

The American Spiritualist.

Organ of the Ohio and Wisconsin
STATE ASSOCIATIONS OF SPIRITUALISTS.

RESOLVED, That we are SPIRITUALISTS, * * * and that any other prefix or suffix is calculated
only to retard and injure us.—American Association of Spiritualists.

Published Weekly.
\$2.00 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE.

VOL. 1.

CLEVELAND, O., SATURDAY, MARCH 20, 1869.

NO. 27.

All articles original unless otherwise designated.

THE SPIRITUAL CROWNING.

BY EMMA TUTTLE.

I never found the hour to say,
"Come Pleasure, with your roses red,
And having thrown my truth away,
Weave odorous blossoms round my head."
So if Temptation breathed her balm
Of promise and imagined rest
Upon a soul which longed for calm,
As all souls must in mortal vest,
I said, "Stand back, and do not touch
The pearly dreams which lit my youth!
Your promise would not mete me much,
If made above the curse of Truth!"

I frankly look in Life's wild face
And study it as best I may;

I fold aside her veil of lace

And lay her trinkets all away.

Sometimes I cry, "Oh, hideous Life!

Put down your veil again, I pray!

With all your far-off beauty rife

String on your jewels and be gay!

What metes it if I worship Truth

When falsehood wins and is so fair!"

But still the holy dreams of youth

Light up my heart and linger there.

I cannot for a day forget

How much I longed to leave them all,

Nor how I long to leave them yet,

Though my achievements are so small.

Right-doing, for the love of right,

I strive for, not for its reward,

Though that is sweet when crowned with light,

A healthful conscience sitteth lord.

I long to bear a loving heart

Whose light makes white sin's shades and

stains,

And never by one sinful art

Deals a fellow-being pains.

O, for a fount of stainless loves,

Like sunlit crystal in my breast,

Where Peace sits wreathed with living doves,

With myrtles in her snowy vest,

Would that the fountain's shining spray,

Might sprinkle all my lips express,

And wash whate'er defiles away—

That I might only speak to bless.

I would remember, when I cry

All selfishly, with streaming eyes,

"God, let the bitter cups pass by!"

That angels grow through sacrifice.

I want the charity to look

The way earth's vilest sinners run,

And reading each like some soiled book,

Deal out my bitter scorn for none,

But reaching out a sister's hand,

If labor stained or pearl white,

Say, "It is stormy where you stand;

Come, let us find the pleasant light."

When we have lavished strength and art,

And yet the harvest is so small,

Then, Hope, string all thy fairest gems

Together on one shining thread,

And braid a shadowy diadem,

As best thou canst, to suit my head,

And I will dream that some fair day,

After my dying hour is fled,

And this worn heart is lain away,

It may surround an angel's head.

ARCANA OF SPIRITUALISM.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, by Hudson TUTTLE, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the North'n Dist. of Ohio.]

EVIDENCES OF SPIRITUALISM.

In the Banner, 1865, might be noticed an obituary. That short paragraph related an event which overwhelmed us, and gave us to drink of the bitterest cup of grief.

Aggie, a sister, adopted in our family circle as our child, and under our care matured into the fulfilment of the brightest destiny, went from us a perfect representation of health. We answered the telegram that said she could not live, but too late. Even the poor consolation of a parting word was denied us. Her beautiful features still showed marks of terrible pain—that was all. She was frozen to marble.

I had thought that the Spiritual Philosophy would sustain one in this trial; that knowing the spirit existed, the keen edge of our grief would be taken off. For the time this was not so. We are accustomed to form our judgment by the senses.

As we stand before the corpse of our departed friend, our grief overwhelms our intuitions, and darkens our spiritual perceptions. When we cry in our agony, the waves of feeling deafen our ears to the sound of spirit voices. Our eyes meet the physical wreck of the beautiful, inanimate, still, cold, dead, and with the heartlessness of our materiality tells us there is nothing beyond. Soon will the elements claim their own from the sleeping; and a year shall suffice to dissolve the being which, for a time cheered us by her winning ways, and scatter her ashes to the winds.

Thus materialism, stifling, dark and dreadful, took the place of spiritualism, and was sustained by the senses, and unopposed by spiritual perceptions too lacerated to feel. The days came and went, as slowly our minds assumed their normal condition, and the desire to communicate with the departed might be an swered.

It was then began the most complete and satisfactory series of communications I have ever witnessed. They were free from any collusion on the part of anyone outside of ourselves, as Mrs. Tuttle and myself were usually the only persons at the table or in the room.

We often endeavored to have the table tip, but had failed. Now, however, we had a spirit in the shadow, in unison with ourselves, and the gateway of communication was opened.

I had previously seen her, clairvoyantly, but so dimly, so shadowy, I doubted whether it was not a conjuration of a disturbed mind. Those doubts have been removed. It was before her funeral, and the attractions of earth remained unimpaired. She was sad and unable to speak. Her spirit-mother was with her, and, in thought, I asked her if she intended to remain and witness the painful ceremony of the morrow; and she answered, "I would not have my child see it. We go away now, not to return until all is over."

We held a seance nearly every evening, and she was always present, and gave us some word of assurance. Sometimes she failed to answer correctly, the table being uncontrollable. At other times all her answers were perfectly correct for an hour's questioning. We soon learned to discriminate; and so far from supposing that undeveloped spirits came at those disturbed seances, we knew the fault lay in our own organizations. The details of these seances are very interesting to us, but not to the public. I shall relate but one incident, as it illustrates the spirit's power of prophecy.

Shortly after her departure, and at our seance, she informed us that her father, who was slightly ill could not recover. This was against our reason, for his sickness was not considered serious. Two weeks afterwards, she fixed the day of his death at nearly three months ahead. About two weeks previous to the time she had fixed for that event, she came, and by the tedious process of spelling by the alphabet, gave the following communication to her sister: "Emma, prepare to go to Braceville. Father has dictated a letter to-day, wishing you to come. He is not yet ready to die; but if you do not go you will not have an opportunity to enjoy his society on earth again. The letter will reach you on Thursday, and on Friday you must go."

BREVITIES.—Law is as certain as force; spirit is as real as matter.—Dr. Halleck. Man has no property in man.—Thomas Paine. It is always safe to do right.—John Q. Adams. The facts of the universe are the words of God.—E. S. Wheeler. I believe in one God and no more.—Thomas Paine. Humanity takes a new departure from the time when there is a clearly recognised harmony in all our intellectual conceptions.—Stephen Pearl Andrews. God perpetually geometrizes.—Plato. We should judge trees by the ripe fruit and not by the green; men by what they do—not by what they have done.—Anon.

of their mortal life, be a life-long comfort to us, we are thankful for that thoughtful admonition.

Her father lived twelve hours past the time she had appointed; but at the very time, he sank away so completely that all thought he had breathed his last, when he recovered, and exclaimed: "What a beautiful scene? I saw—"

He could not complete the sentence. He struggled through the night, and just as the sun arose in the east, and the birds awoke the earth with song, his spirit arose into heaven and awoke to the song of angels.

I often asked her to go to the Banner Circle Room and communicate but she said that she could not approach, on account of the number of strange spirits congregated there. She said that she could do so however, if I went with her.

At length the opportunity offered. I met Mrs. Conant several times, but I did not urge a seance. I too well understand the laws of spirit-communication to think satisfactory results can be commanded; they must flow voluntarily. I almost became assured, not to expect anything through Mrs. C., who one evening as we were engaged in conversation, suddenly became entranced. Her hand glided over my shoulder and she burst into tears. Her manner, her tears, identified the controlling spirit. Aggie, in broken accents, said that this first direct contact with earth completely overpowered her, and she could only say how much she loved us all, how sad our grief made her, and that we must not mourn for her any more.

To a skeptic there was furnished no test; but that was to come. She remarked that she had found a medium through whom she could write all she desired, and I must meet her at Mrs. Starkweather's, at eleven o'clock on the next day.

I met the engagement punctually. I had never seen the medium before, and did not give her my name. I simply told her I had called for a seance. We sat down on opposite sides of a table, and she told me I could write whatever questions I desired, and after folding the paper tightly, lay it on the table. I wrote: "Will the spirit who made this engagement write her name?"

I rolled the paper closely, and laid it on the table. Immediately the medium wrote—"Maggie." This was written, as is all she writes, reversed, so that it must be held before a mirror to be read. I wrote, "That is wrong." Instantly the medium's hand was again influenced, and the "M" was stricken off, leaving the name correctly spelled, "Aggie." Then I wrote, "I do not want to ask questions; write whatever you please."

To this, the following was the reply; and, considering that to the medium I was a total stranger, the accuracy with which the names were given, is astonishing. Aggie's guitar had been left at a friend's, and had not been touched by any one, remaining exactly as she left it, leaning against the wall. She alludes to it, as well as to the favorite horse, "Bill;" and both allusions are tests of identity:

DEAR HUDSON AND EMMA: I am with you, as I promised last evening, but I cannot control this medium as readily as I supposed I should be able to. But I shall improve, and shall be able to control yourself so perfectly that you will be compelled to acknowledge my presence. I have the same affection for you as while on earth. I shall never change. I am with you in spirit, always, and hope to control Emma so perfectly that I can fulfill my imperfectly performed mission on earth. I am very happy; do not grieve for me.

