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## The Lesson of Sorrow.

BY MRS. CORA L. V. TAPPAN.

[Most generally Mrs. Tappan concludes her discourses with a poetical improvisation. Here is a gem in two cantos, as it came from her inspired lips.]

### FIRST CANTO.

I've seen the billows by the tempest driven,  
Bead low in supplication on the strand;  
Their snowy foam like white locks fiercely riven,  
All torn and mingled with the sobbing sand.

I've seen the forests, laden with bright green,  
Bow down in fear, and tremble when the storm  
Swept o'er them, turning their pale, silvery sheen,  
Toward the Giant Whirlwind's mighty form.

I've seen the summer clouds like lambs of gold,  
Resting upon the calm, cerulean sky,  
Hunted by the Wolf Thunder from their fold,  
And in the Lightning's flame to moan and die.

I've seen the solemn, "everlasting hills,"  
Press with calm brows the snowy hand of God,  
Then suddenly go down in fiery rills,  
Whene'er the hot, fierce earthquake 'neath them trod.

More terrible—I've seen the Human Soul,  
Torn, tossed and riven by every sorrow wild;  
Or swept by passion's dread and dire control,  
Till dark despair brooded o'er earth's poor child.

### SECOND CANTO.

Then when I wondered, there came to me,  
A voice from the "Great Eternity,"  
Like the musical murmurings of the sea.

Out of the deeps by the tempest driven,  
When the foaming billows are fiercely riven,  
Burst the snowy crests which leap to heaven.

The whirlwind which bends the forest low,  
When the trembling leaves are quivering so,  
Doth the whiter side of their being show.

The clouds which perish in summer rain,  
Refresh the white lambs upon the plain,  
Then are gathered to heaven's fold again.

The soul shall suffer as ocean grieves,  
Its fibres shall shiver like forest leaves,  
Till sorrow has ripened all its sheaves.

## A Trip to Yo Semite Valley.

BY MRS. H. F. M. BROWN.

Yo Semite Valley was on our list of places to be seen. It lay more than two hundred miles east of San Francisco, in the Sierra Nevada mountains. The ladies of our party took the counsel of those who had made the trip, and got an outfit which gave us the appearance of Turkish travelers. Our suits were waterproof cloth, thick boots and broad-brim hats; clothing for other occasions was packed in small valises. An English gentleman and lady who had just returned from Yo Semite, told me they met, in Stockton, a party bound for the Valley. Some of the ladies had monstrous trunks, and were not a little amazed in learning that all the journey from there must be made by stage and in the saddle. The lady said, "American ladies are greatly given to dress." She had worn one dress through Scotland, and was going to make it carry her through America. It was dark green cloth.

We went by rail to Stockton: thence by a Concord, N. H. stage, to Hardin's, a distance of eighty miles. A coach ride is never very desirable, especially in a hot summer day, when the earth seems one vast ash heap, and all the winds are out on a raid; but the ever-changing landscape, the "flocks upon a thousand hills," and the jolly load of pilgrims, all going to "Mecca," made us glad—like the boy who

was so happy he forgot to be sorry he was born.

Twenty miles from Stockton, our way was through the San Joaquin (pronounced San Waukeen) Valley, a place rich in fruits and grains. The purple and green clusters in the vineyards, and the figs waiting a market, give the California valleys a decidedly tropical air.

Leaving the valley, we came into the mining towns; rising still into the Sierras, we found ourselves nearing the snow line, where "seedtime and harvest" are not known.

Before noon the second day, we came to the end of the stage road—to Hardin's. Mr. Hardin is lord of all the land about. Not even a woman disputes his land claim, or shares his honors and horrors. He received us as graciously as a "lone man" can be expected to receive a tribe of travellers who are as hungry as young wolves.

The Hardin House is not commodious, is not extravagantly furnished; but what if he had no chairs, no carpets, no tablecloth, no washbowl; he had no woman in the house. Men are not expected to provide the little ornaments that give a house the look of comfort. But our host behaved splendidly. He killed a fatted sheep, made bread and coffee, just for the peace and comfort of our stomachs—and for the pay, of course.

Mr. Hardin had help in his housekeeping, but the man was washing, so Mr. Hardin was alone with pots and pans. Mrs. B. and I aided by setting tables, washing dishes, etc.

We had had the promise of horses at Hardin's, for the Valley, but none were there. We were sadly disappointed, and no doubt our bachelor host was quite as sorry as we could be. The road was new, few persons had been that way, consequently, as he said, there were as yet no rooms for ladies. Toward evening, however, we saw some ladies rushing like sections of chain lightning, out of the woods. They were mounted astride men-saddles, and were evidently on a race. "They are from the Valley," an on-looker said. Wait till they dismount, if you would see souls that are weary. The horse-women rushed up to the door, followed by a set of jaded men. The ladies dropped from the saddles like lead. They were picked up and taken to the house. No wonder they were weary, having been eight hours in the saddle since dismounting.

Mr. Hardin found his cabin over-full, so he suggested that we take these poor, tired beasts and go on, six miles, to "The Meadows." There was a woman, and a hotel-to be.

Just as the sun was gilding the tree-tops, we entered the woods, forded a stream, and followed, single file, our handsome Spanish guide. He went by the "haze" on the trees—a long strip of bark hewn off. The last mile or two, the darkness was too dense to see blazes. I gave my mustang the reins, and went on, listening to the low wail of the night birds, and the snarling of wild beasts. The "Meadows" were reached at last; a light in the window was our guide post. And there we did indeed find a woman, a genial Vermonter.

Mrs. Hodgden had no doors to open, so we walked in, where doors will sometime swing wide for the rest and comfort of the "weary and heavy laden."

Mr. Hodgden was away for goods and groceries; but the landlady was not a bit "at her wit's ends" in devising ways and means for disposing of half a score of strangers.

The house was a pile of logs, partially roofed; a

huge porch runs about on two sides of it. This building is designed as a kitchen and dining-room. The bedrooms are cottages, but they are as yet only in the brain of the builders.

The "Meadows" are on the outer edge of a grand pine forest; it is high in the mountains, where little else than trees and grass will grow. The place has been a cattle ranche. Mrs. Hodgden has made butter and sent on a pack-mule to the valley. But henceforth her cream and butter will find a nearer market.

Mrs. Hodgden surveyed her guests, and her out-of-doors apartments. The porches could be converted into bedrooms. Canvass was hung up for an outer partition; sheets subdivided the long porch into small rooms. A pile of mattresses and blankets were scattered here and there for sleepers. When all beside me were stowed away, a good pile of blankets still remained. I threw myself upon them, looked up through the gaping roof, into the starry blue, and listened a moment to the solemn psalm of the wind in the pines, then slipped off into the land of dreams, where I remained till the coffee mill called me back to things real.

Mrs. Hodgden, with the help of a boy of fourteen, furnished us a breakfast of hot muffins, cream cakes, boiled eggs, and coffee—all good.

Breakfast over, our baggage and lunches were gathered and put into two large sacks, and fastened by straps across the back of our pack mule. These patient burden bearers are not bitted and reined, but packed and started on the trail with the horses. They never leave us.

All ready, all astride, we commenced a Sabbath day's journey to the Yo Semite Valley. We climbed steep, waded streams, marched through dense forests, and made the air vocal with praise and thanksgiving. At noon we halted at a hunter's cabin door, and received a hospitable welcome; went in, opened baskets of bread, meat, etc. The young hermit made us tea in an old tin kettle, and furnished us his whole stock of crockery—two cups and a broken plate. We were not looking for the Sherman, or Fifth Avenue Hotel; but in this rude cabin, seven thousand feet above sea level, we had a relish for any eatable thing—in fact we fared sumptuously.

Our guide told us of the Tuolumne Grove of Big Trees, a few miles out of the way. Would we go that way? The men said, "But for the ladies; they cannot add a mile to the day's journey." The ladies, (all of us being advocates of the ballot for women) voted the men down, and went up to the Grove.

The trees are well worth seeing. Some of them are three hundred feet high, and from sixteen to thirty feet in diameter. The forest of sugar pines, with their long cones swinging upon the branches, were quite as curious as the Big Trees growing among them.

While in this never-again-to-be-seen nook, I thought to make the most of an opportunity for seeing the world. High on a cliff there was a lookout. I gave my horse a hint with the riding whip, and up we went, to a strip of table-land. Poised in the saddle, with a far-seeing glass, I took a good look at the world. The pictures, all instinct with busy life, were grand beyond description. On the east the great trees stood grandly about, their emerald crowns aflame in the sunny sky. At my feet huge boulders were piled in confused masses, as if thrown by some fierce conflict from the heart of the earth. Vines and bright blossoms were springing here and there

draping rocks and making waste places to bud and bloom. The Tuolumne and Merced rivers came rushing and surging along, forming eddys, cascades and little lakes. Willows, alders, tamaracks and wild roses bordered these singing waters; birds of beautiful plumage were singing in the boughs; the deer, rabbit, and a great army of squirrels, were rejoicing in the shade and sheen of trees and sun-rays. Still higher, on the north and south, the highest peaks of the Sierra Nevada stood out clear and grand against the sky. Some were snow-wreathed, others crowned with everlasting green. Fleecy clouds, crimsoned and burnished, were floating like air ships, among those grand old mountains. On the east, just before me, was a great chasm—a rift in the rocks, spanned by the bending sky. The grandeur of earth and sky, the holy hush, the beauty and picturesqueness all about, beyond and above, charmed me into utter forgetfulness of all things beside.

"The glory of God was about me,  
And the glory of gladness within."

I was, indeed, upon the "Mount of Transfiguration." "To the Valley, ho!" called me back to the trail. The descent here commenced. Before us there were five miles of winding, rocky steeps. My *compagnons de voyage* dismounted, having firmer faith in their own feet than in the feet of stumbling horses; but still thinking of the glorious picture just seen, I was quite oblivious of aught beside. But it was certainly a rough ride, and required some care to cling to the saddle, to dodge the rocks below and the trees above.

The floor of the Valley was reached at last. We had gone down, nearly at right angles, a full mile. The chill winds, hunger, and terrible weariness, made the hotel lights very welcome signals for dismounting.

Warm supper by a blazing fire, was just the needed thing; then we were blanketed for the night. The joys

"And the cares that infested the day,  
Folded their tents like the Arabs,  
And as silently stole away."

The morning found us rested, but, oh my!—so lame! Our good guide was on time with horses and lunch, for explorations. We passed several days in the Valley, wondering, and wading, and climbing.

The Valley bottom is as smooth and even as meadowland. It is six miles long, and from one-half to a mile wide; it is watered by the Merced river, and in some places heavily timbered. There are three or four families (hotel keepers) in the Valley. Two families spend the long, dreary winters there. Mr. J. M. Hutchings took his young wife there seven years ago; she has not since ventured beyond the mountains that shut her in. Three little children have never seen the outer world.

The glory and grandeur of the Valley consist in its numerous dells, caves, cliffs; its rainbows, cascades, its castellated walls, mountain spurs, rocky pyramids and wonderful gorges. The Valley is so completely walled in by high mountains of granite, that the sky is only seen overhead, and the sun about mid-day. I half believe that Nature, in one of her reverential moods, conceived the idea of a temple where "money changers" would never pitch their tents. Deep down in the heart of the mountains, she laid her foundation floor, set about her granite walls, and roofed it with the blue and gold of the sky. The lake nestled in the shadow of South Dome, may be her baptismal font; the falls a perpetual vocal song. Whatever Nature's plan was, it does not matter. The Valley is a vast cathedral; they who go there must worship, be they infidel or Christian, if there be true worship in the soul.

It may be interesting to those who will never visit Yo Semite, to know the names and height of some of the mountains that wall the Valley. I will also give the Indian names, with the signification:

South Dome (Tis-sa-ack—Goddess of the Valley,) 6,000 ft.  
North Dome, (To-coy-æ—Shade to Indian Baby Basket,) 3,725 ft.  
Cap of Liberty, (Mah-ta—Martyr Mountain,) 4,600 ft.  
Glacier Rock, (Er-na-ting Law-oo-too—Bear Skin Mountain) 3,700 ft.  
El Capitan, (Tu-toch-ah-nu-lah—Great Chief of the Valley,) 3,300 ft.

Three Brothers, (Pom-pom-pa-sus—Mountains playing Leap-Frog,) 4,200 ft.

Cathedral Rock, (Poo-see-nah Chuck-ka—Large Acorn Cache,) 2,400 ft.

The Indians, the old settlers of Yo Semity, gave musical names to the waterfalls, and with most of them there are linked wild legends. I will add the names of the Falls:

Bridal Veil, (Po-ho-no—Spirit of the Evil Wind,) 940 ft.  
The Ribbon Fall, (Lung-oo-too-koo-ya—The tall and slender fall,) 3,300 ft.

Yo-Semite—Large Grizzly Bear, 2,634 ft. First fall 1,600 ft.; second fall 434 ft.; third fall 600 ft.

Vernal, (Pi-wy-ack—Cataract of Diamonds,) 350 ft.

Nevada, (Yo-wi-ye—Meandering,) 700 ft.

South Canon, (Tu-lool-we-ack,) 600 ft.

The Bridal Veil is appropriately named. The stream, forty feet wide, comes out on a shelving rock, and then pours sheer down in soft, gossamer folds. The sun gilding the spray, produces a host of brilliant gems and beautiful rainbows.

I well believe that Yo Semite Fall has no likeness on the earth or in the heavens. The first sight of it is a sheet of water pouring out of a cleft in the rock. Down it dashes, from a projection, sixteen hundred feet, like a mass of mist, upon a pile of rocks; here it surges and foams, and rushes on four hundred feet, where another projection impedes its march; here it makes another plunge, six hundred feet, and is lost in the valley. In the falling and foaming of the water, there is a deep murmuring sound, not unlike distant music.

Vernal and Nevada Falls are five miles distant, in a mountain gorge. The trail was steep and perilous, but our mustangs, (the mountain horses,) had done some splendid climbing, and were good for other feats. High up in the shadow of an overhanging rock, we found a fire; then a little cloth tent met the gaze. Two young men, with a camera for photographing, had made their way there, and were taking the hills and waters. We wheeled into lines and curves, and horse and rider were soon in the hands of strangers, to be transcribed to paper, where we are to remain grouped in the foreground of mighty mountains. We seem insignificant enough there, but contrasts are good, and a thing of life is needed to make up a landscape.

