

# THE SPIRITUAL ROSTRUM.

---

VOL. I. CHICAGO, ILL., JULY, 1868. No. 2.

---

## BIBLE DISCUSSION BETWEEN REV. GEORGE CLENDENAN AND MOSES HULL.

### ELDER CLENDENAN'S SECOND LETTER.

MR. HULL—*Dear Sir* : Pardon my sin against propriety. In a grave discussion like the present, I judged it best to select words that would express as nearly as possible my real sentiments; for “They who one thought think and another tell”—you are versed in Homer and know the rest. Still that I may not even *appear* wanting either in charity or courtesy, I shall not studiously avoid a reciprocity of fraternal epithets; but by the way, how do you know, the Bible apart, that “we be brethren?” Infidelity saith the knowledge is not in me. Indeed, the apostle of skepticism, M. Voltaire, calls him a fool who thinks the human race had a common origin. For aught you, my dear sir, know or can prove, “we” *may not* “be brethren.” The Bible, the unity of the race, and per consequence, human equality, stand or fall together. Please take a note of this. You are anxious to see my definition of the word *Plenary*. Patience, and I will pay thee all. One thing at a time and hasten leisurely, are trite but excellent mottoes.

2. You err in representing me as saying that the increasing distaste for religious controversy is matter of rejoicing to the friends of Christianity. The word controversy is not in my second paragraph. I spoke of the wranglings and unholy strifes of *sectism*. We would not deprecate earnest, honorable controversy. Christianity has gathered her greenest laurels on this field. You say that it is fatal to some religious theories, and I add, to some theories that are *not* religious. I shall cordially co-operate with



you in your effort to make the present "discussion popular by respecting the views of my opponent and treating him with the courtesy that the subject and his position and ability demand." I wish I could thank you for your *left handed* endorsement of my remarks on "union." "Christ called his disciples fools!" Indeed, and so Dr. Beattie in that inimitable poem the *Hermit*, says, "Ah, fool to exult in a glory so vain." The opponents of the Bible are, it seems, somewhat fastidious. So was the little urchin on the wharf who could not conscientiously lick molasses off the hogshead, *kaise the Cap'n swor'd so*. And is it so, that fidelity in reproof and true union cannot dwell together under the same roof? You may select as an emblem of union the stagnant pool, kissed by not a single zephyr—give me old ocean whose sublime dashings but purify its waters and scatter health over a world. The phrase "Irrepressible Conflict," has immortalized the present Secretary of State. But the same sentiment is expressed with greater force and homeliness by the Savior—"I came not to send peace but a sword." How easy it is to pervert. Pardon me, my brother, but I think some things in your second paragraph indicate *heart* disease. (Ps. xix : 1.) Might I recommend an excellent balm (Jer. viii : 22) to be taken at first in broken doses.

3. You think that Rationalists and Spiritualists love and acknowledge the truths of the Bible. Of course they do *when they find them*. It is to be hoped that you will succeed in your laudable endeavor to strip Christianity of all that is unphilosophic and immoral so that at least one philosopher and teacher of moral science can embrace it. 'Tis true the pigmies of the world, the Newtons, the Bacons, the Lockes, the Washingtons, the Waylands, the Lincolns, have embraced it, but of what avail is this "while Mordecai stands at the King's gate," while the giants hold themselves sternly aloof. *You* talk of stripping Christianity of that which is unphilosophic and immoral! You! Oh,

"Wad some pow'r the giftie gie us

To see oursels as ithers see us,

'Twad from many a blunder free us."

4. Your fourth paragraph contains a formidable array of spurious passages. You probably think, with many very ignorant opponents of translation, that King James' version came direct



from Heaven. Or, do you mean to argue that errors in transcribing and translating invalidated the original? If you will maintain neither of the above positions then your arrow has fallen short of the mark, and the "ghost of Banquo" is still abroad.

5. Your admission that the Bible follows civilization is most unfortunate—for you. The Bible is unphilosophic and immoral, and yet it follows civilization; "the Bible has caused more blood shed than all other books in the world," still it has an affinity for civilization; "the Bible has caused more insanity than all other books in the world," yet it is closely allied to civilization; "the Bible has caused more wicked fanaticism than all other books in the world, more cruelty," and yet, forsooth, the Bible follows civilization!! My brother, I fear that civilization from your stand point is a very *uncivil* thing; or is it true that birds of a feather do *not always* flock together. You say, "the Bible has been brought to bear against philosophy, astronomy and geology," and I add, there is not a single blessing under the whole heavens that man has not likewise perverted. Because wicked men extract forty-rod whisky from corn, is it therefore an argument against the golden grain? "The slaveholder asks no other backing to sustain 'the sum of all villainies.'" Don't he—then why did he make teaching the slave to read the Bible a crime? and why have Kings and priests, when they would enslave the mass, first removed the Bible from the cottage hearth? "It won't do, Perrin, it won't do." By the way, I suppose the author of the phrase "the sum of all villainies," was some infidel philanthropist. You say, "those who make no profession of religion lead off in the reforms of the day." This statement is not fair. Thousands receive the Bible as the word of God who yet make no profession of religion, but that a tithe of the real reformers of the world oppose the Bible is not true.

6. Your sixth is an argument against the inspiration of the Bible, a subject upon which I have not, and shall not for some months, offer a single argument. My brother, I claim precedence in the discussion, please "observe your leader, follow him,"—I know it is a vast deal easier and possibly more pleasant to respond to arguments that have *not* been presented than to dispose of those that are actually staring us in the face. You are becoming



impatient, I see, to marshal in battle array those one hundred and forty-four contradictions, already "from afar their coming shines," and tall and grim and terrible far in the van looms the ghost of Ahaziah, brandishing with fearful gesture the jaw bone of Physiology defying to mortal combat the armies of the aliens. But, it is impossible for a man to be twenty-two and forty-two years old at the same time. How profound! and 'tis anti-natural that a man should be older than his father. How intensely profound! "Where hath this man all his learning?"

"And still the wonder grows,  
That one *small* head can carry all he knows."

You ask whether I wish you to make use of your five senses in the discussion. Your *diffidence and extreme modesty accounts for several things in your reply*. Certainly, my dear brother, you have my permission to use your five senses and to wholly abandon the use of that sixth sense, ycleped *non*, when undoubtedly your next will be worthier of yourself and the subject.

7. You next attack my definition of the term revelation. You cannot understand why God in giving man a revelation did not teach the sciences. Permit me to impart to you a little information. The language of every science is after all only the language of appearances. We speak of things as they appear, not as they are. Hence the sciences are ever changing, ever being revised. Now with God there is no appearance, all is reality, and were He to teach astronomy, for instance, He must use not the language of appearance but of reality, and then not only the ruder ages of the world, not only the Keplers, the Newtons, and the Mitchells, but the most learned astronomer who shall live a million ages hence, were time to last, would not be able to comprehend his meaning. God never does for man what he can do for himself. As reasonably expect the Bible to contain information about Manny's Reaper and Mower as to look to it for a knowledge of the sciences. By the way, are you not mixing things a little when you say that God is the author of science? Science is the knowledge of things; God made the things and man has attained a partial knowledge of them—this is science. Your remark that the Bible opposes science will be disproved at the proper time; we have heard that



charge before. The master minds trouble themselves but little with the contradictions between the Bible and science—'tis the empty wagons that make all the din and clatter. You deny that there are any supernatural facts; that the law that conserves is the law that originates. Well, you are *par excellence*, the people, and ought to know; but only this would I ask you: Do not all laws repose on a basis of fact; for instance, does not the fact of murder antedate the law against it?

8. You evidently misapprehend the subject of debate in your confused attempt to break the force of my argument in support of the proposition. It is not, sir, as you well know, the truth or falsity of the Bible that is now in dispute. 'Tis a simple question of fact, how did a certain truth find access to the mind? Why could you not approach this truly philosophic question without first pandering to a depraved appetite for the ridiculous? Why fly to Pythagoras and Robert Taylor as though the idea of a God was first promulgated to mankind through the instrumentality of the first printed Bible! Who does not know that the great truths and facts of our Holy Religion are older, many of them by thousand of years, than the book that now contains an infallible record of them; that they were for ages the common property of the race; that Pythagoras derived his knowledge of the true God during his residence in Palestine; that even Plato confessed that he was indebted to the Jews for his sublimest views? I say, who knoweth not such things as these, but what relevancy have they to the main question—how came man in possession of the idea of an Eternal God? I have suspended the fate of Christianity on the issue. I like definite issues. I make my appeal to the Inductive Philosophy. I summon as witnesses the experience and observation of mankind who both testify that man never *has* originated a single idea, and next I call to the stand a rigid analysis of the mental powers which testify that he never *can* originate one. I thus by actual experiment find that its origin is superhuman, *i. e.*, supernatural, and file it among the revelations contained in the Bible. With a look of pitiful perplexity you ask "How am I to describe ideas without words?" Sure enough, but then 'tis no business of mine, "see you to that." Because you have

✓  
see  
49



volunteered to make brick without straw is no reason why your readers should be satisfied with anything less than the full tale.

