this student of nature, and his pleasant family.

Wm. Denton is plain, frank, sincere and honest, and that is one reason why he moves the people. Another reason: he is brave, bold, fearless, sustaining his deadly thrusts at old errors with indisputable facts, which always feed the people. His geological specimens make a large, varied and most valuable collection. Prof. Denton is an out and out Spiritualist, and it gave us great pleasure to hear him declare it so emphatically in public. We did not visit him as an "interviewer," of the press, but as a friend, with whose great and scholarly mind we held satisfying communion in the quiet of his own home. Mrs. Denton is intelligent, cordial and agreeable. We felt the day was well spent.

MRS. J. H. CONANT.

Among other events which made our visit to Boston a most memorable one, was an evening spent in the *salon* of Mrs. Conant, known "the wide world o'er" as the distinguished medium of the *Banner of Light*, the editor of which formed one of a coterie of friends who were present on that occasion. The elaborate notice which appeared in this paper several weeks ago, written by our associate, we can fully endorse. In our opinion there are but few persons living, the details of whose brief life have been so replete with such wondrously rich experiences. If the forthcoming book about her will but reveal one half, it will be a marvel of a book indeed.

DR. A. P. PIERCE.

In company with our sometimes more than good brother Bacon, who seems to be everywhere welcome, we unexpectedly passed a highly enjoyable evening with a party of friends at the elegant residence of Dr. A. P. Pierce, whose home is literally filled with works and articles of *virtu*—paintings, pictures, engravings, books, shells, medals, etc., without number. The Doctor is probably the most uniformly successful Spiritual Healer and Medical practitioner in our entire ranks. All his time is constantly employed, and yet he is daily obliged to deny applications. This is doubtless the result of his invariable success. As a trance medium we know not his superior in all the land. One of the earliest, his life has been as richly varied as any. Faithful, consistent, unobtrusive, ever obedient to his spiritual guidance, he is now reaping the rich harvest of his indus-

trious sowing in the spiritual vineyard of those whom he wisely recognizes as his masters.

BUSINESS BEFORE PLEASURE.

A multiplicity of business engagements alone prevented us from accepting and fulfilling invitations to visit many other of our friends in Boston and vicinity, some of whom in fact we promised to, but this must be at once our explanation and our excuse to all such good friends as Bro. Currier's family of Haverhill, Bro. Glover of Quincy, Misses Severance and Sanborn of Boston, Dr. Grover, and many others.

A. A. W.

(Continued.)

The Future of Character.

BY J. O. B.

As the future life is but the further stretching-on of the thread of our experience—as our identity is preserved, as character is an attainable quality through personal effort,—what can death do for us, except simply to furnish the desired transit? It had no moral chemistry in our past to bleach us "white as snow;" why should it accomplish any more in the coming, or to-morrow of life? The body has no volition of its own; it is but the life machinery of the spirit that moves it. It is the spirit animating the body that is virtuous or vicious, just as it is keyed with its organic incidents. When, therefore, it drops the body, it enters *relatively* upon a career exactly on the plane of its moral sense acquired in this life. Our future, therefore, is our grade of scholarship, just as we have been apprenticed in this fundamental school.

Were the next life any more than this—a continuation,—the ratio would be destroyed and the consciousness of identity lost. Yesterday links with to-day in memory because the transition is so gradual. The present passes into the future as a traveler over a bridge to the other side. Death is only the hyphen of conjunction between earth and heaven. We pass over and scarcely recognize any change, any more than awaking in the morning from a sleep of the vanished night. Frequently does an emancipated spirit at first think there has been no death, that it actually inhabits the old body, and is not conscious of the illusion till the tenantless body is discerned as the shell whence the bird has escaped.

Glen Beulah, Sept., 1871.

The Relation of Art to Nature.

That is not art in which there is not some purely human element, nor is that art from which nature is absent. There is material and spiritual in all art, body and soul, nature and man. . . . But though there is in all art this human element—though the artist himself is in his work—he is not there merely to impress. The true artist is full of his thought, and not of himself. He does nothing for mere effect.

A great work of art is always faithful to nature, and impresses you in the same way that the works of nature do. It is never obtrusive. It does not spend all its force on the first impression. It keeps its beauties in reserve, and does not shriek its story in every passer's ear. It disappoints the vulgar, and says nothing to those who are in haste. . . . It is not art, but artifice, which strikes at first. A veiled statue is a trick of skillful manipulation, not a triumph of genius. A stage scene is not wonderfully effective while the stage is occupied and passing figures distract attention.

