

# RELIGIO PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL

ARTS AND SCIENCES, LITERATURE, NOTES ON AL 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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## Original Poetry.

Written for the Religio-Philosophical Journal.  
A MESSAGE.

BY DR. J. MC FARLAND.

Come from my home on that beautiful shore,  
To this high, to the low, to the rich, to the poor,  
With a message of love from the pure land of light,  
I meet you, I greet you, with pleasure to night,  
Though I dance and toll, though I sorrow and pain,  
May fall on the heart like a torrent of rain,  
My friends and my neighbors deservingly see thee,  
Their aid and their comfort they still may refuse,  
All these and ten thousand more sorrows may fall,  
Fill thy soul with the love of the wormwood and gall,  
I know thy life of suffering, I know thy sad care,  
For I was once near to the brink of despair,  
But light beamed upon me more brightly than day,  
And angels, they waded my spirit's way,  
I never shall forget that dear happy hour,  
Who bore me aloft to the bright Summer Land,  
Such raptures I say I never had known,  
It was richer far than an earth-gilded throne,  
I wished to progress; oh! I longed to advance,  
Was't a holy dream or was it a trance,  
That now the fear of death has learned all my pain,  
They of red to come, and they did come again,  
They came to my chamber, they came to my bed;  
Gently they laid their soft hands on my head,  
And urged me to faithfulness while I staid here,  
For soon I would find a bright home in their sphere,  
My heart rejoiced, and my soul breathed a prayer,  
And oh! how I long'd—how I long'd to be there!  
And, thanks to our God who is Father of all,  
To the high, to the low, to the great and the small,  
His angels are ministers comin' each day  
To instruct his dear ones in this heavenly way,  
I'm happy to see you so faithful and strong,  
Oh, seek for no knowledge—abstain from all wrong;  
Though Alford's doctors continue to scowl,  
And priest-ridden popes may keep up their howl,  
We know that the day in progress is speed,  
When dogmatic custom and dogmatic creed  
Shall sink to the way that leads to the skies,  
To darken the way that leads to the skies,  
Fear not, we are comin' to meet you at home,  
And clear up the way for this new light to come,  
Do not betray your gifts, my dear friends, away  
For good; that may perish, perchance in a day,  
But lay a sound stone with firm and secure  
That will last you as long as the soul shall endure.

## WORLD OF AMUSEMENT.

### Farwell Hall Considered as a Theatre—The Apostles.

Farwell Hall has always been under the control of the Young Men's Christian Association of Chicago.

It was built under the supervision of the pious souls—millionaires—and daily received the prayers and benedictions of its stockholders, and others of the sanctified.

It was embellished by frescoed Bible scenes, in gaudy colors, which, doubtless, were intended to remind the devotees of the various creeds who might enter there, of "the golden streets of the New Jerusalem."

The Chicago Tribune has heretofore found it paid, or at least it has, from some motive, been the special advocate of sanctimonious hypocrites who erected and controlled Farwell Hall, never failing to ride and disrespectfully treat through its columns Spiritualists and all other free thinkers.

The following article which we clip from a recent Sunday issue of that paper shows that "the world moves."

The hypocrisy of the leaders of the Young Men's Christian Association, in the management of Farwell Hall, has become so apparent to all classes of observers that the Tribune is compelled to change its tactics and reflect, to some extent, the opinions of the masses, in regard to the mercenary motives of those who vain would make people believe that they were of spotless virtue.—[Ed. Journal.]

To the Editor of the Chicago Tribune:

"When the cat's away, the mice will play."

There is an old saw to this effect, universal in application and true in conclusion.

Grimalkin Moody being away, I presume is the reason that the Putnam place played in Farwell Hall on Thursday afternoon. Being interested in preserving the proprieties of that rather remarkable and proper place, I have written to Brother Moody the particulars of the affair, and have little doubt that all the resources of the Pacific Road will be called into requisition to transport Brother M. back to Chicago as rapidly as steam and iron can bring him.

I anticipated something of this sort when M. went away, and I said to him at the depot, as we parted in tears: "Don't stay long M. or, (a familiar term by which I address him)—or the sinners will do something to get the better of us." He replied: "Don't be afraid, Pick—(a familiar term by which he addresses me when in a playful mood); we are too strong for them. Everything is lovely. (He omitted the allusion to the goose.) I have got the boys in R. K. well so well drilled that they can't smuggle in even a Sunday School cantata. Have no fears. Whereupon we embraced after the manner to which

Paul alludes in various instructions to the youthful Timothy. And he went away rejoicing, leaving me rather disconsolate, for I had not the same childlike faith that everything was lovely. To be sure, I did not dream that the dread hall theater would get into Farwell Hall, but I was suspicious lest the Foundlings might get up a square dance, or some secular panorama might unroll its dreary acres of impropriety across the stage—or rather platform—or that the Apostles might be disturbed by the irrelevant notes of "Captain Jinks" from some fiddle beneath.

You cannot wonder what a difficult task you will well remember what a difficult task we had in suppressing that square dance, when certain evil-disposed persons wanted to kick up their sinful heels, so that the orphans at the asylum might enjoy the winter nights more comfortably. But we succeeded. Orphans are altogether too common. They have no business to be orphans. If they can't subsist on benevolence, psalms, catechisms, and other such nourishing food, they had better give up being orphans and quit the asylum. Farwell Hall wasn't built to support orphans. You will remember how we had to struggle with the managers of one or two church-fairs who insisted upon a Post Office with which to beguile the unwary stranger and capture his short-lived quarter with two lines of cash; the result for an afternoon, which is always drawn by that mythical individual from D. Wagner, John Smith, the cake with a ring in it—that ring which is always swallowed by some body, and never yet circled finger; and other such money-traps, designed by the Dear Creator to lighten our heavy-laden pockets, all for the Cause. But again we triumphed, and brother M. came to me in a glow of ecstasy, with his head in an illuminated nimbus, and we congratulated each other that Farwell Hall still stood erect. And M., on that occasion, invited the sinners, in the language of the servant girl in "The Two Padditons," to "hollier agin."

They did "hollier agin."

I have got a cockroach attached to my desk who reminds me of these sinners. He is a sly bird, and adds to eccentricities. He has recently been at work devouring "Pink and White Tyranny," making slow progress with it however, as it is rather indigestible stuff. I offered a croak to his literary efforts, as he seemed to be happy, and I had no other use for the book. But one day I caught him out, engaged in an unpleasantness with another roach on my desk, closed the windows, plinned him down with the scissors stuck through his head, and put a heavy paper-weight on his mahogany-colored tail. I then stepped out for a hammer and cold-chisel, with which to finish him. It was necessary to go at him geologically, as he belongs to the Pliocene period. On my return he was gone. I suspected that my lively friend was out to his old tricks. I looked for my drawer, took out "Pink and White Tyranny," and sure enough there he was, tail upward, boring his way slowly through Cosp. III. I could not find it in my heart to interrupt him; he had such a contented aspect, and I addressed him as Uncle Toby did the fly, to the effect that there was room enough in the world for him and me, especially while he was engaged on "Pink and White Tyranny." I might pursue the simile further by allusion to cats which will never stay hauged, and fess which won't stay under your finger, but I forbear, and return to the sinners.