Dear Emma! dear Emma! I am very near you. How do I want to give you proof of my identity.

Bring my guitar home and lay it on the table; perhaps I can play on it.

Do you remember—I loved to see Emma ride; but I was afraid of "Bill."

Dear little Rosa and Carl, you miss me, don't you? but I am still with you, and will lead you to truth and right, if you will be patient and unwavering."

I received other answers equally correct, but of too personal a character to insert here. There was no failure. Every question written and rolled into a ball, and placed on the table, was answered in less time than I have occupied in writing this. But here let me insert a word of caution, for I would not convey a wrong impression that such is invariably the result; for the next day I called for a seance, and did not receive a single answer to my written questions.

By our daily converse with this beloved spirit are we strengthened in our knowledge of spirit-life. We know that she exists as a bright immortal in the spirit-land.

MISSIONARY WORK.

Summary of four months' Missionary Work, ending with December 1868.

CONTINUED.

At Cherry Valley, Wednesday evening, where, only a few months previous, an attempt was made to prevent my lecturing on Spiritualism, by disturbing the meeting held in the town hall, I was invited into the church, where I addressed a crowded house, and after my speech, an old man, and an ardent hater of Spiritualism, and who opposed me bitterly in the town hall, came to me, and extending his hand, said: "I quarreled with you once—we shall never quarrel again, on any subject."

Thursday, the 22nd, Brother Carmichael took us in his carriage to Hartsgrave, a tedious ride of twenty miles, the way we were obliged to go, over rough roads, and most of the way facing a sharp wind, freely mixed with sleet and snow. It stormed so hard in the evening, that few came out to my lecture.

The 23rd, Brother Baily took us another gay ride of fifteen miles, over the rough roads, to Farmington, where we were made welcome at the hospitable home of Brother S.S. French. The friends had advertised a political meeting for Brother Kellogg and myself to address on Saturday evening, which we did, to the great satisfaction of a thronged house.

Sunday came, with as beautiful a morning as ominous October, with all its rich, golden tints of beauty, ripeness and fullness, ever gave to mortal. This was the day for the dedication of the Spiritualist's "Free Hall." It was a glorious day for liberal-minded men and women in this section of the State. At last they have a hall of their own, where sectarian bigotry and prejudice, in the interest of a man-made creed, and the high-sounding name of Christianity, cannot lay its oppressive and destructive hand upon the sacred right of investigation, and the necessary and holy privilege of an open and free discussion. No wonder the hall was filled, while each sectarian temple, for the worship of bigots, had "room and to spare." In opening the exercises, I threw a goodly sized bomb shell into the camp of Orthodoxy, in declaring: "We have not met to dedicate this Hall to Almighty God. He needs nothing of all that we possess; but we here most solemnly and devoutly dedicate this building, under the direction of reason, to the uses of HUMANITY. Thus only can we serve God truly and wisely." Brother O. P. Kellogg followed, in a terse and most appropriate address for the occasion. Adjourning two hours at noon, the afternoon meeting was opened by a short address from Sister Mercia B. Lane, after which the "Missionary" lifted up his voice and spake as the spirit moved, for the space of nearly two hours. I obtained quite a number of subscribers to The American Spiritualist, and think the list will be greatly increased in a few months. In the evening Brother Kellogg opened the exercises, speaking most eloquently over one hour, upon the advance, growth and development of the religious element in man's nature—showing that each new religious form is necessarily in advance of that out of which it came, and that by the old and established form, each new idea was, and is, considered and declared to be infidel, atheistic and anti-Christian. Such were the experiences of great and good men in each age, among whom we might class, as representative men of new systems, Jesus Christ, Calvin, Luther, Wesley, Campbell, Theodore Parker, Andrew Jackson Davis, and scores of others. The hall was densely packed with human beings, and all seemed deeply interested. I followed Brother Kellogg, showing the difference between the natural, beautiful, divine religion of Spiritualism, and the crippling, cramping, debasing and degrading influence of so-called Christian creeds and sects. As evidence of this, I cited the well-known fact that Spiritualists, or liberal-minded people, were not allowed to express their honest convictions, in the Christian's so-called house of God, while the Spiritualist's platform was free for all; besides, they invited discussion, closest scrutiny, and searching investigation into their philosophy, phenomena and religion. In view of this, in Farmington, I said: "I thank those brave hearted men and women for erecting this 'Free Hall,' where challenges can be given and accepted; and I therefore challenge the representatives of orthodoxy in Farmington, to a discussion of the plain issues between Spiritualism and their systems of religion." As I finished that utterance, a tall, gentlemanly-looking man near the door rose, and ventured the response: "Your challenge will be accepted." A thrill of joy throbbed in my heart, and turning directly to the gentleman, I replied, in a voice loud and explicit enough to be distinctly heard by all present: "I am told that my challenge will be accepted. From the bottom of my heart I thank the gentleman for the information, and for those who may be interested in such a discussion, allow me to ask when it shall commence—to-morrow evening, sir?" I was informed the gentleman would require time to prepare, and that on account of daily duties as a teacher, he could not discuss until

his vacation in March. Though disappointed at the idea of having to wait so long, I was somewhat cheered at even a distant prospect for a discussion with some theological brother of the orthodox school, as I had been earnestly looking for this consummation so devoutly wished, more than a year, in the state of Ohio, wherever I had traveled proclaiming the "glad tidings" of the blessed gospel of Spiritualism, calling upon the believers in a sacrificial God, to come and discuss with me, and though calling loudly for a year, this was the first response. At the close of the meeting I learned that my courageous opponent was none other than Prof. Crafts, of the Methodist Farmington Seminary. Now

that I am to discuss with a Professor, doubtless I shall learn something. I hope to. My great desire is for knowledge. I trust the Professor will condescend to open wide the Methodist flood-gates of wisdom, that all Farmington may be illuminated thereby. Why is it, when the Professor and his loudly professing Christian brethren have had, according to their repeated declarations, the Infinite God of this Universe to ASSIST THEM DAILY, they have not succeeded in making perfectly radiant with Christian light so small a patch as Farmington, as well as preventing the establishment of such a vile heresy as Spiritualism, within reach of the steeple-cast shadow of "God's holy house?" Perhaps the Professor, during the discussion, will consent to inform us. If he does not, the "Missionary" of the Spiritualists may venture the attempt, in his unbounded generosity for the enlightenment and spiritual welfare of all Professors, and all other Christian "heathen," to throw just a little light upon so dark a subject. The questions for discussion were agreed upon, and have been published. The meeting for the dedication of this "Free Hall" of the Spiritualists was a glorious success. Our earnest friends in the cause here, feel more than paid for every effort put forth to accomplish this important result. Spiritualism has now a firm base for operations in this section of the State, and will move forward, "conquering and to conquer," so long as one single sectarian priest, or one single dogmatized and prejudiced dupe of creed-binding priesthood, shall be left to improve and enlighten with the illumination of the Spiritual Philosophy. Bigots may oppose, but they will find it not only hard work to "kick against the pricks," but they will find it very prickly business. Yielding to a pressing invitation from our friends, I consented to speak again on political issues, Monday Evening. The Town Hall was densely packed with anxious listeners, who frequently manifested their approbation of the sentiments I uttered in rounds of applause. A collection was proposed for the speaker, and most generously responded to by the audience, with ONE exception, and that as might be expected, was a narrow, contracted, small sized specimen of a Christian bigot, who, though professing the same political views as myself, could not let any opportunity slip, to thrust out and brandish the horns of his religious prejudice, even in a political meeting of his own party friends! Oh, little man! Do you think this is serving God? In the language of the poor old slave-woman, Sojourner Truth,

LONG AND SHORT HAIR.

Some "uncommonly smart" editor has tried to be very witty over an astounding discovery that strong-minded women have a disposition to cut their hair off short, while men who incline to be reformers wear theirs longer than usual.

And is there no reason for these daring innovations of prescribed custom? Are not both these classes of men and women sustained by physiological law and common sense? Woman's hair, as generally worn, is a troublesome deformity. Clubs, waterfalls and chignons destroy nature's beautiful contour of the human head. They are moreover suggestive of vulgar and repulsive things. Curls, whether worn short over the head or in ringlets, are always beautiful and admired, no matter what may be the prevailing style. The hair in that case is free and loose-worn as it should be. And as clothing should be equally distributed over the parts it is intended to cover, the hair is naturally intended to cover the head, and the back of the neck where the brain descends into the spinal column, and both men and women should always wear it long enough to meet the covering of the shoulders. Men usually wear the hair too short, while women, though suffering theirs to grow long, do it up in a mass which keeps some portion of the brain constantly over-heated, producing a fevered condition, while the scalp all over is often in a tortured condition from the strings and pulleys used to keep each hair in its place. Is it any wonder women have "awful head aches?" See a fashionable lady attired for a walk on Fourth street; a mass of cotton or wool and dead people's hair, six inches in diameter and three or four inches thick, keeping a fever heat over the region of self-esteem and approbation, while the back of the neck, one of the most sensitive parts of the body, is left to the keen edge of every winter blast.