9. My conclusion that supernatural ideas reach the mind only through the media of words remains unsettled. You think I present language as proving the plenary inspiration of the Bible. My brother, the inspiration of the Bible is not now the thing to be proved. The question is, Are certain truths knowable by reason or the senses, or are we dependent on superhuman instrumentality for a knowledge of them? Please call for the reading of the proposition.

10. You treat my tenth paragraph too cavalierly. Would it not have been well for you to have shown how any possible arrangement of material archetype can suggest spiritual ideas? You are aware that this argument is much relied upon by the opposers of a verbal revelation, and you certainly ought to come to the rescue or else candidly give up the argument.

11. You say, "Everybody knows there was a time when the material universe began to exist." Never was an assertion more reckless or wide of the truth. Did Aristotle who taught the eternity of matter know it? Do the modern Pantheists know it? Do *you*, my dear sir, believe there was a time when the universe began to be? Your remark that the Bible states what every school boy knows to be false, is a little too *boyish* to be seriously replied to. You ask, "How do you know that creation is a supernatural fact?" and you say that there are no supernatural truths or facts. Well, then, I suppose creation is a *natural* fact. Nature made herself, or the laws of nature made nature and then nature made the laws of nature! About as badly mixed as Sambo, when asked where he left the hoe, replied, "In the woods, Massa." "Whereabouts in the woods?" "I luff um wid de ax, Massa." "But where did you leave the ax?" "Luff um wid the hoe, Massa." "Well, where did you leave both the ax and the hoe?" "Luff um bof togeder, Massa." Just so, "law lies behind everything," and everything lies behind law. Nature originated law and law in turn originated nature, and so infidelity culminates in a sublime—*ho-ax*. Your boat certainly is in a fair way to be dashed off the rock and broken to pieces by the violence of the waves.

12. Your admission that God has spoken to man is sheer trifling.



It is a question of *human speech*. That Christians teach that the race learned to talk by *reading* the Bible "savors strongly" of "spring—'tis *verdant* and refreshing!" Is it a matter of speculation, the question where came words? Is it not, on the contrary, a question of plain simple facts, verified by universal experience? And infidelity is left to assume, contrary to this experience, that the first man spoke without hearing words. On this bleak and desolate rock of assumption I leave you standing alone in your glory. I suspect your space will be "too precious" to attend to several other insignificant matters as the discussion advances.

13. There are some things in your thirteenth paragraph that I regret, the following expressions for instance: "The Bible God has beaten you a little,"—"He made a man of *mud*,"—"The Bible accounts of man's creation are contradictory, please tell me which you endorse." And is it thus that you intend to make the discussion popular? Alas, how true it is, that, "to will is ever present but how to perform I find not." And it is thus that my strongest argument is met? And that, too, by a polished cit of the village of pale bricks? "If such things happen in the green tree what may we not expect in the dry?" Permit me to reproduce the arguments: A conscious being cannot of himself attain to a knowledge of that which antedates his conscious existence. But his origin, *i. e.*, the cause of which existence is the effect, antedates his consciousness; *therefore*, man is dependent upon means beyond, or outside of himself, for a knowledge of his origin. Now, then, the question recurs—does man possess correct information touching his origin? If you say he does not and cannot attain to correct knowledge, then I taunt you thus:

"Are these the pompous tidings you proclaim,  
Lights of the world and demi-Gods of fame."

Ye prate of philosophy and science, and yet grope and stumble at the threshold of the most interesting of all studies—the science of man. You scoff at our Bible, and would rudely strike down our faith and trust in a book, that like a majestic arch, richly wrought with stars and glittering gems, rests upon the two Eternities, the Past and the Future, and upon whose keystone glow in letters of light reflected from either extreme the soul-ennobling



words—"MAN IN THE IMAGE OF GOD." "THERE SHALL BE NO MORE DEATH." But if you say we *can* attain to the knowledge of our origin, then we ask you how, when, where is your oracle? I suspect the mountain labors of skepticism on this point will produce in the future as in the past, nothing but *ab*-ortion.

14. Your fourteenth hardly merits a reply. It surely can mislead no one. The Bible, sir, teaches that there is but one true God, and although it speaks of the idols of pagandom in the popular style, yet it is careful to inform us that an idol is nothing, and there is none other God but ONE. You ask what means the command, "Thou shalt have no other Gods before me"? I will tell you, sir, what it means. It means that the Spiritualistic Pantheists of the latter half of the nineteenth century should cease to idolize their own dear little selves. It means that they cease to blaspheme their Creator and brutalize human nature by teaching that a *hog* has just as much right to adoration as any being in the universe. It means that we should fear and reverence the "High and Lofty One" who inhabiteth the praises of a universe. These are some of the things that the command means, but it does not mean that there are other true Gods beside Jehovah. Your are delivered of a jeer over the fact that Jehovah is jealous, while the false Gods are more liberal. Falsehood can well afford to be more liberal than truth. It has nothing at stake. And yet I must think if the flag of our country were shamefully insulted you would prefer to see the government exhibit some of that same kind of jealousy rather than the stolid liberality of your idols.

15. You finally yield the main position insisted upon by me—you say the idea of a God may have come by revelation—thank you, brother, that is all I ask. No Christian supposes that the book called the Bible brought the idea into the world. We only teach that the Bible contains an infallible record of this sublime revelation. And now that we are together let us sit down and rest.

Yours sincerely true,

Vandalia, Mich., May 8, 1866.

GEO. CLENDENAN.

#### MR. HULL'S SECOND REPLY.

BRO. CLENDENAN: The mail has brought your second article.



I had supposed that if I would "speak gently to the erring," our discussion would get along without hard words or feelings, but my reply to your first letter has evidently been the cause of your having lost some sleep. Be calm, my dear brother, you have a hard task before you, but nothing is made by such flouncing as you manifest; you only get more thoroughly entangled in the net. The usual course of controversy is to retort all the charges, witticisms, etc. I think time and space will be saved by omitting all of these. Let our readers fill all of these in as they think best, and we will stick to the question, viz.: "The Bible contains a revelation from God and is plenarily inspired." For the sake of our readers, I am sorry that on ten pages of foolscap, closely written, you did not venture as much as one argument in favor of the proposition. I fear that we shall want twelve times twelve articles to get through with the question. I did not intend, dear brother, to say that you and I sprang from the same earthly father—do not know that we did. All spirit—all intelligence, however, did spring from the same fountain. Our bodies are only appendages worn a little while as the chicken wears the shell during its embryo existence. The real man, the spiritual nature, is what I address when I call you brother. Though you proposed to give definitions in your last article, I will wait for your definition of the word *plenary*. As a correct definition of that word would be suicidal to your proposition, I sympathize with you in praying not to be called out too soon.

2. Your second paragraph is a bundle of splendid witticisms, but really your apology for Jesus calling his disciples "fools, and Paul and Peter quarrelling, is hardly a staple production. No quarrel or fight ever occurred in a brothel but that the mantle you make would cover.

3. Prove that the great men you mention ever embraced the absurdities of the Bible. An array of big names is a big thing, but when one part of them professed no faith whatever, and the other part accepted doctrines which you and I both condemn, it takes the wind out of the sails of those who would prove by a list of the names of a few commanders of armies and others who have handed their names down to posterity, that the sun stood still, or a whale in the Mediteranean sea, where a whale never was, swallowed a man. Let us have something more solid, my brother.



4. It is easy for you to class me with "very ignorant opponents," but there are some things for you to learn. The passages which I quoted, and you virtually acknowledged to be spurious, are as old as any of the Bible. You talk learnedly about "invalidating the original," but that "can't be did," for there are no original copies in existence. Nor do you know that there ever was any. The original Egyptian Therapeutic manuscripts from which our Bibles (New Testaments) were compiled, were several hundred years older than the date of our New Testament. The New Testament cannot be carried back much, if any, before the time of Eusebius.

