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[For The American Spiritualist.]

Is Life a Blessing?

BY D. N. FORD.

Is life a blessing, when with care
The form is bending down?
Is life a blessing when with thorns
Its every path is strewn?
Is life a blessing when for peace
We're in a state of war?
The "good time coming" promised us
Seems in the distance far.

Is life a blessing, when the forms
We've loved to look upon,
Beneath the sod are buried low—
Their smiles forever gone?
When all we've labored for, for years,
Hath in a twinkling fled
And objects of our fondest hope,
Lie numbered with the dead?

When all our yearnings are but sighs,
Breathed for the happier past
E'en when we feel our little joys
Are all too sweet to last—
Is this earth-life a blessing, when,
As oft we lie at night
And hope and pray no morning sun
May shine upon our sight?

Do blessings give unhappiness
And pierce the soul with pain?
Do they with with sorrow fill the heart
Till throbs the aching brain?
Do blessings check the burning tear
That's starting from the eye—
Or hallow, they, the moments each
Which hurry swiftly by?

Compared with vast eternity
This life is but a span;
The mountain of the future is
A little grain of sand.
Existence is a blessing—yea
If we but view it right—
A day of promise richer far.
Comes with the morrow's light.

Should the Public Libraries Be Opened on Sunday?

AN ADDRESS BY HENRY WARD BEECHER.

DELIVERED AT COOPER INSTITUTE, APRIL 22.

It has been said that whenever the clergy shall have arrived at anything like a unanimous opinion upon the subject of the observation of the Lord's day, we shall find the laity agreeing. I have no doubt of it, and believe also that the obverse is true, that whenever the intelligent laity agree upon the subject of the Sabbath day, they will find the clergy agreeing with them. For, happily, in our day there is little distinction between the clergy and the laity. The word *citizen* swallows up all distinctions. We dwell together in one commonwealth, having common interests. There is such familiar intercourse, there is such necessity of mutual consideration and consultation, that in regard to all great moral public questions no lines ought to be drawn between the opinions of the clergy and the opinions of the laity.

I count it as a most auspicious circumstance when an audience is gathered together not, on the spur of some campaign excitement, but when sober men and sober women assemble to discuss a great moral topic that can have no more interest to them than such as springs from its relation to the commonwealth. I should be sorry to suppose that this was a partisan meeting. I should be sorry to be supposed myself to be antagonastic to those who are desirous of maintaining the sanctity of the Lord's day. I am the child of a Puritan ancestry. My own earliest associations are with the strictest observance of the Lord's day. I love that day. I love its usages. I desire to see it maintained. More than that, I would have it lengthen its cords and strengthen its stakes. And where it has done one thing well, I would have it do twenty more things well. It is because I believe that this day of rest is capable of a larger use—not by making it less moral, not by treating it in a spirit of desecration, not by dragging it down, but by giving it a fuller and broader application—that I am here to-night. It is because I believe it can be made better than it has been, and more heartily maintained and more sincerely respected and loved.

I know there are many who hold that this is a day which is prescribed by direct divine authority, that it is obligatory in the sense of an express command, and that the mode of observation is substantially settled. Men whose opinions I respect hold these views much more rigidly than I do myself. But I find over against them a very large number of people, many of whom were not born in this land, and who have brought the customs and usages of other lands to our shores. There are among us many men of various degrees of intelligence who believe that Sunday is more a holiday, in the higher sense of that term, than anything else, and that it ought to be a day full of mere social enjoyment. I respect their liberty of opinion, although I do not entertain their sentiments, either. I stand between these two extremes, attempting, if possible, to find a ground on which both classes may stand, so there may not be any obstacle in the way of co-operation on the part of all intelligent and good citizens.

This is a day peculiarly American. Not that it has not been observed in all countries, but that perhaps nowhere else, from the very founding of the colonies, has there been an institution which has been like the New England and the American Sunday—the day of rest—the one religious day. In other lands it has been partly religious, or it has been a day of games and exhibitions and sports, with a little preliminary ruffle of church, and all the rest of the garment of anything; but it was in America that the Lord's day dawned, as it were, with the light of the other world shining over its brow. It has stretched out its hands in our thought, and in our associations, and spread multitudinous blessings over all the continent. I used to think that nothing was on Sunday as it was on other days. Surely, to my eye, the sun rose with more majesty and the birds sang with more sweetness on that day than on any other; to my remembrance, the silence of Sunday was lkie no other silence. Although I confess that as a boy I did not keep the Lord's day according to the catechetical instruction which I received; although I acknowledge that I indulged in many a sinful giggle, and found humor in many things which were not allowed in church, nor elsewhere, still I bear witness that a certain moral sensibility, a certain poetic element, was derived by me from the strict and Puritan observance of the Sabbath, which I can never enough be thankful for.

I honor the memory of the men who kept the old Sunday; and if I thought that the steps which we make in advance would take away from the idea that on that day the Lord is especially near to men (in their thought, though not in fact); if I thought that they would subtract one particle of its stimulation of the best and noblest element of man's nature, I never would utter a word, nor by any means give my influence toward the abatement of the rigor of the Sabbath observance. I stand here loving the day, and honoring it; I honor it for what it has done for me, for my fathers, and for the community; and I say, not that there must be less Sunday, but that there must be more Sunday; not that there must be less sanctity, but that sanctity, taking to itself humanity, must be broader and deeper; not that the church should be robbed, but that the church should know better how large is the patrimony which God has given to it in this day.

I do not think that we have received our Lord's day on the ground of absolute command. Certainly the Jewish Sabbath is not ours. We cannot, therefore, divine from that Sabbath how this day ought to be kept. The old Jews kept their Sabbath as simply a day of rest and recreation. They were not forbidden to have social entertainment on that day. Indeed, it was the one joyful, cheerful day of the week. The only thing that was barred was work. Abstinence from work was carried to a ridiculous extent. It was forbidden, for instance, that a man should walk with heavy nails in his shoes, lest walking on the grass he should shell out some of its seed, and so do that which was equivalent to threshing grain on Sunday. It was not allowable for a man to lead an ass to water with a long halter, because, while the ass bore a part of the weight of that halter, the man would bear the other part, and so would be carrying burdens on Sunday, and would be working! But to entertain one's friends on Sunday, to rejoice with them; to cheer their hearts with entertainments prepared beforehand—that was especially allowable. Sunday was not distinctively a religious day. It was simply a day of secular rest. But that day has past away for the most part, so that it gives us no idea of the method in which we should observe our holy day.

So far as the Christian Sunday, or the Lord's Day, is concerned, we have no command in the New Testament as to the mode in which it is to be observed. We have scarcely more than the recognition that it was observed, in addition to the old Jewish Sabbath. We have neither from the primitive church nor from the Scriptures any hint, explicit and binding, as to the mode of observing it. This we know: that among the early Christians it was a day of joyfulness. It was a day of triumph. It was a day in which they kindled the fervor of enjoyment more highly than on any other day of the week. Our Lord's Day has come to us strained through the usages of the mediæval age and church; but largely we have received it from the hands of our Puritan ancestors. Seeing the frivolity, the secular wastefulness which occurred on that day, they were by stress of circumstances, I think, driven to the opposite extreme; and they made the day so exclusively a day of moral teaching and self-restraint that it comes down to us with bars and bolts which did not belong to the primitive Lord's Day, and which reason does not justify.

THE FOUNDATION PRINCIPLE.

Now, we are to determine what is best in regard to the observance of Sunday by some principle; and I know of no other principle which is so good as this: It is the Lord's Day.

Who is the Lord? He is that Jesus who healed on the Sabbath day, when the Jews thought it was professional work, and rebuked him for it. He is that Jesus who justified those disciples that were gathering wheat, and rubbing it in their hands and eating it, being called to account for it by the Jews, as though rubbing were grinding, and therefore breaking Sunday! He is that Jesus who, when found fault with for healing a man on the Sabbath day, declared that it was lawful to do good on the Sabbath Day. In the face and teeth of the Jews, he declared that the Sabbath was a day of humanity.

On another occasion he declared of the Sabbath: "It was made for man, not man for it." It is man's servant, not his master. Wherever the Sabbath day, therefore, is so administered that any part of the community are oppressed by it, they have a right to rise up and break through that observance, because the day was not made to keep down manhood; it was made to lift it up. It was not made to take away liberty; it was made to increase it. It was not made to circumscribe man's thoughts and feeling and conduct; It was made to augment them. In short, the Lord's day is a day for larger manhood.

In looking at it, then in this way, we must inquire what are the beneficial uses that can be made of it.

PHYSICAL REST.

First, we may adopt, very well, I think, to a certain extent, the primary functions of the Jewish Sabbath: in other words, we may make it a day of physical rest. We all need rest. We all need to have at least one day in the seven in which the mill does not grind, and in which the great maelstrom of society finds rest itself, and lets us rest. The merchant, with his staggering brain; the busy plodder, the laborer—all need rest. All American society is keyed so high, is stimulated to such a degree, that nowhere else is one day of full and complete physical rest more necessary than here. And in this regard, the only people who are professionally without any rest are ministers of the gospel. I need rest on Sunday, and do not get it. By the absence of it, I appreciate the desirableness of it.

Friends, when it is said that we are to rest on the Sabbath day, it does not come home to many of you as it does to others. Most of those who are gathered here are too prosperous to know what the sweetness and the balm of the rest of the Sabbath is. How many poor men there are who rise before the sun rises, and who work through all the hours of the day, and through every day of the week, until late at night, and fall on their couches conscious that they have taxed every bone and every muscle to its utmost; and who, at last, when the six days have rolled around, and they wake prematurely on the Sabbath with inexpressible gladness, turn and say, "Thank God! I have one day on which to rest!"

If there were here a servile class as there has been in every nation for ages, this day of enforced rest, although it were enforced by a secular and physical law, would be a mercy. Where a day of rest has been enforced, it has been a supreme bounty to the working man.

Moreover, how many men are there so separated from their households during the week that they can scarcely say that they know their own families! They see them little. Many men go to their business early and return late, and do not see their children. They go away before the children are up, and come back after their children have gone to bed. How many men there are who need a day in which to make the acquaintance of their own households, in order that they may be known and felt, and welcomed and loved! How many men there are in the community who are goaded and taxed by anxious thought, by incessant attritions, and who long for one day in which they can unbuckle the harness and rest! The Lord's Day is a bounty of God, which they who are prosperous, and who are never taxed with care, and to whom God seems to have given a perpetual vacation, cannot understand; and it is not for them to determine what are the benefits of this day of rest. If you were to obliterate the Lord's Day, it would double the burdens of the poor. It would make the yoke sorer, and it would make the back ache more severely than ever. Therefore, for the sake of poor, toiling man, I say, Blessed be the one-seventh part of time which God has hallowed, and which we are to consecrate to the needs of the laboring classes!

MORAL EDUCATION.

Not only is there to be this rest, but, as the center of all man hood, there must be a consideration of the moral element. The Lord's day ought to be improved for *moral culture*, so far as it is possible. I believe that worship in the house of God is a wise

thing on the Sabbath for all good citizens. I would not enforce it by law; I would not enforce it even by a coercive and punitive public sentiment; but I would, if I could, persuade all my fellow-citizen, once in the day, at least, to go—father and mother, and brothers and sisters—to church. A sweeter group, a pleasanter scene, no painter ever beheld, than a whole household cleanly dressed and with smiling face, the large feet moving with heavy tread, and the little feet pattering on behind, going to the house of God, to unite in common hymns, and common supplications, and common worship, and listen together to instruction concerning the duties of life.

Ladies and gentlemen, we have a very hard time, six day in the week, wrestling with the devil. He does cudgel us, and tempt us to selfishness, and make us envious, and jealous, and hard, and avaricious, as we toil and are taxed during the week. We do not mean to unman ourselves on Monday; but we fall into the the current, and are swept into ways which in our better moments we would not choose, and which our judgment does not approve; we live below our ideal; and it is a good thing for us on one day of the week to go where we shall have our ideal raised again, and our memory of better things quickened. It is a good thing for us to have a day on which we can take breath, and get a new start for the next week.

Do you tell me that the working people cannot go to church after having toiled all the week? Going to church once on Sunday will rest them. For the matter of that, I am witness to many and many a man who has found the sweetest and soundest rest in church! But even if they maintain their wakefulness (as, if the service and sermon are not too long, they will), there is that in the economy of religious service which every man needs. And those men need it most who have the least of it; I mean those men who are at the lowest ebb in society; the lowest classes of men, of whom I think, with whom I sympathize, to whom I give my life's best endeavors—my brethren who are at the bottom. In behalf of them, more than of any others, I plead for the Sabbath services of the church.

THE SOCIAL ELEMENT.

More than this, while the Lord's day should be a day of rest and of moral culture, for the sake of manhood, I hold that it is a day on which religion should be helped by the social element.

The Lord's day is a good day in which to learn to love your neighbor as yourself. I do not think it is a great sin, if your neighbor has his side door open on the Sabbath day, for you to walk across the lawn and sit on his porch, and talk with him of things seemly. I think the Lord likes that. I do not think that if your household is made radiant, and your children wake up and say—as I never did—"Thank God, it is Sunday"; I don't think that if you make it the best day of the week, and your children are good-natured and joyful, that they are any worse for that. Let the church inspire conscience and moral sentiment, and let the household inspire social affections, love and fellowship toward one another. Let a part of the observance of the Lord's day be that which makes men forget their differences, forget that they are rivals, forget each other's faults, and look upon one another as fellow-travelers toward the great future. Let men learn on the Lord's day to worship God in the church, but also to love their fellows in the household. To love men—is that a desecration of Sunday? I believe in letting out the harness a little. I believe in making the holes for the buckles a little lower down. Let our Lord's day be a church day in the morning, and a family day the rest of the time. I think that we preach too much. We overteach and overtax in the Sabbath school. We are making the Lords day laborious. We do not use Sunday enough to make the family finer, sweeter, more compact, more homogenous, more social, and so more religious. I see many men who come to church stern and stiff. They would not for all the world ride in a car on Sunday—no; nor go over the ferry on Sunday—no; nor do anything at home that made them agreeable—no! I do not hold up their way of keeping the Sabbath as a model. Sunday is a day of household love. It is a day of family reunion. It is a day in which the children ought to feel that their father and mother never were so handsome before, and never were so good. It is a day in which every part of the household should, at the going down of the sun, be able to say, "Thank God for this open door of heaven, which has poured out so many happy hours on us!"

SUNDAY TO BE MADE BOUNTIFUL TO ALL.

There is one other point that I now wish to press upon you. Thus far I have attempted, by a plain expression of my views, to gain the confidence of those who are really friends of the Sabbath, and now I wish to turn to these persons, and say, it is not enough to "keep" Sunday. Sunday is to be administered as well as kept. You are bound to see, not merely that you do not break the Lord's Day, but that it does its appropriate work through the whole community. This is your duty. For instance, you may be prosperous; you may be able to say, "I go to church; thank God I do not ride in the cars either; I go in my own carriage; I attend to what the minister says; I pay liberally for the support of the Gospel; what lack I yet? And I return to my dinner, cooked on Saturday perhaps, but bountiful, and warmed with generous liquors, and made palatable in other ways." You may be a prosperous man, and your house entertain all that heart could wish, and on Sunday, after dinner, you lie on the sofa, slippered, and with dressing-gown, and with every comfort; and at night you gather your household together, and have, oh! such a happy time; and you say to yourself, "How ridiculous it is for men to undertake to destroy this beautiful day!" But I have a word to say to you. You have all that you could desire. You have your pew in church. You have the respect of your minister. You walk in a circle that does obedience to you. You have a magnificent home, and all manner of luxuries. But how is it with the poor cooper? How is it with the poor blacksmith? How is it with the poor laborer, who climbs four pair of stairs to his solitary room in some attic where he lives without comforts, without a household, without a branch that bears a blossom? The Jewish Sabbath became a day for prosperous men, and was administered so that the poor man was oppressed, and Christ said substantially this: "Any keeping of Sabbath which neglects humanity to the poorest and the lowest is a violation of the day—a breaking of it.

[CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

Bartol on Father Taylor.

The Rev. Mr. Bartol, in his volume entitled "Radical problems," writes amusingly, yet tenderly, of Father Taylor, an eccentric Methodist clergyman, long known in Boston and the Eastern States. For years he was the sailors' pastor.

Was it Southern blood or sensitiveness to the agitator's faults that hindered his rank on the roll of any reform, save of the common opinion and treatment of his dear sailors? One trait of genius we might say he lacked—foresight. He was no prophet of freedom, of unacknowledged rights, or the fine arts. It was wonderful how a man, in zeal and expression so extreme, kept the middle path. Prohibition he opposed; said, people arriving tired and late ought to be allowed some refreshment; and, being asked his views of the unexecuted prohibitory law, keenly replied, "I did not know there was in Massachusetts any such law!" For examiners and lawyers he was a terrible man to have in the witness-box. Yet warmer friend of temperance nobody could be. He said he would have "all the alcohol buried in a cave, and a planet rolled to the door." What a Peter the Hermit he would have been, enlisted in any cause! But he thought that reformers overstated, and were dangerous and unjust. He was too sympathetic for the work of those who have to disown society, to put on John the Baptist's leathern girdle, and war against base organic ways. To be a crusader, he must have been made of sterner stuff. Well that he did not leave his own stint. The commonweal is a factory, in which each operative must be held mainly to his special task. The good genius, that made him in general at once so brilliant and just, and wrought mightily through him like the demon of Socrates was not always present. Sometimes he failed and floundered, and the friends and strangers, that had come to be transported, hung their heads.

