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COUNSEL.

BY ALICE CARY.

Seek not to walk by borrowed light,
But keep unto thine own;
Do what thou dost with all thy might,
And trust thyself alone.

Work for some good, not idly lie
Within the human hive;
And though the outward man should die,
Keep thou the heart alive.

Strive not to banish pain and doubt
In pleasure's noisy din;
The peace thou seekest for without,
Is only found within.

If fortune disregard thy claim,
By work her slight attest;
Nor blush and hang thy head for shame,
When thou hast done thy best.

What thy experience teaches true,
Be vigilant to heed;
The wisdom that we suffer to,
Is wiser than a creed.

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[Written for the American Spiritualist.]

DEERING HEIGHTS:

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

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

CHAPTER VIII.

SPIRITUAL VISION.

The stream of death is bridged with flowers,
O'er which the angels come and go,
Descending from immortal bowers,
In lily wreaths and robes of snow.
They half forget earth's scars and tears,
Who look beyond its bitter strife,
And read the promise of bright years,
On the sublimer heights of life."

—Emma Tuttle.

The family were seated that evening in the parlor. The doors and windows were open, and the soft air of May came gently in, rich with perfume, and delicate as the aroma of wine. The whippowill sang plaintively in the orchard, and the robin gave its sweetest notes, preparatory to rest. There is in springtime an enchanting, full-throated joy in nature, to which the heart of man responds.

Mr. Leland was reading a paper, which he at length folded carefully, and Bessie came and carried it to the table.

"Bessie," said he, "you make me half believe in transmigration. You are fourteen years of age. Our Mary would be thirty-five. Yet you remind me of her in your ways, for when she was with us she was nearly of your age. You seem like my own lost Mary."

Tears came to his eyes. He could not forget the darling child he lost so many long, long years ago. Arousing himself, he turned to Mary with a request.

"Will you favor us with a song? Perhaps it may drift my thoughts into other channels."

Mary possessed an exquisite voice, of which she appeared unconscious, and when asked to sing, did not follow the prevailing style of persisting that her voice was horrid from a frightful cold—wherein she was not genteel. If she was able to please, she did not hesitate, nor was she ever known to make an excuse. On that evening she wore a white dress, gathered around her slender waist by a belt, and her

brown hair, unconfined, fell over her neck and shoulders. She arose and seated herself at the piano. She gave the keys a few touches, as if to introduce them to her ivory fingers, and then began to sing in a low tone. This was a peculiarity of her voice. It was clear and distinct, but was like a chant, an echo—as though she sang in a dream.

"Like the breath of the wind
In an Eden of flowers,
Bringing joy to the soul
In the saddest of hours,

Comes the presence of those we love and adore,
Calling us thitherward to their bright shore:

CHORUS—Come in your dark hours,
Come in your sadness,
Come in your bright hours,
Come in your gladness,

Come, come, come to the loved and adored!

"Like the gleams of the morn
To the pale, frozen earth,
Bringing light to the soul
Of its immortal birth,

Come the angels who tread the star-dusted floor,
Calling us thitherward to their bright shore:

CHORUS.

As the gilt of the light
Made the cold Memnon sing,
So the light of their love,
They over us fling.

And our souls are responsive to those we adore,
Calling us thitherward to their bright shore:

CHORUS.

The little family circle were in tears. Even Bessie wept, because she saw Grandpa Leland weep. Mary sang with a trembling voice, so deeply did she enter into the spirit of her song. Never was she as beautiful, for her face was like a mirror—the more beautiful her thoughts, the lovelier she appeared.

"I have seen many manifestations which I wish to believe were from departed spirits," said Mr. Leland. "If I could feel assured that they come to us, I should be happy; death would lose all its terrors, and life be worth the having."

"I know, grandpa," exclaimed Bessie, "I know that our friends exist after death. I have often seen my dear, dear mother. Oh, she is exquisitely beautiful! She exactly resembles Mary—just as Mary looks when she sings—so radiant! She of course comes to see her little girl."

"You a medium, Bessie?" asked Victor. "I never knew that before?"

"I do not want you to call me a medium; I am not, but I can see and converse with my mother."

"How does she come to you?" asked Mr. Leland. "She comes like a white cloud. Then out of the cloud a face appears—the face of my precious mother; and then the clouds weave themselves around and form a delicate robe of white, exquisite as gossamer."

"And she speaks to you?"

"Not in loud words. She whispers her thoughts to my soul; I know what she thinks."

"Would you object to endeavoring to see her now?" asked Grandma Leland.

"Why, grandma, I do not object, but it is beyond my control. If my mother wishes to speak to me, she does so, but I cannot call her at will, or I should have her with me all the time. Beside, Victor will laugh at me as a medium."

No, Victor should not. They were all her own dear friends, who loved her. They would close the door, that no one might interrupt.

Bessie seated herself in an arm-chair, her eyes

closed. A pallor overspread her face, followed by a soft and beautiful expression, as though it was bathed with the sunlight of heaven. Her lips parted slightly, and after several attempts, she exclaimed:

"Mama! mama!" Pausing, she again spoke—"Mary, our dear mother is with us. She is unusually happy. She says she is glad that you have united yourself to a true and noble soul. She loves Victor. But she says I am to join her—I am to be always with her. Ah, won't that be sweet! Grandpa, a beautiful spirit stands by your side; tall, elegant and lovely. Do you not feel her hand on your forehead? Ah, no! you are of the earth. It is our sister Mary."

"Mary," replied Mr. Leland, "was a child when she died. Do spirits mature as we do here?"

"Certainly, they become perfected. Oh, how dearly she loves you! How fondly she smiles on you and grandma!"

"It is real to me," said grandma. "Bessie is too pure to deceive or be deceived. I feel that Mary is with us."

"And Mary dear, Grandpa Malcolm is here. He is superb. His garments are russet, like an autumn leaf. His face is so noble! Says he, 'Little Bess, I'll not ask you for a cup of tea this evening.' Bessie never refused to bring the cup, did she, Mary? Grandpa, I love you, and I know you love me?"

Sweet Bessie opened her eyes with surprise, after an hour's conversation with her departed friends, and the sweetness of spirit life lingered in the tone of her voice.

Victor did not call her a medium, but he said:

"You, Bessie, have given me one test. You have told me one fact I never knew before!"

"What is it?"

"That you once had a grandfather!"

"How ridiculous you are, Victor! Of course I had a grandfather, who lived with us until last year, when he passed to a more beautiful land."

"Mary never told me of this. It is strange."

"No, it is not strange. You two have had so many other things to talk about, you have quite overlooked the fact, and never once asked if she ever had a grandfather! Had you not seen my precious papa, I doubt if you had asked if she had a father!" A rippling laugh filled the air with music.

"Mr. Victor, I will tell you a story, and it shall be, 'My Grandfather.'"

"No, no, Bessie," expostulated Mary.

"Yes, yes, Mary. Go on," said Victor.

"As your husband has so recently learned the fact that we once had a grandfather, he must needs know what kind of a man he was, and I hope you will allow me to inform him."

Mary consented, with the persuasions of the whole group, and Bessie began:

"Grandfather! How I revered that name! Grandfather was of another race and age, to my imagination. I would run to meet him as though an angel was coming, and he was an angel to me. I never ceased wondering when I saw his white hairs float on the passing wind, and at the deep wrinkles in his face. How old he looked! Was it possible I ever should look so white and aged? Never! Grandfather was far past the threescore and ten assigned to mortal life; he had almost outlived a century. All the companions of his youth were gone. Like autumn leaves they had been scattered. Disease had claimed some, others had met violent deaths, others calmly lived their appointed time. Some had

died amid the quiet of home; others in foreign lands. I might almost repeat the same of his many children. They were scattered from one side of the continent to the other. One owned his ranche on the golden Pacific slope, others lived in the great Mississippi Valley, others dwelt on the Atlantic, and many had passed to a brighter clime, where we all in the end are garnered. Grandfather had outlived them all. He lived with his best beloved child, my ever precious father, and was well cared for; but he was restless, and ever seemed desiring the companionship of those who were departed. Everything he wanted, he had—and his wants were many. He had the warmest corner in the house—between the stove and the great chimney—a great arm chair with a high cushion, for he was rheumatic and had to have a high seat. His cane leaned against the wall, in reach. He drank tea, two cups at each meal. You could not make him believe any of your “new fangled notions” about its injurious effects. “He had drank it eighty years, and it always done him good.” Tea was a necessity, for in it he softened his bread crust, his crackers, and often his cake. He, by necessity, often in his latest years, in this manner made many dishes unknown to cookery, but which his declining taste seemed to relish.

“When we were young, and before he became very old, he always had presents for us. A dive into his pockets was sure to reveal nuts, or candies, or toys. He had a faculty of accumulating such. But as we grew older, grandfather grew very old, and became confined to the house. We needed toys no longer, and he gave us none. He then inquired of us how we succeeded in study or labor; if we studied “Daball’s,” and if we had reached the “Rule of Three;” if we could “reckon interest,” etc.; and often gave us what he considered puzzles to “work out.” Grandfather was very anxious about us, especially when we went skating. He “feared we would break through.” He did not believe in children skating,—especially was he opposed to girls going on the ice. He remembered of many children getting drowned by the ice breaking; and “air-holes” were his especial trouble! He always cautioned us against them when we sallied out.

“In the winter we never dressed warm enough to please him. If we were going out to a party, “Oh,” he would say, “you’ll surely freeze!” But he would reflectingly remark, “Young folks are not like old.” Everybody was young, in his estimation. He never for a moment considered himself old, or his faculties impaired. He would say, “When I was young,” but he did not mean to have anybody consider him old—by no means. “Just see,” he would say, holding out his trembling hand, “how steady my hand is.”

“He forgot the occurrences of yesterday, but events a half century ago were fresh and green in his memory. He would repeat them to us, and they were as marvelous as Arabian tales.

“This reminds me of his stories. He told stories to us children—before he became so very old. How he would frighten us with “Fee, fi, foo, fum!” and, “If all the trees in the world were in one tree,” bringing out the final “splash,” so vehemently that we would all jump. Then grandfather would laugh. “Red Riding hood,” “The Boy and Bean,” and sailor stories—for he had once been a sailor—furnished never-exhausted themes.

“But grandfather became too old to tell stories. He sat in his chair and read. He placed his “spectacles” away out on his nose, and held his book at arm’s length, or else laid it on his knees and leaned back in his chair. He almost always read in the Bible—a large one, with coarse type. He often would read a page, drop to sleep a moment, awake and read it again, and so for half a day forgetting that he had read it. One time he had been reading in Matthew. Father asked him what he had been reading about. He replied, “About the hand-writing on the wall.”

“Grandfather’s body had lost all its strength. He could just sit in his chair. His mind had lost its vigor; it could not remember an hour, the occurrences

of the preceding hour. He found it so difficult to move, he ate from a little stand by his side, and he drank his tea very hot.

“With father’s support, he tottered to his bed for the last time. He did not recognize us any more, but after awhile sank into a profound slumber, from which he never awoke. I did not see him, but some one said he stopped breathing, there was a convulsive struggle, very slight, he breathed again, then stopped, a quiver, and he did not breathe any more.

“As we gathered around his narrow house, and gazed on the physical wreck of a hundred years, the deep lines of care, the wasted face and wrinkled brow, over which floated a few silvery hairs, I think there was not a dry eye, nor a heart that did not sorrow.

“And we asked, Is this all? Did his mind go out with the death of his body? It appeared to. It flickered and grew dim, dimmer, until seemingly it expired. Nay, we cannot think thus.

“I had a vision that night. I saw grandfather on the shining shore of the immortal land. Far beyond spread green fields, and in the distance purple mountains, from which silver streams flowed down. He appeared of middle age, in perfect health, and a radiance of joy beamed from his countenance. He was no longer bent and stooping, but stood perfectly erect. He held his staff in his hand, but did not use it. I forgot that he was dead, and exclaimed, “Why, grandfather, you have renewed your age! You appear young again.” “Yes,” he answered, “I have taken a wonderful medicine. It is the real elixir of life. See,” he said, “I need a cane no longer,” and threw his staff far away.

“I looked again, and the companions of his early days were around him; the children gone before, and the wife of his youth, were all with him. They had all drank of the fountain of eternal youth. Death had filled the goblet and placed it to their lips.”

“Bessie, you speak under an inspiration,” said Mary, “but I fear your lengthy recital has wearied Mr. Leland.”

“Not in the least. I could listen for the entire evening,” replied he, gazing intently on the flushed face of Bessie. “You are a strange, strange child!”

“Now Victor, you know all that I know about Mary’s grandfather. I bid you good night, and pleasant dreams to you all.” Her sweet voice echoing a familiar tune, floated back like a perfume as she tripped up the stairway.

(To be continued.)

The Nine Errors of A. J. Davis, in “Jets of New Meaning.”

BY JOHN WETHERBEE.

PART II.

If mankind are ever to be what the large hearted hope for and the prescient prophecy, it will be by the general recognition of the fact, as a positive one, that there is another and better world than this, into which we are all to enter as we leave this. Say what you will the fact is not recognized outside of modern Spiritualism. I say this thoughtfully—it is the great doubt of the Christians to-day. They pretend to believe it, some think they do, but there is not a man of them who dares to bear his weight on the evidence, and generally in all their calculations, practically, they let it slide. One can observe that our peculiar thought with its natural attractions, is spreading into the church and more or less vitalizing it. I am not prepared to say but that may be its mission, if so, it does not alter the proposition, that the eventual improvement of the race is by virtue of our idea, viz.: the demonstration through the senses, by positive evidence of man’s continued conscious existence.