5. In your fifth paragraph you say, "Your admission that the Bible follows civilization is most unfortunate for you." You are really an adept at putting an opponent in an "unfortunate" position. Yet somehow you woefully fail in making one see matters in the light you represent. Had you quoted three or four more words of the *garbled* extract, matters would have looked differently. But suppose I had said just what you say, no more, no less, how would it be unfortunate for me? Suppose the Bible always follows right on the heels of civilization, would that prove it a revelation from God, or plenarily inspired? If so, would not the same fact prove as much for Humes' Essays, Kirkham's Grammar, or Davies' Arithmetic? Here is what I said: "As for the Bible civilizing, enlightening, ennobling and elevating humanity, it is a mistake. The Bible follows civilization—does not go before it."—Letter 1, paragraph 5. We have a Bible in civilization; the question is, which came first? You say the Bible. Please favor us with the proof in your next. I say civilization has reclaimed the people from the barbarities of Bible times, and enabled them to read the Bible and look with disgust upon many of its loathing precepts, and admiration upon many of its terse proverbs and beautiful sayings. Civilization has taught even Bible believers to sever the chaff from the wheat. No Bible believer thinks it his duty to obey the commands found in Matt. vi: 25; Luke xiv: 26; Luke xxii: 36; Num. xxxi: 17. The Bible does follow civilization, so do flies follow a molasses barrel; yet flies did not make molasses, nor do Bibles the civilization. You do not deny that



the Bible has caused more bloodshed, insanity, etc., than all other books in the world. You will not deny it. From the time Moses slew the Egyptian, down to the hanging of the Salem witches (which, by the way, was only the execution of a Bible command, see Ex. xxii: 18,) there has not been a day but blood has flowed in direct obedience to the precepts which are now in that book. After quoting my remark that the slaveholder asks for no other backing than the Bible in sustaining "the sum of all villainies," you say, "Then why did he make the teaching of the slave to read the Bible a crime?" You are certainly an adroit in putting questions. The crime was not teaching the slave to read the Bible, but teaching him to read. If he could have been taught to read the Bible without being able to read other books, not a slavemonger in the South would have objected. They were a thousand times as much afraid their slaves would read "Uncle Tom's Cabin," as they were that they would read the Bible! Indeed, the reading of the Bible only strengthened the bonds that held the slave in servitude, hence men were employed to read the Bible to them. Your "infidel philanthropist," the author of the phrase "the sum of all villainies," was no other than John Wesley, he could not find language in the Bible to condemn slavery and so introduced the above.

6. In your sixth you gently hint that I must not get ahead of you in this discussion. My dear brother, I will step back and follow you. You please be responsible for my crooked paths. In setting out to lead for other men, yourself without a guide, you must expect those who follow you to make crooked furrows. You display more generalship than many would suppose belonged to you, in the gentle hint to keep off of the inspiration question. You seem greatly troubled about Ahaziah being two years older than his father; but it is a fact recorded in the plenarily inspired Bible. *This* is the source from "whence this man hath his learning." Your witticisms are quite amusing. You of course do not claim that they are instructive. You have so many pages to fill and of course do your best. You work on the principle that—

"These two lines that look so solemn,  
Are put in just to fill the column."

7. Your seventh paragraph is such a bundle of absurdities that



I hardly know which to expose first. God could not teach science because he deals in facts, and sciences deal in appearances. Then I understand you. When the Bible says the world was made in six days *it is a fact!* When it says we had four days without a sun, it is a fact! It is a fact that Joshua commanded the sun and moon to stand still and they did his bidding! It is a fact that the earth is flat so that Jesus could get upon a pinnacle high enough to *see all the kingdoms of the whole world!* It is a fact that the sun went back so as to throw the shadow back on the dial fifteen degrees to convince a man that a pimple or boil on him would not kill him!! Shade of consistency come this way!!! You say, "With God there is no appearance, all is reality." Once more: "As reasonably expect the Bible to contain information about Manny's Reaper and Mower as to look to it for a knowledge of the sciences." True, brother, true; but if I had said as much it would have called from you at least two pages of foolscap in reply, and you would have been shedding tears over my recklessness. After this acknowledgment that the Bible does not give information concerning Reapers, nor teach the sciences, what becomes of your *ad captandum vulgus* about man not being able to originate a new idea? Look out! "Small boats," you know, must "keep close to shore." Once more you take the argument by the blade, shall I use your own words? Here they are: "You say that God is the author of science. Science is the knowledge of things; God made the things and man has *attained* a partial knowledge of them—this is science." By this I understand you to deny that God is the author of science. Then you are reduced to one absurdity and one contradiction of your own statement.

- (1.) You do not worship a God of science, but an *unscientific* God.
- (2.) Man has originated *all* his scientific ideas, notwithstanding your oft repeated affirmation that man cannot originate an idea.

My brother, I know that "no chastisement for the present seemeth joyous," but you must endure it. Had you ever read the hundred and one efforts of Bible men to try to reconcile the Bible and science, and the account of Hugh Miller's suicide because after years of toil he had failed to accomplish the work, you never would have said, "master minds trouble themselves but little about the contradictions between the Bible and science."



8. It is unnecessary to reply to your eighth paragraph. It contains its own refutation. After roundly asserting that certain facts which could not otherwise be known, were revealed in the Bible, you make the following important concession: "Who does not know that the great truths and facts of our Holy Religion *are older*, many of them by thousands of years, than the book that now contains an infallible record of them; that they were for ages the common property of the race." And so after all, the Bible has only plagiarized "common property," and handed it out as the direct and only revelation from God. Thank you; I could not have stated my position so strong. Yet I can but exclaim, "How are the mighty fallen!" Your assertion that Plato derived his knowledge of God from the Jews, reminds me of the boy who after looking into a mirror, exclaims, "My father looks almost exactly like me." The Jews never had such ideas as Plato and Pythagoras had until they learned them from the heathen. The remainder of your eighth paragraph relates about as much to the question of debate as the most foreign thing you can imagine.

9. Your ninth paragraph is sufficiently refuted by the concession you make in paragraph 8. Please compare the two.

10. Could I see how your tenth paragraph effected the question of the truth or inspiration of the Bible, *pro* or *con*, I would offer a few thoughts on it. Remember, I have not denied a revelation, and you have admitted that the Bible facts and truths were known *thousands of years before such a book existed*. Your argument on the necessity of a revelation would prove as much for any other book as the Bible.

11. You confound the commencement of the existence of the present universe with the commencement of the existence of the materials of which it is composed—this leads to several of the fatal mistakes you make in paragraph eleven, with regard to nature making herself, etc. You, my brother, may get into the same boat. Does God exist? If so, he exists in harmony with the law of his existence or without any law of existence. If he harmonizes with those laws, then the laws existed first and God is not eternal, but if he exists without those laws, then existence without laws is demonstrated. In that case nature might have existed without laws, or laws without nature. How is it? Please



settle the question of the existence of a God, and then come on with your questions about nature and her laws.

12. Your twelfth paragraph is a learned (?) dissertation on human speech. Man speaks, therefore the Bible contains a revelation from God, and is plenarily inspired. Of course the conclusion legitimately flows from the premises, but you will be troubled to get your readers to see it. There must have been a first man and he must have spoken. There was a first word, and it was spoken. God or some one else spoke it! Now, who can doubt the truth of your proposition? Let me help you to another argument; it is found in these words, "And he played on a harp of a thousand strings, spirits of just men made perfect." This important and pointed testimony ought to come in connection with your argument on the truth of the Bible drawn from the fact that man speaks!

13. After regretting some of my remarks you find that the Bible teaches that man was made in the image of God. So it does, and so did Heathenism teach the same. "Your own poets have said, for we are also his offspring."—Acts xvii: 28. The Bible truly says, "there shall be no more death." Socrates had said several hundred years before, "You can't bury Socrates—Socrates will not die." So that important information we have without the Bible. Now suppose your syllogisms were true in all their parts, does it prove anything for you? Not anything. I will admit that man "gets instruction from things beyond, or outside of himself—that he has revelations from God." Now, please show me how that proves the Bible to be that revelation. Here is work for you. "Quit you like a man." I am not now on the affirmative. If I were I would show that the Bible history of the making of man is false, that would be all that would be necessary in this discussion. Remember, it is the infallibility of the *Bible*, not of infidelity, that we are debating. Suffice it to say that human skulls are now in existence one hundred and fifty thousand years old, therefore the first man was not made of dirt six thousand years ago.