The engine was detached, and the train halted, though he was often dextrous to recover himself and escape. "I have lost my nominative case," he said once, "but I am on the way to glory." A ship entangled in its maneuvers is worse off than a skiff. All the movements of his mind were radical, and could suffer no mortgage. "What are you going to preach about next Sunday?" he was asked. "I do not know; I shall not forestall God!" His quickness could not be anticipated or outsped. "I never let a carriage go before me," he said. His foot was the type of his thought. Besides the canonical Scriptures I know not what he read but the old English divines; and perhaps no man of note ever wrote so little in the modern world. "Why do you go round so, muttering to yourself?" he was asked. "Because I like to talk to a sensible man." But he had the broadest sight and the deepest heart. He was charged with inconsistency for sympathizing with both sides in a quarrel. But he saw truth and right on both sides. "Disinterested," he said: "I like not the word; I am interested." If religion consists in fearing God, he was not a religious man. His artist nature froze, and the shadow of an infinite grief fell on him when he was misunderstood; and he could be overheard sobbing and groaning in his room. Yet he said he had never seen an unhappy day. Boston was his crown. How dear to him the Port society. "Laugh till I get back," was one of his farewells. He said of a gloomy theologian, "He seems to have killed somebody, and wants me to help bury the body,"

He said the Good Samaritan did not "maul the wounded traveler with texts." "O Lord! we are a widow," was his prayer for a bereaved wife. He threw a little fish he had caught back into the sea, saying, "There, go tell your grandmother you have seen a ghost!" The chaise he once owned was always so full of ragged children his own family could not get seats. But all his sentiment was the soaring of common sense. It was the weight not of a sparrow, but an eagle. In the noble methodist no jot of Methodist cant. The little girl, who explained her kneeling at his coffin by saying, "He was my friend," and the orange woman who walked up the aisle of the crowded church with her husband on her arm, were his witnesses. He astonished a minister who had refused to enter his pulpit because a Unitarian had been in it, by falling on his knees on the pulpit stairs and crying out, "O Lord! deliver us in Boston from two things, bad rum and bigotry: thou knowest which is worst, for I don't!" When Lincoln succeeded Buchanan, he gave Father Abraham an outfit of benediction and gracious prephecy. "But, O Lord! as for this stuff that is going out, we won't say much about that!" Reading a proclamation after an election, and pronouncing the words, "God save the Commonwealth," he added, "He did that last Tuesday!" Mr. Webster ridiculed the Higher law, comparing it to the Blue Ridge, and other things above all practical concern. Taylor said, "Higher law! a meteoric stone: stand from under!" Taylor said to stolid worshipers, "I would as lief have so many canes and umbrellas in the pews! I see some fat people corpulent. That is swine's flesh." How the obesity shrank from his eyes peering round! As a visitor concluded his patronizing survey of the mariner's house, Taylor said, "Now we will hear any other up-town sinner who wants to confess." He explained the verdict of the governor on the "good wine, kept until now," by saying it was the best of water in the jars, of which "that old soaker knew not the taste." He said to a minister, some of whose young folk, a new pulpit celebrity had taken away, "I understand he has had his shovel under your garden flowers." Leaving home, this was his picture of Providence: "He that gives the whale a cart-load of herrings every morning for breakfast, will take care of my babes."

He did not, like oratorial experts, hoard his good things to say over again, so that following him round we had the same old fund of commonplaces and store of jokes; but went on, his word a marvel to everybody and not less to himself, fresh as the morning or a new-blown rose; because his was not Everett's art or Phillips's genius for elocution, but his own of eloquence. He was fearless of death, but stoutly said he would not give up till he was dead. Being told he was going to the angels: "Folks better than angels!" he said. He was grieved because the last time a friend visited him he could not wait upon her to the door. Shortly before his death he went several times to the glass and addressed himself as another man needing salvation, saying, "I guess you are not ready; you, old man and infidel, have not made up your mind;" then looked at himself with silent scorn, as if comparing his reduced estate with former glory. His last audible prayer was: "Lord, what am I here for? What am I doing here? I'm no use to anybody. The love my friends have for me will soon be gone. The love I have for my friends will soon be gone. Now, Lord, some morning suddenly snatch me to thyself!" The Lord heard: the Lord did! He went, as a sailor would, just at the turn of the tide. It was ebb-tide here: it was flood tide somewhere. The death below was a mighty birth above. Such a soul, beyond miracle or prophecy, is proof of immortality. A brother once said to him, "Give me a subject." "It would be too hot for you to hold," he answered. Marvelous such a flame burnt so long! The fire has gone out, but the fuel. Must there be not more fuel for such a fire? I ask leave to see it burn again! He was restless the last nights; and his nurse, a man that slept by him, tried to keep him in bed, as if with an unconscious hand. "Do you know," Taylor said to him, "how smoothly you are sinning? You are trying to cheat the devil; but he will find you out!"

Shall we not say he was one of the universal men? He resists all sectarian claim or classification. He drew every furrow with a sub-soil plow. He was not a local celebrity, but an honor to mankind. Unknown to literature, he will be a tradition in the common mind. Across the line of party he stood, a colossus guarding the harbor for humanity. He was a radical, not born late, out of due time, as Paul said, but before the time. Yet he was no heretic, but a uniter, reaching the man in all men. He spoke not to one set or sort of persons, but was understood with equal delight by every class. Fine lady and scholar—Miss Bremer and Jenny Lind and Charles Dickens—mixed in the Bethel with the tars that had anchors in India ink on the back of their hands, or clumsy rings in their ears, or vertebrae of sharks to hold their kerchiefs round their necks.

The Exact Truth.

There have been more eloquent and famous words uttered in the United States Senate than those lately addressed by Senator Wilson to his colleagues, but there were never any more truthful or worthier of complete and instant acceptation. Speaking of the personal wranglings and recriminations which have so engrossed the time of the Senate for several weeks past, he urged the members to drop all these matters and apply themselves to the duties of legislation, saying: "Work hard, work early and work late: finish our business and see if we cannot redeem ourselves from the criticisms of the nineteen-twentieths of the sober, thoughtful and reflecting men of the country."

Mr. Wilson then referred to his own experience of the universality of the popular condemnation of this waste of time in Congress; and we can bear testimony that the impression he obtained on his recent Northern trip is strictly correct. The patience of the people is well nigh exhausted. Not only do they deplore this absorption in useless matters, which has already thrown the Senate six weeks behind the House in the work of legislation, but they are losing all respect for Senators who can debase the prerogatives of their high position by interminable bickerings which are almost boyish in character and consequence. If nothing else would cure the folly of such Senators, they ought to take a short vacation and go among their constituents. Still better, would it be to take Mr. Wilson's advice, and go to work at once and redeem the remainder of the session.—*Boston Journal.*

Some Oriental philosopher or poet, some man at any rate, who had remarkable insight into things in general, has sagely said that water spilled upon the ground cannot be gathered up. Likewise kerosene oil spilt upon the floor of a grocery store cannot be gathered up, but it may be burnt off. A man in Kentucky tried it the other day with complete success. The floor, and the entire establishment went with it, but this fact does not diminish the value of the experiment from a philosophical point of view.

Lie—Lay—Persons not grossly ignorant sometimes say they will lay (meaning lie) down, that they have laid (lain) an hour, or that the hammer is laying (lying) by the tacks. Lie means to recline, its past tense is lay—"I lay there all that night; its participles, lying, lain. Lay (used of present time) means to put something down—one lays a carpet; its past is laid—"I laid it myself;" its participles laying and laid—"I was interrupted while laying it, and it was not all laid till night."

Biography.

HON. JAMES D. REYMERT.

[From the Student's Journal.]

It has been truly said that "History is Philosophy teaching by example;" and it may be as truly said, that the essence of History is Biography. How well that may be realized by every one who has given himself the pleasure of reading Plutarch's "Parallel Lives" of eminent Greeks and Romans. We may add that the greatest utility of the best part of history is derived from it, when it treats, not of men living in ages and circumstances remote from our own, but of men and women of our own times. They show us in some degree how to make the best of ourselves and our circumstances, because their lives run nearly or quite parallel with our own.

The philosophic reader of Biography will not be so wholly absorbed with the mere details as to overlook how, at one moment, the subject acts upon or modifies circumstances, and how, at another time, he receives from them impressions, if not absolute direction. And among circumstances, there are the influences of ancestry, nationality, and race—of religion, law and custom—of language and literature—of atmosphere and scenery;—but chief among all these circumstances is the selfhood. That selfhood is most master of itself, when the life is directed so wisely that all the surroundings are allowed to minister to the noblest sentiments and purposes, instead of thwarting them.

Here again is revealed the superior importance of Biography. History as contradistinguished from Biography diverts somewhat the attention from the study of the reciprocal influence of the circumstance and centre-stance. History, as it were, conducts you through the streets of human affairs, and instructs by a distant civility; but Biography takes you to the cheering fireside, to the converse of a friend, who instructs you more by his example, both because of the more intense interest, and because no historical distance obscures the close similitude to ourselves.

Among the useful instructors by such example, we have selected for this occasion, the Hon. James D. Reymert, the well-known lawyer of this city, whose studious habits and industrious life have secured him a merited prominence, wherever his professional engagements have led him. He is also worthily distinguished in politics, and is blessed with many true friends, the prize only of noble character.

Mr. Reymert is of Norwegian and Scotch descent. He was born in Norway. From the summit of fifty years a hardy constitution like his may, feeling itself young and strong, look down upon a very gradual descent of many years of usefulness.

With the advantages of an ordinary school education, he left the paternal home, when only sixteen years of age, with little to depend on but the gifts of nature, and made his way to Christiana, the capital, where he, after one year's industry, graduated in the mercantile college. With his diploma he returned home, and soon again departed for Scotland, where, among his mother's relatives, he found that social reception which gave him the benefit of polite life in Edinburgh—the elegant seat of learning, the beautiful home of tradition, poetry, and romance. In this fair country, our subject felt the plastic hand of circumstances. There, every spot was attractive by fascinating memories; its legends and records of chivalry and religion excited and enriched the imagination; its beautiful scenery and pensive atmosphere attuned the mind to philosophic insight and meditation, and its chaste grandeurs moderated the influence of the cloud-capped mountains of his native land. Here he commenced his development of mental powers and tastes; classic and polite literature—languages and law, became his favorite pursuits; and every opportunity of acquiring knowledge was improved, aside from the hours necessarily spent in earning a living. Many, because of having to work for a living, neglect opportunities of mental improvement until anything like study becomes distasteful. But when the centre-stance is strong, when there is the will to know and to do, circumstances do not mould the individual beyond the allowance of reason;—the spirit of manhood, like the master of a noble vessel, makes the destined port, profiting even by adverse winds. So the subject of our sketch, despite his having to apply himself closely to business, made constant progress in knowledge, fitting himself for the responsibilities and honors of life.

After five years thus spent in Scotland, he was moved by a glowing description of America, in *Chambers' Journal*, to come to this country. He sailed from Glasgow in the "Lady of the Lake." The vessel, with its few cabin passengers and about three hundred Scotch and Irish emigrants, was kept at sea seventy days, the voyage having been unnecessarily prolonged to make market for the ship's stores at exorbitant prices. To relieve or alleviate distresses of the poor emigrants, Mr. Reymert expended all his little capital, and to complete his trial, he was, on landing, robbed of his baggage. Some Providence secured him shelter with a good old Scotch dame, who, for some kindness of his in the past, gave him as tribute of her gratitude a bed upon the floor in a cellar.

After a short time, by the advice of a Scandinavian friend in the Mercantile Library, he resolved to go to Wisconsin, the then El Dorado of America. His best coat purchased him a canal-boat ticket to Buffalo; thence to Milwaukee he paid his way as sailor and assistant engineer. Thirty years ago, at the time our real hero arrived in Wisconsin, that Territory was quite literally in a state of nature; but, with a great current of immigration, the needs of educational and political organization soon brought into requisition his well-informed mind and energetic spirit. He started and edited newspapers, delivered lectures, established schools, farms, mills and hotels; constructed roads; discharged the duties of several offices, and practiced law. He was a member of the convention to form the constitution under which Wisconsin became a State of the Union; was for four or five terms, a member of the House of Representatives, and also of the State Senate; was a State Elector, Justice, District Attorney, Swedish and Norwegian Consul, Receiver of the United States Land Office and Depositary; and held, also, a variety of other public positions.

He was fond of agriculture, and had extensive farms devoted chiefly to the improvement of stock. The foot-prints of this busy man are found in many places; and in the pages of the legislative acts of Wisconsin in its earlier days are found many marks of his ripe reason and world statesmanship. Amidst the hardships of the pioneer, while thousands of adventurous foresters settled on the rich soil to possess their freedom of making homesteads for themselves and for their children, the influence and labor of such an active cultivated man, full of enthusiasm for the glorious work of giving energy and direction to civilized society, can easily be understood.

He was nominated for Governor on the Democratic ticket when that stalwart but party-like leader, Governor Dodge, was Presidency. To effect this nomination the celebrated Mark M. Ponteroy (the celebrated "Brick") and Mr. Hall, ex-Speaker of the House, in the absence of a steamer, paddled in canoes one hundred miles in a birch canoe down the rivers Prairie du Chien, where the Congressional Convention was held. In the campaign Reymert and Ponteroy stumped over a district of two hundred miles by one hundred, stretching from Lake Michigan to Lake Superior, each making two or three speeches a day for six weeks, on no day journeying less than twenty miles in a buggy or on horseback. But the name of the "Little Giant" and a wonderful stumping energy did not suffice. He next engaged with vigor in the organization of the volunteer army to suppress the rebellion. Shortly afterward he was retained in New York in connection with important suits pending in the Supreme Court of the State. In 1862 he permanently established his law office in New York, and has since that time been a prominent member of the New York bar. He is at the head of the firm of Reymert & Cornell, of Nassau street. Two years ago he was nominated for Judge of the Court of Common Pleas by nearly all the organizations opposed to Tammany Hall. Tammany was then too strong for any opponent, and he was defeated. But far better was it to be defeated in opposition to that corrupt political power than to have received honor at its hands. He has the honor of having opposed that power when to oppose it was neither easy or fashionable.

In his extensive law practice, ever variety of controversy occurs. In Admiralty, his familiarity with shipping and mercantile business and his commercial education give him particular advantages, as well as his extensive knowledge of foreign laws, customs and languages. In Bankruptcy, in Patent cases, in Real Estate controversies and Will cases—in fact, in nearly every branch of law—he has signalized his ability.



As a speaker, he is clear, emphatic, fluent and logical; as a writer, he has no mean talent "to appoint a moral or adorn a tale." He is jovial and happy; neither rich nor poor; devoted to his friends (and to his enemies when he has them); is big-hearted, full-blooded and truthful in his whole nature.

He advocated woman's cause and woman's rights, "because," says he, "right wrong's no man." He is the workingman's advocate, because, as he well says, 'tis work that makes the man, and to advocate work is to elevate manhood; and he proves the sincerity of his profession by his deeds, for the poor man has his services as devotedly as the rich. The law, with him, is the grand shield under which all are entitled to rest in peace. Through it, right is made triumphant, and the weak are made strong. It is a crushing weight upon iniquity, and a terror to evil-doers. It holds its outstretched arms over every human enterprise; and as order is Heaven's first law, so, to establish order is the object of every human law, and the duty of every lawyer to enforce it.

We copy from another sketch a number of interesting incidents which serve to illustrate Mr. Reymert's energy, his adequacy for emergencies, his self-sacrificing kindness of nature, his buoyancy of spirit that triumphs over adversity.

In 1852, while living on his farm, which embraced about three thousand five hundred acres, and was stocked with about two thousand sheep, twenty horses, and a hundred head of cattle, a little Western village was there laid out, with mills and workshops, hotel, printing office, etc. While engaged in constructing roads and in making other improvements, employing more than a hundred workmen, a flock of emigrants sought his place, filling the log cabins on his farm. They brought the ship-fever and cholera. A pestilence raged; death took off victims every hour; all transient persons fled; Reymert was the only active organizer amid the panic; his wife being in confinement with his last-born son, there was no escape for him. He must need a hospital; a man who found who had been a merchant in Norway, and whose good behavior in prison had caused him his parole, be appointed for a position in the hospital; for the purpose, as he said, to do as much good in the world as he could as he had done evil. He was made chief steward. The position required special appeal. There was but one physician who had the courage to attend, but in a short time brave young Dr. Sylvester died in the service, and after he was he far off to attend a case. Mr. Reymert quickly he must there for Lumber, just arrived from N. Orleans. Mr. Reymert presented him with a brave, noble, and sublime heart of gentleness and of deeds in the hospital, and the wonderful acts. In three days the physician who in his week Mr. Reymert heroic made at the and in attacked that by the over hundred and ten persons.

One evening, while his wife and child were asleep, the servant took with an attack of cholera in the adjacent room, and lying stricken with the disease without Mrs. Reymert knowing that the servant was sick, he went to a neighbor's house near by, to look after the family who had the care of cholera. The husband had died the old servant who was sick, and unable from age to care for her and the sick child. The two little children were fast asleep, and the mother was drawing near her end. He was kindly by her and in half an hour she died. He ran to the mill, and well was there. He shouldered an empty coffin and carried it to the plank-road, put it in a spring wagon and drew it by hand to the house; laid the dead body into it, went for the trusty old grave-digger, and with his help and the grandmother's buried her daughter before morning, returning to his home without Mrs. Reymert discovering his absence.

In the winter of 1851, Ole Bull, the famous violinist, his early friend, came with a number of Milwaukeeans to pay Mr. Reymert a visit. The array of carriages was considerable, and they all expected to be well received, but not so warmly as it happened; for his fine large residence had just been burned, and from the yet smoking ruins, a few things had been saved and were heaped in the middle of the floor of a little log shanty in the neighborhood. His friends assembled in the cabin and surrounded the pile. Ole Bull played his "Carnival of Venice," and all gave three loud cheers for the "Stars and Stripes, and for old Norway." The meeting was a happy one, and merry as a Christmas fete, even amid the ruins.

In 1844, one early spring morning, when the ice came down with the torrent, and the Milwaukee river rushed along swelling over its borders, a little apple-boy with his basket attempting to cross a frail floating bridge fell, and while trying to save his apples, slipped into the river basket and all. The basket floated on the water, but the boy was gone. Quick as thought Reymert threw off his coat and hat and plunged in where the boy had fallen. He at once perceived that the eddy had sent the boy back under one of the hollow floats on which the bridge rested. And here he found him. He dove below the bridge with him and brought him out alive. It was a chilly bath in April."

Among Mr. Reymert's famous law cases, is what has been widely known as the "Petersen Abandonment Case."

"A woman came from Canada with her two children and her sister. She claimed to be the wife of a Norwegian tailor, residing in New York, whose name was Petersen. She swore that she married this Petersen eight years before; that the two children were his; that he had deserted her, and she had ever since sought him, and had now found him here living with another wife. The sister swore likewise that he was the husband of the Canadian woman and father of her children; that she herself had boarded him and his wife at her own house in Canada for nearly one year. A Roman Catholic priest, brought forward as a witness, swore that he fully identified Petersen as the person whom he had married to the Canadian woman at the time and place averred by her. The marriage certificate was produced. The three witnesses mentioned fully described and identified the man who stood before them; and the children bore such marked resemblance to him, that strangers were astonished. Petersen was arrested and tried for abandonment and charged with bigamy. He denied that he was the man whom the plaintiff had married; that he did not know the woman at all; that he was living in New York or in Chicago at the time she said he was in Canada; and that he had been married in New York; that his first wife had five children; they were all dead; and that he thereafter had married his present wife here, and lived with her ever since; that he had never been in Canada. Over thirty witnesses were examined, some brought from distant States. The midwife, who had known him for many years, testified, and his traveling companions from Switzerland on his first arrival here were brought to the stand. The most minute circumstances in his life, were proven. The mistaken identity was established, and the man acquitted.

Mr. Reymert is conversant with several different languages; in each of which he has achieved in his editorial career, a reputation as an elegant and able writer. The contributions for the famine-stricken in Sweden were much increased by his well-known poem, "The Famine in Sweden." Another meritorious poetical production of his, "The Battle of Hafursfiord," describes in verse Baling's famous picture, so entitled.

Mr. Reymert was married at the age of twenty-three, to Miss Caspara Hansan, a Norwegian lady of intelligence, amiability, and culture. Two of their children, Miss Cassa, and the father's namesake, are accomplished, and enthusiastic phonographers. Five of their children trim the lamp of faith, and attract the thoughts of loved ones to their celestial home.