Mr. Davis says the mission of modern Spiritualism is to prove through the senses future life, and that proved, its work is done; that may be so, but it will be on the principle—“seek first the kingdom of heaven and all other things will be added unto you,” which

expressed in Western phrase, reads thus: “Be sure you are right, then go ahead.” I am sometimes inclined to think with Mr. Davis, that after the one all-important fact is secured, the continued sitting in circles and communicating with spirits, is weakening and injurious. Horace Greeley, admitting our fact, said the same thing, and I thought he was right, for one finds so much that is *twaddle*, incoherent and false; but on this point each must judge for himself, and probably will. I am glad there are those who are disposed to keep, in this way, the sacred, (?) fire continually burning, for if left to Davis or me, it might go out, though that is doubtful. One must not forget that it took time to discover its *one (?) mission*, and thousands have not discovered it yet. It was natural to suppose that having found the hiding place of our loved and lost, we might also find them willing and able, as of old, to do us the temporal good we desired. It took time and tears to learn that the law was universal, that a man must work out his own salvation, both materially and spiritually. I pitied Mr. Marble for digging into Dungeon Rock so long; he had found the jewel, (the one mission,) before he drilled the first hole; if afterwards he had found the *treasure* he was led to expect, I should have been sorry, not so much for him as for the world. He would have converted all the State and Wall streets to a low Spiritualism; useful industry would have gone into an eclipse, and we should have found ourselves all knocking at heaven’s back gate instead of its front door; but this thought widens as I treat it, and I must stop where I am for the sake of my text, the “Nine Errors and hurtful Superstitions” of Mr. Davis. For the sake of brevity I will condense them somewhat, but cover his whole ground. He says it is an error that departed spirits continually drive about and float in the earth’s atmosphere; that evil disposed characters linger around to gratify their unsatisfied passions. I hardly think Mr. Davis means such is never the case; he means to say that all the evil manifestations are not spiritual influences; only a small part, ever so little, is, and that the royal soul can dictate to the influences and be at home to such as it likes, and if any can be thus royal, all can, with more or less effort; so with reasonable qualifications—which Spiritualists all admit—numbers 1 and 2 are *not* errors but are truths. He says it is an error to suppose, “insanity, murder, suicide,” &c., are caused by the direct action of departed spirits. Mr. Davis cannot mean to say in no case; he will hardly say that by sickness, misfortune, abuse, or debility, a man may not be receptive to the influences of such, and those results follow. If a departed spirit ever once expressed itself in the manner described, number 3 is a *truth*, because whatever is done, is done by virtue of law. It would be an error if modern Spiritualism taught that the whole category of crime was the action of the will of departed spirits. I never read its teachings so, and though believing that the crop of fools is everywhere larger than the crop of sages, I never found it a prominent teaching by any body. I think the calling of it up is only an Orthodox bugbear, and hardly deserves Mr. Davis’s notice; so of number 4, that certain passionate spirits, opposed to purity, truth and goodness, are busy in breaking up families, &c. No doubt there are spirits, both in the form and out of it, that do so delight, and that people may be so conditioned or unfavorably mated that spirits, either in or out of the form can break up their *tender* ties, and that they sometimes do so there can be no doubt, but that such is usual, no one believes. That there are too many disaffected families in the spiritual domain, is too true, but there is a prior cause to the one of spirits being opposed to persons living happily, and if it were not for that prior cause, said spirits might *delight* in ruin. This is a large subject, which has got to be discussed, but not here; but I will say if ever a spirit in the form disturbs pleasant relations, a spirit out of the form may also, and I dare say do when conditions permit.

“That spirits are at all times subject to summons,”

&c., I think there is no doubt of this; that is, if what purports to be spirits are so; and who shall decide? The spirit of A. J. Davis, after he passes on, may be called, and the response may assume to be Andrew, and yet be somebody else. This leads us to a more debatable point, viz.: the identification of spirits; that point is not so well settled, and is more difficult to settle than the general one touched upon in the 5th jet. Mr. Davis may as well deny that spirits do not respond at all, as to call that point an error. Again, he can hardly mean to deny in No. 7 that every human being is a medium. All are not Davises or Wetherbees, true, but all are mediums to some extent, and in some way. As to being unconsciously acting out the will and mind of spirits, this communication has already answered. It is a great question how much we are all acting out the will or minds of men in the form, to say nothing of minds out of the form—"all are but parts of one stupendous whole." Number 6, which aims its arrow at physical manifestations, and which may be more likely to low abuse than the more intellectual kind, let me say, as long as the simple rap has been more potent to carry conviction of our truth to the sons and daughters of men than the most eloquent rhetoric and highest intellectual revelations from the most gifted seers and trance speakers, I shall never give that class the cold shoulder. With my experience of "raps," I must say if I turn my back on either division, at the expense of the other, it must be to "Nature's Divine Revelations" in the intellectual department of the subject, and not to the physical—so long as the rap belongs to the latter. The world is full of high thoughts, and I can read, reflect and be nourished, and am entirely unable to tell by quality which is from heaven and which is from earth; but the physical effect appeals directly to the eye and the ear, when it is honest, and I am speaking of honest raps.

The latter remarks have answered number 9. The Spiritualists believe in reading and reflection; a few speakers may think they get a perennial supply, or that mediumship is a royal road to knowledge, but that now is not very general. The sensible class of teachers think that study and reflection are essential elements in the usefulness, not forgetting also that inspiration from higher sources is also essential, and the two are very apt to corollate. As to spiritual intercourse being perpetual, or as Mr. Davis writes it, "it is to the few, and only occasionally," there is no evidence to sustain him. If it ever came, it comes now; if it comes at all, it comes by law and must be always operative under the same conditions. That people may become unreceptive and apparently there be no "open vision," I do not doubt, but the fault is with man and not with the spiritual world. I see nothing to sustain Mr. Davis in his statement, as yet. People, I think, are more rational in their "dealings with the dead" than they were fifteen or twenty years ago. I think that improvement has come by our experience in the subject, and though by reading the "Fountain" or last work of A. J. D., I can detect that his vision is not so open as it was in his earlier efforts, I cannot see it so everywhere. I see change, but no eclipse. To speak poetically, the door was ajar in 1848, and the light shines through the crevice still in 1871. And I feel fully assured, in my own mind, that it has come to stay; and I welcome it as being both a fire and a light, and to be the conspicuous elevator of mankind.

Dr. A. B. Child and Rev. W. H. H. Murray.

BY A. E. G.

During the past few months, Dr. A. B. Child, perceiving germs of liberal thought in the public ministrations of Rev. W. H. H. Murray, of the Park St. Orthodox Church in Boston, has published brief reports of them in a newspaper entitled, "Whatever is Right." For some reason, which he has not yet stated, Mr. Murray has, both in the pulpit and by the public press, announced that those reports "are

without his countenance or support," and that he is "opposed to the whole thing." Not satisfied with that, he or his supporters have induced certain newspaper agents and news companies to discontinue the sale of the "Whatever is, is Right," and now perhaps swell with satisfaction at the success of their efforts. In the last number of that paper, that of March 1, the publisher inquires:

"What Christian cause is there to be given, why Mr. Murray's Christian utterances to his congregation of sixteen hundred people, should not be given to thousands of others who desire to hear them and have not a chance? Why do Mr. Murray's church officers desire him to light a candle of divine truth and Christian love, and put a bushel over it, that it may only give light to sixteen hundred people in Park Street Church, instead of thousands and tens of thousands outside, as it may, and shine no less for them? How can a Christian do anything to hinder the gospel of Christ from being preached to every heart? Christ says, 'Go into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature.'

"We think we have a right to go to hear Mr. Murray, for he invites all sinners to come to the church and come to Christ. And on the ground of Christianity, we think we have a right to tell to others his Christ-like teachings, in conversation or in print; for nowhere did Christ ask or counsel a copyright for the comforting gospel he generously gave to bleeding, suffering humanity.

"It is our desire and design in the teachings of this paper, to lead the people to the manhood of practical Christianity—to a government of love and mercy. And the reason, above all other reasons, for reporting Mr. Murray, is our belief that his desire and design, in another form of action, is the same.

. . . This is why we publish him, and we kindly ask him not to stop us."

But Mr. Murray and his friends have done what has been done to prevent the publishing of the reports. His alleged reason is that he is not responsible for said reports, and is "opposed to the whole thing." He prefers to take the responsibility of doing what he can to hinder the promulgation of his Master's message among the readers of "Whatever is, is Right." Such is orthodoxy. To his own master he standeth or falleth. On the ethics involved in the question, a quotation from *The Index* of February 25, may be pertinent. The Christian orthodox minister avers that he is "opposed to the whole thing." The radical, rationalistic come-outer from Christianity, F. E. Abbot, the editor of *The Index*, says:

"The God-given power to see truth is God's command to utter it. Hence the brave old 'Thus saith the Lord.' He who suffers a great thought to die with him, though to-morrow it be born again in some other soul, robs the world of that which is the world's, as much as his. We have no proprietorship in truth; we are but trustees for humanity—custodians for an hour, of that which is humanity's for all time. Not to recognize this, not to feel, down to the soul's depths, that the power of vision contains the duty of speech, is the mark of a base, a miserly, a sordid spirit. Truth rots on our hands, if hoarded. Like the fabled manna from heaven, it will not keep over night, but must be gathered fresh every morning, and unstintedly used every day. To see and not to tell; to know that the world is stumbling in night, and yet thrust our candle into a dark lantern, that its beams may fall only on our own path! . . . There is no wisdom, but only bleary-eyed folly, and weak-kneed cowardice, and black-hearted treason, in suppression of testimony. . . . There is to the preacher no safeguard from moral desecration, but unconditional surrender to truth. Moral courage cannot breathe the close atmosphere of calculation."

These sentences, and the fearless, holy spirit that inspired them, may well be commended to Mr. Murray's consideration. Only a few hundred of listeners can hear his voice, muffled in the walls of Park Street steeple house; but a free press, trumpet tongued, can convey it to countless thousands. If Mr. Murray has incontinently placed himself in a false position, let him at once frankly abandon it, and let him respond to his deacons and conservative friends who may wish to forbid Dr. Child from publishing his reports, as Jesus did to his disciples, who forbid one from casting out devils because he followed not them: "Forbid them not, for he that is not against you is for you."

Boston, Feb. 1871.

Every Day Heroes.

Two simple little incidents come to us in our exchanges, which seem to us, at least, as well worth the telling as the latest history of adultery and murder. One is the story of a poor acrobat out West, who was dashed from his giddy height to the ground; and who, when the crowd gathered about him, raised himself, mangled and bleeding, to gasp out entreaties for them to save the two girls left unsupported on the trapeze. He refused to be lifted until they were rescued, and in the agony of his fall and shattered limbs was the only man in the large audience who forgot his own necessities and had the cool presence of mind to direct how they should be brought down. When they were safe, pain got the better of him, and he was carried as dead off the stage. The women were strangers to him.

The other story is of a little girl who wandered on to the track of the Delaware Railroad, as a freight train of nineteen cars was approaching. As it turned the sharp top of the grade, opposite St. Georges, the engineer saw the child for the first time, blew "down breaks," and reversed the engine. But it was too late to slacken its speed in time, and the poor baby got up and laughing, ran to meet it. "I told the conductor," says the engineer, "if he could jump off the engine, and running ahead, pick the child up before the engine reached her, he might save her life, though it would risk his own, which he did. The engine was within one foot of the child when he secured it, and they were both saved. I would not run the same risk of saving a child again, by way of experiment, for all Newcastle county, for nine out of ten might not escape. He took the child to the lane, and she walked to the house, and a little girl was coming after it when we left."

The honest engineer, having finished his day's run, sits down the next morning and writes this homely letter to the father of the child, "in order that it may be more carefully watched in future," and thanking God "that himself and the baby's mother slept tranquil last night, and were spared the life-long pangs of remorse." It does not occur to him to even mention the conductor's name, who, he seems to think, did no uncommon thing in risking his own life, unseen and unnoticed, on the solitary road, for a child whom he would never probably see again. The moral of the story to him and to the good clergyman who publishes it, was, apparently, that mothers should keep their children off the tracks.

It seems to us to have a different meaning, which every man can read for himself. We give the simple little story a place, therefore, among the histories of the war, and murders, and records of the Police Court, for no practical lesson, but just as one would hang a bit of green landscape on his wall on a winter day. After all, in spite of the transient rain, there is under all a Summer and God. It is worth while to remind ourselves of that, now and then. We believe too, with the plain speaking engine-driver, that the conductor did nothing more than eight out of ten manly young fellows would have done in his position. Police reports and the daily press bring the murders and meannesses of the world so constantly to the surface on week days, and the clergy open our eyes to human depravity so clearly on Sundays, that we are apt to overlook the actual honor and integrity in the mass of the ordinary people about us. We grow so bilious in our reforming zeal that it is worth while to be shaken into a more Christian charity, and convinced that it is not a matter of wonder to find a Bayard in the poor conductor of a freight train, or a man in a circus rider.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

After a sermon preached by a Paris priest in favor of Ireland, a woman passed through the assembly with an alms bag. The sermon had been very eloquent, the emotions excited by it were universal, and gifts rained into the bag. A workman present cast in his watch, saying aloud, "One need not know the time of the day, when a people are dying of hunger."

Astronomy and the Bible. No. 3.

BY PROF. CHANEY.

The Garden of Eden and its appurtenances will form the subject of this paper.

Our first inquiry should be to ascertain its location. The infidel declares that there never was such a place on the earth's surface, and having proved it satisfactorily, he stops short and investigates no farther. I have no more fellowship for the infidel than for the Christian; both are in error; both have sinned and come short of the glory of God, as that glory was made manifest in Eden, which is Paradise. And Paradise furnishes us with a key wherewith we may begin to unlock the mystery. The word *Paradise* has been adopted into modern languages, not translated. The Septuagint rendering of the Hebrew "*Gan-be-eden me kay deno*," became in the Greek *Para deisos*, "a garden in Eden eastward." Dividing itself into its compounds, we have the Greek *Para-dus*, the literal meaning of which is "among the stars."

Hence, the infidel has blundered into the truth when he denies that Eden has a mundane location. But if he would fix his thoughts on "things above," as we are so frequently admonished in the Bible to do, or turn eastward among the heavenly flowers which adorn the bosom of night, he may see a panorama, or rather the reality itself, among the twinkling orbs which constitute all the characters who perform such lively parts in the beautiful drama of Paradise.

The constellation Hydra is first in rank, if not in importance. In Mythology—which, like the Bible, is founded in Astronomy, and compared with which the Bible is modern—Hydra is descended from Phorcys and Ceto. He was the many headed monster inhabiting the morasses of Lerna, and slain by Hercules in his "second labor." Instigated by jealousy, Juno caused the Hydra to be placed among the constellations, where it is still known by that name. It is remarkable for its length, its head rising with Cancer, its body extending under Leo, and its tail terminating in the last degrees of Virgo.

The Mythologists reckoned the year as commencing at the summer solstice, immediately after the sun had passed into Leo, the point of its greatest northern declination. The old Biblicals reckoned the year from the winter solstice, which is a decided advance upon the Mythologists. The Romans reckoned from the vernal equinox, (March 21st,) which is an advance upon the Biblicals. Hence, Sept., Oct., Nov. and Dec., were the 7th, 8th, 9th and 10th months respectively, as their names indicate. But the Christians, either through ignorance or obstinacy, commence the year nine days after the sun has gained his greatest southern declination, showing conclusively, as stated in my previous article, that they did not comprehend the scientific information which the ancients concealed in their myths and allegories.

The constellation Virgo next demands our attention. Ancient art represented it as a woman, and it is so represented to-day on all astronomical charts and celestial globes. Now this is a wonderful woman, whose names are legion, and whose characters as diversified as the shapes of Proteus. She is Hera, Juno, Mary, the Chinese Queen of heaven, and annually the "woman in heaven, clothed with the sun and the moon under her feet," i. e., when the sun transits through Virgo and it is full moon, for then, when the sun comes to the meridian, the moon being in opposition, is under the earth. Hundreds of years before the Christian era, this was called "the assumption of the Virgin," for then the sun, having transited through Leo, assumed *Virgo*. This was plagiarized into the New Testament, and the author, being ignorant of its scientific meaning, entirely perverted its signification, fixing "assumption day" on Aug. 15th, whereas it should have been a "movable day,"

because 365 days is not a common multiple of the moon's thirteen lunations, her cycle being about nineteen years. Hence, the full moon of August for 1870 and 1871 will not happen on the same day of the month. Besides, by precession of the equinoxes "assumption day" has been thrown out of its place more than a month, and does not now occur until the full moon between Sept. 23d and Oct. 23d.

