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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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## THREE KISSES OF FAREWELL.

From one of "Edith and Wynne's Love Letters," in *Scrubber*.

Three, only three, my darling,  
Separate kisses, sweet,  
Not like the swift and joyous ones  
We used to know.  
When we kissed because we loved each other,  
Simply to taste love's sweet,  
And kissed our kisses as the summer  
Lovers kiss—  
But as they kiss whose hearts are wrong,  
When hope and fear are spent,  
And nothing is left to give, except  
A sacrament!

First of the three, my darling,  
Is sacred unto pain:  
We have kissed each other often—  
We have kissed each other often—  
When we were young and full of life,  
And do not understand  
How the written words are so much colder  
Than eye and hand.  
I kiss thee, dear, for all such pain  
Which may give or take—  
But—before it comes, before it comes,  
For our love's sake!

The second kiss, my darling,  
Is full of love and truth:  
We have kissed each other often—  
We have kissed each other often—  
We shall kiss until we feel each other,  
Past all of time and space.  
We shall kiss until we hear each other  
In every place.  
The earth is full of messengers  
Which love sends to and fro.  
I kiss thee, darling, for all joy  
Which we shall know.

The last kiss, oh, my darling,  
My love—I cannot see  
Through my tears, as I remember  
What it may be.  
We may die and never see each other,  
But with no time to give  
Any sign that our hearts are faithful  
To die as live.  
Told of what they will not see  
Who to see my latest breath,  
This one last kiss, my darling, sends  
The soul of love.

From the *Argosy*.

## The Spirit of the Russian Hill.

A great deal has been written about the large trees, the magnificent scenery, and the vast gold fields of California. Even its mammoth vegetables and delicious mutton have had their honorable mention. In short, I do not know of much connected with the country that we are unacquainted with. There's one thing, however, that has not been told of within my knowledge—and that is a Californian ghost. The subject has at least the recommendation of rarity, and perhaps may be found to possess some interest. For myself, I give no opinion upon the point: I could not at the time; but I will truthfully and faithfully record the story as it was told to me, and was related to me by the poor woman whose belief at least, could not be shaken in it, and over a portion of whose life it had exercised so strange an influence.

It was in the year 1854, and I was living at San Francisco. Chancing to need some one to assist me in doing some plain sewing, Mr. Evans, one of the merchants of the town, and a man whose character for benevolence was known far and wide, gave me the address of a Mrs. Addis. She was a superior person—quite a lady, he said, who had come to California from the Eastern States, and was reduced to live by her own exertions. He added that she had been recently very ill with nervous fever, was hardly strong enough yet for the harder work of washing—which she had before been taking in—and no doubt she would be glad of the lighter employment of sewing.

"Washing?" I exclaimed. "A superior person, quite a lady, and reduced to take in washing?"

"Ay," replied Mr. Evans, "and thankful to get it. So, one morning, away I started for Mrs. Addis, climbing over the intervening sand hills that lay between St. Annis Valley and my more centrally situated home. The streets were not then cut through or paved as they are now, so the expedition was quite a pilgrimage, and I was tired before I reached the cottage of Mrs. Addis. I recognized it by the description Mr. Evans had given; a pretty white dwelling with green blinds, standing in a garden surrounded by a picket fence, with an ornamental porch, over which a green vine was beginning to trail. All looked fresh and new, and it appeared she had not long got into it.

A little girl of nine was playing outside with a boy of three; another child, a girl of perhaps six or so, sat wrapped in a shawl, watching them. She looked ill; and indeed there was a delicate about them all. The moment they caught sight of me all three evinced considerable alarm, and ran in-doors. In a minute, the eldest came out again, sent by her mother. Blushing very much, she said I must please excuse her for running away, but she and her little sister and brother were shy and not used to visitors. She was a gentle, pleasant looking child; but in her face there lingered an expression as of some sudden fright, and I thought it must have been at me.

Mrs. Addis came to the door then. A pale, delicate-looking woman with a sweet face of suffering, and a refinement of manner that surprised me. It was next to impossible to believe that she could be doing the work of a common washer-woman. Ah, I had not then the experience I have acquired since, of what well-reared women may be reduced to by distress, when exiles in a foreign country.

The porch door opened into the parlor, and we went in. It was tidily, nay, tastefully furnished, with such articles as sojourners in San Francisco would most readily procure. A fresh matting covered the floor. Some came

seated chairs, and a round table, stood about the room. Besides, there was a set of hanging shelves trimmed with fringe, and plenty of little ornaments and souvenirs, bespeaking home friendships and loving parting gifts from the other side of the continent. All this, and the woman's gentle manner and really pretty face, seemed more and more at variance with her hard calling; but as one sees these anomalies in a new country, as California was then, I came at last to the conclusion that, whatever circumstances had rendered it necessary for Mrs. Addis to work in the way she did, they had no power to destroy her natural refinement of mind with its old associations.

"You must excuse my little people, if you please," she went on to say. "They are like frightened hares, and fly for shelter at the sight of a strange face; indeed, we are none of us strong just now, although we are gaining health daily. All, except Nancy, my eldest, have had a long, weakening fever."

"Panama?" I suggested.

"No," she said, and shuddered a little, speaking slowly; "it was a nervous fever. I am just recovering from it myself, having had the most lengthened attack of the three."

And then I remembered that Mr. Evans had mentioned it—a nervous fever.

"What caused it?" I asked.

But to this question Mrs. Addis made no answer. An unmistakable shiver passed over her frame; and for the moment I thought she was going to faint.

"I beg your pardon," she said. "I have been much shaken in the nerves; jarred and worried. I do hope—I do trust that we shall all get well in time, now we are in this pleasant and peaceful house."

"Perhaps the house you lived in before was damp?"

"No, I don't think it was damp; it was not that," she said. "It was on Russian Hill."

"Unhealthy perhaps in other ways?"

"Yes, unhealthy—for us,"—and there ensued the shiver again. "About the work, ma'am; what is it you wish me to do?"

I sat and told her. I partook of some refreshment that they offered me—a mouthful of lunch and some tea. And I came away strangely interested in Mrs. Addis and her gentle children, and quite determined that first visit should not be the last.

"What is the mystery connected with her illness?" I asked Mrs. Evans when I next saw him. "There seems to be one."

"It certainly does seem to be a mystery; one I believe that nobody can explain or account for," was the reply of Mr. Evans. "I dare say she will give you the history if you request it."

And in due time I obtained that history; and transcribe it as it was told to me, neither adding to it nor taking from it.

In early times the means of transit across the continent were so very dangerous and uncomfortable, that like the man who had choice of two roads, travelers were sure to wish they had taken the contrary one. The lengthened horrors of Cape Horn, the Indian perils on the plains, and the fearful fever on the Isthmus, gave ample themes for sympathy, curiosity and endless surmise. Mrs. Addis came by the Isthmus, and her voyage was marked by an all-absorbing sorrow, that swallowed up every smaller consideration of discomfort and annoyance—the death of her husband.

Mr. Addis had been a teacher all his life. Breaking down in health and spirits, as those who have much to do with the young sometimes do, he had undertaken the journey to California to recruit his strength, and also in the hope that he might find there some more profitable and less mentally laborious occupation. He died just as they came in view of Acapulco and lay buried there, far from home and kindred. Poor Mrs. Addis came ashore with an aching heart, but a strong spirit, resolved to labor for the living of her children, the youngest of them nearly an infant, rather than undertake the voyage home again. Her father had been a poor clergyman; she had no friends in her native land capable of assisting her, and would not go back to be a burden upon them. When one has to lose caste and work for a living, it is less hard to the mind to do it in a strange place. She did not know the work would be quite so menial, but she had put her shoulder to the wheel and took what came.

At first nothing offered; perhaps her visions were too high. She could only clasp her three children to her heart and pray to be helped to provide for them, not to die of starvation. Mr. Evans, who had been one of her fellow-passengers on board the Sierra Nevada, that had brought them up from the Pacific, and who had seen her husband laid to rest in Mexican soil, was very kind to her in her desolation.