14. You certainly find a cheap way of meeting my argument in paragraph fourteen. "It hardly merits a reply," is much easier said than it is to get over, around, or under stubborn facts. Yet



I misjudge our readers if they will be content with that. "The Bible teaches that there is but one true God." I know the Bible teaches that Israel must have but one true God, but are not the Gods of other nations recognized as being God, as much so as the Jewish Jehovah? See Judges viii: 33; ix: 27; xi: 23, 24. Dagon is recognized in the Bible as being the God of the Philistines, as much as Jehovah is recognized as being the God of the Jews. See Judges xvi: 23, 24. But suppose your assertion were true, "The Bible teaches that there is but one true God." "What kind of a God is he? One subject to all the frailties that belong to the most barbarous ages of humanity. One who repented—was weary with repenting."—Gen. vi: 6; Jer. xv: 6. Had to "come down to find out whether the people were as wicked as he had heard."—Gen. xvi: 5; xviii: 21. Moved David to number Israel, then got mad because David did his bidding and murdered thousands of innocent persons.—1 Chron. xxi: 1–14. So determined to damn the people that he sends the devil, his chief agent, among them to deceive them that they may be damned.—1 Kings xxii: 19–23; 2 Thes. ii: 9–13. I might go on with page after page of evidence that the Jewish God was no more nor less than an offshoot from the Jewish mind. The God of the Nazarene was an improvement on the one presented in the Old Testament. I know you will object to this mode of argumentation, but truth must come though it cuts like a sword. Though you refused to debate the question of Spiritualism, you cannot resist the temptation to make an occasional stab at the "Spiritualistic Pantheists of the latter half of the nineteenth century." Fire away, my brother. If Spiritualism could not stand against your batteries it would indeed be in a pitiable condition. Your exhortation to me to "fear God," has no effect on me whatever. The God whom I worship is not dangerous—He is good and will protect me from the God whom you fear. I learned a lesson by reading the latter part of your paragraph marked 14; that is, that falsehood could "afford to be more liberal than truth." I supposed "the truth would make you free!" How things have changed! Once it was error that was afraid to compare notes, now it is truth that will lose in the operation! Indeed!!

15. And so I am whipped. Under the fire of your battery I



have been compelled to evacuate—"have yielded the main position insisted upon." How easily I yield. You certainly did not expect to whip me out of my main position so quick. You will find a little good advice in 1 Kings xx: 11. What do you mean by saying that "no Christian supposes that the book called the Bible brought the idea of a God into the world"? Somebody then had the idea without the Bible, hence the Bible does not make the revelation. Is not that a concession worth noting? Come on, you are doing well, you will soon be a Philosopher.

Hoping that you may live long enough to learn that man needs a *continual* revelation made in his own soul, I subscribe myself your brother.

MOSES HULL.

---

## THE SUMMER LAND.

BY MRS. LUCY L. STOUT.

The sun is high in the heaven of life,  
 The burden heavy and weary the feet  
 That are climbing the still ascending height,  
 'Mid the din and clamor, the toil and heat,  
 How sweet if the aching brows might be fanned,  
 With a cooling breath from the Summer Land!

O Land of our longing! with yearnings and tears,  
 With strivings and passionate cries of pain,  
 Toward the mystical gateway we stretch our hands,  
 And grasp at thy glory again and again.  
 But the white surf of Life breaks on thy bright strand,  
 And is hushed in thy stillness, O fair Summer Land!

There are the noble, the grand and free,  
 The unknown martyrs of Truth are there,  
 The wise in council, the strong to do,  
 The blossoming infant, the maiden fair;  
 O! we shall walk with them hand in hand,  
 In the beautiful fields of the Summer Land.

Its glorious light is the smile of God;  
 Its brooding atmosphere holy peace;  
 The breath of its life is the spirit of love;  
 And earth's warring passions and longings cease.  
 Touch us, oh Death, with thy mystic wand,  
 And bring us into the Summer Land!



**PEN SKETCHES OF REFORMERS.—No. 1.**

BY MRS. H. F. M. BROWN.

JAMES M. PEEBLES.

In every human life we read, to some extent, the history of the antenatal life. What the mother saw her child sees. The flowery meadows, the mountains, the waters and the singing birds that whispered to her soul of beauty, grandeur, music, are imprinted upon the child-heart. The sweet peace, that made glad the mother heart, the shine and shadows, the great wealth of love, wherewith she was richly dowered—all, all are given back to the world in the life of her child. Haydn, the celebrated composer, once said, "My mother was a sweet singer, my father used to accompany, on a rude harp, the songs she sang." Helvia, the mother of Cicero, was remarkably gifted in human speech. A boy who tended sheep on the hills of Switzerland became a fine musician. "Nature was my teacher," he said; "I watched my flocks and listened, meantime, to the various sounds the winds made among the trees. In this way my soul learned to love music, then it was easy to become a musician." With facts like these one can readily understand why J. M. Peebles loves music, why the pansy, rose and buttercups whisper lovingly to his soul; why he turns to the mountains "when the streams of life run low," and why he may be styled a religious enthusiast. He is a child of the Green Mountains of Vermont; one of her musical streams, bending about the old home, sang his first cradle-hymn. His mother was much given to prayer and a close observer of church rites; her child is what she and the mountains made him.

James learned his letters in an old red schoolhouse, near what is now called Jacksonville, Vt. It is said that he was given to mischief and was somewhat headstrong, often interfering when the teacher attempted to punish a pupil; but his mischief-making was harmless and in taking sides with the punished he was often on the side of justice, of mercy always.

At the age of fourteen James was admitted into Amos H. Be-  
dient's Select School for boys. When sixteen he entered the



Oxford Academy, in Chenango Co., N. Y., to pursue a regular Academic course. For several years he taught school winters and pursued his studies in the Institution, the spring, summer and autumn terms. By close application to books, while yet teaching, he kept along with his class-mates who were not compelled to provide for their own physical needs. No wonder at the age of twenty years the ambitious student was pale and slender, with the air and dignity of age; but the mountain air and a season of rest brought back vigor, freshness, health.

Mr. Peebles was educated in the faith of John Calvin, but his better nature revolted at the idea of future torments. "If, in the creed of the Church, God's laws are written, away with God," he said, and turned to the works of Paine, Volney and Hume. Their teachings were far better than the teachings of Orthodoxy, therefore he accepted them. Circumstances subsequently brought Mr. Peebles among the Universalists. The simple faith in the All-Father's loving care, as advocated by John Murray and Hosea Ballou, seemed to him a new revelation from the heavens. He turned again to the Bible, the covenant made with Abraham; the sweet gospel "Peace and good will," taught and lived by the Nazarene, the teachings of Nature in the star-lit heavens and flower-gemmed earth all said to his asking soul "God is love and his tender mercies will never cease." "This new gospel must be preached to all the world," was the conclusion of him whose eyes had been opened, whose soul had been baptized in the eternal Love-fountain. Mr. Peebles prepared himself for the work he was missioned to do. In 1842 he commenced preaching Universalism. In September, 1846, he was ordained to the work of an Evangelist. Rev. J. M. Austin, of Auburn, N. Y., preached the ordination sermon.

The young clergyman soon found himself popular among older members of his own faith. No one wonders at the fact. He is eloquent as a speaker; as genial, gentle and *natural* as a child.

The minister was disposed to continue his search for knowledge. Truth was his watch-word. No matter who possessed the prize. He was quite as ready to accept it from Infidel as from Christian hands; and as ready to give as to receive. He never asked, "What will my people say? Will they accept these new



thoughts?" but he said if they are true they are mine to give; if they are false they will die in God's good time. In a private note to me, some years ago, he wrote, "I have profound admiration for brave, fearless souls, who dare defend unpopular truths. I never trim my sails for popular breezes, never consult Mrs. Grundy. I mean always to stand upon the eternal rock—Principle, and speak just what God would have me speak; if the world accepts my work well, if not I can wait as my Master waited."

Some fourteen years ago Mr. Peebles commenced reading the works of Theodore Parker, Swedenborg, A. J. Davis, and the progressive German authors. His Thought-realm broadened. Christ crucified was not the only thing that should engage his ministerial attention. Intemperance, slavery, war, were among the demons to be cast out of the church. He commenced at once the work of dethroning these foul usurpers. Of course he often found himself largely in the minority, but that fact availed nothing; wasn't he heart and hands consecrated to human good? In truth-seeking Spiritualism came in his way. After long and patient investigation Mr. Peebles became convinced of its truth and entered at once into a new labor-field. The First Free Church in Battle Creek, Mich., invited him to give them a course of lectures upon the new philosophy. At the conclusion of these lectures he was invited to locate there. For the next six years we find him in Battle Creek speaking boldly his divinest thoughts.

Mary Conkey, the wife of our brother, has kept pace with him in all his progressive ideas. However dark and rough the outer world has sometimes seemed, there has always been light, peace and a loving welcome in a home that Mary has beautified by her own artistic hand. Clouds have overshadowed the home, but they were the shadows of angel wings. The following extracts from a private letter will explain:

SACRAMENTO, CAL., March, 1861.