Virgo is also *Eve*. The name "Eve" helps us to a knowledge of its origin, for it is simply the feminine of Jove, the same as girl is the feminine of boy. Jove was one of the names of Jupiter, who was the "god of gods and men" in mythology. She is also Demeter or Ceres, the goddess of the harvest, and was represented by plastic art as holding the *spica virginis*, (ear of corn,) in her hand. This "ear of corn," however, is a head of wheat, for until the discovery of America, *corn* was used as a generic term, synonymous with our word "grain." Eve, then, is derived from Mythology.

West of Virgo is the constellation Ad-ham, Boots. He is the "herdsman," and is also called "the bear driver," because he appears with his two dogs, to be driving Ursa Major round the North Pole.

Now let us put this astronomical machinery together, and examine it in aggregate. The serpent (Hydra) rises first, and is followed by "the woman." Therefore the serpent "leads on" the woman—just what *seducere* means, although our translators have rendered it "seduce," which comes as near its real meaning as we could expect, considering their ignorance of the science concealed in the myth. Next rises the man, *seduced* by the woman. (That is about as rational, according to the theological construction, as the assertion that a *virgin* gave birth to a child.) The woman follows the serpent, the man trailing behind, up to the meridian, down the western slope of the sky, where they disappear below the horizon. The "fall" occurs at the moment a star or constellation passes its culminating point, on the meridian, while it is "driven out of paradise" when it sets in the west, for it can no longer be seen "among the stars."

Now mark how perfectly this account dovetails into astronomy. At the moment "the man" sinks below the western horizon, "the cherubim with the flaming sword" rises in the east. This is the hero and demi-god, Perseus. This is the sword with which he decapitated the Gorgon, whose head, *Caput Medusæ*, he still holds in his hand. This "flaming sword" "turns every way" in its apparent diurnal and annual revolutions, "to keep the way of the tree of life."

The biblical drama, which is founded upon this astronomical phenomenon, is a splendid illustration of the ignorance of its authors and translators. Then their locating the scene on the earth, and attempting to make out that the Ganges, Nile, Tigris and Euphrates, are the genuine rivers of Eden, caps the climax of absurdity. There is no more consistency in the standard orthodox constructions put upon the Bible, than the construction given by a clergyman, unable to read, to the text: "Seven daughters to Nahor did Nilcah bear." Claiming to be enlightened by the spirit of God, beyond all "book larnin," he thus expatiated on the passage, when read to him: "My fellow Christians, these sacred words afford another instance of the goodness and mercy of God, in sending his son to die for sinners, for Christianity was thus brought about, and with Christianity and the Holy Ghost to enlighten them, they learned to keep cows, and gentle cows, too. But think of the old Jews, abiding under God's wrath because of Adam's sin—they had no milk only what they got from a bear! And it took seven women to milk a bear! And not much milk could they get, at that! Brethren, let us pray."

To the scientific mind, orthodoxy is just as absurd as the ignorant ravings of this silly old clergy-

man, and seldom arrives much nearer the true meaning of the Bible.

Auburn, Oregon.

Living Questions.

BY C. B. LYNN.

It is hard work to keep up with the times. Progress is a universal law; and its activities are so rapid and potential in this day of ours, that only a few are really cognizant of the true significance of things, whether in governmental affairs, or in that which pertains to the new modes of education, or in that which relates to the genius and purpose of Spiritualism.

Journals devoted to Spiritualism need a Donn Piatt to satirize the indifferent among us—and they are legion; to expose sins and deceptions; to boldly show up sneaks, and unprincipled men and women, who are nothing more nor less than festering sores upon our body politic; to pointedly reprimand certain of our public exponents, for their contemptible practice of catering to the sensational tastes of some of our people, and also for calumniating the characters of co workers in the field, in order to gain flattery, or secure a petty engagement here or there.

Such things do exist, and many of our best minds, both among the people and teachers, are absolutely disgusted at the condition of affairs. Certain localities resemble a small sized Orthodox pandemonium. Then again, other places are in the sunlight; the angels reign in the ways of love, and peace, and joy, and spiritual life and light. And oh, how blessed it is to dwell in such an Eden!

We read in that excellent work, the "Year-Book of Spiritualism," p. 19, as follows:—"A careful review of the field of thought, recognizes two tendencies, [in Spiritualism,] one towards positive knowledge, the other towards mysticism. The set of the two currents is of unequal strength, and at present the latter has the greater number." All of which is true, according to our idea.

Now then, this large class which tends to mysticism, continually sneers at all efforts towards co-operation; and when one talks about banding free thinkers and Spiritualists together, in great fraternities, for their own spiritual good, and for the interest of humanity, the vile epithet, "Bigot!" is hurled at one in a most contemptuous manner.

We have long realized that there exists two distinct wings in the Spiritual movement. Both believe in the grand fact of spirit communion. That serves as a sort of kindly tie between them. But beyond that there is no sympathy; and things in this direction are growing worse and worse—or, if you please, better and better. Yes, we will take the latter ground. It is better for all parties concerned, that these two wings should separate; and it can be done in a most fraternal manner—there need be no harsh words, no recrimination. The ends of truth will be subserved by each "wing."

Let those who believe that Spiritualism has a profound religious signification, follow out their idea, and unite together in labors of philanthropy, and in the systematic presentation of their theory concerning God, immortality and morality; and let those who think that Spiritualism has no relation to theological opinions whatever, go their way. We who differ from that idea, will not call them "bigots" and "fanatics," although we may think they err, lamentably, in aiding the old systems of religious thought, by their money and presence; and let those who think that Spiritualism is only a matter of scientific interest—let this class continue their careful observation of all the phenomena and conditions, immediate and remote, that are identified with the modern seance.

To our mind, Spiritualism will assume as many types as Christianity now possesses.

Fault-finding is not chronic with us. We rarely dip our pen in gall. But we do know that hundreds

of souls in our ranks to-day—people privately and publicly connected with Spiritualism—are dissatisfied with the present chaotic state of affairs among Spiritualists. The blessed light of spirit communion is an ever-present baptism from God; but these earnest souls do not wish to sit down, and dry up, and become crispy and monotonous over a few facts—their spiritual and emotional nature demands attention, and there is a great want, a want fundamental to man's being, unsatisfied by the present method, or no-method, of teaching the sacred truths of Spiritualism.

Bro. Bacon, whose articles add grace and dignity to the columns of THE AMERICAN SPIRITUALIST, said some time ago, that it was not the destiny of Spiritualism to "lay around loose forever." That hits the nail on the head. Will Bro. Bacon talk more on this subject? Will the able contributors to this journal keep the ball in motion?

Our judgment, strengthened by our intuitions, convinces us that Spiritualist lecturers and the conductors of our journals must adopt new tactics, at least in certain things—some of which are herein mentioned—else they will see their power for usefulness gradually slipping away from them.

Will of Robert Barnes.

OVER HALF A MILLION DOLLARS BEQUEATHED TO THE SPIRITUALISTS OF INDIANA, IN TRUST, FOR POOR CHILDREN OF LIBERAL-MINDED PARENTS. THE MOST IMPORTANT BEQUEST OF THE AGE.

I, Robert Barnes, of the city of Evansville, in the Commonwealth of Indiana, merchant, being of sound mind, memory and understanding, do make and publish this my last will and testament, in manner following, that is to say:

1st. So much of my estate as may be required for my funeral expenses, I desire shall be appropriated thereto.

2d. There shall be no unnecessary ceremonies in any way connected with my funeral.

3d. And whereas, I have for a long time been impressed with the importance of educating a certain portion of the poor, for which, in my judgment, there is but little provision made either by Church or State, viz., the poor children of parents who are destitute of means, who have no connection with church or sect of any denomination, who style themselves Christians, or any secret society or fraternity; and of placing them, by the early cultivation of their minds, and the early development of their moral principles, above the many temptations to which, through poverty and ignorance, they are exposed.

And notwithstanding I have the welfare of the whole human family at heart, yet I more especially sympathize with the oppressed and destitute to whom I have reverted, and especially for whom I make the following bequest:

I bequeath all that tract of land situated in section sixteen, (16) Knight Township, Vanderburgh county, State of Indiana, for the purpose hereinafter stated and for no other, forever, into the Board of Trustees of the Indiana State Association of Spiritualists and their successors in trust forever; to and for the several uses, intents and purposes, (hereinafter mentioned,) and declared of and concerning the same. That is to say, so far as regards the foregoing described tract of land, that no part thereof shall ever be sold or alienated by the said Board of Trustees or their successors, but the same shall forever remain for a college, and be occupied as such only, by the poor children of liberal-minded parents, who stand aloof from all orthodox creeds and secret associations whatsoever.

4th. And so far as regards the residue of my lands and personal property, they shall be sold to the best advantage by my executors hereinafter named; and as much of the proceeds as may be required for the erection of said college shall be applied, and the remainder placed in bank stocks and securities, which shall remain a standing capital forever, and the interest and dividends shall be applied to defraying the expenses of the college from year to year; and in case of a surplus of interest and dividends, they shall be added to the capital in bank, and form a part thereof forever.

5th. The said College shall be constructed of the most durable materials and in the most permanent and convenient manner, (avoiding useless ornaments,) attending mainly to strength and comfort, the cost thereof not to exceed \$20,000, to which may be added \$5,

000 for the erection of a suitable house for the principal teacher, and other necessary buildings.

6th. The buildings shall be erected under the supervision of the Board, or a building committee appointed by them, who shall be paid a reasonable compensation.

7th. The teachers shall be chosen by the Board, with due regard to ability and moral character, and subject to the directions of the principal teacher.

8th. All due diligence shall be taken by the matron and assistants, to make comfortable all inmates, especially sickly and delicately constituted females; and if found necessary, a physician may be appointed, who shall be paid annually for his services.

9th. The Board shall fix salaries for all services rendered, and the Secretary shall sign all contracts of agreement, and issue all checks or drafts for money drawn from banks.

10th. The scholars shall be provided with all suitable books. They shall be instructed in the various branches of a sound education, comprehending reading, writing, grammar, arithmetic, geography, navigation, surveying, practical mathematics, astronomy, natural, chemical and experimental philosophy, and other branches, as the capacity of the several scholars may meet or warrant. I would have them taught *facts and things*, rather than *words and signs*, and especially I desire that by any proper means, a pure attachment to firmly honest principles, and to the sacred rights of conscience, free thought and liberal sentiments, which are the truer innate principles of man's nature.

11th. Scholars shall be admitted in the College at the age of six years, and continue till the age of eighteen, if they desire, at which time, upon due examination and approval of the Superintendent, he or she shall receive a diploma.

12th. In no event whatsoever shall any part of the capital stock of said college be sold, disposed of or pledged to meet the current expenses of the said institution, to which I donate the interests, incomes and dividends thereof exclusively.

13th. I enjoin and require that no ecclesiastic missionary or minister of any sect whatsoever, shall ever hold or exercise any station or duty whatsoever in said college, nor any such person ever be admitted for any purpose, or as a visitor within the premises appropriated to the purposes of said college.

14th. The Board shall appoint a Superintendent whose duty it shall be to take charge of the farm of the college, attend to having it tilled, and to all the duties and requirements connected therewith, and for the benefit of pupils by way of exercise and recreation, as well as the development of body and mind, I desire that the males be required to labor two hours in the forenoon and two hours in the afternoon of each day.

15th. The produce raised from the farm to be used in the college; if any surplus, it shall be sold, and the surplus to pay current expenses of the institution.

16th. Should it unfortunately happen that any scholars admitted into the college, shall from misconduct have become unfit companions for the rest, and mild, persuasive means of reform fail to prove effectual to reform them, they shall be expelled. But no harsh means of correction or compulsion shall be resorted to. In relation to the organization of the College and its appendages, I necessarily leave many details to the Board and their successors; and I do so with the more confidence as from the design of my bequest and the benefits to result therefrom. I trust that my fellow citizens of the State of Indiana, will observe and evince especial care and anxiety in selecting members for their Board of Trustees, and other agents.

17th. In debarring missionaries and ministers, I do not mean to cast reflection on any person or sect whatever, but as there is such a multitude of sects, and such diversity of opinions among them, I desire to keep the tender minds of the children who are to derive advantage from this bequest, free from the excitements which clashing doctrines and sectarian controversies are so apt to produce. My desire is that all the instructors and teachers in the College shall take pains to instil into the minds of the scholars the purest principles of morality, so that on their entering into active life, they may from inclination and habit, evince benevolence among their fellow creatures, and a love of truth, sobriety and industry, adopting at the same time such religious tenets as their mature reason may enable them to prefer.

18th. And so far as regards my city property in the city of Evansville, I desire that no part thereof shall ever be sold, or alienated by the Board of Trustees, or their successors, but the same shall forever be let from time to time, to good tenants, at yearly or other rents, and upon leases in possession not exceeding five years from the commencement thereof, and that the rents, is-

ues and profits arising therefrom after keeping the property in repair, shall be applied to erecting new buildings on the College farm, and the residue (if any) be applied to the capital stock as provided above. And as to my bank stock, I desire it to remain at present in the bank, and the dividends to be applied to the erection of houses on vacant lots, and to the purchase of lots for that purpose, and the rents and proceeds of such house or houses shall be applied to the benefit of said College and the increase of its capital stock forever, as above specified, so that its capacities may be increased from time to time, as necessity may require. And I do hereby declare that all the preceding bequests and devices of my estate to the Board of Trustees of the Indiana State Association of Spiritualists, are made upon the following express conditions, that is to say:

I. That none of the monies, principle, interest, dividends or rents arising from the said residuary devices or bequests, shall at any time be applied to any other purpose or purposes whatever, than those therein mentioned and appointed.

II. That separate accounts, distinct from any other account of the said Association, shall be kept by the Board, concerning the said devices, bequests, College and funds, and of the investments and application thereof; and that a separate account or accounts shall be in blank, not blended with any other account, so that it may at all times appear, on examination by a committee of the Legislature (as hereinafter mentioned) that my intentions had been fully complied with.

III. That the said Board render a detailed account annually, in duplicate, to the Legislature of the Commonwealth of Indiana, at the commencement of the session, one copy for the Senate and the other for the House of Representatives, concerning the said devised and bequested estate, and the investment and application of the same. And also a report in like manner, of the state of said College; and shall submit all their books, papers and accounts touching the same, to a committee or committees of the Legislature for examination when the same shall be required.

IV. The said Board shall also cause to be published in the month of January, annually, in two or more papers printed in the city of Evansville, a concise but plain account of the trusts, devices and bequests herein declared and made comprehending the condition of the said College, the number of scholars, and all other particulars needful to be publicly known, for the year next preceding the said month of January, annually.

Lastly, I hereby appoint David Mackey and Samuel Orr, executors of this my last will and testament. I recommend them to close the concerns of my estate as expeditiously as possible, and to see that my intentions are strictly carried out and complied with; and I do hereby revoke all other wills by me hitherto made.

ROBERT BARNES.

The original will was dated some time in October, and signed by Robert Barnes, and witnessed by John Schubert and J. S. Buchanan.