Going on, we came to a fragment of table land in the mountain gorge, between Vernal and Nevada Falls. Here is one of the grandest views one may hope to see this side of the Eternal Hills. Vernal Falls, a sheet of sparkling foam. Rainbows hung like jeweled wreaths, ready to crown the watery queen. The river between the two falls rushes, roars, trembles over great boulders, with a power I have seen in no other place. Nevada Fall rushes over a precipice, and tumbles in mist clouds down several hundred feet. From this point the whole Valley may be seen, and every mountain clearly defined.

There is something odd in these rocky domes and spires. Some of them look as if they had been cut and polished; others like great blocks of unhewn granite. But the picturesque nooks, the mountain passes, the glorious falls, cannot be written; one may as well hope to take home the bird-song, as to expect to catch the ever-changing charm and wild beauty of the Valley. Go there, reader; climb the hills, listen to the voice of the water, and accept a fresh baptism in this, God's own cathedral, and you will know something of the Yo Semite Valley.

#### Facts in Magnetism.

EDS. AM. SPIRITUALIST:

Permit me to draw the attention of the readers of your paper, to a remarkable book on "Artificial Somnambulism," by Wm Baker Fahnestock of Lancaster, Pennsylvania.

I will leave you and the reader to judge of the relative merits of the theories of Animal Magnetism, as given and explained by A. J. Davis, Mesmer, etc., and Dr. Fahnestock, but proceed to give you a few plain facts.

A few days ago, while conversing with a friend who had read the work above referred to, my curiosity became excited so that I resolved to test the truth of it. Accordingly I went to Lancaster with my little boy, eleven years old. After some conversation, I put my

boy in the magnetic sleep. After some usual manifestations of writing in trance, the Doctor requested that he (the boy) should be left in that condition. This was granted, when in a moment he became perfectly conscious in his mind, but was insensible to touch and to pain. The Doctor requested him to come out of that somnambuc condition, which he did readily. Then he told him to throw one hand—next the arms, a foot, the eyes, the ears, separately into that condition which he did as readily and came out as quickly as desired. The Doctor explained to us that it was not by the power from himself that he could do this thing, but exclusively by the power within the boy. He merely directed him at first. While in that state or condition, the boy was requested to go home to Philadelphia, when he described the doings of his mother and sister, which proved to be correct. Next he visited several planets, viz., the sun, Jupiter, Saturn, the moon; gave a minute description of the elastic current around the sun. He was much afraid to proceed through the immense currents of light which encircle the sun; but after long persuasion, he plucked up courage, and passing what he termed the fearful gulf, arrived at the planet.

Time and space will not permit to tell one-half the wonderful revelations he gave—not in the language of a child, but in that of a philosopher.

I have also seen several persons whom Dr. Fahnestock has perfectly cured of blindness, lameness, and long standing chronic disease, simply by putting them into a state of somnambulism. I went there strongly prejudiced, but came home thoroughly convinced of the truth of Dr. Fahnestock's discovery.

Since these first experiments, my boy puts himself, at his own will, into that state; his perception increases in clearness, and he enjoys particularly the grand military display of the contending armies in Europe. He retains everything he sees, in his memory. Yesterday, while walking along the street, he hurt his foot, when he put it immediately in that condition, and walked on the same as usual, feeling no more pain. So he cured himself of headache. Though very frail and delicate in constitution, he feels no exhaustion, but rather feels stronger after being in that condition. He delights to linger on the planets. Bear in mind, he is in a perfectly normal condition, as far as his mind is concerned. He speaks and reasons with the persons around him, the same as usual. His perceptions are, in the ordinary condition, far in advance of his age.

Philadelphia, Aug. 4, 1870. F. S.

#### Progress.

The progress of religious sects, even of the oldest and most fossilized, under the stimulus of new truths and scientific attainment is being manifested.

At a meeting of the Rabbis held in Cleveland recently, the Rev. Dr. Lilienthal of Cincinnati, presented the following preamble and resolutions, which were unanimously adopted, ordered to be engrossed and signed by all the members present. They read as follows:

At a meeting of the Rabbis of various cities of the Union, held in the city of Cleveland, Ohio, from and after July 13, in consideration of the religious commotion now agitating the public mind in both hemispheres; in accordance with the principles of Judaism, it was unanimously declared:

1. Because with unshaken faith and firmness in One indivisible and eternal God, we also believe in the common Fatherhood of God and the common brotherhood of men.
2. We glory in the sublime doctrine of our religion, which teaches that the righteous of all nations, without distinction of creed, will enjoy eternal life and everlasting happiness.
3. The divine command, the most sublime passage of the Bible, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself," extends to the entire human family, without distinction of either race or creed.
4. Civil and religious liberty, and hence the separation of Church and State, are the inalienable rights of men, and we consider them to be the brightest gems in the Constitution of the United States.
5. We love and revere this country as our home and fatherland, for us and our children, and therefore consider it our paramount duty to sustain and support the Government, and to favor by all means the system of free education, leaving religious instruction to the care of the different denominations.
6. We expect the universal elevation and fraternization of the human family to be achieved by the natural means of science, morality, freedom, justice and truth.

## Physical Phenomena.

## THE MOVEMENTS.

Motion is the evident result of force, and wherein order becomes expressive of intelligence. A study of the phenomena of motion leads us to consider the nature and origin of force itself, involving the contemplation of the most profound and abstract questions in physics and dynamics.

The problem of motion appears comparatively simple when action is induced by obvious, palpable or tangible causes; still a full consideration, conveys the mind by research, to the abstract and, so called, metaphysical, to determine the origin of force, no matter how manifested, correlated or conserved. The theory assumed is, that all forms of force are derived from one primal energy, and this is most forcibly impressed upon the observer of the development of force, as exhibited in the "Movement" manifestations; as occurring in connection with the circle, or mediumistic persons in other conditions.

Volume after volume could be speedily filled with authenticated histories of the phenomena in this connection; many so incredible in nature, that the evidence of the senses is impugned as the most probable way of accounting for facts, which the egotism and conceit of superficial but distinguished "Professors" pronounce "impossible." Let those who use that word, beware! He alone is competent to pronounce it who has exhaustive knowledge of the ultimate power and capacities of the universal whole. Let it be understood, that Infinite mind alone can comprehend the possible, in a boundless and eternal cosmos. Outside of pure mathematics the word is illegitimate.

The phenomena of Spiritualism, involving the display of force, producing motion, are exceedingly numerous and varied; but however and wherever appearing, they point to the same conclusion, and illustrate a common law. Whenever scientists no longer fear to discuss and analyze a class of facts because their inference may have a bearing upon a popular theology, the world will have the benefit of great and signal discoveries, suggested by manifestations, which refer to causes outside of sensuous observation.

All force is referable to the realm of the imponderable. Matter is assumed to exist in, at least, two different fundamental forms, (1,) that of universal ether, (2,) of ordinary matter. Motion is the equivalent interpretation of force, manifest any way, in any form of matter. Force is supposed to be the result of attraction and repulsion, or of either alone and separate. Newton assumed to find force in the universal attraction; recent authorities declare it to be the consequence of universal repulsion among ethereal particles. Attraction and repulsion indicate the power of magnetic influences, and the superior sublimated ethereal magnetisms are susceptible of the influence and control of the WILL, the power of the Spirit.

Thus force is traceable to elements controllable by mind, and hence, when ethereal science is understood spirits embodied or disembodied, as to the primitive organization, will be able to operate upon the force evolving elements, and compel motion, in such form and character as is unimagined by the inhabitants of earth. Adepts in that science, (spirits,) to-day approach the mundane life through the material luminiferous ether, and by control of magnetic force elements, produce movements of ponderable bodies, startling in their intensity, strange in character, and as wonderful in magnitude as variety.

Stated with extreme synoptic brevity, this is the method of manifestation; the nature of the statement may appear absurd, but the facts exist; and such, as far as terms and space admit, is the nature of their cause and its manner. Nothing can be clear, complete and definite, when we seek to condense into a sentence the matter and sense of an elaborate treatise.

In the authenticated history of modern "physical phenomena," we are called to notice the widest possible variety of manifestation; variety not only in the operation of the forces called into action, but as well in

the action induced and the performance enacted. In these movements, it has occurred that a pencil has been freely moved to write an interesting and truthful communication, and again, a heavy building shaken to its very foundations.

There are certain temperaments, organizations, and constitutional conditions, which in a medium, are favorable to the evolution of these phenomenal actions; but so far, no scientific understanding of the subject is definite enough to point them out with unerring accurate certainty; and we are sure the popular fancy among medical men is also fallacious, since not only cataleptic and "nervous" persons have been mediumistic, but the most stalwart and healthy have also been used as agents, in the same way as others. The condition of susceptibility and capacity is not determinable in this connection, nor its cause known, other than in the most general way.

Sometimes media are able by "impression," to designate those who shall become "physical mediums," but the only certain way is to make the trial, again and again, in the circle, when conditions are favorable. The latent capacity will soon be made available. When the circle is properly formed around a stand or table, as has been described, there is nothing more advantageous than instrumental or vocal music. The selections need not be confined to that class of compositions denominated "sacred." On the contrary, music suitable as an accompaniment to exercises is to be preferred. The music of the gymnasium, the dance or march, is most appropriate.

The movements sometimes commence very gradually, by slight tipplings of the stand or table around which the circle is gathered; or again, will begin with great and sudden violence, completely upsetting or removing some article of furniture.

Those who are interested to learn how a scientific investigation in regard to this matter has been conducted, are respectfully referred to the record of his researches, published by the distinguished Prof. Hare of Philadelphia.

The movements once inaugurated, may like the raps be made the medium of communication, by means of a corresponding signal code; a system of telegraphy may be established, and by the raps and tips, communications may be received with great rapidity and certainty. Owing to the nature of the phenomena in the circle, every one should beware of being unduly startled or exerted at their development. §

## Convention of the Friends of Progress.

A Convention of residents of Vineland, with a considerable number of strangers, held a series of meetings in Plum street Hall on Saturday and Sunday last. The attendance was very numerous, and great interest was manifested. The advertised speakers were Mrs. Nettie Maynard, of White Plains, N. Y., who for sometime has spoken very acceptably to the Society of Spiritualists here, and Moses Hull, a well known public lecturer. Mr. Hull failing to come on account of sickness, Mr. E. S. Wheeler, Associate Editor of the AMERICAN SPIRITUALIST, of Cleveland, Ohio, who fortunately had just arrived in Vineland, kindly supplied his place.

To those two speakers the thanks of the Convention were most heartily given, as they were deserved, for whatever may be thought of their peculiar views, they are persuasive and powerful champions of their especial principles. Mrs. Maynard is a remarkable woman upon the platform, and deeply impressed with the religious element, sways the affections and stirs the emotions; while her logic is connected and convincing. Mr. E. S. Wheeler is a gentleman whose power and versatile genius has been too long tested in different fields to need our encomiums; very radical in sentiment, he urges his conclusions with immense force and great tact; the vein of humor and poetry which runs through all, makes of his utterances a mosaic of eloquence. The friends of the Convention have every reason to be satisfied.—*Independent, Vineland N. J.*

## Spiritualist Camp Meeting at Harwich, Mass.

One of the most pleasant and profitable gatherings of late it has been our good fortune to attend—one of the thoroughly enjoyable kind—was that of the Spiritualist camp meeting at Harwich, Cape Cod. It proved a uniform success. The utmost harmony prevailed throughout the five days' session.

The friends of the Cape may well take credit to themselves for bringing together such a goodly number of attentive listeners, and furnishing them with such a solid array of speaking talent as was evidenced at the fourth annual camp meeting.

There were a score or more of tents than last year, several of them being substantial structures of wood. And next season there will be many more of these, together with other needed improvements.

We rejoice to notice, also, that steps were taken to effect a business organization, mainly with a view to perfect arrangements whereby these annual gatherings may become certain, regular and perpetual.

This is the season for grove meetings, and the multiplication of these fraternal gatherings, from one end of the country to the other, is full of rich promises, and, we trust, but indicates a general revival of interest in the spiritual cause everywhere.

On this occasion, the weather, the audience, the speakers and the attention they commanded, the hospitality, the sociability which reigned—the arrangements generally, and all else, each in their way, mutually contributed to render this camp meeting a most enjoyable sort of Spiritual Love Feast.

The regular lecturers were Moses Hull, N. Frank White, Susie M. Johnson, Sarah A. Byrnes, Mattie Thwing, Dr. H. B. Storer, Dean Clark, I. P. Greenleaf, and Cephas B. Lynn. Their several and respective discourses were highly spiritual, radical, catholic and practical. Conferential addresses were also made by Rev. J. L. Hatch, A. E. Carpenter, Dr. A. H. Richardson, I. E. Ray, S. W. Shaw, and Messrs. Guild of Lawrence, Mass., Williams of Connecticut, Wilbur, Mrs. Boothe and others.

To the citizens and friends of the Cape, as well as to those who actively participated in the various exercises, the entire service was like "cooling water to a thirsty traveler"—more refreshing indeed than ice cream to a parched palate. B.

## Hell Fire in France.

"A case of spontaneous human combustion, it is said, occurred in Paris on the first of August, 1869, details of which were recently communicated to the Medico-chirurgical Society, by Dr. Bertholle. The victim was a woman, aged thirty-seven, who had been much addicted to drinking brandy and absinthe. No flame issued from her body, which was completely charred, and no trace of fire was visible in the house, although she partly lay in bed, in contact with the bed hangings, coverlets, and other articles easily ignited."

Were any one to communicate to a Medical Society, made up as some of them are, a report of a spiritual phenomena half as incredible as this story, the assembled Medicos would instantly turn up their dignified noses as if they smelt *asafœtida*. Still the profession of medicine numbers very many Spiritualists among its most honored members. Such facts as reported above, give us strong hints of the ignorance we are in regarding the essential nature of matter, and the force and character of the chemical changes which may be induced in the living organism, and warns us how carefully we should ever speak the word impossible. §

Sleep is so like death that I cannot trust myself to it without saying my prayers.