It would be natural to infer, what is the fact, that a man so energetic as Mr. Reymert, of such fine natural powers, so well educated by books and experience, of such varied and thorough knowledge of law (by reason of study, by practice, and by requirement of numerous official positions), so faithful to his clients, so uniformly successful in many suits most warmly contested, of ardent, sincere, and lasting friendship, should have an amount of legal business that simply overwhelm a man not of indomitable energy, of fiery vivacity, of large and easy working mental powers, and of iron constitution. He is one of nature's noblemen, and does not need to put on a frigid dignity so called. His warm and sympathizing heart has often caused him to give without money—even refusing it—his legal knowledge to defend or avenge injured innocence and poverty.

"A Recognition of Right."

The above is the heading to an article of almost two columns in *The Religio Philosophical Journal* of May 4, in which the editor, Mr. S. S. Jones makes a very labored attempt to justify himself for foolishly publishing the vile slanders from the N. Y. *Sun*, against Dr. Slade, besides making several unfounded statements concerning us, and THE AMERICAN SPIRITUALIST, exhibiting an amount of bad temper, and plainly showing a lamentable want of that "recognition of the right," which should ever characterize a public journalist.

One would naturally look, in a paper where articles are given such significant headings, and in whose columns for many a weary month, a seeming useless and hopeless "search after God" has been kept up and still continues, that some approach to candor and fairness might be expected, especially in statements which refer to individuals or journals. Such has not been the case.

What are the facts? The N. Y. *Sun* published a made up case of base falsehoods and villianous *lies* about Dr. Slade. From beginning to end, there was not the slightest evidence of the truth of a single charge. It was a foul act of wholesale slander, resting alone on the *mere suspicions of one woman.*

With *no evidence at all*, Mr. S. S. Jones, straining his spiritual vision of course, after a "recognition of the right," published with *indecent haste* these slanders and falsehoods in *The Religio Philosophical Journal*, and in the same number of his paper, published an *editorial* from which we take the following choice bits, as they will serve to show what kind of a spirit and purpose animated him then.

We give the space of our first page to the well-written and *apparently* truthful expose of Dr. Slade's trickery.

While our columns are ever open for the vindication of all truthful mediums, we feel that a Judas who will betray the truth for self-laudations and money, is to be detested as the vilest of impostors.

Our columns are at the service of Dr. Slade, to make defense against this professedly truthful and crushing expose of the New York *Sun*.

Let him give a straight forward explanation of all points made against him. From our many years experience and observations with men, we have no hesitation in saying a *very strong prima facie* case is made against him.

As a journalist that has ever stood by him, our co-laborer, Bro. E. V. Wilson, has staked his reputation as a man of truth and veracity, but a few weeks since, upon a deception—if deception it was—most cruel; a deception—*if deception it was*—which should consign Slade and Simmons to an unenviable retirement from public patronage.

We may be permitted to state further, that no circumlocution or interference by others will be admissible. Stern, straight-forward facts only, will serve to exculpate Dr. Slade from the charge of being the most vile impostor that occupies the position of an honest medium for *spirit communion.*

If any sane person can read these extracts and not come to the conclusion that Mr. S. S. Jones *intended* to cast the weight of his great influence to show that there had been an "*apparently* truthful expose of Dr. Slade's trickery," we would ask any such person, if one could be found, why such an editorial statement, and why was the word "apparently" italicised?

A little further on we find Mr. S. S. Jones deliberately declaring, editorially, that "we have no hesitation in saying a *very strong prima facie* case is made against him! Well, Mr. S. S., we hear that you make some pretensions to a knowledge of law. From your many years experience and observation with men—and women (for there is a woman in this case)—would you say that the reported suspicions of one woman constituted a *very strong prima facie case* against any man about whom such report should be made? Whether you know anything about law or not, you knew better than to make such an insinuation.

On reading a little farther perhaps we may discover in part the cause of Mr. S. S. Jones' flurry and agitation in this matter.

It will be seen that Mr. S. S. Jones' co-laborer, Bro. E. V. Wilson, had "staked his reputation as a man of truth and veracity," but a few weeks previous, in the *Journal* of February 24, that Dr. Slade was a truly wonderful, truthful, genuine, medium! Here is the milk in the cocoanut! Mr. E. V. Wilson, "co-laborer" of Mr. S. S. Jones—right bower of the *Journal*—and himself a wonderful, test medium, had given almost a column and a half of minutest details in the *R. P. Journal*, unmistakably declaring in favor of Dr. Slade's honesty nd integrity as a man and the positive genuineness of the manifestations given by him, and now comes a report—a rumor—nothing more, that Dr. Slade had been "exposed;" which, if proved true, would place Mr. E. V. Wilson, and his mediumship, in a rather delicate position.

Hence, Mr. S. S. Jones' agitation and haste to rush into print and secure a position, like the politician, on the fence, "prepared to jump either way!"

Having assumed this *exalted* position (on the fence) and vainly supposing that Mr. S. S. Jones "commanded the situation," he shouts with the bullying impudence of a slave driver cracking his whip," "no circumlocution, or interference by others will be admissible. Stern, straight-forward facts only will serve to exculpate Dr. Slade from the charge of being the most vile impostor that occupies the position of an honest medium for spirit communion."

This is strong language What had Dr. Slade done to merit this abuse from a Spiritualist journal? Nothing!

Why did S. S. Jones make the impudent threat that no "interference by others will be admissible?" Plain enough why he did it. Having published a whole page of the basest lies on mere rumor against a noble man and medium, whose fair reputation is "without spot or blemish," having editorally assailed him, and at the same time mounted the fence, Mr. S. S. Jones conceives the brilliant idea of compelling Dr. Slade to make answer to charges founded on mere rumor, and prove his innocence of suspicion merely, through the columns of the *R. P. Journal.*

Have mediums and others nothing else to do, but to make defence against rumors and suspicions against them?

We question if Mr. S. S. Jones could succeed in doing for himself what he calls on Dr. Slade to do: "make defence against the crushing expose" of rumor and suspicion!

And if Mr. S. S. Jones feels like taking his own prescription and trying that business on, we politely suggest to him, as he seems to be very much exercised about the question of virtue just now, that there are rumors and suspicions afloat concerning S, S, Jones, sufficient to keep him employed for some time, if he is to make defence, and nothing but stern, straight-forward facts can serve to exculpate! We are not certain, if such a demand was made there might be a more crushing expose than appeared in the N. Y. *Sun.* We simply suggest that it is not wise for people who have lived for some years in glass houses, *and have not yet moved out*, to commence throwing stones!

We trust the "excessive virtue" of Mr. S. S. Jones will not prevent him from taking a gentle hint.

We sincerely pity the wounded egotism of Mr. S. S. Jones, now that he has discovered that THE AMERICAN SPIRITUALIST is a leading Spiritualist Journal. We hope he will survive the shock! How it must have wounded your sensitive soul, Mr. S. S., to have noticed that we spoke of the *Banner of Light* and THE AMERICAN SPIRITUALIST as "leading Spiritualist journals!"

Please don't call on us in this matter for "stern, straight-forward facts only!"

Mr. S. S. Jones continues his misrepresantations by saying: "When you and the Pilgrim get through giving Fox fits, it will be time enough for another onslaught on the *Journal.*" Poor man! Poor *Journal!* So, every time a Spiritualist paper expresses opinions contrary to the views of Mr. S. S. Jones, or what he publishes, it is an "onslaught" on the *Journal*, is it?

We have never criticised the *Journal* but once before, and that was when, regarding our removal to New York city, Mr. S. S. Jones said in the *R. P. Journal*, that THE AMERICAN SPIRITUALIST had "become the organ of the Woodhull New Departure Party." He knew it was false when he said it. We called upon him to correct the false statement, but he has never had the manliness to do it.

We have made no onslaught on persons or public journals in this matter. Mr. S. S. Jones and E. V. Wilson have made the onslaught; but finding they were on the wrong side, they are now trying to crawl back into favor with Dr. Slade, after having abused him like a pickpocket, they have the effrontery and impudence to claim that the unwarrantable abuse they have given an *innocent man* is the best evidence of friendship!

We consider Mr. E. V. Wilson's "Plain Talk to Dr. Slade" one of the most vulgar manifestations of egotism and impudence, we have ever seen, read or heard of. For the purpose of putting this matter on record, we publish below the account of the extraordinary seance reported in the *R. P. Journal* of Feb. 24, by E. V. Wilson, as held with Dr. Slade! Following this, we publish his "Plain Talk," and some extracts from Dr. Slade's letter in reply. Look on this picture!

OUR EASTERN TOUR—NO. 4.—BY E. V. WILSON.

Returned again precisely at eight o'clock, to Dr. Slade's house, waiting for our summons to a council with the spirits. At half-past nine o'clock, we were summoned to the room. The table by which we sat is a common three-foot, fall leaf table, and was near the center of the room. Before sitting down, Dr. Slade stretched a line across the room between the table and the door. The room is about sixteen feet square, more or less, and well filled with furniture. This line, about the size of a good stout fish line, was six feet from the floor, hung slack; and in the centre of this was a black cambric curtain about two yards wide and two to three yards long; between this curtain and the door through which we entered the room, there was a space full four feet with nothing in it. In the centre of this curtain there is an aperture eight by ten inches, cut on three sides thus | | the flap pinned up to the line. The table stood against — the curtain which trailed on the floor. We had not taken our seats a minute before the immortals were with us. First came three spirits whom we did not know; then came Mrs. Alcinda Wilhelm Slade and others. These we saw clairvoyantly.

Mr. E. V. Wilson did you really and truly see these forms, whom "you did not know?" Were they "masks" or spirits? Did you really see Mrs. Slade as you assert, whom you of course did know, or was she also in "pasteboard," or a "mask?" How shall we know? Slade and Wilson only are there. It is not proper to call Slade as a witness. He is an interested party. Because of his medium powers the manifestations are produced. Mr. E. V. Wilson is the only witness. This being the case, whether these were spirits, or masks, whether Slade was honest or a trickster, *where* were Mr. Wilson's *great medium powers*, (if he had none of his own) which ought to have told him whether the manifestations were false or genuine. Comment on such medium powers is unnecessary.

Then came a hand from under the table, up between us and it, fully visible to the physical sense. This hand patted our coat sharply. It was the right hand of a woman. A chair was then moved visibly. Then the curtain was lifted up and let down; then shaken. During all this time the room was well lighted with gas,—full head. It was then written on the slate, "Turn down the gas to half head." This was done. We now give our experience, or what we saw and felt,

First, we felt a cold chilly current of air. Then all over us a full galvanic current, causing a very peculiar prickling sensation, The hair on our head, which is long and fine, as well as silvery grey, became very lively—each particular hair felt as though alive. We have felt this sensation very frequently. Then there was a feeling as of cold water, the whole length of the nervous spinal column. Then came several electric shocks, clear and distinct, in quick succession,—after which we were in ordinary life, without any unusual feelings. During all this time, Dr. Slade was in an intense state of excitement.

"Be quiet, Bro. Slade," we replied. "If we make our bed in hell, God is there, and he being love, we can't be harmed, for he is here with his angels, and I guess we shall see him pretty soon. Let us wait and watch."

"Great God, see them!" cried Slade.

And we saw the black cambric curtain sharply shaken. Saw the thumb and part of the hand and wrist of a man's right hand. Then the curtain became still—being limpid; the man's thumb and part of a hand disappeared, and all was quiet. We were at this time seated at a table, Dr. Slade on the left side. We were on the right side—our hands clasped in each other's—Slade's left in our right; our left in Slade's; the room was light enough to see to read long primer type. When Slade exclaimed: "Good God, look at the gas!"

Turning our head, looking up over our right shoulder, a large right hand and arm below the elbow, of an Indian, turning down the gas until it was barely visible.

After such a statement by yourself, Mr. Wilson, admitting that you have brains enough to know what you were saying, is it not evident even to you, that your plain talk to Dr. Slade evinced more of the simple and silly, than it did of the plain and reasonable.

We again felt a sharp electric shock. Turning our eyes toward the cambric curtain, we saw very white lines of light along the aperture and on the line; the room all the time growing lighter. All at once we were in a beautiful white light; evergthing was radiant. We turned to look at Dr. Slade; his face shown—his garments were white and glistening. We turned our eyes to the curtain, and at the same moment Dr. Slade exclaimed, in great excitement, "Oh, see! see! My God, Wilson, do you see that?"

"Yes, Doctor, we see it; be quiet." There, before us, was a woman's left hand and arm, from the shoulder down—the thumb, fingers, hand and wrist, as perfect as life, but white as alabaster, and in a halo that we cannot describe. The arm was clothed in a fine lace sleeve, fastened at the wrist with a fine worked band and ruffles, in which sparkled a gem that reflected like the dew-drop under the rays of a June morning's sunlight. There was also a bracelet of jewels around the wrist that sparkled and shown even brighter than the light in which the arm and hand appeared. On the the third and second finger there were very fine looking rings.

Here Dr. Slade exclaimed, I can't stand it—I cannot. Oh, oh! what is that, partially rising and leaning toward the arm. At this the arm turned over showing the back of the hand, and we saw clearly the stones in the ring on the fingers. The hand then took hold of the cambric curtain moving it to and fro and disappeared, we exclaiming, "That was the hand, arm, sleeve and rings that belong to our sister, Alcinda Wilhelm Slade. We should know that hand and the ring with the dark stone, at any time and anywhere!"

"Yes, that is my wife's arm, hand and rings," said Dr. Slade.

Who recognized first the arm, hand and rings as being those of "our sister Alcinda Wilhelm Slade?" By your own statement, Mr. Wilson, you claim to have discovered them first! If there was the least truth in that statement of yours, why in your "plain talk," did you use the following base, insulting language to Dr. Slade, declaring he had fallen "to the career of a common cheat, or a confidence man," "Men, women and children are your victims." Even E. V. Wilson is named by yourself as one of the "victims!" You ought to know; and if you have been victimized why do you ask Dr. Slade. "Are you the villain the New York *Sun* reprepresents you to be?" Where were your great medium powers during this time?

The arm and hand continued in slow, graceful motion waving to and fro, bending the elbow, the wrist, and finally the fingers. The appearing and disappearing of the hand, arm and light was gradual, easy and graceful; there was no flitting or flashing hither and thither or other eccentric action, but a genuine spirit exhibition of power, will and forethought, bringing vividly to our mind that Biblical exhibition of the the parts of a man's hand that wrote on the wall of Belshazzar's reception room, "*Mene, Mene, Tekel Upharsin.*" With this highly gratifying difference, Belshazzar and his witnesses were drunk—we were not.

How about the "highly gratifying differences" between you, Belshazzar and his witnesses," in witnessing similar phenomena? Your vision was similar, and from your report on both sides of the question, makes you out as much "muddled" as was the old king. Sometimes the want of a proper balance will cause a greater "muddle" than whisky.

A little later, sharp raps came on the table, a chair was moved, then the table, the curtain was violently shaken, lifted up and let down. We heard steps in the room. Then the room was filled with a light—such as we had never seen—unlike that in which the arm had appeared; that light was an alabaster white; this light was a golden one. A strange thrill of joy came over us,—Dr. Slade exclaiming, "Great God, what is coming now?"

"Be quiet, Doctor, let us wait, and the angels will do their work well, and we shall see the Messenger from the Summer Land, and some of the glory thereof."

At this moment our mind was fully concentrated on, first, our son, who was killed in the battle of Jonesboro'; second, our sister-in-law, Mrs. Matilda Eames, who was burned to death at Birch Creek, in the Green Bay fire. We desired them to come. In our soul we said, Edwin, come. Come, Matilda. But one who died in September, 1844, who at the time was not in our thoughts, came unbidden—and the manner of his coming was on this wise:

First, There came onto the black cambric curtain white lines of light; then the aperture in the curtain was filled with this soft, beautiful light, sitting in a sea of golden light; then there came up from the floor the top or crown of a head, covered with short white hair; then the forehead, the eyes, nose, mouth, chin, neck and shoulders of a man. The chin and face covered with a white beard about four inches long. Reader, that man was my father in every respect as we last saw him on the 3d day of November, 1843—save the beard. We never saw on his face a beard of one week's growth. There he stood before us, head, face, beard, neck and shoulders. He looked at us; we at him. We first broke the silence. "Father, my father, do I see you—is it you—speak; my father, speak." He bowed three times, and then his lips moved, and we heard, (whether *clairaudial* or with our natural ears, we are not prepared to say.)

Who can tell whether you saw or heard your father? In plain talk, you say you were a victim of Dr. Slade's trickery. Now, if you, Mr. Wilson, possess such wonderful medium powers (!) why did you not at once reply to the article in the New York *Sun* against Dr. Slade, and not call frantically on the man charged with trickery, to say whether he was guilty

or not guilty? Here was an opportunity for you to have given as good and as public a test as the most ambitious medium could have desired, and you could not have been accused of seeking information from grave yards or private conversations. It is quite evident, Mr. Wilson, you had no information in your possession that you felt safe to rely on, and it seems your mediumship could not stand the strain!

"Yes, I am your father, and I meet you, my son. Though in your early life there was a gulf between us,"—neither understanding the other—"let that gulf be bridged. You the mortal and I the immortal man, meeting midway on the archway of eternal life. Hold high your standard; stand beneath its waving folds in truth—never again bow to the wrong; fearlessly stand in the breach and defend the right."

Our father then rose up full head above the curtain, bowed to us, stepping back a little, and disappeared. Thus he came; thus he left. We saw him; we knew him. "Our father who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name." The gulf is bridged, and I love thee, my father.

For a moment we sat in silence. Then Dr. Slade spoke, saying: "How like you your father in every respect, save size, and length of hair and beard. Your hair and beard is not as white as his; and how grand he appeared!"

"Yes," we replied, "there is a striking resemblance in that immortal father to his son."

Readers, our memory of our father is as follows: he was six feet in height at forty; weight at the heaviest, one hundred and ninety or two hundred pounds; well and compactly built. with strong arms, full sized hands, a thinking and hard-working man. When last we saw him his face was somewhat wrinkled, his hair was short, and face cleanly shaved. He stood five feet eleven inches, and weighed not to exceed one hundred and seventy pounds. We had not supposed there was so marked a resemblance between our father and us, as appeared in this spiritnal being.

Readers, what we have here related is strictly true—we saw it; Dr. Slade saw it, and we know whereof we write—and in the language of John when on the isle called Patmos, "I, John saw and heard these things." We, E. V. Wilson, Dr. Henry Slade saw and heard these things, and as in the past, so in the present, these immortals exclaim: "I am he that liveth, and was dead; and behold, I am alive for evermore, Amen, and have the keys of hell and of death.

"Write the things which thou hast seen, and the things which are, and the things which shall be hereafter."—Rev. 1: xviii, 19.

Have you not forgotten what your father told you? From your plain talk we fear you have, and may find that the bridge which spanned that fearful gulf upon which he crossed to you, has been swept away! We hope the bridge will be put up so strong next time, that it will not tumble down with the weight of a mere rumor, nor your father be prevented from crossing to you because of the suspicions of one woman!