A METHODIST MINISTER'S IDEA OF HEAVEN.—On Sunday week the Rev. T. D. Anderson, B. A., improved the occasion of the death of a person named Simpson, connected with the Wesleyan Methodist body at Kirby Ireleth, by preaching a sermon from the words in the 21st verse of the first chapter in Philipians: "To die is gain." He said it is only for those who believe in Christ, that death is gain. When they died, the disembodied spirits of God's people flew to Jesus, there to remain until the resurrection morn, when they will be united to a new and perfect body. There would not be one forgotten in this great work of re-creation. Respecting the employment of the redeemed throughout all eternity, he thought it might be that they would be ministering spirits to intelligent beings in the other worlds, for life was universal, and they might infer that the stars were inhabited. Doubtless angels had watched with interest the progress of events in this world from the beginning of time, and it might be that our spirits would be able to fly from world to world with the rapidity of thought. He could not tell what the employment would be, but they would never be weary. There would be an eternal Sabbath, and they would be engaged in continual praise to God. Enoch, Moses, David, Ezekiel and Paul would each be there, to tell us that they lived again.—*Medium and Daybreak.*

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J. M. PEEBLES,
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A. A. WHEELOCK, MANAGING EDITOR.

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

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

Did Jesus Actually Exist?

Outside the New Testament and the testimonies of the Church Fathers, there seems sufficient from Tacitus, Suetonius, Pliny, Julian, Ravzat el Saffa, the caricature of the crucifixion found while unearthing the foundation of Cæsar's palace, and the Toloth Jesu, first brought to our notice by Wm. Howitt—sufficient, we say, to convince any reasonable man of the existence of Jesus Christ. But testimony from the learned accumulates.

The eminent Talmudist, Rabbi Isaac M. Wise, recently delivered a lecture in Steinway Hall, New York, upon the "Talmud and the Gospels." Several distinguished Rabbis were present. The Talmud, remember—Mishna and Gemara—embodies the traditions and explanations of Hebrew laws, religions and politics; of individuals and their teachings, and also running commentaries on the Old Testament scriptures.

The Rabbi introduced by the Rev. O. B. Frothingham, said:

My investigation into the Gospel and Talmud has taught me three paradoxes concerning Jesus of Nazareth, which I consider highly important and essential points in history, especially in the origin of Christianity. Jesus of Nazareth was not the author of Christianity. He was a Pharisean doctor, an eminent patriot, a fervent enthusiast, determined to rescue his country from the clutches of a bloody despotism. He was crucified by Roman authorities, to the chastisement, chagrin and profound regret of the Jews. I maintain these paradoxes in contradiction to those modern critics who hold the theory that no such person ever lived, and especially against the unfounded theories of Renan. The Talmud often mentions the name of Jesus; his teacher, Rabbi Joshua with whom he was in Egypt; his disciples, one of whom stood in close communication with several of the most prominent authorities, and at the head of the nascent church. In the Talmud mention is made of a manuscript, then well known to the rabbis, which Jesus wrote in Egypt and brought to Palestine. The original Hebrew or Aramaic gospel is mentioned there from which those passages in the four gospels were taken, in which they agree. Those passages of the Talmud bear the names and the stamp of prominent contemporaries of Jesus and the Apostles. This settles the question of his real existence. Had those rabbis considered him an ignoramus, or a mere impostor, they must have said so somewhere; but they did not. Their silence is a much better testimony than Renan's arguments. Thereupon, with all due respect to Renan, we think he mis-conceived the character of Jesus entirely.

The speaker then described the origin of the sect of Pharisees, who were the democrats of that age and nation, as opposed to the Sadducees or aristocrats. The Essenes were a secret order within the ranks of the Pharisees, who were oppressed by Romans when they had conquered Judea. Another society among the Pharisees was the "Haberim," who entirely opposed kings and priests. John the Baptist, who belonged to this society, wanted the "Kingdom of Heaven" restored in Israel, which, in modern phraseology, signifies independence of prince and priest, independence of foreign invaders and home corruptions, freedom, equality, and the sovereignty of God's laws. Thousands, it appears, came to John, including Roman soldiers and other hirelings, and the revival assumed the dimensions of a popular insurrection.

Tyrants are easily alarmed, and always ready to dispose of patriots; so John and many other rabbis with him were captured, transported to a place in Arabia beyond the reach of the Jews, and beheaded by the command of Herod. But this did not crush the insurrection; for among the thousands whom

the spirit of John animated was Jesus of Nazareth, who by the death of John rose rapidly to popularity and eminence to continue the martyr's work, to the chagrin of Herod. Jesus was one of the many who were baptized by John, who saw in the youthful enthusiast the man who should continue and bring to perfection the work begun by John—the restoration of the Kingdom of Heaven. The death of John naturally alarmed his disciples and compatriots, and Jesus with his small band of followers fled to the thinly inhabited outskirts of the Land, where he justly envied the birds for their nests when the son of Man had no home in this world. From and after that time Jesus was a fugitive. We meet him on the Jordan, then on the other side of the Land in Phenecia, then again in the northern mountains, but never more in the interior of Galilee. The fugitive, sage and patriot, with all the great pain in his soul which the misery of his people, the decline of Zion, and the rise of Rome inspired, with the enthusiastic zeal on his lips to save God's people and God's word, to verify God's promises, attracted the attention of the multitude which followed him to his distant retreats, caught sparks from his fire; and the spirit of John was resurrected with tenfold vigor. "I must save my people and its sacred heritage; I must restore the kingdom of heaven in Israel," was the great thought, the sublime ideal which elevated persons to that high standpoint where the earth and her charms are forgotten, peril, danger and death lose their terror; manhood and Godhead meet as closely as the finite and the infinite can touch, and man excels himself. This thought grew rapidly in Jesus as his popularity increased, and as his scheme of salvation ripened into definite shape. This is the idea of the transfiguration scene. How shall the people be roused? How shall everybody be inspired with that fervent enthusiasm which Jesus and some of his disciples felt? Peter undertook to solve this important question. While they were in these northern mountains, the idea occurred to Peter, who was a matter-of-fact man, that the best catch-word for a political revolution would be "Messiah." There was, as he knew, always a Messianic manner among the Hebrew people when the political status was most oppressive and unpromising.

In hopes of raising a cry the Messiah, they would move swiftly toward Jerusalem, appear suddenly and unexpectedly before the city during the Passover and accomplish a *coup d'état* that would change the face of things. "The Messiah has come" was to be a mighty signal to inflame the enthusiasm of the masses to support the master—surprised and confounded the priests and the Roman officers take possession of the temple. It was a failure. His doom was sealed after a few days. Giving him scarcely time enough to expound his scheme of salvation, the Romans captured and crucified him, as thousands of Jews were crucified in those days by this same Pilate.

In the Sanctum Again.

After an absence of two months in the West, we are safely back in our editorial sanctum, with more opportunity to chat with our readers. Our lecturing tour through Wisconsin, assisting Bro. J. O. Barrett to carry forward the missionary work in that State, was most successful, a brief account of which, in this and other issues, we propose to give.

Unlike Paul, we had few "perils by land," and none by sea, albeit, with the exception of a few snow-drifts, our greatest "peril" was mud!

It may not be known to all of our readers, that Bro. Hudson Tuttle, whose deep and philosophical reasoning enriches the columns of this journal, is located on "Walnut Grove Farm," full forty miles from Cleveland, where to his great literary labors he adds that of farmer, taking no part in the business minutæ connected with this office.

The arrangement announced, placed our well known and most capable Bro. J. M. Peebles as editor-in-chief of the literary department, with the expectation that he would superintend, not only, but personally perform most of that work. After the issuing of Number 1, Volume 4, his health failed from overwork, and he was obliged to be relieved of all details connected with his position. With this needed rest, he is, we are happy to state, rapidly recovering, and will soon be able to give his personal attention to the columns of this paper again.

In our absence, under these circumstances, it was necessary to have some one to take charge of the important and laborious details incident to the correct issuing of such a paper.

And here we feel bound to acknowledge, in taking hold of office labors again, the satisfaction that was ours on coming back, and which may surprise others, to find that one little woman, who makes our happiness complete as "dear wife," had so successfully managed the paper—performed most of the office work—selecting copy and preparing it for the hands of the compositors—reading proof, which means a careful reading of every word in each issue, *three times over*—directing how the matter should be made up in each number—answering a voluminous business and other correspondence—keeping the financial accounts of the office, as Assistant Treasurer of the Company—directing the wrappers for mailing papers to subscribers—writing on papers the names of subscribers, and assisting to mail the whole issue every two weeks; besides taking the whole care of a babe twenty months old, and successfully carrying her through a "course of measles," during this time! "O, ye of little faith," and far less knowledge, who are constantly clamoring that "woman is not the equal of man," what think you of this? Such the work "our wife" performed, and hence we unanimously voted her in "managing editress," with "rank and pay," always ahead of us—*only a man*—being only too happy to "train under such a captain." We can never take any stock in the idea, after such evidence, that "woman is inferior to man," but incline strongly to the hope that if rulers there must be, let *woman rule*. However successful we might have been in doing the work of the office, which is really the work of two men, at least, the care of a baby, and especially a few dozen measles, would have "floored" us, "or any other man," we feel certain.

Since writing the above, we have found in the office, the following, from our noble Bro. Barrett, and as the "managing editress" was too modest to publish it, in justice to "our wives" we give it insertion, with a hearty "amen" to the sentiment, as well as the facts stated.

A. A. W.

OUR WIVES.

We men out in the heat of battle—over the mountains, over the prairies, over the oceans fighting our way, yet now and then a word of praise, amid volumes of blame, whilst trying to alleviate human sorrows and break human chains; but our wives, content in their obscurity, noiseless as the dark flowing river, toil on, and sigh, and weep, and conquer. After all, they are doing more than we, and yet how seldom are they noticed in our public prints, with credit for their great work. I am reminded of this fact by an appended paragraph to a private letter addressed me by Bro. A. A. Wheelock, during our arduous missionary labors in Wisconsin. Sister Wheelock, I know, will let me print what Addison said in my ear in heart confidence:

"My poor wife is there, with all that load to carry, besides our child to take care of—the whole minutæ of that paper to get to press and mail! Only think of it! It seems almost cruel. I feel, some days, as if I should fly to Cleveland. Brave-hearted woman!"

During my missionary labors since last September, being on the wing most of the time, "Olive the faithful" has filled my appointments nearly every other week, in Glen Beulah, with better success, of course, than "the other half of the love-circle" can do alone. Aside from this, she has superintended the home of four household angels, visited the sick, traveled and administered the consolations of the spirits' gospel in the hours of bereavement, reviewed her husband's literary work, ordinarily, for the press, and sunned all his missionary pathway with light. "Brave-hearted woman!" These two sisters may not thank me for this, but I guess they will say it is justice. But for such wives, what would we pilgrims do? Crowns for such women!

Robert Barnes, the Philanthropist.

Through the kindness of Dr. Allen C. Hallock of Evansville, Ind., we are enabled to lay before our readers, in this number of THE AMERICAN SPIRITUALIST, the will of Robert Barnes, and also a concise statement of his life and character. None can read this brief sketch of the noble philanthropist, without a feeling of pride and satisfaction that in the midst of such miserly, gold-grabbing selfishness, so plainly manifest in this age of money and materialism, occasionally a man, not a Christian, is found, whom gold even cannot corrupt, and whose nobility of nature, seen in such grand acts of benevolence and charity, of "his own free will and choice," is an undying protest against that vile sectarian slander that "there is no goodness in the natural man."

Compare the motives and acts of this noble soul, with any and all things sectarians have accomplished, including their high-sounding professions; their Sunday dress-parades at fashionable churches; the expenditure of time, and millions upon millions of money, to build up a bigoted, sectarian Christianity, ending only in Christian squabbles and constant divisions over dubious, senseless dogmas; its blind devotees, working zealously for God, while God's poor, under the shadow of their church spires, are starving—shouting for Jesus, while the cries of orphans for bread, are unheeded;—compare, we say, this munificent, unselfish and most generous bequest, to the uncared and unprovided for poor of humanity, and how more than insignificant becomes all pious pretension and Christian parade, by the side of it.

It is expected that a strong effort will be made to break this will. Doubtless persons will be found, where such an amount of money is in question, who think themselves, if not especially qualified, more capable of judging what should be done with the property, than the testator. Yet the careful reading of the will, we think, can hardly fail to impress any mind, except those who may be prejudiced, with the "hope of reward," that Robert Barnes was, at the time of making his will, as he recites, "of sound mind, memory and understanding."

If such be the case, as friend Hallock avers, after an intimate acquaintance of twenty-five years with the deceased, why should this will be broken, any more than the will of Stephen Girard? We rejoice at the prospect of there being something practical done, whereby the children of Spiritualists and Liberalists can be educated, free from the curse of sectarianism, and thus saved from the greedy clutch of the church. Are there not wealthy Spiritualists and Liberalists in other States, and especially in Ohio, who will be inspired by this noble example?

While sectarian Christians lavish their time and money on their God, creeds and churches, let all Spiritualists and Liberalists join fully in the motive and purpose of the philanthropist Robert Barnes, to WORK FOR HUMANITY.

A. A. W.

DR. HALLOCK WRITES:

Robert Barnes, the testator of this will, had been a resident of Evansville for the past forty years; had by industry and economy in mercantile and other business connections, accumulated an estate estimated at from five to seven hundred thousand dollars.

Mr. Barnes died a widower, and without issue; his nearest kindred, a nephew, residing in Virginia, dissipated and morally worthless as a man or citizen, and a niece whose husband is a millionaire. These two constitute the lawful claimants to the estate, apart from the provisions of the will.

Mr. Barnes was what is termed a free-thinker, or a liberalist. Connected with no church, or other special organization; somewhat peculiar and eccentric in his social ideas; mingling little, if any, with what is understood as fashionable society; he rather chose the poor or laboring class for his more intimate associates, but with due regard to their moral worth and intelligence. Some thirty years ago, he connected himself

with the Methodist church or denomination, and at once became a financial pillar of strength to the same. This was when the church was in its primitive simplicity, before accumulated wealth had lent its influence in fostering imitative pride, when the persons of its respective members were unadorned with symbols of worldly vanity, and their houses of worship were barren of lofty spires and other adornments of more modern Christian worship. Mr. Barnes' conversion, (so termed,) was under the preaching of the Rev. Daley, who subsequently became notorious, and was dismissed from the ministry for immorality. Mr. Barnes was heard to remark, in relating this incident in his life, that he could not consistently be held responsible for any dereliction of imposed duty, upon the principle that the stream could not, by any law of nature, rise higher than its fountain head. His connection with the church was severed after six months' duration, by his own request.

Mr. Barnes was strictly a temperance man, having abandoned the sale, or use as a beverage, of all intoxicating liquors, thirty years or more prior to his death, and rigidly kept his resolution inviolate.

He was kind and lenient to the industrious poor, and honorable in his dealings, and was never known to take undue advantage of his numerous tenants, who through misfortune or other unavoidable circumstances, failed to meet their liabilities to him. If his faults were more apparent than those of some others, it was because his mind harbored less of deceit, common to many; and where those more pretentious covered their tracks in straying from the paths of rectitude, his were left uncovered.