Waterfalls are far more sensible than chignons, when no extra hair is added; but no woman who values time and has her hands and heart full of love and good works, can afford to go through the daily worry and trouble of fashionable hair dressing. Nor will one who has enjoyed the luxury of short hair for a few months, and has known the glorious relief from headache and scalp soreness which it brings, ever consent to fall again a prey to rats, mice, and hair-pins, waterfalls, chignons and nets, either visible or invisible.—Woman's Advocate.

The Spiritualist.

"Charity for all: malice toward none."

HUDSON TUTTLE, Editors and Proprietors.
H. O. HAMMOND, Office, 111 Superior St

CLEVELAND, SATURDAY, MAR. 20, '69

REJECTED EDITORIAL.

DEAN CLARK, Associate Editor of The Present Age, sends us an article for publication, written for that paper, but rejected by the Editor-in-Chief, Col. Fox. Mr. Clark, for this reason (and others we are not at liberty to make public,) has resigned the acting-editorship of The Age, and requests us to give him a hearing—at least so far as to make room for the suppressed article. We could not refuse to do so without ceasing to regard ourselves free journalists. There is nothing reprehensible in the excluded editorial, appended:

Mr. TILTON AND THE ORTHODOX SANCTEDIM.—Drs. Magoun, Bartlett and Chapin, Drs. Sturtevant, Edward Beecher and Gulliver are out in two cards respectively, disclaiming all responsibility in the future, for the character of the New York Independent. They speak in evident sorrow and hopelessness, unless an editorial change can be effected, for which they have labored in vain. It seems, Mr. Bowen, the proprietor, hoped to obtain such editorial help as would have been satisfactory to Orthodox Christians generally, but failed. Mr. Tilton, in the opinion of the Doctors, though brilliant and forcible, is a thoughtless and undiscriminating journalist. Oliver Johnson, the "managing editor," is not only unevangelical, but infidel. Every attempt, therefore, to insure this great journal to the cause of true religion, under such conduct, must inevitably fail, and our Western doctors wash their hands and pronounce themselves free from all complicity with "liberal" and dangerous tendencies.—Ex.

So it seems that these honorable Doctors, after having individually attended to Mr. Tilton's case, and administered orthodox remedies in allopathic doses, having applied "heroic treatment" till they found the patient was "getting no better very fast," at last had a "consultation," and after a most thorough examination, in which each felt of his pulse, scrutinized his tongue, sounded his lungs, examined his heart and head, and finding an ENLARGEMENT of the HEART, and considerable CEREBRAL excitement, ("information on the brain") they at length rendered a prognosis of "hopeless case," as he peremptorily refused to take their prescriptions of "vicarious atonement," "salvation by grace," "justification by faith," etc., which are the only remedies known to these soul doctors; and now, having washed their hands, they have abandoned poor Mr. Tilton to the mercies of the world, to make and maintain his own character, and that of his paper; or, in clerical language, they have given him over to the buffettings of Satan, while they "pronounce themselves free from all complicity with its liberal and dangerous (?) tendencies."

While we would condole with these disconsolate D. S. in their grief at the fail-

ure of their ecclesiastical nostrums, in removing the infectious disorder of "infidelity"—which invariably affects the soundest heads,—we must congratulate their PATIENT that he has escaped from their hands with an unshattered constitution, and has greater vigor and clearness of intellect than ever. We think Mr. Tilton was never so HEALTHY as now, and as he has been turned out into the open air, no longer to breath the effluvia of an orthodox hospital, no longer to be DOSED, BLISTERED and LEECHED by the "old school" doctors, but is left to inhale the pure air, and bask in the genial sunshine of heaven, to eat the bread of Life, that is fresh—to exercise his body and mind without being cramped by evangelical "straight jackets"—in other words, being set free by the truth "wherever the sons of God are made free" from ALL trammels, he can now be truly the INDEPENDENT man that God designed him to be; and we trust he will "preach deliverance to captives, open prison doors, and let the oppressed go free," as he now does, regardless of the misgivings or anathemas of discomfited theological doctors.

Vive le Tilton!

MYTHS CONCERNING THE LOCATION OF THE WORLD OF SPIRIT.

THE abode of the departed was placed, by the ancients, in unexplored regions of the earth. The sphericity of the earth is of recent discovery. The world was thought to be a level plain, bounded by the sea, and the Persians thought a chain of inaccessible mountains, two thousand feet high, surrounded it, preventing any one from falling off. When the Roman General, Decius Brutus, with his army, reached the coast of Portugal, and for the first time gazed on the infinite expanse of water, and saw the great red sun go down into the crimson billows, he was seized with horror, and turned back the eagles of his legions.

To the Greek and Roman, only a very small area was known, and their ardent imagination reveled in creations outside of this geographical knowledge. There was ample space to locate the realms of the dead, and transfer the mystic underworld to the surface.

On the starry heights of Mount Olympus, the synod of the gods met in luxurious bowers, and from its summit Jupiter thundered his mandates over the world. In the remote West, extended the golden gardens of the Hesperides. In the East, the tall towers of the divine city of Maru pierced the amber light. Far in the raging desert of Ethiopia, gleamed the banquet hall of the blessed. In the Central Ocean lay the Isles of Immortality, and far to the North, beyond the sunny avalanches of the Caucasus, spread the happy land of the Hyperboreans.

Those were beautiful dreams, and it is with regret we see the iron hand of Science encroach on this exciting realm of poetry.

The child grows to manhood. He can no longer detect the face in the moon which, in childhood, he so plainly saw.

"How pleasant were the wild beliefs,
That dwelt in legends old;
Alas! to our posterity,
Will no such tales be told?
We know too much; scroll after scroll,
Weigh down our weary shelves;
Our only point of ignorance,
Is centered in ourselves."

It is the mystery, growing out of a vague undefined knowledge, which clothes the distant land with the poetic garb of a paradise.

The dying Hindoo hoped to reach the White Isle, the fragrant dwelling of immortal man. The ancient Briton, at death, found a home in the Noble Island, far amid the dashing waves of the Western Ocean.

The Hebrew Scriptures, in similar manner referred to the lost Paradise, the Garden of Eden. As its reception extended among the nations, conjectures were ripe as to the locality of the wonder-land. It was once thought to be in the bosom of India; then in the fragrant vales of Georgia; then in the inaccessible recesses of Mesopotamia; then some oasis in the Arabian Desert, where Life met Death in strange contrast, and the weary pilgrim saw the spirit-like palm, shading the sparkling fountain, in the midst of desolation.

The cosmography of the 12th century confined Paradise to the extreme eastern part of Asia, made inaccessible by a wall of fire surrounding it and ascending to heaven.*

Still later, the Canaries were named the Fortunate Islands, from a supposition that they were the original Eden. To discover the original site of Eden was one of the strong motives actuating Columbus in his voyage to the West.

The most popular ancient belief of Jews, Greeks, Romans, Etruscans, Germans and Christians, was that beneath the earth was a vast, gloomy world of the dead. This was held by the Scandinavian nations, and lingered to recent times in the beautiful fictions of elves and fairies. Its name was derived from the grave. The Hebrew word *sheol* and the Greek *hadēs* meant the grave. It was a dark, gloomy world of shadows, from which only a few peerless heroes and sages, by the interference of the gods, were transplanted to Elysium. The classical description of this abode is terrible.

a scene of gloom, of passion, suffering, or a lethargic state that only relieves from

From Hades lead two paths, one to Elysium, one to Tartarus. If the blessed spirit reached the former, life became a joy. Flower fields, fragrant breezes, social happiness in friendly reunions contributed to his peace. Here the hero-gods of Pagans, and the Saints of the Christians found repose.

If the doomed spirit walked the other path it reached Tartarus, where the old Earth-giants lay transfixed with thunderbolts, like mountain masses half concealed by cinders and lava. The furies are seen in the darkness by the light of the rivers of fire on the banks of which they stood. All around groan the wretched sinners, torn by tortures, the recital of which curdles the blood. Here is the pagan system, worked up by the Romish hierarchy into Purgatory, Paradise, and Hell. Hades is the probationary stage. In quite modern times excited ecclesiastes have seriously taught that volcanoes were entrances to the awful under-world, and many a legend now told records this early belief.

The clou-l-land, has not been left unoccupied. There the Caledonians fixed their realm of shades. The vast atmosphere is the hall of spirit-existence. The departed heroes ride on the wings of the tempest. The shriek of the wind, the bellow of the thunder, are their voices, and the lightning their red eyes of wrath.

The Lapland heaven is in the pure regions of the *aurora borealis*. The streamers are the play of the departed.

The Platonists located heaven in the space between the earth and moon. The Manicheans thought the departed went to the moon where their sins were washed away and then to the sun to be purified by fire.

The Hebrews thought the sky a solid arch, supporting an inexhaustable supply of water, beyond which dwelt God and his angels in regal splendor. This conjecture of a solid firmament, the ignorant mind at once receives as direct evidence of the senses, and is world wide. Beyond the solid firmament, in which the stars are set, a mysterious region of space exists, inviting the fancy to people.

