

RELIGIO PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL

THE ARTS, SCIENCES, LITERATURE, VOTED TO ANNUAL PHILOSOPHY, ROMANCE AND GENERAL REFORM.

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Truth wears no mask, bows at no human shrine, seeks neither place nor applause: she only asks a hearing.

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S. S. JONES, PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR.

CHICAGO, AUGUST 12, 1871.

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HURL THEM DOWN.

[The following lines are from a volume of poems by Prof. Wm. Denton, which he has just placed in the hands of the printer.]

When presidents heed not the popular will,
And senators care but their pockets to fill;
When law-makers are but blind partisan hacks,
Who care for a man but the sum of his tax,
Though nations may ring with their lordly renown,
Their villainous sentence them; hurl them down!

Though palaces rise if the king only nod,
And ignorant multitudes think him a God,
The time has gone by for such fanfaronade,
Henceforth let him work at some man-blessing trade.

A king is but civilization's old clown—
A clog to humanity; hurl him down!

Proud priests of the "bloody faith," dealers in lies,
You've blasted the green earth and darkened the skies,
Created the devil and made for us hell,
The people are rising, they're cast off your spell,
And Justice exclaims with an ominous frown,
Too long have you bowed to them; hurl them down!

Great God of the orthodox, cruel and grim,
The devil's an angel compared unto him;
The jailer of hell, as relentless as fate,
Eternity cannot his cruelty sate;
The Lord or Jehovah of Jewish renown,
Humility rises and hurls them down.

AS TO A GHOST.

A Big Sensation at Germantown, Ohio.
A Reliable Ghost Story that beats Baron Munchausen.
Five Hundred People Vot the House.

S. S. JONES.—Dear Sir—I herewith transmit you for reproduction in the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, the 5th page of the Cincinnati Commercial, containing a full and detailed account of a most remarkable and startling phenomena that occurred in this vicinity.

Germantown is situated South-west of this city, at about the same distance as it is from Dayton.

This occurrence has produced a profound sensation throughout this neighborhood, and the statements contained in the Commercial can be relied upon as being correctly reported, as they were furnished by Mr. W. M. Ampt, who resides in Cincinnati, and is the Prosecuting Attorney of Hamilton County.

Very respectfully,
A. D. SNIVELY.

Xenia, Ohio, July 28, 1871.

(Special Correspondence Cincinnati Commercial.)

I arrived in Germantown Tuesday evening last, late at night, to take up my summer quarters. Before the "bus" that conveyed me from the depot at Carlisle Station on the Cincinnati, Hamilton, and Dayton Railroad, a distance of four miles from here, arrived, I overheard conversations among the other occupants of the vehicle, from which the inference was readily drawn that something highly sensational, if not real, had occurred in the vicinity of Germantown, and that the matter, whatever it was, had caused general excitement in the town and neighborhood.

But before telling you what I found to be the case upon arriving at my place of destination, will you hear something of the history of the town itself?

GERMANTOWN

Is a quiet, unassuming little town of, say, sixteen hundred inhabitants, situated in the southeastern part of Montgomery County, Ohio, twelve miles southeast of Dayton, and fourteen miles from the Cincinnati, Hamilton and Dayton Railroad.

It lies in the Twin Valley, a sort of a sub valley to the Miami Valley, is surrounded on all sides by hills, from which you see the town almost at your feet, and from one of them your vision ranges a distance of five or six miles in front of you.

The town is one of the oldest in the valley, having been laid out as far back as 1812, and originally gave promise of some local importance as a place for business, but the new channel of commerce and trade, called the Cincinnati, Hamilton and Dayton Railroad, which was built at a distance of four miles from it in 1853, left it high and dry, and since that time it has done little more than keep its own.

It is, however, a very pleasant place to live in. You can live long, well and cheaply here, and have the utmost assurance when you die of going straightway to heaven.

The town is regularly laid out, the streets are abundantly shaded with trees, the houses are mostly of brick, and almost every one has a fine yard of grass, trees and flowers.

Many are born here, and few, if any, die, so healthy is the place. It is, however, a good place for a boy to leave as soon as he is old enough to run away from his parents, which latter is the best thing for him to do if his parents insist upon holding on to him.

Arriving late at night, I heard of what seemed to be a great "sell" the nature of which is fully

disclosed hereafter by the story of witnesses to the matter, and on the next morning found upon inquiry that the report was fully corroborated in town, and in fact that the subject was universally talked about. In a word, the report was that from Friday, July 21, to the Monday following, at noon, the house of a young farmer named Benjamin Stiver, had been visited by something invisible, incomprehensible, intangible, mysterious, which had everything its own way during that period, night and day, at intervals. Barrels were upset, crocks tumbled over, milk spilled, potatoes thrown about, rubbish in the cellar piled up in the milk-trough, heavy stones moved from their places, teakettles thrown from the stove, chairs thrown about the room, Bible thrown from the bureau, and when put back immediately thrown down again; gum moved on the floor or from their places, a feather bed thrown from the bed into the middle of the room, shoes thrown about, tables upset in their very tracks, quick as lightning, barrels rolled away, stoves knocked over, and lofty tumbling generally indulged in for several days.

There was no stopping on Sunday, as you will see from the sworn statement. Whether this was a violation of the law against "common labor" on Sunday, I leave for my friend, Mayor Davis, to decide.

A momentary consultation was had on Wednesday morning, and John Zehring, Esq., a merchant of this place, who had already satisfied himself of the facts, and myself, concluded to get the story from the eye-witnesses themselves, and then if it seemed proper furnish the Commercial a reliable account of the affair. Wednesday afternoon we took a horse and buggy and started for the scene of the fantastic tricks, which are quite graphically set forth in the statement of the eye-witnesses.

THE HOUSE.

A mile and a quarter north of Germantown, is a plain country farm house, built of wood. It fronts to the east—is two stories high and has a basement below. The declination of the ground is slight from the back part of the house downward toward the front.

The basement is on the east side of the house, and back of it on the west side are the spring-house and cellar proper, both being of small dimensions, the spring-house being in the northwest corner and the cellar proper in the southwest corner.

The first story has a sitting-room, kitchen and bed room. The porch on the front or east side of the house runs along in front of the kitchen, and in front of a hall leading to the sitting room.

The second story has a hall and several rooms.

There is but one stairway leading from the first to the second story, and but one from the first story down into the basement.

The basement may also be entered from the east side by a door under the porch. The house is thirty-five feet front.

THE STIVER FAMILY

Is one of the pioneer families of this valley, emigrating from Pennsylvania as long ago as 1806. They were all farmers, and their descendants have lived within five miles of their first settlement—occupying the original farms. They are thrifty, industrious, and successful farmers, in good circumstances, and have the universal respect and confidence of the whole neighborhood for honesty and truthfulness. True, they have not seen as much of the world as your young America, but every one concedes that they fully understand how to take care of number one.

THE CAUSE

Of the mystery, whether celestial, human or infernal, no one understanding the facts in full pretends to solve.

Our local philosophers, of course, collect every evening in front of our dry goods stores, and sitting cross-legged on store boxes and benches whittling pine sticks and smoking bad cigars, try to explain the mystery.

They advance the theory that it was a convivance among the Stiverses to set up some excuse for sending away the boy Pontius, whom they had taken to raise, and they are met by the statement of witnesses, whose veracity they can not impeach, and by the improbability of such an explanation, in view of the facts themselves.

They suggest the probability of some one wishing to buy the farm, and to get it at a low figure, seeking to injure its reputation as "haunted," and the answer is, that the owner of the farm himself, Samuel Stiver, sr., is one of the eye-witnesses to the transactions detailed.

The statement of Benjamin Stiver, accompanying, was written down by myself, in the presence of the witnesses and John Zehring, Esq. Read the statement for yourself.

W. M. AMP.

Benjamin Stiver says he lives in German Township, about one mile and a quarter north of Germantown, Montgomery County, Ohio. Have lived in the house I now occupy for over five years. Have lived in this township from my birth. Am twenty-nine years old. Am married.

Charles Pontius, a boy nine years old, has lived with me since February last, about six months. He lived with me up to last Monday, the 24th day of July, 1871.

On last Friday, the 21st of July, my wife and her sister went down cellar, and they observed that the top crust of two custard pies was removed. By the crust I mean the skin usually over that kind of pie. They were not disturbed otherwise. The pies then looked fresh—the crust or skin was missing and could not be found. There were also four apple pies sitting on the same board with the custard, and each contained marks which appeared to have been made by thrusting the thumb and fingers through the

center. Ten or fifteen minutes after a tub full of potatoes were found scattered all over the cellar, appearing as though pitched about by some one, and the tub was tipped over. We found also a dish-rag and an old pot under a bench in the cellar, removed from their usual place of keeping. A loaf of bread placed on the same bench with the pies appeared to have a piece bitten off. The pies and bread were all sound when placed there. The dish-rag, which was kept on the top of a hoghead, was found missing four different times in succession, and was picked-up under brush where we first saw it. A few minutes afterward it was missing each time. The potatoes we picked up at least six times, and put them back into the tub, and when we came back into the cellar, upon hearing the noise, we found the potatoes scattered, as at first. There was no one in the cellar at the time who could have thrown them about.