His noble bequest, if carried out in accordance with his benevolent intentions, will remain a more lasting tribute to his memory and character, than any words said or written in eulogy to his memory.

Mr. Barnes passed to the higher and better life, on the fourth day of February, aged seventy-two years.

Evangelical Sabbath Desecration!

"More money for Jesus!" was the cry of the managers, all day and evening, last Sunday, who gathered in the new and costly Baptist House of God—corner of Euclid and Huntington Sts., Cleveland—under the pious pretense of "dedicating" that mass of stone and other elegant "fixtures," to God; where, with pompous parade, in silks, satins, diamonds, finery and flummery, modern Christian piety will be manufactured to order, on Sundays, with the precision that a hand-organ is made to grind out 'John Brown' or 'Dixie,' on the street for a few pennies!

The pretense, we say, was a "dedication" of this splendid \$107,000 gospel shop, to give it to the Lord! But the zealous manner in which these pious managers begged for money, showed plainly that they cared more for getting their splendid "house of worship" paid for, than they did for God, the devil, or anybody else. The great financial "tussle," on Sunday, was to raise \$27,000—piously called a "dedication of the Lord's house!" Here is a sample of the "cheap John auctioneering" indulged in by the saints, in carrying out this pious fraud: "Oh Lord, we desire to present this \$107,000 house to Thee, as an acceptable gift. We know that it is already *Thine*, but we greatly fear, oh Lord, that you won't be very much pleased with the gift, unless we present it to you *clear of debt!*" What an old miserly, money-grabbing God these Christians have! A brother to Shylock, certainly, and out-Jewing any Jew we ever heard of—will have his money or "pound of flesh!"

Rather particular, this God, on finance. Won't accept a building on Euclid Avenue, worth \$107,000, with only \$27,000 due! This beats any old skinflint miser and broker that ever dealt in "collaterals."

Now, if their God won't trust them in the mere pittance of \$27,000, and that, too, on a piece of property worth \$107,000, with \$80,000 paid, what must be the character of these saints in matters of finance?

Suppose the ungodly world's people should treat these saints the same way in matters of business—no trust, cash down, or no trade. Would it not be rather hard on some of the brethren, about "tax times?"

But there is another consideration. What right have these pious pretenders to desecrate God's holy day with business transactions, any more than others? What the difference in working all day and evening like beavers, and raising \$27,000, as they did, resorting to every known device that would twist money out of the pocket, to pay a debt on a church building, or performing the same labor to pay for a splendid residence on Euclid Avenue? Is your pious pretense that you are working for God, a justification? As well might the stock-gamblers—the "bears and bulls" of Wall Street—claim the same. One is no more justifiable in desecrating the Sabbath by engaging in money transactions on that day, than the other. Who could not make the same godly plea, if hypocritical and dishonest enough to do it?

The whole thing is in direct and persistent opposition to all the teachings of the poor Nazarene, whom these modern Christians pretend to follow; hence we characterize this Sunday gambling on Euclid Avenue, a "pious fraud," and a Christian desecration of their own holy Sunday. Out upon such evangelical hypocrisy!

A. A. W.

The Spiritualist Society in Troy, N. Y., is in a sound and healthy state. E. V. Wilson recently gave the Trojans two week-day evening seances, in Apollo Hall. They were well attended. Some of the tests were startling, reminding us of the scene at Samaria's well, where the women said: "Come, see a man which told me all things that ever I did."

The audiences in Troy are increasing each session. The singing is good; Master White presides at the instrument. Besides those faithful workers, Starbuck, Waters and others, we noticed in the congregation, Sunday, Gen. Bullard and Joel Tiffany.

The Troy Lyceum is in superb working condition. Last Sunday there were over eighty scholars present, full twenty of which were young men and young women; and be it said to their praise, none were too proud or lazy to go through with the gymnasium exercises. We read to those present on this occasion, a portion of the poem published in the *Lyceum Banner*, entitled, "Birthday Thoughts," by Mrs. M. L. Tuttle—mother of Hudson Tuttle, and the efficient leader of Ocean Group, in the Milan Lyceum—and then made a speech upon the energy of this mother in our Israel. The first time we met her, she had walked, on a July morning, two miles, to attend the Lyceum. Think of that, young girls—and you, too, young women, who are dozing and lolling along in the afternoon of this nineteenth century. It is not so sad, when the death angel comes, to attend the funerals of such women as Mrs. Tuttle. A man has something to talk about. But to attend the funeral of a fashionably shiftless, dawdling, whining, sickly, modern American woman—who can twist a rope from sand?

Here are samples of Mrs. Tuttle's "Birthday Thoughts:"

"Far down the vista childhood stands,
Sunny with mirth and full of glee,
Among New England's mountains grand,
Breathing their breezes pure and free.

"The love of parents lit those days,
Brothers and sisters with me played,
And murmuring up the paths of time
Comes the sweet music which they made.

"Combating poverty and want,
My conquering spirit grew more strong,
And as it reached the mountain top,
Took up at length the victor's song.

"And though I wear the battle-scars
Of seventy years on hands and face,
I yet rejoice that I have lived
And filled my well appointed place."

The Troy Lyceum has just ordered of Adams & Co., Boston, one hundred copies of "The Lyceum Guide."

O, WHERE ARE MY TREASURES?

BY VOLDO VENIER.

O, where are my treasures,
My joys and my treasures?

Call death, foolish heart, now call thee the name,
If he is, and hath reaped them, he'll give thee the same.

O where are my flowers that bloomed in the morning,
In spring-time, O yes, in their spring-time and mine!
Ah me! have they gone with their bright blooming morning,
Those I did enshrine?

O where are my birds that sang in the morning,
In spring-time, O yes, in their spring-time and mine!
Alas! have they flown with their rich ringing morning,
My feathery nine?

O where are my suns that shone in the morning,
In spring-time, O yes, in their spring-time and mine!
O say! have they sunk with their glad, golden morning,
No more to shine?

O where all my joys that lived in the morning,
In spring-time, O yes, in their spring-time and mine!
Now speak, have they died with their new natal morning,
While I here repine?

But no answer came,
For death had no claim,
If he was, and had reaped them,
He'd have given the same.

Yet a change came a day,
Turning night into day,
And thus sang the heart
On its happier way:

Ah! now, I am back with my spring's early hours,
With my treasures, my suns, my birds, and my flowers,
Their morning and mine shall be mine still forever;
'Twas the passage of earth that seemed but to sever
My heart and its joys and its treasures.

Peebles-ites in Cleveland.

Yearly engagements continue to walk, sheeted ghosts, in quite a number of cranial graveyards. They will not down at any's bidding. Why, why are they so persistent? Speak, oh, ghostly visitants! Speak, tell, divine with reasons. One rises—listen: "I am the resurrection and the life"—the life of disintegrated and dying societies. What is the life of such societies, that comparable to some of the Asian churches in John's time were "dead," or as expressed by Jude "twice dead and plucked up by the roots?" Why, longer engagements, with a deeper insight into the significance of all genuine spiritual phenomena—longer engagements, with more devotion to the truth, more unity of action, more enthusiasm, more religious culture, and a deeper baptism into the good, the beautiful and the heavenly. Others may not think so. That is their privilege. Honestly differing, let us differ in love, conducting our discussions in a dignified and commendable manner.

We find the following in a late *Banner of Light*, from the facile pen of Kersey Graves:

"The people of Cleveland, who attend Bro. Peebles's lectures, will have, at the end of the year, not only a new installment of spiritual literature, but a fresh inlay of *Peebleism*. This mental warping towards the idiosyncracies of speakers, has always been one of the evil results of settled speakers, and if speakers should adopt the policy, we should soon have an ample supply of Peeblesites, Tappanites, Dentonites, Davisitites, Tuttleites, etc.

Here I wish to make a proposition to my brothers and sisters at Cleveland: *Furnish me with one-half the funds required to pay Bro. Peebles's eleven months services in that place, and I will make four converts to his one to the cause, notwithstanding his superior experience and superior talents as a speaker.* I regret, with others, that Bro. Peebles's oratorical powers are to be restricted within the narrow compass of the city of Cleveland for so long a period. I will venture to say that if he should spend the months of January, June and December alone in Cleveland, and the balance of the year in other localities, the beneficial effect in that city would be about the same as with the whole year's labor, while the cause at large would be greatly advanced by his nine months' labor. And I will also hazard the opinion that he would make more converts to the cause in three lectures delivered in one locality in the West, in two or three days, than he will make in Cleveland by a year's labor. Are not such considerations as these entitled to some weight?"

This implication of "mental warping" is not paying a very high compliment to the general intelligence of Cleveland Spiritualists, who as an organized body, evidently consider themselves the best judges of what and who they want to conduct their Sunday exercises. It was the distinct understanding when engaging, that we have the privilege of occasionally exchanging, and of being absent a month now and then, both parties assenting thereto. Our first lecture was delivered in August, followed by all of October, all of December and January, with the exception of one Sunday—*nearly four months in all!* Results: a good fraternal feeling; constant improvement in the lyceum work; fine audiences, the hall sometimes crowded Sunday evenings; expenses kept up, and some of the old debts paid off. Bro. E. V. Wilson addressed the Society during November, filling the hall, as everywhere, and giving excellent tests. Mrs. Colby is speaking the present month.

Mr. Graves, prompted by the noble spirit of a propagandist, offers to come to Cleveland for "half the funds required to pay" us, and promises to make "four converts to our one to the cause." That is generous and fair, and what is more, exceedingly opportune, inasmuch as we asked, at the close of January, to be released from the further fulfillment of the year's engagement,—other localities pressing us for a month or three months' speaking, and Chicago for a year's settlement. But to this, Dr. M. C. Parker, Mr. King, Pratt, and others of the committee, promptly and emphatically responded, "No!" They may yet come to a different decision. If so, they will doubtless invite to their city Bro. Graves, who is certainly a sound and able writer, and we presume an excellent speaker.

Though anxious to have each society pursue its own method, our observations incline us to favor three months, six months, or what is better, yearly engagements. This conviction rests mainly upon the experiences gathered from a residence of eleven years in Battle Creek, Mich., and speaking regularly, six of these years, to the society of Spiritualists in that city. This term, be it remembered by all, was the season of the Society's real prosperity, and whoever asserts to the contrary, is a square falsifier.

What is the general testimony of distinguished Spiritualists, upon the matter under consideration. We quote from the "Year-Book of Spiritualism," pp. 85, 86, 87, 88:

"Hon. J. G. Wait, President American Association of Spiritualists, writes:

"After years of experience, we are thoroughly convinced that yearly engagements are more profitable than constant changes. Mr. Fishback has been with us for eighteen months, and we have flourished under his ministrations. The great want among us is energy, unity of action, and a more fervent cultivation of the devotional element. We also lack order, system, punctuality, and more complete consecration to our noble principles."

"S. B. McCracken, President Detroit Society, Mich., says:

"The most substantial members of our society are heartily weary of this monthly change of speakers. It incites to instability, and the drawing of odious comparisons between the merits of different lecturers."

"Mr. I. Lake, President Norwalk Society, Ohio, assures us that their prosperity is the result of the determination of the society to secure the best speakers, and retain them for long terms of engagement.

"Benjamin Starbuck, a well-tried and prominent supporter of Spiritualism in Troy, N. Y., writing of the necessity of more culture among our speakers, and their longer engagements, says:

"Our society flourished best during the year and a half that Bro. S. J. Finney was with us; and I think, had he remained, we should now have been a power. . . . We do indeed need more culture, more refinement, more intellectuality—less rant and tear-down, and more of the build-up principle amongst us."

"Mrs. S. A. Horton, at the close of a six months' engagement at East Saginaw, Mich., writes:

"It is the almost universal expression of the Spiritualists in that city, that six months or yearly engagements are pre-eminently more profitable than weekly or monthly. They also consider music, devotion, and religious culture, necessary adjuncts to their prosperity."

"Mr. Samuel Fish, President of the Milan (Ohio) Society

and Lyceum, informs us that they are disgusted with unreliable itinerant lecturers, and that the present extremely prosperous condition of the society is the result of their reliance on one speaker—H. Tuttle; and that they will under no circumstances, employ any speaker, unless he come well recommended, and having the capabilities to teach.

"N. T. Waterman of Coldwater, Mich., the tried friend of our cause, remarks:

"Short lecture engagements do not work well here. Our motto is, not less than three months, and as many more as we can raise the funds for; the longer the better for speaker and people."

"Mrs. D. M. Brown, Secretary of the Battle Creek (Michigan) Society, still more emphatically expresses the conclusions at which they have arrived after years of experience:

"We never had as large and attentive audiences, and everything appertaining to our society go on with as much interest and spirit, as when we have had a regular speaker by the year, or from three to six months. There has always been, under these conditions, an increasing interest and attendance. Our society in Battle Creek has only been in a flourishing condition, financially and otherwise, when we did sustain speaking year after year, making long engagements."

"Emma Hardinge, in her lecture on "The Priest and Physician," speaks inspired words of truth and wisdom:

"Until the teachers of the Spiritual rostrum shall be privileged to concentrate their labors for at least one year in the same place, and in the surroundings of their own homes, to be themselves for a time, rather than always the somebody else with whom they are sojourning, the world has no right to expect them to be anything more than theorists on the wing; and until the practical uses and blessings of Spiritualism can be demonstrated in the persons of its exponents, we have no right to ask the world to accept of theories which the teachers thereof cannot practically prove. To build up a society requires the social as well as intellectual and moral influence of the speaker. Engaged for a month, he can little more than become acquainted with the members; he in no sense becomes one of their number—has little interest in strengthening it. He comes hurriedly from his last engagement, receives his pay, and as hastily leaves for his next, giving place to another. . . . Spiritualists demand culture, refinement, the ability to teach, of those who profess the high office of instructors. When a society finds one thus qualified, it has a tower of strength, and becomes a widely extending power. While engaging a series of lectures, however well qualified to amuse and instruct, it is little more than a lecture committee, without any deep interest to hold its members together. The lecturer falls into the habit of repeating his lectures, and perhaps the same set speeches are made year in and year out. Then, again, the society mistakes the eagerness of the crowd for the novel, for interest in Spiritualism, and instead of lecturers, brings showmen on its platform. On the other hand, the lecturer who holds his position for the year, has the interest of the society as a part of his business, and must educate himself to meet the wants of his hearers. One method pays a premium on indolence; the other demands earnest and continual effort.

"Even were itinerancy preferable, societies are ever liable to imposition; and no number of good lecturers in succession can efface the impression of one disreputable. If Spiritualism is to exert an influence for good, it must do so through refinement and culture. In no other way can its speakers meet this demand except by being engaged for a series of months or years."

All this said, however, itinerants do a noble work. They are the sowers of the seed. They dig the gold from the mountain. They carry the "myrrh and frankincense" of truth to the border-lands of this and foreign countries. The angels bid them to go into all the world, bearing evangel of love and good will. After the sowing comes the cultivation, and finally the golden harvest. Let us not weary, brethren, in well-doing, whether itinerating or settled.

Anna Dickinson, the Inspirational Speaker.