The diffusion of astronomical knowledge has broken this crystalline sphere to fragments, but theologians are not at a loss to avail themselves of the smattering of science they usually acquire, and a comet appearing in the celebrated Dr. Whiston's time, convinced him that it was the real hell so long sought. He thought it admirably contrived for punishment—rushing to the sun and acquiring a temperature thousands of degrees above molten iron, and then traversing regions of space where the cold reaches an intensity inappreciable to us. Truly, this is a fine arrangement for torture. God's wrath has fixed itself in the mechanism of the cosmos! In the cometary hell, the undying soul oscillates between the extremes of heat and cold, suffering from a kind of intermittent fever!

How much these theologians know! The Creator of the universe seems to have taken them into partnership, and they are fully acquainted with the secrets of the firm!

THE AMERICAN ASSOCIATION.

WHATEVER valid arguments may be urged against the American Association of Spiritualists, there is neither good sense nor good-will manifested in the opposition of not a few persons. The intelligence and true spirit that pervaded the deliberations in Corinthian Hall have been underrated and misrepresented from the commencement. No doubt time will suggest radical changes in some particulars, but the American Association of Spiritualists is a fixed fact, never to be erased from the pages of history.

Spiritualists! See to it that ye everywhere labor to conserve such institutions and instrumentalities as ye have. Pray that ye may be delivered from the capacious and extreme individualism that would prevent practical co-operation, while ye are thus surrounded by an industrious enemy, schooled in all the advantages of organization. Heed not the criticisms of those who are eager to show how much imperfection they can discover, rather than desirous of recognizing what good there is, and adding thereto.

HARD TALK.

IN A GLASS.—What in a glass! Why, a "blow-hard"—a thick-necked, lascivious-eyed, animalized Orthodox, cursing Spiritualists and angels. It is consistent. Sometimes spirits darken certain brains from very pity, knowing if the truth flashed there in their sensuous condition—it would be outraged. Like associates with like—fumes of brimstone for hellish conditions of mind. It is not wise to break shells whilst the birds are incubating. Better let the "cursing crew" remain in their stony ovens till fully hatched. "Never cast pearls before swine."

FRIEND and Brother G. W. S., Geneva, Ohio, calls us to account, in a very gentle way, for printing the above paragraph in the Western Department, and says that "some of our church-friends think it very hard talk for Spiritualists." To our comprehension, there is nothing unreasonable, or untrue, or unjust, or uncharitable, in it. It is merely a graphic pen-portrait of

an imaginary individual, whose flesh and blood counterpart meets us on every street. IF THE DESCRIPTION is so intolerable, what shall we say of the apologists for the FACT DESCRIBED? There are higher impulses than retaliation. However, "eye for eye and tooth for tooth" are not yet practical-ly obsolete; and there is no special virtue in affecting what we have not, as a body, really attained unto. Emerson says, significantly, "I would rather my life be a strain lower, so it be genuine." It is well that individuals among us should hold that serene and lofty position where no "hard things" are said, in reply to still "harder."

It is also well that the majority of the exponents of our liberal system, should now stand where the "fight is the thickest," and call things by their right names—"hold the mirror up to" hideous diabolisms and infernal theologies.

DEAR AM. SPIRITUALIST: The Spiritual Society of Terre Haute, Ind., having found the expense burdensome of maintaining a settled Lecturer, as they are pressing on with a Children's Progressive Lyceum, our contract is this day, by mutual consent, at an end, and I am ready to accept engagements for a month or longer. Address, Terre Haute, Ind.

March 5th, 1869. J. H. POWELL.

THE PRESENT AGE.—Among the recent important changes and improvements of this journal, now nearing the close of its first volume, we notice a Chicago Department, and more artistic typography. Nos. 38 and 39 have interested us particularly, and we feel a thrill of real pleasure at the apparent progress of our cotemporary. How important it is that love for the glorious labor, yet to be accomplished through various instrumentalities, should eclipse all merely personal considerations, and blot out all feeling of rivalry!

EASTERN DEPARTMENT.

BOSTON, MASS., MARCH 20, 1869.

GEORGE A. BAGG, - - - EDITOR & AGENT
P. O. Address Boylston Market, Boston, Mass.

FRIENDS having letters or communications for this Department, will please forward to above address.

"AFTERWARD."

TO MRS. NELLIE J. T. BRIGHAM.

"The most beautiful word in our language, because the most suggestive."—Mrs. Brigham's lecture on the "Lesson of Life."

I.
Darkness for a brief space.
While th' earth is dumb and cold,
The burthened brow of night
Doth her crown of sorrows hold.

For a brief space—the night,
"Afterward"—the light.

II.
A little while, the germ—
Must slumber beneath the ground,
Hiding its prophecies,
With chains of darkness bound.

A little while—sad hour,
"Afterward"—the flower.

III.
Patience, O, brooding bird—
Sheltered beneath thy breast,
Folding their hidden wings,
The sleeping warblers rest.

Patience, O, mother bird,
The wings come—"afterward."

IV.
Dark on the nations falls
The night of war and wrong;
The Truth lies faint and pale,
While Error waxeth strong.

For the present—is the fight,
"Afterward"—the right.

V.
O! unborn, sleeping souls,
Within the womb of time,
Ye hold the prophecies,
Of a message all sublime;

Ye slumber—for a span,
"Afterward"—the man.

VI.
We clasp our loved ones hour,
In passionate embrace;
We look, and only see,
The beautiful, dead face.

United here—a day,
"Afterward"—alway.

CORA L. V. DANIELS.

Washington, D. C., Feb. 22nd, '69.

SET RIGHT.

As a lover of truth and justice, as well as one who appreciates a good specimen clear writing, we can but thank Brother Dyott, of Philadelphia, for his quiet but very effectual reply to Mr. Wolfe, in the Banner of Light of Feb., 20th, to sundry expressions which had been wrongfully cast upon the American Association of Spiritualists.

We only refer to Mr. Wolfe in this connection, illustratively, not personally. Others have said similar things and hinted at more. Knowing these inuendoes to be without foundation, we are glad that our Bro. D. has given no small portion of them, their quietus. While these erroneous statements have had considerable circulation, truth will eventually overtake and annul, as far as may be, their temporary effect.

The American Association has received an undue share of criticism, mainly from those who either were afflicted with a touch of jealousy or were personally disappointed at the inattention which some particular doxy of theirs received. While the Association in every particular is fairly open to legitimate criticism, we protest in the name of common sense and common justice against this apparently willful and frequent charging it with doing what it certainly did not do; what in fact it took especial pains to avoid doing, as is fully shown in the article referred to.

There is nothing pleasant in having "one's good evil spoken of." In proportion as it is persistently indulged in, does it become additionally annoying; therefore we rejoice that Bro. Dyott has set some of these things right.

RESPOND TO THE CALL.

ATTENTION is urgently called to an "Important Card," by our earnest, wide-awake and eloquent friend, E. S. Wheeler. It has reference to a subject of vital interest to all who favor freedom of thought in matters pertaining to theology, religion and spiritual progress.

The popular churches of our country are marshalling their forces to obtain additional ecclesiastical power, which is synonymous with despotism. How they will use it, if they can only secure the prestige of governmental sanction, is a matter of notorious history. They seek to change one of the organic conditions of the Constitution, by so amending it that it shall incorporate Orthodoxy—making it the religion of the land. Systematic efforts have been, are now, and will continue to be made, to obtain numerously signed petitions, in order to influence Congress to grant their prayer. If the church succeeds,

it will be simply because the friends of religious freedom are not awake to the perils which surround them. The measure will be lost to us, if at all, solely by default. While individually we cannot well believe so dire an evil awaits us as a people and a nation, seeing it requires two-thirds majority of both houses of Congress and the Legislature of the several States before it can become a law; and knowing that the Unitarians as a body, the Germans as a class, all Spiritualists, Liberalists, Secularists, ET ED OMNE GENUS, are instinctively against such a movement; yet we would not abate one jot of effort to crush what has been justly called, "this wicked conspiracy."

On the contrary, we would seek to redouble the zeal of those who object to wearing the yoke of mental slavery; seek to encourage all progressive souls to be up and doing; seek to warm and enlighten by voice and pen, and every other legitimate means employ, to prepare the friends of freedom for the 'coming conflict.' For this much we are assured, that a most desperate effort will be made on the part of chuchianity to carry out their cherished programme. Considering it for years, they have deliberately entered upon the work. Fears for their waning fortune force them forward. It is their final hope. Securing this, they know their numbers will multiply, their influence increase, their power extend and indefinitely prolong.

For once Catholicism and Protestantism unite. Their interests are the same—the overthrow of Rationalism, Liberalism and Natural Religion.

Realizing the fact that mental liberty is the magna charta of our political and civil greatness, to allow any abridgement of its rights and privileges would be a fatal step backward. The basis of individual and national power, it is altogether too precious for theologically-bigoted quacks to trifle with. Whoever attempts to despoil the fair proportions of this Sacred Temple, let him

NORTH-WEST DEPARTMENT.

JANESVILLE, WIS., MAR. 20, 1869.

JOSEPH BAKER, Local, }
J. O. BARRETT,* Traveling, } EDITORS.

CLUBS.—1 copy Spiritualist, 1 year, \$2. Two copies, 1 year, one Spiritual Harp, and Planchette Song, for \$5.50. Four copies 1 year and Practical of Spiritualism, \$7. Six copies 1 year, Harp, and Planchette, \$12. Eight copies 1 year and Harp, \$15. Eleven copies 1 year, Harp, Practical of Spirit., and Planchette, \$20. For above clubs postage on books prepaid by us.