DEAR MRS. BROWN: "It is the hour, the dewy hour of fading light and folding flower." Befitting hour truly to talk with friends—this quiet hour of setting sun and gathering twilight. What were earth without friends and friendships—without *all* those kindly social relations that interconnect and enfold us all into one great brotherhood and sisterhood of souls, something as forest twigs and branches are interlaced by nature's magic shuttle? These



interrelations constituting the great bond of human sympathy may have suggested the Apostolic injunction "Rejoice with those that do rejoice and weep with those that weep."

You inquired about California. It is a *magnificent country*—the stars are so bright, the atmosphere so clear and bracing, the flowers so fresh even in January, the scenery so varied, the vineyards so burdened with purple clusters in autumn time, and the people so thoroughly in earnest in every department of life, that I am charmed with most that I witness. You know I came to this El Dorado land not to speak, but *solely* to regain my health. Having had hemorrhage of the lungs, I felt a change of climate to be indispensable. Landing in San Francisco I was frail, feeble and *negative* as a child; but in a few months began to improve, and now hardly a year and a half from the "States," I feel strong, and tell every body I am *well*. For this reason, if no other, I shall ever bless California. \* \* \* \* \*

I am sad, oh, so sad and tearful, to-night, Frances! None, however, see my tears. There may be something of pride in this; but I long ago resolved that no shadow upon my face should ever filch the sunshine from others. Why sad, do you ask? Aye, last week's mail brought the tidings of the severe sickness and departure to the Better Land of our darling Louis—a precious bud transplanted to bloom in the garden of God. O, how I pity my poor wife! Lonely must she be without the echoes of his dancing feet and the lyric cadence of his voice. He was a promising—a beautiful child of hardly ten summers, and the very idol of our hearts. You know he was an adopted child, the son of the Rev. J. R. Sage, a Universalist clergyman.

This deep affliction will weigh heavily upon my wife. I shall hasten home on her account. Home! how many sweet associations cluster around the endearing word! Put me in my library-room and I'm happy—and yet dearly as I love books, family, home and home comforts, a divine voice is ever saying to me, "Go forth—go among all nations preaching the ministry of Spirits and the principles of the Spiritual Philosophy." \* \* \*

Though gifted in intellect, Frances, you are equally sympathetic and will readily understand the sorrow that will come over me like a cloud upon crossing my threshold in Battle Creek. My wife glad to welcome me, gratified with my improved health, but mourning for Louis. It is all *well*. He has gone to join and become a companion of our own *three* dear little ones, who left the mortal ere earth's ills had tinged the gossamer of their spirit garments with a single stain. Angels are their teachers—progress their eternal destiny. O, how blessed is Spiritualism in all the trying scenes of life! Would I had a thousand tongues to tell its glories and sing its praises. To its promulgation under the inspiration of a circling band of spirits I have consecrated my powers, dedicated my life. So have *you*, and many, many other noble souls.

Deeply do I sympathize with reform-workers, lecturers and *media*, negative and sensitized from the hearers. Oftentimes their sorrows are many—their joys few. Beautiful are the crowns that await them in the glorious hereafter.



Were it not for the feeble health of my wife and sudden departure of Louis I should remain here at least a year and do earnest missionary work in behalf of Spiritualism. I am stopping in an excellent family, Victor B. Posts—the spirits have named them “Peace and Harmony.” These with many other dear friends by me to remain another year; but duty calls me home.

I must tell you, by the way, that I have formed the acquaintance of Mrs. Eliza W. Farnham—met her in the Lunatic Asylum, Stockton, California. She is the Matron, and her brilliant, solid intellect, boundless benevolence and good comprehension of principles charmed me. During several evenings she read from unpublished volumes she is preparing—read me select passages from Walt. Whitman’s “Leaves of Grass,” and several European poets. She told me she delivered the first lecture upon Spiritualism ever given in California. She spoke highly of you, Mary F. Davis and others of her sex, laboring for woman and the great interests of reform. And only think—little, anxious, jealous souls, hardly worthy to unloose her shoe latches, have tried to traduce this great, noble woman! Blessings upon her—I’m proud I ever clasped her hand, a prelude to abiding friendship.

Most cordially thine,

J. M. PEEBLES.

Mr. Peebles’ leading characteristic is, perhaps, *Individuality*. He is independent in thought and speech. Condemns cowardice and jealousies without stint; he commends where he can, never looking to see which way the tide is setting, or waits public approval. But he is quite willing that others should live their lives, if principles are not compromised. He is orderly, generous, social, mirthful and a great lover of the beautiful. In personal appearance he is tall, straight, of slender form, brown hair, blue eyes; his face is of Roman mould, his teeth faultless. He dresses with great care, avoiding alike the dandy and the sloven. His age is about forty-five years.

As a traveler Mr. Peebles has become quite noted, having traveled and lectured upon Spiritualism in twenty-eight of the United States. Has traveled in California, Mexico and Sonora, and taken a voyage among the Pacific Isles. During the war he went South in Gen. Grant’s department, acting under Col. D. T. Kilgore, in the dual capacity of clerk and chaplain—officiating as the latter in Tennessee and Alabama when the Regimental Chaplain was absent. Invited, he recently accompanied Gens. Sherman, Sheridan, Auger, Harney, Dr. Terry, Col. Tappan and Sanborn, the Indian Commission, as far west as the summit of the Rocky Mountains, meeting with and taking notes of the Peace Treaties



made with the Sioux and other Indian tribes. He further holds an official commission from the Ministerial Peace Society of America to visit as a delegate the different Peace Societies of Europe.

He is widely known as a writer. It is nearly three years since he was invited by the proprietors of the *Banner of Light* to assume the Editorial supervision of the Western Department of that sterling periodical. Of his ability in this direction it is enough to say that the circulation has largely increased, especially in the West, since his connection with it. His previous Theological studies are now of great service to him in the advocacy of Spiritualism; and then he brings to the columns of the *Banner* a vast amount of ecclesiastical and historical knowledge that the majority of writers have not the time nor means to obtain. All his intellectual efforts exhibit a great versatility of talents. If in exactly the right place he would be a Professor of Ancient History, Metaphysics, Mental and Moral Philosophy. A. J. Davis has put him in his Calendar of Saints—the Saint James of the Arabula. Several years since he published a pamphlet of one hundred pages, entitled “The Signs of the Times.” Two thousand copies were soon sold. Another, a large work, is now ready, entitled, “Ancient and Modern Witnesses of Spiritualism.”

The space allotted for this sketch will not allow lengthy extracts from his writings, but the following will give some idea of his sparkling wit, of his keen sarcasm, and of his whole-hearted sympathy for our humanity.

[Extract from a Sermon, entitled, The New Religion.]

From the plane of speculative theology, we may exclaim how wonderful the progress of religious *ideas* during the last fifty years! Infant damnation is nowhere preached. Total depravity is seldom named. *Hell*, partaking of the improvements of the age, has been modified by the Beecher branch of theologians into quite *comfortable quarters*, and rather inviting from the consideration of such associates as Franklin, Jefferson and Lincoln. And agitations and revolutions must continue; for *spirit* is causation, and *spirit, motion, action* underlies all things. No conservative influences can stem the mighty wheel of progress, that has swept away old-fashioned plows and keel-boats; old-fashioned spelling-books and hissing pulpits; old-fashioned monarchies feudal aristocracies and slaveries. (Even the Czar of Russia said, with a sin, gle stroke of the pen, to forty millions of serfs, “Be men—be freemen.”) The above have all become obsolete, or been remodeled to suit the genius of the



times. The Calvinism of our boyhood years is *dead*, and the children of to-day are merrily dancing on its neglected grave. Methodism, with its "book concerns" and publishing houses, feelingly sings :

"Dear Lord, and shall we ever live  
At this *poor dying rate*?"

Episcopalianism stands up in the green fields of American life, a proud, showy, yet lightning-shattered *stub*, in whose worm-eaten trunk birds nest, but never hatch. Universalism, professing toleration, yet practicing proscription, mourning over the desolation of its Zion, mows the grass from its church doors, and begs for "more money." Its leaf is withering. Its "*ism*," saying, "Thus far and no further," is already crowned with *rust*, and rancid with *rot*.