The early settlers of Connecticut proclaimed that the colony should be governed by the laws of God, until they had time to make better.

French sorrow and sentiment are illustrated at Montmartre Cemetery, where a tombstone has been erected with a colossal tear carved upon it, and underneath it these words, "Judge how we loved him."

## Relations of Capital with Labor—As They Are and as they Should Be.

BY J. O. BARRETT.

(Concluded.)

The old country, whence as a nation we came—the old European cradle where the American infant was nursed—is to have new rockers on! The people are speaking there, and monarchs chafe on their thrones. England, phlegmatic England, is bestirring herself, since America throttled her darling Rebellion. Not a great question of public interest is mooted here, but is seconded there; and Germany puts it to vote. Woman Suffrage, Free Education, Labor Equality, are engaging the thought of the masses pressing Parliament to act. At Rochdale, England, is a fraternity of laborers, that reaches out its modest hands, charged with beneficence, to bless the needy. The sales of its proceeds are made direct to the consumers, and speculation has no foothold there.

Germany, politically reconstructed for a broader nationality, transcendental in reform, is also in agitation upon the Labor Question. Among her fraternal improvements are "People's Banks," designed to give credit to working classes.

France, volatile and experimental, has various working unions, growing in public favor.

Italy, remembering her ancient prowess, has taken the first step, introductory to associated labor, having become a political unity, moving on to make imperial Rome her capital, when effete Papacy must look out for its trophies.

Prussia, having emancipated her serfs, gives her vote to the progress of the age.

Even Turkey, so long sick and decaying, is touched with the electric fire of improvement. The Sultan has turned educator, and Science, with her lever of light, is to lift her up to the admiring gaze of the West.

Thus the Old World is wheeled into the morning that heralds "a good time coming." The reaction of monarchy is to liberty, and political liberty is the soil of union in which to sow seed for all the people. Liberty is contagious; it bursts into day, and ere long the whole human brotherhood will summer amid the fruits and flowers of universal peace.

But in America, when peril is greatest, hope is largest. We have done one great job—got rid of slavery. This opens the way for free industry South, to build them better institutions.

Labor-unions are forming in different parts of the country; labor is specially represented by its able press; legislation is arraigned for defence; the most practical thinkers are inquiring what are the best methods of a more equal distribution of wealth.

The invention of steam, and other machinery for the abridgement of toil, has been instrumental in drawing labor from little workshops, and individual handicraft, to the construction and occupancy of gigantic manufactories all over the country. The union of capitalists: incipient to more democratic union for laborers.

The aggrandizing aims of capitalists have pushed the railroads into all climes, and banded a continent, opening highways of wealth and improvement a thousand fold. Let us credit the capitalists with the good they do, but beware of their monopoly. The people's labor built them up; let the people possess their rights. The time is fast approaching when capitalists even will discover that their highest success, and the security of "the soul's calm, clear glance, and the heart-felt joy," are obtained by the diffusion of natural blessings.

Mutual support and protection secure the most gain in any possible department of life. It is the many sunbeams, not one alone, that set our atmosphere on fire, and diffuse the sweet light. Make one wave on the still lake, and others succeed, the inmost pushing the outmost farther and farther, each to kiss the grateful shore. Nothing can really live and flourish alone. Where there is one spire of grass, there are more. Where there is one single grain, there are many to support it. A tree in the forest: how it owes associ-

ation! Alone, it is short and crispy; with others, it is tall and majestic. The bird sings the sweetest when its mate responds—when many songsters evoke emulation. The clouds are most gorgeous piled in layers of gold and dark, silver and crimson—when vast sheets of mist curtain the summer sky. How lonely would be one star at night! The vast multitude of them, set to use, diverse, yet orderly, is so loving, we long to ascend there among their celestial arches. Behold the flowers! They give most of beauty, most of fragrance, when dew, and sunshine, and soil, and rains, give to them. They gain to give; they give to gain. They kiss the sunbeams, and the sunbeams kiss them to fragrance and beauty. Such are the lessons of nature in this gospel of the social life. Why do we so stubbornly resist and falsify these teachings?

Note the beneficent practicability of this new social system—the system of love in mutual support. Individuality preserved as the instrument of use, as the soul of love whence to draw and receive, suppose that in married life the wife should centre all her energies to enhance the joy of her husband, and the husband should likewise enlist all his powers to impart health, elasticity and joy to his wife—suppose they live for mutual good, sacred to purity, the one to make the other more useful and happy,—what a world of love would well up in their hearts! What a sweet home that would be! What a charm in society! What an awe of virtue would thence proceed, like an outgush of light, descending from heaven to our dark earth! Suppose that in home the other essential links are added—a welcome child or children—and those parents should concentrate the love in their own souls to bless their dear treasures—to make them intellectually and morally beautiful, through a full, healthy physical development, they in turn loving with angelic purity,—what a sweetness, what a heart-fragrance, what a divine eloquence, what a silent light of virtue, would wave from that domestic circle, to shine upon others and draw all to agree! If there is any place in this world where spirits and angels would delight to live, it is in such a home. What has made it so sunny? Individual love acting in mutual support.

Widen out this love in broader circle. Suppose a neighbor be conjoined within this circle, with heart just as pure and single, and received as a brother. Suppose, thence, business men agree to help each other by all possible ways. Suppose women, too, weaned from fashion, developed in sisterhood of mind and heart, innocent as their childhood was, should come into this circle, to live a natural, holy, loving life. Suppose whole communities should thus agree, each ardently living and working, and aspiring to bless the rest; to confer the greatest benefits upon the most by natural wealth and mental and moral worth; denying self when another's peace would otherwise be marred; revering honor; respecting the highest virtue as the means of preserving this mutual love—talking with each other in the confidence of brothers and sisters—laboring for each other to augment the general comfort and happiness—criticising each other for mutual improvement. Suppose wives, and husbands, and children, and business men, and women, in whole neighborhoods, should live so, what would be the result within such a social system? You can at once see that education, property, business, all relations of life, would naturally institutionalize themselves to this principle of justice—that wealth would be constantly augmenting, and all the facilities of human improvement. Starvation would be at an end—beggary unknown—slander forever silenced—adultery purged away—jealousy rooted out—caste destroyed—gambling for a living burned in the fire of moral criticism—land monopoly abrogated—usury used up—litigation blotted from the social records—intemperance and sensuality things that were; no more of war with its horrible misery—no more of injustice and slavery—no more cheating and robbing—no more riven hearts and ruined hopes, and blasted betrothals, and deserted homes, and poisoned affections; but peace and plenty, the right in

state, peace in the nation, peace to all mankind, wisdom, justice, fraternity, all enthroned in authority—in the loving authority of inspired life.

### Beecher on Spiritualism.

We learn from the *Church Union*, that in reply to some one who questioned him directly as to his acceptance of Spiritualism, Henry Ward Beecher says:

"We are not believers in Spiritualism, neither in the spiritual origin of the phenomena, nor in the religious teachings which are propagated in the books and papers issued in the interest of this new sect.

"We have no reason to think that intentional deception is practiced, and in the comparatively few cases in which we have been spectators of the Spiritual phenomena, we are sure that there was neither collusion nor deception.

"The various explanations that have been given of the unquestionable phenomena that are developed through mediums, have never at all satisfied us. The cheap allegation that it is a pure illusion, that it is a fraud, that it is the magnetic reflex of the thoughts and feelings of persons present, are just as unsatisfactory as the belief that it springs from the action of intelligent disembodied spirits. We wait patiently for light upon this very curious, and as we regard it, very important department of facts. We expect that light from science. When it comes, we shall know something more of the possibilities of the human mind, but very little more, we suspect, of the great invisible realm beyond. We frankly admit that we long to believe in Spiritualism—but cannot. We not only do not resist evidence and conviction, but we rather solicit belief. Who does not wish, with all his soul, that it might prove true that windows were opened into the other world, through which we might commune with the disembodied?"

"But what shall one do? After seeing, listening, pondering, belief does not come, and the case grows worse and not better.

"We cannot be so tolerant of the literature of Spiritualism, as we are of the phenomenology. It is the most hopeless waste of sentimentalism, the most extraordinary effusion of fancy, futile philosophy and maudlin religiousness—and in the most extraordinary quantity—that ever broke loose upon the world.

"It would be humiliating to believe that dying gives to the soul such a back-set as the revelations of Spiritualism manifest. After the growth and experience of seventy years in the flesh, it is hard to think that one is doomed in the after-life to semi-idiotcy."

"Mr. Beecher," says a writer in the July number of the *Atlantic*, "is at most but the friendly duck that incubates the egg of destiny. He is not for a moment to be mistaken for the royal bird that lays it."

He is neither the base grub of men's servile ritual devotion, nor yet the soaring butterfly of their emancipated scientific hopes; he is simply the golden chrysalis under whose frail, transparent envelope you see the actual struggle going on, by which the moral conscience of mankind is becoming converted into aesthetic science or living perception. . . . If he were capable of taking sides with either the death or the resurrection that is going on in his own unconscious entrails, his provident significance would at once vanish or subside into the measure of his intelligence, which is by no means a large measure." [We italicise.]

We cordially welcome Mr. Beecher, another distinguished witness before the world, for the actuality of the phenomena of Spiritualism. "The comparatively few cases" he has observed have not convinced him of all he would like to know. His peculiar development makes him a poor investigator of psychological matters, probably. If he had no church to bother him, he might find more time to investigate, and then he would be less willing to "wait patiently," and possibly there would be less difficulty in satisfying his mind. That he is intolerant of a large portion of the teachings of spirits and the literature of Spiritualism, makes us feel more like a brother to him than ever! Some of each is flat enough, but there is a better and best, which he should know. But we are not as bad off in respect to gospels, prophecies, revelations, and "inspired" trash, as the church was, and is now, for that matter.

Each periodical wave of spiritual influx, such as has been made manifest in Christianity and Spiritualism, penetrates more and more profoundly the stolid subsoil of common life and thought. "Light shineth in

darkness, and the darkness comprehendeth it not," but the owls hoot, being disturbed, and the bats flutter and squeak in confusion.

The primitive literature of Christians, as such, was as much beneath the literature of Spiritualism, as the worst of the last is inferior to Parker and Emerson—to Hume, Gibbon and Macauley. So it is, each new wild weed of the mental desert, each fresh outgrowth of the spiritual jungle, is finer and more beautiful than the preceding; the hot sun blaze smites deep toward the centre, "and flowers are born." Mr. Beecher, from amid the hollyhocks, marigolds, sunflowers, peonies and vulgar cabbage plants of his kitchen garden of Congregationalism, must not sneer at our luxuriant growths, though flower, and weed, and tangled brake, with thorny briars load the soil. Spiritualism has raised this vegetation on ground which broke the patent plows of the church before they could turn a furrow! There is time enough to trim and prune, but a hand less clumsy than Mr. Beecher's must do the work, for no cramping culture must deform the beauty of nature, or destroy the freedom which is the element of our fertility. §

### Phenomenal.

#### THE DAVENPORT EXPOSURE IN MICHIGAN—HOW THE SPIRITS EXPLAIN IT.

The Davenport Brothers, assisted by Prof. Fay, gave an exhibition of their *Spirit-ualistic* performance on Friday evening last. The endeavor to "raise up spirits from the vasty deep" would have been a complete success in the eyes of the audience had not Mr. Harding, one of the committee, interpolated a point or spot not down in the bills. When the closet, whence had issued the unmelodious sounds of guitar, banjo and bells, and in which the brothers had been tied, so that the spirits had to come to their relief, was opened, one of the performers was found to be well marked about the hand and wrist with ink—of course it was the spirit of the Fifteenth Amendment which had been called up—and the audience might have been satisfied of it had not Mr. H. had the audacity to explain it upon more tangible ground. In short, he showed his own hands to be covered with ink, and explained that while the spirit hands were flashing the aperture of the dark closet, he, not having the fear of the devil before his eyes, had seized a hand and left the impress of blackness upon it. As jugglers, the Davenports are a success, but as developers of unseen agencies, they are arrant humbugs, as have been all their predecessors since the days of the Witch of Endor.—*Bay City Journal*.

The above would show that the spirits had been practicing the "black art" in Michigan, as Dr. Eddy called it here. It is but justice to the Davenports to say that when they were in Milwaukee a few weeks ago, the "spirit hand" was exhibited when two doors of the cabinet were wide open, and both brothers were in plain view of the audience to the right of the platform.

#### WHAT THE "OLD MOHAWK" SAYS.

Wishing to get authentic information from the "other side" of the exposure, our reporter visited Dr. Herring, the great medium and magnetizer near the City Hall, and questioned the spirit of the old Mohawk chief, his Indian control, as to the facts in the case. The old Mohawk says the general fact is given near enough, but the exposers themselves have not the first idea of what they are exposing.

"How about the hands seen in the cabinet?"

"They are veritable spirit hands, belonging to veritable spirit bodies."

"How are they produced?"

"They are materialized from the vital forces of the medium. To make them tangible and visible, each spirit has to attach a sort of battery to the hands of the medium, and then draw from the magnetism of his body; the spirits are then able to organize and condense the magnetic elements as seen in the form of the delicate and flashing hands."

"How as to their structure?"

"They have no bones, no arteries, as you understand them, but they have a perfect nervous structure, subject to the control of the spirits."

"Where does their strength come from?"

"For the time being so much vital force as is necessary, is drawn from the mediums, and the musical instruments can be flung about and played upon at the will of the spirits."

"Why do they want the light shut off?"

"Because spirit power is positive and darkness negative."

"What becomes of the spirit hands?"

"The moment the battery force, or will force is let go, the elemental particles that form the spirit hand fly back to the hand of the medium, whence it came."

"And how about the ink business?"

"Any adhesive substance, as paint, oil, ink, or flour, even, coming in contact with the materialized spirit hands, will inevitably be carried to the hands of the medium. Strange as this may seem, it is a simple law of chemistry, and has been demonstrated in public and private numberless times."