—All Communications for this Department should be addressed, "THE AMERICAN SPIRITUALIST, Janesville, Wis."

FREE LOVE IN THE CHURCH.

Holy horror! The devils are coming! "Free Love in the Church!" We are just wicked enough to prove it. Hang your heads, ho, ye weenish sectarians and confess your sins and repent, for you are beginning to be seen "in a glass," as you are, "free lovers" in secret, and openly when it is necessary to help the church.

At the anniversary meeting of evangelical ministers, held several years ago, the New York Observer reported startling developments. This was about the time the renovating influence of Spiritualism began its grand march in America. Whatever adulteries we have among us are the sequence of church teachings, not of the angels.

The Board was memorialized on the question whether polygamists should be admitted to the mission churches. The subject was referred to a committee, Chancellor Walworth of New York, chairman. The committee reported against instructing the missionaries to exclude polygamists from the churches, which after much discussion, was adopted unanimously.

Rev. Mr. Trask said: "This is certain—a polygamist has entered a mission church, and these sectaries have known and winked at it. How many more have been admitted, we do not know."

Rev. Mr. Perkins said: "They" (the sectaries) "appear to consider the existence of polygamy in their churches, as so frivolous a matter that even after it was brought to their notice, they forbore to make inquiries, and remain voluntarily in profound ignorance. I am surprised, also, at the manner in which the inquiries into this matter are met. We came here in all honesty to obtain information respecting the manner in which the missions are conducted, and are told that we are 'meddlesome,' 'troublesome,' 'snarlish,' 'enemies of the Board.'

Rev. Mr. Patton of Hartford, said: "It is with some interest that I draw attention to the fact, that all the charges contained in the memorial, of which I was a signer, have been fully admitted by the sectaries, and by the committee which has just reported. They admit the missionaries, after discussion, did conclude that the Bible furnished no warrant for the exclusion of polygamists from the church of Christ. They admit that the missionaries requested the prudential committee at Boston to express its opinion on this question, and that said committee actually declined to express any opinion on this plain point of morals. Furthermore, it is avowed, that a Choctaw Indian was admitted some years ago, with two wives. Prof. Stowe tells us of a case among the Dacotah Indians two years ago. Mr. Perkins has told us that concubinage is allowed in the West India Moravian missions, and I wish to read an extract from a letter to show how the GENERAL SIN has been tolerated in Oregon.

Mr. Patton here read extracts from a letter from Rev. Mr. Griffin, who went out as independent missionary, sustained by a number of churches in Litchfield county, Conn. Mr. G. declared that he found church members living in open fornication, that is, without marriage; that, at first, he hoped to persuade them to be married, but not succeeding, he was forced to preach openly against adultery. This raised a storm, and the people were sustained by every Protestant missionary whom they consulted. These missionaries declared "that the time had not come to make a stand against adultery."

Rev. Mr. Tyler said: "Discuss this question in any ecclesiastical body and they would not agree. We have as good a right to ask the Board to say that polygamy in extreme cases is right, as they have to ask the Board to say it is wrong."

Chancellor Walworth said: "We cannot decide this question. The Board, should it attempt to decide it, might differ."

The report was adopted in that vast assembly of Christian ministers with "scarce a hint" against polygamy. Oh ye Solomons, who make affinities with Pharaoh's daughters. 1 King 3.1. *

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS.

LETTERS not intended for the public, have the warmth of heart in them. They are the bubblings up of soul; and how they warm us into heart-life! Angels feel all such pulses. Is there not a sweet wave of truth in these, dear reader?

"I TURN from the outstretched and wrinkled and uninviting arms of Orthodoxy and look forward to find a resting place for my soul. The old paths that lead backward are dried and dead and overgrown, and the new paths that lead forward are beautiful to look upon when far away; but when I put my feet within them, I find they are a tangled labyrinth; they are full of unseen brambles and hidden pitfalls. Yet who can go back, while the beautiful

mysteries beckon us on, or who can go back when there is nothing to go to, nothing but nothingness. So I go on, seeing now and then a white hand gleam through the mists to lead me—catching an occasional glimpse of a star which I hope is the morning star of Hope, which will usher me into the 'morning land' of unwavering Faith. I know there are tares in all golden grain, but whenever grew so many as in the fields of to-day? Oh, the inconsistencies, the deceptions, the absurdities and inharmonies; what are you going to do with them? Can anything be done with them?"

"Work to be done, work for doctors, prunings, exorcisms and healings, or we are annihilated as a people. We are absorbed, carried away by the almost resistless tide of sectarianism that is sweeping down like an avalanche, its nostrils inflated with the deadly sirocco, whose withering breath breeds spiritual pestilence and death. What shall be done to counteract this? and arouse, not the fanatical, put the deep, earnest, thoughtful feeling, that is actuated by the diviner instincts which well up from the inner depths of being—grasping with a broad philanthropy and a comprehensive philosophy, the imperative necessities and demands of the hour?" *

CHURCH AND STATE.

The great movement now going on to get the Hebrew God, and the Divinity of Christ, incorporated into the United States Constitution, has a deeper design than what appears on its face; at least it is clearly so to us. It is the entering wedge to establish a national religion, and that to be the Roman Catholic, or English Church, which is no better. The Catholics are sending emigrants to this country; building splendid churches, monasteries, nunneries, and schools as fast as possible, and openly boast that they will in a few years have control of our government. But they do not yet show how they mean to effect it, and hence are using Protestants merely as their cats-paws. They have constantly warred against free schools. They send the most Catholic emigrants to our important cities, and now control New York. They are always opposed to free governments, and none can stand without constant intestine wars where priests bear rule, as in Mexico, South America and France. The danger is not as far off as many suppose. The Catholics are a unit in all political movements, and led on by the priests, vote as they are directed.

During a part of the war, the writer was one of the acting stewards in a large hospital at St. Louis—"The new House of Refuge." There the "Sisters of Charity" were employed by the government as female nurses; very good nurses, by the way, but they are the devoted slaves of the Catholic Church. There we saw the full tide of bigotry. They hate the United States Government, and one of these Sisters, in a sharp altercation with me, remarked: "We owe the United States Government no allegiance sir. We are under the protection of the Emperor of France, sir. The President durst not remove us, sir. The head of our society is in France, sir." I was convinced she stated the truth. Let the Catholics get the control of our government, and they will overturn it, and enforce a submission to their church by legal enactments, and where these tend, the bloody history of Europe too clearly shows. It is the boast of that church that it is always the same, and being the TRUE CHURCH, needs no reformation.

We would no sooner trust any Protestant Church with legal power, than the Catholics, but there the danger is less, because they are split up into sects. The Catholics are the slaves of the pope, who is a temporal sovereign. The Catholics keep quite cool in this move, and laugh in their sleeves to see the Protestants trying to amend our Constitution so as to remove the great barrier to their designs. This is clear, and politicians know it, but too often fear to speak out, lest they lose votes; but we ask the people to awake, while they are able to put a stop to this great plot of the Jesuits, led on by no less bigoted Protestants, chiefly the corrupt English hierarchy.

E. V. WILSON AT LYCEUM HALL.

THIS very able and distinguished exponent of the Spiritual Philosophy is filling his engagement for the present month, before the Cleveland Society of Spiritualists and Liberalists. Crowded houses.

His subject, Sunday evening, 7th, was "Diabolism." It was treated in a decidedly original and most effective manner.

The central thought of the discourse—that what Christianity had denominated

"the works of the devil," was really, and ever has been, the saviour and benefactor of mankind—was graphically illustrated and enforced by copious historical references to the annals of religion and science.

Monday evening, Bro. Wilson gave one of his convincing public seances.

Lectures commence at half-past ten, and at half-past seven o'clock.

"PLANCHETTE."—This very popular song, words by J. O. Barrett, music by S. W. Foster, is on our table. It can be ordered through us. Better critics than we are, of such productions, pronounce it "charming." Certainly the words are appropriate and inspiring, and the music, no doubt, equally well-composed. It will have a large sale. See advertisement.

WOMAN'S ADVOCATE.—One of the smallest, but one of the best, exchanges that

reaches our table. It is *en rapport* with the progressive spirit of these stirring times, and is doing good service in a good cause. Something of its general tone may be inferred from extracts we print this week.

Published at Dayton, Ohio.

MILAN.—Hudson Tuttle speaks, Sunday, 14th; J. M. Peebles, the 21st.

FROM BROTHER AND SISTER DAVIS.

ORANGE, N. J., 9th March, 1869.

BRETHREN: I very deeply sympathize with all who have struggled, and are still struggling to create and maintain THE AMERICAN SPIRITUALIST. Brother and Sister Hammond have the cordial best wishes of Mary F. Davis,

and yours fraternally,

A. J. DAVIS.

P. S. One dollar for "Thoughts from my Hermitage."

CONNECTICUT BLUE LAWS, MADE in the County of New Haven at its first settlement, nearly two hundred years ago. Copied from the General History of America.

1. The Governor and Magistrates, convened in general assembly, are the supreme power, under God, of this independent dominion.