Like the cockroach; no sooner did we suppose that we had them fast, than they turned up in a new place. Not being able to get into the hall, they got into the Programme, and fairly revelled in it. When our friend came to hear the raptures and Gough's moral lectures they were told where to get the best whiskey and free lunches; what the theatres were doing; of the angelic virtues of Lydia Thompson, and the blonde beauties of Pauline Markham; concerning the last billiard match at Foley's, and the salient details of the last horse race at Dexter Park, the whole appealing forcibly to the senses with the delicious perfume of fancy soap, a saponaceous practice peculiar to the theatres. Now, whiskey and free lunches, theatres and theatricals, Lydia's nudities and Pauline's continuations, billiard matches and horse-races, and fancy soaps, are not exactly the objects for which Farwell Hall was instituted, and that our own official programme should blot them abroad was "ard." We rectified this, however, and checked the sinners.

But they have "hollier agin," and this time louder than ever.

Taking advantage of M.'s absence, and the unavoidable necessity of my presence at the last White Six ring match, an actor actually got into the hall and took a benefit. A whole company of actors and actresses got in, and gave him the benefit. The "Happy Pair," "The Boy from Limerick," scenes from "The Hunchback," and "A Pretty Piece of Business" got in and were the attractions which did the benefiting. "A Pretty Piece of Business" it was in reality!

The man on the roof informs me that the Apostles and others on the ceiling had a fearful time of it. Abraham was so enraged that he killed Isaac on the spot. Elijah tried to urge on his chariot of fire; but the horse with the four legs of unequal length was broken-winded and couldn't get on, and he was obliged to beat it, continually exclaiming: "It is enough." Adam and Eve retired to a corner of the Garden and discussed the whole matter very earnestly. Adam was staunch in his censure, but Eve rather liked it, and hushed up Adam by informing him that as long as he had taken one bite of the apple he might as well eat the whole of it. Adam replied that the apple wasn't a good one, whereupon Eve retorted that he wasn't obliged to bite it. Adam replied that he did it to preserve peace in the family, and then Eve resorted to her usual argument, saying that she had always known he was a traitor, and that a day would come when she would have her rights. And then Adam

flung his rib in her face, and Eve screamed, wiping her tears with her fig-leaf apron. The fuss raised before, St. Paul had to postpone his sermon to the Ephesians and come over to the Garden to preserve order. One of the most remarkable discussions was between David and St. John. The former fully maintained his reputation as a dancer and general galleon, and contended that the Katie Putnam Troupe had a perfect right to come there, although, as a professional dancer, he felt himself compelled to say that K. P. was not a Terpsichorean success. John retorted that David's practices had always been a scandal, and had constantly put the church to its trumpe trying to excuse them. He also contended that Abraham would never have been strung up on that oak tree, if his father had been the proper man he ought to have been. David thereupon got mad and threatened to string I. H., applying opprobrious epithets to him, and chiding his remarks with the statement that any man who had the absurd habit of eating locusts, with honey, and such stuff, would be naturally narrow-minded, when upon John commenced crying in the wilderness and very seriously distinguished N. S. who was trying to sleep off his last drunken spree under the vine. At this instant, D. O. appeared on the platform as the "By from Limerick." Nebuchadnezzar, that dry old joker, who always did enjoy a good thing, waked up from his grass and gave a genuine horse laugh at the fun below, whereupon Joshua re-ent in the sun, and ordered Simpson to suppress Neb. Simpson armed himself with his trusty jaw-bone, and went for him, but Neb, with a wing and the least that was seen of him, Delish was confounding him. Mark and Luke looked down from the sky, and after discussing the matter in the theological hearing, with a furious episode on the real meaning of the "Baptism," and an altercation over their chronological differences, resolved to wait until Brother M. got back, when they would deliver a joint lecture to him, discharge him, and give up the keys of the hall to Peter.

But, seriously, when Brother Moody gets back, I should like to talk to him something in this wise:

"You may break, you may ruin the vase if you will, but the scent of the roses will hang round it still."

"What-er purification you may apply to Farwell Hall, you cannot remove its taint of the drama which has seeped in. The fact stands on record that it has been used as a theatre, and that three or four dramas have been performed in it by a regular theatre company from one of our theatres, and that the hall was leased for that purpose, and that the full knowledge of what the lessee proposed to do. There is no rubbing that out. Would it not, therefore, be at least consistent hereafter to quit this bush about the sanctity of Farwell Hall, now that you have discovered that the devil is not half so black as he is painted? Did you not make yourself sufficiently ridiculous when you prohibited an innocent dance in which some generous-hearted persons proposed to indulge, for the sake of a very excellent and deserving charity, which was in some need of funds, to keep its little waifs warm and at meals full? Having prohibited one and all wed the other, would it not look well for you now to sing small?"

"I am free to confess that I like you, Brother Moody. I admire your pluck, your vitality, your energy, and the hit-and-the-shoulder way with which you sometimes walk into sinners who have money in their purses and purple and fine linen on their bodies. I believe that you are honest, and I know that you are in earnest in the work that you are doing; but you strain too many goats and swallow so many double-bumped camels that you upset your own kettle and make yourself ridiculous, and then we have to laugh at you. Worse than that, you spoil the very work that you are otherwise doing well. If you pour pounds of profane zeal and tone of energy you added an ounce of common sense now and then, it would correct your unhealthy enthusiasm. When Laurence Sterne wrote copiously over the dead ass by the roadside and sent the defunct donkey down to posterity in a mawkish sentimentality, he was the biggest jerk of the twin for the time, and made us doubt the reality of all his sentiment. The ridiculous may lie at the rear of religion as well as at the extreme end of fun, but in the latter case it is harmless, while in the former it is hurtful."

"It is time, Brother Moody, that all this nonsense about the theatre was stopped. It has now been tried in Farwell Hall itself, under the eyes of the Apostles, in front of the organ, on the very same wooden platform where you exhort the multitudes, in the hall managed by yourself under the auspices of the Young Men's Christian Association. It has done no harm, nor has it injured the hall, or any living human being. I would not counsel you to make the drama a steady diet in your hall, because it is not adapted to it; but the experiment is not a gratifying one, nevertheless, and it should prevent you from the ridiculous position you now and then assume in your fits of camel-wallowing. It should teach you charity toward all classes. It should convince you, now that you have had a theater in your very sanctum sanctorum, that it is not such a terrible evil after all; that there are good people in that profession as well as in others; and that it can be made to subserve high and pure purposes."