Washing was paid for well in the place, for washer-women were scarce; and the notion came to her that she should set up in the calling. It no doubt caused her pride a cruel blow, herself a bitter heart-ache; perhaps a struggle, yes or no, with her spirit. But she resolved on it. She thought she would get day help for the hardest of the labor. Mr. Evans and one or two other gentlemen who had been witnesses to her misfortunes clubbed together to set her going. They found a cheap, pretty house, furnished on Russian Hill, and placed her in it. It overlooked the entrance to the bay, and had a nice sweep of smooth ground around it, enclosed by a high paling, on which the linen could dry.

They went with her to take possession of it; Mr. Evans and Mr. Harley, the latter carrying the baby, Willy. What with one busy preparation and another, the day had waned, and evening was drawing on when they started. It was a long, toiling walk up Pacific street; and then, taking a winding path over the brow of the hill, and descending a little on the side that fronts the Golden Gate, they stood before the cottage. It was a little one-story place; with

a garden in front full of rank, overgrown geraniums and trailing Australian vines, straggling on either side the straight and weedy path.

"This can all be done up nicely, you know," said Mr. Harley, cheerfully. "There was no time for it before you came in. It has been empty and neglected for so long that it looks rather wild."

Mrs. Addis answered in the same cheerful spirit; she was so grateful to them that she would not show any regret. But as she was crossing the porch to enter the doorway, a shivering chill struck her that it was impossible to describe or account for. The house was not dark. Those kind friends had lit a lamp burned on the table; a fire blazed in the open grate; what could have given her that shuddering chill? The children, however, made amends for her silence, for they were loud in their delighted comments on the new house, and their surprise at its old furniture.

The room was a small, square apartment, with an open grate and a front and back window. Its floor was covered with checked matting, and there were two or three curiously-colored rugs laid over it. Besides a scarlet sofa and two large chairs, much worn and faded, were some tiny Chinese tables, and a little cabinet placed on one of them. To the right a door opened into a smaller room, containing only a bed and an old walnut clothespress. Out of that was a large room, built sideways and in the shape of the letter L; it had two French windows and a cheerful outlook citywards. A small kitchen completed the house.

"Being night, it looks a little dull," observed Mr. Evans, as they went through the rooms, "and smells earthy; but that's owing to its having been shut up so long."

It did smell earthy. The very air seemed close and heavy, and Mrs. Addis thought it might be that which caused her strange oppression of spirit. Everything needed for their comfort was at hand, and the gentlemen departed, leaving grateful hearts behind them.

The days went on, and the feelings of oppression, as Mrs. Addis termed it, were lighter by degrees; but she always had a sense of it, more or less. Only when she was at work she did not so much feel it. Her kind friends had exerted themselves to get her plenty of work. It was hard at first, but she had help, and got reconciled to it. The little room lying off the parlor was made a play room for her children. It was lined with scarlet chintz. The large, curiously-shaped room was made the bed-chamber.

So she worked, and prospered; and began to put by a nice little sum every month towards repaying Mr. Evans and the other gentlemen what they had advanced her. Her expenses were not large. The rent of the house was remarkably low, and she sometimes wondered at it, hoping that Mr. Evans was not paying part of it himself in secret. He said he was not, but she could not help fearing it. They had no near neighbors, but farther down toward the Laguna was a settlement of Spanish people, whose children would come up and peep curiously through the garden rails. That their house had been inhabited by Spaniards, who must have quitted in a hurry, was evident, for the furniture was all Spanish.

When it first was Mrs. Addis could never distinctly trace or recollect that she heard her children allude to some one they called "the lady." She grew accustomed to hear them talk of her; but when she at length asked an explanation of who the lady was, there seemed to be some mystery in the answers. The children only saw the lady "at moments," they said; they would look up from their play and see her by them, and when they looked again she'd be gone, they did not know where.

"Does she come into the garden, Nancy?" asked Mrs. Addis of her eldest girl, a most intelligent child.

"She comes indoors as well, mamma."

"Comes indoors as well? What does she say?"

"She never speaks at all," was Nancy's answer. "Mamma, she just comes and goes like the shadows in the garden."

This was very strange. That it was some person from the Spanish settlement at the Laguna, who came up to indulge her curiosity, Mrs. Addis felt sure of. The next leisure hour she had walked out that way, taking Nancy, and bidding her point out the lady if she saw her. Mrs. Addis did not altogether like the idea of a stranger's entering her home at will without asking leave.

It was a bright, sunshiny afternoon, and all the Spanish population seemed to be outside their cluster of huts enjoying it. The women were sewing; the children playing. Mrs. Addis walked along, exchanging pleasant looks and nods with these people, as is the custom in an unsophisticated place like San Francisco, and they nodded and smiled back again.

"Do you see the lady, Nancy?" she asked in a low tone.

"No, mamma, I can't see her anywhere."

All at once, as it were, Mrs. Addis became aware of a certain curiosity in the manner and looks of these people as they regarded her, far beyond the natural curiosity excited by strangers. It was as she afterward expressed it, an awe-struck curiosity; they gazed at her as though she were a rare, wild animal.

The speaker had her eyes directed to her home on Russian Hill. Mrs. Addis had caught up enough of Californian Spanish to know that it meant, "Very bad house."

A small, bright-eyed "senora," with two children at her side, leaped against her little gate, looking both curious and excited. Mrs. Addis stopped to ask, in a mixture of tongues that might have made any one laugh to hear her, why they all stared at her so, and what was amiss with her or her house.

The senora took a little time to gather in the

meaning, and then she said she was mistaken about herself, for they all thought well and kindly of her; but as for the house! Here she shook her head and gesticulated with her hands, and became quite unintelligible. Mrs. Addis begged her to repeat what she had said, which she did in precisely the same manner, but beyond the words, "bad name and bad house," she could gather nothing.

It made her feel uncomfortable, and as she went up the hill again, she regarded her neat little abode with wonder. Having an errand to do at the nearest store, which was kept by an Italian, in a tent on Pacific street in those days, she sent Nancy on to the younger children. When she returned, carrying her few little parcels, night had set in, and the great misty columns of fog that sometimes swept in from the sea, were making the landscape very dreary. Still, as she climbed the hill from the city side, she could see her own door quite plainly, and in it the three children at play.

Not they only. There was a fourth figure standing with them—a Spanish girl of slender form. She had a scarp thrown over her shoulders, and was watching them with a slightly drooping head.

"That must be the lady!" exclaimed Mrs. Addis to herself with sudden conviction. "How young she looks!—quite a girl."

In her excitement, Mrs. Addis stumbled over a stone and dropped her paper of sugar. Stooping to pick it up, her eyes were withdrawn from the lady for an instant, and when she looked up she could not see her anywhere. The children were playing on in the porch, as before. In her haste to gain the house, she lost her breath.

"Where's the lady?" she inquired of her children. "In the parlor?"

"The lady ones looked round, as if searching for the lady so as to answer the question."

"The lady is not here, mamma," said Nancy. "But she was with you a minute ago."

They seemed surprised. One and all declared the lady had not been there that evening. Minnie, the second child, said she had not played as much as the others, and must have seen her had she come. But Mrs. Addis had the evidence of her own eyesight, and went to look; a vague feeling of something strange was beginning to dawn upon her.

The lady was not in the garden, back or front, as might be seen at a glance. Mrs. Addis went into the different rooms indoors, and she was not there. Where lay the mystery? In what did it consist?

From that night a conviction of something dreadful—something to be avoided and feared—settled upon her. Day by day it deepened, like a darkening cloud.

It was extremely painful to her to acknowledge to herself that this curious and inexplicable thing had greater power over her, in depressing her heart and paralyzing her spirits, than the severe sorrow that had passed over her life, leaving her alone in the world, with its troubles.

A vague fear of some ill to come haunted her, and yet she had not the courage to confess the weakness, and beg Mr. Evans to find them another home. Whenever the children named "the lady" she shuddered, and yet could not reason clearly on the subject, or decide sensibly what foundation she had for mis-giving. She became daily more oppressed by brooding over this very uncertainty, and the shadowy dread that haunted her.

One thing she observed; that the children never spoke of seeing the lady but in the little play room. Whenever she appeared to them if appear she did, and it was not all delusion on their part; it was always there. The singular circumstance was, that they had no fear; and whether they really believed that they saw the lady, one of real flesh and blood, Mrs. Addis did not know. She would not talk to them about it.