We heard the noise in the cellar, being in the kitchen right-over it, and the noise resembled the throwing of potatoes and the upsetting of a vessel. When we heard the noise we always went down to see what the matter was. The parties in the house then were myself, wife, her sister and the little boy Pontius.

The cellar is divided into three parts—the cellar proper, the basement and the spring-house. The basement, which is under the kitchen, is where the potatoes and pies were.

After supper a few minutes we found that eleven crocks of milk were upset, and the contents all spilled out. One only was left. These were in the milk trough. We also found a large crock of milk and a small tub of milk, which were sitting upon a platform about fifteen inches higher than this trough, upset and rolled down into the milk trough. The large crock and two of the milk crocks were broken.

There was nothing wrong at supper time with any of the crocks. The little boy Pontius was the first to inform us of this. The crock which had not been upset in the spring-house, was taken by my wife into the basement cellar and placed in the window, when she went out to milk, and when she came back she found it upset, also. This all took place before 8 or 9 o'clock, our bed time. We are sure that none of the family could have done any of the damage. We thought at first it was done by a miskrat, and did not suspect anybody.

On Saturday morning following, the milk of Friday evening's milking was placed in the spring-house. There were seven crocks, and they were put on the platform before referred to. About ten or fifteen minutes after I went down, and discovered one crock upset. This was before breakfast. Right after breakfast my wife went down, and saw two more of them upset. The remaining four she placed in a tub in the basement cellar, and they were upset one after the other by about 11 o'clock, as she found them when she went into the cellar; none of them were broken. She took the crocks all out, as she had found them upset, and placed them beside the tub; and afterward she found every one of them removed from the place where she had placed them.

The next time she went down cellar before dinner she found the tub upset and the milk spilled on the floor. There were four or five gallons of milk in it. The tub was a large wash-tub. In the morning she also took a six-gallon stone jar about fifteen inches high, weighing eighteen to twenty pounds, and put in a half bucketful of water, and put in her yeast crock, so as to cool the yeast, and she found it upset after dinner.

Saturday morning's milk she put into crocks, and these were set into a tub of water in the basement cellar. Three of the crocks were carried up on the porch, and when they came for the fourth they found it upset. My wife was standing upon the front porch and saw a half barrel tub, which contained a bucket full of water, running near the house. This tub was standing under the water spout in the yard, and the tub in the spring-house which had, in the meantime, been carried to the door of the basement at its side, and a large crock, were also upset.

My wife next discovered, about 4 P. M., a fruit jar thrown from a mantle piece, six or seven feet above the floor, down on to the floor. This was in the basement. My wife heard the noise, being on the porch. She went down and saw what it was.

Right after this, there were two stones—one weighing twelve or fifteen pounds, and the other six or eight pounds—thrown off the bread box in the basement. The bread box was on the floor. She and the boy Pontius were in the basement at the time, and saw them pitched off. One was lying on top of the other, and they were pitched about four feet. The lid of the box on which they were lying was about one foot and a half broad by three feet in length. They were both twelve or fourteen feet from the box when the stones were pitched off. They at once put them back, and she carried up some fruit jars, the boy having gone up stairs to take care of the child.

When she went back into the basement she was going to lift off the lid from the bread box, and just as she touched the lid, the stones, lid and all slid off on to the floor. Both stones are flat limestone about two inches thick, one about a foot square, and the other about eight inches square. There was nothing in the box except bread. The basement is so light that you can see a pin on the floor while standing up. There are two windows, and the door was open, and the window shutters were also open.

Saturday evening my wife being afraid, sent the little boy over to my brother's, a distance of three or four hundred yards, for me. The boy came back, and I staid to finish my work.

Before the boy was sent, and while he was gone, (which is about fifteen minutes), she heard all kinds of noises in the basement which seemed like the throwing of bricks, boards, tubs, boxes,

lids, old pieces of iron and crocks—making a general racket and confusion. And this continued until 5:30 P. M., after the boy had returned.

I got back to the house at 6:30 P. M., went into the basement and found a lot of rubbish, spilt milk, old pieces of iron, potatoes and other things scattered around on the floor promiscuously. The bread-box was turned upside down; a keg of soap-grease was turned upside down also.

From the basement I went to the milk-house, and found rubbish boxes piled up in the milk trough three feet high—such as crock lids, boxes, kegs, brick-bats, broken crocks, boards, the old hat before referred to, and a small box of lime which had been for months in the basement part of the cellar on a bench. The latter was found in the milk-trough in the spring-house, lime and all. A box of plasterers' hair which was kept in the cellar proper was also in the milk-house. A crock of pickles which had been standing by the milk-trough was found in the milk-trough. I pitched everything out of the window of the milk-house. I carried the rubbish from the basement, and found one of my vinegars barrels leaking. I had five of them in the basement. I took enough vinegar out to fill up one of the other barrels, and bunged the leaking one up tight as I could, and set it up on end to prevent further leakage. This ended Saturday.

My wife on Sunday morning took six crocks of milk, her Saturday night's milk, and put them into the basement. A few minutes after I went down and found two of the crocks upset and the milk spilled. The boy Pontius had just got up and was in the kitchen when I went down. My wife was washing her dishes at the table. She was standing between the upright door that opens into the cellar, and the sink in the corner of the kitchen. These were ten feet apart. There was a crock standing in the sink and a lid on it. She was standing near the cellar door, in range with it and the sink, and she heard the lid on the crock fly over her head down into the basement cellar, and heard it land on the ground. A mouse-trap, which she a few minutes before had placed on a platform at the top of the cellar stairway was thrown down into the basement. The boy Pontius was sitting rocking the child near the sink at the time the lid flew down cellar. She went out of the kitchen and when out of doors heard a noise and rattle, and when she came back found two skillets which had been standing on the platform where the mouse-trap was, down in the cellar broken to pieces. After she came back she had hardly gone into an adjoining room when she heard a racket. She returned to the kitchen and found the crock in the sink which had been covered with a pie plate thrown on the floor and the milk spilled. She then sent the little boy to my brother Samuel, about 8 o'clock, to have him come over, as she was afraid to stay alone, I having gone to my father's. When my brother Samuel came, he heard some noise in the cellar, and went down, and found the lid can lying on the floor, flattened very much at the top. It was a new tin can, and was in good order before. He set up the can on the floor, and laid the lid on, and started up the stairway, and he had not got up before he heard the can fall over again. He went back and set it up again. The top part only was mashed; the bottom was all right. He started up the stairway, but did not get the cellar door closed before it fell a third time.

My bull dog—a very large dog, and one of the best watch dogs in the country—was lying under the bench where the can stood in the first place, and did not take any notice of the falling. The boy Pontius was up stairs all the time.

In the cellar proper there was one empty barrel, and two lard firkins, filled. They were tumbled over, which was heard by my brother, my wife, and the little boy. These firkins and this barrel were several times set up, and they tumbled over each time again.

The little boy went to the cellar and saw the barrel tumble over, and the boy dodging back at the moment the door flew shut, no one having hold of it at the time, and there was no one in the cellar proper at the time. The cellar proper is ten by twelve feet, and in the southwest corner. By this time I got back myself from my father's, and found the mouse-trap at the bottom of the stairs as stated, and the lid can in the basement thrown over. I set it up and put on the lid, having straightened it as well as I could. I put the mouse-trap in its place at the head of the cellar stairs, and went into the cellar proper; found the lard firkins and barrel upside-down; set them up and went into the kitchen. My brother Samuel, wife, and my sister Sarah and the little boy were there talking over the affair. The boy went out with the child into the yard, and I heard a noise at the basement window, which appeared to be made by one tapping on the glass or sash. Went down and took the window out; saw no one, and sat down on the cellar steps half way up. These steps lead from the basement into the kitchen, and the cellar proper on the opposite side of the basement from the stairs, and on the same level as the basement. While sitting there, heard a noise in the cellar proper. Went there and found the barrel upset, and I said, "What do you want? What are you hunting? What shall I do?" Received no answer; closed up and went up stairs. This was about 11 A. M.

After dinner, while I was picking berries, some distance from the house, the boy was at the spring at the northwest corner of the house, and when he was coming toward the east side of the house, the vinegar barrel, which I on Saturday had bunged tight and set up on end, was thrown over, the bung out and the vinegar spilled.

My wife instantly called up the boy to the porch to take the child. He came and took the child and set down on the porch, and while she was in the cellar a candlestick with candle and an egg on the sink in the kitchen fell off. She heard it, and coming up from the cellar, saw them on the floor.

The sink is right by the door that leads to the porch where the boy was sitting. My wife, after coming up out of the cellar, went to the porch where the boy was still sitting with the child, and came through the kitchen in so doing; and while she and the boy with the child were on the porch, she heard the coffee-pot and a crock fall from the cooking stove in the kitchen on to the floor. The crock was broken and the coffee spilled. There was no one in the kitchen at the time, and there was in fact no one about the house except she, the boy and the child. The door leading from the kitchen to the porch was wide open at the time. Right after this, while the boy was sitting on the porch, and she was cleaning up the rubbish in the kitchen, she heard a noise down in the cellar, and sent the boy down, and she went down also with the child in her arms and to the cellar proper, and there found a keg of pickles turned upside-down. It was a half barrel keg and was half full of pickles. The pickles were scattered over the cellar, basement and milk or spring-house. Nothing more occurred until toward sundown Sunday evening.