"I hope, therefore, that you will draw it milder hereafter on barbaless snows and entertainments which seek admission within your walls; that, as you have deemed it proper to admit the dance for the benefit of gentle charity."

"This is the substance of what I shall say to M. when he returns. I expect he will kick against it, and I insist upon doing something ridiculous, but I shall wrestle with him vigorously. I intend to hold this record of the establishment

of a theater in Farwell Hall before his eyes until he gets used to it and liberalizes that hall. And I have full faith that, in course of time, I shall liberalize M. himself, so that he will chip this shell of prejudice which environs him, and step out full-feathered, peeping with delight over the fact that the world is not half so bad as he had imagined.

And the public is to be congratulated that the world moves, and that the legitimate drama has at last obtained a foothold in Farwell Hall. It will stir up McKicker, and A. Ken, and G. Jones, and the rest, to know that if they do not give us good entertainments in Farwell Hall, the drama originated in the church, and at its inception, was the most powerful auxiliary religion had. Has the good time come when it returns to its old allegiance, and once more walks hand in hand with virtue and knowledge? It is cheering to reflect that hereafter Benedick and Beatrice, Hamlet and Ophelia, Mr. M., Mrs. Toodles, Bob Acres and J. Malaprop, T. Lumpkin and Miss Hurdcastle, Charles Surface and Maria Jacques and Juliana, Fazio and Bianca, Ingomar and Parthenia, and all the other delightful people of the drama, will be pleasant and amiable to the young woman of the Post Office, or the vendor of the ringless cake, the solicitor for the pious frame, the dryary parson's lecturer, and Mr. Gough, with his everlasting temperance piece.

Brother Moody, I congratulate you upon this auspicious commencement, and I look forward with confidence to the time when I shall sit in front and applaud you before the footlights for your masterly personations in some proper play. John Westley thought it a shame that the devil should have all the good tunes. It is no less shameful that he should have all the good acting. When Naomi Tige, in "Shool," asks Jack Ponz if he can sing, he immediately replies: "I do everything." There is a great deal of satire, as well as sense, in the reply. Do everything, Brother Moody—only do it wisely and well.

In the meantime, the drama has been performed in Farwell Hall. That is one step gained.

### Home's Levitations.

Mr. Home's Latest Achievements—Mildair Suspensions.

Lord Lindsay sends the following extraordinary story to the Spiritualist: "On the evening of the 11th of July, I was showing some experiments in my laboratory to Lord Alaric, Mr. Berghelm, Mr. H. Home, and my brother-in-law. I was in the dark, but I saw the experiment which I believe was made by H. Home, and although, like myself, he was never able to distinguish the light, yet he found a number of persons who did see it under test conditions. I asked Mr. Home, and he expressed himself willing to try the experiment. I then took into one of my rooms, which was totally dark, a large permanent magnet, and having removed the armature, I placed it on the floor near the wall. Mr. Home was then brought into the room, and remained standing near the door for some moments. He then said that he saw some sort of light on the floor in a corner of the room, and immediately said to me, 'Give me your hand, and I will show you exactly what I see.' He then led me straight across the room, and, without the least hesitation stopped down and placed my hand on the magnet. I have been trying for more than two years to get a satisfactory result in this experiment, but hitherto with only doubtful success. The instrument used was a large compound magnet, capable of sustaining a weight of twenty pounds. I may mention that on another occasion, I was sitting with Mr. Home and Lord Alaric, and a cousin of his. During the sitting Mr. Home went into a trance, and in that state was carried out of the window in the room next to where we were, and was brought in at our window. The distance between the windows was about seven feet six inches, and there was not the slightest foothold between them, nor was there more than a twelve-inch projection to each window, which served as a ledge to put feet on. We heard the window in the next room lifted up, and almost immediately after, we saw H. Home floating in the air outside our window. The moon was shining into the room; my back was to the light, and I saw the shadow on the wall of the window sill, and Home's feet about six inches above it. He remained in this position for a few seconds, then raised the window and glided into the room feet foremost and sat down. Lord Alaric then went into the next room to look at the window from which he had been carried. It was raised about eighteen inches, and he expressed his wonder how Mr. Home had been taken through so narrow an aperture. Home said (still in trance), 'I will show you' and then with his back to the window, he leaned back, and was shot out of the aperture head first, with body rigid, and then returned quite quickly. The window was subsequently feet from the ground. I very much doubt whether any light-ray dancer would like to attempt a feat of this description, where the only means of crossing would be by a perilous leap, or being borne across in such a manner as I have described, placing the question of the light aside."

—Be affable and kind in your intercourse with all. How many a burden has a smile lifted from the shoulders of the desponding. How many have been withheld from a life of crime by a kind word and look.

—I want no people as mice bells. Being struck, they give forth a great deal of empty sound.

### Letter from James Netterville.

Bro. Jones—Dear Sir—I have the honor of the acquaintance of a few families who by profession are Spiritualists, and were it not for their moral qualities and general fluency, that fact alone would cause me to avoid their society, for since my boyhood, the most bitter prejudice against Spiritualism has been instilled into my susceptible mind.

These friends the other evening prevailed upon me to attend a "seance," which I willingly did in anticipation of discovering some of the deception I so long believed to be practiced by Spiritualists, but which in part, since that evening, has been dispelled.

Sitting ourselves around a table with our hands upon it, in the center of the room, we waited patiently for the spirits of the departed to make known their presence by "raps" on the table, or other means with which I am not as yet acquainted. After waiting perhaps an hour without the above indication, my patience became exhausted, and I jokingly remarked, that the spirits did not intend to honor us with their presence this evening, and left the table, as did several others, who like myself were impelled there by curiosity.

There was then in the room, a young lady, who had not before sat at the table, or ever attended a sitting of that kind (and I must say a lady whose intimate acquaintance will compare me or any other person to admit, is entirely incapable of the slightest deception), who now took her seat at the table, and scarcely five minutes elapsed before it began to tremble. First the movements were scarcely perceptible, but gradually became more violent and startling—the lady herself smilingly affecting to be in full control of the table, and apparently in control of her actions. Her hands and arms shook and moved in the most unaccountable manner. Imagine my surprise, after carefully examining the table, to find no connection with it and any of the parties in the room, except the young lady in question, who merely had her hands upon it, and after vainly using all my strength to hold her arms, they still continued performing the actions of persons the had never seen or heard of, and who had been dead years before she had been born, then by making known to those who knew them in life, that their spirit was then present, and through the mediumistic powers of that lady, answered a long list of questions, that were put by the living friends.