Miss Dickinson delivered her lecture—"Jeanne d'Arc," in Washington, D. C., for the benefit of the French wounded, of which a correspondent of the *N. Y. Tribune* says:

Mr. Sumner introduced Miss Dickinson with a few choice sentences, in one of which he characterized her as the modern Jeanne d'Arc herself, and was acknowledged as the mouth-piece of the sentiment of the house by a peal of approval.

It was the night of the news of the capitulation of Paris, and when even those who love the German race, whether they love German Imperialism or not, could afford pity and admiration to its gallant foe; and though the speaker looked pale and sad when she rose, presently she warmed with her subject, the color was on her cheek, the fire in her eye, and with her somewhat quaint and medieval dress of black velvet, slashed with crimson satin, she presented an appearance, not only unique and charming, but in perfect consonance with her subject, so that it seemed nothing strange to hear this dark, wild tale of the wrong and woe of Middle Ages poured from the young girl's lips. It was really a tremendous lecture; ears critical to a refinement on the point of lectures have heard nothing like it

It seemed to be the very tone of Jeanne d'Arc herself ringing through the centuries. I have heard that Miss Dickinson's lecturing is not to be at all compared to her extemporaneous speaking, but no one that has heard her lecture of Jeanne d'Arc will ever believe a word of that again, for there is in it the true oratory by which you are rapt out of yourself and out of the memory of association with sordid things—oratory which subdues, as it did that night, such men as Senator Sumner, Trumbull, Horace Maynard, together with great soldiers who have conquered by line and rule and do not believe in inspiration, and by which throngs of undistinguished women are melted into tears.

Miss Dickinson is well known as a medium, it is claimed by some who love her in Philadelphia, and that she owes to spirit influence, to culture and her own courage, her position, her influence, her power. Had she acknowledged her mediumship, she would have been, in all probability, an "itinerant lecturer," "boarding round" and speaking for from ten to twenty-five dollars a Sunday. Culture she could not have gained, and her influence would be limited. The parsimony of Spiritualists drives their best advocates away from them, or into silence. E. S. W.

Unfounded Rumor about A. J. Davis.

A paragraph is going the rounds of the press to the effect that Andrew Jackson Davis has renounced his belief in spirit intercourse, and gone back on mediumship and Spiritualism in general. Having recently "interviewed" the gentleman, who is a resident of this place, we find the story of his "recantation" originated in the *Spiritual Monthly*, soon after his last book, entitled "The Fountain," was published. There is nothing in this volume that conflicts with Mr. Davis's previous works, but it contains two chapters in which he comes out strongly against the abuses of mediumship and the errors of doctrine adopted by many Spiritualists; and the false report started by the *Spiritual Monthly* was probably based upon a mistaken view of the just and timely criticisms published in "The Fountain."—*Orange, (N. J.,) Chronicle.*

Outrages Upon Indians.

Those who will take the trouble to look back to the last page of the AMERICAN SPIRITUALIST of July 16th, 1870, No. 15, will see our notice of the passage by Congress of a bill for the sale, under certain provisions, of the land of the Osage Indians. We denounced the act at the time as a land-grabbing swindle, and foretold the oppression to come. *It has come!* The bill, as was understood, provided that Indians becoming citizens and cultivating the soil should be allowed to remain and retain their personal title to farms. Some, trusting to the thousand-times broken promise of the United States' Government, have remained and continued at work. Consequence: The prosperous farmers have had their cattle killed, houses burned, and themselves way-laid by the white soil-thieves of the border. "This is a Christian Nation!"

E. S. W.

Interesting Incidents in a Lecturing Tour.

BRO. WHEELLOCK:

I have just returned from a five weeks' lecturing tour through the western portion of Indiana, on reviewing the results of which, I congratulate myself not only in having done something to advance the cause, by stirring the soil and "sowing the good seed" on some of the broad and fertile plains and prairie fields of this State, but in having collected a fresh store of interesting facts to be garnered into my spiritual casket, a few of which I will briefly sketch, for the readers of THE AMERICAN SPIRITUALIST. Leaving home the third week in December, I halted at the close of the first day at Dublin, a large village on the Richmond & Indianapolis Railroad, where I made a brief acquaintance with that noted "spirit doctor," J. W. Conner. He is a heavy set, broad shouldered and broad featured, coarse visaged

and rather low headed Dutchman, in appearance—an organization indicating a decided preponderance of the animal. And yet, two phases of mediumship seem to find an easy display through his organism—that of seership, and the healing power. I had been in his presence but a few minutes when he described a spirit sister of mine as being present. When turning the conversation, he prophetically remarked:—"You will find a lady in your travels, in the course of a week, afflicted with neuralgia, and needing medical aid." Here he presented in detail, a description of her person, her disease, and her manner of walking. "Tell her," said he, "when you find her, to visit me or write to me, and I will cure her." A few days after, while walking between two stations (Pittsborough and Elizabethtown) in Hendricks Co., Indiana, with the intention of reaching Elizabethtown, on observing that the lowering aspect of the clouds foreshadowed an approaching rain, I concluded to stop at a plain looking farmhouse by the way-side, and ask for quarters. Meeting the proprietor at the door, and making known my wishes, he replied that his wife was sick and not prepared for company, but he would consult her about the matter, and left me for that purpose, but returned in a moment, with the announcement that I could remain until morning. Accordingly, entering and seating myself by the fire, I soon found myself in conversation with the landlady, on the common topics of the day. Time thus passed for twenty or thirty minutes, when she arose from her lounge to walk to the kitchen. Her stooping gait brought the thought flashing into my mind—"There is the lady the spirits revealed to Dr. Conner as needing his aid." When the landlord had finished his evening work, I requested him to take a seat by my side, which he did, when I communicated to him the message of Dr. Conner, and also the fact that I am a representative of the Spiritual faith. He knew but little about Spiritualism, but became deeply interested as I proceeded to unfold to him and his interesting lady, its history and doctrines. Both listened with unabated interest for two hours. The next morning he promised to write to Dr. Conner forthwith, refused the *quid pro quo* for my lodging and fare, and requested me to call again. The sequel I have not yet learned. His name is Harrison Fought; his post office, Pittsborough, Hendricks Co., Indiana.

While in Crawfordsville, a lady, (a Mrs. Ives,) related to me a very interesting case of the cure by spirit aid, of a raving maniac. He had just killed a boy, and driven the men out of the yard of his residence, who came for the purpose of seizing and confining him. Being a large, stout man, of almost giant strength, the flourish of his deadly weapons kept them at bay, and finally assuming the aggressive, he drove them from the premises. But this lady being present, and becoming entranced, approached him, clapped her hands on his head, and restored him to health and sanity in a few minutes. He has suffered no return of the symptoms since. "What good has Spiritualism done?"

I have other interesting facts of a similar character, but defer recording them. On the whole, my lecturing tour was a decided success. I was generally greeted with larger audiences than on any previous occasion, having lectured in some of the towns several times before. Some flattering resolutions passed at some of the meetings, respecting my labors, I accept as evidence that my services were appreciated. K. GRAVES.

Richmond, Indiana.

Great Discussion in Cleveland.

E. V. Wilson will discuss with Rev. Clark Braden of Carbondale, Ill., in Lyceum Hall, for eight nights, commencing on the 6th of March, and closing on the 18th. Subject—*Resolved*, That the Bible, King James version, sustains modern Spiritualism in

its teaching and phases. 2. That the teachings of Modern Spiritualism are beneficial to man here and hereafter, and are worthy of the support and confidence of the people.

E. V. Wilson, affirmative; Rev. Clark Braden, negative.

Spiritual Testimony.

Poets are nothing else but interpreters of the gods, [or spirits as we now call them,] possessed by whatever deity they may happen to be.—*Plato.*

I know of no nation, polite or barbarous, which does not hold that some persons have the gift of foretelling future events.—*Cicero.*

Do you imagine that the demons are anything else than souls, which, as Hesiod says, wander through the atmosphere? It is therefore neither unreasonable nor strange that souls should come to souls, and impart to them conceptions of future things, occasionally by letters, or by the mere touch, or by a glance reveal to them past events or foretell future ones.—*Plutarch.*

That to some persons prophecy occurs in dreams is not to be disbelieved.—*Aristotle.*

I am as confident of immortality from the incontestable evidence of the spirit of God, as ever I was of any mathematical truth from all the demonstrations of Euclid.—*Phillip de Morney.*

The inquiry is not, as I take it, whether the inhabitants of the invisible spaces do really come hither or no, but who they are who do come.—*Daniel de Foe.*

The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices make instruments to plague us. . . . Vex not his ghost: O, let him pass.—*King Lear.*

Angels and ministers of grace, defend us. I am thy father's spirit, doom'd for a certain term to walk the night. . . . Foul deeds will rise, tho' all the earth o'erwhelm them, to men's eyes.—*Hamlet.*

The times have been that when the brains were out, the man would die, and there an end; but now they rise again. . . . Angels are bright still, though the brightest fell.—*Macbeth.*

Conjure with them, Brutus will start a spirit as soon as Cæsar.—*Julius Cæsar.*

We play the fools with the time, and the spirits of the wise sit in the clouds and mock us.—*King Henry IV.*

They are never alone that are accompanied with noble thoughts.—*Sir Philip Sidney.*

For of the soul the body form doth take,
For soul is form, and doth the body make.
—*Spenser.*

"The Golden Age."

Theodore Tilton having grown too big to work in the suit of straight jackets "The Independent" wished him to wear, has taken off his coat for work, and will on March 1st publish a paper of his own, called "The Golden Age." The paper will be broad, catholic and free, and all questions are promised a hearing. From Tilton in the past, we infer THE GOLDEN AGE in the future, and hailing its Editor as a genuine and chivalrous knight in the great Army of Progress, would encouragingly and sympathetically, fraternally say, Theodore—*Tilt on!* E. S. W.

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.

Personal and Local

J. M. Peebles is speaking to great acceptance in Troy, N. Y. He will lecture the last Sunday of March in Music Hall, Boston; during April in New Orleans; during May in Baltimore, after which, he will be gladly welcomed back to Cleveland again.

E. V. Wilson is booked for the Cleveland rostrum for the Sundays of March, and also for a discussion at Lyceum Hall in our city, with Rev. Clark Braden of Illinois. The discussion is now progressing evening after evening before crowded houses, and great interest is manifested by the friends of both disputants, and the public generally.

It gives us great pleasure to announce that the talented and eloquent speaker, Lyman C. Howe of N. Y., has been engaged to speak at Lyceum Hall, Cleveland, during the Sundays of April and May. Bro. Howe is not only an entertaining and instructive speaker, but a most acceptable man, in every sense of that word, as our friends will find when they come to know him. April 2d, the first Sunday, he speaks, let the Hall be filled.

Bro. Cephas B. Lynn, who writes up the "Western Locals," for our able cotemporary, "The Banner of Light," with so much satisfaction to its numerous readers, spoke during Feb. in Cincinnati, and March 5th at Norwalk, O. March 12th he goes to Sturgis, Mich., and thence to Wisconsin, again returning East and speaking during May in Worcester, Mass. Read this Brother's able article on page 5th of this number. It merits a careful perusal, and would be highly creditable to an older head. Bro. Lynn is one of our most faithful, earnest and intelligent workers.

We learn with pleasure, that Dr. J. K. Bailey is speaking and "healing" in Pennsylvania, with good success. He spoke in Corry, Pa., two Sundays in February, and at Columbus, Lottsville, and other points in that section. Dr. Bailey has good healing power, is an excellent clairvoyant, has quick, active brain force, and we see no reason why he should not make an effective speaker.

Word comes to us that Lois Waisbrooker has been giving some instructive and entertaining lectures in Ravenna, O. Lois not only "makes tracks" through the world, but has some [tracts] to sell. Buy them and read them, as well as her books, "Helen Harlow's Vow," and "Alice Vale."

We hear from Norwalk, Ohio, that Mrs. Lucia Cowles has been lecturing here, to the satisfaction of the friends, and doing a good work. Mrs. Cowles is certainly an intelligent lady, and capable of presenting the truths of Spiritualism to an audience in an intelligible manner. She lectured in Ravenna, Ohio, the first Sunday of this month, and speaks there again next Sunday.

Bro. Geo. Wm. Wilson's discussion, in the Baptist church at Auburn, Ohio, with Mrs. Mattie Canfield, we are told, made a decidedly favorable impression on the community there, in favor of liberal ideas. Even church members acknowledge that Wilson had the best of the argument. How George could be so ungallant as to get the best of the argument with his fair opponent, and keep it, we cannot understand, but such is the case sometimes, with these cruel-hearted men!

Mrs. S. M. Thompson continues to fill her regular appointments at Grafton Centre the first Sunday, and at Alliance the third Sunday of each month. Mrs. Thompson is one of our best test mediums, and one of the oldest and most faithful workers in our cause.

J. O. Barrett, assisted by his amiable and talented wife, is doing a most successful missionary work in Wisconsin.

E. S. Wheeler spoke in Music Hall, Boston, last Sunday.

A. A. Wheelock has returned from a two months' lecturing tour in Wisconsin.

Mrs. A. H. Colby of Ind., lectured in Cleveland during the Sundays of February. Her audiences were large, and her lectures evidently were well received by those who attended.

The address of Moses Hull is now 166 West Baltimore Street, Baltimore, Md., where he proposes to put things into "The Crucible,"—not in part and particle, we suppose, but the *Hull* of it, Moses and all. Good bye, brother Moses.

In a private note, Cornie Maynard speaks of the Avon Springs meeting, N. Y., as a great success. It was held at the "Avon Cure House," where Dr. L. G. Smedley is still so successfully treating and curing great numbers of the sick. If any one is ailing, let him go to Avon and be healed.

Dean Clark Coming West.

A note from this talented brother informs us that he soon expects to come West, and would like to make monthly engagements. Those who obtain the services of Dean Clark, will be sure of a speaker who is capable of edifying and instructing an audience. We presume he would also engage to speak one or two Sundays, on the line of travel. We hope Bro. Clark may be engaged for months in Ohio. Send in your calls for him, care of this office. A. A. W.

The Wilson-Braden Discussion.

We have not time or space, as we go to press, to give even an abstract of the opening of this debate, which commenced on Tuesday eve, (we make up form for press Wednesday,) but shall give a concise report of the whole discussion in our next issue. As Bro. Wilson has chosen us as his "committee man," we shall have ample opportunity to "write it up." There is general interest manifested, and the discussion promises to be a lively one. A. A. W.

ANNUAL MEETING OF THE BRANCH CO. (MICH.) CIRCLE.