Thus the time went on, and October came in. One day she had been down in St. Annis Valley, and was toiling back upward after her long journey over the sand hills. Glancing to the house when she came in view of it, she saw one of their good friends, Mr. Brown, on the porch with the children. He had Willy in his arms, and the two girls were jumping and talking by his side.

"There's mamma!" they cried. "Mamma's come back."

In that moment the strange and painful doubts were laid to rest by Mrs. Addis, she laughed and nodded in her turn, and quickened her weary steps.

Suddenly her heart stood still, as though it were turned to stone. Passing lightly out at the door behind the group already there, came the figure of the Spanish girl, and stood among them so close that their garments seemed to touch; but no one noticed her or appeared to mark her presence. She leaned forward anxiously, and shaded her face with her hand as she watched, looking earnestly down toward and beyond the hill. For an instant Mrs. Addis seemed to lose sight and sense; and when she looked again the figure had gone.

"Was any one with you here a minute ago?" she asked of Mr. Brown.

"There's no one here but me, Mrs. Addis; me and the children. How'll you look! Your long walk has fatigued you."

She said no more. It was on the tip of her tongue to tell him all, but she did not. Perhaps a dread of being secretly laughed at prevented it. How she dreaded the staying on in that house on Russian Hill, only herself knew.

The rainy season commenced early; there was a great deal of it—quite a flood—so that the children played indoors. Mrs. Addis never heard them talk of the lady now, and felt convinced she was not appearing to them. Only twice had Mrs. Addis beheld her; yet she seemed to remember her face as clearly, every feature of it, as though she had known her for

years. And, before attempting to relate what followed, a hope must be expressed—as Mrs. Addis expressed it—that she should not be charged with insanity.

It was the 19th of October, almost midnight, and about a fortnight after the walk to St. Annis Valley. Mrs. Addis, very busy over some sewing and feeling sadly desolate, was at work in her bedroom by the light of the lamp, the three children abed and asleep around her. She sat there for company. The wind sighed drearily without, and the dull tolling of the fog bell on the beach sounded on each rising gust.

Almost imperceptibly at first, a soft, low moan began to mingle with the bell; and it caught by slow degrees Mrs. Addis's ear. She looked off her work to listen, her very blood feeling suddenly chilled. It came from the little room the children played in. She was convinced of that as she listened with hushed breath. Taking the lamp she moved to the door, impelled by fear, impelled by that strange impulse that forbids one to remain stationary in a dread such as this. Opening the door of the red room she saw—well, she saw what well might turn her brain. She stood in a sort of dream, not knowing whether she was asleep or awake.

The room seemed to be filled with furniture—furniture that it had not in reality—a bed and chairs, and matting on the floor. On the bed lay the lady she had before seen, the Spanish girl; her features distorted with what seemed to be a death struggle. A man, whose face was not discernible to Mrs. Addis, stood beside the bed. The Spanish girl made a frantic effort to spring up, as if to hasten him off, and then sank back and moved no more. The man tore up the matting and some of the floor, and a great hole seemed suddenly to yawn there.

Then, by the side of the bed, appeared a long box, and Mrs. Addis felt sure that it was not there a minute before. Into this the man pushed the insensible girl, and lifted it into the great hole.

This was all. Terrified nearly to death, the poor woman lost her senses and fell. As she expressed it afterward, a cold, dull, awful blank seemed to stretch itself like a black curtain between her sight and the world.

The children found her lying there insensible, and help was called in. In vain her friends strove to impress upon her that this strange scene she seemed to have witnessed was nothing but a dream or a nightmare; she replied by asking whether the resemblance of the Spanish girl to her and her children beforehand had been a dream. The night was succeeded by a dangerous fever, and she lay for many days in delirium.

Mr. Evans caused the floor to be taken up in the scarlet room. Underneath it lay just such a box as Mrs. Addis had described; the lady within it unrecognizable from the action of staked lime. The poor people in the Spanish settlement were questioned, and they related what they knew. The house on Russian Hill had been the abode of a young girl belonging to their people; she thought herself the wife of an American merchant, whom she loved with intense devotion; and she used to watch for his coming with anxious fondness. His real wife, meantime, sailed from her eastern home and came to join him; and her, fearing discovery, poisoned the poor girl, as twice thought, though none could prove it, and then, finding positive proof beyond her disappearance on that night, the 19th of October, two years before.

The American merchant abandoned the house and furniture, just as it stood, giving an agent charge to let it for an almost nominal sum. After remaining empty for some time, Mr. Evans took it for Mrs. Addis, his low rent being the inducement, and he knew nothing of the story.

After the discovery, Mrs. Addis was removed, and lay long ill at the house of a kind Spanish woman, who received her. Strange to say, her children also became ill; as if (people said) the curse of the house were working itself out.

A better home was provided for her—the one in which she has been introduced to the reader—and she removed to it. She was only then recovering from the long illness and was very weak.

Mr. Evans substantiated this story in every particular that he could, as did others. The suspected man had gone with his wife to Australia; and no one had held the Spanish girl in sufficient interest to follow him there and charge him with his crime. He lives in immunity from it, so far as it is known, to this day.

I make no remarks upon the story myself. I give it as it was given to me. That it was strangely singular, none can deny.

And if the reader should be curious on the subject of Mrs. Addis herself, I may mention that she prospered well, and regained her own position in life. But she never alluded to the house on Russian Hill with the least abatement of horror. Nothing in the world will ever shake her belief in the ghost that haunted it.

Is Tyron, Pa., the folks keep a minister who preaches semi-occasionally, who edits a newspaper, who sells patent medicines, who cures corns and dyspepsia, who abuses lecturers, and whose personal appearance contrasts strongly with the natural beauty of the place.

My hair was falling off, I used two bottles of NATURE'S HAIR RESTORATIVE and it checked it at once. It is clean, safe, and efficient. If your druggist has not got it, send direct to this office. See advertisement.

THE world is full of judgment days, and into every engagement that a man enters, into every action that he attempts, he is gauged and stamped.—*Emerson*.



## MRS. JENNIE FERRIS.

## Her Defense against the Attacks of the Terre Haute Gazette and Others.

To a forbearing and generous public the writer appeals for justice.

I came here at the solicitations of some of the citizens who desired to investigate the phenomena given through my mediumship, having no one with me except my brother-in-law, Wm. F. Willard, who was acting in the capacity of my agent.

Soon after my arrival, a strong prejudice sprang up against me, growing out of my mediumship, which became the fruitful source of a malicious and unjust attack upon my private character, which was superinduced by a wild, fanatical woman, who claimed to be the wife of the aforesaid Willard, who found sympathy and encouragement in the prosecution of her nefarious operations by a certain clique, who seemed willing to crush a defenseless woman, if thereby they could make their warfare against Spiritualism a success, of which, judging from the energies used against me, one would suppose me the embodiment.

Thus encouraged, this woman, whose name is Samantha A. Overacker, to which were added some half dozen aliases, but was best known in this locality by the cognomen of "the woman in black," traveled the streets by day and night, disgusting your citizens, by the obscene language used, which was a disgrace to her sex to utter, and which, to their shame, the publishers of the *Gazette* accumulated as it fell from her depraved lips, and meted out to their subscribers with a gusto partaking largely of the ridiculous, for which indiscretion the editors deservedly merit, and should in justice receive, the indignation of an outraged public.

The publicity thus given through the press to these false and disgusting charges, gave rise to a prejudicial feeling, bearing, for the time, strongly against me, by taking advantage of which she was enabled to reach the grand jury room, and there and then, by false representation, succeeded in the framing of a bill of indictment on the charge of fornication, on which charge, but for the interposition of my friends, who kindly became responsible for my appearance at court, I should to-day, most likely, be incarcerated within your prison walls.

A few days previous to the time fixed by the court, to try my case, she, "the woman in black," by false swearing, and through the duplicity of one of your justices, obtained a search-warrant, by authority of which my wardrobe, trunks and room, together with the house in which I was boarding, were searched, under the pretence of looking after goods belonging to said Willard, who had previously gone from the city.