In the presence of these facts, it is unnecessary to inform you, that in defiance of the prejudices and teachings of years, my mind underwent a change. I have learned to look more leniently upon your doctrines, and have resolved to read and ascertain for myself the truth or falsity of Spiritualism.

I think it would be well for many of the illiberal and uncharitable individuals who are denouncing Spiritualism and its teachings, instead of taking for granted all the slanderous falsehoods and vile denunciations, to do likewise.

Enclosed you will find fifty cents, for which you will please send me for three months on trial, one copy of your valuable paper, containing the table, and the number in which is contained that able article, "A Search after God," and I have no doubt at the end of that time, through the impartial, manly, and straight-forward editorials of your paper, I will be compelled to look upon Spiritualism even more favorably than I present, and have the honor of enumerating myself as a regular subscriber.

Chicago, Aug. 3, 1861.

### Remarks.

The above-named gentleman is but one among many thousands of intelligent men and women who are now investigating; the subject of spirit communication in this city—1 of a boisterous, fanatical way, but sincere, philosophical. Indeed, the best minds of the age are looking upon all phases of so-called religion, as grown up people do upon the awfully ridiculous of infants, as suited for children—mentally—but not for grown-up people. The Philosophy of Life is beginning to receive the attention of the best thinkers of the age.

### The Hollow Globe.

DR. SHERMAN—Dear Sir: I have read the Hollow Globe carefully, and with deep interest. It is a work which requires much thought, and is replete with suggestions which must benefit the coming generations. I consider the chapters on Forces, Inherent Powers, and Reconstruction alone worth the price of the book.

You have shown most conclusively the powers of Reciprocity and Magnetism, with their wonderful uses, passing through their spiritual processes. The diagram on page 178 is truly suggestive.

You have given to the world a book containing more rational ideas upon a time than subjects than has ever been written. The nineteenth century, thus far, has been one of great inventions and accomplishments, showing that man has wondrous powers which were called into requisition, surmounting barriers and triumphs to success.

If your ideas shall be proven correct with regard to the interior of the earth being hollow and habitable, your name will indeed be immortal and distinct by generations who shall succeed you.

Trusting that the work upon which you are at present engaged in preparing for the press, may prove as suggestive of thought as the Hollow Globe, I remain

Yours respectfully,  
A. F. DEAN.

East Chelmsford, Mass.

The Boston. THOMAS PAINE.

An Oration on the Life and Services of the American Author and Patriot; Delivered by Robert G. Ingersoll, at Faneuil Hall, on the Evening of January 30th 1871.

To speak the praises of the brave and thoughtful dead, is to me a labor of gratitude and love. Through all the centuries gone, the mind of man has been beleaguered by the mailed hosts of superstition. Slowly and painfully has advanced the army of deliverance.

In his letter to the British people, in which he tried to convince them that war was not in their interest, occurs the following passage: "The interest of the nation any more than quarrel can be profitable to a man in business."

The writings of Paine fairly glitter with simple, compact logical elements, that carry conviction to the dullest and most prejudiced. He had the happiest possible way of putting the case; in asking questions in such a way that they answer themselves, and in stating his premises so clearly the deduction could not be avoided.

Day and night he labored for America; month after month, year after year, he gave himself to the Great Cause, until there was "a government of the people and for the people," and until the banner of the stars floated over a continent redeemed, and consecrated to the happiness of mankind.

At that time the seeds sown by the great Infidel were beginning to bear fruit in France. The people were beginning to think. The Eighteenth Century was crowning its gray hairs with the wreath of Progress.

Declaration his name would have been upon the lips of all the orators, and his memory in the hearts of all the people. Thomas Paine had not finished his career.

The result of his investigations was given to the world in the "Age of Reason." From the moment of its publication he became infamous. He was calumniated beyond measure. To slander was to secure the thanks of the Church.

In his time the Church believed and taught that every word in the Bible was absolutely true. Since his day it has been proven false in its cosmogony, false in its astronomy, false in its chronology, false in its history, and so far as the Old Testament is concerned, false in almost everything.

His hair, nor that the necromancers of Egypt could turn water into blood, and pieces of wood into serpents. These follies have passed away, and the only reason that the religious world can have for deluding Paine is that they have been forced to adopt so many of his opinions.

It is wonderful that all his services were thus forgotten. It is amazing that some kind word did not fall from some pulpit; that some one did not accord to him, at least—honesty.

So far as I am concerned, I most cheerfully admit that most Christians are honest, and most ministers sincere. We do not attack them; we attack their creed. We do not attack them; we attack their creed.

of, and shall thereof be convict by verdict, shall for the first offence be bored through the tongue, and three hundred pounds to be levied of his body. And for the second offence, the offender shall be hanged by burning in the forehead with the letter B, and stand forty paces. And that for the third offence, the offender shall suffer death without the benefit of clergy."

England was filled with Puritan gloom and Episcopal ceremony. All religious conceptions were of the grossest nature. The ideas of crazy fanatics and extravagant poets were taken as sober facts.

More than a century ago Catholicism, wrapped in robes red with the innocent blood of millions, holding in her frantic clutch crowns and scepters, honors and gold, the keys of heaven and hell, tramping beneath her feet the liberties of nations, in the proud moment of almost universal dominion, felt within her heartless breast the deadly dagger of Voltaire.

universe. "Halt!" A creed is the ignorant Past...

In music they want a melody with a recurring accent in measured periods. In religion they insist upon immediate answers to the questions of creation and destiny.

Paine denied the authority of Bibles and creeds—this was his crime—and for this the world shut the door in his face, and emptied its shops upon him from the windows.

I challenge the world to show that Thomas Paine ever wrote one line, one word in favor of tyranny—in favor of immorality; one line, one word against what he believed to be for the highest and best interest of mankind; one line, one word against justice, charity, or liberty; and yet he has been pursued as though he had been excommunicated from hell.

The doubter, the investigator, the Infidel, have been the saviors of liberty. This truth is beginning to be realized, and the intellectual are beginning to honor the brave thinkers of the past.

Can you wonder that we hate your doctrines—that we despise your creeds—that we feel proud to know that we are beyond your power—that we are free in spite of you—that we can express our honest thought, and that the whole world is grandly rising into the blessed light?

Can you wonder that we are proud to know that we have always been disciples of Reason and soldiers of freedom; that we have denounced tyranny and superstition, and have kept our hands unstained with human blood?

Can you wonder that we are proud to know that we have always been disciples of Reason and soldiers of freedom; that we have denounced tyranny and superstition, and have kept our hands unstained with human blood?

dull eyes open and grow slowly bright, to feel yourself grasped by the shrunken and unused hands, and hear yourself thanked by a strange and hollow voice?