And now look on this, from the *R. P. Journal* of April 6, 1872:

PLAIN TALK TO DR. SLADE.

Brother, we had a sitting with you on the forenoon of Thursday, January 11, 1872: again in the evening of the same day, on which occasion certain physical phenomena took place. We have had many sittings heretofore, and in every case have found you true. During our sitting with you on the 11th of January, we had no suspicion of foul play. We came not to detect a cheat, but to meet an honest brother and medium.

Bro. Slade, we have known you since 1860—first meeting you at Ann Arbor, Mich. Do you not remember it? We were at the home of our mutual friends, the Thompsons. We next met at Jackson; again in various other parts of the country. Everywhere you avowed your honesty. At first we were suspicious; finally we believed in you.

Said our mutual friend, Dr. Child, of Philadelphia, "We can point to Dr. Slade and say he is honest."

"Dr. Slade is a true medium—above suspicion of fraud and to be relied on," said our Bro. J. V. Mansfield to us on the very morning we called on them. Others have said more than this in praise of you.

Bro. S. S. Jones, on our departure from Chicago eastward, said to us, "Write just what you see at Dr. Slade's." We did so.

The humbugs of the day, such as McQueen, Von Vleck and Leland have never attacked you.

The *Religio-Philosophical Journal*, *Banner of Light*, AMERICAN SPIRITUALIST, and *Present Age* have ever pointed to you with pride, as good, and true, and honest.

In many places, I have backed up your mediumship with words of honorable mention; and sometimes put your calumniators to flight, in offering to pay their expenses to your home, or stopping-place, to prove your honesty. We wrote an account of you — honestly wrote just what we saw.

And now, my brother, we have read in sorrow, your expose in the columns of the New York *Sun*, also in No. 1 Vol. 12, of our beloved *Religio-Philosophical Journal*. Bro. Slade, we have not lost all confidence in you—no! not quite; and yet our confidence is shaken—terribly shaken; not in Spiritualism, but in Dr. Henry Slade, and we call on you in sorrow, in grief, to come out like a man, if you are guilty acknowledge your error. Shake off the baneful influences that have degraded you, reducing you from the holiest calling that man ever aspired to, viz: that of medium for angels to teach the gosvel of immortal progression through, to the career of a common cheat, or a confidence man. Men, women and children are your victims. Among these I find Bros. T. G. Forster, J. V. Mansfield, E. V. Wilson and others. You have made them retail your falsehoods that others, on their testimony, might come to your room, to be swindled and robbed of their money, that you might wear diamond rings, precious stones, living in royal estate, holding the hand of pure minded men and women in yours, pretending to tell the truth, yet breathing a lie. Bro. Slade, we call on you in the name of humanity, of the angel world, of our Sister Alcinda Wilhelm, your wife, now an angel, in the name of an outraged spiritual community, to come forward and clear up this terrible expose, or own up your frauds and errors, and fall back upon your original mediumship. We call on you to throw off the baneful influences of your surroundings. Bro. Henry, will you do it? Will you come forth from the fiery trial through which you are passing, purer and better for the trial; or will you continue in error, losing caste here and hereafter?

Bro. Slade, yesterday you were a brilliant star in our constellation of fixed stars—mediums. Every reader searched the columns of our papers for items from Dr. Slade. On every hand we were asked the question, "Do you know Dr. Slade? Is it not glorious to witness the slate writing independent of his touch or contact?"

An old Atheist, whom none respect more than we do, in answer to our question, "What made you leave Atheism and adopt Spiritualism?' replied, and his aged lips trembled and his dim eyes filled with tears, "Well, Bro. Wilson, it was in this wise. Dr. Slade came to our city, and on every hand I heard of the wonderful things that were being done at the Doctor's rooms. I went to him expecting nothing, and there lay the little slate on the table before me, and under it a very small pencil, and I heard writing, and when it ceased, I read words of cheer from a darling daughter, that I had laid away in the cold ground, never, never more to see or hear, and there before me was her name in full, with such loving words from her. Oh, Bro. Wilson, language cannot describe my joy! God bless Dr. Henry Slade, for through him, my child has brought her old father to a knowledge of immortality."

He is at rest, Dr. Slade, gone on to his summer home. Imagine his feelings, my brother, as he contemplates your fallen estate.

There lies before us a letter. It is from a wife—her husband is dead. She is a Christian. We know her. She writes:

"Friend Wilson; you know I am poor, and need all I have to support me. Can you advise me as an honest man, to go to New York to see Dr. Slade? I will willingly take in washing to support myself and children. I would go on foot a thousand miles to see my husband for one moment, to hear his voice once more, and that, too, from eternity. Oh, Bro. Wilson, do advise me. What shall I do?

We ask you, Bro. Slade, are you prepared to meet this woman's wants? Shall we write her, "Sister, do not go, Dr. Slade is a humbug, a cheat, a confidence man; the associated knave of a gang of swindlers—Drs. Slade, Simmons & Co.?" Oh, Henry, how you have fallen! gone out of our constellation; your fair name tarnished. We now call on you to rise up and shake off this terrible incubus. Redeem yourself. We will not cast you off. Oh, come back and be once more a true man, as well as co-worker with us for the truth.

Brother, will you heed our call! We will overlook every offense, and take you by the hand and say, "come into our ranks again. We cannot forgive you—there is no such thing as forgiveness here or heareafter. Come, brother, let us hear from you! Are you the villian the N. Y. *Sun* represents you to be? or can you clear your skirts of these charges? If you can, do it without delay.

LETTER FROM DR. HENRY SLADE TO E. V. WILSON.

That you have been impressed by some outside influence is very apparent. I think if you will pause and consider our sitting that night, and allow your better judgment to act, you will see the absurdity of the reports you have asked me to respond to.

I appreciate your feelings of kindness to me, and the good words you have spoken so often of me; and I feel to thank you for all this, for kind words help to cheer a weary soul, more than envy or malice.

Do you not remember I said to you when you came to have the last sitting with me, that *I desired* you to investigate for yourself, and examine everything in the room, as you said you desired to publish an account of what was done, and you wished to speak with authority of the genuineness of these manifestations? * * * * * *

Now, I wish to ask you what hand and arm could have turned the gas on and off, as you saw? Could a *mask* or a false arm and hand accomplish such a delicate feat right before your eyes, and nearly over your head, and not have been detected by you—or even a *child*—as fraud? * * *

If you have not confidence in me, I hope you will have in your own guides—that have spoken in my favor through your organism, upon the rostrum, so able and beautifully of the manifestations that took place *that night*.

I feel that this trust is sacred in my hands, and I would *not* step aside from its genuineness to add to or take from it in any manner.

I feel and know that the beautiful spirit of my beloved wife, you have so well spoken of, would not long be by my side to aid me and instruct me as she does daily and hourly, if I should practice any deception. She says to me now, as I write this, "Have charity for our good brother Wilson, for he *is* under the influence of the times, and seems to be impressed with the ideas of *others*, and this has caused him to make the utterances that he has." * * * *

As for what has been said against the manifestations that take place with me, it is false. No one who has visited me has any confidence in the report of the *Sun*; many know it as only a poor silly woman's suspicions. If any one were to undertake to publish all the suspicious reports against mediums, the Spiritual papers could not contain them. I hear such reports against mediums every day, and my reply is "go to a medium with genuine thoughts for the good and true in your mind, and truth in your mouth, and you will receive a pure manifestation. No one can expect to get pure water from the spring if they throw in filth and mire."

I have sympathy for all mediums, for I know they have much to contend with, and they are often grossly misrepresented when they are innocent of fraud, or the thought of those things.

I do not wish to throw the blame of any act of mine that I may commit (if wrong) upon our spirit-friends, for I know my guides are trying to lead me to do right.

Often I say to myself "when will my poor weary soul find rest? Am I of any account to the world, or of any use to the angels or spirits?" My question is often answered. When I see a soul enlightened and made happy by the communication and manifestation given through my power, then I say "my soul has found rest," and I think I am of use to humanity and the spirit world, and I hope to be, during the remainder of my days. Fraternally yours, HENRY SLADE.

NEW YORK, April 12, 1872.

There is the record you have made, Mr. S. S. Jones and Mr. E. V. Wilson, and we see no reason why you should seek to disown your own work when it is held up before you, unless you are ashamed of it. You may bluster, explain, wriggle, twist, and think to dust the eyes of Spiritualists by special sophistries, it will all be in vain—there is your record. A. A. W.

The Spiritual Movement.

Who inaugurated it? Who is responsible for it? Who sustains, supports and carries it forward? Are those who introduced it, who have sutained it and carried it forward, competent and equal to the work undertaken? Do they require or need more of those in the earth life than co-operative conditions?

Now in reply to the foregoing interrogatives, it may be said that it is generally understood and admitted that the spiritual movement of the present day was planned in the spirit world by disembodied spirits. That they came to earth's sphere and here introduced it; that they have sustained and carried it forward up to the present time in their own way, asking of the embodied to receive, co-operate and transmit; but have never asked, required or appointed any of the recipients or transmitters, to take the responsibility of either management or conducting the movement. And so far as it would appear that whenever anyone has assumed to dictate or or put themselves forward as particularly chosen and set apart to dictate or lead, they have been in some way made to loose their assumed position and retire with a full conviction, no doubt, that they were not appreciated, and thereby the cause will or has sustained an irreparable loss. Another class feel themselves as sponsors or guardians of the respectability of the movement. One would suppose, from reading their dolorous communications, such as has lately appeared in the *R. P. Journal*, that this whole spiritual movement rested with and depended upon their peculiar views of what was proper and respectable, and what was absurd, fanatical, and calculated to undermine, upset and overthrow the whole spiritual movement, just as the churches and the world begin to show it the same respect, and change their course in relation to it. Now, both these classes may have their use. But there are those who, after years of close investigation and a free intercourse with the disembodied, have become undoubtingly satisfied that those who introduced the spiritual movement are able, willing, and fully intend to manage and carry it forward without shifting the responsibility, or imposing it on those in the earth sphere. All these fears, then, conjured up, because some new star has burst upon the movement, so far eclipsing these would-be sponsors and special guardians that it bedims their vision and frightens their impulses, thus disqualifying them for seeing that the same power which works in various ways and through various instruments is able to steady the helm of this ark, and land all safely on Ararat. They understand that the world's fanatics, in the eyes and minds of these conservatives, have ever been the progressive lights of the world.

In any movement conservatives are as important as radicals. Each have a work to do. The spiritual movement has had so many *fatal set backs*, and still steadily progressed, that the fears and apprehensions of certain individuals for its future fate is not a little amusing, to use a mild term, at least, to those familiar with its steady progress. Some who never rightly understood J. M. Spear and his mission or mediumistic labors, tried hard, some years ago, to make themselves and the world believe he had almost fatally strangled the then infant movement. But did he do it? Only about a year ago A. J. Davis in "THE FOUNTAIN," had given it a dangerous if not fatal stab. Did it stagger it? Later the then leading editor of THE AMERICAN SPIRITUALIST commenced his "Deering Heights" story, which in its sequel many felt it was damaging the spiritual movement materially if not the author. But did it? More recently still, Mr. Victoria C. Woodhull has burst into the galaxy of ruiners of the apiritual movement; and now those who feel that they have in special charge the respectability of the movement have become pale with fright, and are, as it were, tendering their important services to those who inaugurated and have so far sustained and carried forward this world-wide and mighty undertaking, does it need that help? Nor can any one demonstrate to any candid mind that whatever John M. Spear may have said or done, or A. J. Davis, or Hudson Tuttle, written, or Victoria C. Woodhull said or advocated, has ever retarded, thwarted, or turned back the tide of this spiritual movement. And why for a moment, not because those who planned it, schemed it. and introduced it to the inhabitants of earth, have never delegated its management to any of earth's inhabitants, nor do they intend to. Wherefore Brothers and Sisters you who have embarked in it have no fears, but let us each and all as far as possible, attend to our own physical and spiritual harmonious unfoldment, and trust the spirit world for the balance. In the history of this movement there never has been a period when the facts, principles, and philosophy were taking such hold upon the public mind as at the present time. That there have been individuals if not associations, who have felt desirous of manipulating and directing this movement, there is little doubt that some would have certain articles as it were of faith, may also be true. Some believe in organization, others are opposed to organization. Now each and all are doing their appropriate work. But let us remember that those who introduced the movement, still hold the helm. Nor do they propose to transfer it just yet.

If any Spiritualist has pursued a course which is improper and unwise they are subjects for reform, and properly come within the sphere of the design of this movement. Its great object is to reform the world, and individuals socially, religiously, and politically. Not by denouncing, condemning, and persecuting them, but pointing out the better way. Let him who is without faults throw the first stone. A. U.

AKRON, O.

Good-by.

Good-by! I speak it with blinding tears;
For no brightness, or beauty, or love appears!
Through the vista'd gloom of the opening years.
But dark desponding and rackening fears
To circle round my heart
Ah me! It were better at once to die!
To sink in the grave with one last, loud cry,
Than to watch afar from a mountain high,
The valley where loving feet pass by,
Than to love and then to part!

O God! Is our life but a trial fire,
To sever the gold in its burning pyre?
To lift our aspirations higher,
Like the sunset ray on the golden spire
When the weary day is o'er?
And shall we at last, in a holier land,
Take our parted love by the dear, dear hand?
And wander forever beside the strand
Of the peaceful river, where Hope's bright hand
Is severed never more?

Certainly, oh tearful Sister, we shall take our dear ones by the hand and dwell with them forever. Spiritualism gives us this blessed knowledge. J. M. P.

The Baby's Rocking-Chair.

[The following letter full of tenderest sympathy is a fitting introduction to the exquisite poem following.

There is something beautifully significant in the *fact* that Mrs. Miller a perfect stranger to Mrs. Bigelow, should express in her poem so much of the the life history of sweet little Birdie Bigelow, since her departure from the earth form—for all of her little playthings are fondly treasured, as in the poem so sweetly described—and what is most singular indeed, little Birdie had all of the things enumerated, "dolly," "table," a little "Bible" with almost a world of other things, and among them "most cherished," is a "baby's rocking-chair."

It sits in "its old accustomed place," and several different mediums, strangers to Mrs. Bigelow, have seen this little angel of the household, occupying her chair, and have described her so accurately as to be at once recognized by parents and friends. A. A. W.]

MRS. BIGELOW: I was an inmate of Mrs. Cushing's family when she received the news of the death of your only child, and saw afterwards the photographs and obituary of the darling, "gone before."

I am a stranger to you, but I have been a mother, have lost an only one, and out of my own heart have wrought the words to send you, hoping they may keep alive the tenderest and best feelings in our nature, our sorrow for the dead, and the hope beyond. Very truly yours,

BRACEVILLE, O. MARY E. H. MILLER.

Many things we prize and treasure
That our baby used to own,
For our hearts grew sad and lonely
After we were left alone.
Oh! how often we have heard her
Singing low a childish air,
Sitting by her dolly's table.
In her little rocking-chair.

So we love, and prize, and cherish
Everything she left behind;
First we found an open Bible—
What a precious thing to find!
Then we gathered up her playthings
And the clothes she used to wear,
But among the things most cherished
Is our baby's rocking-chair.

Little hands are softly folded,
Little feet forever still—
Heavenly Father help us bear it
Bid us love thy holy will.
Bid us learn from baby accents
Lisping low her little prayer,
With her tiny hands all folded
Sitting in her rocking-chair.

How the picture of our darling
Gently bids us weep no more,
How the precious eyes seem looking
Brightly towards the other shore.
Oft we see her, and the ringlets
Of her shining golden hair,
Seem but moving in the twilight
In our baby's rocking-chair.

So we love it and we keep it
In its old accustomed place,
And we fancy that she knows it
And a sunshine lights her face.
Are you waiting, baby angel,
Waiting in our "mansion" there—
"Will you meet us at the river,"
When we leave the rocking-chair?"

Phenomenal.

BROTHER WHEELOCK:—The following description of an interview was written about New Year's, and would have been published before, but soon after it was ready a great flurry was made about the manifestations at Dr. Slade's, in which a *self-constituted committee of one* embodied in its voluminous report such a disclosure of supposed frauds and deceptions that the whole mighty structure of Spiritualism, which the angels had been years in rearing—from the tiny rap, through all the grades of mediumship, up to the materializing of the angels themselves—was to be entirely demolished. Mediums to be proved charlatans and rogues, and the earth turned back fifteen degrees on the dial of Ahaz; or greater still perhaps the sun and moon were to stand still, while this mighty committee of one should put to flight the hosts of Spiritualism, and send dismay and di comfiture into their ranks; when no longer there may be found a champion for the mediums of Spiritualism; is it to be wondered at that your humble servant should feel a little chary about offering his experience when such a terrible "tempest in a teapot" was raging about the ears of all who dare lisp a word in favor of mediums?

But all things must have an end. Jonah's gourd did. So did the celebrated report of the *committee of one—one slim case.* We believe nobody has been killed or mortally wounded. The world moves on. The spirits rap; mediums are entranced and otherwise exercised; spirits materialize themselves, and we after being detained by a pressure of business and sickness offer you the following.

INTERVIEW WITH DR. SLADE OF 210 WEST FORTY-THIRD STREET, NEW YORK.

This gentleman is the most remarkable medium for physical manifestations that we ever consulted. Of a rather muscular development and a temperament composed of the nervous, billious and sanguine cast, the nervous predominating, giving sharpness rather than roundness of figure; he seems to be a most happy subject for the spirits to operate upon. The vast amount of muscular and nervous force, eliminated by his organism, is used by the invisibles in moving a certain amount of avoirdupois which would severely task the visibles with all their nerves, muscles and solid bone.

As is usual with the doctor on all occasions, at our first seance he gave us full permission to inspect all the furniture in the room, to see that there might be no collusion, we made full use of our faculties in this matter and were fully satisfied of the clear, outspoken honesty of all around us. We were now seated at a table of wood about three feet square; the doctor at what might be called the end and we at the side, he sitting sidewise, his feet out clear from the table and clearly visible, facing a part of the room to the left of our position, with our right hand upon the table, his left upon that and our left on the top of the whole; a slate in his right hand, a piece of slate pencil of the size of a mustard seed lying upon it, held closely against the underneath side of the top of the table, and yet so near the margin that we could see all the frame of the slate on the side towards us. We heard a distinct movement of the pencil similar in sound to that made by the ordinary manner of slate writing. The slate was now shown and there were about a dozen words written upon it.

The doctor now remarked that there was a spirit standing behind my chair. Now, said he, the spirit takes hold of it, when instanter my chair with myself sitting in it, was pulled some two feet back from the table.

Taking our former position, we now felt veritable, positive, material hands touching our persons in various places, pulling at our clothes, putting their fingers in ours, and many other similar manifestations.

The slate was now placed on our head by the doctor, with pencil as in the first instance, he holding it with one hand, the pencil commenced to write as before but by a different person. He now took an accordeon in his right hand, holding it at arms length by the lower part of the bellows; it immediately assumed the horizontal position and, at the same time, playing a tune with an allegro movement.