I was then at the barn, my wife in the barn-yard milking, and the boy was on the porch holding the child.

He hallooed, "There goes the tea-kettle." My wife also heard the noise, and she came up to the house, and as she approached the house, she heard the boy say: "The baby got a lick," it had hardly said this when she said: "There, it got another one," and when she got to the house she found the tea-kettle thrown on the floor, side of the stove. It had been sitting on the stove, nearly filled with hot water.

This was about sundown. Afterward the boy went to bed up stairs, in the southeast corner of the house. I and my wife were in the kitchen, and heard a noise, which appeared to be in the hall above the kitchen. This sound appeared to be made by the throwing of a shoe. Just about this time came my father, Samuel Stiver, sr., and my mother. Just as they came we heard a similar noise up stairs. I and my father started up found a boot and a powder horn out of their place, one of them several feet; went to the room where the boy was sleeping; there was a can and a large crock of molasses on the table and also two crocks of preserves. We put the preserves under the table, and took the can and large crock down and took them to the barn. Father went back fast to the house and he heard a noise again up stairs, much louder than the other one, so loud in fact as to shake the window. He went up fast and mother followed; found the two preserve crocks rolled to the opposite side of the room, the sweet potato box turned upside down, four or six brooms thrown down. Mother said to the child Pontius, in father's presence, "Ain't you afraid to stay up here alone?" He replied "No." He had been in bed only about fifteen minutes. He was covered up head and ears. The boy got up, and father and mother and the boy all came down stairs the boy going first. When they got down into the hall below they heard another noise, and father ran up stairs and found another box turned upside down. Father came down again. We then sent the boy, my wife and the baby to my brother Samuel's house, and we then went to work to take out of the house everything in danger of being broken. We took out dishes and packed them in baskets, and while we were doing this my wife returned with brother Samuel, leaving the boy Pontius and the child at brother Samuel's house. While we were carrying the dishes to the barn the boy Pontius came back and said the child was sick, and my wife went to brother Samuel's, and the boy remained. Within a few minutes after his return there was a general tumble again, which continued, at intervals, for nearly an hour. A bench in the sitting-room, where the bread was placed, which had been brought up from the cellar when the bread was removed from the house, was turned completely upside-down, on the very spot where it stood. Then a large rocking chair bounced from the side of the sitting room, toward the center of the room, up-side-down, a distance of five or six feet, father and mother and myself being within four feet of it at the time and no one else being in the room. There were two lights in the room at the time. Then the small rocking chair was turned over. The family Bible, which was on the bureau, fell on the floor, no one being within its reach at the time. Mother picked it up and laid it back, and it fell again immediately after she had removed her hand from it. The balance of the chairs, six or seven, commenced turning somersaults in the room, and the cradle turned over and father replaced it, when it turned up-side-down again without further notice. I went into the bed room and got my rifle and shot gun, and took them out and fired them off, so as to avoid danger, and when I got back I took out the clock from the bed room, and while on the porch heard the nicknacks, toys, etc. about fifty in number, sweep from the mantle-piece to the floor, a number of which were broken.

No one was in the room at the time. When I was taking the nicknacks out, the light, which was on the dough-tray in the bedroom, was thrown off to the floor and put out. I took out the tray, and while gone the bench on which the tray was standing was turned upside-down in its place.

While we were carrying the bureau and cap-board from the sitting room to the yard, we heard a noise in the bed room; father went there, followed by mother and the boy, and father saw the guns, which had been placed by me under a chest after they were discharged, moving away farther under the chest. He saw them move eight or ten inches.

The shovel, which probably produced the noise, was moved a distance of three or four feet, and a crock which contained nails, was upset.

This was the last on Sunday night. About ten o'clock everything was again quiet, and continued so until Monday morning at eight o'clock.

[Concluded Next Week.]

—Read "JESUS OF NAZARETH."

The Rostrum.

PROGRESSION.

Lecture, Delivered By Mrs. J. Stillman Severance, at Rockford, Michigan, June 25th, 1871.

Long ages ago, our earth was a crude, unrefined mass of matter. No beautiful verdure covered its bosom, no animal life existed upon its surface, but the coarse, barren rocks were alone—everywhere.

By and by, the action inherent in matter,—constant motion among its particles—refined it to the extent that vegetation was produced, but so nearly allied to the carthy matter upon which it grew, as to be scarcely distinguishable therefrom. As this crude formation of vegetable life, by its action of growth and decay refined matter still farther, it fitted it to manifest itself in the formation of beautiful ferns, and various vegetative forms were produced,—each finer than the one preceding it, taking space for matter to develop sufficiently to be capable of producing even the least perfected and simplest of animal life. But the law of progress was then, is now, and ever will be, action, action.

Little by little, step by step, upon the ladder of progression Old Earth moved along. Poisonous vapors filled the air, poisonous weeds grew upon earth's surface, producing poisonous reptiles—all in harmony with each other—and each doing its work of refining the crude conditions of the planet, and each by its formation, growth, and death, giving birth to higher life and greater beauty, by constantly changing conditions and assuming new forms, as change is progression, until man is produced, which is the highest form of animal life capable of being grown upon this planet, embracing the elements of all below. He is truly said to be an epitome of the universe.

The first development of the genus homo, was not such as we behold to-day around us,—forms of symmetry and beauty, forms with faces lighted up with the clear brightness of cultivated spiritual natures; nor were they forms such as we have been taught to believe our first parents were, by the Eden story, but such as, could we see them to-day, would be transported through the world as an exhibition of the wonderful freaks of nature,—as natural curiosities. They were crude, mammoth productions, corresponding in the human species, with the coarse flags and gigantic trees in the vegetable, and the huge leviathans and mastodons in the animal, creations. It is a law of nature, that coarse material is correspondingly slow in action.

The first forms of man being coarse in texture, were slow in process of change, hence did not become ripe for future life or higher forms of existence nearly as soon as now, and longevity was the general rule. Man's life was counted by centuries instead of years, as now. The refinement of matter does not cease with the formation of man, even in his present high condition, but constantly every particle in the human being is in motion, and fine matter is formed, not visible to the coarse, material eye, which we call spirit matter. This is the next grade above the physical. Every particle develops a corresponding spirit matter, which at the separation of the spirit and body by death, is attracted to her particle by particle, forming the spirit body, and the texture of the spirit bodies are as different as that of man in the form physical are different.

As action refines matter, it follows that the action of any organ or part, will eliminate more spirit matter from that organ or part than it will from an organ or part that is inactive; as for instance, a man works his front brain—his reasoning faculties—far more than any other portion of his brain or body, developing more spirit matter from those organs, so that when the spirit separates from the body, you will find the spirit body with a disproportionately large frontal brain, while the least active portions of brain and body are very defective, making an imharmonious, unbalanced spirit. A man who lives on the animal plane, indulging only appetites and passions, with no aspiration above the sensual gratification, on entering spirit-life, will find himself with a large base brain, little intellect or moral development, and has a very differently formed head from that he possesses here, caused by the intense action at one point, developing spirit matter, while there was so little action at the other parts, that but little spirit matter was formed.

The same with the body. The spirit limbs and all its parts, are the outgrowth of the corresponding part in the physical, hence you see what change of form may be ours on entering spirit-life. A person with finely formed limbs here, by non use of them, may find himself almost a deformity there, hence the importance of the harmonious action of every organ and part of brain and body, in order to have a well-formed spirit.

These ideas may seem strange to some of you, but are they not reasonable? What better method have we of accounting for the birth of the spirit, except from the body. I have seen this process go on; have seen the spirit matter separate, particle by particle, from the physical, standing as a vapor around the body, and then, by the law of attraction, every particle was attracted to particle, and formed the spirit body, and there it stood, a separate existence. The purity or impurity of the physical, also affects the spirit matter eliminated, so that with some very impure organizations, impure spirit matter is formed, and spirits are diseased when born; diseased hereditarily from the body that gave it birth, as a child is diseased from the condition of its mother, and must go through a process of purification there, analogous to disease here, which need never have been, had the individual lived properly. You see the close connection, my friends, of the spirit and body, makes bodily health of the utmost importance, and physical and mental culture, a promoter of spiritualization and beauty in the best hereafter.

Every grade of development of matter has an expression true to that degree of development. As matter becomes more developed and perfected, the form of expression is higher and more perfect, until voice is reached in the animal—the first, perhaps, a slight tone, but becomes better and higher.