But a work of true and noble art can only be appreciated by those who study it. Its spiritual beauty is so quiet, so gentle, so intangible, that it can only make itself completely felt by those who will give themselves up to it. The true artist does not captivate—he asks for self-surrender. Sit down before

his work, let his feeling possess you, let its power steal over you, let its spell bind you. Then you will know that there is inspiration in art, and that the soul of the artist speaks to yours. . . . To represent the beautiful aspects of nature may be one aim of art, but it is far from being the highest aim. We need something more than mere copies of nature. The something in man which there is not in nature, should be every where visible; clothing material forms with spiritual beauty, and shedding an ideal glory over actual scenes. . . . Whether it be the preacher or the poet, the actor or the artist, who wishes to lift us up into an ideal world, he must equally make his footing sure upon the real and actual. A ladder which should hang from heaven above our heads, would mock us and not help us upward; the ladder in the Patriarch's vision stood upon the common ground, from whence alone we can step on it for our aerial climb. Such a ladder is all true, noble art. Standing on the earth, it reaches upward to the invisible. It shows the way to the most nobly beautiful and the most divinely true. It fills us with a sense of something nobler than we see and purer than we feel. It is embodied truth; truth to nature first, and through that to the supernatural which nature hides. . . . All the forms of such art are intensely simple and natural, but through the natural the spiritual speaks. The saintly glory shines through the features of its saints, and does not gather in a ring around their heads. It needs no imitation before we can understand its mysteries, excepting the pure heart and the awakened mind. It represents nature, but in representing, it interprets her. It shows us nothing but reality, but in the real it mirrors the invisible ideal.

A statue is a realized emotion, or a thought in stone—not embodied dream. A picture is a painted poem—not a romance in oil. Working together with nature, such art rises to something higher than nature is, becomes the priestess of her temple, and represents to more prosaic souls that which only the poet sees:

"Tongues in trees, books in running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing."

—*Cornhill Magazine.*

"Most Holy Russia,"

"The American Evangelical Alliance deputation have been bowed out of Russia by Prince Gortschakoff with perfect politeness of form, but with Cossack severity in substance.

The Czar of Russia is a sort of pope to the Greek Church of his Empire—the church and state are one. Religious liberty is unknown, in the sense understood in Protestant and most Catholic countries. Other denominations are, indeed, allowed to worship, but they are not permitted to exercise any such public teaching as may be thought to have a proselyting effect upon the members of the Greek Church. This, it will be seen, is totally at variance with Protestant ideas. It is well to have had these facts plainly brought out. There was no harm in the Evangelical deputation asking what they did. They or others in their place will go there again sometime. Russia has been politically friendly to the United States, but we have never been blind to her totally antagonistic condition in all civil, social and moral respects. She is woefully behind the times, but she cannot, if she tries, resist all liberal influences of the age; and even the veteran Gortschakoff may live long enough to find it out."

As it is in Russia it is and has been every where Christians possess or have had the power. Even in the United States, they conspire to corrupt the Constitution, by interpolating a recognition of their adulterous God—their illegitimate Jesus, and obscure Bible. Science and Spiritualism alone prevent their success.

E. S. WHEELER.

Voices of Correspondents.

DRACUT, Mass., Sept. 18, 1871.

Our correspondent Beta, from this place, writes a long but very sensible letter, suggested by his attendance upon the Walden Pond Camp Meeting, where with many others we had the pleasure of briefly addressing the assembled throng. His words are too many to print in this connection, so we will epitomize his letter:

He was more than pleased. For the first time in his life he testifies that here he saw and heard the radical Denton, Wheeler, Wheelock and others, but their radicalisms, about which some people mournfully complain of being hurt, did not disturb him in the least. He could accept it all and much more. For thirty years, at all proper times and places, he has been advocating reform measures.

He says a hearty word in favor of more and better singing at all of our spiritual gatherings; wants the people to sing with the spirit and the understanding also, as it adds so much to the interest and the profit of our meetings. Urges us wherever we go, to encourage the cultivation of this part of our exercises, relating one or two instances to illustrate and emphasize the need of such a work being done. Verily he writes like one clothed in his right mind.