The medium now became entranced by the spirit of an Indian, who gave his name as Owosso, who spoke of those who produced the manifestations; when the doctor resumed his normal condition this ended the seance.

The next seance was at a time of the explosion of the gas works, consequently the light was very unfavorable; we were seated at the same table as before, with the exception that we now faced the folding doors, and at a distance of six feet. The doctor suspended a piece of black muslin about a yard square, with an aperture of, perhaps, twelve by sixteen inches, in it, at the end of the table. We inspected the room, table and this simple apparatus, and found nothing differing, in any degree, from an ordinary table and curtain; and as we sat we found that by a slight inclination of the head we could see behind the curtain on either side, so that there could not be any collusion or deception without discovery; and indeed the doctor always requests the closest scrutiny and investigation on all occasions.

Thus protected against anything that could savor of fraud, our hands were placed on the table in the same position as on the former occasion. In two or three minutes we saw a cloudy mass of materialized matter, pearly white in color, immediately behind the curtain, through the aperture. An effort seemed to be made to form a human countenance, but failed, and the apparition disappeared. Soon the same materialized matter came up again; the side of the head, neck and shoulders of a beautiful female form was most distinctly seen; but this, like the preceding, soon vanished, at the same time the medium starting at the sudden appearance and movements of spirits about the room. A third time a large mass of unformed materialized substance, similar in appearance to the nebulous planetary matter as seen in the heavens, was discovered through the aperture. A circular motion was observed commencing near the center of the mass, which soon extended all through to the outermost particles; it now assumed the form of the human face divine. The forehead, eyes, nose, lips and chin were sharply defined, and clearly distinct. The hair was parted in the middle, and smoothed back from the forehead; a halo of tremulous light, composed of white, purple and red rays, surrounded the head. The spirit was requested to come nearer. The face and chin were put through the aperture, and at a distance of only two feet from us. The particles composing this apparition were in continuous motion; and all this time we had hold of one of the medium's hands, while he held the slate constantly in the other. We had been viewing this phenomenon from a practical stand point; but now when we said we know that countenace, and it was put forward and nodded assent, we recognized a long absent sister; truly we felt that the heavens had really opened and we saw things which it was not lawful for us to utter. To our preception there could be no mistaking the identity of that spirit face, and certainly our heart was filled with gratitude for what we had been permitted to behold. But when in the midst of our most sacred moments, how soon we fall back upon our materiality. The apparition had now faded out very much but was still visible through the aperture.

We now asked the spirit to come nearer, and in accordance with our wish it seemed to arouse all its energies and a second time the face was thrust forward through the aperture with all the beauty and perfection as at first; we at the same time rising from our seat and leaning forward over the table, were brought within eighteen inches of the spirit face. We could not be deceived; we know our own dear sister who so often had given us tests of her identity through other mediums, but whom we were not looking for now, therefore we were much surprised, as well as most pleasantly disappointed. It is but just to state that the light was rather dim, but not so much so but what any person might be readily recognized in any part of the room. After this second presentation the features gradually faded out and soon nothing was left to indicate that anything had been behind the curtain. This ended the seance, with the exception that the Dr. was entranced by Owosso, who said that in consequence of the imperfection of the light they would not be able to show any more faces at that time. As before stated there was no possibility of trick or collusion, for one of the hands of the medium was constantly held in mine while the other held the slate, which was constantly under our continued inspection. That our dear departed friends are more anxious for an interview than we can possibly be we feel assured; and when we visit mediums, if we go with harmonized minds willing to receive in good faith whatever comes, instead of fortifying ourselves with doubts and objections, we shall most certainly have our desires reciprocated and to a great extent satisfied by our now lost, loved ones.

Under the foregoing circumstances we desired what we saw; we did not doubt our own senses nor throw common sense out of the question, though anxious we were in a harmonized condition, but this in no wise prevented us from giving the subject a severe and thorough investigation.

As we have already said, Dr. Slade is a most extraordinary medium; and all persons who visit him with the intention of gaining true tests in a fair spirit of investigation, prompted by honest and honorable motives, rather than by a desire to break down the manifestation (prompted, perhaps, by a dishonorable ambition to show their smartness), will obtain such striking evidences of occult, intelligent power as will force them to acknowledge the spiritual theory or fall back on the old hackneyed dodge of cowardly scientists—psychic force.

O. E. G.

EDITOR AMERICAN SPIRITUALIST—Dear Sir: It is with great pleasure I send you the following, both on account of my own feelings and for so fully vindicating our much-esteemed medium, Dr. Slade, who has a world-wide reputation for good and evil. Of his unsurpassed mediumship I have enjoyed two sittings during the past week, and had manifestations precluding any chance or semblance of deception. The first was nearly all physical, such as slate writing with a bit of pencil put on top of table and slate placed over it, and one each of our hands placed on the corner of the same and the other two clasped together, when a communication, and signed by my departed sister, was written. Then the old accordeon was held under the table, and a bell put on the floor, and our hands, as before, joined, and each one held with the other the corner of the accordeon, when the accordeon was played upon and the bell rung loudly, thrown on my lap and thence to the floor quite outside of us both; all this time my pants were pulled, and a pair of hands touching me and put them quite up above the table on my vest, as I saw them distinctly and felt them press my hand with a pleasant grasp.

The second sitting was more startling than the first. Mr. Slade wished me to examine the room. After he had fastened the same, turned the lounge out from the wall, and had the pleasure of seeing the inside of that wonderful wardrobe where was said to be deposited those wonderful masks and robes, etc., etc., and saw the wonderful robe and all the Doctor said it ever contained. What a stretch of imagination (if not worse) to attribute those to the appliance of spirit materiality, and wonder how the most common intellect could have framed so poor an apology to play the defamer.

After examining the room, wardrobe and all, at the Doctor's request, he placed a large travelling shawl about the folding door, and then took his screen and hung it about three feet from the door across the room. This screen is a piece of black muslin about four feet by five feet, with an aperture in the middle about ten inches by twelve inches, and when hung before us and thrown all back in a well-lighted room so I could see all about the room; he turned the light down, so the room was dimly lighted; but could see all objects quite plain. We were seated at the table, not over three feet from the screen, I holding both his hands in mine; soon a distinct spirit hand came up, and folding the hand all but one finger, pointing upwards, then vanished; again it came at the aperture and turned it around, so that we could see it very distinctly, and then again came inside, toward us, and brushed the muslin so we heard and saw it gently move by the touch. Soon a face appeared, not very distinct, luminous in appearance, and left; soon again appeared, more materialized; saw the mouth, nose and eyes partially; left again and appeared very natural with her hair short, which was my sister as I had seen her thirty-seven years since, and when I asked if it was her, her lips moved and her head nodded assent. Since the sitting, I have had another sitting, with a medium knowing nothing of my sitting with Slade, and she fully verified the fact of my seeing her, and seemed very happy to fulfil her promises made me sixteen years since, that I should see her before I left the form. Now, if this, with all I have seen, and heard is a delusion, than life, manhood, and all else is a delusion; but thanks to our Good Father, and spirit guide, we know differently, and know we shall live and learn through all eternity. Yours, with kind greeting,

A. A. THURBER.

New York, May 7, 1872.

Consistent (?) Theology

Among Horace Mann's Educational Works, than which nothing superior of the kind was ever issued from the American press, are to be found the replies to a circular Mr. Mann issued, in which he asked what the best and most experienced teachers thought would be the proportion of children saved in character and in sound knowledge *on condition that the common schools did their full duty in every respect.* The replies unite in believing that not more than one per cent. need be lost, some of them say one-half per cent.; some none at all, and yet nearly all these teachers are of that religious creed that believe in original depravity!

Washington Correspondence.

Ms. Epitor: A recent convert to the glorious cause which you have had so near at heart, I have been cordially welcomed into the fold by the warm-hearted Spiritualists of Washington, and especially by your whole-souled corresponding editor, Col. Smith, and the "Spiritual Pilgrim," Bro. Peebles. These practical brothers, desiring to make all their material available and productive, have enterprisingly invited me to send you a thought or two in the interest of the cause.

Mr. Editor, I am a radical, from the crown of my head to the soles of my feet. I see in religion, politics, and society, hoary-headed errors that I was born to fight. In one of Bro. Peebles' last lectures, he had the pleasing impudence to compare such young men as myself to colts, who having been stabled all winter, on being let out in the spring, begin to rear and kick and tear around so violently that they sometimes break their bones. There are certain erratic Spiritualists, said he, who are tearing down but never building better. I don't want any one to take away, even my mouldy crust of bread, continued he, unless they can offer me a better piece, or a new, fresh loaf. I don't want any Iconoclast to tear down my humble log cabin until he can furnish me with a better building.

Let us examine these similies a moment; they may faithfully illustrate Bro. Peebles' position; if so, I must respectfully differ with him (I have learned that Spiritualist sometimes differ). I am persistently good natured, so is Bro. Peebles, and if I should be a little wicked, unlike the Jewish God, he will not get angry with me.

During his stay with us in Washington, I allowed myself to entertain the faintest kind of an impression that perhaps he remained in the orthodox stable just a little too long, that the splendid qualities which by nature he possesses, were cramped by confinement in its narrow stalls, that the "fodder" with which he was fed was not exactly adapted to the needs of so fine an animal, and that the exercise so necessary to develop his best points was confined exclusively to one rocky, zig-zag by-way called Bible Lane, which never was fit for anything natural to travel over, and which has not been improved in the least for eighteen hundred years. I think, however, that when Bro. Peebles broke through the theological traces and found the good, firm, even road-bed of Reason avenue, and snuffed the pure, fresh air from the surrounding fields of common sense and enlightened judgment, he must have stepped somewhat coltish, and probably could not resist a few natural kicks and prances.

It seems to me that the similies of the log cabin and the mouldy crust of bread utterly fail in their analogy, or rather in their lack of analogy. The dupes of orthodoxy have not even these poor comforts; the necessity which would make them serviceable does not in reality exist. Kings and priests have created them for their non-selfish purposes. Religion has been used as an instrument of governing the ignorant masses. The faith of the orthodox Christian is satisfying to him, because he believes it saves him from an endless hell and an angry God. Let these horrible myths be blotted out of existence and there will be no necessity for the unnatural faith which they inspire.

Believing that truth everywhere and at all times is beneficial, and that error everywhere and at all times is a curse to humanity, I am in favor of uprooting the latter wherever I find it. A substitute for error is not always required. If an error occupies the place of a truth, I would remove it and place the truth in its rightful position, but I would unhesitatingly strangle what I know to be an error without waiting for a substitute. If Bro. Peebles had a patient afflicted with the small-pox he would not require a substitute before he removed the disease; if he did we might offer him typhoid fever; but it would be best to eradicate the disease with all possible speed and let the patient enjoy the vigorous pulsations of perfect health.

I don't expect Bro. Peebles will immediately leave the rostrum because I have presumed to criticise him. I have no doubt he looks upon me somewhat as a mature hen looks upon a newly hatched chicken who vigorously shakes off his shell and commences to scratch for himself. Though I may have rejected some of the food he has offered me because it did not exactly agree with my constitution, I can cheerfully say that during the month he has been with us I have been furnished mainly with nutricious and palatable food, and with all my heart I ask for him the continued blessings of the angels.

F. Burlingame.

Interesting Letter to Clergymen.

The following letter was written to a very dear clerical brother, a D. D. of the M. E. C., with whom I was formerly associated in the ministry of that church:

My Dear Brother,—An explanatory letter is due to you by the position you have taken as to my embrace of spiritual philosophy. I do not wonder at your surprise at my change of views since so far as dogmatical Christianity is concerned, it is a renunciation of its main pillars. Yet I have retained of my former belief whatever honors God and is ennobling to humanity. I have the right to define my position, and you to form your opinion of its relative merits. I ask instead as a favor of saying my objections have been answered a thousand times you will point out to me my fallacy. In common with you I believe in a God of infinite wisdom, power and love, that He is revealed essentially in his works which everywhere proclaim the harmony of the attributes. That truth is of God and its authenticity is not established by its imprint in a book, the authority of the church, or even universal belief. The plenary inspiration of the Bible I cannot accept, because it is at war with facts and dishonoring to God. It contradicts philosophy, astronomy, geology, chronology and itself in numerous places, in proof of which I give you chapter and verse. The Christian Bible, I believe, contains many beautiful truths, to be gathered out of the debris of error by the reason God has given to man. I accept Christ not only as an atoning saviour, but as a great and good reformer, who denied his essential equality with God, and claimed the brotherhood of man. Why, said he, callest thou me good; there is none good but one, that is God.

The change in my view has resulted from a deliberate and careful survey of truth, independent of the prejudices of education or the opinions of others. I compared and contrasted the claims of modern Christianity and the revelations of God's manifest word in nature. In the former I found discord, in the latter harmony; in the one a system of salvation founded upon a substitute, in the other upon individual responsibility; the first a contingent penalty for violated law, the second an unavoidable one; the former a probation limited to the present life, the latter a chance of reform forever. In the Christian theory the result of one transgression unrepented here, unvoidable and eternal misery. In the relations of reason the penalty proportioned to the offence and in no case eternal. The Bible represents punishment as vindictive, reason teaches the penalty of violated law as remedial and corrective.

The character given of God in the Bible is a reflection upon the divine goodness; but the compensating results of man's subjection to evil, as taught by reason and the angel world, confirm, instead of reflect upon his goodness—as said the apostle, "Man was subject to vanity, not willingly, but by him who hath subjected the same in hope," etc.

The Christian system of ethics teaches that the human family without their concurrence, inherited a depravity that is characterized by Dr. Newman, as not only a tendency to evil and an inability to resist it, but that so far as human agency is concerned, their case is hopeless, and that, though the depravity was forced upon them by the act of another, they are obliged to observe conditions for its removal, though dead in trespasses and sins. The spiritual philosophy teaches a creation of responsible beings, necessarily imperfect, because absolute perfection exists in God alone, yet placed under a disciplinary law, connective and progressive in its operation, and under the guidance of Infinite wisdom and love, certain in its favorable results—expressed in the hymn we used to sing, "A jewel added to my crown is every pain I feel."

The Divine Justice is impugned in creating Adam with a pure nature, suited to the law for his observance, and requiring of his unfortunate posterity obedience to the same law, with their impaired and inadequate powers. Did not justice and goodness demand that Adam's posterity should be placed on the same footing with him—that is, that their moral powers should be as adequate to the observance of the law as his? But you know that, according to the Bible, this was not the case.

I have not time nor space in this letter to enlarge, but will cite you in my next to the scriptural proofs of its fallible origin. If a house divided against itself cannot stand—if the Author of law invested with unchangeable perfections cannot be the abettor of falsehood, theft, polygamy, partiality, hypocrisy, etc., then indeed God cannot have inspired that part of the Bible which attributes to him such characteristics.

Receive the assurance, my dear brother, I love you none the less because I thus speak, though I love the truth more.

George White.

Washington, D. C.

Baltimore, April 30, 1872.

Bro. A. A. Wheelock: Will you be kind enough to insert the following in your paper, in reply to Bro. E. V. Wilson's statement in the *Religio-Philosophical Journal* of March 30, 1872, in reference to the Harmonial Society of Spiritualists in Baltimore. I sent it to Bro. Jones to be inserted in his journal but he saw proper to publish but a very small portion of it, thinking, no doubt, it would satisfy the members of the Harmonial Society. But they are not satisfied with so meager an explanation, and desire you to present it to the readers of your interesting paper.

Bro. Peebles speaks for us May 2. Yours truly,

Levi Weaver.

"Bro. E. V. Wilson—Dear sir: In reading the *Religio-Philosophical Journal* of March 30, my attention was attracted to a description of your Eastern tour No. 9. I read it with considerable attention and interest, until you got as far South as Baltimore. You may imagine my surprise and mortification when I read your description of the Harmonial Society of Spiritualists in Baltimore or the "second society," as you term them. Where or how you got your information I am at a loss to know. I am sure no sane person who knew anything in reference to our society, could have been guilty of giving such a tissue of false and unqualified representations. Your imagination was very lively or your controlling spirit was of a very low and debasing character. I pity you, because I feel it is a weakness in you; your brain, no doubt, is somewhat muddled, or you would not make such assertions.

After extolling the first society of Spiritualists to the highest degree, together with its worthy, intelligent and self-sacrificing President, Wash. A. Danskin, and sweet singers and musical director, and medium, Bro. Uriah Jones, you commenced a general onslaught on the Harmonial Society of Spiritualists not surpassed if equalled in the history of human events for falsehood or misrepresentations.

Error No. 1. You say the First Society of Spiritualists is really the only society now in Baltimore. In reply, I refer the readers of your valuable paper to the following persons who have been speaking for us during the present season: First on the list is Mrs. H. F. M. Brown, of Chicago, who spoke for us in November; Mrs. C. Fannie Allyn, in December; Mrs. Addie L. Ballou, in January; Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Jackson Davis, and Mr. A. A. Wheelock, in March; and last but not least by any means, Mrs. Rachel Walcot, who is always ready to fill the breach when required to build up our society and the glorious cause we represent.

The officers of the society are Levi Weaver, President; Wm. Leonard, Vice President; Charles Bently, Secretary; George Broom, Treasurer. I will leave you to form your own judgment in reference to the death of the Harmonial Society. I can say what Bro. E. V. Wilson does not say of Society No. 1, which is that the meetings of our society are always well attended when we have prominent speakers.

Error No. 2. The Second Society of Spiritualists we consider a dead letter, and is in reality no more, having merged into the Young People's Society, which has merged into a society of wranglers.

This I denounce as a false and base fabrication. True, some of the members of the society did connect themselves with the Young People's Spiritual Society, but as for its merging into that society, it is false.

Error No. 3. Many of their best men and women have left, and some of them will return to their old love, the First Society of Spiritualists. Some have already done so. In reply to Error No. 3, I would say it is possible there may have been five or six who left, and they had a perfect right to do so; and some of them may have returned to their old love, if it can be found in the first society. God grant it may be so; and we wish them God speed. I know of none of our members who have left the Harmonical Society, and joined the First Society of Spiritualists, save one or two—there may be more, but I am not aware of it. We believe we have the privilege of connecting ourselves with any society, which is most congenial, and which will advance the cause of our beautiful philosophy. I would also state that we have a flourishing Lyceum in connection with the society, or rather its officers and leaders are from the same Society: Levi Weaver, Conductor; Mrs. Rachel Walcot, Guardian; George Brown, Secretary; Miss Mary Trimble, Treasurer. We hold our sessions every Sunday morning from half-past nine to 12 o'clock; and have social lectures on Sunday evenings at half past seven o'clock.

I am sorry it falls to my lot to reply to such a tissue of false representations. In fact it is nothing but a false representation from beginning to end.

In reference to the first society of Spiritualists, I have not one word to say. Its officers, as far as I know, are able and intelligent men and women. I have known a number of them for years. And as for its President, I am willing to give him all the credit due him; I am satisfied none have worked harder and made greater sacrifices than he, for the cause he so much loves, and may he live long in the form to enjoy its results. At the same time, we claim that we have the same privilege of judging and acting for ourselves. In conclusion, I would say, that Bro. E. V. Wilson has done us great injustice, and presume it will not benefit him, either in this, or the world of spirits.