Having now exhausted her powers against me, and knowing that she could not substantiate the charges on which the indictment was obtained, she wisely left the city,—thus closing a case which, for malicious prosecution, can scarcely find a parallel, in the bringing about of which the "woman in black" was doubtless the willing tool in the hands of a clique, of which James H. Hudson, a pseudo Spiritualist, who has a chronic mania for traducing the character of women generally, was their leader.

Previous to leaving the city, Willard made the following affidavit:

STATE OF INDIANA, )  
Vigo County, )  
This day personally appeared before me William E. McLean, a notary public within and for the county and State aforesaid, William F. Willard, who being duly sworn, deposes and says as follows:  
"That he, the said William F. Willard, was never married to the woman Samantha A. Overacker, now in the city of Terre Haute, which woman claims and proclaims herself to be his wife, that at no time has such relation existed between him and the said Samantha A. Overacker, and that he, the said Willard, never claimed to be Samantha A. Willard, that all such claims and pretensions on the part of the woman, Samantha A. Overacker, are untrue and false in every particular, and are made by her, as an alias, I believe, for the sole purpose of improperly extorting money from said Willard and his friends, and further says not."

WILLIAM F. WILLARD.  
Subscribed and sworn to before me this 12th day of Aug., A.D., 1871.

WM. E. MCLEAN, Notary Public.

The preceding affidavit brought the "woman in black" forward with the following certificate:

"This is to certify that on the 1st day of September, in the year of our Lord 1871, in the city of Terre Haute, Co. of Vigo, State of Indiana, I, being a minister of the Gospel, and duly authorized, did marry and join together in the holy bonds of wedlock one William F. Willard and one Samantha A. Overacker, both being of mature age and sound mind."

JOHN BLACK, Minister of the Gospel.  
For want of the official evidence to substantiate the authority of this, the celebrated marriage certificate, caused to be opened up a correspondence with the clerk of the above county, to which the clerk of the above county, to which the following was the reply:

DENVER, Sept. 2, 1871.  
There is no such record as the above marriage in my office. I have made diligent search of all the marriage records.

STEPHEN P. PRUDY,  
Clerk of Wayne County, Mich.  
Having now disposed of the claims held by this woman on Willard as her husband, which, but for the defense made in her behalf through the columns of her organ, the *Gazette*, in which I was repeatedly charged with having stolen her husband, I should not have condescended to notice. I will now pass to the next article claiming my attention, which is the one taken from the *Denver Tribune*, charging, that during the summer of 1869, I was engaged with Willard in keeping a hotel in Central City, Colorado, under the assumed name of Franks. This squib opened up a field from which the publishers of the *Gazette* gathered quite a number of, to them, rich and racy articles, the low, vulgar nature of which point clearly to the quality of food their depraved intellects require for sustenance.

In making up my defense against this libelous charge, I respectfully call attention to the following note, the date of which proves an *ad lib*. J. W. Hayne writes from St. Joseph, Mo., under date of June 20th, 1869, as follows:

"Some two weeks ago Mrs. Jennie Ferris visited our city, and held seances for physical manifestations two weeks, and gave an entertainment every evening, to our entire satisfaction. — Mrs. Ferris is a lady in every respect. — She is now in St. Louis."

In addition to which the following from Judge Morgan, who, as a man of honor and integrity, is too well known throughout Colorado to make further testimony refuting the legal slander necessary:

DENVER, Colo., Sept. 11th, 1871.  
As regards Mrs. Ferris, I have only to say, that she was here giving seances about two weeks, and was regarded as a lady.

In alluding to the hotel matter, he adds:  
"The party was not Mrs. Ferris. I was the first man that met her when she came here, and knew her at once, as I had seen her before. I know she is highly respected here, and we are anxious for the time when she will be here again. There is no one who would be more welcome to our place than Mrs. Ferris."

Yours respectfully,  
JUDGE MORGAN.

The following quotation from the *Gazette* originated with the "woman in black":

"Mrs. Ferris was once a common prostitute in Chicago, and even so low down in that calling as to be found drunk in the streets of the city of Chicago."

To which the editors add:

"We have much more authority to substantiate what we publish, in our possession to make use of in our col-

umns, taken from reliable papers in the county, and documentary evidence from other sources, including some from the files of the *Gazette*. For the present we withhold them for the lack of space."

In a letter (now in my possession) to a citizen of this city, from an old resident of Chicago, who is highly respected, and known to be a man of truth, is the following in reference to the above:

CHICAGO, Sept. 7th, 1871.  
I knew Mrs. Ferris while here in Chicago, some five or six years ago, and attended many of her seances. I never heard anything said against her moral character while here, — and she was here nearly a year, I think. It would have been utterly impossible for her to have been spoken of with disrespect generally while here without my knowing it. — In short, as far as I can learn, after intelligent inquiry, Mrs. Ferris' character in Chicago, stands unimpaired, and I don't much if she has more real friends anywhere, except in the vicinity of her home, than she has in Chicago.

J. LINES.  
The following remarks appear editorially in the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, of August 20th, 1871:

"The indignation in regard to 'documentary evidence' including some from the police courts of Chicago, is a *de facto* for which the publishers of the paper are held responsible. There never was a word uttered in the city of Chicago against Mrs. Ferris. Hundreds of thousands have witnessed the manifestations of spirit power through Mrs. Ferris' mediumship, and her integrity as a medium is not questioned by any honest investigator who witnesses the manifestations in her presence."

The following, touching upon the Chicago scandal, is selected from a letter to a friend in this city, bearing the signature of a well-known and much respected gentleman, who has been for many years, and still is, a resident of Toledo, Ohio:

TOLEDO, Ohio, August 19th, 1871.  
Mrs. Jennie Ferris formerly resided in this city for a number of years. — Her moral character was good, and I never heard it questioned by any one that was likely to know. — That she is a prostitute and drunkard is simply a *de facto*. Mrs. Ferris was here some two or three months last year, and certainly her conduct and deportment were unexceptionable.

None can know or realize the terrible ordeal through which I have passed since my arrival in this city. Those, however, who have witnessed the frantic and demoralized antics of the "woman in black," who, meeting with encouragement by the low slang and vulgar insinuations hurled against me through the *Gazette*, may imagine something of my suffering. No epithet so low and filthy, or insinuation so dark and damning, that she, with persistent cunning, could invent, was omitted. This is offered as an apology for the otherwise seemingly unnecessary testimonials herein presented:

COLDWATER, Mich., Sept. 17th, 1871.  
We, the undersigned, citizens of Coldwater, having seen the scandalous and untrue charges published in the Terre Haute papers, reflecting severely and unjustly against the character of Mrs. Jennie Ferris, take this occasion, in justice to her, to state, that we are personally and intimately acquainted with her, and know these reports, with regard to the disreputable life she is charged with having led in Chicago and elsewhere, to be utterly false, and that she is doubtless a most innocent victim of a low, vicious clique, who should be made to suffer the penalties they so justly merit."

N. Y. WATERMAN, *Lift Insurance Agent*,  
GEORGE G. GILBERT,  
MRS. ALICE ESTERMAN,  
ENOS LYONS.

The following testimonial is offered without comment:

We, the undersigned, citizens of the city of New Orleans, certify that we are acquainted with Mrs. Jennie Ferris, who has been before the public as a spiritual medium for some fourteen years, and who, as we understand, has this time in the city of Terre Haute. To the friends of that place, and the public generally, we would recommend her as a good medium for physical manifestations, whose character for chastity and morals, in this city and elsewhere, so far as our knowledge extends, is above suspicion.

Given under our hands, at the city of New Orleans, La., this 12th day of September, 1871.

JOHN ABBOTT,  
J. W. ALLEN,  
SPENCER FIELDS,  
A. O. STEPHENS.

In a letter of introduction to R. C. Tabor, Esq., of Cairo, Ill., the following, after calling attention to my mediumship, are the closing remarks, under date of Memphis, Tenn., May 6th, 1871:

"We with pleasure certify our willing testimony to her uniform consistency of character and ladylike deportment during her sojourn with us, and cordially recommend her to the consideration and protection of our Spiritualist friends in your city, who, as we understand, desire to stop a few days. All favors conferred upon her will be highly appreciated by."

Yours respectfully,  
DR. DAN L. REED,  
JAN. D. SLACK,  
JAMES HOLMES.