The same species of birds sound the same notes, sing the same songs; the different members of the same species of animals, giving the same expressions, and varying in pitch, and, perhaps, volume, until we come to man. Here, we have in the earliest stages, very imperfect language, little expressions of consciousness, because the earthly elements as yet predominate over the spiritual, but as the senses become more advanced, more spiritualized, language becomes more perfect, emotion greater—and often more can be conveyed in a look, by one whose spirit controls the physical, than could be conveyed by words. But there is a deeper, fuller, sweeter language, when soul speaks to soul through the law of sympathy, and silence is the most expressive language that can be used, and sound would mar the harmony. Oh! the eloquence of silence,

when soul communes with soul, with the dear invisibles who hover around us, invisible to gross mortal sight, but seen by the clear spiritual eyes of those who, although wearing the garb of mortality, may yet live more in the spiritual realms than earthly habitations.

Man having a religious nature as well as an intellectual and social, at all stages of his development, had religious ideas corresponding with his degree of unfoldment and his surroundings, and the growth of the human race may be likened to the growth of a child. The first instinct of childhood, is the idea of self-sustenance, peaceably, quietly, with no idea beyond, no robbery of its neighbor, or thought of accumulation for the future, and where this is obtained, satisfaction is the result. As with the early stage,—simple, child-like, living upon the fruits of the earth, without use of husbandry, or employment of war, they lived—almost vegetated—simple-minded, harmless, ignorant.

The next organs developed in the child, are the selfish, accumulative, destructive, faculties. The child observes something, it wants; tries to possess it, if it is withheld, will struggle to obtain it; becomes angry; screams, strikes, and will only be satisfied to obtain it, and then looks around for something more to acquire, and is devoid of aught but selfish feelings.

The races correspond in their development. The acquisitive, combative, and destructive faculties, are developed, and they make wars upon each other, pillage and plunder, and their Gods are Gods of war and peace, battle and conquest.

The child still grows, full of selfishness, passion, and its will-power is developed. It is made to recognize the right of the parent to rule. Physical demonstration must teach it what obedience means, because it is incapable of perceiving anything higher. Parental authority, the rule of force, absolute control, enforced obedience, is necessary and right for the child, and it acts thus and so, from the hope of reward and fear of punishment. It has not learned the laws of kindness yet, but is selfish, tyrannical,—will return blow for blow.

Thus it was at the time of the Mosaic dispensation. Selfishness, war, rapine, and murder, was the law of the land,—an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth, blood for blood. At all periods of time, there is some one person, more advanced than the rest, more in power, and at that time, Moses took the rule in his own hands, with the "Thus saith the Lord," for without thus appealing to their ignorance, he could not have controlled them, and he taught them that instead of many Gods, there was but one, and in him was embodied the highest idea of perfection. They made him after their own image, as every one who believed in a God, always embodied in him his highest ideas of goodness and power. There was a God of war,—crusil, vindictive,—given to anger, unmerciful, unlovable in character,—selfish in caring for a special few, and hating the creations of his own hand. The terrible outrages, awful carnage, bestiality and crimes that were perpetrated by the direct command of their God,—who was only an incarnation of their own selfish natures,—a catalogue appalling to read, but shows us through what terrible conditions man has come through the ages to his present state.

As the child grows in years, his love of the beautiful, his reverence, his benevolence, is developed. He learns to listen to tales and parables, and by them, principles are illustrated, and adapted to his comprehension; and a teacher is necessary to feed his higher growth, and as every demand has a supply somewhere, a teacher is obtained. He is taught many beautiful lessons. He delights in kindly acts, has tender sympathies for the suffering, and will fight the one who causes it. He has all the lower faculties active, but these others awakened also, and expressing themselves. He goes to school, loves his teacher, and takes him for authority. He believes if he is good, and learns his lessons, he will have a prize when the term closes. His teacher tells him so, and he never questions his word; does not know why things are as he tells him, but enough that he says it, and when any question is raised on any subject, he closes with, "It is so, for the teacher says so."

As the races advanced, and the earth progressed, there came a demand for something higher and better than the Mosaic law and rules, and to meet this demand, the spirit world set about the task of bringing a better doctrine, and a teacher to teach a better doctrine, and live a purer life, and the Virgin Mary was prepared for the mission of maternity, having her body and mind fitted for this great work, which was to usher in a new dispensation; and according to the laws of nature, from superior conditions a superior child was born,—not perfect, nor devoid entirely of the fallings of childhood. But the mother, being spiritually impressed, and filled with reverence and love, produced a being of high order, and of a beautiful nature. With his sensitive, spiritual organization, it was no difficult matter for the higher intelligences to speak through him, and announce in parables and beautiful figures, sublime truths to the people. He taught doctrines opposed to the "Thus saith the Lord" of Moses. He says: "Ye have heard it said, An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth; but I say unto you, love your enemies, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them that despitefully use you and persecute you."

His life in the darkness of that age, was like a ray of light in a darkened room,—brilliant, beautiful. He had the power of adapting his teachings to the child-condition of his hearers, but he was so far in advance of them, that few could appreciate him, and fewer still live up to the doctrines he taught, and he was maligned, scorned, shunned, and treated shamefully, accused of being a wine bibber, seducer, and finally put to death as an impostor, the same as many other good men have been; and the same spirit exists to-day, to crush out every truth, and crucify every reformer who preaches any new doctrine, that would be a blessing to the darkened minds of those who ignore it, were they capable of receiving it. After the death of this good man, who died feeling it would seem, that his work was not completed,—as in despair upon the cross, he exclaimed, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me,"—he few followers who could appreciate his beautiful truths and loved the sweet spirit of the teacher, took his every word as authority, calling him the Son of God, while repeatedly he told them he was the son of man,—worshiped him in sorrow at his loss. In the negative condition they were in mourning for his death; his spirit was able to manifest itself to them, and he met with them at various times and places, appearing to them and then vanishing out of sight, the same as spirits do at the present day; but I need not go on with this tale of glorious martyrdom, for you are all familiar with it, but skip over a space of years until the despised and crucified was adored as a God. The Catholic Church was inaugurated, claiming to be based upon his teachings, where he and his mother also were worshiped. This church had a creed—a measure that all must come within, and the right of private judgment was denied the common people, the priests being the ones capable of understanding and rightly interpreting the word of God.

They believed in salvation through the blood of Christ, and professed to be his followers, but they had not advanced far enough to appreciate the loving spirit and higher teachings of the Nazarene. But their creeds and measures could

not stop the growth of now and then a soul who would see new light,—would perceive a new truth—and put forth that thought, and through persecution and death, mark another mile-stone on the road of progress.

From Catholicism Protestantism was born,—a step in advance, to be sure. Protestantism maintains strongly the right to private judgment in matters of religious faith,—providing you think just as I do,—denies the power of the priest to forgive sins, and excites salvation through repentance and the merit of the blood of Christ.

In the Protestant church we have seen's innumerable almost,—founded on some slight increase of light, some little growth beyond the previous measure, for, mind you, just as soon as any person perceives a truth in advance, it only a step of the creed enunciated, he is accused as a heretic and branded as mad, but by his persistent efforts and advocacy, by perhaps sealing it with his blood, one step is taken in the advance position.

Each sect, believing they had all of truth, set stakes and said to the spirit of progress, "Thus far shalt thou go and no farther;" and after bearing persecution and torture, perhaps the rack and gibbet, in consequence of defending a certain newly-found truth, as soon as that was established and generally recognized, would treat in the same manner any person advocating ideas in advance of them. They would, amid trials and great suffering, flee their country, to escape tyrannical persecution for conscience's sake, and then established the same tyranny there over others differing from them. They would sing praises to Christ, and live the law of Moses, and Christ on the brain, but Moses in the heart.

It is soul-sickening to trace the progress of truth through the ages, and note the religious wars, bloodshed and carnage of the churches, fighting under the banner of Christ, who said: "Put up thy sword." "I will be thy enemy." "If a man smite thee on the right cheek, turn to him the left also, etc." But in all these expressions of character, the condition of the people was manifested—their degree of growth exhibited; each sect true to their organization, and could not receive a truth beyond their comprehension; their selfish natures were still predominant over the spiritual,—hence they could only assimilate ideas corresponding to their own growth—must have some person, some book, as authority, and "thus saith the Lord" determined all questions.

As the child grows to manhood, his reasoning faculties are developed—the last of the faculties to reach their full growth and strength. He must then, when he is told a thing is so, know the reason for it—the why and wherefore; must have it proved by actual demonstration; can not take father, mother, or the teacher, as authority longer, on any subject, but must know himself—must have demonstrations that he can see, feel, hear, smell, or taste, as it is only through one of the five senses that we can receive any positive knowledge, and from facts form theories and conclusions.

The same with mankind, as they advance from one step to another,—from one belief to another,—finally coming to the manhood of the race, the era where the demands of reason must be met,—proof of immortality must be shown, and before the test of reason all the theories of the churches faded like mists before the morning sun.

They found in these sacred oracles the most contradictory statements, absurd conclusions, immoral teachings, and obscene language, ignorance, superstition and knowledge strangely commingled, but now we know of immortality even, much less light on the conditions of the future state; found that from this same book—said to contain all men ever need know—were taught different and contradictory doctrines of the duties of life, rules of moral ethics, etc.; found that the salvation of the world was based upon the birth and death of Christ, who was said to have been conceived without a father, sent by the Lord of heaven and earth to be slain to appease his own wrath, and pacify him in his anger against the creatures of his own hand. These seemed to the reasoning mind like child's stories—absurd notions—opposed to natural laws and scientific facts, and the enlightened world was set running into materialism. The greatest minds of the world were, for lack of proof to the contrary, denying the facts of immortality, and adopting the belief that all there was of life was this brief existence on the earth, and that man, like the flower of the field, was cut down and returned to the elements that formed him. The intellect was untempered by the spiritual nature, and lacking intuitive feeling, was cold, calculating, devoid the religious element.