Spiritualism, at once a religion and a philosophy, based upon demonstrable *facts, truths and principles*, is old as all Bibles—old as all the historic ages, and conscious of its truth and strength, says with John Milton, "Though all the winds of doctrine were let loose to play upon the earth, if *Truth and Reason* be in the field, we do injuriously to misdoubt her strength. Let Truth and Error grapple. Who ever knew Truth put to the *worst* in a free and open encounter?" Did I write Spiritualism is old? It is also young—*young, daring, defiant*, conserving the *good* of all the olden times, and accepting all rational revelations and inspirations of the present. It is, in fact, the great growing religious *idea* of Europe and America, and the real *animus* of our best literature. He who fights it, contends against God, angels, spirits, truth, and the highest interests of his own soul. Let us who profess it, "walk worthy of the high vocation whereunto we have been called," so that others may see our "good works," and journey with us towards the heavenly kingdom. Let us abide in the spirit, exercising charity and cultivating our religious natures, so that the spiritual, the scientific, and the truly *devotional* may all beautifully blend in our inmost beings.

"Thus shall our lips and lives express  
The *holy teachings* we profess;  
Thus shall our *works and virtues* shine,  
To prove the doctrine all divine."

#### LET US SUFFER WITH THE SUFFERING.

It is truly beautiful to suffer with a suffering friend; to bear others' pains, and weep in their falling tears, as the gentle Nazarene wept with those who stood around the grave of the loved Lazarus. Holy are those relations that unite angels, saints, sinners, demons, all in one universal brotherhood. This true, by blessing one, we bless the whole; by lifting up the lowest, we add to the joys of angels; by laboring to save one, we help to save all; and all souls 'neath all skies, and in all worlds, must ultimately be reached, softened, subdued, and clothed in angelic brightness. To this end Jesus preached to the "spirits in prison"—doubtless the "beloved John" preached to his erring



brother Judas, after he passed, in ripened old age, from Ephesus to the elysium of the blest; and no doubt the ascended Lincoln, "with charity for all," and soul divinely alive to goodness, has frequently left the society of the fathers of the Republic, and descended to poor John Wilkes Booth, tenderly brushing away his tears of remorse with the hand of forgiveness, and quieting the waves of fiery anguish that must long roll o'er his restless soul.

Every possible thought that is good, every possible labor of love, and every holy purpose, helps each mortal and immortal. In this is a lesson of humility. Who can tell how much of their best natures have been contributed by others? how much they were blest by an overshadowing angelic magnetism, ere they breathed the atmosphere of earth? or how many of their finest thoughts or grandest inspirations had been influenced from souls in the kingdoms of immortality, that once struggled as we are now struggling on life's stormy ocean?

We are all aided by more sympathizing souls than in our blindness we see, or in our self-importance we are willing to admit. All power is spirit-power, and all life descends, as well as inspiration. And the fact that we are thus helped, should teach us the lesson of helping others; for every word or thought, connected with heroic action, conduces to true, manly heroism—every smile of a child, even, gladdens some heart—every song breathed from musical soul, becomes a wandering minstrel, cheering some lonely heart; and every prayer uttered or unexpressed, that rises heavenward for the triumph of the good, the right, and the pure, helps to hasten the glad morning of a future Eden.

#### THE DEPARTURE OF CHILDREN.

"Did the angels have a funeral, mother, when I left heaven and came to earth to live?" asked a precocious child. It was a soul question—a cognition of pre-existence. The coming and going of infants, like descending and ascending waves upon a measureless ocean, are parts of the Infinite purpose. Nature would not have all the buds and blossoms of orchards mature in ripened fruitage. So the tree of life lets some of its tenderest buds droop and fall to bloom in the gardens of the angels. Those airs are more soft and balmy, those climes more sunny. There is no lovelier sight than an infant's form encoffined for the tomb. Spirits, through trance and inspirational media, should speak upon such occasions. The burial should be in the morning time. No dark procession, no tolling of bells, no gloomy looks should mark the quiet passage to the grave; but, dressed in holiday attire and garlanded with the freshest, brightest flowers of spring, the sleeping body should be borne to rest. Glad songs should be sung, joyous music should ring out upon the air, and pleasantly, as to a festival, the gathered group should go its way, feeling that the child is not dead, but gone before—gone to the love-land lyceums of heaven.

Weeping, mourning and darkened drapery are no sign of intense sorrow, but rather of doubt and atheism. Much of mourning is rooted in selfishness. The more external, the more conspicuous the weeping! Displays at funerals



are as common as unchristian; sham and show going with the superficial to the very threshold of the sepulchre. There are sorrows too deep for tears, as there are prayers too divine for utterance. The fond Mexican mother, relying upon weird, ancestral traditions and the teachings of Nature, "who has household treasures laid away in the *campo santo*—God's sacred field—breathes a sweet faith only heard elsewhere in the poet's utterance or the Spiritualist's philosophy of immortality. Ask her how many children bless her house and she will answer, "Five: two here and three yonder." So, notwithstanding death and the grave, it is yet an unbroken household, and the trusting mother ever lives the thought:

"We are all here—father, mother,  
Sister, brother, all who hold each other dear."

When children are disrobed of the earthly, their spirits are wafted to spheres of innocence and there received by heavenly matrons and good angels to be educated. Oh, how those angelic beings, full of affection, delight to teach infants and little children, such as Jesus took in his arms, saying, "Of such is the kingdom of heaven!" Variety is a necessity in all worlds. Heaven would not be heaven without children. It would lack the joyousness of childish innocence and educational progress. Our departed children—ay, ours still—buds of spirit-beauty! lights in the windows of heaven! the angels of the future!

#### PLAY.

Let us play—playing is the healthiest praying. Racing school-boys, rolling their hoops and twirling their slings, breathe diviner prayers to the Infinite than repining saints on bended knees. We commend the Pharisee for going on the "house-top" to pray—a tree-top would have been still better; Jesus, best of all, went up on to a mountain. How fresh those Syrian breezes! how uplifting the aspirations! House-top, tree-top, mountain, any place but a dusty, ill-ventilated, tobacco-bespattered floor, where Christians kneel.

Life, seen from the human side, is a play full of plots, with numerous acts and ever-shifting scenery. In this theater all are actors or actresses. Some excel in comedy; others in tragedy. Each speaks his piece much in accordance with original organization. Contrasts must be; hence clowns are necessary to complete the whole. Seen from the divine side, all are "stars," individualized and of different magnitudes, striking positions, and playing parts eternally assigned them, for, Infinite law spanning and governing all things, destiny is the divinest philosophy.

Personally, we have had many engagements; but from principle would never consent to play in the "School of Scandal." We have played in the school-life and farm-life; in academic halls and theological institutions; have played the priest—played it sincerely; am now playing the editor. It is an excellent company, and behind it are powers both invisible and mighty; yet the "boards" at times are rough, the "stock" stubborn and spectators fastidi-



ous. But subdivisions aside, and considering life what in reality it is—a unity, an endless circle of being—we are now well along in the second act. The first was in a past paradisaical state. Night follows day in the natural order. We descended into this grave—*our body*. Once incarnated, and diverse experiences are necessities. Contrasts are helps; blessings and blisters alternate, like sunshine and shade in April days. Buried in this shell, this organic sepulchre, playing the part ordained, we wait, groaning like an ancient Apostle, “to be delivered.” Time flies. As the actor in the scene apparently dies and is borne from the stage, so some sunny day we shall pass behind the curtain, and appearing in a new costume, commence in the third act. It is termed the resurrection. Many that failed in the second act as mortal, excel in this, for masks are not serviceable. Each being himself, plays, *acts* himself.

---

### I DON'T BELIEVE IT.

I am a natural skeptic. The first time I remember of being told there was a lake of fire where the wicked would be burned forever, I replied, regardless of clerical dignity and neck-ties, “I don’t believe it.”

It is rather abrupt, and I don’t intend to say it very often, but somehow it will come out before I think. Mary Jones told me this morning that Sam. Taylor had ran away and left his wife because she was “no better than she should be,” and “I don’t believe it” came to my rescue and silenced Mary’s wicked surmises.

There is one subject that I always doubt with a double emphatic “I don’t believe it,” and I don’t wish to beg pardon of newspaper writers for differing with them, and that is the subject of female politeness. I contend that women *are* polite, notwithstanding the reams of foolscap that have been wasted to prove the contrary.

Occasionally, it is true, we see breaches of good manners among women, but that is so much the exception that it excites comment, just as it would if a lady smoked a cigar in the streets, used profane language or committed any other outrage on good breeding. I have traveled many thousands of miles by land and water, with women of every nation, and never once have I seen her take a gentleman’s seat, or receive any other courtesy without a “thank you,” “don’t trouble yourself,” or at least a pleasant bow. But I recall to mind several long rides in street cars crowded with men, where I have been obliged to stand the whole distance. Their seats were their own and I had no claim upon them what-



ever—only it isn't pleasant to be told that we are so very impolite that our brothers have decided not to relinquish their rights to us.