I endorse all Messrs. Reed, Slack, and Holmes say, and can make no other statement. I am a lady in every sense of the word, and worthy of the good will and assistance of all true ladies. Wm. H. BETTS.

Of the firm of H. J. White & Co., No. 394 Front St., Memphis, Tennessee.

Again, in a note to a citizen of this place, Mr. Holmes writes from Memphis, under date of Aug. 25th, 1871:

In relation to Mrs. Jennie Ferris, we only know her as a good physical medium and a good woman. We have known her some four years, but have never seen anything out of character in her."

Yours,  
JAMES HOLMES.

I left Evansville, Indiana, the latter part of last June, coming directly to this place. The friends at Evansville, hearing of the attack upon my private character, kindly furnished the following:

To the friends and public generally: Be it known that, during the six weeks Mrs. Jennie Ferris was in this city, she gave a seance almost every evening, each of which was well attended by friends and skeptics. The manifestations were numerous, varied, and of a most extraordinary character. Be it further known, that no fraud was detected in the form, and the latter was conducted with proper propriety. The statements made by her from a seance of justice to her, believing the reports made public through the Terre Haute papers, reflecting against her private character, to be utterly false and without foundation in fact."

Given under our hands, at the city of Evansville, this 21st day of October, 1871.  
ALLEN C. HALLOCK, M.D.,  
R. S. FENNEY,  
HENRY BRYCE,  
MRS. M. E. BETTS,  
D. M. GHAMAM,  
O. L. RAYSON.

Mr. Lanston and wife, who reside on Eighth Ave. (No. 60), New York City, in making a tour through the West, changed to visit this place. Finding that I was preparing to defend myself against the charges brought against me, kindly offered the following:

This is to certify that we became acquainted with Mrs. Jennie Ferris in the year 1865, at Brooklyn, New York, where she was holding public seances. She remained in the city some six months, during which time we attended a number of her entertainments, and became very intimate. Her deportment was ladylike, and her character, so far as we know, was above reproach."

Given under our hands, at the city of Terre Haute, this 14th day of October, 1871.  
N. R. LANSTON,  
MARY T. LANSTON.

Amidst the excitement, I changed my boarding house, for reasons best known to myself, which was noticed in the *Gazette* as follows:

We understand that Mr. Willard Franks and Mrs. Ferris have received a notice from the managers of the Hubbard boarding house, on West Ohio street, to leave themselves here. This accusation on the part of Hubbard is very commendable, and would have been much more so had it been of an earlier date."

The preceding scandalous and libelous article is in keeping with the numerous others published against me by the editors of this paper, for no other cause known to me aside from prejudices against my mediumship, coupled with a willingness to write down my character without caring to know the facts.

Had they felt disposed to do me justice they could easily have learned the truth, as the following facts will show:

This is to certify that during the time we had Mrs. Ferris as a boarder, her deportment was ladylike, and the statements made by her from a seance of justice to her, believing the reports made public through the Terre Haute papers, reflecting against her private character, to be utterly false and without foundation in fact."

lets, but believe it due Mrs. Ferris that the above statement should be made.

Given under my hand, in the city of Terre Haute, Oct. 16th, 1871.  
JOHN M. HUBBELL.

With the following evidence disproving the slanders against me, I close my defense. Much more might be said in vindication of my character, were it deemed necessary:

This is to certify that Mrs. Ferris, on leaving the Hubbard House, secured accommodations at my house, which gave rise to frequent calls from the "woman in black," who made successful attacks upon Mrs. Ferris, were invariably met on her part with Christian forbearance, commendable, and would further add that her deportment throughout has been that of a lady. I may further add that we are not Spiritualists, and feel that it is but justice to make the above statements.

CHARLES BELL.

Terre Haute, Oct. 17th, 1871.  
I cannot close without returning my sincere and heartfelt thanks to the friends, here and elsewhere, who have so nobly assisted me in my feeble efforts to sustain myself against the unmerciful, unjust, and uncalculated attacks against my private character, more particularly by the publishers of the *Gazette*. Each and every article published in said paper, or through any other channel, bearing against my character, I now denounce as utterly false, and hereby challenge investigation.

The Spiritualists of this place particularly, who have, as a body, stood by me, in this great hour of trial, giving me sympathy and encouragement. I shall ever revere with the highest regard and the deepest feelings of gratitude the motives that have prompted them.

In conclusion, I will say, my mission is a peculiar one. By the influence of my mediumship, my pathway through life has been rendered uncertain, varied, and checkered. At one time receiving the sympathy and encouragement bestowed on those occupying the highest social positions in society, by whom I am petted and flattered, and made the object of the highest encomiums, and perhaps in the next hour forced to meet the scorn and contempt of the skeptic and prejudiced, who, while pointing the finger of derision, denounce me as a humbug and trickster, which denunciations are invariably followed by the lowest and most vicious epithets known to the English language,—yet, with all the vicissitudes, troubles, and trials, that have befallen me, none have proved so crushing as those with which I have had to contend at this place.

In a few days I go from your city, to drift wherever fate disposes, having no place to call my home. Soliciting the benediction of the friends I have made, with the resolve on my part that it shall be, as it has ever been, my highest purpose to live a life of purity and honor,—a life above suspicion,—and hoping that ere long it may be my good fortune and pleasure to meet you again, I now bid you a regretful yet hopeful farewell.

JENNIE FERRIS.

Terre Haute, Ind., Oct. 25th, 1871.

TERRE HAUTE, Oct. 5th, 1871.  
We, the undersigned, appointed by the First Spiritual Society of Terre Haute, to investigate the slanders charges made public through the press and other channels, against the character of Jennie Ferris, state, that after a careful investigation, we have been unable to find any evidence to sustain the same, that we have examined the documentary evidence in her defense, and believe the charges against her to be entirely unfounded, and that we endorse fully the statements in her defense, and would further add, that the charges and slanders uttered against her by the *Gazette* and its coadjutors since her residence in this city, were false, malicious, and libelous."

We, the undersigned, being personally acquainted with Jennie Ferris, and having read the foregoing statements and report believe the same to be correct.

ADRIAN L. BALLOU,  
FANNIE T. YOUNG.

We cheerfully give place to the foregoing as a matter of justice to Mrs. Ferris, one of the most remarkable mediums of the age.

It is a matter of fact that every medium, we do not know of a single exception, is reviled by the unbelievers in the truth of spirit communion, as vile impostors, and most generally are accused of gross licentiousness. And we are sorry to be compelled to witness the fact that not infrequently those who claim to be public teachers of the Spiritual Philosophy, join in the slanderous clamor, apparently on the same principle that a thief is off-time the loudest in crying thief.

It is but a few weeks since one of this class published over his own signature in the *Present Age*, in substance that he would volunteer his services as a witness to prove the very charges true that Mrs. Ferris so successfully refutes. Another had an article published in *The Shaker* under the head of "Shakerism and Spiritualism in their Moral Aspects," which we copied and reviewed. We also called upon the editor of *The Shaker* to publish the review. He wrote us immediately saying, that the author of the article entitled "Shakerism and Spiritualism in their Moral Aspects" "has gone to England, and it was not 'Elder Evans.'"

We then held a quite lengthy correspondence with the editor of *The Shaker* in regard to the subject, but the review published by us has not yet appeared in *The Shaker*. But a few days since the *Present Age* published the same article from *The Shaker*, entitled "Shakerism and Spiritualism in their Moral Aspects," which article traduces Spiritualism, and this *JOURNAL*, quoting isolated paragraphs, distorting and misrepresenting as bitterly and malignantly as ever did a writer who loves old theology and hates all reforms. And yet this same *Present Age* never alludes to the fact that we had published and reviewed the article; but on the contrary takes this paper to task editorially, and attributes the article published in *The Shaker* to "Elder Evans," a Shaker bishop, which was not claimed by *The Shaker*, where it first appeared, but on the contrary the editor of that paper informed us distinctly and unequivocally that it was not Elder Evans' article.