Col. J. Wilson Billmire sends us the following:

I write you this in assurance that you will publish to the world a wonderful cure performed on me by Dr. R. P. Fellows, "the Healer." Words cannot express the gratitude I feel. I have been afflicted with deafness for some three years and it has been impossible for me to hear without using the ear trumpet, and that was quite difficult. I became alarmed about myself, and sought all the professional ear doctors I could find, but with no success. On hearing of the remarkable cures being wrought through Dr. Fellows, by the aid of his spirit band, I at once called on him and commenced treatment; and now, thank the spirit world, I cannot only converse well, but I can hear distinctly the ticking of a watch.

If any person doubts this statement, they can call and converse with me and test the truth for themselves. I can be seen at 143 Walnut street, or Alleghany House, corner of Eighth and Market streets, Philadelphia, Pa.

CARDINGTON, Ohio.—Miss D. E. Southwick writes that the Spiritualists of Cardington and Ashley are not dead nor sleeping, if one may judge from a two days' meeting held in the grove near Joseph Smith's, Sept. 9th and 10th.

The speakers present were Mrs. P. I. Sargent, Mrs. Shaw, of Ill., J. Mosher, C. D. Ensign, and D. Bates. The conference meetings were participated in by many others. There was a large attendance, and the meeting was very quiet and orderly. She says they have had some interesting meetings in Ashley recently, and the cause of Spiritualism seems brighter there than before the burning of their hall, because of their perseverance.

ELLSWORTH, Kansas.—Mrs. S. J. Metzler wishes to have any lecturers who may be passing that way, stop there and "try to set the people thinking." She says there is only one Spiritualist in the place besides herself, and she has not heard a lecture on Spiritualism in ten years. She has a daughter who is being developed as a medium, and who is controlled by the spirit of Dr. John Doy, of Battle Creek, Mich. She says:

"Will you please find a place in the AMERICAN SPIRITUALIST to say that John Doy's spirit has found a medium through whom he is able to converse with mortals here on earth. He asks this as a favor; he wants his wife to know that he is able to return, and would like to speak to her. He wishes other spiritual papers to copy the same."

ANAHEIM, Cal.—Mrs. Kate Parker writes of Spiritualism there:

"I arrived here sometime in April last. Was soon called to part with my daughter, by the inevitable fate that awaits us all; and had it not been for the soul-cheering philosophy of spirit communion, I hardly know what course my weary feet would have taken. About the first of June there came a report of pictures taken at Wolfenstein's Gallery, in Los Angeles. In a few days I had the privilege of seeing a copy of the first one that was identified. A Mr. Warren, City Marshal, had been killed over a

year ago. He first appeared on the plate beside Mr. Frank Baker, of Los Angeles. The next time he was taken, another artist examined the plate and marked it, but the results were the same. Hearing so much, and seeing the picture, we determined to go and see for ourselves. At Elmonte we were hospitably entertained by Bro. Lewis and family, who are among the first settlers in that pleasant valley. We had a seance at Mr. Maxey's, and many excellent tests; among the rest, my darling Kate gave us tokens of her presence. Table-tipping, rapping, &c., was freely done in the light. Mrs. Maxey had been to have her picture taken, and her twin sister, who left the body when a babe, appeared by her side with a white transparent dress, looking younger but like her. Oh, how blest the children of this generation to know that progress and growth is our destiny, and see the evidences that our friends can, conditions being favorable, materialize themselves after they have left the physical body.

We visited the old mission at San Gabriel, and heard the sweet chime of bells that have been rung for nearly a century. San Gabriel is a Spanish town, with a few Americans. Here I saw Mr. Hall's photograph, with a spirit face that he recognized as a youthful love, who had passed away from this life twenty years ago. At Los Angeles I saw another photograph of Mr. Hall, taken afterward, where the same lady appears in front of the sitter, a white wreath on her head. Her hand just touches his; her figure and dress are most beautiful. Mr. Frank Baker has obtained a picture of his own mother, who left the body a number of years since. He has no doubt of her identity, and with great liberality has distributed them by the dozen, and they are doing a good work. A Mr. Kellar had two departed children, one each side of him, appearing very distinctly. The spirits are doing their part to awaken an interest in the future life. And Bro. Thos. A. Geary, President of the Los Angeles Society of Spiritualists, is inspired with zeal in the good work of emancipating minds from the thralldom of old theology, and intends to work in the mental vineyard the coming winter."