In regard to the Young Peoples' Spiritual Association, they can speak for themselves. I have not the honor of representing that Society; and as for the *Crucible*, I will refer you to its last issue.

Please insert this in your valuable paper, as we want to appear in true colors before the readers of the spiritual papers.

Yours, in Love, truth, and harmony, Levi Weaver,
President of the Harmonial Society of Spiritualists.

Baltimore, April 30, 1872.

Extract.

The idea concerning the fall of man, as taught by the pulpit and as generally accepted, is that of an apostacy, by which was brought upon the race a diathesis of soul, a moral taint, whose inevitable consequence was death both physical and spiritual. But such fall is fabulous, having no foundation in philosophy nor in historical fact. The extent of the mischief which such a doctrine has reached cannot easily be measured; it is world-wide. Poetry has embraced the myth, lent its charms and mighty powers to affirm the theological fancies.

The storied statement received as foundational for the fall, hath this averment—that Deity, in the concluding processes of creation, made a man, manufacturing him mechanically from the dust of the ground; and that independently, it would seem, of the laws of generation and of growth, to which his progeny has ever been subject, over-stepped the stages of infancy and adolescence, which in all subsequent ages seem, of necessity, to have obtained in the life of man; that he also made a woman, manufacturing her out of a rib taken from the previously made man, having caused a profound sleep to fall upon him that he might not suffer pain from the cruel incision; that when these human fabrics were completed, he placed the original pair in a beautiful paradise—the Garden of Eden—and that he there forbade them to eat of the fruit of a certain tree therein; but, disobedient to the behest, they did eat of the fruit of the forbidden tree, and thereby enkindled the Creator's wrath, which eventuated in their expulsion from Eden, in their own mortality, besides the entailment of death upon their posterity. Thus, in epitome, runs the story of man's creation—

> "Of man's first disobedience, and the fruit
> Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste
> Brought death into the world, and all our woe."

Truly a fine fiction this for poet's flights of fancy! Let his genius revel in such imaginings. Let his lyre thrill our souls. Let him sing enchantingly of Paradise lost. We can listen to the sad tale of temptation and the ruin of a race; but we cannot concede the claims of Christendom to infallible faith, when it rests on old-time legends and anomalous allegories concerning the genesis and fall of man.—*Dr. Horace Dresser.*

According to the *New Jerusalem Messenger* one may be a very good economist as a natural man, and a very poor one as a spiritual man. The accounts of some religious societies offer satisfactory demonstration of this.

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

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

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Ideas of God in the Bible.

From the original, cultured, and eminently scholastic mind of Theodore Parker, have come some of the brightest gems of thought, some of the grandest ideas, respecting God and man, which have ever found a place, and assisted in enriching the pages of history.

The depth of his thought, the far-reaching analysis of his mind, the wonderful power of word-painting that was his, has given to his writings, as they did his oral utterances, a charm and a power, at once recognized and felt, by all who have the breadth of mind and largeness of soul to receive and appreciate them.

From his writings we take the following most sensible and pungent reasoning, regarding the various and conflicting ideas of God in the Bible. Instead of the Bible, we would much prefer to have this extract from Mr. Parker's writings, read daily in our common schools.

If this could be, only two or three generations hence, from the school-house, if not from the pulpit, would come an enlightened, rational, reasonable conception of God. A. A. W.

"The Bible has become the sacred book of all Christendom. It is not only valued for its worth, which is certainly very great, but still more for its fancied authority—because it is thought to be a revelation made directly and miraculously by God, to certain men whom He inspired with the doctrine it contains. Now, God must know Himself, and that perfectly, and if He make a revelation thereof, He must portray Himself exactly as He is. So it is maintained in all Christendom, that to learn the character of God, you are not to go to the world of matter, or to the world of man, but only to Revelation, which mirrors back to you his exact image and likeness; giving you God, the whole of God, and nothing but God. Accordingly it is said that the conception of God is the same in all parts of the Bible, howsoever old or new, without variableness or shadow of turning.

"But when you come to look at the Bible itself, and study it part by part, and then put the results of your study into a whole, you find a remarkable difference in regard to the character of God himself, that depends on the general enlightenment of the times and the writers; the further you go back the ruder all things become. Take the whole of Greek literature, from Homer, eleven hundred years before Christ, to Anna Comnena, eleven hundred years after him, and there is a great change in the poetic representations of God. The same thing happens in the books of the Bible. They extend over twelve or thirteen hundred years; it may be, perhaps, fourteen hundred. Perhaps Genesis is the oldest book, and the Fourth Gospel the newest. What a difference between the God in Genesis and that in the Fourth Gospel! Can any thoughtful man conceive that these two conflicting and various notions of God, could ever have come from the same source? Let any one of you read through the Book of Genesis, and then the Fourth Gospel, and you will be astonished at the diversity, nay, the hostility even, between the God in the old book and the new one. Then, and at some subsequent time, look at the various books between the two, and you see what different notions of the Divine Being there are in this 'infallible, miraculous revelation of God.'

"The idea of God which you gather from the Bible is quite unsatisfactory to a thoughtful and deeply religious man to-day. In the Old Testatment there is no God who loves the Gentiles; He made the world for the Jews; all others are only servants—means not ends. This being so, the Hebrew thought himself the only favorite of God; his patriotism became intense contempt for all other nations—was a part of his religion. In the New Testament the God whom even Jesus sets before mankind, has no love for the wicked; there is no Providence for them; at the last judgment He sends them all to hell, bottomless, endless, without hope; their worm dieth not, their fire is not quenched; no Lazarus from Abraham's bosom will ever give Dives a single drop of water to cool his tongue, tormented in that flame. Jesus tells of God, also of the devil; of heaven, with its eternal blessedness, awaiting every righteous man, and of the eternal torment not less open and waiting for every one who dies impenitent. Paul narrows still more this love of God toward men; it includes only such as have faith in Christ; no man is to be saved who does not believe in Paul's idea of Christ. The author of the Apocalypse constricts it still further yet; he would cast out Paul from Heaven; Paul is called a "liar," "of the Synagogue of Satan," and other similar names. The Fourth Gospel limits salvation to such as believe the author's theory of Christ, he was a God, and the only-begotten Son of God, an idea which none of the three Evangelists, nor Paul, nor James, nor Simon Peter, seems ever to have entertained. I think that Jesus never held such a doctrine as what Paul and the writer of the Fourth Gospel make indispensible to salvation.

"To the Jews every Gentile seemed an outcast from God's providence. To the early followers of Jesus all unbelievers were also outcasts; "he that believeth, and is baptized, shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned." I find no adequate reason for thinking Jesus ever spoke these words, found only in the doubtful addition to the second canonical Gospel. Yet there seems evidence enough to show that Jesus himself really taught that ghastly doctrine that a great wickedness unrepented of entailed eternal damnation on an immortal soul! Paul says human love never fails; it suffers long and is kind, and yet both he and the man whom he half worshipped, teach that God has no love for the wicked man who dies in his impenitence; endless misery is his only destination. Neither in the Old Testament nor in the New do you find the God of infinite perfection, infinite power, wisdom, justice, love; it is always a limited God; a Deity with imperfect wisdom, justice, love; God with a Devil beside him, the created fiend getting the victory over his Creator! The Bible does not know that Infinite God, who is imminent in the World of Matter and Man, and also lives in these flowers, in yonder stars, in every drop of blood in our veins; who works everywhere by law, a constant mode of operation of natural power in Matter and in Man. It is never the dear God who is responsible for the welfare of all and each, a Father so tender that he loves the wickedest of men as no mortal mother can love her only child. Does this surprise you? When mankind was a child, he thought as a child, and understood as a child; when he becomes a man, he will put away childish things.

How full of encouragement is the fact of such a growth in man's conception of God and his mode of serving him! In the beginning of Hebrew history great power, self-esteem and great destructiveness are the chief qualities that men ascribe to God. Abraham would serve him by sacrificing Isaac; Joshua, a great Hebrew fillibuster, by the butchery of whole nations of men, sparing the cattle, which he might keep as property, but not the women and children. This was counted service of God, and imputed to such marauder for righteousness. In the notion of God set forth in the Fourth Gospel and the First Epistle ascribed to John, it is love which preponderates, and by love only are men to serve God. With Jesus it is only goodness which admits men to the kingdom of heaven, and there is no question asked about the nation, creed or form; but this sweet benediction is pronounced: 'Inasmuch as ye did it unto the least of these, my brethren, ye did it unto me;' 'Come, ye blessed, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world!'

"Shall you and I stop where the New Testament did? We cannot if we would, and it is impious to try. What if Moses had been content with the Egyptian chaos of a Deity, 'where every clove of garlic was a god;' what if Jesus had never broke with the narrow bounds of Judaism; what if Paul had been content with such as were Apostles before him, and had stuck at new moons, full moons, circumcision and other abominations, which neither he nor his fathers were able to bear; where would have been the Christian Church, and where the progress of mankind? No, we shall not stop. It would be contrary to the spirit of Moses and still more contrary to the spirit of Jesus, to attempt to arrest the theological and religious progress of mankind.

"God, in Genesis, represents the conception of the babyhood of humanity. Manhood demands a different conception. All around us lies the world of matter—this vast world above us, and about us, and beneath; it proclaims the God of nature; flower speaking unto flower, star quiring unto star; a God who is resident therein, his law never broke. In us is a world of consciousness, and as that mirror is made clearer by civilization, I look down and behold the natural idea of God, Infinite Cause and Providence, Father and Mother to all that are. Into our reverent souls God will come as the morning light into the bosom of the opening rose. Just in proportion as we are faithful, we shall be inspired therewith, and shall frame 'conceptions equal to the soul's desires,' and then in our practice keep those 'heights which the soul is competent to win.'"

SCIENCE VS. CHRISTIANITY.—It is reported that the "*Popular Science Monthly*" is ruled out of the reading room of the Y. M. C. Association, because it contains an article by Herbert Spencer. Never mind. Science can stand the shock. "*I pur si muove.*"

The R. P. Journal and Dr. Slade.

In a recent number of the R. P. Journal, Mr. S. S. Jones, its editor, boils over with indignation, because we have plainly and justly criticised this distinguished individual regarding his course with Dr. Slade.

We showed in a recent number of our paper, by publishing an extract from the *Boston Investigator* which highly complimented Mr. Jones for publishing in a Spiritualist paper, the villianous lies reported against Dr. Slade, a noble, true medium; how the said Jones "had played into the hands of the enemies of Spiritualism."

We criticised such a nefarious act, as we thought it deserved. Mr. Jones winces. No wonder. He publishes a standing pretension, or claim, that he is the *especial friend of mediums!* And yet this great friend of mediums publishes the vilest falsehoods against one of our very best and most faithful mediums, having the suspicions only, of one poor disappointed woman for their origin.

We do not believe in doing things to the halves. A full record of the doings of Mr. S. S. Jones and E. V. Wilson in this matter will be found on another page.

In the *R. P. Journal* of April 20, Mr. S. S. Jones publishes Mr. Simmons plain and manly statement, *because* Mr. Simmons, the partner of Dr. Slade, having been slandered by the *Journal*, and referred to very tenderly by E. V. Wilson in the same sheet—as "Slade, Simmons & Co.," "the associated knave of a gang of swindlers—had a right to *demand*, as he did, that his statement be published in that paper! Mr. Jones was *compelled* by Slade and Simmons, to *publish their statements*, or *do worse*, because he had published a vile slander about them. There is a *law* against retailing slander. Editors of Spiritualist Journals are not exempt.

This being the case, what must fair-minded, honest Spiritualists think, when they understand the facts, and then read the following bombastic editorial declaration in the *Journal*!

"We have just received an article from Mr. Simmons, Dr. Slade's business partner. * * * * * * *
Our perseverance has brought out the article from one of the men implicated by the Sun's article."

False every word! Your perseverance in what? Retailing slanders! And you well know, Mr. S. S. Jones, when you published those words, that it was your publishing the slanders of the *Sun*, which "brought out the article" and *not* your "perseverance!" Mr. Jones demanded a statement from Dr. Slade. He did not get it. After Mr. Simmons statement was published in the *Journal*, which neither Slade nor Simmons expected, arrangements having been made by which it would have been published elsewhere, had Mr. Jones refused the *just demands* of Slade & Simmons, Dr. Slade wrote one or two brief notes to S. S. Jones, in a spirit of thankfulness because Mr. Simmons statement was published, which he did not expect.

Mr. Jones lays great stress on a short note from Dr. Slade of this character, published in the *Journal*, of May 4th, and wishes us to "read it." We have done so, and we notice the very cunning effort of Mr. S. S. Jones, in publishing the letter so as to convey the impression to the readers of the *Journal*, that Dr. Slade "endorsed" the course of S. S. Jones as *right* in publishing the slanders from the N. Y. *Sun*(!) in the *R. P. Journal*. We have the best of evidence that Dr. Henry Slade has never written a line or word to any human being with any such thought or intention! Copies of letters, Mr. Jones, are *sometimes* kept for reference. How could Dr. Slade so stultify himself, by saying your course was right in reference to publishing the slanders? when in the same letter you publish, these words occur, showing how deep into the sensitive nature of this noble medium, the poisonous tongue of *slander* had entered—"My soul has been so troubled, and I have been so unjustly accused!"

Your's was the hand; Mr. S. S. Jones, which, without the least cause or justification, seized the dagger and gave it an additional thrust.

Dr. H. T. Childs, one of the editors of the *R. P. Journal*, after an interview with Dr. Slade, and after the cruel injustice done to Dr. Slade by S. S. Jones and E. V. Wilson, uses the following significant language in describing a *seance* with Dr. Slade, April 6, when grand and most satisfactory manifestations occurred:

"We found the Doctor looking rather pale and worn-out, but not more so than we have seen him. He has been deeply tried at the course of some Spiritualists, whom he had supposed to be his friends. But, his mediumship speaks for itself."

Messrs. Jones and Wilson, can't you possibly *imagine* who those "Spiritualists" are, who have so "deeply tried" Dr. Slade? Don't care to try, do you? Well, have you heard of the old saw, "*none so blind as those who* WON'T *see?*"

Mr. Jones tries to find a scrap of comfort in the fact that Mr. Kimball, of Sackett's Harbor, N. Y., has written him a lettter justifying his course. Very likely; but was Mr. Kimball in possession of all the facts in the case? We presume not; let Mr. Kimball read a clear statement of the whole case, and then see what his judgment will be. Mr. S. S. Jones might not feel very much flattered as to this letter business he refers to, did he know the sentiments most earnestly expressed in hundreds, if not thousands of letters received at this office and by Dr. Slade, all of which most emphatically condemn the publication of those slanders in the *R. P. Journal*, and Mr. E. V. Wilson's coarse and most abusive "plain talk to Dr. Slade," published in the same paper.

But suppose Dr. Slade should write you a friendly letter every day, *that cannot effect nor change what you have done.*

You voluntarily assisted in retailing a vile slander against a noble, true man and medium—thereby insulting the public, while it cruelly outraged the holiest feelings of one of our best

and most faithful, honest mediums, and after all that has been said, you have the hardihood and impudence to *affect* to be "proud of your work!" If this be true, we pity the condition of mind of any human being who can find or seek pleasure in such degrading employment.

Dr. Slade and Mr. Simmons are the accused parties. No matter what they say, while they are charged with deception and fraud their statement could not be taken as evidence. Who ever heard of a criminal's statement being taken as sufficient evidence that he was not guilty? And yet this is precisely what Mr. S. S. Jones has attempted. In response to the excellent testimony of Mr. Charles O. Andrus of this city, of the truth of Dr. Slade's manifestations and consequent falsity of the slanders published in the *R. P. Journal*, Mr. Jones said: "It does not answer nor explain the point made in the *Sun's* article against Dr. Slade." "Let Dr. Slade tell wherein it is false, and if any part is true, explain its consistency with honest mediumship." In the first place, the "point made" was a slander about manifestations, the truth or falsity of which cannot be effected in the least by statements or letters from Slade or Simmons so long as they are considered charged or guilty.

Here the sophistry of Messrs. Jones and Wilson has had full play! Do we not hear them shout frantically, "Let all the earth keep silence, let every tongue be dumb," except Dr. Slade. "Dear Harry," says the gentle E. V., "don't you know we have called you such sweet, pet names as hypocrite, thief, robber, villain. Now, Harry, tell us all about it, so we can publish it in our dear beloved *R. P. Journal*, and have it published nowhere else!"

But "dear Harry" did not make the statement. Mr. Simmons did, and upon this alone, "no other evidence being admissible," Mr. S. S. Jones suddenly changes front and calls on the *N. Y. Sun* for proof of Dr. Slade's guilt! Why did you not make this sensible, reasonable call at first, before defiling your columns with retailing lies and slanders vile about a true medium? Why did not the great test medium, E. V. Wilson, use his powers to inform S. S. Jones, if no one else, that Dr. Slade's manifestations were genuine?

Dr. Slade and the grand manifestations given by him, are fully vindicated; not by what Slade or Simmons have said, but by the *manifestations themselves*, testified to by competent witnesses, the most of which evidence has been published in THE AMERICAN SPIRITUALIST, one of the "leading Spiritualist journals," (at least, so called by others), nobly seconded by that staunch, oldest, *reliable*, and also "leading Spiritualist journal," *The Banner of Light*, in whose columns appeared promptly all the evidence that was needed, to prove the utter falsity of the *Sun* article. It was well worthy the nobleness of Bro. Colby's heart and the sound discretion of his head. It would have been truly a pleasure could we have said as much of S. S. Jones, E. V. Wilson and the *R. P. Journal*. It is not our fault that we could not.

One word, Messrs Jones and Wilson, and we close this matter in our columns for good. We have given our space in this number for a *complete record* of this subject, not because of any personal feeling in the case, except for friendship for our old, highly esteemed, and warm personal friends, Dr. Slade and Mr. Simmons. Every other consideration that has moved us, has been a desire to deal with hypocrisy, misrepresentation and injustice on the one hand; the grand Spiritual phenomena, the fair name of an honest medium, the rights of all mediums, and justice to them—the claims of friendship, truth and justice to all, upon the other, as they deserve. We have no personal ill-will towards any person, because their opinions or interests are different from ours. A. A. W.

Marriage in Washington.

"Oh, who the exquisite delights can tell,
The joy which mutual confidence imparts?
Or who can paint the joy unspeakable
Which links in tender bands two faithful hearts?.'

It was never our privilege to be present at a more interesting wedding occasion than that of Dr. John Mayhew and Miss Eliza Heron, on the first of May, in the city of Washington. The party were residents of the city and each had a large circle of friends. The ceremony took place in Harmonial Hall, which was handsomely decorated. There were over two hundred invited guests. The singing was excellent, Mrs. Perkins presiding at the organ.

Among those holding prominent positions, either in society or the government, there were present, General Foster, ex-Senator Harris, Hon. Mr. Ely and lady, Hon. E. B. French and lady, Hon. Willis Drummond and lady, Hon. J. C. Smith and lady, and others. Mrs. F. O. Hyzer's address was not only well-timed, but beautiful and truly eloquent, closing with an inspirational poem. Such literary gems should be caught and preserved. Our remarks relating to true marriage were brief and pointed.