The author of the article is a would-be leader in Spiritualism, often has the prefix Rev. attached to his name, and he has caused the article to be copied into the *Present Age* and attributed to Elder Evans to mislead the public and draw their attention from himself. We are in possession of all the facts in the premises. These men who would be leaders in Spiritualism seem to think that all that is necessary to enable them to accomplish that object is to kill off the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL. They were never more mistaken. If the *JOURNAL* had never been resurrected from the fire, the spirit world would have seen to it, that some other paper was inspired with necessary courage to defeat all movements to sectarianize Spiritualism. But all those who have sought, and yet continue, to disparage the *JOURNAL* in the estimation of the masses, are reckoning beyond their host.—ED. JOURNAL.

## Voices from the People.

SPRINGFIELD, ILL.—N. M. Hudson writes.—I have just received your call for aid. I have been away from home, or would have got it sooner. I truly sympathize with the people of Chicago; but there still exists before of the same grain that Chicago was built of, and she will yet rise out of her own ashes. May Brother Jones and his valuable paper take the lead. For such a rise I send in my mite—three dollars.

CLEVELAND, OHIO.—L. Graves writes.—You will please find inclosed five dollars. I admire your feeling of independence in not wishing to receive anything as a donation. You will please accept of this; but if you are sensitive about it, you may send the *JOURNAL* for one year to the address of Mrs. L. Chaffell, Sharon Centre, Ohio.

SHELTSBURG, IOWA.—S. Rathbun writes.—This evening brings the first number of the *JOURNAL*, since the fire. We were not looking for it from the ashes; for it is the nature of spirit and spiritual things to do so. You will find five dollars inclosed.

PENNSVILLE, IND.—M. A. White writes.—You will please find ten dollars inclosed. Credit as directed.

BLOOMINGTON, ILL.—David Allen writes.—I have no excuses to offer but lack of funds to meet the different calls on me. Even now I have to beg off to keep up that loved treasure, the *JOURNAL*. I do not see how I could get along without it. Have been trying for subscribers, and have promises, but the necessary funds are lacking. You will find inclosed an order for five dollars and fifty cents. You will give me credit for five dollars from the 6th of September, 1871. I paid up to that date. Fifty cents is for a new subscriber for three months. You have the sympathy of all liberal-minded people here. I tell them the sympathy needed now is to open their money bags and help to build up the loss by fire, and all will go well in a short time.

DAYSVILLE, ILL.—A. Newton writes.—I have often thought of you and the dear old *JOURNAL*, and wondered whether its patrons would be able to respond with sufficient material aid to resuscitate it, and bring it to its former size and usefulness. We are glad to learn that Spiritualists everywhere are doing all they can to help revive it, and that it is soon to greet us as before the fire. We sympathize with you in the painful ordeal through which you have had to pass, and we thank you for the patience, energy and perseverance which you have ever manifested in disseminating knowledge and truth. Find inclosed one dollar and fifty cents.

RIVER FALLS, MASS.—H. P. Kingsley writes. Having heard of your misfortune, caused by the late conflagration which swept over the city of Chicago, I for one can truly say that I sympathize with you, and miss the paper with its well-filled columns. God bless and prosper the efforts that you are making to re-establish it once more, and may Brother Francis resume his *Search* after the orthodox God until he finds him, or holes him, and may the shadow of S. S. Jones never grow shorter, or his purse ever grow lighter by this misfortune that has overtaken him. Six dollars inclosed, and credit as directed.

NEW LISBON, WIS.—N. Southworth writes.—We sympathize with you in your great affliction; but we are many kinds of suffering that all mankind are subject to, and while we feel for you we must take care of our loved ones at home, that have long been sufferers. My wife's illness must by my excuse for not remitting sooner. Will try and secure some new subscribers for you. Please find inclosed order for three dollars. We are lost without the *JOURNAL*. Hope to see it soon.

Thank you, brother. Your letter has the ring of the pure metal. We hope to be ever mindful of the misfortunes of others. There is a compensation in all afflictions—it makes us think of the suffering and trials of others.—ED. JOURNAL.

DES MOINES, IOWA.—J. P. Davis writes.—You are brave and strong for the right, and must succeed. God and the angels are on your side. Shall be in a condition before long to aid you more.

OREGON, WIS.—M. J. Shampour writes.—The time of my subscription expired in June. I herein inclose three dollars to pay up arrears, and also to continue your paper, for it seems that we can not conveniently do without it.

COUNCIL BLUFFS, IOWA.—Dr. J. Holland writes.—Hoping soon to see the beautiful *JOURNAL*, its new dress, I wait with patience, never doubting but that the angels will speed its progress, and guide it on its way to the many thousands of anxious and loving souls who have mourned its absence from their hearts and homes. Knowing that all things are working for good, we are sure of an outflow of good things in the paper when it makes its appearance. I shall ever hail it with delight for its bold stand in the cause of truth and reform. May your light never grow dim while on this side of the Beautiful River, is the prayer of your friend and brother.

LONG LAKE, MINN.—N. J. Stubbs writes.—I take this opportunity of sending you three dollars, the amount due you on the ever-welcome angels of light and mercy in the fair pages of the *JOURNAL*. Most truly do I regret the sad catastrophe that befell you among the many thousands, but we fully appreciate that out of the deepest afflictions and trials that befall humanity spring our greatest blessings and joys. Would that I were able to do something pecuniarily for you.

ORAMEL, N. Y.—Geo. W. Carpenter writes.—We have received your two small papers, and ought to have responded to them sooner, but better late than never. We sympathize with you and all the sufferers and wish we could do more for you. Find inclosed three dollars, which credit as directed.

CARPENTER, PA.—Mrs. A. McNett writes.—Inclosed please find \$3.00 for a renewal of my subscription for your valuable paper. You have my heartfelt sympathy in this your hour of need. The Davenport boys were at Williamsport the third and fourth of this month. They have created a great excitement there. If some good test medium would visit the place they would be greeted with crowded houses.

EVANSVILLE, IND.—J. S. Hopkins writes.—Please find inclosed \$10, New York Exchange, which you will please accept as my part of the loss in the late fire. I wish you every success in the future.

Remarks: Thank you, brother. The widows and orphans, who will through your bounty get the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, will bless you—angels will bless you.

EUREKA, CAL.—W. J. Sweeney writes.—To-day inclosed \$3.00 for a copy of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL. Please send it to W. Fields, Eureka, Cal. On Sunday last, Mrs. Bell Chamberlain spoke in this place. The effect was to nearly empty the churches, although the Episcopalians had a great assembly there. If some good test medium would visit the place they would be greeted with crowded houses.

SCAMORE, ILL.—H. A. Jones writes.—Inclosed find \$3.00. Credit as directed. The RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL has been duly received, and looks as though the smell of fire had not passed over it. Your energetic action in the premises tells its own story. The friends here promise to increase your subscription list.

UNIONVILLE, PA.—J. M. Smith writes.—I was a subscriber to the *JOURNAL* before the fire, but as yet I have not received a paper from you. I understand that you have saved your subscription list. Please find one dollar inclosed, to extend my subscription, for I intend to be a subscriber as long as the glorious *JOURNAL* is published, or as long as I am a resident upon this sphere.

HUNTSVILLE, INDIANA.—J. W. Miller, M.D., writes.—Please find inclosed \$5.00—three dollars for arrears and two dollars to start anew. Will send you some more as soon as convenient. I would rather be deprived of most anything else than the *JOURNAL*, and hope the brethren will respond liberally, and give you the encouragement you need. There are quite a number of Spiritualists in this locality, and my influence shall be used to have them assist the good cause all they can.

RICHVIEW, ILL.—J. D. Kinyon writes.—I send you this morning five dollars to renew my subscription, dated from time of fire, with two new ones for one year each.

LATROBE, CAL.—M. A. Hunter writes.—Inclosed I send you a little of the needful. It is all the paper money I can get hold of to-day. Will soon send more—California is gold and silver, you know. I want the *JOURNAL* from its commencement. I feel an earnest solicitude in its success; finally, because I regard it as carrying a bolder front than any other spiritual or reform paper that I have seen, and that is what we need. There is too much time-serving with spiritual papers as well as individuals. There is too much of "our cause" to protect, with reformers in general. I know of no cause but truth, speak the truth, and let the cause take care of itself. In supporting a cause, we have public opinion to consider, and the moment we have the consequences of public opinion to consider, we lose our foothold as uncompromising advocates of truth, simply because truth is always unpopular. We must be one or the other—the advocates of truth or the slaves of public opinion.