"That, then, explains the jugglers part?"

"The jugglery part! why all the jugglers in christendom can't produce a single rap."—*Eve. Wisconsin*.

### Foreign Correspondence.

#### PROPHECY—WOMEN VICTORIOUS.

The learned Kitto informs us that the Hebrew word for prophet is *Nabi*, and comes from a word signifying to boil forth as a fountain—prophet and teacher often signifying the same thing in Bible phraseology. Prevision has prevailed in all ages, and is in strict accordance with the law of cause and effect. Infinite spirit is infinite causation. Finite spirit in man is finite causation; and just so far as this finite causation comes into relation with causes outside and independent of himself, is able to meet the future. Glorified angels, spirits, men and women, whether Catholics, Protestants or Spiritualists, possess the power of prophecy just in the ratio of their exaltation in wisdom. The matter of spiritual gifts and prophecy are just now subjects of agitation with the churchal council in Rome. A French Catholic paper says:

The attention of the Fathers at Rome has been called to prophecy of St. Bridget, which is conceived to have some reference to the present state and prospects of Roman and Italian affairs. The Revelations of this lady were recognized and recommended by Gregory XI. and other popes, and published at Rome with the authority of the reigning Pontiff in 1606. The words quoted are, "I saw at Rome, stretching from the Palace of the Pope by St. Peter's, as far as the Castle of St. Angelo, and from the Castle as far as the Church of St. Peter, as it were, an open plain, and round the plain there was a very strong wall, and various habitations following the line of the wall. Then I heard a voice saying, 'That pope who loves his spouse with the love with which I and my friends have loved her will possess this place with his assessor, that he may the more freely and quietly call in his counsellors.'"

Jacob Bright, member of the House of Commons from Manchester, and brother of the distinguished John Bright, moved awhile since, the second reading of the "Woman's Disability Bill," the object of which was to confer upon women, duly qualified as electors, the enjoyment of the franchise, both in counties and boroughs. It was a point gained to get the matter fairly into Parliament. This was handsomely done calling out a spirited discussion. It was another important triumph to have the Bill passed to a second reading by majority of 33 in a House of 215 members. The debate took wide latitude. The conservatives greatly extolled the "home virtues of domestic life." The radicals, exceedingly temperate, did not ignore the beauties of domestic life, but thought that intellectual life and political life, for high moral purposes, in perfect consonance with true life, and as an illustration, triumphantly pointed to Queen Victoria, presiding "genius of the realm."

Sir C. Dilke said squarely:—"The opponents of the Bill seemed to forget that the highest station in the realm was occupied by a woman, and it was absurd that, though a woman might be Queen of this country, and though she should occupy other very considerable offices, she was not a proper person to vote for the election of members of Parliament."

The Hon. Mr. Playfair took this enlightened view of the subject:

The law admitted all but two classes to vote, and those were persons incapacitated either by crime or idiocy. Could any one allege that, intellectually speaking, women were inferior to men? There were undoubtedly many instances in which they were vastly superior, and he could not see at all how, having once broken down the barriers by the admission of women to the suffrage, in the case of municipal elections, they could with any logical consistency object to the extension of the franchise, so as to enable them to vote at Parliamentary elections.

### Speech of "Eagle," an Indian Spirit.

THROUGH C. W. SULLIVAN.

Me say me come in the moon beams, over the long trail from the happy hunting grounds, where the braves and squaws, the pale faces and the red man live in the big happiness under the eye of the big spirit. Squaws and braves, whose hearts be full of the big love, tread the trail that leads to the lower hunting grounds to bring you the much love; to be the guides to light you over the trail that leads to the hunting ground of the Big Spirit. The councils you make for your braves and squaws, be's only the way you take to bring the many big blessings from the pale faces who bear the much big love for you still.

Eagle always be happy to tread the trail with your braves and squaws to do you the much good, to bring you the big truth and give to you the big strength. The braves and the squaws from the hunting ground, always be happiest when they do to you the much good and wipe the tears that comes from the heart, that be sometimes in the big grief

The "Violet," your bright eyed squaw (addressing one present) comes to you this moon with the big speaks of love from her eyes as they look on you. Me speak of this squaw, for she look at me and say, "me owe you much, Eagle; and me say, pale face squaw, bless of Big Spirit, me owe you more than wampum for the happiness you give Eagle—and learn him the big English. Me no forget the squaw. Me look on her with the big pleasure, and love to walk the trail to the brave she love. The papoose whom Eagle bring in arms to you, be's little squaw of the bright eyes whom heart beat with the same big love as your squaw for you. Eagle pitch the wigwam for you, and say to the squaw and the papoose—a red man's gift. Keep it in the big harmony, for the brave come over the big trail and share it with you, then you be's in spirit no more to part, but live in the affection of each other's hearts with the showers of love coming down on you from Big Spirit. So say Eagle, chief to the Violet squaw; and she raise her eyes and say, "Eagle, you shall share when e'er you wish, for you give me strength in spirit that me can carry the message of love to my brave; so me never forgetful of you, who your Violet squaw owes so much to Eagle—God bless you."

### Holy Men and Holy Days.

The Roman Catholic Chaplin of Clonmel jail, Ireland, recently addressed a letter to the Board of Superintendence, stating that the period of Protestant ascendancy having passed away, the Roman Catholics imprisoned can no longer be compelled to act in violation of sacred ordinances of the Church by working on holy days.

"The sacred ordinances of the Church" cover a deal of ground when priests of any sort seek to usurp political power, and dictate to governments.

The prisoner, who like the lazy, lousy, lounging, licentious Lazzaroni, of most "Catholic" Rome, should observe all the senseless holydays of the Church, would perform very little labor. In Russia, it is said, every day in the year but seventeen is a holy day! If the Greek priests made the same demands, only seventeen days' work per annum could be done by convicts.

The fact is there is no end to ecclesiastical encroachments, when the first advantage is gained. The only safety lies in keeping the State forever free from any approach, even so much as the recognition of any theological claim whatever. §

THREE STAGES OF TRUTH.—Agassiz says that every great scientific truth goes through three stages: First, people say it conflicts with the Bible. Next, they say it had been discovered before. Lastly, they say they always believed it.

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HUDSON TUTTLE, † - - - - EDITOR.  
E. S. WHEELER § }  
GEO. A. BACON, B } ASSOCIATE EDITORS.  
J. O. BARRETT, \* }  
A. A. WHEELLOCK, || MANAGING EDITOR.

The Editor-in Chief (†) will contribute exclusively to THE AMERICAN SPIRITUALIST.

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

### The Capital Crime.

The State of Ohio has again stained the white ermine of her judicial robes with blood. The guilt or innocence of the victim is of little moment compared with the terrible influence excited by the deed. The conscience is excited to greater activity by the possibility, nay, more, the probability of the innocence of the man who suffered the extreme penalty of the law.

A Jewish peddler, Bennett Scopp, was hung at Norwalk, O., on the 3d day of August, for the murder of his friend, who, to assist him, had taken him into business. All the evidence was circumstantial, and even now, detectives are on the watch for another suspected individual. He was condemned on evidence that would not decide a suit where an estate of ten thousand dollars was at stake, and no appeal made to the pardoning power was of any avail, so he was executed. No, I will not use such soft words—I will call things by their right names—he was murdered because he was supposed to have murdered! The State of Ohio must mete unflinching justice, for the purpose of over-awing and deterring others from crime. She must make an example. The "awe" produced on the rabble was shown by the immense crowd which gathered around the jail on the fatal day, although they well knew that they could not obtain a glimpse of the horrid spectacle. The smell of blood aroused the latent best, and, sniffing blood, they gathered in a dense mass—crowding, jostling, jeering, swearing, or listening silently that, perchance, they might catch a death groan of the fellow being who was to feel the full force of the laws.

Thirty only were admitted. In the words of the reporter:—"When these were admitted, the doors were locked and blinds closed. The favored persons consisting of members of the press, ten in number, physicians, clergymen and the friends and counsel of the convict. Four minutes before two o'clock, he mounted the stairs and led the way to the scaffold, cheerfully shaking hands with everybody he passed. Dr. Meyer, a Jewish Rabbi from Cleveland, and the Sheriff accompanied him. When they reached the scaffold, and his arms and limbs had been tied, after the Sheriff had read, in a trembling, broken voice, his instructions from the Court, and his warrant for the execution, Scopp being asked if he had anything to say, replied, in broken English: 'I, Bennet Scopp, am an innocent man; I have not had an honest trial; I did not have my witnesses; God knows that I am innocent; I call him to hear. Oh God! Oh God! I killed not Goodman. Good bye friends, all.' Dr. Meyer exclaimed, 'This is an innocent man,' and left the scaffold overcome by his feelings.

"The Sheriff placed the cap over his head, and completed the tying of his arms, when Scopp laughed out and jokingly asked, 'Why he, so small a man, needed so much rope?' A visible shudder passed through the assembly, and all wondered at the possibility of a man so near his God, indulging in a joking expression and a smile.

"At two minutes past two o'clock, the spring was touched, the drop fell, and without a groan,

without a struggle, the soul of Bennett Scopp was in another world.

"The Sheriff left the scaffold when his sad duty was done, and those who observed him at that moment, saw a look of pain marked upon his countenance which they will not forget until their dying day."

What a satire on the vaunted civilization of the Nineteenth century, and of the country that leads in all humanitarian movements! Oh, men and women of Ohio, of all the states that support such deeds as this by their laws, listen! In jail, with "doors locked and blinds closed," with thirty witnesses, representing the learned professions, see, will you, if you can see through the tears of grief and shame which should blind you if you have a human heart, on one side a pale and haggard foreigner, friendless, moneyless, hunted to the death; on the other three millions of people of a great State, who through their officers have their foot on the spring, touching which, this wretched being is to be launched into eternity! We do not wonder at the good and noble Dr. Meyer turning away sick at heart, or that the Sheriff's countenance assumed a "look of pain" never to be forgotten. If Bennett Scopp was innocent, his death was a judicial murder, and is not the first or second, even, this State has been guilty of in the last few years. How long shall such scenes be enacted, and men compelled by their office to do that which their souls condemn, which under no considerations would they do as individuals? How many more pages has the historian of our State to write with blood? †

### "The Star of Snow."

Night reveals the stars. The dark background gives bold relief to the angel in front. The mud is the mother-bosom of the lily. Ruskin, in his "Ethics of the Dust," poetically tells us how "slime of a damp, overtrodden path in the outskirts of a manufacturing town" may in time be transformed into precious stones. The clayey elements, ridding themselves of foreign substance by an innate process of election, left in perfect rest, "gradually become a white earth, already very beautiful, and fit, with help, of congealing fire, to be made into finest porcelain, and painted on, and kept in king's palaces." Leave this artificial consistence still quiet to follow its own instinct of unity, "and it becomes clear and hard when it gathers out of the light the loveliest blue rays, and is a sapphire. The sand of that slime whitens itself, runs into fine, parallel lines, grows clear and hard, when it possesses the power of reflecting blue, green, purple and red rays, and it is now a beautiful opal. The soot of that slime of the city also clears itself at last—the hardest thing in the world—and from the blackness that it had, obtains in exchange the power of reflecting all the rays of the sun at once, in the vividest blaze that any solid thing can shoot. We then call it a diamond." The nasty water of that slime purifies and unites, and reaches the form of a dew drop, and if left still long enough, crystallizes into the shape of a star. Thus the most absolute type of impurity—the "slime of a damp, over-trodden path in the outskirts of a neighboring town"—by the economy of co-operation, becomes a sapphire, an opal and a diamond, "set in the midst of a star of snow."

If thus in the lower forms of being, nature opens wonderful beauties, why not in the human kingdom, from the lowest, develop the finest and fairest to enrich the angel home? The human soul is where nature coronates all she has of good, set often in shadows to make it light, cultured in sorrow to quicken an in-germed sweetness. When the sapphire, the opal and the diamond, "set in the midst of a star of snow," brought forth from the footpath trod by mortals ages ago, are translated—the very soul of them translated—into spirit-consciousness,—oh! then all our seething, fermenting, fighting world is an Eden, and the prodigals, extracting virtue from all things,

as the bee honey from the desert-rock, are the teachers of the gospel of progress.

Call not unclean what the angels have chosen and cleansed. Was not Jesus of mean Nazareth? and his disciples—were they not ragged fishermen of Gallilee? With a sneer and a proud eye, the silver-slipped church tauntingly asks, "Behold these Spiritual mediums! are they not of low families, uneducated, a common herd, and unchurched vagrants?" Were it so, oh mother of harlots, if God hath chosen them, if holy angels give them trumpets to herald truth, what is that to thee? If thou art all sinless and undefiled, gather up thy phylacteries and get out of the sunshine, that the redeemed may come in to instruct thee in the beauties of charity. All pharisees and arrogant bigots must yet listen to those whom they have scorned, that each may learn brotherhood, sisterhood and angelhood, which is "heaven begun." \*

### What is Greatness?

To those who have any question as to what constitutes greatness, read that you may be enlightened, and duly heed that you may become—if the following ministerial standard is the criterion—something very little! For only in this, can one realize "the truth as it is in Jesus"—"He that humbleth himself shall be exalted, and he that would be greatest in the kingdom of heaven must become least among the children of men."

We see it reported that the Rev. Mr. Knowles, pastor of the Mt. Bellingham Methodist Church, recently preached a sermon from Matt. 9: 11—subject, "True and False Greatness." One of his fundamental propositions was, "that greatness was not so much in acts, as in the nature that prompted them; and that no man could be truly great, who was not soundly converted to Christianity."

Alas! what becomes of that large body, the rank and file, forming the majority of Christians, who are never more than *partially*, instead of "soundly converted," who have only a hope or a trust that they are Christians? And how is it with those whom Shakspeare says are born great?

In view of this Methodist dictum, let the reader say with Wolsey: "A long farewell to all my greatness;" and as in duty bound, we will pray that ours may grow small by degrees and beautifully less.

B.

### Hanging as a Fine Art.

At the recent execution of Scopp at Norwalk, O., we are informed that several officers from different localities, who were expecting to officiate at similar legal murders, came and were admitted, for the purpose of learning how the feat should be performed.