To meet this demand for proof came Spiritualism with its positive demonstrations. Those who had received the manhood plan were ready to receive it in its broadest philosophical sense, because it could be proved. Spirits came to us—could be seen, heard, and handled. They brought to us proof of immortal existence, and showed us the way to the world we were waiting for. How the mother rejoiced to know that the dear jewel, the household treasure, that she had consigned to the dark cold earth-bed in hopeless despair, was not there in the clay tomb, but that her child had only laid off its earthly existence,—its outer garment, the shell, the chrysalis,—and was clothed in spirit form of beauty and grace, and was still hovering around, clasping her neck, caressing her, pressing the affectionate kiss upon lips and brow, and although, perhaps, unseen, yet seeing and felt, loving and beloved, watching over the dear mother, nesting beside her when at rest, in the still hours of the night, and waiting to enjoy her presence forever, when she shall have donned her better garments, and taken the little boat-ride across the bright river. What can equal the mother's joy in feeling the pasting little hands up over her cheek and brow, hearing the patter of little feet upon the floor, and perhaps listens to whispers of love from the dear ones not gone but changed.

Then the rejoicing of our spirit friends over the success of this non-trans-Atlantic cable of their line from that land to this! They who had been watching with interest and anxiety every effort of humanity to creep, to stand alone and walk, and its repeated struggles and uncertain steps,—how they rejoiced that a few even could receive the proof of immortal existence; that they would teach the manhood of man, tell of the future life, comfort the mourner, and inaugurate a new era in religious faith,—or rather substitute knowledge for faith,—that they could through their chosen mediums heal the sick by the laying on of hands, give sight to the blind, make the deaf to hear, and the dumb to speak. But how was this new dispensation, this advance step, received by the people generally? With the same spirit manifested all through the ages towards the new; the same spirit manifested toward Christ when he was upon earth, and the cry went up "Behold he hath a devil; he is insane; he talketh with familiar spirits; crucify him, crucify him!" The world had grown beyond racks and similar tortures, but to the keener perceptions of the spiritually-minded there are equal methods of torture; the jer, the taunt, the towing of the head, the averted face, the turning aside, as though fearing contamination,—is there not torture in all this?

Spiritualists were the first to appreciate the fine sensitive organization and mediocrity nature of the man Jesus, the first to follow his teachings and have the sign follow them that he said should follow those that believe; for he

said his followers should do all the things that he did, and even greater things. What are the persons in the church that all the sick by laying on of hands, open the eyes of the blind, make the lame to walk and the deaf to hear? Where are the believers? Verily, only among the Spiritualists; and were Christ to come upon earth at the present time, as he did nineteen centuries ago, he would be called a Spiritualist medium, crazy, fanatic, a free-lover, and every other opprobrious epithet the Christian church knows so well how to use, and the church doors would be shut against him; and if he spoke to the people, it would either be from the Spiritualist's rostrum, or beneath the free, blue canopy of heaven. But why is Spiritualism so obnoxious to the world,—to the churches? For just the same reason that every advanced belief or idea has always been—because it is beyond the growth or comprehension of the people who oppose it. It is not their fault, but misfortune. They judge from their own point of observation, and if not very elevated, the scope of their vision is not great. They are not to blame because they cannot receive a quart in a pint measure. The child must have garments adapted to its size; the garments of manhood ill fit the growth of childhood, but must be fitted larger and larger as the child grows in stature; but he should not forget that there are others who must go through the same process of growth, and not condemn their clothing because he has outgrown it.

Different beliefs are the outgrowth of the different degrees of development of man, and belongs to him at that stage of growth; and persons who are wise will not condemn others for their belief, however childish it may appear to them, any more than a baby for wearing the garb of infancy; only be sure and have a garment ready for him when he has outgrown the one he now wears. We can also promote his growth by healthy action, by presenting proper food, that his spirit can assimilate as soon as it is capable of so doing.

But what better is the world for Spiritualism? What better, you may ask, for any truth,—for any great light that has ever burst upon it? What has it done?

It has saved the world from materialism; it has comforted the mourner; it has bridged the deep gulch between this world and the next, and lighted the dark passage. It has taught the glorious doctrine of eternal progression, shown us the condition of those who have passed beyond the portal, and proved the doctrine that is destined to free man from the material, the inhabitants of earth,—that there is no escape from the penalties of violated law, whether a physical or moral law,—that Christ's or any other man's death cannot change the result of our actions, but for every transgression suffering follows, not as a punishment, but as the result of a natural cause, and through that suffering we learn lessons of wisdom and progression, and are taught a purer, higher life. Is not this doctrine thus throwing all the responsibility upon the individual, better calculated to make man strive to learn his relations to his fellow man, and to the surrounding universe, than the doctrine of vicarious atonement—the belief that although we have spent a life of wickedness and shame, of debauchery and crime, desecrating the most elevated portions of our nature, and sinking to the level of the brute,—that we can, by prayer, fasting, and being absolved from all consequences, and be just as high and happy a condition as though we had lived a moral, upright life, and labored unceasingly for the welfare of our human brotherhood?

What has Spiritualism done? Ask the hearts of motherless children that have been made glad, and whose feet have been directed in wisdom's ways by the counsel of their spirit mother,—who have been staid from entering the path of shame, whose end is ruin, by the interposition of her loving presence and counsel. Ask the husband, when he lays in the grave the form of his loved wife, what he would take in exchange for the comfort of knowing she still lives and watches over him,—that he can get from her counsel and direction in the uncertain path of life, and feel her interest in him is the same as before the change. Fathers have been reclaimed by their spirit children. Case after case might be related to show the blessings coming from the kindly interposition of our blessed spirit friends.

What does? The Spiritualist was the first society, first organization, that recognized woman's equality with man in its deliberations upon the rostrum, as officers in its business transactions, and claimed the same compensation for its speakers. The cause of woman's enfranchisement, which is a popular theme to-day, has only reached its present status through the untiring energy of the Spiritualists; and now as with temperance, anti-slavery, and kindred reforms that the churches opposed till they saw they were marching along and could not be stopped, men to save themselves from being crushed beneath the wheels of the car of progress, they pushed aboard, with a "Hurrah! how we temperance men, or we anti-slavery men have triumphed!"

To-day some of the churches which are far-seeing enough to know that woman's suffrage must come as a natural result of the era of progress in which we live, are trying to father the cause, and would ignore all Spiritualist efforts in that direction.

What has Spiritualism done? Look at the Progressive Lyceums scattered here and there over the land—the first institution where the moral, intellectual, and physical natures are harmoniously developed, and the child's mind grows untrammelled by sectarian views, and unobscured by creeds and dogmas. In every Spiritualist parents' children could have the advantages of this school and not be overtaxed, how long think you, would the orthodox church hold sway over the people? How long before the glorious light of the Harmonical Philosophy would dispel the dark clouds of old theology, and illumine with its brighter beams the darkened minds of the people? Then let us appreciate and work for the Lyceum. Let us sustain, by every effort in our power, this school for our blessed little ones, and the rising generation will bless our memories for saving them from the blighting influences of orthodox teachings. They will look back to the pleasant hours spent in answering questions, reciting beautiful sayings, and singing sweet songs. Angels ever bless the Lyceum!

What does? It has advocated free speech and a free platform. If living no creed, code, or measure by which it can limit man's growth in any direction, we find great diversity of views and opinions. As no two persons look precisely alike no two have the same organization, if left untrammelled no two will think alike, and this diversity of opinion and freedom of expression stimulates thought, arouses intellect, and develops truth.

Our free platform is our glory, and I had the honor of attending the first convention where the problem of offering a free platform to the world,—where any person, if they will, can express their thoughts,—was tried, and it has proved a glorious success, and to-day it is our boast that we will hear patiently and respectfully the honest views of any man, be he Pagan, Catholic, Protestant, Mormon, or Infidel; and we even invite them to join with us in the solution of all great moral questions, and our search for greater light and more truth. No church or sect of men, they have not thus opened their doors to the free investigation of any question, and it would prove their overthrow,

for in free combat the more advanced ideas always come out in the ascendancy, for the action of matter, be it mineral, vegetable, animal, or spiritual always refines, develops, and causes progress.