A few weeks since, I with a young lady were compelled to stand in a railroad car, with our arms full of baskets, shawls, etc., twenty miles, while four gentlemen quietly occupied two seats absorbed in the intellectual game of poker. At least three ladies offered us seats, which we declined. The conductor frequently passed us, and I ardently wished he had been a lady, that poker deck would have been disturbed and a place found to deposit our baggage at least.

But he only halted to see how the game progressed and who would be the fortunate winners of the pile of dirty scrip. The game was enlivened by choice bits of slang, and the floor deluged with tobacco juice.

Will women ever play poker for money in traveling conveyances while tired travelers stand by their side with arms full of baggage? I don't believe it! Will they ever make the floors of coaches too filthy for human beings to enter? I don't believe it! Will the newspaper scribblers ever cease to write and talk of the impoliteness of women? I don't believe they ever will! F. M. K.

---

### WHAT'S THE DIFFERENCE?

Political, religious and sensational papers have, for several weeks past been greatly excited over a criminal case in the courts of New Jersey. Two women and a man in their own private house committed the crime of exposing their persons and sleeping in the same bed. This remarkable case is listened to by hundreds of virtuous persons who leave important business and family matters for the more important matter of learning the particulars of this revolting tragedy.

Public sentiment cries out, "Send them to the State's prison," while lenient reformers add, "or the lunatic asylum." All agree in one thing, they have committed a great wrong, modesty has been violated, a pure-minded community shocked, and we are not safe while such persons are allowed to go at large.

Judge Teese in his charge to the jury quotes the laws of the State, to the effect that any person who shall be guilty of any act



of public indecency, shall be liable to a fine of one hundred dollars, or imprisonment for one year; and gravely hints that these persons are guilty, and that public safety demands that they be rendered harmless by close confinement.

In the artistic and theatrical world we have a star, whose brilliant rays have scarcely touched the meridian of her glory; a beautiful, plump, fascinating Jewess—Adah Isaacs Menken. We will not draw aside the vail that screens her private life, her public career is enough for our purpose. Mazeppa is her favorite play, and it is executed true to life. The nude Menken is bound to her wild steed which dashes furiously through the magic recesses of the stage, frequently appearing amid shouts of applause from the delighted audience. The play is fatiguing, but the bewitching actress is allowed no repose. Night after night her person is exposed to crowds of appreciative and fashionable gentlemen, ladies, rowdies and children. Refined Europe clamor for this illustrious star; virtuous America pines over her absence and brings her back to our shores in triumph. Only the principal cities of the Union are allowed the privilege of exhibiting our adorable Menken. Mothers, who carefully put away the papers containing particulars of the New Jersey tragedy that their innocent little children may not be contaminated by reading it, as a reward of good behaviour take them to see the play of Mazeppa. Young men with their sweet blushing brides are found at an early hour in reserved seats impatient to behold the remarkable woman who dares to ride a wild horse, *minus* clothing, before a fashionable audience. Old men, whose heads are frosted for the tomb, totter with their helpmeets of three score and ten years, and with glasses to aid their failing sight, gaze long and earnestly upon this being of loveliness. Public prints laud the fair artist, and thereby gain admission to the play for the season, it may be a hundred consecutive nights.

State's prisons and lunatic asylums are never suggested by her style of *undressing*, but banquets and benefits instead. Mrs. Reeves is fed on criminal rations; Miss Menken sups with princes. Mrs. Reeves is loathed and condemned by all virtuous persons; Miss Menken is feted and praised by saints and sinners. Menken is a star—Reeves an outcast. What's the difference? K. M. F.



## BEAUTY.

BY J. O. BARRETT.

Plato said, "God is the Sovereign Beauty." A better definition was never given. Jesus said, "God is a Spirit," equally, true but not so easily comprehended; for we can see Beauty with the natural, but not Spirit, the more interior. Beauty is the impress of Spirit, what Spirit paints upon the *living canvass* of fancy; it is Spirit in likeness; it is heaven in revelation; it is God publishing his true Bible to all the world. When the cloud opens its golden portals and transfigures itself into veils of glory, studded with rainbows—when the tops of the mountains catch the smile of the morning and echo it down to the valley in dancing melody—when the sea, angry for the wind, kisses the sunbeams so sweetly that Light and Sound go courting like lovers so happy they do not know what to do with themselves—when the forest is in bloom for the bees, and the vines hug the rocks for very love—when thus all nature is enjoying a holiday out of school, God has fallen in love with his bride of Beauty. They are married, Father and Mother; and what sweet children they have in their universal home! Blessed thought that *we* belong to the family!

Were the ancient Greeks heathens? *Heathens?* because they peopled all the groves, waters, islands, grottoes, woods, plains, bowers of flowers and stars, with presiding gods and goddesses? They had a philosophy of truth under this fertile idealism. Are not spirits everywhere? Do they not work on matter as we to develop Beauty? Then they are gods and goddesses. Certain it is that Spirit Life is the Artist painting so divinely, that angels' eyes are turned to tears, for the great beauty becomes a song of praise. Lie low and muse like a child; for God is all around us, and within us, and spirits are his employees under pay of Joy for the joy they make in our dear mother world.

We love Beauty, because in organization we are Beauty itself. All colors and all harmonies are our birthright. So Beauty is God's education. Beauty in principle, latent within, is unfolded by beauty in form from within, without. John, the brother of Jesus, spoke of the Lamb's Book of Life. He meant that the human spirit, in a state of child-like innocence, has there tran-



scribed all that is lovely in the universe into its own deep consciousness. That is the Book of Life—the Lamb's Book. Yea, we are transcribers. Our surroundings are our moulds of character. The Peri was not made repentant until he saw a beautiful child praying amid roses.

Enchant the world with the beautiful—have beautiful houses to live in—beautiful paintings and flowers in the rooms—have all the market places beautiful and orderly,—have temples of worship just as attractive as art and nature can make them; have beautiful children every where; and we shall soon convert our world.

---

### GUARDIAN ANGELS.

BY JOHN F. HOLLISTER.

Spirit kindred o'er me watching  
Night and day,  
With their kindly whispers cheer me  
On my way;  
'Tis the Spirit sweet communion—  
Blessed boon!—  
Earnest of the dear reunion  
Coming soon;  
Reunion in those happy spheres,  
Beyond the storms of changing years.

Whispers of Eden given,  
Greet mine ear,  
As if nearer bringing Heaven,  
Still more near,  
Calling upward, sweetly calling,  
To the sky,  
Wait my weary soul to welcome,  
By-and-by.  
O, how my longing soul will spring  
To rise and join them on the wing!

Tell, my prison chains are breaking,  
One by one,  
And my Bastile walls their quaking  
Have begun;  
Tell me that each pang of sorrow  
Parts one string,  
Staying from the brighter morrow  
Opening,  
When Friend with Friend and heart to heart,  
Unite again no more to part.



When within their loved embraces  
I recline,  
Dearest, tenderest caresses  
Shall be mine ;  
Peace and pleasure as a river,  
Flow along,  
Shimmering, rippling on forever—  
Happy song !  
A song the stars of morning sung,  
When infant time and Earth were young.

Thus serene, awake or sleeping,  
Am I blest,  
Spirit kin their vigils keeping,  
And I rest  
Patient in the petty trials  
Which assail,  
Bravely meeting self-denials,  
To prevail,  
And rise these jarring scenes above  
To that blest Paradise of Love.

Thus I wait a little longer  
Here below ;  
Faith and Hope are growing stronger,  
As I go ;  
Higher, "Heaven still keeps rising,"  
As I win  
Purer joys, and Love and "Goodness  
Conquer sin."  
So Endless Progress themes my lays,  
And tunes my heart in grateful praise.

Thus each triumph in the struggle  
Wears its palm ;  
Wounds all cured by this spirit  
Gilead Balm,  
Till adieu to pain and sadness,  
Toil and care,—  
All exchanged for rest and gladness,  
"Over there,"  
Upon that blooming thither shore,  
Where Death and winter blight no more.



## EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

MOSES HULL & W. F. JAMIESON, EDITORS.

OFFICE, 90 WASHINGTON STREET, POST OFFICE DRAWER 5966, CHICAGO.

### SPIRITUALIST STATE ORGANIZATIONS.

Illinois is a fine field for the growth of Spiritualism. There are Spiritualists enough in most of the towns to support regular Spiritualist meetings, at least one Sunday in a month, and pay lecturers a living compensation for their time and energy devoted to the service of humanity. There is still a great lack of systematic business organization among Spiritualists in this State. Other States have made great progress in systematizing effort, but Illinois has made comparatively little advancement. A State Spiritualist Organization can be made a mighty power in accelerating the progress of Spiritualism, and in checking the encroachments which religious zealots are making upon our civil and religious liberties. The power of such an organization will effectually crush superstition, in the guise of religion, if properly wielded.