This is entirely too much of a burden to impose on County officers, not only to hang condemned individuals, but to take long journeys to learn the art. We recommend to the State, the endowment of a PROFESSORSHIP OF HANGING. It might be attached to some established college; Oberlin would answer a good purpose, as hanging will accord with the theology there taught. The sheriffs of the various counties, could then by attending a winter's course of lectures, thereby understand this beautiful art. The lecture room would of course be ornamented with a gallows, and an image hung every day, or for diversion the pulpits might take turns as illustrative subjects. This would lead to patent hang-knots, drops, springs, &c., by which the delicate matter of dispatching a human being according to the requisites of law would be elevated not only to the rank of a science, but a fine art. †

The brightest grace and the most beautiful culture must come to bear upon every-day living. The whole heaven is made that just the daily bread for human souls may come down out of it.

## Milan Grove Meeting.

The two-days' grove meeting at Milan, last Saturday and Sunday, will not be soon forgotten by any who were privileged to attend. The "clerk of the weather" for once provided for us admirably. No fairer days for grove meetings were ever seen. All the combined efforts of our orthodox friends, in prayer to have it not only rain, but to "pour down in torrents, so as to scatter the wicked, crazy Spiritualists to their homes," was unavailing. Their orthodox God, usually so accommodating, was utterly powerless, and the Spiritualists held one of the largest and most successful meetings ever convened in this part of the State.

Early Saturday forenoon, the earnest believers in our cause commenced to come to the beautiful grove, where seats to accommodate 1600 persons had been provided, and a platform for speakers and singers erected.

At 2, p. m., a large audience had assembled, when the exercises were commenced by Hudson Tuttle calling the meeting to order, and asking the choir to sing. After the music, O. L. Sutliff was introduced, who, in his easy, frank, yet earnest manner, entertained the audience with an entirely new, original and somewhat humorous explanation of some passages of Scripture. His points were sharp and effective.

Cephas B. Lynn followed, occupying about the same time. His thoughts were fresh and beautiful—logically presented, with an earnestness of manner all seemed to feel and appreciate. His remarks were well received.

A. A. Wheelock announced the surprising news of the departure of Henry C. Wright for the land of spirits. He paid an earnest and heartfelt tribute to his memory, closing by promising to present some resolutions expressive of the sense of the meeting, before its close.

After music by the choir, Mrs. Emma Hardinge was introduced, who commenced a thorough and critical review of Spiritualism. First showing that the idea of spirit communion was no new thing—that it had been believed in and acknowledged by every form of religion—that much of the reported phenomena of Biblical and other history was identical with that claimed by Spiritualists to-day. She took up this marvel and wonder, tracing its history step by step, with faultless accuracy, from the first known rap, through the Fox girls, to that point where an hour's constant speaking would naturally bring her, in considering the subject. It must have been evident to all, whether Spiritualists or not, that Mrs. Hardinge was completely master of the subject. She is not only a pleasing speaker, but most effective. Her appearance is grandly dignified, her manner graceful, her gestures fittingly perfect, while the deep, clear tones of a most wonderful voice in compass and power, laden with the magnetic fires of an earnest soul, chain an audience to their seats in willing, wrapt attention.

Music by the choir, and Saturday afternoon's exercises were closed.

In the evening, Roberts Hall was densely packed. Speeches were made by Cephas B. Lynn, O. L. Sutliff, Mrs. Thompson and A. A. Wheelock. It was a grand meeting—beautiful the inspirations felt, and golden the rich, progressive thoughts expressed.

Sunday morning came, bright and beautiful, with tokens of sunlight from the Spiritualists' God, presaging a fair and lovely day, where in the Infinite Father's first temples, the groves, we could devoutly worship.

At 10 a. m., a very large audience had assembled.

After music by the choir, O. L. Sutliff, Mrs. S. M. Thompson and A. A. Wheelock made short speeches, when Mrs. Hardinge again took the stand, and after a most beautiful invocation, continued her review of Spiritualism. As we took notes of this lecture, and intend to publish a full synopsis of it, in a future number, we now only say that it was "both meat and drink" to every soul who heard it and could understand it.

At 1 p. m., an immense concourse of people had assembled. The exercises were opened with music, and a few remarks from Bros. Sutliff and Lynn, when Mrs. Hardinge again took the stand. Her lecture was preceded by a most touching and impressive invocation. The grand review of Spiritualism commenced Saturday, was completed, and the question, "What good has Spiritualism done?" was so satisfactorily and fully answered, while the results as a summing up of all that is embodied in the sublime truths of our glorious philosophy, were presented in a most finished, complete and masterly manner.

The closing peroration of her lecture was exquisitely grandly beautiful, beyond any description words can give. Her matchless rendering of that soul-awakening poem, "Over There," took the vast audience whom her eloquence had charmed in wrapt attention for nearly two hours, "over there" with her. It was a grand sight! Full three thousand people hanging spell-bound, in breathless silence, upon the golden words that like heavenly nectar fell from her inspired lips.

As a fitting conclusion to the great truths presented and the deep impression made by Mrs. Hardinge, regarding the beautiful spirit land, "over there," A. A. Wheelock offered the following resolutions and moved their adoption, which was seconded by Cephas B. Lynn of Boston, when Mrs. Hardinge paid a most beautiful and touching tribute to the memory of the departed, and the resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, The sad and surprising news has reached us, of the departure from the earthly tenement, of our venerable friend and brother, Henry C. Wright, to the summer land of souls; and whereas, it seems fitting that a public expression of our feelings should be given when so great a change occurs in the scenes of our earth life as the summoning of one so distinguished in every good word and work, from our midst, therefore,

Resolved, That not as Spiritualists and Liberalists alone, but as members of a common brotherhood of the great family of humanity, do we hereby give expression to the great veneration, love and esteem in which we hold most sacred in golden memories the name, the character and the noble life of our friend and elder brother, Henry C. Wright.

Resolved, That we behold, in his firm adherence to principle, his love of justice and the right, his unflinching devotion to the weak, the defenceless and the oppressed, his never-failing sympathies for the poor and distressed; his bold and fearless advocacy of what he believed to be right, by tongue and pen, regardless of popular favor; his great and self-sacrificing labors in every field of reform, place his name in the front rank of the great army of reformers, challenging alike our admiration and emulation.

Resolved, That as Spiritualists, we have no cause to mourn—that we are not like those without hope, or even knowledge in regard to the future; therefore, while we may sadly miss him from active labors in the glorious cause of religious and other reforms—for he was and still will be one of its grandest champions and most able advocates—we recognize in this natural and necessary change that has come to our friend, not the decree of an angry God, snatching a dear friend from our midst, but a birth into that higher life, where our beloved friend, with other loved ones, awaits our coming.

Music by the choir. An inspirational, heart-felt word parting by Mrs. Hardinge, to which that vast audience responded as with one heart-throb, in a united, earnest, soul-moved prayer for blessings on Emma Hardinge, and gratitude to the bright spirits who had given them to eat of "the heavenly manna" of such divine inspirations, and the meeting was closed. ||

## Gone Home.

The sudden departure of the veteran reformer—humanity's friend—Henry C. Wright, for the world of spirits, will be to a host of friends, in more lands than one, the saddest news of all the year. He was stricken down unexpectedly, of apoplexy, on Monday, the 15th inst., at Pawtucket, R. I. He has finally reached the goal to which all the aspirations of his great soul so unerringly pointed, and the rewards of a just and blameless life most certainly bring its possessor. Brave, pure, noble, great-souled man and brother, we love thee still! Thy memory—thy noble, self-sacrificing life—is as sacred to us as our own heart-throbs. The presence of thy spirit will be a continual blessing—a baptism from on high—of love, peace and good will.

The crowded state of our columns prevents our saying more at this time. We cannot say farewell, for we know that by and by

"We shall meet thee in the morning,  
Where the shadows come no more,  
Nevermore,"

## "Wants to Spy Out the Land."

Such is the declaration of Rev. A. N. Craft, of Erie, Pa., who sends us one dollar for our paper one year. The "spy business" is not generally regarded as a very honorable calling, we believe, even, by those blood thirsty sinners who use the carnal weapons of warfare—such as "Sharpe's rifles," "Needle guns," "Chassepots," and the like. Even the tragic end of Maj. Andre, in this country, failed to excite sympathy enough to make a "spy" respectable!

Perhaps a Methodist minister can do well at the business. If knavery, cunning, fraud, deception, lying and craftiness, are requisite for success, we think some of them would do a Land-office business in the "spy" work. Of course "spies" are not expected to know very much about their own side, only just enough to lookout for the safety of their own unworthy necks.

We therefore suggest to our Rev. friend, that it may be well for *safety*, to "spy" around his own theological camp, and learn something of the condition of things in that large army of Reverend rascals, of which he is a member, and for whom he proposes to "spy out the land," before he comes into the enemy's lines. With our usual generosity, and knowing from a six days discussion with Bro. Craft, his real or assumed ignorance of matters, we have concluded to assist him, and therefore recommend that he carefully peruse the last page of this paper, including "The Calvinistic Day of Judgment," but more especially the "Minister's Record!" It may not be very interesting reading for our ministerial friend, but it ought to be *instructive* for one who proposes to become a "spy."

COMING WEST.—We are in receipt of a line from that faithful Spiritualist and earnest brother, A. C. Robinson of Salem, Mass., saying he was coming West in September and would be happy to make a few engagements to lecture. Bro. Robinson is a sound thinker and able speaker, and one of our most earnest and zealous workers. We hope many of our societies West will be favored with his ministrations. Requests for his services may be sent to this office. Act promptly friends, for September is almost here.

IN THE HARNESS AGAIN.—Bro. Cephas B. Lynn, of Boston, who from over-work and physical exhaustion was obliged to retire from the field last winter, has returned to the West, recuperated and greatly strengthened, and ready for any amount of speaking that he may find to do. We hope the friends will keep him employed. He spoke at the Grove meetings in Milan and at Birmingham, to great acceptance. He will speak with Mrs. Hardinge at Farmington, Aug. 27th, 28th, and will be in attendance at our State Convention in Sept. 9th, 10th and 11th. Bro. Lynn should be heard.

## Gone up Higher.

On the 25th of July, the angels called Lydia Marie, only child of J. William Van Namee, aged 3 years, 5 months and 7 days; and she closed her eyes upon earth's scenes, and the freed spirit passed up higher, to the life beyond the grave, where she waits to welcome her loved ones who so sadly miss her here.

[For some unknown cause, the above did not reach us in season to insert in our last issue.—MAN'G ED.]

## Lyceum Guide.

Arrangements have been made with the publishers, so that we are enabled to supply this work at their prices to Lyceums.

When Lyceums order twenty-five or more copies, twenty per cent. discount on the retail price will be made.

Mohammed once heard one of his followers say, "I will unloose my camel, and commit it to God," "Friend, tie thy camel and commit it to God," was the advice of the Prophet.

Dialogues and Recitations  
for  
Children's Lyceum.

By Mrs. Louisa Shepard.

A CONVERSATION BETWEEN AUNT CHLOE AND HER NEPHEW AND NIECE.  
(Concluded.)

*Aunt Chloe.*—Well! well! it is said that old things would pass away, and all things become new, and I am beginning to think it will be so, for they do say that the dead come back and talk to folks, and tell them about things in the other world.

*Anna.*—Yes, Aunt, the angels have come, the gates of heaven are open, they have come to teach us to dispense with all forms and ceremonies, and live in spirit and in truth.

*Aunt Chloe.*—That does look like the time that Jesus talked about, "when all shall know the Lord from the least to the greatest, and the saints shall possess the whole earth."

PART SECOND.

*Emery.*—Aunt, we have come again to talk about those reforms.

*Aunt Chloe.*—Well, they have got up a reform in religion, and they throw away the Bible. That book is all we have to guide us in this world, and teach us concerning the next. It tells us how the world was made, how God created man and all things, and pronounced all very good.

*Anna.*—Yes, and the Bible says, too, it repented God that he had made man, and it grieved him to the heart.

*Aunt Chloe.*—You must not doubt the Bible; remember he that doubts is damned. The Bible says Adam had two sons, Cain and Abel; that God respected Abel and his offering, but Cain and his offering he did not respect; and Cain got angry with Abel, his brother, and killed him; and the Lord was angry with Cain, and set a mark upon him, that others finding him might not kill him. Some people say God cursed him and made him black, but the negro says he scared him and turned him white.

*Anna.*—But who was there to kill him when he had killed Abel, and he was the only one left, besides his father and mother?

*Aunt Chloe.*—My child, the Bible does not say who would execute the Lord's vengeance, and we must not be wise above what is written. The Bible says Cain went to the land of Nod and got him a wife.

*Emery.*—How could he find him a wife in the land of Nod, or any other place, when Cain and his parents were the only people on earth?

*Aunt Chloe.*—You must not query with the Bible. Remember it is God's truth; that is one of the mysteries; it is all given for our instruction, and were it not for the Bible, we should all be heathen.

*Anna.*—Heathen! who are heathen?

*Aunt Chloe.*—Those who do not worship the true God.

*Emery.*—Who worships the true God? Who knows what God is, or where? Who can comprehend him? Then are we not all heathen?

*Aunt Chloe.*—The Bible says God is a spirit, and dwells in light, and no man hath seen God at any time.

*Anna.*—Yes, but Jesus says, "They that have seen me have seen the Father, and they that love me, dwell in me, and I in them."

*Aunt Chloe.*—So God dwells in all humanity, does he? Is that your religion?

*Emery.*—That is the new religion.

*Aunt Chloe.*—What do you call it?

*Anna.*—Spiritualism.

*Aunt Chloe.*—Spiritualism! what is that?

*Anna.*—The philosophy of Spiritualism embraces the whole domain of mind, including God, angels and mortals. It explains the relation of cause and

effect—the naturalness, duality, oneness and divinity of life—the condition of spirit life, and the relations existing between mortals and all the higher states of existence. It demonstrates the future and eternal progress of the whole race; that the departed live; that man is immortal; that angels come as guardians and guides over the highways of earth; that death is but the door to eternity, where the departed wait to greet all earth's wanderers home.