But the greatest of all Spiritualism has taught us charity; that every soul is a true to its organization and condition, and hence deserves no condemnation. It teaches us when we see the poor outcast, that it is our sister or brother, specially claiming our sympathy because of their misfortunes. As a sick child will be more tenderly cared for by its parents, so the poor unfortunate needs sympathy, kindness, and the helping hand and loving heart. Heeding Christ's injunction, "Let him that is without sin cast the first stone," would keep us and all others from condemnation; for who of us are faultless,—who without sin? It teaches us to respect all churches, all institutions, as useful and right,—not for us, but for those who have not outgrown them, and that it would not be wise were it possible, for us to overthrow them, but rather do all in our power to so educate the people that they will cease to be of use to them. As the chicken cannot remain in the shell after incubation, neither can a person remain in the churches after he has outgrown them. Then, educate the people; teach them the highest truth; lay before their minds the most advanced doctrines, the most philosophical views, and above all the most exemplary, useful, and beautiful lives, and know that as soon as they are sufficiently grown they will receive these doctrines, and every mistake they make, every fault they commit, will serve as a monitor to teach them the better way, and through the suffering it will bring, will develop them to higher conditions.

Let us remember the watchword of progress is action—moral action, mental action, physical action, and above all harmonious action. What we most need is courage—true moral bravery that will stand for the right though the heavens fall, for I tell you, friends, that the hour is coming that will try men's souls.

The time is coming when the great contest between radicalism and conservatism, Spiritualism and Catholicism, will leave no neutral anywhere. The conservative, unprogressed in the churches, will join with the Catholic; the liberal element will join with us, and then will come the final settlement in this country between freedom and slavery, and woman will then come in with her saving power, and forever after hold her place in the government.

Then let us labor diligently to strengthen the forces of freedom, for many of us now living will have to take part in this great conflict. Spiritualism has taught us the use of animal magnetism in healing the sick, and shows us the laws of its operation; has explained the philosophy of many well-known facts, and enabled us to regulate, to some extent, and use for the benefit of mankind, this unseen power in nature, as well as electricity, and offered another element of success to the hygienic practitioner. It has explained to us the laws by which the psychometrist can read the character and spiritual conditions of those with whom he comes in rapport; can open the sealed book of the past, and read the impress events have made upon the individual; see their adaptation to surrounding persons and objects, and direct them in their efforts at self-culture and improvement. This power alone is destined to do more to elevate and improve the human family than all the preaching in the orthodox churches. It saves us from inharmonious unions, by teaching us the laws of adaptation, and in the present confused and inharmonious conditions in social life, everywhere, in the churches and our, this is knowledge of the greatest importance. It also enables us to find our proper spheres of labor, and protects us from imposition, fraud, and deception, by being able to know the character of those we come in contact with.

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Then let us labor diligently to strengthen the forces of freedom, for many of us now living will have to take part in this great conflict. Spiritualism has taught us the use of animal magnetism in healing the sick, and shows us the laws of its operation; has explained the philosophy of many well-known facts, and enabled us to regulate, to some extent, and use for the benefit of mankind, this unseen power in nature, as well as electricity, and offered another element of success to the hygienic practitioner. It has explained to us the laws by which the psychometrist can read the character and spiritual conditions of those with whom he comes in rapport; can open the sealed book of the past, and read the impress events have made upon the individual; see their adaptation to surrounding persons and objects, and direct them in their efforts at self-culture and improvement. This power alone is destined to do more to elevate and improve the human family than all the preaching in the orthodox churches. It saves us from inharmonious unions, by teaching us the laws of adaptation, and in the present confused and inharmonious conditions in social life, everywhere, in the churches and our, this is knowledge of the greatest importance. It also enables us to find our proper spheres of labor, and protects us from imposition, fraud, and deception, by being able to know the character of those we come in contact with.

Let us remember the watchword of progress is action—moral action, mental action, physical action, and above all harmonious action. What we most need is courage—true moral bravery that will stand for the right though the heavens fall, for I tell you, friends, that the hour is coming that will try men's souls.

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Letter from I. T. Maulsby.

* * * * * If Mr. Robertson on the Brinkley College affair, will bear of our activity (as we hope it may,) we intend ordering quite a number of copies for gratuitous distribution amongst the benighted and unfortunate votaries of Orthodoxy in our own far off Western Territory. Ours is a most glorious philosophy, and the Journal is one of its most able defenders. I take a number of papers, but when mail day comes, I look most anxiously for the Journal, and when my eye catches a glimpse of it, I can scarcely restrain myself from exclaiming, "I have read business letters." I always read before any other newspaper,—but you may understand my appreciation of it. We have not much phenomenal Spiritualism here, yet many of the best minds, and persons of the first respectability (very many of them) accept our philosophy. Thank all the benign powers for the glorious truths of Spiritualism! Col. Reuben Rags, Hon. S. W. Brown, Receiver of the U. S. Land Office here, myself and others, intend making up a sum of money and sending for a quantity of reading matter to distribute among the people. In this city G. T. McConnell, Esq., Clerk of the United States District Court, and his most excellent lady, are earnest Spiritualists (particularly Mrs. McConnell); Judge Lancaster, formerly member of Congress from this Territory, and at one time

WITCHCRAFT IN MODERN EGYPT.

Communication from D. White, M.D.

BROTHER JONES: You will see by the enclosed...

While the orthodox churches are sending missionaries...

Yours truly, DANIEL WHITE, M.D.

Du Quoin, July 23, 1871.

ARTICLE REFERRED TO.

Dr. Malloy, from Frankfort, reports great excitement...

The Doctor states that although there has, as yet, been no serious injury...

Remarks.—P. or old Williams is consistent with the religion taught him...

Who prompts mobs? Christians now-a-days, as the Jews did in the days of the Nazarene...

The Catholic priesthood, by their sly winks and blinks to their ignorant devotees...

The Jews crucified Christ. All religionists of the present day act in recordance with the same spirit...

Thanks to all that is good and true for the ushering in of the age of spirit communion...

Letter from Mrs. Anna Tefft.

BROTHER JONES:—Please find enclosed one dollar and a half, part pay of what I owe you...

Remarks.—All right, dear sister. Your integrity is appreciated...

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There appeared in these our days a man of great virtue, named Jesus Christus...

Remarks.—P. or old Williams is consistent with the religion taught him...

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The Catholic priesthood, by their sly winks and blinks to their ignorant devotees...

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BY HENRY T. CHILD, M. D. Subscriptions will be received, and papers may be obtained at wholesale or retail, at 633 Race street, Philadelphia.

and to God, who is over all, in all and through all, blessed forever. The lives of mankind on earth present something of the character of the mansions they are building for the soul. The houses they construct for themselves, and all the surroundings that they bring around them, speak of the character of the interior. As mankind are very much disposed to imitate each other in the constructing and arraying their outer dwellings, so in the soul they are seeking to bring forth and arrange mansions that shall correspond with each other, and thus make them more attractive and profitable.

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Original Essays.

Written for the Religio-Philosophical Journal. ROMAN CATHOLICISM.

Father Hecker—Spiritualism—Rites—etc. BY MRS. M. J. WILCOXSON.

Where's Father Hecker? We wish to hear from him. We have not forgotten how "diabolical" he attempted to make Spiritualism last winter in his Chicago speech—

Where's Father Hecker? We wish to hear from him. We have not forgotten how "diabolical" he attempted to make Spiritualism last winter in his Chicago speech—

to the creed and the curse has taken possession of their lives. Reason is dethroned. Long accumulated sorrows and superstitions, have induced a mania, and they by it have freed themselves and do G-d service by killing "every d—d Protestant?"

Being one of that class of people who try to do their own thinking, and having followed Brother Francis through his labyrinthian search through the universe after God, I have been led into some knotty difficulties by trying to bring my own thoughts into harmony with his.

Being one of that class of people who try to do their own thinking, and having followed Brother Francis through his labyrinthian search through the universe after God, I have been led into some knotty difficulties by trying to bring my own thoughts into harmony with his.

principle. But remember, Father Hecker, we could unite in defence of that principle. God grant the battle be a bloodless one, for all the years of the future, and that only a noble emulation to do the greatest amount of good, may push us up the hills of victory, nearer and still nearer till we plant our feet upon the rock of Universal Liberty.

Written for the Religio-Philosophical Journal. NATURE AND GOD. BY G. H. HICKOX.

Being one of that class of people who try to do their own thinking, and having followed Brother Francis through his labyrinthian search through the universe after God, I have been led into some knotty difficulties by trying to bring my own thoughts into harmony with his.

Nature—all that can be seen or felt—all that can be known: Man is a manifestation of Nature, his physical representing the physical domain, his spiritual the domain of spirit.

The negative or physical domain possesses no inherent power of action. If it possesses forces, they are latent, and require the action of the positive domain for their operation.

Should we assert that these effects are not, and can not become causes for the reason that a boundless cause leaves no room for finite causes? Or shall we box up this boundless cause, whose very nature is to expand, in a box of finite dimensions?

Vegetable germs seem to have the power of reproduction. A vast oak forest may be produced from one acorn containing a single germ.

Who or what works out these problems that constitute the sum of human knowledge? Who vivifies the dead, inert matter of worlds, planting the germs of the grasses, the flowers and the stately forests which unfold into such order and beauty?

—Have you learned the happiness there is in contentment? If not, go to school. —An ounce of praise will usually carry a man or child farther in the path of virtue than a whole ton of censure. Try it.

To W. Lowe, Esq., Shanghai, China.