A FUTURE STATE.—The late Professor Grote left in his bureau an unfinished paper on "A Future State," which appears in the last number of the *Contemporary Review*. It is but a fragment, but it opens a field for controversy which has long been banished from periodical literature, but which the appearance of a paper from so distinguished a man is likely to revive. The subject seems to have been lately remitted to theology as if it was one quite out of the range of science, which does not recognize the existence of anything but the material body, and looks upon the soul as more a myth than a reality. If the effect of this fragment should be to recall the public mind to the consideration of a question of such infinite importance to every one of us as "Whence came I, whither do I go?" the deceased Professor will have done an incalculable service to science as well as to religion.—*Exchange and Mart.*

Subscribe! Subscribe!!

Still greater inducements we are now able to offer to all those who desire to read a spiritual paper. The AMERICAN SPIRITUALIST is now \$1.50 a year. The *Lyceum Banner* \$1. Arrangements have been made by which these two papers will be sent to one address for \$2 a year. Both papers are published every two weeks alternately, so that those who subscribe for both will have a paper every week. But the important point that will commend itself to our friends these hard times for money, is the unparalleled cheapness with which two excellent papers are supplied for a year—thus enabling them not only to have good reading matter for themselves, but obtain it for their children. Every Spiritualist in the land ought to subscribe for both papers and get their friends to do the same.

A. A. W.

Concluded from 7th page.

MEETING IN THE EVENING.

At an early hour the gathering into the spacious Central Rink commenced, and continued until four or five thousand people had assembled. On motion of Col. Lewis, Hon. J. M. Peebles was elected chairman of the meeting, who, after music by the choir, introduced Victoria C. Woodhull in the following words:

"This is an age of thought, of study, of earnest investigation. Men and women are in earnest in the search after principles. The desire is, on all sides, to strike the ground of the permanent, the substantial and the just. God, in his providence, has, in past ages, lifted up certain men and women to be standard bearers of truth and progress. These souls have led the masses on to light, and a great measure of spiritual blessings. God, our divine protector, does this same thing to-day. He loves the children of the nineteenth century, even as he did those that, years ago, walked and sang and prayed 'neath Syrian skies. We have inspired men and women in our midst to-day. How grandly they work! Their countenances beam with heavenly splendor, their words are full of fire, and yet their manner is as gentle as though they were transported to the skies. We have such an one with us to-night, in the person of Victoria C. Woodhull, who is to address you. Those of you who have read Theodore Tilton's life of this lady, know something of her trials and victories. Look for a moment. We see her in Wall street, a successful broker; next she appears memorializing Congress in behalf of woman; next she graces the rostrum with her presence, and her eloquent words receive the plaudits of admiring thousands; next she appears in a Woman's Convention, where she is honored by the love of such as Lucretia Mott, who said to her: 'My dear sister, I love you; give me your hands; come with me; so long as I have a home it is yours.' So, also, did Mrs. Hooker, own sister of Henry Ward Beecher, manifest a tender regard for the noble woman to whom you are to listen this night. Mrs. Hooker invoked blessings on the head of Victoria C. Woodhull. And others, all over the country, are beginning to understand aright and to appreciate this woman of women, Victoria C. Woodhull, which lady I now have the great pleasure of introducing to you."

Her compact, unanswerable argument in favor of woman's voting, delivered in such a quiet, dignified manner, yet full of soul-earnestness, found a hearty response in that vast audience. Those who came out of curiosity, expecting to see a termagant or some fierce female deity, disposed to smite only to destroy, were happily disappointed, and seemed disposed first to "endure, then [admire] and then embrace" the reason and logic she brought to the support of her claims.

After the address, the main floor of the Rink was cleared of seats and all who chose joined in "tripping the light fantastic" until the "wee hours of morning."

The Supper given by the Cleveland Lyceum in the dining hall of the Rink, for those who attended the party, we heard spoken of in the highest terms of satisfaction, while our own experience compels us to join in the same just testimony.

The party was one of the largest and pleasantest ever assembled in Cleveland.

During the evening Bro. O. P. Kellogg made one of his short, telling, characteristic speeches, concluding by introducing a resolution tendering a vote of thanks to Mr. C. I. Thacher for the zeal, energy and generous self-sacrifice displayed by him in originating, and with indomitable perseverance pushing forward and making this grand gathering a glorious success. It is useless to say the resolution was unanimously and enthusiastically adopted. We have but to add that this resolution was a fitting recognition of invaluable services rendered by C. I. Thacher, nobly seconded as he was in all his efforts by his prosperous, plucky, wide-awake Lyceum, and others alike interested.