*Aunt Chloe.*—But has Spiritualism done any good?

*Emery.*—Yes, great good. It has brought heaven down to where we can understand it; it has brought hell up to where we can comprehend it; it makes the knave an honest man; it makes the oppressor a humane man; it makes the egotist a humble man; it makes the cross and unkind husband and father a kind and affectionate man; it makes the child loving and obedient to its parents; it makes the drunkard a sober man; it makes the bad good, and the good better; it makes one universal family of God's children; it inspires us to do justly, love mercy, and walk humbly; in short, it brings heaven down to earth, and it raises earth up to heaven. Is not that doing good?

*Aunt Chloe.*—Well, go on, and I will join you, heart and hand. Let your motto be, free and fraternal with all, responsible for none—conscience your creed—truth your search—the inculcation of spiritual graces your aim—the world your church—angels your ministers—God your great high priest, and the dawn of this harmonic age your hope for humanity. Stand up for the right, come what will, regardless of sect, party or caste, regardless of name or fame; and heed the voice of God that speaks within, though friends forsake and the whole world frown with indignation—remain firm to your convictions.

FREEDOM.

*Rose.*—Mother, what is the world coming to? Everybody is striking for freedom.

*Mother.*—Yes, my child, we must have freedom—freedom to go to heaven to interrogate God; freedom to go into hell to examine the condition of the devils. All good must come up for our inspection, to see if it can stand the test of man's advancing reason. There can be no happiness without freedom.

*Rose.*—How can we examine all things?

*Mother.*—If there is anything called high, we must climb up the mountain of truth, above the fogs of superstition. If there is anything called low, we must delve until we find whether it is founded on the everlasting rock of reason, or upon the shifting sands of popular prejudice.

*Rose.*—Can reason test everything?

*Mother.*—Yes, my child; nothing else can. What sweet delight we realize when we have made such a test of error or truth, and hear the God within saying, Well done, good and faithful servant,—and we are at peace with ourselves.

*Rose.*—Should we do that which seems to us right, if others oppose us?

*Mother.*—Yes, when judgment says it is right; conscience says *do it*, although the whole world oppose. Do right, is the only true gospel ever preached to man.

*Rose.*—What rule have we to decide that certain conduct on the part of others is right or wrong?

*Mother.*—We have no right to decide what is absolutely right or wrong, unless we understand all the motives which led to the act, and all the forces which lie behind it.

*Rose.*—Should that teach us charity?

*Mother.*—Yes, as intelligent people we should make use of reason and charity in our efforts to convince each other of our errors and faults; to reason with each other is to become wiser and better; to persecute each other is to return to the practices of the dark ages.

[To be continued.]

WHY WE PUBLISH SO MANY ADVERTISEMENTS.

There are certain complaints publishers of periodicals are apt to receive from subscribers, which are so unreasonable that we must crave the indulgence of the reader in a little space to reply to them. These complaints are levelled against the appearance of advertisements in their favorite journals, the assumption apparently being that having purchased a copy of a periodical, or subscribed to it, the length and breadth of the sheet is the reader's property, and should be filled with literature. Now, to these complaints or assumptions there are two answers. The first is that by means of the revenue from advertisements, the publishers are enabled to give their subscribers a far more valuable journal than they otherwise could afford to do. With many periodicals, the greater part of the cost of illustrations and contributions is paid for by advertisements, the sheet itself being sold for little more than the bare cost of the white paper and the printing. The subscriber is obtaining for almost nothing, that which cost a large outlay; and the advertisers, instead of being objects of his denunciation, are entitled to his gratitude. If any complaints are pertinent in the matter at all, they should come from the advertisers, who would seem to be paying more than their proportion of the expense; but intelligent advertisers usually concede that this liberality, jointly theirs and the publishers, extends the circulation of the publication, and hence, in the end redounds to their advantage. No circulation, attainable by a first class weekly, would be sufficient to meet the outlay in producing this Journal, if no revenue were derivable from advertisements. If advertisements were excluded, the price would have to be increased, or the expenses materially reduced. The second answer to these complaints is that advertisements are really important in a journal, being in fact only so many items of information which it is desirable for people to know. Advertisers could not afford to advertise—and they pay large prices—if there were no response to their advertisements; and if responses come, the evidence is complete that the advertisements have been not only important to the advertiser, but useful to the reader. The advantages thus are entirely mutual. The reader often discovers in the advertising pages, an announcement of new books, that as an intelligent man, he desires to be informed about, and which in many cases are of interest to him, or possibly, of value to his business; he finds the particulars of a new household utensil, the purchase of which will abridge the labor or contribute to the comfort of his family; he learns the price of apparel, and thus is enabled to employ his means judiciously and to the best advantage in procuring articles of this kind; he gathers information as to various forms of investment, by which he may place his reserved money in the best securities; in short, the advertising pages supply him with no little information vital to his comfort or important to the right understanding of things about him. A journal without advertisements is incomplete, and keeps away from its readers many things they ought to know. Advertisements are a chronicle of the world's progress; they exhibit its industrial activity, and show what is doing in the world of thought, of invention and of art. So much better is this all understood in England than with us, that there all the literary and scientific journals give very great space to advertisements, and have them always pagged in the number, so that they may be bound in the yearly volume, and remain a permanent record of the business aspect of the times. In an old newspaper or magazine, the advertisements are often the most curious and instructive part of the publication, and serve the same purpose as old ballads and old songs do in throwing a valuable side-light upon the manners and habits of the people of a particular period. The social history of a people could be written from their advertisements. Literature proper exhibits the culture of a few; the literature of advertisements shows the taste and culture of the multitude. If amusement could be derived from English advertisements, what must be said of American provincial ones, with all their splendid energy, their sounding pomp and their wonderful grammar? A curious and entertaining book has been written, on the History of Sign-Boards; a still more entertaining volume could be compiled from advertisements gathered from different times and various sources. It would be one of the richest collections of *disjecta membra* in history.—*Appleton's Jour.*

**DRUNKARD, STOP**

Intemperance is a Disease.

**THE REMEDY HAS BEEN DISCOVERED.****A RADICAL CURE CAN BE EFFECTED!!**

Many of the weaknesses of human nature, which have been charged to total depravity, are the mere effects of unfortunate disease. This may be inherited or brought upon any one by habit.

**INTEMPERANCE IS SUCH A DISEASE!***It Can Be Cured!*

What the poor suffering victim of appetite needs is not condemnation, not censure and blame, not moralizing and preaching but

**A MEDICINE!**

and

*A Scientific Course of Treatment.*

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

**THE DRUNKARD'S HOPE!**

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

**A PERMANENT CURE!**

Do not despair; you may be free from the curse which drags you down if you will. Rally your manhood, revive your courage,

**AND BE SAVED!**

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

**10,000! 10,000! 10,000!!!****DRUNKARDS HAVE BEEN CURED.****What the People Say!**

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

**RECOMMENDATIONS:**

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

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

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

O. B.]

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

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

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

MRS. A. E. DUNAHOO.

South Onondaga, Oct. 17th, 1867.

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

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

MRS. O. H. AMIDON.

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

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

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

Send a dozen circulars, if you please.

Yours, &amp;c.,

PHEBE BRADLEY.

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

W. A. KNIGHT, 701 Broadway, N. Y.

Pequonock, Conn., July 19 1865.

At the request of Mrs. W., I write you. She received our circular two weeks ago last Monday. I received the medicine I ordered ten days after I sent the money, and it has proved to be a perfect cure so far, for the one I got it for,

used only one bottle, and he has not taken one drop of spirit since, nor does he have any desire for it, nor to go where it is kept. He is a changed man entirely. To-day I carried the bottle I had left to Mrs. W., to cure her husband. If it will cure him it will cure any one. I fear one bottle will not be enough for him. Please write as soon as you receive this.

Address

F. B. STEBBINS,  
Pequonock, Conn.

Eastville, Va., Nov. 1, 1864.

*Dear Sir:*—Some weeks ago I ordered one of your circulars hoping to benefit a friend fast sinking into a drunkard's grave. I persuaded him at length to send for the medicine—he took it, and it has worked a perfect cure; the very smell of whiskey is now loathsome, and the same of beer, cider, and all alcoholic liquors. He is now another man—his wife the happiest of women. I wish you now to send me a package of circulars for distribution—I wish to do all the good I can.

Respectfully,

T. W. SMITH.

Lyndon, Vt., May 2, 1864.

*Derr Sir:*—Your Remedy for Intemperance has been instrumental in bringing joy and peace to our once unhappy home, and nearly restoring the patient from his former habits, although circumstances beyond my control prevent me from following the directions minutely as I otherwise would have done. Language is far too feeble to express my gratitude to you as the preserver and restorer of one who is dearer to me than life. Please send me two more bottles without one moment's delay as I have only one dram left, and I do not feel safe without it.

In haste,

JANE BARTLETT  
Lyndon, Vt.

The following is from a gentleman who formerly kept the Alms House in a neighboring town. Two men have been cured, have left the Alms House, and are now supporting themselves and families, when before, the town had to support them. The medicine was given nearly two years ago.

Plymouth, Aug. 27th,

*Dear Sir:*—I have been away from home most of the time, since meeting you in Boston, and have not noticed your cure in the papers; I will as soon as I can get time. In regard to the Alms House inmates I would say, after having given your medicine for a short time, the inclination for strong drink was very much lessened, and the persons often said to me they were not going to drink any more, and time proved they felt and meant to do so. Two of the cases are now out of the house, and supporting themselves and families. I herein give my testimony, in any case of drunkenness, that I could calm the patient in one hour's time, by giving only one teaspoonful of the mixture, without the individual being aware of taking anything out of the common course of drinks. It is not detected by the inebriate till he feels the effect of it in his stomach, taking away all desire for strong drink. No person who has a friend or relation addicted to the habitual use of intoxicating liquors, should be without it, or even would be, after giving it a fair trial. More anon.

Yours truly,

D. C. CLIFFORD.

Boston, Sept. 1st, 1864.

You wished me to state what I know personally in relation to the effect of your "Radical Cure."

You kindly presented me, some months ago, with a number of bottles. The first cure was that of a gentleman who had for years been addicted to the use of ardent spirits—so much so, that there was scarcely a day but he was intoxicated. From a high business standing he was brought down to utter want. He used only one bottle, and is now engaged in his former pursuits, with a dislike as strong against, as it was formerly for, ardent spirits. I might mention three other cases, with the like gratifying results, with which I am cognizant.

Very truly yours,

J. R. DILLINGHAM.

Providence, R. I., March 18, 1865.

*Dear Sir:*—Since writing before, I have heard of a perfect cure that has been cured in this town by your medicine. Will you please to write so that I can get the letter by Saturday, and tell me how many bottles at the most it will take to effect a radical cure. I want enough to cure him [speaking of a friend] without stopping to send for more.

Yours truly,

M. J. LAKE.

Chicago, March 8, 1855.

*Sir:*—I now write to let you know that the man that took your medicine last October, in Groton Junction, has not drunk since, and says he never will drink again. Since I came here, I have been telling how much good the medicine has done. There is a lady here that wants to get it for her husband, so I thought I would write to you and see what way you can send it.

MRS. MARY ANN MURPHY.

147 N. Green Street, Chicago, Ill.

The following letter is from an ex-member of the Massachusetts Legislature

East Boston, March 4, 1867,

*Sir:*—I feel it a duty to humanity to inform you of the result of my observations in regard to your remedy for drunkenness. I first became acquainted with you, when you with others brought the subject of an Asylum for Inebriates before the Legislature of this State, of which I was then a member. The evidence before the Committee was conclusive in favor of your "Radical Cure for Intemperance."

Wendell Phillips, Esq., stated that the ratio of cures which

had been made in different institutions and the result of comparison was six to one in favor of your remedy. Judge Russell's letter to the Chairman of the Committee, was decisive in regard to the success of your practice, as was also the testimony of a large number of gentlemen, who stated what your medicine had done for them personally; besides hundreds of letters, speaking of the wonderful success of your medicine. I must say that I was surprised, for I had been looking at reformatory means of ridding men of this curse, rather than to medication, to save the inebriate. After hearing the testimony of such a large number in favor of your manner of treatment, I recommended it to some of my acquaintances, and have been more and more favorably impressed with the surprising effect of your Remedy, in removing the appetite for intoxicating drinks. I would also state that I have advised some half-dozen of my personal friends to use it, and so far as I know, all have been cured.

JOHN B. HAM.

This certifies, that, at the suggestion of some of my friends, I called upon Dr. Beers, to inquire in regard to his Radical Cure for Intemperance. I was very favorably impressed with his philosophy of the cause and cure of Intemperance. At his request, I called on a number of ladies and gentlemen, whose names were given me, who had been cured of all desire or appetite for stimulating liquors, and who were earnest in their expressions of gratitude for the wonderful change which the medicine had produced. Although hitherto quite skeptical in curing intemperance by medication, I must say that the evidence in favor of his practice is overwhelming, and I can truly say [if human testimony is worth anything] that if the people of Boston really knew what the Radical Cure is doing to change the condition of homes and families—from wretchedness and misery to happiness and peace—it would create such an excitement in this city as has seldom been seen.

Truly your friend,

IGNATIUS SARGENT, M. D.,

Boston.

Malden, Aug. 30th, 1864.

*Dear Sir:*—I think it my duty to inform you of two cures by the use of your medicine, which came under my particular notice, in Providence, R. I., some two years ago. One of them, within ten years, from being a man of more than ordinary business capacity, through the use of intoxicating drink sank lower and lower, until he got into the gutter, where the "Radical Cure" found him, took away all appetite for strong drink, and to-day he is a man again, enjoying the confidence and respect of his friends. Another case in the same city, was a gentleman of culture and wealth, who had become so degraded by the use of stimulants that he was given up by his friends as a hopeless case. He was told of the "Cure," and said, "With a little help, I can overcome this habit." The poor man little thought that the membrane of his stomach was diseased, and that no coaxing or driving could remove it. Only a judicious course of medication with the "Radical Cure" would remove the malady. He used the medicine, is wholly himself again, and is now holding a high office under the federal government. If the facts in relation to these two cases will be of any benefit to the cause of humanity, you are at liberty to use them.