The presentation of silver and other choice presents were not only costly and valuable in themselves, but they revealed the confidence and esteem in which the wedded were held. The gifts were handed to the parties by Dr. E. V. Wright, accompanied by a neat and handsome speech. The two sisters of Miss Heron stood by her side and General Foster and Colonel Smith by the side of Dr. Mayhew during the ceremonial exercises. The song commencing "How Beautiful, etc.," was very appropriate. Wreaths, bouquets and baskets of flowers were in profusion

Dr Mayhew, some eighteen years an earnest advocate of the principles of the harmonial philosophy, is literally a constructionst He appreciates the poet's line,

"Order is Heaven's first law,"

Though ignoring cramping creeds and everything that can possibly fetter the soul; he believes in system and organization. Perhaps the crowning event of interest during the evening was the following address by Dr. Mayhew upon the nature and aims of marriage:

FRIENDS;—In your presence I am now about to assume a new relationship in life. Before doing so, however, I wish it to be understood that I assume it from widely different motives than those which usually govern on such occasions. I am a progressive Spiritualist. I am a non-conformist to all the erroneous practices of the past, inasmuch as I perceive errors which should be abandoned; and I ever stand ready to accept, and so far as I may be able, to reduce to practice in my life any higher truth which may ever be revealed and made evident to my mind.

I wish then, now and here, to declare that I repudiate *in toto* the old form of marriage obligation, and I will endeavor to explain to you why I do so.

1. Under that form the man and woman both have to vow that they *will love each other* till death, and nothing else shall part them.

Now, it is absolutely impossible for any person conscientiously and truthfully to make such an unqualified promise. Love is not under the control of the will, but it controls the will. A person cannot love that which is repulsive and unloveable. Alas! how many are there unequally yoked together for life—inharmonious, discordant, unloving, who, if they think at all, must feel that they promised at the marriage altar to do that which it is out of their power to perform. Such live in a perpetual hell, and the cry of their torment is ever ascending, "Oh, Lord! how long?" I would not have a woman come to my side as my companion, bound by such a vow. I will have the love of my companion only as I make myself loveable to her; and the wealth of love which I desire must flow from her soul to me as naturally and unavoidably as the light of the sun descends to and blesses the earth, and clothes it with beauty and glory.

2. The woman vows to honor the man. How can she honor him if he should be dishonorable—if he should daily dishonor her. Honor can only come from either to the other; where the man or the woman, by noble and church-like lives, will awaken and draw it forth. I would have my companion honor me, not because she has vowed to do so, but because through my constant high regard for her, and my profound respect for her womanhood, she cannot help honoring me.

3. The woman binds herself to obey the man, and this unqualifiedly. Oh! the horrors which have been consequent upon this unholy promise. It places the woman, if she regards her vow, absolutely under the feet of the man. Whatever unholy desires he may have—however unreasonable and unrighteous his orders—she must obey.

I cannot accept obedience from my companion. She must come to my side as my equal, fettered by no vows. She must be my counsellor and guide—my other self—feeling that our companionship makes us one; that she is to me as I would be to her—another self, a perpetual blessing.

For these reasons in brief: I repudiate conformity to the *errors* of the past.

I believe in the wedded relations as between one man and one woman. That true marriage is strictly monogamic. and cannot have a wider range; and that "whatsoever is more than this, cometh of evil," and tends not to advancement, but to degradation.

To *me* there is a much deeper and grander significance in marriage, than mere social copartnership. As I understand it, it means that two souls unite—that each recognize that it is that which is needed for the completion and perfecting of the other—that in their united lives, they should mutually live, not for self, but for the other; that they have come together to help each other, religiously to fulfil all the duties, which may result from their relationship—to help each other to purify their lives, and advance in the unfoldment of every spiritual grace and virtue, to help each other bear the crosses and enjoy the pleasures, which alike may bless their being; side by side holding each other up under all the storms that may arise, and pressing onward together to the recompense which lies in the beautiful life beyond.

Here the bridegroom led over the bride from her seat. These briefly are the sentiments of myself and my future companion. Are they not Eliza? To which the bride responded, *They certainly are.*

Gen. Foster handed the ring to the bridegroom, who then said: The ring, for ages, has been the symbol of marriage. This ring is a perfect circle, it has no angularities, it is the most harmonious form known, and is still a suitable emblem of that harmony, which I trust will be evidenced during our life's companionship.

Being without an end, it is also an emblem of eternal, never-ending duration, and a fitting emblem of that perpetuity of love, which I desire should be ours. Hereby consecrated as such joint emblem, allow me, Eliza, to place it on your finger. (This being done a keep-ring was placed on the same finger by the bride's eldest sister). Standing with the bride on his arm, the bridegroom then said: "In the presence of these witnesses—friends in the body—and of our dear angel friends, who are witnesses unseen, WE mutually acknowledge that henceforth we are wedded companions. Allow me to introduce to you my companion, who, of her own free choice, henceforth adopts my surname, and desires henceforth to be known as Eliza Mayhew.

When the address, listened to with intense delight, was concluded, we stepped forward, saying—that by virtue of the deep soul-convictions of the parties; by virtue of the civil law of the land, and by virtue of personal authorization, we publicly pronounce this union legal and lawful. J. M. P.

A Spiritualists Convention in New Hampshire.

A special dispatch to the Boston *Journal* of May 6, makes the following respectful announcement of the above named convention, which is in marked contrast with the style they used to record such facts but a few years ago. Verily the world moves as well as wags. This change indicates growth in the right direction.

"The exercises of the Spiritual Convention at Lempster commenced on Saturday at 9 A. M. Owing to the rain the audience was not large. The conference was highly interesting and was participated in by James Shepard, Mrs. Sturtevant and Mr. Morgan. The first general lecture was by Mrs. S. A. Willey. The second lecture was by Mrs. Mary Witber. In the afternoon there were lectures by Mrs. Addie M. Stevens and Mrs. M. E. B. Sawyer of Manchester. Services on Sunday opened at 9 A. M. Invocation, music and conference of one and a half hours. The first lecture was by Mrs. Witber, followed by Mrs. Willey and Mrs. Stevens. The afternoon was devoted to speaking by Mrs. Stevens, Mrs. Willey and Mr. Sawyer."

Well Put.

The *Banner of Light* in its last issue, very pithily says to its thousands of readers, just what we feel to adopt as expressive of our own sentiments. We copy it that the readers of THE AMERICAN SPIRITUALIST may take the hint and improve upon it:

"We want more subscribers—"fifty thousand strong." Recruits, report yourselves as expeditiously as possible, for the battle waxeth stronger and stronger. Humanity, you know is the stake; and as money is the "sinew of war," pass in the cheques. Spiritualists, you cannot afford to be stingy. The Bank of Heaven (happiness) won't discount your paper when you arrive on the other side, unless you put some of your funds out at interest here."

Toledo Lyceum.

We learn from private letters received from Toledo, O., that their annual election of officers for the Society and Lyceum has recently taken place, with the following result; President, Dr. Armstrong; Vice President, George Carey; Treasurer, C. B. Eells; Secretary, Mrs. Ella Breeed; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. George Carey; Conductor, W. G. Smithers; Guardian, Mrs. W. G. Smithers; Musical Director, Mr. Whitten. We are pleased to learn that the Lyceum is in such a prosperous condition.

Our old friend, Calvin Brunson, with his characteristic generosity, presented the Guardian and each of the lady leaders with a new writing desk. We know of no lyceum whose members have worked with more unanimity than in this lyceum for the past three years, and of course they have succeeded.

A Lyceum in New York.

Agreeable to notice, Sunday at 2 P. M., May 5, the friends interested in organizing a Lyceum in New York City, assembled in Apollo Hall, and proceeded to organize a Progressive Lyceum.

In absence of the chairman, Thomas Gales Forster, whose labors of the morning, and with feeble health, prevented being present, the secretary, Mr. A. A. Wheelock, called the meeting to order, and read the published constitution for Lyceums in *The Lyceum Guide*, which was unanimously adopted.

The names of those present disposed to join the Lyceum, were then taken and the secretary authorized to append them to the constitution which had been adopted.

On motion of Dr. O. R. Gross, the meeting then proceeded to the election of officers, when the following persons were duly elected

OFFICERS:

Conductor, C. I. Thacher; Guardian, Mrs. A. A. Wheelock; Treasurer, Mr. Merritt; Secretary, Mr. Higgins; Musical Director, Mrs. Burton; Librarian, Mr. Merritt; Watchman, Mr. Cozeno.

The election of officers taking up most of the time, few exercises were had, but we were pleased to note the spirit of harmony and determination manifest by those taking hold of this matter, which seemed plainly to say, "this Lyceum shall succeed."

We consider the friends especially fortunate in securing the active co-operation and services as conductor, of our old and esteemed friend, C. I. Thacher, who has come to New York to live. Bro. Thacher is young, able, experienced as a conductor, fully devoted to the great work, and emphatically "the right man in the right place."

Spiritualists of New York, will you sustain this Lyceum by *your presence every Sunday*, by your influence and with your abundant means? We shall see. A. A. W.

New Jersey State Convention.

The Second Quarterly Convention of the Spiritualist Association of New Jersey met in Union Hall, Jersey City, on Wednesday, May 8.

The call for the convention was read by the Secretary of the Association, Mrs. Ellen Dickinson, of Vineland; after which the President, L. K. Coonley, of Vineland, made the opening address—subject: "The Needs of the Hour."

Below are the names of the speakers of the morning session: Mrs. Susie A. Willis, of Lawrence, Mass.; Mr. Higgins, of Jersey City; John Gage, of Vineland; Mrs. Mary L. Strong, of Ohio; Mrs. P. G. Good, Mrs. E. Giles, of Boston.

Committees were appointed on Business and Resolutions.

After listening to a beautiful song by Mrs. Melinda Phillips Johnson, of Lynn, Mass., the morning session adjourned.

The afternoon session was opened by an address by Mrs. Victoria C. Woodhull, followed by Dr. Horace Dresser, of Jersey City.

The President called for resolutions, and a number were presented by the committee. The resolutions were discussed by Mr. Fish, of New York, Dr. E. Wright Mr. Shaw, of Providence, R. I.; Mr. Mitchell, of Maine, Mr. G. C. Stewart, of Newark, and Mr. Strong and Mr. Baker.

The evening session was called to order by the President, and a resolution, laid over from the afternoon session, was read by Mr. Higgins, of Jersey City, and discussed by Dr. Wright, L. K. Coonly, Mr. Gage and Mr. Wheelock.

A very eloquent address was then delivered by Mr. A. A. Wheelock, editor of THE AMERICAN SPIRITUALIST; subject: "The Definition of Spiritualism." Some very fine remarks by the President, L. K. Coonly, followed by an excellent address by Miss Susie A. Willis, of Lawrence, Mass. The convention then closed with a few remarks by L. K. Coonly.—[*Com.*

Personal and Local.

Read the excellent lecture we publish on first page of this number, on opening the public libraries on Sunday. Mr. Beecher is doing a noble work in the sphere of life he so ably fills.

Moses Hull called at our office last week, on his way to Bridgeport, Conn., where he lectures this month. We understand that he is to settle in Louisville, Ky., and speak for the society of Spiritualists there a part of the time. Bro. Hull is an able worker, and as industrious as ever.

Miss R. Augusta Whiting is lecturing for the Spiritualists in Albany this month. She has been in the lecture field but a few months, having entered it since the transition of her brother, A. B. Whiting, who was well known to the Spiritualist public. We learn that the friends in Albany are well pleased with her lectures.

Our old friend, George Rose, Esq., one of the solid business men of Cleveland, gave us a call the other evening. Bro. Rose has been a staunch Spiritualist for years, and always assisted most generously in supporting Spiritualists' meetings in Cleveland. We well remember his steady support of the cause, while we were performing the arduous labors of "State Missionary in Ohio." We could always count on George Rose for sympathy and assistance in our work then, and many times since, in our broader field of labor as a journalist.

Health and happiness Bro. Rose, to you and your pleasant family, from "Dear Wife," and A. A. W.

Mediums' and Speakers' Convention.

A Quarterly Convention of Mediums and Speakers of Western New York will be held at Dansville, N. Y., on Saturday and Sunday, June 1 and 2, 1872. Meeting to commence the first day at 10½ o'clock A. M.

The friends in Dansville will, so far as they are able to do so, entertain those from a distance. All interested in Spiritualism and others are invited to attend. Good speakers are expected.

J. W. Seaver,
G. W. Taylor,
A. E. Tilden, } Committee.

Two Days' Meeting.

J. M. Peebles, Spiritualist, and Elder J. S. Prescott, Shaker, will hold a two days' meeting at Union Hall, West Farmington, Ohio, commencing on Saturday, June 1, at 1 o'clock P. M., and continuing over Sunday. A choir of Shaker singers will be present. Friends from a distance will be cared for. Come one, come all. This is the day of jubilee. E. F. Curtis.

A. A. Wheelock's Appointments.

Sunday, May 12—Speaks in Music Hall, Boston.

Sundays, May 19 and 26—Speaks for the Society in Baltimore.

Mrs. Nettie C. Maynard, of New York, will fill A. A. Wheelock's appointment for the Society in Baltimore, Sunday, May 12.

The Western Star.

To the Elitors of the American Spiritualist:

Dear Sirs: Having recently noticed in your paper an enquiry from our good friend, J. M. Peebles, as to whether the "Western Star," the magazine in which I, with several others, are interested, will positively come out. I beg to say the severe illness of one of our principal contributors, and by our pressing duties in fulfilling a number of week evening engagements, made some months ago, are circumstances which have delayed the issue of the first number, and compelled us to postpone it from the first of May, as we originally intended. to the first of June, on which day we hope our subscribers, patrons and friends will be supplied with the first number. All who propose to subscribe to this work, or who may be desirous of receiving a specimen copy of the first issue, are kindly requested to apply as soon as possible, as the demand made prior to the day of publication wil measureabiy determine the number of copies that will be printed. Our friends will do well to observe the precaution of sending the amount of their subscriptions by post office orders, unless the money is paid to the agents. Address, as advised in the prospectus, Mrs. Emily Ranney, Honorable Secretary of *Western Star Company*, or to myself, Emma Hardinge, Britten, 251 Washington street, Boston, Mass.

Notice to the Subscribers to "The Crucible."

Arrangements having been made with "The Cosmopolitan Publishing Co.," of Baltimore, Md., by which the subscription books of *The Crucible* have been transfered to The American Spiritualist, we hereby give notice, that the subscribers to that paper will be notified by a circular, sent to each one, of the terms upon which we propose to furnish The American Spiritualist to the subscribers of that paper.

A branch office of this journal, will be established in Baltimore. A. A. W.

'Tis a hard case, no doubt, when a Pope finds he is powerless, but the world will grow, and so it outgrows its childhood,—and it was only when it was in leading-strings that it believed in excommunication, and submitted to interdiction. The Pope is a sensible man, and so he likes a pipe,—and he can put that in his pipe, and smoke it. Like his tobacco, his burning capacity has vanished, *in fumo*. It has been carried away by the flames of civilization, which burn, not men, but the rubbish that, left to itself, hinders their progress along the highway of life.—*Boston Traveller.*

Extract.

In his colloquy with Nicodemus, his night visitor, Jesus meant to teach, and He did teach, that there must be in man, in order to the existence of a divine harmony in him, not a new birth or another birth in any sense—not a *re*-construction, *re*-generation or *re*-creation of him in physical life; but that into the very essence of him—into the elemental life of him, just as he is found in nature really and substantially, without destruction of anything to him belonging as a natural entity, perfect as such, in all the physical bestowments of the Creator, there must come in addition to all else, an influx of the spiritual, the divine, setting in motion and bringing into action already existing powers; but which aforetime had remained barren and unproductive, and which of themselves, without the juxtaposition of a quickening element, would forever remain unfruitful. The spiritual and divine elements which are from above, must find their way into man, to perfect him and fit him for the harmonies that will be enjoyed in his pathway of an eternal advancement in his incarnate life here on earth, and his excarnate life in the spirit-spheres beyond. A union of the divine with the natural ever inaugurates the kingdom of heaven in man. The invisible and mysterious agencies and operations of spiritual beings, who visit us, and sometimes speak of the things of another life, to understand and solve which, are so difficult problems—are the beginnings, transitions and completions of that state or condition of man in the earth-life, which brings him into harmonious relations with this world, with the life to come and with the Deity Himself. These operations of spirits and of the Divine Universal Spirit alike lie hidden from the vision of the outer eye—we observe only the phenomena. He who is begotten from above, or has received the divine effluence, manifests it, but is unable to explain it any more than he can cases of spirit visitation and manifestation.—*Dr. Horace Dresser.*

Mrs. Fanny Hyde's trial resulted in failure of the jury to agree, and they were discharged. It is understood that ten of the jury were for a verdict of not guilty, and two for a verdict of guilty of manslaughter in the third degree. The ten, however, offered to find her guilty of manslaughter in the fourth degree, and to pay the thousand dollars which is the price of such an offence,—but the two obstinate men would not accept the offer. Another account says the jury stood eleven to one. Mrs. Hyde should have been acquitted without the jury leaving the court-room, if the statements as to the provocation she received are correctly made. She was the victim of the arts of the man who became her victim. He seduced her, she being at the time in his employ; and when she married, he insisted upon the continuance of the "irregularities" that had characterized their connection. Then she shot him,—and though it is impossible directly to approve any act of violence, we must say we think she served the fellow right, so that he has got no more than he deserved when he received death at her hands. Besides, in the last twenty years, twenty men who took the lives of other men that had seduced their wives or sisters have been acquitted, amid the applause of the public,—and it would have been a shocking piece of injustice had Mrs. Hyde been punished for doing what they had been praised for doing. If they had any right to kill, assuredly she had a better right to kill, inasmuch as the wrong done her was far greater than that which any man had received.