Is it nothing to conduct these souls gradually into the blessed light of day—to let them see again the happy fields, the sweet, green earth, and hear the everlasting music of the waves?

Is it nothing to make men wipe the dust from their swollen knees, the tears from their blanched and furrowed cheeks?

Is it a small thing to reach the heavens of an insatiable monster, and write upon the eternal dome, glittering with stars, the grand word—FREEDOM?

Is it a small thing to quench the flames of hell with the holy tears of pity—to unbind the martyr from the stake—break all the chains—put out the fires of civil war—stay the sword of the fanatic, and tear the bloody hands of the Church from the white throat of Science?

Is it a small thing to make men truly free—to destroy the dogmas of ignorance, prejudice and power—the poisoned fables of superstition, and drive from the beautiful face of the earth the fiend of Fear?

It does seem as though the most zealous Christian must at times entertain some doubt as to the divine origin of his religion.

For eighteen hundred years the doctrine has been preached. For more than a thousand years the Church had, to a great extent, control of the civilized world, and what has been the result? Are the Christian nations patterns of charity and forbearance? On the contrary, their principal business is to destroy each other.

More than five millions of Christians are trained, educated and drilled to murder their fellow-Christians. Every nation is groaning under a vast debt incurred in carrying on war against other Christians, or defending themselves from Christian assault.

The people perish for the lack of knowledge. Nothing but education—scientific education—can benefit mankind. We must find out the laws of nature and conform to them.

We need free bodies and free minds—free labor and free thought—chainless hands, and fetterless brains. Free labor will give us wealth. Free thought will give us truth.

We need men with moral courage to speak and write their real thoughts, and to stand by their conviction, even to the very death. We need have no fear of being too radical. The future will verify all grand and brave predictions.

Science took a handful of sand, constructed a telescope, and with it explored the starry depths of heaven. Science wrested from the Gods their thunderbolts; and now the electric spark freighted with thought and love, flashes under all the waves of the sea.

Science took a tear from the cheek of unpaid labor, converted it into steam, created a giant that turns with tireless arm, the countless wheels of toll.

THOMAS PAINE was one of the intellectual heroes—one of the men to whom we are indebted. His name is associated forever with the Great Republic. As long as free government exists, he will be remembered, admired and honored.

He lived a long, laborious and useful life. The world is better for his having lived. For the sake of truth he accepted hatred and reproach for his portion. He ate the bitter bread of sorrow. His friends were untrue to him because he was true to himself, and true to them. He lost the respect of what is called society, but kept his own. His life is what the world calls failure, and what history calls success.

If to love your fellow men more than self is goodness, THOMAS PAINE was good. If to be in advance of your time, to be a pioneer in the direction of right, is greatness, THOMAS PAINE was great. If to avow your principles and discharge your duty in the presence of death is heroic, THOMAS PAINE was a hero.

New Books. ARCANUM OF SPIRITUALISM. A MANUAL OF SPIRITUAL SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY By Hudson Tuttle.

THE BIBLE IN THE BALANCE, A Book for the Age and the Times, and one that should be in the hands of every man and woman in the land.

THE TRADE SUPPLIED. Address: RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE 187 & 189 S. Clark St. Chicago.

The Great MAGNETIC CURE. Dr. P. B. Randolph's Works. DEALINGS WITH THE DEAD. The human soul, its migrations and its transmigrations; 208 pages, bound in cloth.

Criticism on the THEOLOGICAL IDEA OF DEITY. Contrasting the Views Entertained of a Supreme Being by the Ancient Grecian Sages, with those of Moses and the Hebrew Writers; and blending Ancient Judaism, Paganism and Christianity into a Common Original.

Dr. P. B. RANDOLPH'S WORKS. DEALINGS WITH THE DEAD. The human soul, its migrations and its transmigrations; 208 pages, bound in cloth. Price, 75cts., Postage, 12cts.

A GREAT CHANCE FOR AGENTS. Do you want an agency, TODAY, on TRAVELING, with an opportunity to make \$5 to \$20 a day selling our new 1st Brand White Wax Clothing Lines? Yearly \$10,000; simple free, so there is no risk, address at once Hudson Evans Wax Works, cor. Water St. and Maiden Lane, N. Y., or 16 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

MEDIUM'S DIRECTORY. [PUBLISHED EVERY OTHER WEEK.] The Religio-Philosophical Journal being an especial friend to all true mediums, will hereafter publish a complete Directory giving the place of all professional mediums so far as is known to the editor.

CHICAGO. Bangs children, 227 S. Morgan St. Mrs. K. H. Brown, 198 W. Washington St. Dr. W. Cleveland, 511 Washburn Ave.

PHILADELPHIA. Mrs. Sarah A. Anthony, S. W. cor. 7th & Catharine St. Miss A. M. Butler, 1238 So. 11th St. Miss A. Reynolds, 1238 So. 11th St.

NEW YORK CITY. Jennie Danforth, 54 Lexington Ave. Miss Blanche Foley, 634 Third Ave. Mrs. H. Seymour, 149 Bleecker St.

ST. LOUIS, MO. Dr. P. B. Randolph, 187 & 189 S. Clark St. Mrs. J. B. Rogers, 234 So. 7th St. Mrs. E. R. Bradford, 518 Race St.

ST. LOUIS, MO. Dr. P. B. Randolph, 187 & 189 S. Clark St. Mrs. J. B. Rogers, 234 So. 7th St. Mrs. E. R. Bradford, 518 Race St.

Health by Good Living. BY W. W. HALL, M. D., Editor of Hall's "Journal of Health." This book is to show how high health can be maintained and common diseases cured by "good living," which means eating with a relish the best food, prepared in the best manner.

The Bible in India. HINDOO ORIGIN OF Hebrew and Christian Revelation. TRANSLATED FROM "LA BIBLE DANS L'INDIE" BY LOUIS JACOLLIT.

A REVELATION!!! of the EXTRAORDINARY VISITATION of DEPARTED SPIRITS! Of Distinguished Men and Women of all Nations, as Manifested through the Living Bodies of the "Shakers."

THE VOICE OF PRAYER. A Poem by W. S. Barlow, Author of "The Voices." This little poem is fully equal to any of Mr. Barlow's best efforts, and should be read by everybody.

Exeter Hall! Exeter Hall! HAVE YOU READ EXETER HALL? The following are extracts from a few of the notices of "Exeter Hall, the Theological Romance."

WOODS' HOUSEHOLD MAGAZINE. contains in every number one complete story worth reading at \$100. Forty pages of other matter, yearly \$1. Sold by news-dealers at 10 cents per copy. Splendid premiums, \$500 cash to be awarded for prize clubs. Send \$3.00 free. Address S. B. WOOD, Newburgh, New York.