Yours truly,

C. C. HOMER.

This letter is from a friend who has taken some interest in letting the good effects of the "Radical Cure" be known:

Hartford, Aug. 16th, 1864.

*Dear Sir:*—Since being here, I have become acquainted with a case of intemperance, which, I think may be cured by your Remedy. He is perfectly willing to take your medicine, so that it will not be necessary to take it in liquor. In another instance I have recommended your Remedy, and it proved a cure. The last I knew about it the man had not drunk for a year, nor had he any inclination to. I shall send for the medicine for this man as soon as I get your answer.

Yours truly,

A. M. KNIGHT.

Here is one from New Hampshire, which shows what a single bottle of the "Radical Cure of Intemperance will do:

Portsmouth, June 20th.

*Dear Sir:*—Having taken your "Radical Cure" some two weeks, with good effect, thank God! and not having taken quite one bottle, I wish to know if I must continue to take it until all is taken. I thank God and you that I ever took it. I have no desire for drink. You may use my name to do good to others. I have drunk for years.

Yours with respect,

D. Y. ADAMS.

**What the Papers Say.**

We would call attention to the "Radical Cure for Intemperance, prepared by Dr. Beers. We know of many who had the desire for alcoholic stimulants entirely removed by its use.—Boston Journal.

In the Providence of God, while influences are at work to make us a nation of drunkards, a medicine has been discovered that destroys all desire for intoxicating drinks.—Transcript.

A Radical Cure for Drunkenness may be procured of Dr. Beers, of this city. There is no humbug about this. Try it you who are afflicted with too great a desire to imbibe to excess.—Pilot.

Any amount of evidence from all directions could be produced, if required, but the above is certainly sufficient.

Write to THE AMERICAN SPIRITUALIST, corner of Sheriff and Prospect st., or call at the office, Sheriff street, second door from Prospect st., Cleveland, Ohio. Send P. O. Order, or Registered Letter, enclosing \$3.00 for one bottle, or \$5.00 for two, when to be forwarded by express; with 50 cts. per bottle extra, for postage and tin box, if sent by mail.

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OFFICE 47 PROSPECT STREET, CLEVELAND, O.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

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

A. A. Wheelock, Managing Editor.

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

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Inches.	1 issue. 1 time.	2 issues. 1 month.	4 issues. 2 months.	6 issues. 3 months.	8 issues. 4 months.	10 issues. 5 months.	12 issues. 6 months.	14 issues. 7 months.	16 issues. 8 months.	18 issues. 9 months.	20 issues. 1 year.
1	1.00	1.56	2.68	3.80	4.92	6.04	7.72	11.08	15.00	19.00	23.00
2	1.75	2.56	4.19	5.81	7.44	9.07	11.51	16.39	22.08	28.00	34.00
3	2.50	3.56	5.70	7.82	9.96	12.10	15.30	21.70	29.16	37.00	45.00
4	3.25	4.66	7.21	9.83	12.48	15.18	19.09	27.01	36.24	46.00	56.00
5	4.00	5.56	8.72	11.85	15.00	18.16	22.88	32.32	43.32	54.00	64.00
6	4.75	6.56	10.23	13.86	17.52	21.19	26.67	37.63	50.40	62.00	74.00
7	5.50	7.56	11.74	15.87	20.04	24.22	30.46	42.94	57.48	70.00	84.00
8	6.25	8.56	13.25	17.89	22.56	27.25	34.25	48.52	64.56	78.00	94.00
9	7.00	9.56	14.76	19.89	25.08	30.28	38.04	53.56	71.64	86.00	102.00
10	7.75	10.57	16.27	21.90	27.61	33.31	41.83	58.87	78.72	94.00	110.00
11	8.50	11.58	17.78	23.91	30.13	36.34	45.62	64.18	85.80	102.00	126.00
12	9.25	12.59	19.29	25.92	32.65	39.37	49.41	69.49	92.88	110.00	142.00
31	10.00	13.60	20.80	28.00	35.20	42.40	53.20	74.80	100.00	122.00	154.00

THE LECTURE SEASON.

The Spiritualists and Liberalists Lecture Association of Cleveland will commence their services for the Fall and Winter at LYCEUM HALL, on the first Sunday in September.

Mrs. Emma Hardinge will lecture on the Sundays of September.

Mr. J. M. Peebles will occupy the rostrum in October.

Mr. E. V. Wilson is engaged for November, to be followed by Mr. Peebles.

Children's Lyceum at 12:30 P. M.

LECTURING.

We learn that Mr. Peebles, in addition to discoursing upon the more common subjects connected with the spiritual philosophy, will deliver lectures upon the following subjects:

1. Travel—its lessons and relations to progress.
2. Social life in Turkey.
3. Walks in Pompeii and Herculaneum.
4. Rome, and Roman Catholicism versus Liberalism.

OHIO STATE ASSOCIATION OF SPIRITUALISTS.  
Fourth Annual Convention.

The Fourth Annual Convention of the Ohio State Association of Spiritualists will be held in Lyceum Hall in the city of Cleveland on Friday, Saturday and Sunday, September 9th, 10th and 11th, 1870, commencing at 11 o'clock A. M.

Local Societies and Lyceums each will be entitled to two delegates for each fifty members or fractional part thereof, and two for each additional fifty members, and one for each fraction thereof.

Arrangements will be made for securing board at reduced rates.

Emma Hardinge and other distinguished speakers will be in attendance.

HUDSON TUTTLE, President.

GEO. WM. WILSON, Secretary.

GROVE MEETING.

The Spiritualists of Grafton and vicinity will hold a two-days' meeting in the grove opposite Duke Mennel's, one mile West of the centre. Good speakers will be in attendance.

It is expected that Emma Hardinge will speak at this meeting on Saturday, Sept. 3d. All are cordially invited.

C. STEBBINS.

GROVE MEETINGS.

J. M. Peebles and J. O. Barrett will hold a Grove Meeting at Neenah, Wis., on Saturday and Sunday, Aug. 27th and 28th.

At Belmont, Waupaco county, Wis., J. O. Barrett and Dr. E. C. Dunn will hold a Grove Meeting on the first Saturday and Sunday of September, 3d and 4th.

Parties in other places wishing for conferences and grove meetings, will apply to the undersigned.

J. O. BARRETT,

Missionary Ag't for Wisconsin.

MEDIUMS' AND SPEAKERS' CONVENTION AT LAONI, N. Y.

A Quarterly Convention of mediums and speakers will be held at Laoni, Chatauqua county, N. Y., Saturday and Sunday, September 3d and 4th, commencing at 10 o'clock Saturday. This convention is called at Laoni, by solicitation of friends residing there, and they propose to hospitably entertain those who may attend from abroad.

Good speaking and singing will abound. Invitations extended to all seekers after truth and harmonial philosophy.

J. W. SEAVER, P. I. CLUM, DR. RICE, Committee.

Byron, July 26, 1870.

WILLIAM DENTON, the Geologist and Radical; a Biographical Sketch. By J. H. Powell. Published by J. H. Powell, Boston. Paper, 36 pp. 12 mo. Price 25 cts, postage 2 cts.

Is a very readable little pamphlet, describing the difficulties met and surmounted by one of the most radical and profound thinkers in the ranks of reform.

Our Young Folks—For September is abroad in the world, and many are the "young folks" who will be made glad by perusing its interesting pages. We never take up the "Young Folks" for an hour, without feeling younger for the cheering light of its bright pages. Ere we are aware, we find ourselves sighing—

"Oh would I were a boy again," &c.

Published by Fields, Osgood & Co., 713 Broadway, N. Y. \$2 a year—single No. 20 cts.

The Technologist—For September has reached us. This illustrated Monthly, of the industrial arts, is giving a vast amount of practical information, besides containing, like the number before us, many articles of general interest. The Sept. No. presents an able Editorial on "The practical relations of science to art," also a contribution by W. S. Nichols, Esq.—"The Resultant Man of America,"—full of pointed suggestions and valuable information.

Issued at 176 Broadway, N. Y. Terms, \$2 a year—single No. 20 cts.

Good Health, is a good thing to have these hot August days, and not only for August have we been supplied, but a fresh bundle of that excellent article for the month of Sept. has just reached us, in the shape of a monthly journal of that name. Published by Alex. Moore, No. 11 Bromfield St. Boston. Farewell Doctors, so long as we receive "Good Health" in such packages, and are allowed to take it in such agreeable doses. The September number is a good one. Get it and read it. Price \$2 a year; single copies 20 cents.

BRO. WHEELOCK:

I have made arrangements for free return passes for delegates to the American Association at Richmond, on the Pan-Handle route from Pittsburgh to Richmond. Any person going to the Convention over any part of that road, and paying full fare on going, will be entitled to free return passes.

Please give this notice to your readers, and oblige,

Yours truly, HENRY T. CHILD, M.D.

634 Race St., Philadelphia, Aug. 19, 1870.

HOW AND WHY I BECAME A SPIRITUALIST, by Wash. A. Danskin.

That this little book has reached the fourth edition, is evidence that the record of personal experience and well attested facts are demanded by reading, thirsting Spiritualists. Mr. Danskin boldly and bravely declared his principles when it was far more unpopular than at present to acknowledge one's belief in the presence of angel messengers. He admirably remarks in his preface:

"The phenomena presented for my observation were clearly super-mundane; were evidently produced by invisible, intelligent agents; and not fearing to express my convictions because they were unpopular, I, after careful scrutiny, announced my belief, that the spirits of men and women who once dwelt on earth could and did commune with mortals."

We rejoice in this consistent and brave act—the true nobility of the genuine Spiritualist. No temporizing, or sailing under false colors, but bowing to the truth and declaring it to the world.

We cordially recommend the work to every investigator into the claims of Spiritualism.

"He who invests one dollar in business, should invest one dollar in advertising that business."—A. T. Stewart.

THE BIBLE IN THE BALANCE—Another great book to be published soon. Messrs. Barclay & Co., 610 Arch St., Philadelphia, have in press, to be issued by the first of September, an original and illustrated work of 350 pages, entitled as above, from the able pen of Mr. J. G. Fish, at the low price of \$1.50. We have seen the proof sheets of this volume, and to those who are not aware of the critical ability of Mr. Fish, are free to say that next, perhaps, to the works of Colenso, no more valuable book upon this subject has been produced in modern times. No Liberal library will be complete without this learned and explicit statement of the actual value of the idolized book of Christendom. We predict for the work a large and continued sale. Send orders for first edition, at once, to THE AM. SPIRITUALIST.

THE QUESTIONS OF TO-DAY: Caste, Suffrage, Labor, Temperance and Religion. An Oration delivered before the Wesleyan Academy Alumni Association, at Wilbraham, Mass., June 29, 1870, by Damon Y. Kilgore.

Mr. Kilgore writes as he speaks, and those who have had the pleasure of listening to him, know how keen is his satire, how forcible his logic, and unavoidable his conclusions. He wields a keen Damascus blade, cutting through and through, and with it he mercilessly exposes the shams of the day. We wish every voter in the United States would not only read but study this timely oration. It should be issued as a tract, and scattered by the million.

THE MISSIONARY WORK IN WISCONSIN.

During the month of September, I have engaged the valuable services of J. M. Peebles and Dr. E. C. Dunn, in the missionary work. Mr. Peebles will co-operate with us during the week evenings. Friends in any part of the State, wishing such services, will please address me immediately at Glen Beulah, Wis.

Mrs. N. R. Norcross, of Delton, Wis., is hereby recommended to the public as a co-operator in the mission, by advice of the Executive Board.

J. O. BARRETT,

Missionary for Wisconsin.

THE LYCEUM GUIDE. Edited by J. M. Peebles, J. O. Barrett and Emma Tuttle. The Musical Department by J. G. Clarke. Published by Adams & Co, Boston.

This new work for the use of the Lyceum has been received, and we have glanced over its rich table of contents with deepest pleasure. It presents a splendid collection of music, beautiful and appropriate songs; a fine collection for the silver chain exercises; introduces a new feature in its Golden chains, wherein the members of the Lyceum respond by singing a verse, to the sentences of the Conductor. The Calisthenics and Marching are amply illustrated, and the whole system and its workings so completely presented, that little can be asked for more. The publishers have spared no expense to produce it in an attractive and elegant form, and at so low a price that it is placed within reach of all Lyceums. With paper covers, it is sold at 65 cents; in boards, 75 cents; in fine muslin at \$1.00.

The work appears in most appropriate time, and is destined to infuse a new vitality into the Lyceum movement. We shall review the book more at length in our next issue.

APPOINTMENTS.

A. A. Wheelock will speak at Hemlock Hall, Tucker's Grove, North Collins, New York, Aug. 26th, 27th and 28th.

At Speakers' and Mediums' Convention Laona, Erie county, N. Y. Sept. 3d and 4th.

Mrs. S. M. Thompson speaks at Alliance the 3d Sunday of each month.

Prof. E. Whipple will speak at West Richfield the first Sunday of Sept. Meeting at 10 1/2 A. M. and 1 P. M.

Cephas B. Lynn will speak at Farmington August 27th and 28th.

Attends Ohio State Convention, Sept. 9th, 10th and 11th. Speaks at Milan Sept. 18th.

Mrs. Hardinge's appointments for August and September are as follows:

Farmington, Saturday and Sunday, Aug. 27th and 28th,

Youngstown, Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, Aug. 30th and 31st.

Sandusky, Monday eve, Sept 5

Kelley's Hall, Kelley's Island, Tuesday and Wednesday, September 6th and 7th, at 10 a. m. and 1 p. m.

Norwalk, Thursday eve, Sept. 8th.

Painesville, Friday eve, Sept. 9th.

Cleveland (Lyceum Hall) during the Sundays of Sept.

The friends who desire Mrs. Hardinge's services any of the unoccupied time during these two months, and within reasonable distance of Cleveland, should make arrangements at once, which they can do by addressing A. A. WHEELLOCK,

47 Prospect st., Cleveland, O.

JESUS: Myth, Man or God.—By J. M. Peebles. We have received a few copies of this suggestive and deeply interesting Volume, direct from the English Publisher, which we offer at the extremely low price of 50 cts. Postage 4 cts.