SEXTONVILLE, WIS.—J. Hoover writes.—It is a little wonderful that God failed to send a big rain so as to save the orthodox churches from the flames; and also surprising that some medium did not foresee the great calamity and warn the people.

BLACK RIVER FALLS, WIS.—D. E. Mason writes.—As I am in arrears for your paper one year from last June, and wishing to have it continue its visits, I enclose post office order for six dollars which will pay for the balance of the year, ending June 1872.

ORA LABOR, MICH.—C. J. Gillingham writes. You will find money inclosed to pay in advance for your paper, which I expect soon to see again. Go on, Brother Jones. Those who will forsake you in trial, you can get along without when you prosper. Spiritualists never die, and fire has no power over them.

WOODMAN, WIS.—A. R. Thomas writes.—Inclosed you will find five dollars, which you will please credit. I want the *JOURNAL*, just as long as I can pay for it, and will do all I can to obtain new subscribers.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—Henry A. Beach writes.—I am glad you are going to continue publishing the *JOURNAL*, and I feel myself bound to help you, as I can. In keeping the paper, I expect to find in it, asking that loan in New York. Expect my remittance of fifty cents per week until I get sufficiently ahead with my subscription.

OSAGE, N. Y.—Mrs. B. F. Akin writes.—With a heart full of the deepest sympathy I write these few lines to you. I inclose you one dollar—it is the best I can do at this time. It is a small part, but perhaps it will help a little toward the great loss you have met with such firmness and courage. May these in the bright land help to sustain and comfort your spirit, while those on earth help you with material aid and sympathy. If I could do as my inner soul would, I should send you all that I owe you, and more. I feel sorry that I can not, but the case is this with me now. My husband has been sick all the latter part of the summer, and when better, my son was taken down with the typhoid fever. I bless you from my heart, and silently pour forth my supplication to the Great Ruler to help and strengthen you in your brave and good resolve to re-establish the *JOURNAL*. It is keeping your paper in the past, and the present, and the future, who is brave enough to print such a free, independent paper.

NEWARK, OHIO.—J. B. Scott writes.—I take my pen to drop you a line of sympathy in this sad hour of your great misfortune. Inclosed find four dollars and fifty cents, one dollar and fifty cents for the dues of J. H. Harter, and three dollars for my renewal.

BUFFALO, N. Y.—M. P. Shaler writes.—Inclosed please find post office order for ten dollars. Three you can apply on another year's subscription for your paper, and the balance, seven dollars, send to the poor, or apply as you please. I should have sent it before but for the best of reasons."



## Arts and Sciences.

BY Y. A. CARR, M. D.  
SOUTHERN DEPARTMENT.—Papers can be obtained and Subscriptions will be received by Dr. Y. A. Carr. Address Lock Box 23, Mobile, Ala.

(NUMBER SEVEN.)

Carbon and its Compounds; Diamond, Graphite, and Charcoal; Carbonic Acid Gas; Carburetted Hydrogen, and Oxygen or Illuminating Gas; Spontaneous Combustion. Gas Well at Terre Haute, Ind. Cyanogen a Remarkable Compound of Carbon and Nitrogen. Premises Derived for Inter-electro Chemical Action. The Source of Carbon "Retention" of Germinal Development. The Question Concerning Potassium. General Remarks on the Correlative Nature of Nitrogen, Hydrogen, Oxygen, and Carbon, their Relative Balance, and Conditions, and Examples of Action.

Carbon derived its name from *carbo*, or coal. It appears in three allotropic forms—the diamond, graphite, (substance composing pencil points) and charcoal, of which the diamond is the purest, and is the most valuable of earth's jewels, being by far the hardest substance known, and the most refractive and dispersive power, by which it in its former character cuts all other substances, and in the latter flashes the most varied and vivid colors of light. Graphite is of great use in many of the manufactured articles of every-day use, but the more valuable and important of all, is the coal which will presently claim our consideration.

Charcoal is a black, brittle, inodorous, tasteless solid, a good conductor of electricity, but poor conductor of heat—insoluble in all liquids—resisting all predisposing causes to change, and a general thing changing least of all except in its tendency to absorb the humidity of the atmosphere. Fresh-burned charcoal will absorb from ten to twenty per cent. of watery vapor in a week—that from the finest pore wood absorbing the most, and that from the most spongy wood absorbing the least; upon this depends the disinfectant quality of charcoal. Bodies packed in charcoal emit no odor, but they continue to decay. It is often used as a poultice for corroding away sloughing gangrenous flesh, cleansing old wounds and malignant sores. The carbonaceous gases of our soils thus serve as magazines of stored gases, serving fertilization in a general tendency to give them up in exchange.

Carbonic acid gas, formerly called fixed air, is colorless with a slightly sour taste, is about one-half heavier than air, and constitutes nearly four per cent. of the ordinary limestone rock, and marble, and is generally procured by the action of an acid on powdered marble or chalk. It being heavier than the atmosphere, will pour from vessel to vessel, and, though imperceptible to the eye, will extinguish fire as quick as water,—it is suffocating and poisonous, and when breathed in excess, produces death. Yet this same carbonic acid gas gives the most reliable pungency to all our effervescing drinks.

Though the compounds of carbon and hydrogen, are mostly confined to organic chemistry, still it is proper to refer to a few of the gases resulting from their combination. The "marsh" gas, as it is called, is a result of vegetable decomposition, and may be procured by filling, inverting, and lifting a tub and stirring the decomposed leaves of a shallow, marshy pond, when the gas will rise and take the place of the escaping water in the tub. This is carburetted hydrogen, the "elements" of which have so slight an affinity for each other, as to take fire at ordinary temperatures and burn spontaneously. This gas is also a commonplace sojourner amid the decompositions of graveyards, and when spontaneously burning, gives forth a pale, luminous halo, resembling the supposed, and perhaps real drapery of ghosts, after which gas is named. This is the "Jack with the lantern" of superstitious nursery renown. The next and higher grade of gas is called the olefiant acid, consists of four proportions of carbon, and four proportions of hydrogen, and is used for illuminating purposes. It is found in great abundance in volcanic emissions, in subterranean springs, grottoes, and caves.

Our Terre Haute, Ind., friends have recently bored a well some eighteen hundred feet deep, immediately on the banks of the Wabash river, that sends forth with great force an immense volume of saline sulpho-carburetted hydrogenized water, and a volume of gas, if sufficiently economized, to run two factories—one by water and the other by steam—produced by the heat of the gas. This gas burns with an unusually hard, white carbonized flame. Though immense in amount, and wonderful in character, and thus given out by natural laws ready for use, the surging stream is allowed to dash into the Wabash, and the gas to dissipate in the air unutilized.

So accustomed have the Terre Haute people to the sulphur and flames of the subterranean from the interior, that "Hell Fire," "Brimstone," and "Companys" do not seem them worth a thought. An occasional puff of wind from that source about sundown, however, makes things "smell to high heaven." Perhaps this is one reason why "smellengers" Orthodoxy in that locality ranks so high on spontaneous scents. (The "Pences" are all right.)

Carbon combining with nitrogen forms cyanogen, produced from the organic decomposition of old hides, horns, and hoofs, and is remarkable as being the first compound that was found to combine direct with the metals as an electro-positive radical. It unites with potassium, forming ferro-cyanide of potassium. Cyanogen is a transparent, colorless poison, and is a constituent of the pigment of Prussian blue. The hydro-cyanic acid is the most poisonous of all substances. Singular to say, this wonderful poison is obtained from the kernels, leaves and fruit of the laurel, almond, peach, etc. To bring the general range of the promises up as into a bird's-eye view, we have assumed on the faith, as we think, of legitimate inferences: 1st. That nitrogen is a compound found by the primal reflex of the sun and earth, and represents them in its mutual link of relationship. 2nd. That nitrogen necessarily gave off a reciprocal reflex to both of its parent sources, forming hydrogen with the reflex of the sun, and oxygen with the reflex of the earth; and 3d. That the hydrogen and oxygen united in the formation of water. Such becoming the state of things there was present a polar diversity of conditions, that resulted in the establishment of inter-electro chemical action by which carbon was and is produced.