It should be borne in mind that Mrs. Hyde had no remedy for the wrong under which she suffered; and reflection on this fact, and the persecutions to which she was subjected after her marriage, well may have driven her mad, and so her homicidal act may not have been that of a responsible being. But, whether insane or not, she was not a person to be punished severely—or, indeed. to be punished at all, after so many men have been acquitted when tried on charges of murder, their victims having been seducers of some of their female relatives. If it is right to acquit a man who killed the seducer of his sister, assuredly it could not be wrong to acquit a woman who kills the man by whom she was seduced.—*Traveller.*

Pope Pius IX. has excommunicated the Archbishop of Cologne, and four Professors of the University of Bonn, because these gentlemen have rejected the dogma of infallibility. Thus His Holiness has hit at the heads of the tall poppies, as did the other Roman, the Superb Tarquin, almost twenty-four centuries ago. But men are not so easily cut down or cast down in these new times as they were in the old days, when authority was something, and authorities were everything as well as everybody. The German Archbishop probably takes his Rudesheimer as readily now as he did a month ago, and finds that nice tipple just as pleasant as it was in his ante-excommunicated life. His hock is just as sparkling now as it was in the years before the Council met that proclaimed his infallibility of the excommunicator. The four Professors at Bonn are having just as good a time now as ever they had. They smoke just as much had tobacco, drink just as much bad beer, gobble just as many raw sausages, deliver as many incomprehensible lectures, and write as many foolish books, as they smoke, drank, gobbled, delivered, and wrote before the Holy Father put them under the ban. They are neither better nor worse than they used to be prior to being stirred up with the Papal pole that used to be so long, and reach so far, but that now is as short as a toothpick, and not half so useful. They may begin to think, that, as excommunication amounts to so little, communication may amount to nothing,—and so step out of the pale of Popery altogether. Indeed, the Pope's courage in this business may be admired, but it shows his wisdom to be at a dreadful discount. He should not have brought out his grand thunderbolt in this age of electric-telegraphs, but kept it in reserve for the frightening of frightable folks, who would have been ready to believe there was something in it, so long as it should not fail, because not used. It was a potent thing in the days of John Lackland and Philip Augustus, and even much later; but the world has changed so much between the day of Bouvines and the day of Sedan that it cares not a ramrod for the Papal rod.

VOICES OF CORRESPONDENTS.

Painesville, O.—Our old friend, A. G. Smith, the able conductor of the flourishing Lyceum in this place, writes as follows of their prosperous condition. We do indeed feel a pride in it, as Bro. Smith says, as well as several other Lyceums in Ohio, that we wot of.

Our Lyceum still moves on. Had a grand time 31st March During four years of organized effort we have adjourned but twice and kept up summer and winter. Can you cite us to a better record? Of course you feel a certain pride in this Lyceum you and yours having organized it. I wish we could show a better record of members but several of our good workers have moved away and we do not manifest that over zeal to recruit that the churches do. We have to a great extent outlived the odium that attached to the innovation for the first year and have virtually conquered and compelled a respect from those even who oppose us.

The matter of building a temple for our use has of late been talked of. Although our hall is the best in town and we control it,—we can but feel that a room used for miscellaneous purposes is unfit for those more cleanly and holy uses—and we feel the need of a consecrated room—where the spirituality of spiritualism shall be felt—where "hearts pulsing with prayer" "media passion and pure in every aspiration" and "self-sacrificing men and women shall be touched with fire from off the altar of a living inspiration. Our election reports shall be sent you soon.

We admire the noble stand *Mrs. Woodhull* has taken and the Christ-like rebukes she deals to her defamers. A starling may attract some attention but command little respect for the harmless attacks it makes upon the royal bird of the sun. Just so, those who until lately have been held in high repute have attracted a little attention by their quibbling thrusts at the views they could not originate or understand when promulgated by their superiors.

But the earth worm and blind mole have their uses. Let jealousy dig about the roots of the beautiful tree. So shall it thrive and humanity keep its growth.

We shall watch the doings of the gathering at Steinway and hope for salvation through its wise procedures. You will possibly see some of Northern Ohio friends there.

Mobile, Ala.—Prof. Carr, of Mobile, says: Chas. W. Read opened in our midst last Monday night, April 15, before a fair audience, and will hold forth again to-night The people were too much startled by the instantaneous continuity of unheard of phenomena, to find leisure to do otherwise than shower forth expressions of applause. wonder and astonishment.

I was agreeably disappointed in his deportment. Though wanting in the extreme polish, he gives many evidences of the rough diamond, and in his line is unequalled, and may challenge the world for an equal in mediumship.

Alabama in '60 or '61 imposed a penalty of five hundred dollars upon any one who might dare to enlighten her poorer classes of that day or generation. In fact this penalty stood on the statute books until '69, I believe, when it was reduced to twenty-five dollars.

Oswego, N. Y. H. B. W., writes:—*A. A. Wheelock Esq. Dear Sir and Brother.* In the transfer of your paper from semi-monthly to the weekly I have lost track of how my account stands with you. Will you please make it out to the 1st of May, 1872, and I will send you the amount due to that date, and also $2,50 for renewal for one year. I am pleased with your undaunted perseverance under adversity and sickness. You deserve the support of all Spiritualists, and you will have it of all who have hearts beating in their physicals. Since Jan. 1, 1872, a party of us have been sitting (Kate Morrison, Medium) and I have many interesting things, which I will at some future time write you. At present it is all private.

Worthington, O. C. L. Bowers writes:—*A. A. Wheelock. Dear Brother.* I have learned through The Spiritualist, with much regret, that both you and your excellent companion have been suffering from severe illness, but I am truly glad to learn that you are both improving in health; not only for your own comfort and happiness, but also for the thousands of subcribers whose souls are made to rejoice in the weekly visits of The American Spiritualist. I hope the good angels will make your hearts and hands strong, and the good people help to bear your financial burdens, and thereby enable you still to advance the glorious cause of truth and progress.

Wilmington, N. C. S. N. Cannon writes:—Enclosed I send you $2.50 for The American Spiritualist. In this region, Spiritualism is not just now popular. We have no public mediums. There is, however, of late some little interest manifested on the subject; some few private circles in which there is considerable interest taken. Could some good test mediums come along this way, it would help the cause.

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We are occasionally in receipt of a letter from persons who requested *Woodhull & Claflin's Weekly* sent according to our advertised club rates, when they subscribed for THE AMERICAN SPIRITUALIST, who have not yet received the *Weekly*, or do not get it regularly.

To all those friends and subscribers we would say:

1. As soon as any such name has been received at the office of the A. S., and entered on our books, it has been sent to the office of the *Weekly*, 44 Broad street, N. Y.
2. We have nothing whatever to do with the mailing of the *Weekly* to subscribers.
3. It will be seen, therefore, that if the *Weekly* is not received by those whose names have been sent in by us, the *fault is not* in the office of THE AMERICAN SPIRITUALIST.
4. To remedy the difficulty, however, and save labor and expense, we respectfully ask those of our subscribers who are entitled to the *Weekly* and do not receive it, to drop a line to that office, 44 Broad street, New York, informing them of the fact, when, without doubt, the matter will be attended to promptly.

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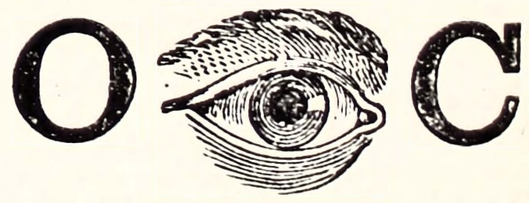
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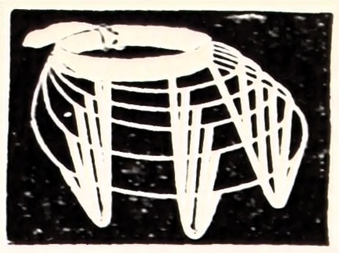
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Mrs. Laura Cuppy Smith.

This lady, who has spent six years in California, receiving the highest encomiums from the press of the Pacific coast, cannot fail to please Associations desiring an earnest, eloquent and entertaining lecture.

SUBJECTS:

I.—Woman in the Home, the Church and the State.
II.—One of the World's Needs.
III.—The Religion of the Future.
IV.—The Social Problem Reviewed.

NOTICES OF THE PRESS.

To those who have not heard this lady lecture, we would say, go by all means if you would desire to hear an earnest, well-spoken discourse, with an unbroken flow of well-pronounced, grammatical English. We have our own ideas about woman's mission and how far she unsexes herself when she ventures to lecture men, yet spite of our prejudice we were carried away by her words last evening at Maguire's Opera House.—*San Francisco News Letter.*

This lady pronounced a remarkable address last night at the Hall opposite the Academy of Music. Remarkable because of the extreme beauty of language and opulence of fancy, and interesting on account of its tender and grateful sentiment.—*The Daily American Flag. San Francisco.*

She never hesitated an instant for a word, and she has always the most appropriate. Her voice is sweet and melodious, her enunciation pure and distinct, her attitude and gestures very graceful indeed.—*Sacramento Correspondent Santa Clara Argus.*

Mrs. Laura Cuppy Smith gave an interesting and instructive lecture last night to a large assemblage at Maguire's Opera House, which if delivered by some peripatetic male pedagogue with a large reputation, at a dollar per head admission, would have received unbounded eulogiums from the press.—*San Francisco Examiner.*

Laura Cuppy Smith, one of the best educated and most talented lady lecturers we have ever listened to. —*San Francisco Figaro.*

Mrs. Cuppy Smith possesses great talent as a speaker, and, standing before her audience in her simple, yet elegant attire, with a *spirituelle* face, which seems to index the emotions of her mind, commands the attention and respect of all her hearers.—*San Francisco Morning Call.*

Maguire's Opera House never contained a greater throng than convened to listen to an erudite lecture on Radicalism, by Laura Cuppy Smith, last evening. —*Alta California, San Francisco.*

Mrs. Laura Cuppy Smith has proven herself to be a lady of rare culture, added to great natural eloquence. To say that she ranks among the first of all who have addressed an Omaha audience, whether male or female, is but doing her justice.—WM. L. PEABODY, Chairman Relief Committee Y. M. C. Association.—*Omaha Republican.*

Walking majestically through the splendid gardens of literature and philosophy, culling, as she went rapidly on, the richest gems of inspired genius; riveting the profound attention of all her charmed hearers. Such women you seldom meet. Her praises are on the tongues of all the people.—*Omaha Tribune.*

She is a fluent speaker, using elegant language, and with far more than ordinary argumentative powers.—*Omaha Herald*

She is an educated, refined lady, and one of the best lecturers we ever heard.—*Omaha Republican.*

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Come Again Spring.

BY JANE SENIER.

Come again spring-time, come again spring;
Bring back the birds to carol and sing—
Wake from their slumbers, the beautiful flowers,
To gladden, and smile on this bleak world of ours.

Long have we wished for, and waited for thee,
Watching the slow, swelling buds on the tree;
Eagerly list'ning, list'ning so long,
For the blackbird and robins jubilant song.

Thankful, so thankful, to greet thee once more,
To know that the long, dreary winter is o'er,
The earth again free, from its covering of snow,
And the bright sparkling sunshine, above and below.

Life, and activity reigneth again;
Mountain, and woodland, streamlet, and glen,
All share in the joy, freely scattered about,
Which the school boy welcomes with halloo and shout.

The crocus looks up from its cold winter bed,
Says ever so plainly, "mind where you tread;"
The chirpings and cooings, heard in the wood,
Are a welcome to thee, if but understood.

How pleasant to feel that the springtime is not
Confined to us only, or to one favored spot,
That each one, and all, share the goodly repast,
The lone weary wanderer, and the outcast.

The exile whom fate has destined to roam,
Far, far away from his childhoods home,
Sees in thy warm, and generous smile,
The hopes that his lonely hours beguile.

The sick and the aged are longing to feel,
Thy kindly influences over them steal—
And children weary of household toys,
Are seeking for outdoor amusements and joys.

The grass that is springing so green at my feet,
Is not surely meant to deceive me, and cheat.
The birds that I heard in the woodland to-day,
Are intending I know to lengthen their stay.

Yes, yes it is here, the springtime I know,
The blue sky above, and the green earth below—
The soft balmy air, full of jubilant glee,
The jubilant echoes, I feel within me.

We talk of the winter being long and severe—
And wish that the beautiful springtime was near;
And were it here always, methinks I should tire,
And long, for the glow of the bright winter fire.

The mental enjoyments the long winters give,
Teach us the wherefore, and why, that we live—
Give food to the mind, that summer denies,
With all the bright light of her warmer skies.

It is contrast that gives the enjoyment to life;
The rough, and the smooth, the calm, and the strife,
Uphill, and downhill, pleasure and pain,
And the needful experience that we obtain.

Springtime and winter, winter and spring,
Each one, and all, their own pleasures bring,
The flower that we tend with such anxious desire;
The bright summer sun, and the warm winter fire.

Ah well I remember, the "springtime of yore,"
Scenes that my eyes may feast on no more—
The sweet-scented primrose, the bonny blue bell,
That bound round my childhood a magical spell

That vibrates e'en now, in this remote clime,
Stealing back to my soul through distance and time,
Closer, and closer they rustle and keep,
Making regrets that are lasting and deep.

MAZOMANIE, April, 1872.

Political.

The *National Standard* concludes an article on the political situation, thus comprehensively and pithily:

While the array of candidates in prospect is formidable, in this period of party disintegration, Public Opinion remains the source of real power. Its demands of the successful party of the future is, that it go forward, establish equal rights before the law for all men and women; adjust equitably in legislation the relations of labor and capital; suppress intemperance; and provide for general education. Thus only can its success be vouchsafed.

RELIGIOUS FANATICISM IN RUSSIA.—A trial which came off at Laratoff, not long since, illustrates the power of religious superstition over the Russian peasants. The defendants, three men and a woman, were accused of murdering a woman named Schortzoff. It seems that on the day of the crime the accused and the murdered woman, all belonging to the sect of the "Chlyzty," were driving home after listening to a sermon from one of the chief men of the sect. On the way a woman, one of the party, proclaimed in a loud voice that she was "the great martyr Barbara" and "the mother of Christ." She commanded one of the men to throw into the river a woman who was passing, and he obeyed her. Fortunately the woman saved her life by swimming to the shore. Afterward, by command of the prophetess, he threw the woman Schortzoff head foremost from the cart and beat her repeatedly until she was dead. The prophetess, who all this while assured him that she would bring his victim to life again, then led the horse twice over the body. Peasant women who testified at the trial proclaimed their belief that the preacher of their sect was the true God and Jesus Christ. Physicians who had examined the prisoners declared they were perfectly sane and only under the influence of religious fanaticism. The man who did the murder and the woman who instigated it were sentenced to seventeen years' hard labor in the mines. The story is altogether a revolting one, and shows—as do many similar occurrences, some in our own country and of recent date—the abnormal workings of irrational and ignorant excitement.

BRIEFS.

In the House of Correction, at Preston, England, out of 1,636 prisoners, 646 were found to be ignorant even of the Saviour's name.

The people of small towns in Iowa seem to be very remarkable naturalists. In one of these a short time ago, four or five ribs were dug up belonging to a man, or a calf, perhaps, that was buried twenty-five years ago. Immediately the county coroner sat on those ribs, reconstructed the entire specimen, and made a diagnosis of his final sickness, arriving at the sage conclusion: "Name unknown, but supposed to have died of bilious fever." Agassiz could not have done better.

Sheridan one day, when coming back from shooting, with an empty bag, and seeing a number of ducks in a pond, and a man or farmer leaning on a rail watching for them, said: "What will you take for a shot at the ducks?" "Well," he said, "I will take half a sovereign." "Done," said Sheridan, and he fired into the midst of the flock, killing a dozen. "I am afraid you made a bad bargain," said Sheridan. "Well, I don't know," said the man, "they worn't mine."

Plato's long lost Atlantis has made its appearance in Lake Ontario. At least we should judge so from the description given of "an island of the blest," near the city of Kingston. It is called the "Garden Island." Its population is 1,001 happy beings, among whom no pauper or criminal is to be found. The policeman is an unknown species, and magistrates are unnecessary. The reason of this lovely state of things is that a law was made twenty years ago forbidding the importation of liquors on that happy isle.

MRS. WESLEY.—The Rev. L. Tyerman has finished two volumes of "The Life and Times of the Rev. John Wesley," which Harper & Bros. have just published.

A reviewer in the Boston *Traveller* thus speaks of Mrs. Wesley:

Any mention of John Wesley's history must deal with his marriage, a matter which Mr. Tyerman treats with candor and courage. Like all great men, Wesley was peculiarly susceptible to female charms—but his life was entirely pure, and his admiration of the sex never exceeded legitimate bounds. It is a little strange that, if he was to marry, he should have married so late in life. After two or three attachments, he married, at the age of forty-eight, (in 1751,) a widow of forty-one, Mrs. Vazeille, concerning whom the accounts are very contradictory. Most writers deal harshly with her, and attribute the blame of what befel to her—and Southey speaks of her as being one of three bad wives, the other two being the wife of Job and the wife of Socrates. For our part, we should like to have had the lady's case fairly stated by herself, before making up a judgment concerning her conduct. We think it was Cambaceres who said that the case of Robespierre had been judged without being heard—and something of the same hard luck has been that of the "three bad wives," so called. Judgment was given against them without their having been heard, and their enemies survived to write their histories. The case of each was a case of lynching. Mr. Tyerman will have it that there never was such a marriage as Wesley's, and that it was one of the greatest blunders he ever made. He lays down this broad proposition: "A man who attains to the age of forty-eight, without marrying, ought to remain a bachelor for life, inasmuch as he has, almost of necessity, formed habits, and has acquired angularities and excrescences which will never harmonize with the relationship and duties of the married state." This is a very strange avowal to come from a clergyman, considering that marriage stands next to religion as a civilizing agency, and at forty-eight few men are more indifferent to women than they are at twenty-eight. At forty-eight, too, if he has been at all prudent, and has met with a reasonable share of that success which every healthful single man ought to find no difficulty in achieving, a man is better situated to marry than he is likely to have been twenty years earlier. Has a man no right to a home because he is getting hard upon the fifties? And how can there be a home without a wife in it?

A very wealthy man can keep up an establishment without marrying, for if he is willing to pay well for good servants, who will be content with cheating him moderately in consideration of high wages and good living, he can have everything that money can buy; and what is there it will not buy? But the number of very wealthy men is not large, and of that number few are willing to pay three times the fair price for living. No; Mr. Tyerman is wrong in condemning elderly bachelors to solitary imprisonment for life; but he is clearly right when he says Wesley was wrong in marrying because he had a mission that was so great and so peculiar that it was inexpedient for him to take a wife. Wesley had no time for domestic life, and had his wife been even an angel he could have had no such place as home, in the ordinary acceptation of the word. Now, a woman's life is domestic. Her empire is home, and home is her empire. There she reigns. Mrs. Wesley had to abdicate her throne, and, like most sovereigns who abdicate, she regretted, and had reason to regret, that she had done so. It is impossible to blame Wesley for adhering to his mission; and equally impossible is it to censure Mrs. Wesley for not approving of his course. But when they found they could not live comfortably together they should have separated civilly, and never have met again,—particularly if it be true that the wife occasionally laid violent hands on her husband, trailing him along the floor by his gray locks, and tearing hair from his head,—her conduct being much like that of one of her contemporaries, Fielding's Mrs. Slipslop. She was very jealous, and though her husband gave her no just cause for jealousy, it cannot be considered strange that she should have misinterpreted actions that were in themselves innocent. Women are very much like men, in being jealous on any grounds, and on no grounds. She died in 1781, almost ten years before her husband entered into his rest. There is something pathetic in the letter she wrote to her husband in 1774, in which she asks simply for justice, and alludes to the fact that she is a "poor, weak woman alone, against a formidable body." Mr. Tyerman sneers at "the orthography and syntax of the letter," as if correct spelling and correct expression were common in letters written an hundred years ago! Mrs. Wesley wrote as well as nine-tenths of Englishmen and Englishwomen wrote in those days, including most of the members of the higher classes.

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