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The profoundest production of spirits through the mediative qualities of Andrew Jackson Davis; 786 pp. 3.50. Postage 40c.

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**PHILOSOPHY OF SPECIAL PROVIDENCES;**  
A Vision, by A. J. Davis; 20c; postage 2c.

**PLAIN GUIDE TO SPIRITUALISM;**  
Spiritual Hand-book, by Uriah Clark; full gilt \$1.75; plain \$1.25, postage 16c.

**PHILOSOPHY OF ELECTRICAL PSYCHOLOGY;**  
In 12 Lectures, by Dr. Dods; \$1.25, postage 16c.

**POEMS;**  
By Achsa W. Sprague; 1.50, postage 20c.

**SEERESS OF PREVORST;**  
By Justinus Kerner; a book of facts and revelations concerning the inner life of man and a world of spirits; new edition; 60c, postage 4c.

**SEVENTH NATIONAL CONVENTION**

OF THE

**American Association of Spiritualists.**

TO THE SPIRITUALISTS OF THE WORLD:

The Seventh Annual Meeting will be held at the Hall of the Spiritualists, in Richmond, Indiana, on Tuesday, the 20th day of September, at 10 o'clock in the morning.

Each State organization is invited to send the same number of Delegates that they have Representatives in Congress, and each Territory and Province having organized Societies, is invited to send delegates according to the number of Representatives, and the District of Columbia to send two delegates, to attend and participate in the business which shall come before this meeting.

By direction of the Board of Trustees,

HENRY T. CHILD, M.D., Secretary.

634 Race St., Philadelphia.

The Board will meet on Monday, the 19th of September, at 2 o'clock P. M., at the Hall above named.

**CELESTIAL MAGNETISM.**

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We will ship you one at our regular rates, and on the second machine that you order we will discount the percentage from both. Thus, if you order a half-case, seventy dollar machine, should your next order be for one of the same price, we would discount twenty-eight dollars, making the second machine ordered cost but forty-two dollars, thus bringing the first machine at wholesale price; or, should you order more than one at first, we will give entire discount from first order. Send for circular and sample of work.

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DOSE—From an ordinary teaspoonful to a tablespoonful, usually three times a day, half an hour before meals.

PRICE—\$1.00 PER BOTTLE.

It may be ordered through any respectable druggist, or by direct remittance to either E. R. Still, 351 Washington street, Boston, or office of the Universe, New York City. The public are cautioned against spurious imitations. See that each bottle has the signature of E. R. STILL, Boston, Mass.

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TRAINS WESTWARD.

Table with columns: L'Ve Boston, N. York, Buffalo, Arr. Cl'v'nd. Rows: 5.00 a. m., 8.30 a. m., 3.00 p. m., 9.00 p. m., 11.00 a. m., 8.00 p. m., 11.00 p. m., 8.25 p. m., 5.15 a. m., 2.05 p. m., 6.25 p. m., 4.20 a. m.

TRAINS EASTWARD

Table with columns: L'Ve Chicago, G. Rp'ds, Jackson, Detroit, Arr. Cleve'd. Rows: 11.50 a. m., 5.35 p. m., 9.20 p. m., 8.00, 7.30 a. m., 4.30, 3.15 p. m., 7.00 a. m., 3.15 p. m., 11.25 p. m., 7.25 a. m., 10.55 a. m., 3.40 p. m.

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## The Calvinistic Day of Judgment.

[The following rhyme forcibly illustrates what orthodox Christian teaching was twenty-five years ago. What a change, oh, ye Christian teachers and preachers, since then! The modern article called Christianity, is not so *blue*—its hell is not half so hot, its heaven not so far off or difficult of ascent for a poor sinner. Verily, in twenty-five years more, what kind of Christianity will the world have? Twenty-five years ago, Uncle Zeb Townsend, of Mendon, Monroe county, N. Y., penned those lines, and failed to get them published, as there was no paper in Western New York that dared to confront the sectarian prejudice and Christian spite that printing them would arouse. To-day the sentiment is so popular that no man can remain long in an intelligent community and preach against it.]

Begotten in sin and brought forth in corruption,  
And moulded in vessels of wrath for destruction—  
Not a spark of pure virtue but by imputation,  
Nor a tenth of mankind that's ordained for salvation,  
Since all things were determined by predestination.  
For millions of ages before the creation,  
In wrath and just vengeance dread thunderbolts hurled;  
Jehovah predestined to burn up the world;  
What weeping and wailing, and bitter reflection,  
Upon the last day, at the great resurrection,  
When smoke from the bottomless pit shall arise—  
The sun hide his face—stars flee from the skies—  
The archangel Gabriel, with clarion in hand,  
One foot on the ocean, the other on land,  
With a blast from his trumpet, smites mountains in twain,  
While the four winds of heaven mount upward in flame—  
His trumpet's dread clangor convulsively rolls—  
The earth's frozen regions break up at the poles—  
Vast islands o'erwhelmed in the ocean expire—  
And volcanic mountains rise bursting in fire—  
Almighty destruction surrounds every isle—  
The ocean a caldron of brimstone shall boil,  
And flaming tornados to heaven arise,  
Burn up every planet and star in the skies.  
Then armies of gigantic furies appear,  
And frantic wild devils march forth in the rear—  
Hobgoblins, ghosts, harpies, imps, furies, and elves,  
With grimace and frolic solacing themselves—  
The saints of all nations, without end or number,  
The armies of heaven and the angels of thunder,  
Beholding with terror through heaven's broad windows,  
The whole universal world burnt up to cinders.  
Confounded, and gnashing their teeth in vexation,  
The screams of the damned shall fill all creation;  
All nature in darkness for ages shall weep,  
That angels, nor seraphs, nor cherubs can sleep—  
Throughout the creation extinct every light,  
And heaven surrounded with horrible night—  
The saints falling prostrate, aghast with despair,  
And millions of angels begin solemn prayer—  
Lo! a voice from Jehovah, that shakes the creation,  
"My vials of wrath, fill'd with just indignation,  
Upon the dread victims in fury I'll pour,  
And tempests of vengeance eternally roar!"  
Saints, angels and cherubs rise up from their knees,  
Light millions of candles as big as pine trees;  
The eldest of heaven and firstborn of yore,  
Ne'er saw those pavillions so brilliant before,  
Whose glory and splendor no eye could behold,  
Incrusted with diamonds and inlaid with gold—  
Carbuncles and festoons of emeralds shone  
Like Sol's blazing beams upon earth's torrid zone—  
The happy elected wave triumphant banners,  
With loud hallelujahs and shouting hosannahs—  
Rejoicing in God that the wicked and evil  
Were doom'd to damnation and sent to the devil—  
That millions of infants not half a span long,  
Who ne'er had been brought forth, nor knew right from wrong,  
Are sent to destruction for no sins at all,  
Excepting their grandfather Adam's great fall!  
That doves, chicks and ducklings, and vultures of feather,  
In justice and judgment imprisoned together—  
Eighteen out of twenty just heaven could spare,  
Which the furies in triumph bear off as their share!

Away with such nonsense for Christian salvation!  
If nine out of ten souls are doomed to damnation,  
A truce to your preaching, ye doctors divine,  
For while you save one soul, the devil takes nine!

Failing in his attacks on the Masons, Bro. Finney is after the Marigolds. §

President Finney of Oberlin, the other Sunday preached against ornamenting door-yards. He thought it was giving too much attention to earthly things, to be wasting time in such matters. What next?—*Lorain Constitutionalist*.

## Ministers' Record.

A friend, writing from Andover, O., says:—"I have just returned from Cherry Valley—The 'Hard-shell Baptists' in that town are rather unfortunate in hiring preachers. No less than five different ones have had to leave there for bad conduct, since my acquaintance in the town, which is less than thirty years. Three of them were discharged for the crime of adultery. The last one, Rev. Mr. Thomas, is still in the town, but his wife has left him and applied for a divorce—cause, abuse in his family and adultery with one of the sisters of the church for which he was preaching, and over which he was the Lord's watchful shepherd, that none of the innocent lambs should go astray!!

The names of the five pious, professed teachers of orthodox, Bible, Baptist Christianity I refer to, are as follows:

Revs. Carter, Richards, St. John, Burns, and Thomas.

The crime of the last was adultery! Now, Mr. Wheelock I desire you to publish these facts, because I want the world to know that Orthodoxy is full of 'free lust,' and that such are the people who call reformers and Spiritualists 'free lovers!'

Give us the facts and we will keep them before the people. No person's religious profession must be allowed to serve as a cloak for pious frauds, lecherous vileness and secret crimes. No matter what the belief or name, let us expose vice and reward virtue. ||

The Rev. Dr. Dudley was caught near St. Joseph, Mis., at a religious meeting at Singleton, by his young wife from Kentucky. He had a woman with him to whom he had also been married. They divided his stock in trade between them, in his absence.

The Rev. Mr. Palmgren committed three murders upon girls in Sweden, and crept to the United States.

Rev. H. Hendt, Superintendent of the Philadelphia Orphan Asylum, for soldiers' daughters, is serving out his time for rape upon seven of the children.

The Rev. A. L. Roche, Catholic priest at Randolph, Mass., kissed a single, and a married woman against (?) their wills—fined one dollar. Very mild of the priest—we absolve him!

Rev. W. Briggs, Church of England, knocked his wife down five times during the honey moon!

Rev. Jason W. Kellogg eloped from Dearborn, Mich. with the wife of one of his deacons, and left a wife and two children.

Rev. Mr. Barns of Meadville, Pa. has been tarred and feathered for too much intimacy with the girls.

"Spiritualism engenders a laxity in regard to the sanctity of marriage."—*The Clergy*.

It is said that a new charge is to be preferred against Rev. Dr. Clark of Pittsburg, who was reprimanded for breach of promise, on account of the alledge fact that the promise was made prior to the decease of the reverend gentleman's wife. The prosecutor in the new case is said to be the accused's brother-in-law, who appeared as his counsel in the former trial.

Sometime ago a Lutheran minister settled in Alleghany City, Pa., and who was recently married. He seduced a girl fifteen years old and left for parts unknown.

The Rev. Mr. Crane who seduced Miss McMillan at El Passo, resulting in her death, became insane and suicided.

The Rev. Mr. Murphy eloped from Putnam county, Ind. with a Mrs. Hunter. He left a wife and a child; she a husband and six children.

A Baptist Rev., J. J. Shorthill, eloped with a Mrs. M. E. Colkitt and four hundred dollars, from Jefferson county, Pa., town of Ruksutanney, last February.

The Rev. Edward Dunbar of Minneapolis, Minn. was sent to States Prison for bigamy.

Rev. Theo. Peck of Hoboken, N. Y., mysteriously

disappeared. So did one of the deacons' wives.

"Spiritualism leads to free love (lust)."—*Christian Clergy*.

Rev. James Debois of Schuylerville, N. Y., has lost his situation as a Baptist preacher, in that village, by having two wives and several concubines.—*Investigator*.

"Spiritualism dishonors marriage."—*Christian Clergy*.

In Springfield, Mo., a short time since, a preacher of the M. E. Church, calling himself O'Niel, ingratiated himself into the favor of a respectable widow lady. By his importunities she was induced to marry him. Two days afterwards the husband confessed that he had another wife then visiting in Carlisle, Ill. Of course, there was weeping, to stop which the reverend wolf—whose real name is J. W. Ogle—proposed emigration to some secluded town with her. The wife refused. Soon after, the bigmist "stepped out," and is now on his travels, while the widow is deserted and alone.—*Pomeroy's Dem.*

"Spiritualism tends to insanity."—*Christian Clergy*.

William Brock, employed as a janitor in the Tax Receiver's office, Philadelphia, was affected in a singular manner on Monday morning, while engaged at the office. He was so violent that it was found necessary to remove him to the lock-up to prevent him from doing any harm to himself and others, and while in one of the cells conducted himself in a manner to create the belief that he was suffering from hydrophobia. He barked like a dog, and attempted to bite persons within reach. A physician was obtained from the Philadelphia Dispensary, who was of the opinion that his malady was delirium, caused by religious excitement. He had on his person a certificate of church membership, filled up within a couple of weeks, and he carried a Bible to the cell with him. The police removed him to the Blockley Hospital.

The Rev. A. D. Taylor of Medoc, Mo., was hanged by a mob to a roadside tree, because he hacked and punched his wife to death with a knife and pair of scissors. He was a Christian minister.

A great sensation was created in Alliance the early part of this week, by the arraignment of the Rev. W. K. Brown before the Mayor on a charge of assault and battery with attempt to commit rape upon the person of Miss Cornelia Lozier, a domestic in his family. The prosecution charged that Brown, entering the bed-room of Miss Lozier in his shirt at ten o'clock on the night of the 26th of May, during the absence of Mrs. Brown at the opera, crept into the bed of the prosecutrix, hugged and kissed her, &c. Brown denied entering the room minus his breeches; admitted the hugging and kissing, excusing himself by saying that Miss Lozier had been an inmate of his family for a year, or nearly so, that he was very much attached to her, that he had long regarded her as an especial pet, and that he had sought her bed chamber in the silent watches of the night for the purpose of imparting moral and religious instruction, and warning an innocent, confiding girl, placed under his care for protection, against the intrigues of a designing young man who was also a member of his family. Why he selected ten o'clock as the hour, the fair Cornelia's bed chamber as the place, and a time when his wife was absent as the opportunity for administering the consolations of religion, and imparting information which was to save "the pet of the family" from ruin, did not appear.

A case of assault with intent to ravish, was not sustained; but nothing is clearer to our mind, than that a determination on the part of this clerical gentleman to rob this young girl of that which is most sacred to woman—her virtue—was clearly established. Brown admits the kissing and hugging, and it must be a more gullible party than the writer of this article, who will believe that his design was not the gratification of a licentious lust.—*Minerva Commercial*.

Interesting record! Read and reflect,—especially Rev. A. N. Craft—before you again charge Spiritualism and Spiritualists with leading to immorality. ||