We have but one regret, and that is, that the other Lyceums in this State, outnumbering those who assembled, could not join in this celebration. Especially did we regret the absence of Hudson and Emma Tuttle, Andrew Jackson and Mary F. Davis, Mrs. H. F. M. Brown, and other earnest supporters of the Lyceum cause.

Inspired by the success attending this annual meeting of the Lyceums of our State, let us hope when the ripened harvests of another golden autumn shall come, every Lyceum in Ohio may have a grand reunion at some point in the State convenient for all.

Reportorial Flings.

It is said there are exceptions to all general rules. Of the candor and fairness of the press of this city in noticing the recent Lyceum Celebration and Picnic, spoken of by all, we regret to be obliged to say that the *Daily Leader* was the only exception. We suppose men ought to be held accountable only for what they know. We see no reason why the controlling genius of the *Leader* should be an exception to this rule. We did not expect the *Leader* to speak of this celebration without sneering; the wonder is it sneered so little. We present the *Leader's* first effort at preserving its usual "stately" practice, reaching "over a period" of years, in sneering at everything that tends to awaken its zealous Orthodox prejudice and bigotry.

While the *Plain Dealer* and *Herald* spoke of Master Eugene Johnson's excellent oration of welcome, as finely rendered, the *Leader* gives its first fling thus:

The first exercise of a rhetorical nature came from Mr. Eugene Johnson, in the form of a welcoming oration, preserving the following stately tramp of ideas over a period of ten minutes.

We regret the *Leader's* incapacity to comprehend such "stately ideas" as are couched in that address of welcome.

As evidence that the *Leader's* reporter utterly failed to understand the plain Saxon of this address, we present the following flourish of the reporter's pencil, which, if it does not indicate intoxication by something more than the "intoxicating visions of Elysium," fails to show a "realizing sense" of the address, and that said reporter had not yet come down from the "atmosphere of rhapsodies." It must be evident to all, that the *Leader's* reporter is a *spiritual medium*, whether he knows it or not. That his mediumship is of the *hi fla nu ten* cast, tending to comet like gyrations "amid the land of dreams," and the ethereal spheres of sublimated ether; having by coming to a Spiritualist gathering been suddenly transported to these altitudinous heights, from which he sends back to earth the following strain:

When the audience had again settled down, realizing sense of their mundane existence and the atmosphere become freed from the intoxicating visions of Elysium, which had fallen like a mantle of dreams upon all who listened to the above rhapsodies, Mr. A. A. Wheelock, editor of the *AMERICAN SPIRITUALIST*, was introduced and delivered a speech which entirely restored the auditors to their normal condition, and gave to them the strongest assurances that the mission to which they were appointed was grand beyond any conception and must win, as he could already behold the golden sun of Spiritualism tingling with prismatic rays the eastern horizon.

We unanimously vote that the stupendous brain that was racked and wrenched by the above fearful mental effort, can have our consent to sing, whenever it will be agreeable,—

"I want to be an angel,"

hoping that, as "music hath charms to soothe the savage," it may have the tendency to restore said reporter to his "normal condition," whether it give any "assurances" or not that the "mission to which he is appointed is grand beyond any conception," or whether he will ever "behold the golden sun" of common sense "tingling with prismatic rays," or any other rays, the "horizon" of his existence.

MORAL.—Reporters of newspapers should not put on airs.

The day, the hour is significant. The new and old are grappling. On with the battle. Emerson recently said:

There was never so great a thought laboring in the breasts of men as now. The revolutions which impend over society are not from ambition and rapacity, from impatience of one or another form of government, but from new modes of thinking, which shall recompose society after a new order; which shall animate labor with love and science; which shall destroy the value of many kinds of property, and place all property within the dominion of reason and equity.

Personal and Local.

J. M. Peebles speaks in Louisville, Ky., during October. Address care of Henry Turner, 285 First street. November he speaks in Memphis, Tenn. Will lecture week-day evenings in the vicinity.