We ought to be willing to do as much at least in behalf of Spiritualism as Orthodox people do in the interests of Superstition. We should be more energetic in the promulgation of our religion than they are in their system of idolatry, while the fact is that a very large majority of Spiritualists are lamentably deficient in energy and self-abnegation. Why is this? Some say because there is no hell to be saved from and no devil to frighten us. Friends, let us not deceive ourselves. *There are souls to be saved! There is a hell to save them from!* No one will ever reach Heaven until it is *earned*. Let us go to *work*! W. F. J.

### A STRANGE EPITAPH.

Passing through a Cemetery in Milford, N. H., a few days since, our attention was attracted to a tomb stone by the great amount of matter there seemed to be on it. We stepped up to it and from it transcribed the following:



"Caroline H., Wife of Calvin Cutter, M. D. Murdered by the Baptist Ministry and Baptist Churches, as follows: September 28, 1838, Æt. 33. She was accused of lying in Church meeting by the Rev. D. D. Pratt and Dea. Albert Adams—was condemned by the Church, unheard. She was reduced to poverty by Dea. William Wallace, when an *ex parte* council was asked of the Milford Baptist Church, by the advice of their Committee, George Raymond, Calvin Averill and Andrew Hutchinson, they 'voted not to receive any communication on the subject.' The Rev. Mark Carpenter said, 'He thought as the good old Deacon said, 'We have got Cutter down and it is best that we keep him down.' The intentional and malicious destruction of her character and happiness, as above described, destroyed her life. Her last words upon the subject were, '*tell the truth and the iniquity will come out.*'"

We, after copying the above went to a house where a party of ladies were assembled and read it, and asked what it meant. We were answered, "Dr. Cutter was employed to furnish the means and build a Baptist Church, which he did as per contract; then when the bill was presented and the books read, which were kept by Mrs. Cutter, the bill was disputed and she accused of lying, and disfellowshipped on the spot, without a hearing. The thing weighed so heavily on her that she started home and fell just as she reached her own door, and expired."

Dr. Cutter is one of New Hampshire's most noble men. His works on physiology are extensively read. He visits his murdered wife's grave once a year and delivers a lecture. Although he has recovered the wealth stolen from him, the murder of his innocent wife has bleached his locks and maddened his brain. Of course, he is no longer a Baptist. How could he be? The Baptist Church, by ruthlessly tearing his wife from his bosom, has liberated his spirit, so that he *thinks* and *reasons* without the consent of the Church.

M. H.

---

THIRTY-SIX PAGES.—This will remain the size of the SPIRITUAL ROSTRUM. We are receiving the names of subscribers so rapidly that we feel justified in incurring the additional expense of making it the present size.



## SPIRITUALISM IN McHENRY, ILL.

Here are just as good people as are to be found on earth. In our estimation the family of Hon. George Gage is a model one. Brother Gage is a warm-hearted, whole-souled Spiritualist. Mrs. Gage is the personification of goodness itself. Mr. and Mrs. Gage remind us of our good friends in Texas, Mich.—the Towers and Burdicks. Two daughters, who reside at home, Maria and Georgiana, are Spiritualists, possessed of independence and womanly grace so interblended that they command for an unpopular religion the respect of even unbelievers. We are thus particular in mentioning the Misses Gage because it is so rare to find young ladies with sufficient independence to avow a belief in Spiritualism, and especially among those who move, like these young ladies, in the first circles of society.

Many of our readers, no doubt, have read and been charmed with the writings of Mrs. Frances D. Gage. Her husband and George Gage were brothers. For more than half a year we have found a pleasant resting place in this genial and hospitable family during the fulfillment of our lecturing engagements here.

Here resides Hiram Rogers, a veteran in the Spiritualistic army. Most of his family we believe are Spiritualists. Samuel Stocker, formerly a Universalist preacher, is now a firm Spiritualist. Mrs. Stocker, like her husband, lives in the enjoyment of the knowledge which Spirit communion imparts. Their daughter, Mrs. Dr. Morrison, is an excellent medium. J. McOmber is a staunch Spiritualist. Several members of this family are either openly-avowed Spiritualists or interested in Spiritualism. Miss Ella McOmber is one of the leading singers at our meetings. H. N. Owens, a prominent business man, is outspoken in his belief in Spiritualism, regardless of the injury it may be to his business. John W. Smith, owner of the *Religio-Philosophical* establishment, resides about three miles from McHenry. He has done much by purse and personal influence to advance the cause. Mr. and Mrs. Durland, Mr. and Mrs. Wilber are engaged in helping on the good work. Mrs. Durland is a good test medium. Dr. O. J. Howard and family are also publicly-avowed Spiritualists. — So we might go on enumerating the names of many others who are working for



the upbuilding of a system of religion destined to supplant an inconsistent old Theology. Elder Cyrus Coltrin, a Baptist clergyman, has shown himself a very liberal-minded gentleman by tendering us the use of his church in which to hold our meetings. Although differing widely from us in religious opinions he has manifested a true Christian disposition which it would be well for those who make larger pretensions to liberality to imitate.

We have labored here half a year, and the friends say Spiritualism never looked more prosperous here than now. W. F. J.

---

OUR CONTRIBUTORS.—Hudson Tuttle; Emma Tuttle; E. Whipple; H. F. M. Brown; H. B. Storer; Sarah D. P. Jones; R. P. Lewis; Lou H. Kimball; Dean Clark; Lucinda Wilhelm, M. D.; J. O. Barrett; Henry T. Child, M. D.; P. B. Randolph.

We are highly gratified to announce the names of the excellent writers which grace this number of our Magazine as regular contributors to its pages. We think we have abundant cause to feel proud that we have secured the services of these ladies and gentlemen. The names of most of them are familiar to our readers as "household words." They are known as lecturers and writers of great ability, and who have for years labored, suffered, sacrificed and triumphed in their unselfish work in behalf of humanity.

Sister Brown, one of Nature's noblewomen, gifted, cultivated, possessed of both acquired and intuitive knowledge of human nature; of the ability to express ideas in the beautiful imagery of the poet, the ease and grace of the orator, she is admirably fitted for a biographical author, and through our Magazine will introduce us to those men and women who are engaged in preaching the blessed gospel of the Angels.

We expect to add still other names from time to time to our list of Contributors.

OUR PRINTERS.—We take pleasure in calling attention to the neat appearance of the SPIRITUAL ROSTRUM, for which we are indebted to the good taste and skill of Messrs. Hazlitt & Reed. Their close attention to business, and devotion to the "Art preservative of Arts," have secured for them a good and constantly



increasing patronage. They give the very best of satisfaction to all who favor them with their orders. Both gentlemen are practical printers, and give their personal supervision to work committed to their care. There are no better printers in Chicago. Good work is cheaper than inferior. Should any of the readers of the SPIRITUAL ROSTRUM require any thing in the line of printing they cannot do better than to call on Hazlitt & Reed, No. 90 Washington street, Chicago. They will be found to be prompt in business as well as affable and obliging gentlemen.

THE LYCEUM BANNER.—This first-class paper for children should be in every family. It is filled with instructive and interesting matter. Even men and women will find in its unique pages food for thought.

Two noble-hearted women, who love children dearly, are conducting it, Mrs. H. F. M. Brown, Editor; Mrs. Lou H. Kimball, Publisher. The *Lyceum Banner* is published twice a month. It is an octavo, printed on good paper and embellished with fine electrotypes illustrations. It teaches no human creeds; it recognizes Nature as our law-giver; to deal justly our religion.

TERMS.—One copy, one year, *in advance*, \$1.00; ten copies, \$9.00; fifty copies, \$45.00; one hundred copies, \$90.00.

Address, MRS. LOU H. KIMBALL,  
Drawer 5956, Chicago, Ill.

ADVERTISEMENTS.—“Advertise your business.” Successful business men advertise extensively. Robert Bonner, proprietor of the *New York Ledger* has paid as high as twenty-seven thousand dollars for a single week’s advertising—and it was a good paying investment.

Send advertisements for the SPIRITUAL ROSTRUM. We will advertise at very reasonable terms on pages of cover and extra pages.

Address, HULL & JAMESON,  
Drawer 5966, Chicago, Ill.

NEWSDEALERS.—We sent several copies of our first number to Newsdealers throughout the United States, Canada and Europe; will also send them copies of the present number. We desire to have the SPIRITUAL ROSTRUM kept on every Newsdealer’s counter. Will Newsdealers favor us with their orders, so that we may know how large an edition to print?