BROTHER JONES:—I have been requested by W. Lowe, Esq., French Board, at Shanghai, China, to give my views in regard to the use of chloroform, nitrous oxide, hashish, etc., as agents, to aid persons in entering the somnambulant condition, and as he has requested me to do so through the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, with your permission I will.

I have, for some years held the opinion that some persons upon whom surgical operations are performed, feel pain while under the influence of chloroform and nitrous oxide, although they may know nothing about it when the effect has passed off.

My experience in this seems to agree with Mr. Lowe, who thus expresses himself in his letter to me: "I shrank from the knife, saying, that I felt the pain—but after a waking had no recollection of it. Judging from this, he continues, "would it not be possible for a person already in the clairvoyant state, to superintend and guide the initiation of a novice under narcotic influence, and thus make a certainty of each case the first trial?"

I answer, that it is not necessary for the person who guides the novice, to be in a clairvoyant condition—and I take pleasure in stating, that when in Cincinnati some years ago, being present when the gas (nitrous oxide) was administered, I spoke to the subject during the inhalation, and who, when partially under the influence, became clairvoyant, and was, of course, then in a somnambulant condition.

I should have stated these facts long since, but was anxious to repeat the experiment before I died, and hope to be able to do so, when I visit Cincinnati next winter, where I will have free access to the gas.

While upon this subject, I will refer to a brief article in the Vol. No. 2, page 93, upon somnambulism artificially produced, which reads thus: "Dr. Russell says (Medical Times, and Gazette, and Boston Medical and Surgical Journal), Somnambulism may be produced artificially by speaking to, or after the effect of passing off, their mind be directed to distant places, etc., at the same time that they are told not to rouse out of the state—that clairvoyance will be induced, and the condition perfectly entered. They will then, if properly instructed, be able to enter the state at any future time without the aid of these agents."

I experienced proof that he had produced the same condition in his own person, though quite unconscious of his acts; and he quotes a like instance witnessed by Dr. Snow, in which a child played with a ball, throwing it into the air, catching it with precision, talking and laughing all the time, yet to all appearances perfectly unconscious.

Upon trying to obtain the anyline, I was told by a celebrated chemist, that the English were wild upon the subject of aesthetics, and that the use of the anyline was exceedingly dangerous, not to be depended upon.

From what I have seen, I would much prefer the nitrous oxide to all others, except, perhaps, sulphur ether, and believe that if the mind be properly directed during the inhalation or immediately before the effect passes off, that the end in view can be safely attained.

To those who call themselves "poor sensitives" or "healing mediums," I have to say, that in less prosperous days, when weak, sick and faint, they were glad to rest beneath my roof, and to partake of the best I could afford.

Fraternally, WM. B. FARNESBROOK. Lancaster, July 25th, 1871.

Letter from Horace G. Griffin.

BROTHER JONES:—I enclose you will find seventy-five cents, as a small payment upon your most valuable sheet. I shall hereafter endeavor to be more prompt.

Cedar Rapids, Iowa, July 19, 1871.

The Hollow Globe.

Friend Sherman:—Your work entitled "The Hollow Globe" was duly received. I have not had time to give it the careful examination necessary to forming a correct opinion of its merits.

Westfield, N. Y. Yours truly, J. TIMNEY.

Voices from the People.

YPSILANTI, MICH.—E. Dr per writes.—In closed order for the order for a dollar for a renewal of my subscription, which expired July 1st, 1871. I think the JOURNAL continues to increase in interest. I like it for its bold and fearless search after truth and denouncement of error.

ANGOLA, IND.—Dr. Moore writes.—I like the JOURNAL better every day. I am a radical. I very much like your radical position. May I never be less radical.

GENESSEE, WIS.—Martha P. Changlin writes. Whoever is the author of the subject "A Search after God," I believe to be on a terribly dangerous ground. I never heard of any orthodox Christian that did not believe in the existence of a devil, or evil influences from the adversary.

TISKILWA, ILL.—J. Gage writes.—Permit a few lines from an old friend. "We do not make our thoughts—they grow in us like grains of wood."

STANWOOD, IOWA.—A. A. Dodge writes.—I intend, now, to be a life subscriber to the JOURNAL. I have been a subscriber for some time, but do not send my money for some time.

ALBION, IOWA.—C. Allen writes.—I shall continue to take the JOURNAL as long as I have health and strength to obtain the means to pay for it.

GENOA, ILL.—A. Hollenbach writes.—Enclosed is a money order for five dollars, as a renewal of my subscription to the JOURNAL, with which I am well pleased. I do not endorse the "theological notions of Mr. Francis in his "Search after God."

OWATONNA, MINN.—O. Hill writes.—I can not do without the JOURNAL. It is the best paper published, and ought to be in every family.

D'KON, CAL.—Mason Allen writes.—We feel the want of something here to set people to thinking. There are a great many people in California that have not had an opportunity of seeing much of Spiritualism, only the dark side, as shown by the churches. Speakers in this country visit towns here and there, and leave a cold, gloomy, and gloomy atmosphere.

REDFIELD, ILL.—W. H. H. Brown writes.—Please find enclosed five cents for one subscriber and "The Sunday Question," according to your new proposition. I have read the "Bible in the Balance," "Jesus of Nazareth," and "Strange Visitors," and want something more of the good things issuing from the glorious old JOURNAL office—the best paper and best editor in the world.

SAN DIEGO, CAL.—M. Carrthers writes.—I tell you again that I like your paper, it is the best I have yet read to arouse the reasoning faculties, because it contains such a variety of opinions on subjects of the most vital importance to man.

HAMILTON, NEVADA.—L. E. Wade writes.—Good for the "Search after God." I like it because it is founded on a solid basis. I like it because it is founded on a solid basis. I like it because it is founded on a solid basis.

Frontier Department.

BY.....E. V. WILSON

Settled Speakers Once More.

This question is assuming an important feature in the history of Spiritualism, and has its advocates, pro and con. We believe the first "article" came from Brother H. H. Marsh, of Chicago, an able writer, and, at one time together with his good lady, earnest workers in our cause. The article was signed "Chicago," and appeared in 1866, or '7. We were at this time laboring in Ohio. Bro. Moses Hull, was at the time settled in Milwaukee, Wis., and wrote an article in approval of "Chicago," in which he attacked the itinerant system, in a very bitter manner, terming it a tread-mill system, in which speakers followed each other, repeating over and over the same old story,—full of stale platitudes and adjectives, without connection or conclusions.

To this communication we replied at the instigation of J. M. Peebles, and our article was corrected in part by him, reprinted by a young man then living in Cincinnati, and when it appeared in the Spiritual papers of the day, created a flutter amongst those who favored settled speakers. Bro. Moses Hull, standing back on his dignity, replied, "We shall not stoop to answer this article, we deem it unworthy a notice, etc." Not so, however, with Bro. Willis, who wrote a sharp, pungent article reviewing us sharply, denying that his ministrations of several years in Cold Water, Mich, had proved a failure, and at the same time demanding the real author's name.

To this demand, we promptly replied,—giving our name and reasons for the article, as well as sustaining our position in the former article. How unlike J. M. Peebles. The course these Brothers pursue,—they handle their own chestnuts, they never so hot. Not so, J. M. Peebles,—he wishes others to burn their fingers through pulling his chestnuts out of the fire. Several short communications subsequently appeared from both sides of the subject, and then there was a lull.

In the Fall and Winter of 1868-9, Bro. J. M. Peebles was called on (?) to preside over "a nice society," in Detroit, Mich., and while thus presiding, wrote his famous allocation to the public, entitled, "A nice Society," which appeared in the Banner of Light, March 27th, 1869, and wound up with the following string of adjectives. "Balancing the testimony of our experience, we have generally found that only blatant, angular, tangential, egotistic, formalists were opposed to the right use of forms, or methods, as means to secure the ends of discipline, education and spiritual unfoldment. Heaven spare us from an irreligious, unscientific, self important, bigoted, godless, nothingarianism,—some times seeking to pass itself for spiritualism." What think you, my good brothers and sisters, of this bundle of epithets, describing us, who ate in favor of scattering the word of God broad-cast over the land, as "blatant, egotistic, irreligious, unscientific, self-important, bigoted, godless, nothingarianism, sometimes seeking to pass (ourselves) for Spiritualists." Gentle words, Bro. Peebles, coming from "The St. John of Spiritualism."—"Does it become a settled speaker,"—an editor, to write thus of his brothers,—co-workers. Wilson is "blatant," Colby, "bigoted," Hull, "unscientific," Whiting, "egotistic," Kayner "Tangential," Harding, "Godless," Howe "self-important," Child, "a nothingarian," "sometimes seeking to pass (themselves) for Spiritualists." Does this language "comfort" with the dignity of a settled speaker or reformed minister and teacher, to call all speakers and mediums, a "blatant, godless, egotistic, bigoted, nothingarianism."