O. L. Sutliff spoke in Norwalk, O., October 1st. Cephas B. Lynn lectured there Sept. 17th and 24th. The Norwalk friends are earnest, and they deserve great credit for their steadfastness. Ira Lake, Esq., has been the leading inspiring power in the flesh, to sustain the meetings. Co-operating with him are J. V. Vredenburg, a gentleman of education and refinement, who reminds us of the cultured gentlemen of the "old school," in days gone by, Mr. Woodard, Mr. Brotherton and others. Meetings are held in St. Charles Hall. All communications should be addressed to A. Joslin.

We were favored with a call the other day from Daniel W. Hull, brother of Moses. Bro. Daniel, the other day, in Lockport, N. Y., let fly the following challenge:

TO THE CLERGY OF LOCKPORT.

SIRS,—Inasmuch as there is a radical difference between us on several points of religious faith, and you dispute the ground we, as Spiritualists, occupy, I invite you to a cordial and friendly discussion of these points of difference.

The time has gone by when you could frown down the facts of Spiritualism, and unless you shall meet it in its strongholds, and show up its absurdities and vices if any it has, the thinkers of the age will desert your churches. If you cannot meet its exponents in public discussion, you should have the candor to acknowledge that Spiritualism is armed with a logic which you cannot resist, and as honest men, you should give the subject that attention its importance demands.

"Every system which shuns investigation openly declares its own error."

If you should see fit to accept my proposition, a notice in the Lockport dailies will reach me.

Controversially yours,

D. W. HULL.

October 1st, Mr. Hull lectured in Joliet, Ill.; from thence he goes to Covington, Ind. Daniel means business. He thinks that the coming fall there will be a grand revival in Spiritualism.

Mrs. M. J. Wilcoxson is speaking in Des Moines, Iowa, till 15th of October, inclusive. Will go to Topeka, Kansas, the remaining Sundays of October and the Sundays of November; then in Southern Missouri during December, January and February—at Springfield, Marshfield, Carthage, and other places. She writes us from Des Moines: "We are having good audiences and increasing interest here."

Mrs. Lou H. Kimball, publisher of the *Lyceum Banner*, has been spending a couple of weeks in Cleveland, taking a little needed rest from the arduous duties of her office.

Mrs. Emma Martin of Detroit, Mich., spent a few days in this city recently, attending the Lyceum Picnic while here. Mrs. Martin has long been known in Michigan and the West as an interesting medium and speaker.

Cephas B. Lynn made us a very pleasant visit on his way to Philadelphia, where he lectures this month. His address will be, care of Dr. Childs, 634 Race St., and he would like to make farther engagements for the winter. His growing popularity as a speaker and writer is very gratifying to us, as well as to his many friends throughout the country. We hope to see many more such young men as he graduating from our Lyceums into the lecture field.

C. C. Haley, 19 Commercial Place and 153 Poydras, St., New Orleans, La., has the *AMERICAN SPIRITUALIST* for sale. We have quite a large list of regular subscribers in that city, but others can obtain the *SPIRITUALIST*, each issue, by calling at Mr. Haley's place of business. He will be found an affable gentleman and an earnest business man by all who deal with him.

Report of the Annual Meeting of the New York State Association of Spiritualists.

The regular annual Convention of this organization met in the Universalist church in LeRoy, N. Y., Sept. 2nd, 1871. J. W. Seaver, President, called the convention to order.

P. I. Clum, Secretary, read the proceedings of the previous annual convention, which being found correct were approved. A. C. English, Treasurer, presented his report, which being read was approved.

The state of the Finances, as reported, is as follows:

Money received from previous Treas.	\$25 58
Annual dues from—A. C. English,	1 00
“ “ B. Rhodes,	2 00
“ “ A. C. Doty,	1 00
“ “ A. V. Spaulding,	1 00
	\$30 58

The President received the following sums:

From Mr. Rice,	\$5 00
“ Sarah Rathburn,	1 00
“ A. E. Tilden,	1 00

Cash on hand, \$37 28

The Missionary Committee made their annual report, showing that Mr. and Mrs. Woodruff, the faithful missionaries, had rendered efficient service in the cause in the counties of Western New York during the year, with but slight assistance from the organization; and being about to leave this State to continue their zealous labors in the West a resolution of thanks for their self-sacrificing and illy remunerated labors in the employment of this organization, was offered and passed by the unanimous vote of the convention.

The vacancies in the Missionary Committee were filled by the election of the following:

For three years—J. W. Seaver of Byron, Ira Bronson of Lockport.