The Yearly Meeting of the Branch County Circle was held in the city of Coldwater, on the 7th and 8th of January, 1871. The Association met at 2 o'clock p. m. President E. F. Giles in the chair. On motion, the Association proceeded to the election of Trustees, after which the day was devoted to the transaction of sundry business, when the Society adjourned until Sunday at 9½ o'clock a. m. On Sunday, the morning hour, from 9½ to 10½, was devoted to conference. The regular morning lecture was given by Abraham Smith of Sturgis. Subject—"The Reason Why." The afternoon session, from 1½ to 2½, was given to conference, and the afternoon discourse was delivered by Prof. R. Garter. He took, as the basis of his discourse, the following preamble and resolutions, which he offered for the action of the meeting:

WHEREAS, The religion of Spiritualism is a manifestation of the highest unfoldment of the human mind in the eighth decade of the nineteenth century; and whereas, from and through it, we have a right to expect, and do expect the redemption of man from ignorance, superstition, bigotry and inhumanity, therefore,

Resolved, That to promote their greater good and holy aim, the Spiritualists of America ought to establish a national institution, in which shall be taught all the learning, love and wisdom of all the ages, past and present, with all the new light emanating from the continued growth of the human soul, including a special department of marital law and pre-natal education.

Bro. Garter offered two other resolutions—one requesting all parties holding opinions for or against the institution referred to in the above resolution, to put the same in writing, and address him at Lowell, Mich., before the first of June, 1871; the other provides for the publication of the preamble and resolutions—which are left out for the sake of brevity.

The speaker said, there is not a school in America where we can send our sons and daughters to be educated, without placing them under orthodox or anti-spiritual influences; that in many instances we are taxed to support schools in which are taught doctrines and dogmas in which we do not believe, and which we would suffer no person to teach in our families. He said these evils ought to be removed—must and will be removed when Spiritualists awaken to a proper sense of their duties to themselves, to their children, to truth and humanity. He held that under the present organization of society, the basis of all human reforms is founded in the marital relations and pre-natal influences, and that the people must know more of these divine laws before the race can be educated much above its present condition; that post-natal education can do much to give direction to the mind, but it can never eradicate organic taint and pre-natal impressions. He said

that true mental philosophy—the philosophy of spirit communion and the laws of the marital relations and pre-natal impressions—are the most important subjects under investigation among intelligent men and women in this age; but that none of these subjects are taught as specialties, in Christian or pagan countries. He asked, shall we have an institution in which all the good that ever has been taught, and all the good that never has been taught, can be made subjects of special instruction? He said, if each Spiritualist in the country would give twenty-five cents, the work could be done. Are there any so poor in soul as to refuse to donate this mite for such a holy purpose?

At the evening session the resolutions were called up, and on request, re-read by Bro. Garter, when, on motion, they were passed by a unanimous vote. After which the meeting adjourned, well feasted with spiritual food.

Coldwater, Mich., Feb. 4, 1871. S. E. GILES, Secretary.

LITERARY NOTICES.

GOD DEALING WITH SLAVERY. God's Instrumentalities in Emancipating the African Slave in America. Spirit Messages from Franklin, Lincoln, Adams, Jackson, Webster, Penn and others, to the author. Thomas Richmond, Chicago. Religio-Philosophical Publishing House. 1870.

Thomas Richmond is a self-made man, of great business talent, whose name is connected with many of the early efforts of Western commerce and enterprise. Repeatedly crushed by the commercial revulsions to which American business is liable, he as repeatedly retrieved himself. He remarks: "For forty years I applied myself full twelve hours each day, and for twenty years managed a larger business than any other person in the Lake trade, without one month's recreation. Fifteen years of this time in New York, fifteen years in Ohio and twenty-three years in Chicago." He may well feel a degree of pride in recording, among his other bold measures, that his was the first vessel clearing the port of Chicago, direct for Europe.

The first four chapters are devoted to his business career; the next six to his religious history; and although the author apologizes for his deficiency in literary culture, we have not read in a long time, a more delightfully written autobiography. There is no art, nor effort, nor straining after effect; but the plain statement, in simplest words, of the events which crowd the years, from his birth in 1796, to the present, or seventy-five years. His work on his father's rough Vermont farm; his traveling on foot, 240 miles, to Salt Point, near Syracuse; his labors at twenty-five dollars a month, on a boat on Onondaga lake and Seneca river; his toil in the salt works, his carrying home each year, the frugally saved earnings, to assist his father, are inimitably related. He attained majority, and again went to salt boiling. By performing the labor of two men, he attained the great object of his ambition—three hundred dollars. Almost as soon as acquired, his father writes that he is suffering from debts, and he sends him two hundred of his treasure, and again sets himself at work. His sacrifice and energy are rewarded, for the superintendent gives him credit refused to wealthy merchants, and he says: "I found by this, that men of sense respected labor, and what I had foolishly supposed the superintendent looked upon contemptuously, was the great merit that gave me credit."

Spirit communications, even without any merit of themselves, would gain attention from being addressed to such a man. Those he records are mostly written through Dr. Farnsworth, and are on governmental subjects. Mr. Richmond believes that he was used as a "battery of brain, mind and thought, through which spirit minds could act on other men's brains—transmit mind, thought and sentiment." He was not only commanded to write letters to prominent officials, but to be actually present in the senatorial hall, and the White House, to be thus used as a "battery of brain."

Although we do not doubt that such a "battery of brain" is a sad want at the national capital, and that the presence of many such men as Mr. Richmond would be beneficial, we can scarcely comprehend the relation of cause and effect between his simple presence and the great results that he believes flowed therefrom. Nor do we see the necessity of such a band of spirits, all devoting themselves to the one object of his being here and there, for the purpose of a "battery of brain." We wish "Franklin," instead of prolonging his reiterations on the "mission" of Mr. Richmond, had explained, in the clear, scientific manner so characteristic of him, this mental process.

We also confess ourselves mystified when we find among the guardian band of spirits who especially love and are devoted to our country, such spirits as Josephine, Mary Stuart and Napoleon! We should as soon expect Robespierre or Tamerlane. These communications, covering but a few pages, are the greatest blemish in the book.

Joan of Arc writes: "Vive la Liberte! March on! march on! Let your souls be resolved on liberty or death! To arms! to arms! ye brave!"

The heroic peasant girl in the spirit world, after some centuries of progress, can only write a snatch from the "Marsellaise!" We should hope that her saintly soul was far above all the strifes of this world, now, and enjoying the bliss of harmonious culture. No—she still urges on the battalions of death! Josephine follows, with sentences like the gasping of the "Marsellaise," half forgotten: "March on! march on to the city of Washington, and do your bidding there." Mary Stuart cries: "Fear not the hangman's halter nor the headman's block; I am with you in the work for God and liberty." And Napoleon, with mind still set on his Alpine feat, says: "You must cross the Alps for liberty—head and heart!" J. Q. Adams, Patrick Henry, Webster, Franklin, and the above, form a curious circle, and we fail to see the bond of union supposed to be necessary to hold spirit groups together.

Many parts of Franklin's communications are interesting as being prophetic, and showing a deep insight into the future. The style is quite different from that of Poor Richard, being prosy, monotonous and verbose. In this respect it is quite similar to that of Webster, Patrick Henry, and the others, all of whom suffer when compared with the direct and clear style of Mr. Richmond.

We would not be understood as denying the authenticity of these communications. On the contrary, we think the careful student will find internal evidence of the identity of the spirits professing to write many of them. The sameness that is impressed on them all, is the imprint of the channel through which they flow.

Mr. Richmond has given us a valuable book—not only valuable for its subject matter, but rendered the more by his own commanding position.

H. T.

The Shaker, a Monthly Journal, devoted to the exposition of Religion according to the Shaker Theology—G. A. Lomas, Resident Editor, Albany, N. Y.

We have received and read with pleasure the initial number of this finely printed paper. It is characterized by tolerance and charity worthy of all praise. Its aim is pure and elevated, as expressed in its Salutatory:

To keep before the public mind the necessary distinction between life on the earthly plane, however proper, and the heavenly, or angelic life, however humble.

We by no means accept the cardinal doctrine of Shakerism. We believe that pure love of companion and offspring, ennobles and elevates, and forms the warm and heavenly side of human nature. We nevertheless cannot forget that below this love, lies a hell of passion, too frequently blighting and withering all within their reach. We believe in perfect balance and harmony of action. Our Shaker friends who believe that what so often is evil and evil only, had best be cast out, and in its stead placed a warm and glowing friendship: a pure fraternal love may err, yet they hold a noble place. In the midst of the vulgarity of the lusts of the world, it is pleasing to meet a community of individuals, pledged to the highest expression of purity; who scorn the shams of ownership, the tricks of trade, falsehood, deceit, dishonesty of every kind, and resolve to live simple lives of purity.

We pause to ask, how would the world be peopled were all Shakers? There are so few who can keep their vows, there is no danger of this question ever having a serious aspect. Those who can and do, are of value in holding before the world constant examples of most desirable lives; for every one must admit that this extreme and unnatural spirituality, is vastly to be preferred to its opposite.

The angels are pure, say the Shakers, and the sooner we imitate them the better for us. With disdain, then, trample the flesh beneath the foot of the spirit, and become like the angels, in this life.

Thus Shakerism is an exalted Spiritualism, impracticable to the masses, yet beautifying and exalting them by the high ideal it actualizes.

H. T.

The Christian Spiritualist, Rev. F. R. Young, Editor and proprietor, Rose Cottage, London, England.

We have received the initial number for Jan., 1871. It is a 16 page Monthly, presenting a neat typographical appearance. The editor is a Unitarian minister of twenty-two years standing, and fully counting the pecuniary sacrifice, issues this periodical for the express purpose of reconciling Spiritualism with the great principles of Christianity. Its object may be learned from the following extract:

"We have said that this periodical is pledged to uphold the plenary authority of Christ, and we mean exactly and literally what we have said. We can understand but do not sympathize with the position they occupy who claim a right of private judgement as against Christ, and suppose him to have no greater authority to teach and rule than Plato, Shakespeare and other mighty men of ancient and modern times."

The leading articles are—"Has the Age of Miracles Passed Away?" "Was it a Dream," "Two Evenings with Mrs. Everett," all well written, and interesting letters, poetry, &c.

H. T.

Die Tafelrunde—Our German friends Will not fail to read with pleasure the able contributions of Drs. Cyriax, Tiedeman, Munch, and others, who represent the best German minds in America, to this gem of a fortnightly periodical. Edited and published by Dr. P. L. Schucking, Washington, D. C.

H. T.

CARD TO THE SPIRITUALISTS EVERYWHERE.

LOOKING BEYOND.—To supply a great need in our Spiritual literature, by furnishing corroborative demonstration of angel presence, more especially for the bereft of every home, I propose to edit a work entitled, "Looking Beyond," that shall contain the last testimony of the departing, at the sacred hour of the "new birth." Since Spiritualism began its work, such evidences are multiform everywhere. We would gather them into readable form. We would, by their light, strive to bless the sorrowing.

Will Spiritualists in every part of the country, help me in culling these beautiful facts? Cut from newspapers, and furnish unpublished evidences as far as possible. Please give names, dates and places, also witnesses.

Would like to hear from you, friends, immediately. Address, Glen Beulah, Sheboygan Co., Wisconsin.

J. O. BARRETT.

PASSED TO SPIRIT LIFE.

Passed out of the body at Berlin, Wis., Jan. 31st, 1871, after great suffering, Mrs. D. Hathaway, aged 69 years. The mother of five children, for whom, with ceaseless care and watching, an earth life of a mother's ever-loving and unselfish devotion, has been given. She has now left them, to join her husband, whose spirit nineteen years before, journeyed forward upon the same highway of endless life to the "Land of the blest," whither at last the aged mother has gone, and where also, sooner or later, the five earthly children, still the objects of a father's and mother's deathless love, will join them.

A woman of strong mind and clear intellect, she made no profession of being a Christian, never belonged to any church, had not the least faith in any of their dogmas, but being naturally moral and just, she lived a religion of her own, which not only satisfied her during her earth life, amid all its trials and struggles, but fully sustained her in the trying hour of her spirit's departure from the body.

She had her senses to the last—not the least fear of death clouded her spiritual vision. Just before going, she asked a daughter if she desired her to return after she had left her body, and being answered in the affirmative, assured her she would. Oh! Christian, what becomes of your pious pretense, that your useless creed is so essential in the hour of death? This is the grand and glorious realization a Spiritualist hath at the trial you call death. The funeral services were held at the residence of the deceased—A. A. Wheelock, of Cleveland, O., officiating.

Tomatoes For the Million.

If you wish for Tomatoes, the earliest, largest, smoothest and best flavored, send to Ludlow & Wilson, Auburn, Geauga Co., O. Only think of a sixteen-inch tomato, with plenty of sugar and "other fixens" with it! We can but wish that the day of their ripeness was now. Whoever orders tomato seed of Messrs. Ludlow & Wilson, may rest assured that the article is all they represent. Will Bro. Wilson please send us a sixteen-inch tomato by mail, as soon as ripe?

A. A. W.

The Ohio Liberal Tract Fund.

A suggestion at our last State Convention, that a fund be raised for the purpose of publishing Tracts, to aid in counteracting the pernicious influence which the bigoted and sectarian Christian creeds are exerting by all such powerful means. We propose to raise a fund for this, if possible. We have plenty of excellent matter on hand, and all we need is the money to pay for printing them. We will gladly do the work of preparing copy and distributing tracts, free of charge. Will the Societies and Lyceums in our State take hold of this matter? Every cent received for this object will be acknowledged in this paper. Send in your contributions, and send for the tracts.

All money for this purpose, and orders for tracts, should be sent to A. A. WHEELOCK, Cor. Sheriff and Prospect Sts., Cleveland, O.

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?] Allyn, C. Fannie, permanent address, Stoneham, Mass. Barrett, J. O., Glen Beulah, Wis. Ballou, Mrs. Addie L., Chicago, Ill., care *R. P. Journal*. Brown Mrs. H. F. M., Chicago, Ill., care *Lyceum Banner*. Byrnes, Mrs. Sarah A. Permanent address 87 Spring street, East Cambridge, Mass. Brigham, Mrs. Nellie J. T. Permanent address, Colerain,

Mass. Boston during Feb., Philadelphia during April and May.

Burnham, Mrs. Abby N. Address 10 Chapman st. Boston. Bailey, Dr. James K. Box 394 La Porte, Ind. Carpenter, A. E. Care *Banner of Light*, Boston, Mass. Chase, Warren. 601 No. Fifth street, St. Louis, Mo. Clark, Dean Address care *Banner of Light*, Boston, Mass. Child, Dr. A. B. Address 50 School street, Boston, Mass. Cooper, Dr. James Bellefontaine, Ohio. Cowles, J. P., M.D. Ottawa, Ill. Currier, Dr. J. H. 39 Wall street, Boston, Mass. Clark J. J. Mrs., Missionary Agent, Address 155 Harrison Ave., Boston, Mass. Daniels, Mrs. E. L. 10 Chapman street, Boston, Mass. Doten, Miss Lizzie Pavilion, 57 Tremont st., Boston, Mass. Denton, Prof. Wm. Wellesley, Mass. Davis, Mrs. Agnes M. 289 Main street, Cambridgeport Mass. Davis Miss Nellie L. 49 Butterfield street, Lowell, Mass. Dunn, Dr. E. C. Rockford, Ill. Doty, A. E. Illion, Herkimer county, N. Y. Dutton, Geo. M.D. West Randolph, Vt. Davis, Nellie L. 49 Butterfield St., Lowell, Mass. Feb. and March in Worcester, April in Lynn. Will take engagements in the West and South for summer or autumn. Forster, Thomas Gales. In Philadelphia during Feb. In Baltimore during March, in Troy during April, in Salem during May.