2. From the determination of the Assembly, no appeal shall be made.

3. The governor is amenable to the voice of the people.

4. The governor shall have a single vote in determining any question, except casting vote, when the assembly shall be equally divided.

5. The assembly of the people shall not be dismissed by the governor, but shall dismiss itself.

6. Conspiracy against this dominion shall be punished by death.

7. Whosoever says there is a power and jurisdiction, above and over this dominion, shall suffer death and loss of property.

8. Whoever attempts to change or overturn this dominion shall suffer death.

9. The judges shall determine controversies, without a jury.

10. No one shall be a freeman, or give a vote unless he be converted, and a member in full communion of one of the Churches allowed in his dominion.

11. Each freeman shall swear by the blessed God, to bear true allegiance to this dominion, and that Jesus is the only king.

12. No Quaker, or dissenter from the established worship of this dominion, shall give a vote for the election of magistrates, or any officer.

13. No food or lodging shall be offered to a Quaker, Adamite, or other heretic.

14. If any person turns Quaker, he shall be punished and not suffered to return but on pain of death.

15. No Priest* shall abide in the dominion, he shall be banished; and shall suffer death on his return.

16. Priests may be seized by one without a warrant.

17. No one to cross a river, bnt with an authorized ferryman.

18. No one shall run on the Sabbath day or walk in his garden or elsewhere, except reverently to and from meeting.

19. No one shall travel, cook victuals, make beds, sweep house, cut hair, or shave on the Sabbath day.

20. No woman shall kiss her child on the Sabbath, or fasting day.

21. The Sabbath shall begin at sunset on Saturday.

22. To pick an ear of corn growing in a neighbor's garden shall be deemed theft.

23. A person accused of trespass in the night, shall be judged guilty unless he clears himself by his oath.

24. When it appears that an accused has confederates, and he refuses to discover them, he may be racked.

25. None shall buy or sell lands without permission of the select men.

26. A drunkard shall have a master, appointed by the select men; who is to debar him from the liberty of buying and selling.

27. Whoever publishes a lie, to the prejudice of his neighbor shall be set in the stocks, or be whipped ten stripes.

28. No minister shall keep a school.

29. Every ratale person, who refuses to pay his proportion to support the minister of the town or parish, shall be fined by the Court 2*l* and 4*l* every quarter until he or she pays the rate to the minister.

30. Men stealers shall suffer death.

31. Whosoever wears clothes trimmed with gold, silver or done-lace above 2*s*, per yard, shall be presented by the grand jurors; and the select men shall tax the offender at 300*l* estate.

32. A debtor in prison, swearing he has no estate shall be let out and sold to make satisfaction.

33. Whosoever sets a fire in the wood, and i burns a house, shall be imprisoned without benefit of the bail.

34. Whosoever brings cards, or dice into this dominion, shall pay a fine of five pounds.

35. No one shall read common

prayer books—keep Christmas, or set day, make minced pies, dance, play cards, or play on any instrument, except the drum, trumpet and jewsharp.

36. No gospel minister shall join people in marriage. The magistrates only shall join them in marriage, as they may do it with less scandal to Christ's Church.

37. When parents shall refuse their children convenient marriages, the magistrates shall determine the point.

38. The select men, on finding chlidren ignorant, may take them away from their parents and put them into better hands at the expense of their parents.

39. Fornication shall be punished by compelling marriage, or as the court shall think proper.

40. Adultery shall be punished with death.

41. A man that strikes his wife shall pay a fine of ten pounds.

42. A woman that strikes her husband shall be punished as the court directs.

43. A wife shall be deemed good evidence against her husband.

44. No man shall court a maid in person, or by letter, without first obtaining consent of her parents: five pounds penalty, for the first offence; ten pounds for the second; and for the third, imprisonment during the pleasure of the Court.

45. Married persons must live together, or be imprisoned.

46. Every male shall have his hair cut round according to a cap.

N. B. The above laws were originally printed on blue paper, on which account they were called the "Blue Laws."

* Catholic.

VOLTAIRE'S FAITH.

"I ADORE one God, the Creator, a being of infinite wisdom that will punish and reward. A universal God, and not the God of one particular nation, province, or sect. I love him and serve him as well as I am able, in men, my fellow creatures, and his children. But I do not believe he prefers one people or sect to another. His true temple is the heart of a good man. We are more concerned to imitate his goodness and mercy than to assemble on certain days for the purpose of informing him in a song that he is good and merciful. Every one that loves mankind and his country, who cherishes his wife, who educates his children wisely, and does justice, who comforts the miserable, who relieves the poor, who is no bigot, serves God as he himself requires, and fulfills the law. Vice, knavery, and slander are the only impieties I know of. I firmly believe that every just man believes in God. I believe that God is a good king who desires his subjects to be honest, and nothing more. I steadfastly believe that our common Parent will save honest Catholics, honest Protestants, honest Turks, and honest Indians. I admit of final causes in the system of Providence. And I humbly believe that for some good end, of which I profess myself to be ignorant, highwaymen are permitted to rob, and wasps to sting. I am of opinion that it is my privilege to examine, with modesty, what is called Revelation, And I pity those Governments that burn either men or books. I believe in God with all my soul, and in the Christian religion with all my might."

"Man, who seems the most unhappy being in creation, is born, lives, and dies in pain. Priests and doctors corrupt his infancy, embitter and delude his manhood, and besiege him in his old age; they make him die in a sneaking, cowardly way, and pursue him even in the other world. Some call this religion; for my part, I call it madness. Priests are not calculated to make us happy in this world or the next. I hope to die nobly and with confidence. None but a vile slave would fear to meet a good master. I esteem mine too highly to fear his presence. No external expiation can justify the sinner, in the least, though he were plunged over head and ears in consecrated water, or covered with cow-dung like the Indians about the Ganges, or stuck with nails like the Brahmins. But a good man shall see God and be happy, though he have worshipped all the amulets of the Negroes, or the divine marmots of the Bonzes. Oh! God, who sees my heart and my understanding, understanding, pardon my offences, as I pardon those that offend me; and grant that I may always serve thee in my fellow creatures. Finally, I believe the sun may shine at noon-day, and a blind man know nothing about the matter."—Investigator.

OBITUARY.

DR. JOHN FOWLER, aged 56 years, passed on to the higher and better life, from his residence, Columbus, Ohio, on Friday morning, February 26th.

DR. FOWLER was one of the first Spiritualists in Columbus—was a medium, and his exemplary deportment, and honest, straight-forward life conduct, during a residence of about fifty years, in Columbus and vicinity, made him many warm friends, who, together with the Odd-Fellows, of which Order he was a member, turned out in large numbers to hear the funeral discourse, delivered by the writer, in Odd

CORRESPONDENCE.

I HAVE received The Spiritualist and like it. Its bold, earnest thoughts are diamonds.

I am about to hold a discussion in Cory, Penn. with a 'Christadelphian.' If you know what that is, you are wiser than I. Our discussion is to open Monday eve, March 8, and continue five successive evenings then suspend till Monday and continue four evenings more making nine evenings. Ques., Resolved that modern spiritualism, interpreted by the spirits and spiritualists of to day, is as sacred as the bible. L. C. HOWE.

FRIENDS: I have heard of The American Spiritualist, but I have not yet seen it, do not know by whom it is published, or upon what terms. If this reaches you, you will please send me a specimen copy, and perhaps we may make each other's acquaintance, I was among the pioneers in advocating the spiritual philosophy, though I can not claim to be a spiritualist in any technical sense. Previous to the advent of the rappings, I had never questioned the fact of another state of existence, but began to investigate for the purpose of learning something more definite in relation to it. The result has been to awaken doubts that cannot be or at least have not yet been resolved; but although I have not for a few years past pursued the investigation with a view of obtaining more evidence, and have not kept up any communication with the general movement, I have retained an abiding faith in the principles of spirit culture and growth, that have been revealed to me in this sublime philosophy. What ever may be my destiny as an individual I accept the lessons taught with gratitude, notwithstanding the chastisements that have been inflicted, apparently for the purpose of rendering them effective. After so long a seclusion, I now desire to learn of the progress of others, and therefore propose to become a reader of your paper.

Fraternally, A. W.

A BRIEF DEFINITION—Modern Spiritualism is the science of life—yet in its infancy, illustrated by the phenomena of psychology, mesmerism, clairvoyance, physical manifestation, impressions, inspirations, trance, mechanical control and writing, and other methods by which we receive intelligence from the Land of Soul. It embraces all reforms and teaches toleration and the right of private judgment publicly expressed in all matters of religion or philosophy.

CO-OPERATION.

Often do we hear workingmen take up the lamentation of regret that they have not the means to improve their condition—to secure the full avails of their labor. Do they not know by co-operation any measures for their improvement and benefit may be effected? Are there not innumerable instances of proof that by union everything may be accomplished—without it nothing? Let them look back to the American Revolution—the establishment and perpetuity of our Republican institutions—the progressive attainment of Liberal principles in England and the success of her Reform Bill some years ago, which originated with the operatives in the workshops. Let them look at the progress which universal temperance is making amongst us, and which every other good cause has made in which the great body of the people have co-operated, and it will be seen that co-operation is the stronghold, and nothing but co-operation will carry out successfully the peaceable reform which they have begun.