For two years—A. E. Tilden of Dansville, L. O. Preston of Avon.

For one year—P. I. Clum of Rochester, A. C. English of Batavia.

The proper number of delegates to the National Convention were appointed.

The committee on Nominations reported the following named persons for the respective offices, and they were elected:

President—J. W. Seaver of Byron.

Vice-Presidents—Mrs. L. M. Tuttle of Byron, Dr. G. L. Ditson of Albany.

Secretary—Lucia C. Miller of LeRoy.

Treasurer—P. I. Clum of Rochester.

The President, on behalf of the Executive Board, made a verbal statement of the affairs of the organization, detailing its operations during the past year, and returning his thanks to the convention for the unsolicited honor again conferred upon him. He spoke with much feeling and eloquence in advocacy of the sacred cause of the angels and humanity, so near to his heart, and in which he has for so many years of sacrifice and zealous labor, rendered efficient service. At the close of his address, the convention adjourned till another year.

LUCIA C. MILLER, Secretary.

Kansas State Convention.

The Spiritualists of Kansas will hold their annual State Convention in Lawrence, beginning Friday, Nov. 3d, and continuing in session three days, closing Sunday the 5th.

They meet there by invitation of the Lyceum, and a cordial invitation is extended to all.

Mrs. EMMA STEELE PILLSBURY, Pres't.

N. D. Horton, Sec'y.

SPIRIT PICTURES.—We have received from W. H. Mumler three photographs of Mrs. Conant, the medium through whom the communications are given for the "Message Department" of the *Banner of Light*. Two of them have, in addition to the picture of Mrs. Conant, a representation of a spirit form, one of which is of her brother Charles H. Crowell, and one of a young child. The other photograph shows her sitting quietly with hands in the air strewing flowers over her person, and one of the hands is in the act of placing a flower in her hair. The three pictures can be obtained of Mr. Mumler for fifty cents. Address him, 170 West Springfield St., Boston, Mass.

LITERARY NOTICES.

THE FAIRFIELDS—By F. M. Lebel—Is the title of a neat little volume of 175 pages, which has reached our table. Lou H. Kimball is the publisher and has the book for sale at the "Lyceum Banner" office Chicago, Ill. It is printed on clear white paper, substantially bound, and makes a most readable little volume.

The dedication of the book is a just tribute to one who is giving her life to the laborious work of editing and publishing a suitable and most interesting paper for children, the well known "Lyceum Banner"—hailed everywhere it goes with joy and gladness.

The dedication runs thus: "To Lou H. Kimball, the untiring friend of children, this volume is affectionately dedicated by her sister, F. M. Lebel."

The Fairfields lived, we suppose, in the quaint looking old farm house, a picture of which embellishes the book; at least, such is the humble, poor man's home, where Oscar, Walter, Rose and Alice, with an invalid mother, are described as his greatest earthly treasures. The author has woven for children an amusing and instructive story out of the contents of this little book, that cannot fail to make them better who read it.

The journey from "Castle Rock" to "Compensation,"—from the first chapter to the last—will be made with pleasure, we feel certain, by all who make themselves acquainted with the interesting and instructive history of the "Fairfields," by reading this volume.

That the author has done the little folks a great favor, we have no doubt they will unanimously vote, as well as that she give them another book as instructive and entertaining as this one.

A. A. W.

THE FEDERATI OF ITALY, a Romance of Caucasian Captivity—by G. L. Ditson, M. D.—Wm. White & Co. Publishers.

This work has been on our table sometime, but a pressure of duties has prevented such a perusal of it as would enable us to express an intelligent opinion of its merits. Judging from the well-known scholarly attainments of our friend, the author, we could but anticipate much pleasure in a careful perusal of this work.

POEMS OF PROGRESS, by Lizzie Doten—Wm. White & Co., Boston, Publishers.

Just as we go to press, this beautiful volume reaches us. No time in this issue for such a notice as it deserves; but we have only to open the book to feel the divine inspiration poured "like a fiery flood" upon the sensitive soul of Lizzie Doten, producing the living, stirring, life-revealing poems which compose this volume.

Of course everybody will want a copy of the "Poems of Progress."

A. A. W.

MARRIED.

In Birmingham, O., Sept. 21st by A. A. Wheelock of Cleveland, O., Mr. Ferdinand Reitz and Miss Florence A. Moore, only daughter of Isaac Moore, Esq.—all of Birmingham.