Foss, Andrew T. Manchester, N. H. Fishback, Rev. A. J. Sturgis, Mich. Fish, J. G. Address Hammonnton, N. J. Fairfield, Dr. H. P. Ancora, N. J. French, Mrs. M. Louise, Washingtonville, So. Boston. Gordon, Laura DeForce Box 2123 San Francisco, Cal. Graves, Kersey Address Richmond, Ind. Greenleaf, Isaac P. 1061 Washington street, Boston. Greenleaf, N. S. Address Lowell, Mass. Guild, John P. "Lawrence, Mass. Griggs, Dr. I. P. Box 409 Fort Wayne, Ind. Hardinge, Mrs. Emma, Address No. 6 Vassall Terrace, Kensington, W. London, England. Hinman, E. Annie Falls Village, Conn. Hoadley, Mrs. M. S. Townsend, Fitchburg, Mass. Horton, Sarah A. East Saginaw, Mich. Houghton, Dr. Henry M. Montpelier, Vt. Hull, Moses Address 166 West Baltimore st., Baltimore, Md. Hull, D. W. Address Hobart Ind. Hubbard, Julia J. Address Box 455 Portsmouth, N. H. Hodges, Dr. J. N. No. 9 Henry street, East Boston. Holt, Charles, Warren, Warren county, Penn. Howe, Lyman C. Box 99 Fredonia, New York. Jamieson, Wm. F. Lake City, Minn. James, Abraham Pleasantville, Penn. Johnson, Susie M. Baltimore during Jan. Permanent address, Milford, Mass. Kellogg, O. P. Address East Trumbull, Ohio. Knowles, Mrs. Frank Reed, Breedsville, Mich. Leys, Jennie Address care Dr. Crandon, Tremont Temple, Boston. Logan, Mrs. F. A. Address care Warren Chase, St. Louis. Loveland, James S. 350 Jessie street, San Francisco, Cal. Lynn, Cephas B. Address care AM. SPIRITUALIST, corner Sheriff and Prospect sts. Cleveland, O. Mathews, Sarah Helen Quincy, Mass. Mayhew, Dr. John Box 607 Washington, D. C. Maynard, Nettie Colburn White Plains, N. Y. Middlebrook, Anna M. Permanent address Box 778 Bridgeport, Conn.

Mossop, Mrs. A. E. Permanent address Dayton, O. Mansfield, J. L. Box 137 Clyde, O. Peebles, J. M. Speaks in Baltimore during May. In Cleveland Ohio for ten months from Oct 1st. Address care AM. SPIRITUALIST, cor Sheriff and Prospect sts. Cleveland, O. Pierce G Amos Box 87 Auburn, Maine. Powell J H 162 Chelsea st East Boston Randolph Dr P B 89 Court st Room 20 Boston Robinson A C Salem Mass Rudd Jennie S 4 Myrtle st Providence R I Ruggles Elvira Wheelock Havana Ill Seaver J W Byron N Y Severance Mrs J H Stillman M D Milwaukee Wis Slade Dr H 227 West 20th st New York City. Smith Fanny Davis Milford Mass. Simmons Austin E Woodstock Vt Stiles Joseph D Dansville Vt Storer Dr H B 69 Harrison ave Boston Stowe Mrs C M San Jose Cal Thwing Mattie Conway Mass Thompson Sarah M 161 St Clair st Cleveland O Toohy John H W Providence R I Tuttle Hudson Berlin Heights O Underhill, Dr. A., Akron, Ohio. Will respond to invitations to lecture. Van Namee J Wm 420 Fourth ave New York Warner Mrs S E Cordova Ill Waisbrooker Lois Box 159 Ravenna O Wadsworth Dr F L 399 S Morgan st Chicago Wheeler E S in Boston during March Wheelock A A AM SPIRITUALIST cor Sheriff and Prospect sts Cleveland O. White N Frank Whiting A B Address Albion Mich Whipple Prof E Clyde O Woodruff D C and Eliza C Eagle Harbor N Y Wilcoxson Mary J care *R P Journal* Chicago Wolcott Mrs E M Canton Sta Lawrence co N Y Willis Dr F L H Glenora Yates co N Y Willis Mrs N J 75 Windsor st Cambridgeport Mass Willis Susie A Permanent address 249 Broadway Lawrence Mass

Wi son E V Address Lombard Ill Wi son Hattie E 46 Carver st Boston Wright N M care *Banner of Light* Boston Ye w Julietto Address Northboro Mass. Young Fanny T Stratford N H

THE AMERICAN SPIRITUALIST

PUBLISHED EVERY TWO WEEKS BY The American Spiritualist Publishing Company, Only

One Dollar Fifty Cents a Volume. ADDRESS "THE AMERICAN SPIRITUALIST." CORNER SHERIFF & PROSPECT STREETS, CLEVELAND, O.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

All business Notices are excluded from the Literary Department of the paper, but may be published under his head at twenty-five cents a line.

A. A. Wheelock, Managing Editor.

The Managing Editor will answer calls for Lectures, officiate at Marriage Ceremonies and attend Funerals.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Table with columns for inches (1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13) and rows for different durations (1 issue, 1 time, 2 issues, 1 month, 4 issues, 2 months, 6 issues, 3 months, 8 issues, 4 months, 10 issues, 5 months, 13 issues, 6 months, 19 issues, 9 months, 26 issues, 1 year).

STAMP NOTICE.

Subscribers will please understand that when they see our "office stamp" upon the margin of their paper, in blue ink, it is the only notice we give that the time of their subscription has expired!

Our Cleveland city subscribers will please take notice of the above, and also that there is 26 cents additional due from them, to pay for their postage, which we are obliged by law to pay, before mailing their papers.

A Word from the Wise.

A WORD FROM THE WISE.—Rev. Daniel Wise, D.D., editor of the New York Sunday School Advocate, thus speaks of the celebrated Craig Microscope:

"Its simplicity, cheapness, and great magnifying power, struck me with surprise. Then I was examining a fly's eye by its aid, and was struck with wonder at the skill and power of the Creator, which is displayed in its structure. When I saw a statement in an advertisement, that the Craig Microscope magnified one hundred diameters, and could be bought for \$3.00, I thought it was one of the humbugs of the hour, for I had paid \$20 for a microscope, not long before. But now I find it to be a really valuable instrument, which I should like to see introduced into the families of our readers, in place of the manifold useless toys which please for an hour and are then destroyed. This microscope would both amuse and instruct them, and I advise every boy and girl who wish to know the wonders which lie in little things, to save their money until they have \$3.00, which will pay for the microscope and the postage when sent by mail."

Read the Advertisement in another column of this issue.

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	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.
Leave Cleveland,	4.45	7.20	2.30	4.05		7.25	
Arrive Toledo,	9.45	11.30	7.40			11.45	
" Detroit,		3.00	11.20			A. M.	
" Jackson,		3.10	11.15				
" Kalamazoo			A. M.				
" Grand Rapids,			A. M.				
Chicago		8.20	6.50			8.20	
		P. M.	A. M.			A. M.	

EASTWARD.

	Atlantic Ex-Press	Day Ex-Press	Cincinnati Ex-Press	Conneaut Accomod'n	Express	Spec. N. Y.
	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.
Leave Cleveland,	7.45	11.00	4.00	4.20	10.05	10.05
Arrive Erie,	10.55	2.15	7.05		1.00	
" Dunkirk,		4.20	9.05		2.45	
" Buffalo,		2.30	5.50	10.30	4.40	
" New York,		7.15	21.00	4.00	7.00	
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		A. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.

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Leave Boston 5.00 a. m.	8.30 a. m.	3.00 p. m.	9.00 p. m.
" N. York 10.30 a. m.	11.00 a. m.	8.00 p. m.	11.00 p. m.
" Buffalo 11.50 p. m.	6.05 a. m.	11.50 noon	8.25 p. m.
Arr. Cleve'd 7.00 a. m.	2.05 p. m.	7.00 p. m.	4.20 a. m.

TRAINS EASTWARD

Leave Chicago 11.50 a. m.	5.35 p. m.	9.20 p. m.	8.00
" G. Rp'ds 7.30 a. m.	4.30 "		
" Jackson 3.15 p. m.			7.00 a. m.
" Detroit 3.15 p. m.	11.25 p. m.		7.25 a. m.
Arr. Cleve'd 9.40 p. m.	7.25 a. m.	10.45 a. m.	3.40 p. m.

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and

A Scientific Course of Treatment.

his can be had, and under its influence "old things pass away and all things become new."

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

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This remedy can be given without the knowledge of the patient, if desired, and is perfectly safe in its operation.

10,000! 10,000! 10,000!!!

DRUNKARDS HAVE BEEN CURED.

What the People Say!

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

RECOMMENDATIONS

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

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

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

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

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

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

MRS. A. E. DUNAHOO.

South Onondaga, Oct. 17th, 1867.

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

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

MRS. O. H. AMIDON.

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

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

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

Yours, &c., PHEBE BRADLEY.

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

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DE PROFUNDIS.

BY CORA L. V. TAPPAN.

Throbbing down through the mystic spaces,
 Like the giant pulse of ocean throbbing,
 Like the wind o'er the midnight waters sobbing,
 Like beating stars in their orb'd places,
 Beating with plumed hearts of fire,
 Restless with throes of untold desire,
 Gleaming in light from the planet's faces—
 Swelling, rising from out the ocean,
 Cradled with Neptune—God of Waters—
 Rising when Phœbus his fire-darts scatters,
 Rising and heaving with deep emotion,
 Heaving and bending the white waves low'y,
 Bowing the snow-crested waves so holy,
 In swelling surges of pure devotion!

Rending, dividing the mailed thunder,
 Dividing with lightning sword so flashing,
 Lightning and thunder madly crashing,
 Till armored clouds are shattered asunder,
 Shattered and torn, the blue vault gleaming
 Beyond the chasm, like heaven in dreaming
 Revealed to a mortal's rapturous wonder!

Bursting in beauty from every flower,
 Beautiful roselips proclaiming its presence,
 Roses and lilies all telling its pleasance,
 Telling it, violets, every hour,
 Hours and moments of summers all golden—
 Summers swift-winged, like love-ties beholden—
 Swift-winged, fleet-footed, but thrilling with power!

Floating, breathing from rare exhalations,
 Trembling, breathing in musical numbers,
 Perfumes of music, dreams of earth's slumbers,
 Shining revealed in blest incarnations,
 Revealed in morning's purpureal splendor,
 Purpureal, golden as thought, and as tender,
 Grand, golden and glorious inspirations!

Throbbing still, this all-giving sweetness,
 Spaces feel it, and answer fully,
 Worlds and systems obey it wholly,
 Obey and respond to its wondrous meetness,
 Wondrous in spirits of men and of angels,
 In spirits and men, its chosen evangelists,
De profundis est Dei—Completeness.

FATALISM ILLUSTRATED.—A Hard-Shell Baptist minister, living somewhere on the frontier of Missouri, was in the habit of saying to his family and to his church: "Friends, you need not take any unusual care of your lives; the day of your death was written before the foundation of the world, and you cannot alter it." His wife observed when he left on Saturday to meet one of his frontier missionary engagements, that he dressed the flint of his rifle with unusual care, put in dry powder, fresh tow, and took every pains to make sure that the gun would go off in case he came upon an Indian.

It struck her one day as she saw him in the saddle, with his rifle on his shoulder, that his conduct contradicted his teachings, and she said to him: "My dear, why do you take this rifle with you? if it was 'writ' before the foundation of the world that you were to be killed during this trip, by an Indian, that rifle won't prevent it; and if you are not to be killed, of course, the rifle is unnecessary; so why take it with you at all?"

"Yes," he replied, "to be sure, my dear, of course you are all very right, and that is a very proper view; but, see here, my dear—suppose I should meet an Indian while I am gone, and his time had come, and I hadn't my rifle with me, what would he do? Yes, my dear, we must all contribute our part toward the fulfillment of the decrees of Providence."

There was a refreshing directness in John's solution of this theological problem propounded by his wife:—"John, do you think we shall know each other in heaven?" "Yes: do you think we shall be bigger fools there than here?"

Jean Paul says of children: "The smallest are nearest God, as the smallest planets are nearest the sun."

Paragraphic.

An intelligent postmaster sends in his returns thus: "I hereby certify that the four going A count is as near rite as I know how to make it. If there is enny mistake it is not dun on purpose."

The daughters of Chief Justice Taney are now earning a living in Washington as copyists.—*Ec.*

It won't hurt them; it is an honor to them, to their distinguished father, and to the country; but the salary of the Chief Justice was too small.

A lady who visited an Oshkosh, (Wis.,) hotel, and blew out the gas on going to bed, when awakened by a servant exclaimed: "Something is the matter with the air here in Oshkosh!"

Women are about to achieve a brilliant triumph in South Carolina. A bill was passed to a third reading in the Legislature which provides that no real or personal property held by a woman at the time of her marriage shall be subject to levy or sale for her husband's debts; but shall be her separate property, and that she may manage and dispose of the same as though she was a man.

Cincinnati is wildly excited over spiritual manifestations. At a very successful seance the other night, a man burst into tears when the medium described very accurately a tall, blue-eyed spirit, standing by him, with light side whiskers, and his hair parted in the middle. "Do you know him?" inquired a man at his side, in a sympathetic whisper. "know him, I guess I do," replied the unhappy man, wiping his eyes. "He was engaged to my wife. If he hadn't died he would have been her husband instead of me. Oh, George, George!" he murmured, in a voice choked with emotion, "why did you peg out?"

A religious journal of Chicago gives currency to the statement that eighteen per cent. of the population of that city are connected with Protestant churches, fifteen with Catholic, and, sorrowful to contemplate, sixty-six per cent. have no religious connection at all.

Just make up your mind when you start in life that you will look on the sunniest side of everything, enjoy yourself as much as you can, and use every endeavor to make the journey pleasant to those around you, and it will be very singular if somebody is not the better for it.

William Stark thus beautifully illustrates the power of a single idea:—It came to Newton as he lay under the tree, and all the stars in heaven and the sun itself yielded obedience. It came to Watt as he thought of the separate condenser, and an army of cranks and wheels more numerous than the countless hosts that sung psalms before the holy city, have this day sang his praises. It came to Fulton as he thought of the paddle wheel, and every river and every sea is now blossoming with the flows of genius. It came to Franklin as he thought of the kite, and the very lightnings come down from their thrones to do him honor. It came to Bacon as he thought of the inductive system, and the whole mental world leaped into new existence. Philosophy turned from her beaten paths and followed him like a dog would follow his master! the physical world awoke. There came a voice from every drop of the salt ocean, and from every rock on the broad land, from every trembling star above us, and from every sleeping fossil beneath; and rock and star and dew-drop, cloud, fish and fossil, all found tongues and voices to proclaim his praise.

In a Wisconsin Journal of July 16th, 1867, published in Lacrosse, we find this startling statement:

"During the first six months of this year, two hundred and thirty-four ministers of religion in the Northern States have been caught in carnal scrapes, and five-sixths of these were in the New England States."

1871.

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