Religio-Philosophical Journal.

J. S. JONES, Editor, Publisher and Proprietor. J. H. FRANCIS, Associate Editor.

Office 187 and 189 So. Clark Street. Religio-Philosophical Publishing House.

TERMS OF THE Religio-Philosophical Journal. \$3.00 per year, \$1.50-6 months, \$1.-4 mo.

In making remittances for subscriptions, always procure a draft on New York, or Post-Office Money Order, if possible.

When the margin of each paper, or upon the wrapper, will be found a statement of the time to which payment has been made.

NEWSPAPER DECISIONS. 1. Any person who takes a paper regularly from the post-office—whether directed to his name or another's, or whether he has subscribed or not—is responsible for the payment.

LOOK TO YOUR SUBSCRIPTIONS. Upon the margin of each paper, or upon the wrapper, will be found a statement of the time to which payment has been made.

CHICAGO, AUGUST 26 1871. A SEARCH AFTER GOD. NUMBER LIII.

CAUSE AND EFFECT—THE YANKEE'S EXPERIMENT.

The mind, constantly animated with fresh hopes, and yearning for a solution of the question, travels onward among the winding labyrinth of science and art, new scenes constantly greeting the vision.

In our investigations, we have been sensible of the magnitude of this question, yet we have never faltered, never hesitated to march boldly forward in to the regions of abstract philosophy.

Searching after a God—he who is supposed to be omnipotent, and to whom is attributed the creation of all things, is a strange anomaly in this day and age of the world.

A shrewd Yankee, who was trafficking temporarily in Africa, one who was a keen observer of human nature, arranged some fine chords and wires on the limbs of a tree, in such a manner that when the wind blew, a strange weird music was produced.

In our Search for God a grand lesson may be learned; for as you go back of the effect and examine its cause, at that very moment your God will vanish like a will-o'-the-wisp.

had made his home among the branches of the tree, and that he was especially favored!

To-day, in all nature there is music, a strangely weird and beautiful, that seems to come from God! The spiritual ear discerns it, and it fills the mind with ecstatic emotions, and we feel like worshipping its cause.

Those who glance at the earth, its hills and mountains, its rivers and lakes, its majestic scenery, its wonderful productions, at once play the negro, and because they cannot understand its origin, comprehend the philosophy of its action, all at once declare: God did all this!

This world is made up of effects. Trace the effect to a cause, and in no case will you find an Infinite God connected therewith.

There is only one agent at work in the whole universe—Cause! We behold nothing but effects! The stream that moves the ponderous wheels is concealed from our view.

Here are our own Indians. We have stolen their lands; we have exterminated what was once a mighty nation, that extended over half a continent.

Let the Fjje Islanders eat each other in Christian love-feasts, and let them dish up as entrees the fools who have called them on a mission of preaching and conversion.

There are gambling hells in Chicago—they are broad and deep, and are machins to ruin young men, and corrupt the morals of society.

In our Search for God a grand lesson may be learned; for as you go back of the effect and examine its cause, at that very moment your God will vanish like a will-o'-the-wisp.

creation, is grand indeed, and would you not wish it true?

Some learned ones would call this visionary—combining individualized intelligences with the machinery of creation! They would prefer to see the poor, illiterate negro, and attribute it all to God, or the operation of "nature's laws."

Fjje Philanthropy.

It is really amusing to see the efforts of Christians to reform the Chinese, Mahometans, Indians, Patagonians, and lastly the Fjje Islanders.

From the Fjje Islands there comes the thrilling information that a portion of the islanders, who have recently been converted to Christianity, have broken out into revolt, and have gone back to cannibalism.

Whatever the affair may suggest to Christians—their who in response to persistent mendacity have given of their hard earnings for the support of missions among these remote heathen, it certainly suggests to outsiders that this whole system of foreign missionary effort is a very gross blunder and an inexhaustible stupidity.

With three-fourths of our own people unconvinced, it is still taught and practiced that the work of salvation must be carried to the Fjje Islanders, although it is constantly demonstrated in their case that the game never pays for the powder.

Here are our own Indians. We have stolen their lands; we have exterminated what was once a mighty nation, that extended over half a continent.

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Gambling Hells.

There are gambling hells in Chicago—they are broad and deep, and are machins to ruin young men, and corrupt the morals of society.

Those who wish to have this paper discontinued when the time is up to which it is paid for, should notify us of that wish two weeks before such time expires, as it takes that time to get it out of the mailing machine.

heavenward morning and evening, nobody sustained their pastor, and the lady found herself minus the money she had expended. She betook herself to prayer—very naturally would do so—and for six long years prayed to God to soften the hearts of the incorrigible minister and wardens, but unfortunately her entreaties died away in sweet plaintive whimpers some where in the clouds, and never reached the "throne of grace."

Eleven Hundred Different Religions—Which is Right?

The whole batch is founded upon myths—myths piled upon myths. The early inhabitants of the earth conceived of God, and had Supreme Beings.

It is indeed a religious world. God and Devil worshippers without number team all over the face of the globe—a mighty host of religious devotees! All are trying to appease the wrath of their supposed Great Supreme!

While all are related—are links in an endless chain—each is an individual unit, endowed with powers and capacity to think and act.

Mr. Carbonell, an exponent of Spiritualism in Charlestown, Mass., proposes to allow himself to be handcuffed and sewed up in a large bag and thrown into the river, when, as is claimed, he will come up with the bag on his arm, still whole, and not a stitch or cut disturbed, and the handcuffs in his hand.

Spiritualism.

Mr. Carbonell, an exponent of Spiritualism in Charlestown, Mass., proposes to allow himself to be handcuffed and sewed up in a large bag and thrown into the river, when, as is claimed, he will come up with the bag on his arm, still whole, and not a stitch or cut disturbed, and the handcuffs in his hand.

The foregoing we clip from an exchange. It is a sweet morsel for that class of readers who believe that they are to be washed in Christ's blood, and come out white sheep.

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Mrs. Ferris, the Medium.

Just as we were going to press, we received from a gentleman in Torre Haute, Ind., a letter inclosing clippings from a newspaper published in that city, in which this falsehood among other statements appears:

"We have much more authority to substantiate what we publish, in our possession to make use of in our columns, taken from reliable papers in the country, and documentary evidence from other sources, including some from the police of Chicago; for the present we withhold them for lack of space.

Four or five years ago, Mr. Ferris and Mrs. Ferris resided in this city—Chicago—for several months, and held many seances. The insinuations in regard to "documentary evidence, including some from the Police Court of Chicago," is a vile libel, for which the publisher of the paper should be held responsible.