Quite a large gathering of personal friends witnessed the exercises which made the young hearts so joyous. Some present, still in a "state of single blessedness," were so much pleased and interested as to be almost tempted to "go and do likewise." So joyous did it seem, realizing the golden memories of the bright morning of married life with others, that some of the old people present actually suggested being "married over again."

A table, decorated with flowers and fairly loaded with "good things," was spread under the arching apple trees on the green sward of the home dooryard, with every nook and corner of which, the happy bride's childhood and girlhood is as sunny in memory as was the warm sun-light of this yellow autumn that came peering through the wavy branches of old familiar fruit trees, under which as happy a young married couple and as gay a company as ever assembled were gathered.

The bountiful repast over, all assembled in the house—a brief address by us in response to the wishes of those present, and the happy pair started on their bridal tour. Our earnest prayer is, that the journey of life which this young couple have undertaken together, may be crowned as fully with the flower bloom of joy and happiness, as their young hearts can hope.

A. A. W.

THANKS, to Hudson Tuttle and C. I. Thacher for the boxes and basket of most delicious grapes, that we have been feasting on for the past two or three weeks.

A. A. W.

LECTURER'S REGISTER.

[This list is published gratuitously. It will be extended as fast as those interested notify us of its reliability. Will those concerned keep us posted?]

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Baker, Joseph, Janesville, Ohio.

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for Lectures, officiate at Marriage Ceremonies
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3	2.50	3.50	4.50	5.50	6.50	7.50	8.50	9.50	10.50	11.50	12.50	13.50	14.50	15.50	16.50	17.50
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The career of the God-Idea in History

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Norwalk		7.32	8.03	4.52	9.12
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Clyde		8.22	8.45	5.36	10.00
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Paragraphic—Miscellaneous.

COMPILED BY GEO. A. BACON.

When the gods want anything done in this world, they make a man a little wrong-headed in the right direction.—*Emerson.*

If it were not for some singular people who persist in thinking for themselves, in acting for themselves, and in being comfortable, we should all collapse into a hideous conformity.

Man! it is not thy works,—which are all mortal, infinitely little, and the greatest no greater than the least,—but only *the spirit thou workest in*, that can have worth or continuance!—*Carlyle.*

"Every one's progress is through a succession of teachers, each of whom seems, at the time, to have a superlative influence, but it at last gives place to a new."

The fountain of joy is fed by tears,
And love is lit by the breath of sighs;
The deepest griefs and the wildest fears
Have holiest ministries.

—J. G. Holland.

He that hath light within his own clear breast, may sit in the center and enjoy bright day; but he that hides a dark soul and foul thoughts, benighted walks under the mid-day sun, himself in his own dungeon.—*Milton.*

An unjust acquisition is like a barbed arrow, which must be drawn backward with horrible anguish, or else will be your destruction.—*Taylor.*

Impossibilities and contradictions are stultifying. In the world's youth, there could be universal deluges; suns could stand still, and whales could swallow men; threes could be ones and ones threes; trinities unities and unities trinities;—but these old things have passed away.—*John Wetherbee.*

The working force of truth lies in the wisdom and will of true men; of men who are true, not to a prejudice, or an opinion, or a method, or a party, but a principle which shall overcome their prejudices, correct their opinions, rectify their methods, and release them from merely party ties.—*O. B. Frothingham.*

This span of life was lent
For lofty duties, not selfishness;
Not to be wiled away for aimless dreams,
But to improve ourselves and serve mankind.

—Sir Aubrey De Vere.

If a man says that God hath spoken to him supernaturally, I cannot perceive what argument he can produce to make me believe it.—*Hobbes.*

The measure of our development now, is the measure of our efficiency hereafter. Our power for good is the measure of our right to happiness, and our happiness depends on a cultured capacity for enjoyment.—*E. S. Wheeler.*

Uttered truth becomes a double power; hence, every one who sees a truth should make haste to give it form by expressing it to others.—*J. S. Loveland.*

"He who hath a truth and keeps it,
Keeps what not to him belongs;
But performs a selfish action,
And a fellow mortal wrongs."

Men are complex in their structure, but homogeneous in their aspirations after truth; in them are united the potentialities of the universe, whose refining forces culminate in intelligence and spiritual individuality. These in their capacities and the scope of their powers, become the interpreters as well as the servants of nature.—*Spiritual Analyst.*

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