For further proof of the utility and efficacy of co-operation, let a cursory review of the various branches of trade be taken, the price current, state of the market, &c., by which traders are governed. They have their fixed prices, their rules and regulations; and by strict adherence thereto, are enabled so secure large profits—they are united and co-operate in effecting their purposes, and public opinion sustain them. Now, shall it be said of the actual producers of all the wealth in the land, that they have no right to take similar measures to accomplish similar ends? Not with any degree of truth, though such assertions are often made, unblushingly by a few penurious and unprincipled speculators, who denounce everything which comes in collision with their own schemes, and thus expose their avarice and oppression. But their influence is limited—popular opinion, directed by common sense, is manifestly leaning towards the cause of the workingmen, and all that is wanting on their part is co-operation.—Boston Investigator.

BEECHER, Curtis, Dr. Chapin, and other great orators have had very small audiences at the Cooper Institute, N. Y., this winter. Dr. Chapin's subject was Christopher Columbus. Had the polished Doctor of Divinity allowed Columbus to sleep on, taking some subject relevant to the demands of the age for social light on our social condition, he would not have had to complain of such a "beggarly array of empty benches." The meet-

ings mentioned were held for the benefit of the Y. M. C. A. funds, but were a failure, for the reason that something more vital is needed than the subjects chosen.

STORMY DAYS.

BY ORPHEA E. HAMMOND.

The mind is more or less affected by its physical surroundings. The atmosphere, the landscape, the overhanging sky, the wind and the weather, depressing and elating it. I love the bright sunshine, the blossoming spring, and the joyous summer. My spirit partakes of their freshness and feels grateful and buoyant. But for memory and meditation, give me rainy days or days when the snow is gently falling and the earth is covered with its downy carpet. They soften the mental surface, calloused by the ceaseless trend of the many-footed cares of life. It is on such days that home associations are appreciated. We feel ourselves shut in from the outer world. The beautiful, the past and half-forgotten, come, with velvet tread, and lay their gifts upon the altars of our hearts; and the list'ning soul seems to hear the footfalls of those who have gone before

"To the unseen and silent shore."

Every mind feels receptive to superior influx. The little ones gather lovingly around the paternal chair, asking for stories, songs, puzzles, anything to feed their minds. The neatly bound volume is taken almost reverently from the shelf and perused with a deliberate care not usual in pleasant days when a thousand duties seem hurrying us away.

Some of the sweetest communings with friends, and most profitable and satisfactory hours of improvement and reflection, have been my experience during stormy days, and I have often wondered at the visages of unrest that I have beheld on such occasions.

Unless deprived of necessary comforts, discontent has no rightful place in our homes or hearts, stormy days more than in sunny ones. If we look within for happiness, we shall find that the sunlight of wisdom never goeth out, but shineth ever and ever with a radiance all its own, and we shall be affected less and less by external sunshine and shadow which fall upon our pathway to the Summer Land.

GOD IN THE CONSTITUTION.—The subject of recognising God, and His Son, Jesus Christ, in the preamble to the constitution, is again being stirred up by a few over-religious persons in this State, and it is spreading all over the country, memorial asking Congress to make necessary changes having been sent thither from many quarters. A counter-movement is being made in this State with a view of forming an "organization, to prevent the execution of such a mistaken and impolitic" measure of engraving a sectarian religion upon the National Constitution. If there is any soundness left in that very unsound body, the National Congress, we hope it will employ the time in better business than in paving the way for what has been the cause of more crime and misery than anything else in the world, the union of Church and State. With the Columbus *State Journal*, we do not believe God wants His name in the Constitution of the United States. Christ did not ask it in the government of Judea. There is altogether too much jangling and contention about God, and then there would be vastly more. Rather let Congressmen attend to the temporal wants of the nation—the enfranchisement of their wives and mothers, for instances.—Woman's Advocate.

WEAR THIS IN YOUR HAT.—Pay your debts as soon as you get any money in your pocket. Do without what you don't need. Speak your mind when necessary. Hold your tongue when prudent. Speak to a friend in a steady coat. If you can't lend a man money, tell him why. If you don't want to, do the same. Cut any acquaintance who lacks principle. Bear with infirmities, but not vices. Respect honesty; despise duplicity. Wear your old clothes till you can pay for new ones. Aim at propriety and comfort, not fashion. Acknowledge your ignorance, and don't pretend knowledge you haven't got.

WHAT IS TIME?—Time is that portion of eternity whose lapse we note while passing from one scene to another of the panorama of existence. Time is a river and has its rise in the highlands of our material universe, from which it flows rapidly onward until it loses itself in the mighty ocean of Eternity. Time is a ladder whose steps are events. Time is a mirror, upon whose transparent surface our thoughts, our actions, and ourselves, are faithfully reflected. Time is the recording angel, who inscribes upon the imperishable scroll of Eternity the history of our earth lives. Time is the base upon which we are continually building superstructures of individuality, whose size, form, and ornamentation, ever correspond with our taste and capacities. Time is a bridge, upon which we cross from the eternity of the past to the eternity of the future.

EMMA SCARRE LEIGHAM.

DEVELOPMENT BY PLANES.

The idea that there was a culmination of elemental forces creating a new plane in the development of humanity, and that this culmination occurred about forty-five years ago, to many minds may appear a myth. It is here assumed as actual fact, but the truth as to how it is, rests alone in actual events. It is plainly revealed in history, that within that period there has been a progress in every department that relates to the conception of the human mind and its creations in the objective world, never before known. This outburst of progressive life, so marked and tangible, could not have been without some legitimate cause. No child or person can be taught what it cannot comprehend; and it can comprehend only as it has power of mind to connect that faculty or combination of faculties, with the great reservoir of facts and principles, and gather from it the items necessary to the comprehension and solution of problems coming up for inspection. Truth is the phenomena of life just as it occurred in the progressive scale, the principles involved, and the material out of which such phenomena was shown in the objective world. All else is falsehood. Or, truth is the facts of life, just as those facts occur in the order of progressive development—their relation to one another and the principles involved in the evolution of those facts. The mind cannot conceive of that which does not exist, so far as items are concerned, but it may and does take those items and combine them into ideals, in such a manner that these items or facts are misplaced. This combining we call imagination. Its finished work is truth-ideals, fancy-pictures, theories, falsehoods, etc. What we call imagination is purely the work of the constructive power of mind. To further illustrate this, suppose you say that, going down town, you saw a span of rocks run away with a carriage made of water, that those rocks had on a molasses candy harness and the carriage springs were made of putty, that it took the railroad track, met a train, kept on its course, collided, striking the locomotive centrally, it cut locomotive, tender, and freight cars completely in two, leaving one half on either side of the track, while the span of rocks with its water-carriage passed on unharmed, and fetched up shortly afterwards against a huge pile of northwest wind that lay across the track. In all this statement, all the items are actual facts, but the putting together of these are not facts, and never could be, under any circumstances. A putty spring is an impossibility, but putty and springs are facts. Now, in all our ideals, all our theories, all our statements, in all our writing, in all our talking, in all our acting only that will stand the test of time and be of any value to us in the future, which has its existence in facts—truth. All else is destined to the fire that burns "forever and ever," the rubbish of false creations.

We are well aware that many say that all that is formed in any mind, is true to that mind. We affirm that truth is truth, and that no conception to the contrary can alter it; no prejudice can warp it; no passion can blind it; no treason can destroy it; no jealousy can change it; and falsehood in the mind of any one, from any standpoint whether, there innocently or through passion or prejudice, is simply a falsehood, and nothing else can be made of it. The inquiry of every honest soul, then—one that is seeking "the truth the whole truth and nothing but the truth" in all that comes before its intellect—is, Is it true? When any one starts out in all sincerity, unbiased, unprejudiced, untrammelled by any specialities or hobbies, creeds or favorites, leaving all to be tried by the crucible—the chemical test—not caring what comes, only that truth appears, that soul has got its foundation on the rock where the fire that burns up the rubbish of false creation finds no fuel for its flames. Here is a distinctive, dividing line in the progress of every individual or combination of individuals. One condition constitutes all that is meant in the idea of hell. Hell-fire is the fire that burns up these false creations; hell-torments are the miseries of false conceptions and false relations, adulterous compounds; and the devil is the offspring of passion in the form of covetousness, anger, hate, revenge, jealousy and all that train of incentives to action which results in the vices. The other condition constitutes all that is understood as "the kingdom of heaven." Here the soul is not biased or prejudiced, neither is it trammelled by specialities, creeds or hobbies; it rises into a sphere of life entirely above all this; and it is at this stage of development in this plane of the soul's conception that truth alone is wrought by its imagination. We refer here entirely to that conception of mind where isolated facts are known in their proper relations. Its advent on this earth came with what is known as the Age of Reason. It was developed in the mind of Copernicus when his imagination caught glimpses of the facts of our planetary system, and in Galileo in the construction of the telescope that demonstrates