Mrs. Ferris is an excellent medium. The devotees of old theology had better resort to some other argument to retule the facts of spirit communion. If the phenomenon be true (as it purports to be in her seances) that spirits do come and manifest themselves, those who would investigate the subject, will be in tolerable good company when their loved mothers, fathers, brothers, sisters, and children, come and commune with them through the mediumship of Mrs. Ferris.

The newspaper editors who cater to such vile slanders against Mrs. Ferris, would have joined with the old Jews who charged the Nazarene with all manner of improprieties, and demanded that a robber should be released and Jesus crucified, if they had lived at that time.

Poor old theology has made but little progress in morals, and her devotees will have plenty to do to look after the free-love tendencies of their own flock—their ministers not excepted.

There never was a word uttered in the city of Chicago against Mrs. Ferris except by W. F. Jamieson, who has a mania for denouncing physical manifestations.

He with a tall woman in black—clothed in one of her dresses, gained access to one of Mrs. Ferris' seances (where he would not have been admitted had he not been disguised) and struck a light. No person but himself and the tall woman in black saw any fraud on the part of Mrs. Ferris.

Our Spiritualist friends will do well to stand by Mrs. Ferris in her trials and persecutions, and refer her revilers to the foul nests that need renovating in the polluted ranks of old theology.

Beecher.

It is related that when Beecher was in the country last summer he lost his hat, and found it in about a week in a barn where he had left it, but with four eggs in it. This is as it should be. Beecher had just written a eulogy on the hen. Why shouldn't the Hen reward Beecher?

But unfortunately he did not take advantage of this strange occurrence. He should have consulted Greeley on agriculture, when he would have been directed to deceive the hen by an ingeniously constructed valve in the bottom of the hat, which would have let the egg into a reservoir below. The hen, on seeing no egg, would have continued to lay until she "laid herself out."

The Bible says that the human heart is "deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked," but we presume that Mr. Beecher did not wish to induce such a strain on the old hen by multiplying her customary duties. Indeed, had he constructed the valve, as Greeley would have suggested, he would, no doubt, have been arrested for cruelty to animals. The old hen that sought his hat must have been of a pious nature, a descendant of the old Puritan stock, and when she deposited her egg, cackled "Old Hundred," in honor of the event.

Out of Order.

A new foreman in an office sometimes unavoidably results in bungling work, notwithstanding the vigilant eye of an editor. The article from the pen of our Sister Wilcoxon bears evidence of that fact, the paragraphs in the same being misplaced. But this little mishap will attract the attention of all our readers to the article, who will in consequence give it a careful perusal.

Robert G. Ingersoll.

We call attention to the able lecture of Robert G. Ingersoll, at Fairbury, I., in this issue of the JOURNAL. He is one of the leading lawyers of the State, and in the address referred to has given evidence of being a ripe scholar and profound thinker.

Dr. PAUL CONNER, the healing medium, sends us a list of subscribers, together with his photograph, while in the act of healing a young man, from Otumwa, Iowa, for which he has our thanks. He is reported to be a good healing medium. Our friends in that section of the country will do well to give him a trial.

Personal and Local.

Brother B. C. Taber, of Cairo, Ill., sends a long defense of Mrs. Farris, as a reliable medium. We endorse all he says in his favor.
E. Sprague, of Geneva, Ill., sends the following to Rev. E. J. Woodworth: I have waited till now hoping to see an answer to your challenge to discuss the claims of Spiritualism.

Philadelphia Department.

Statuivolisim—Will State. It is a custom which we generally consider better avoided than observed, to use technical terms from the ancient languages—learned phrases which may not be understood by the mass of the people. Our readers will excuse a few words, however, upon the science of mind, which obscure in itself, is often rendered much more so by the strange terms used by those who attempt to teach it.

Mediums and Speakers' Convention. A Quarterly Convention of Mediums, Speakers and others, will be held at Starr Central Hall, No. 11, on Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 23 and 24, commencing at 10 o'clock each day.
The New York State Spiritualist Association holds its annual session on Saturday at 2 p. m., in connection with this convention.

Ohio State Association of Spiritualists. This Association will hold its Fifth Annual Convention, on the first Saturday and Sunday of September next, in Roberts Hall, Milan, Ohio, commencing at 10 o'clock, A. M. Each local society, and children's progressive gymnasium, is entitled to four delegates and two additional for each fifty members or fraction over the first fifty.

MEDIUMS. A. B. Severance, The Well-Known Psychometrist. Will give to those who visit him in person, or through correspondence, a full and complete statement of the spiritual condition of the living, with a diagnosis of the causes of their various ailments, and a full and complete statement of the spiritual condition of the dead.



Price-List of Books.

Table listing various books for sale, including titles like 'LIFE OF BOOZ FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE', 'The Divine Revelations', 'The Bible in its Spiritual Sense', and 'The Philosophy of Creation'.

Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Table listing issues of the journal, including titles like 'The Philosophy of Creation', 'The Bible in its Spiritual Sense', and 'The Divine Revelations'.

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Prof. Wm. Denton's Works.

THE SOUL OF THINGS; OR PSYCHOMETRIC RESEARCHES AND DISCOVERIES. BY WILLIAM AND ELIZABETH M. DENTON.

CONJUGAL SINS

AGAINST THE LAWS OF LIFE AND HEALTH, AND THEIR EFFECT ON THE FATHER MOTHER AND CHILD.

THE FUTURE LIFE

As Described and Portrayed by Spirits Through Mrs. Elizabeth Sweet.

39,308 CURES

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HAIR RESTORATIVE. Contains no Lead, no Mercury, no Nitrate of Silver...

A WONDERFUL NEW BOOK

JUST PUBLISHED. STRANGE VISITORS! REMARKABLE volume, containing thirty-six original contributions...

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Table listing authors and subjects for 'Strange Visitors', including Henry J. Raymond, Margaret Fuller, and others.

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PARKER'S BREACH-LOADING DOUBLE BARRELED SHOT-GUN. BEST IN THE WORLD. PARKER BROTHERS WEST MERIDEN, CONN.

CHRISTIANITY. ITS ORIGIN, NATURE AND TENET. Theology. By D. W. Hull.

LYCEUM GUIDE. A Collection of SONGS, HYMNS, AND CHANTS, LESSONS, READINGS AND RECITATIONS, MARCHES AND CALISTHENICS.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF CREATION. Unfolding the laws of the Progressive Development of Nature, and embracing the Philosophy of Man, Spirit, and Spirit World.

Frontier Department.

Bible Spiritualism. DEAR SIR:—Will you please send us a few copies of the Religio-Philosophical Journal...

This letter speaks for itself, and it is a fair specimen of hundreds that we are continually receiving. We do not think the Bible belongs to the Christian church...