We reviewed his allocation sharply, showing it up in such a manner that the whole spiritual world laughed at "A nice society," as well as the ten commandments received on top of Pike's Peak by Bro. Peebles. To this article there came no response until after Bro. Peebles' appointment, as Consul to the unimportant City of Trebizond, which by the way, was an insult to Spiritualism, for the reason that it was a place of no importance whatever, where there was nothing to do, and for this reason the post office had not been opened for years,—no one foolish enough to accept, save "The St. John, of Modern Spiritualism." A short time before Bro. Peebles sailed for Europe, the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL received a letter of inquiry from Detroit, written by Judge McCracken, asking the cause and wherefore of Bro. Wilson's article on "A nice society." We happened to be in the office of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL at the time the letter was handed us. Instantly a voice said to us, "Do not publish this letter yet." As is our rule, we obeyed the voice; the letter lay over three or four numbers. In the mean time we received letters from Detroit, (uncalled for by us) fully sustaining every point we had made against "A nice society." Later Bro. Peebles wrote to S. S. Jones, of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, petulantly demanding, "why the communication from the Detroit friends had not been published,—or will you publish one side of the question, and not the other." This was just what we wanted. The enemy's fire was uncovered, and we knew the actual mover. If not original, writer of the McCracken letter, and then the correspondence was given to the world. In good time we replied to these letters, and were at once invited to Detroit, speaking there the four Sundays in October, 1869. While there we gathered up some precious facts about the polished "St. John, of Modern Spiritualism."—Bro. Peebles, the settled speaker, which did him no good; and yet we feel towards him kindly and brotherly. "He must and will act in accordance with his organization."

When at sea, Bro. Peebles wrote an article on sea experience, in which he confesses that he "Played Peter," declining to hold religious services, then criticised the Episcopal system some what sharply, adding, "How much better it would have been had there been readings from the harp or silver chainings—the gentle Wilson, pardon us, to the contrary notwithstanding."

The first intimation we had of this gentle insinuation was a letter directed as follows: "To the gentle Wilson (E. V.) pardon us," containing the article clipped from the Universe. We accepted it as a good joke, and wrote a rejoinder in which we baptized our Bro. "The Bishop of Trebizond." This was very vulgar coming from us, and all the friends of the Bishop took umbrage; but, dear readers, we cannot rise above our "organization." A lady writer responded, defending our Brother in the Banner of Light from this low and vulgar insinuation, to which we made no reply.

Things went on smoothly, until our New Years Greeting, which appeared on the 1st of January, 1870, in which we held out the Olive Branch—extending the right hand of fellowship to all.

To this, Brother E. S. Wheeler took exception, and wrote a bitter philippic accusing us of extending the mailed hand to a prostrate foe. These articles appeared in the American Spiritualist, for Jan., 1870. They caused a good deal of feeling, and Brother Wheeler, as well as ourself, received several sharp letters from the readers of the American Spiritualist, condemning the unbrotherly feeling exhibited in Brother

Wheeler's articles. In answer to these, Brother Wheeler replied as follows: "Brother Wilson is able to defend himself, and the columns of every Spiritual paper in the country are open to him. When he finds fault, then it will be time for our readers to complain," or words to that effect.

We met Brother Wheeler early in Feb., 1870, in Philadelphia, and we laughed over the matter, shook hands, and parted friends as ever. The next step in this matter was taken by the Present Age, shortly after the meeting of rumps at Richmond, Ind., under the name of The American Association of Spiritualists. The article referred to organization, settled speakers, and their triumphs (?) when contrasted with the itinerant system, referring to the fact that societies were already moving in this matter, and then there was a eulogy on the action of the late rump convention,—and, by the way, Richmond, Ind., like all other places where this would-be American Association of Spiritualists has held its sessions, is virtually a dead letter, so far as Spiritual meetings are concerned. Rochester, Buffalo, N. Y., and Richmond, Ind., are dead—did of settled speakers and The American Association of Spiritualists.

In this article the writer insults every writer, seer, speaker, or other medium, in the following words: "Now, what we want is to get rid of all such as give tests in public, or take a fee at the door, etc." We answered this editorial, and as shortly after our answer appeared the battery Wheeler took up his pen and blazed away at us in ink, quoting extensively from our article. Well, we found no fault with this, nor did we think for a moment of appealing to the Washington, Philadelphia, or Cleveland societies, to relieve us from the skinning Brother Wheeler put us through, or come to our help, and we fully believe there is not another man or woman in our ranks who would think for a moment of drawing a society into a defense of their position save J. M. Peebles; certainly not Brothers Wheeler, Hull, or Foster.

Well, well, brother, go on with your work. We find no fault, for the reason that we frequently lend brain thoughts to settled speakers; in fact, we are the resurrection of societies who are or have been afflicted with the spider element of settled speakers. Well knowing that Mr. Wheeler was very bilious, we concluded to let the matter drop and pay no attention to his spleeney condition.

In February last we met Brother Wheeler in Vineland, N. J., and extended to him the hand of friendship. It was taken coldly. We were treated coldly. We parted; he in coldness; we in the sunshine of a practical Spiritualism. The next evening we received the letter that appeared in No. 12 of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, June 10th, 1871. Next, there appeared in "Western Local" of the Banner of Light, No. 3, Vol. XXIX, an article in which a statement is made utterly at variance with the truth. To this we replied in an article headed "Settled Speakers once more," showing Brother Lynn's puff of J. M. Peebles to be untrue, as we shall prove by documentary evidence hereafter. One word right here. When we wrote that article we had no more thought of finding fault with the Cleveland Society and its very excellent board of managers than we have of finding fault with our Maker. And the gentlemen (all of whom are our personal friends), who signed that article dictated by J. M. Peebles, never dreamed of an insult to their society until J. M. Peebles called their attention to it.

On the 23d of July, in No. 18, Vol. X of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, there appears an article signed by Geo. Rose, D. U. Pratt, L. King, M. C. Parker, Joseph Gillson, as officers of the Cleveland Society (?) not in defense of settled speakers or the interests of their society, but in defense of J. M. Peebles, the would-be leader and head of the great spiritual movement of the age, but lacking brains, he will necessarily find his level, and that is as a worker in the rank with the rest of us; unless, like Finney, Loveland, and Wadsworth, he sloughs off, and sinks to rise no more; we trust he will do better.

Accompanying this defense of J. M. Peebles, came a letter, which reads as follows:

BROTHER JONES.—You find within an article prepared by the officers and committee of the Cleveland Society, in reply to that of Bro. E. V. Wilson, in your issue of June 17th, "Settled Speakers Once More." I need not tell you that the Society, with hardly an exception, felt indignant upon reading it. It certainly has done Brother Wilson no good, and yet I feel toward him kindly and brotherly. He must and will write in accordance with his organization. Mr. Rose, and Dr. Parker furnished the facts for the communications. Bro. Murray serving as their scribe. I hope you will give it an early insertion in the Frontier Department. If the publication is declined, return to Dr. M. C. Parker 144 Seneca Street.

Most truly yours, J. M. PEEBLES.

Cleveland, Ohio, June 25, 1871. This letter fully reveals the originator of the reply, and the following correspondence fastens a false statement upon Bro. J. M. Peebles, who states, "Mr. Rose and Dr. Parker furnished the facts for the communication."

DR. M. C. PARKER.—Will you favor me with the amounts received at each collection of Bro. J. M. Peebles' meetings for October, December, and January, 1870-1; also of the collections of my engagements for November, 1870; also for March, 1871. You will understand the object of this; it is to meet J. M. Peebles' rejoinder to "Settled Speakers Once More." You favored them with statistics; please grant me the same favor. I have not attacked your Society or its management, and if you will read my article carefully, you will find that you have been misled in this matter by Bro. Peebles.

Now, Bro. Parker, it is due me, that you send an exact statement. I asked it once before. You declined. You have now committed yourself by espousing Bro. Peebles—be just to me. If you are at any expense, send the amount, and I will pay it.

Truly yours, E. V. WILSON.

Carthage, Mo., July 3, 1871.

To this he replies as follows; It speaks for itself:

BRO. E. V. WILSON.—Yours of the 3rd inst. is received to-day. In reply, I will state that Mr. Joseph Gillson furnished the figures for Mr. Peebles. I, of course, agreed to it, and can state that it was correct. I still decline to furnish food for this unjust controversy. Perhaps Mr. Gillson may do it.

Yours truly, M. C. PARKER.

Cleveland, July 6, 1871.

On receipt of this, we wrote at once to Joseph Gillson, Esq., as follows:

JOSEPH GILLSON, Esq.—Dear Sir and Brother;—I write you to-day, asking if the article sent up by J. M. Peebles, in answer to "Settled Speakers Once More," originated with the gentlemen who signed it, or did it originate with J. M. Peebles, and by him brought to Messrs. Rose, Pratt, Parker, King, and yourself, for your indorsement. Will you frankly answer in writing the following questions, with the understanding that I am to use it in my reply: 1st, Who originated the article in reply to

"Settled Speakers Once More," signed by the officers of the Cleveland Society of Spiritualists? 2nd, Did J. M. Peebles ask you and the others to sign the article, or did you and the others write it out, take it to Bro. Peebles, and ask him to send it up for publication? Please answer so I may know to whom to address my reply. I am in receipt of the advanced proof-sheet of the article, and shall reply soon.

Accept regards of your friend, E. V. WILSON.

Carthage, Mo., July 6, 1871. (To be continued.)

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