the Copernican theory to be facts. With the advent of reason, came all that is known in the world as the sciences. It was the province of mind in this development, to comprehend the facts of material existence. So our solar system, and all that pertains to it in the material sense, is well understood. Each planet is measured and weighed—its distance from the sun, and from other planets, is calculated with mathematical exactness—the time of its annual and daily revolutions recorded. If all these were not true, no eclipse could be announced, as now, in advance. That the crust of the earth is flat, is no longer believed. Mind, through the development of reason, has begun with the primitive rock, and traced upward successive strata, and they are placed on record, with much phenomena that appeared along the path of progress in each leaf of the geological book. All this is now well understood, and generally comprehended, and an orderly arranged science, in all the ages past, slumbered in the intelligence of mankind, as the facts of existence slumber in the unborn child. Botany presents a well arranged classification of the plants of the earth; and so also do we find a thorough classification of its animal life. In chemistry, we find a finer perception of mind, in a knowledge of the different simples, or primates, and the combination of these primates in all there is of rock, plant, and animal life. It has explored the fields of the elements and the imponderables, and classified all there is this side of the realm of spiritual life. Our conception of the progressive development of man, is that the development is by strata, or planes. By planes, then, we mean strata in spiritual growth. The history of humanity, up to the advent of the age of reason, corresponded to the development of the earth up to the advent of man's life upon its surface. All its energies and spiritual forces were to produce conditions for the advent of a higher life. That line of faculties marked out on our phrenological charts, commencing with comparison, embracing causality, mirthfulness, ideality, sublimity, cautiousness, adhesiveness, centering in the home-plane—inhabitiveness and philoprogenitiveness, in man's spiritual nature, is what the crust of the earth is to the heavens above and the depths below. Man then had passed through the rocky strata of his material nature, his vegetable and animal development. We cannot analyze the plane through which we are passing. It is only after we have become fully developed upon that plane, that we can understand it. The age of reason showed that mankind were just beginning to emerge from materialism, and, having passed from its confines, its first natural endeavor was to analyze the life below him. The result of this analysis is the formula which the sciences present to us of life in the material phase of unfolding. The new plane we have spoken of previously, is the commencement of the life of man in what is termed Spiritual life, or Spiritualism. When that commenced (as, we have before stated, about forty-five years ago,) it caused greater activities in the creation of all that pertains to man and his relations. This plane we call the plane of Humanity. It is in this development man learns his first lessons, gets his first conceptions of himself and his relations; and it is no wonder that his ideas are at first confused, and in degree fragmentary, for classification can only be, after fragments, or isolated facts, are discovered.

Our next will be, some ideas of the Jewish nation; the advent of Jesus; the inspiration that came with him, and its relation to the present.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

We solicit a few select advertisements at the following rates: Five cents per line, first insertion; three cents per line, each subsequent insertion. No advertisement counted less than five lines. Blank space measured.

Our readers are requested to patronize those who patronize us, and when making purchases to state that they saw the goods advertised in these columns.

NEW EDITIONS—JUST ISSUED.

PRICES REDUCED.

THE CHILDREN'S PROGRESSIVE LYCEUM MANUAL.

A reduction of \$13.00 per hundred copies of the Unabridged Manual; and \$6.00 less for one hundred copies of the Abridged Edition.

LYCEUM Organizers will find it most economical to purchase MANUALS in large quantities. Every Lyceum should be well supplied with these little books; so that all, both visitors and members, can unite in singing the songs of the Spirit, and all join as one family, in the beautiful Silver Chain Recitations. To the end that Children's Progressive Lyceums may multiply all over the land, we offer the latest editions at the following reduced prices:

SEVENTH unabridged Edition: single copy 70 cents, postage 8 cents; twelve copies, \$8.00; fifty copies, \$30.00; one hundred copies, \$50.00.

EIGHTH abridged Edition: single copy 40 cents, postage 4 cents; twelve copies, \$4.00; fifty copies, \$16.00; one hundred copies, \$28.00.

For sale at the BANNER OF LIGHT BOOKSTORES, 158 Washington street, Boston, and 544 Broadway, New York.

Please send post-office orders when convenient. They are always safe, as are registered letters under the new law.

HAIR WORK.

For every description on hand and manufactured to order at WILSON & HAYES', No. 74 Public Square, Cleveland, Ohio. The subscribers guarantee to supply a better article, and 20 per cent. cheaper than any other house in the city.

REMARKABLE CURES

BY THE GREAT

SPIRITUAL REMEDY!! MRS. SPENCE'S POSITIVE & NEGATIVE POWDERS!!

Mrs. JUDY A. HARRISON of Hartford, Ohio, Co., Ky., writes as follows:

PROF. PAYTON SPENCE—Sir: Your Powders are working wonders here. I have been afflicted many years with a complication of diseases, namely, Neuralgia, Sick Headache, Toothache, Deafness in one ear, Weakness of the eyes, so that I could not see to sew or read at night. I was also afflicted with Heart Disease, Womb Disease, Cramps, Paralysis of the hands and feet at times and a stiffness in the joints. I commenced taking your Positive and Negative Powders last October, and I am now entirely relieved of all those diseases. I had also a Cough for several years, and IT HAS ENTIRELY DISAPPEARED with the rest. I had tried all the best Physicians, spent hundreds of dollars, but was never relieved until I procured your Powders. I am now in better health than for twenty years. I would not be without them for the wealth of the world.

My husband, J. J. HARRISON, has been afflicted with the Asthma for ten years, tried everything that was recommended by the Physicians, and found no permanent relief until he took your Powders. He had one very violent attack soon after receiving your Powders, and about six double doses of the Positive, one or two hours apart, relieved him entirely of that attack, which otherwise would have lasted from three to ten days, during which he could not have laid down day or night. He has now no fears of the Asthma, and considers your Powders the best medicine in the world.

An old lady of this county, Mrs. STUART, now near 70 years old, has been afflicted with the Asthma for 27 years. She would have to sit up every night from about midnight until day, without sleep and could scarcely breathe. Two or three doses of the Positive Powders relieved her immediately, AND SHE SLEEPS SOUNDLY EVERY NIGHT. She says it is the very medicine we have always needed in this country.

The Positive and Negative Powders have also cured several cases of Chills and Fever.

EDWIN JAMES, of Frankford, Pike Co., Mo., reports Jan. 3d, 1868: "One case of Lung Fever, two cases of severe Cold with Typhoid Symptoms, and several cases of Infantile Diarrhoea, one of some months standing—all cured by the Positive and Negative Powders."

The following is from J. T. LOAD, No. 257 Grand St., New Haven, Ct.:

DR. SPENCE. Dear Sir: We think your Powders the best medicine for Female Difficulties that we ever used. They have accomplished more for my wife than the most sanguine could have anticipated.

IRA D. SMITH, of New Haven, N. Y., writes as follows:

DR. SPENCE—Dear Sir: Those Powders you sent me did the work. About the first of September last, my wife was attacked with a severe Cold. She coughed almost incessantly, and was attended with a high Fever, which increased daily. She commenced taking the Positive Powders as directed. The Fever abated, the Cough ceased, and she improved fast. But she had been troubled with the Neuralgia for years. When the box of Powders came, she commenced using them, and before that was gone her disease had fled, and has not returned; but that was not all. The disease had left her destitute of the sense of smell, and very hard of hearing. The most offensive smelling thing that could be produced was all the same to her; but one-half of a box of Negative Powders did the work and she is now well, and can both hear and smell as well as she ever could, thank God. They ought to be kept in every family. This for truth.

W. BANKS, of Mermiton, Bourbon Co., Kansas, under date of Jan. 18th, 1868, writes as follows:

Before your Powders came my daughter was taken with Lung Fever, with pain in the side and bad Cough, so she had not lain down for two days and nights. I gave her two Powders and they cured her in less than six hours.

FRANKLIN SWEET, of Kirksville, Adair Co., Mo., says:

Your first box of POSITIVE POWDERS entirely cured me of a severe attack of CATARRH and Inflammation of the Brain. The best language of mine would fail to express the extent of my gratitude.

THE MAGIC CONTROL OF THE POSITIVE AND NEGATIVE POWDERS over diseases of all kinds, is wonderful beyond all precedent. They do no violence to the system, causing no purging, no nauseating, no vomiting, no narcotizing. Men, Women and Children find them a silent but SURE success.

THE POSITIVES CURE Neuralgia, Headache, Rheumatism, Pains of all kinds, Diarrhoea, Dysentery, Vomiting, Dyspepsia, Flatulence, worms; Female Weaknesses and derangements; Fits, Cramps, St. Vitus Dance, and spasms; all high grades of fever, Small Pox, Measles, Scarletina, Erysipelas; ALL INFLAMMATIONS, acute or chronic, of the Kidneys, Liver, Lungs, Womb, Bladder, or any other organ of the body; Catarrh, Consumption, Bronchitis, Coughs, Colds; Scrofula, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, &c.

The NEGATIVES CURE Paralysis, or Palsy, whether of the muscles or of the senses, as in BLINDNESS, DEAFNESS, loss of taste, smell, feeling or motion; all Low Fevers, such as the Typhoid and Typhus; extreme nervous or muscular Prostration or Relaxation.

Both the POSITIVE and NEGATIVE are needed in Chills and Fever.

PHYSICIANS are delighted with them. AGENTS and DRUGGISTS find ready sale for them. Printed lists to Agents, Druggists, and Physicians, sent free. Fuller lists of diseases and Directions accompany each Box and also