Brad the 13th chapter of the Acts of the Apostles, and you will find an account of the lying and unquiet feast, the movement of ponderable matter, as well as spiritual knockings, referred to.

In the 14th chapter of I. Corinthians, not only speaking in unknown tongues is described, but fully endorsed, and in the 7th verse we are told—'And even things without life giving sound, whether pipe or harp, (or bell or horn, or rattle or tabors, or pliano or organ), except they know what is piped or harped, or rapped on the table, or played on the piano forte?'

In the 13th chapter of Hebrews, 2d verse, we are told: 'Be not forgetful to entertain strangers, for thereby some have entertained angels unawares.'

We cannot understand what the Apostle means in this text, unless it is that angels, once men, as strangers, are travelers on this earth, and frequently call on us for entertainment. It is an important text, and worthy of due reflection. (Item for settled speakers: Are these strangers referred to in this text itinerant or settled speakers?)

In I. Corinthians, 14th chapter, 33d verse, I read: 'And the spirits of the prophets are subject to the prophets.' We would have written this text as follows: 'And the prophets are subject to the spirits of the prophets,—for we do not believe that we control the spirits, but that, on the contrary, they, the spirits, control us.'

In the 16th chapter of St. Luke, we find that Abraham, the rich man, and the beggar, meet, after death, and have a long conversation on matters of former and present life, and this was told by one not yet a spirit.

In the 9th chapter of St. Luke, and in the 16th chapter of St. Matthew, we find the immoral M. M. and E. H. talking with Jesus and seen by Peter, James and John. These are very common occurrences among our modern mediums and seers. Is it Spiritualism?

In the 1st chapter of R. Revelations, 18th verse, we read: 'I am he that liveth and was dead, and behold I am alive forevermore, Amen.' If this is not one who once lived in the flesh and died, and found that death was but a change from one life to another life, in one world to another, with power to return, then we know nothing of testimony.

In connection with this verse, read the 1st, 2d, 9th, 10th, 11th, 12th, and 17th verses of the same chapter; also, the 7th to the 13th verses of the 23d chapter of R. Revelations. Brother Moore, these are but a few out of the 39th.

My dear sister, I heard your words, spoken by this sister, in Jackson Hall, on Sunday, July 30th, 1871, to a beggarly audience of sixty persons in the morning and fifty-six persons in the evening.

We took up the Sunday engagement for the 30th, on purpose to hear our sister, expecting to see the house full, but found it empty. Why? We ask again—why? Because the Spiritualists of Chicago favored settled speakers; because children ruled instead of men of sound sense; because many of the mediums of the cause of God, because the Present Age declared to the world, 'Now, what we want is to get rid of all such as give tests in public' because all the leaders of the cause have neglected their professions, and become lukewarm.

We looked every paper through for an advertisement of Sister Smith's meetings, and looked in vain. We inquired of every police officer and intelligent looking man, for Spiritual meetings, and the vacant stare and strange look manifested said at once, 'We know nothing of it.' Finally we found Jackson Hall—a very pleasant one, and capable of seating 300 persons, if closely packed.

Then came the lecture—true and noble words full of non-thought, fresh from the fount of love and truth. Why will you not come out and sustain this true and noble sister in her efforts to redeem our cause out of the hands of the false, the untrue, the faithless, and all who are opposed to the advancement of true Spiritualism. Brave little woman, work on. Stand for the right, and alone you will be more strong than with the world to back you in the wrong.

Spiritualists, will you let our brave little sister starve in your midst, or will you cooperate her support and maintain her in her noble work?

DIED OF SETTLED SPEAKERS: Spiritualism in Coldwater, Battle Creek, Detroit, and Kalamazoo, Mich.; Cincinnati, Cleveland, New York, Painesville, Ohio; Chicago, St. Clair St., Bevidere, Havana, Waukegan, Ill.; Troy B. Chester, Buffalo, and other places in New York; St. Louis and Hannibal in Missouri.

DIED OF AMERICAN ASSOCIATION OF SPIRITUALISTS: Providence, R. I.; Rochester, N. Y.; Buffalo, N. Y.; Richmond, Ind., and we tremble for the fate of the rest of the world in April, 1872,—we fear it.

THE 'NEW DEPARTURE' IN SPIRITUALISM. The call for delegates from any place where 1,000 or three Spiritualists are willing to send a delegate.—vide the call of the A. A. S.

—Thank God for fanatics! The head, heart, and conscience of mankind would have long since gone hopelessly to sleep, were it not for a few of these.

The Late Michigan Love-Feast.

The moral philo-sophar of the New York Tribune has been remarking as follows: The town of Hilldale, in Michigan, has recently enjoyed a scene of hysterical interest...

The pentitent professor remains, and receives a large share of public sympathy for his humble truthfulness. There are people who seem really to admire this sort of exhibition, degrading and unwholesome as it is.

The most singular detail of these attacks of mystical sensuality is the unhealthy craving for excitement and desire for publicity they evince. It would greatly shock Mr. Whipple and his sympathizers to hear that the person was guided in part by the same motives that induce the bar-room laborer to tell his exploits, and the school-girl to print her sentimental verses in the county paper.

James Brooks, The Great Developing Medium, will send printed instructions, which never fail to develop in all those who have any mediumistic powers. Send for them at once. Test your spiritual gifts. Incloses two dollars.

THE PSALMS OF LIFE, A COMPILATION OF PSALMS, HYMNS, ANTHEMS, CHANTS, ETC., Embodying the Spiritual, Progressive, and Reformatory Sentiment of the Present Age.

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Mrs. Robinson's Tobacco Antidote.

The most certain and perfectly harmless antidote for the poisonous effects, and remedy for the tobacco appetite, is known by the above name. It is compounded by Mrs. A. H. Robinson, the celebrated medium of Chicago, while entranced by a celebrated chemist, long in spirit life.

At Heidelberg, Saturday and Sunday, Aug. 26th and 27th. Speakers, Dr. K. C. Dunn, J. O. Barrett, and Mrs. Mattie Luett Parry.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

THE BIOGRAPHY OF SATAN: Or, an Historical Exposition OF THE DEVIL AND HIS FIERY DOMINIONS. Dislocing the Oriental Origin of the Belief in a Devil and Future ENDLESS PUNISHMENT.

By K. Graves. CONTENTS. 1. Devils and demonizing off-c's of the doctrine of endless punishment. 2. Ancient traditions respecting the origin of evil and the Devil.

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JUST PUBLISHED!

A Complete and Truthful History of that Good Man and PRINCE OF MEDIUMS, Jesus of Nazareth.

Through Alexander Smyth, Medium. This work has been read with intense interest by thousands, and is universally pronounced the most REMARKABLE WORK

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