Let us turn to a rationale of vegetable elaboration of our own suggesting, which will speak for itself, and serve as an illustration of the nature and character of the inter-electro chemical action referred to.

Advancing, by parity, as far back into the womb of time, as inference may go, we find a soil produced by inferior thermo-electric action. This soil thus capacitated for the reception of thought germs, which we are bound to assume, since we know we have them, and yet know not from whence they came. These thought germs, then, of ferns and sea weeds, were deposited in this soil, followed by the Zoophyte tribes. But to make, if possible, the premises more plain, let us take a germ and place it in the soil; the warmth and moisture come, and through the acid or alkaline earth, causes chemical action to take place on the exterior or pericarp of the germ; electricity is released, which forms a circuit including the portions of the decomposed germ and the earth in its circuit, and this current having within itself the power of suspending all opposing affinities with which it came in contact, decompose so much of the surrounding soil as is necessary to meet the demands of the germinal food needed, and takes up from the soil, and transport upon its suspensory tide, the food needed; thus advancing until the germ peeps above the surface of the earth, when a new process begins, which, in reciprocity with the primary movements going on, ultimately in the elaboration of carbon as follows: The current on coming in contact with the electro-magnetic impress of the atmosphere—more particularly sunlight—forms a thin film on the surface of the leaves, which, by endosmosis action incorporates itself as an inter-electro earth reflex of the sun, thus forming the body called carbon in the vegetable world, which, after thousands of years of stationary condition, thus an undergoing of decomposition gives out the undimmed light of million ages and generations gone, as pure as, when first ordained. Having reached this observant point, the question rises, if even potassium is not a primal life grade; thus imperishably buried in all the carbonated stone stratifications of the earth, that is now through the crumbling rocks underlying the ever-varying fertility of the soils, giving back to all our modern forms, the renewed and more developed essence of the olden life it once lived.

Having thus presented nitrogen, hydrogen, oxygen, water, carbon, and potassium, let us next briefly note their comparative positions, compound natures, correlational compounds, and general functions. Aside from these inferences respecting the position, origin, correlational compounds, and general functions of nitrogen and its right and left supporters, hydrogen and oxygen, we cannot conceive how they could possibly fulfill the position they do, both of the latter, though unperceived, being at times in a mechanical counterpoised relation to nitrogen, and when necessary, combining and producing a grand balance relation,—water, only secondary to the great grand balance relation nitrogen itself. Each of the three, nitrogen, hydrogen, and oxygen, seemingly, have a sliding scale, passively, for the true electrical accommodation of each other, which, if we include water as a grand balance relation, altogether, make up the empire of polar condition, for the grand elaborate play of inter-electro chemistry or fundamental action, by which carbon has been produced. We have seen how the equal balances of air and water, have been formed and maintained; and we shall now see how beautifully the same law of equiponderance is maintained by the following facts:

The animal kingdom consumes oxygen gas and gives off carbonic acid gas, while the vegetable kingdom consumes carbonic acid and gives off oxygen gas, but for which continued mutual reciprocity of condition, instituted in the formation of nitrogen, hydrogen, oxygen, and water, we should have met with a fatal fact to the inferences in our premises.

When we consider in connection with these singularly innovative views, the additional fact that nitrogen, hydrogen, oxygen, and carbon constitute almost nine-tenths of these measures of electrical force, either in their own form, or the forms of their grand balance relations in both the vegetable and the animal economy, we still feel more and more reliance in the truth of our conclusions, and are but the more ready to give these, the leading, and regard all other measures of electrical conditions, so circumscribed, as to but constitute subordinate relations to the greater operative powers named.

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CHICAGO, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 2, 1871.

## A SEARCH AFTER GOD.

Mind-ers Preaching on the Ruins of their Churches in Chicago—Who are Sinners—A Strange Scene.

## (NUMBER LAST.)

The Sunday night following the fire in this city was indeed a solemn one. Ancient Nineveh, Babylon, Jerusalem, and Tyre, present a remarkable solemn aspect in the evening, when one listens to the noise of bats, owls, and vermin, and the mind is carried back to more prosperous days when such animals had no exclusive home there. But in this Garden City, the queen of the lakes, reposing amid rubbish and ashes, is a germ that will soon spring forth, producing spacious warehouses, magnificent stores, elegant places of amusement—everything that money can produce or art invent. Here, on the Sunday evening above mentioned, standing on the ruins of the different churches, might have been seen prominent ministers of the Gospel, surrounded by an attentive group of listeners. They indeed looked sad! The desolation around them was complete. The ruins expressed the sorrows of heart-broken thousands. The very air seemed to reverberate with the sounds produced by falling tears and moans of anguish. On such an occasion, the various divines of the burned district repaired to the ruins of their respective churches, and delivered a sermon. They all appeared solemn and dignified—they had been very much humbled. Their prayers seemed to echo and re-echo in the distant ruins, until they vanished in sweet whispers, as they supposed, near the throne of God. They prayed as they never did before. Their invocations were louder, were uttered in more emphatic accents, and seemed to come from extremely sad hearts. Those towering steeples had fell! Those carpeted aisles had vanished in the lurid flames! Those massive stones had cracked in numberless fragments in the embrace of the Fire Fiend! Those hymn books had sent forth their last song on the breath of the fierce wind! Those Bibles reposing on the altars were in ashes! God's edifices had been demolished, and these ministers were holding religious carnival on the ruins! The scene was grand beyond conception. The night was bright with the stars of heaven, and the soft silvery light falling on a desolate city, seemed to speak a divine language. There was not a breeze—not a rattle on the lakes. There was a solemn grandeur in the scene—men and women collected together to pay adoration to God. These ministers had faithfully served him. Their churches were splendidly ornamented, standing in beautiful contrast with the hovels of the poor and destitute. They ascribed this calamity to God; the people of Chicago were very wicked; corruption existed; crime stalked abroad at noonday, and in the sight of God this visitation was necessary. Well, if God caused this remarkable conflagration, it might be well to inquire why he didn't protect the churches. What nonsense these divines gave expression to! There was no sense in their wild exclamatory declamations, and those who remain to-day in Chicago, are less religious, if possible, than before.

Did God control this Fire Fiend, direct its course, and stop it when the fairest and best portions of Chicago were laid in ruins? Did he cause this calamity on account of the wickedness, licentiousness, etc., of those who live here? A thousand lips ask that question, and it sounds off on the breeze, vanishing without an answer. Will God respond? Are those divines who stood on those crumbled ruins right, charging him as the cause of this desolation?

What are the crimes alleged to have been committed by Chicago that should render necessary such a fearful and heart-rending conflagration? It is said that the houses of assignation, saloons, and gambling halls, constituted the great source of sin in this city. Were there not more righteous ones here than

in Sodom and Gomorrah? Would God have destroyed Chicago, rendered thousands homeless, reducing them to beggary, if there had been as many righteous ones here as in that ancient city? Will Collyer answer? Will Brother Moody respond? Will Rev. Fowler give expression to his views? Two hundred and fifty ministers of the Gospel here—and are there not ten decent, respectable, honorable—yes, religious men among them? Would God have required more good and true men to save Chicago, than he did Sodom and Gomorrah? If a God of justice, he would not. According, then, to divine authority, among the two hundred and fifty divines of this city, there were not ten respectable ones—not even enough to save our city from destruction. While the Fire Fiend leveled their churches, scattered them to the four winds of the earth, the gilded palaces of vice in various parts of the city still remain! While God's houses are demolished, the dens of iniquity, so called, still exist, and Chicago is as wicked as ever.

What lesson, then, can be learned from this fire? Yea, a grand one—such as the world has never before witnessed. But why should these ministers publish broadcast to the world that this visitation resulted from the *divine wrath* of God? Will humanity believe it? Did Chicago need this calamity? If a visitation of God, it resulted from the inherent meanness, and innate depravity of the divines who stood on those ruins and so declared. But we pause. Around us arises a dark atmosphere—so dark that our vision can hardly penetrate it! The scene is appalling! Enveloped in this dense haze is the immoral character of Chicago. It seems to sile us, and the very air we breathe is putrid. All appears to be dark and dismal. What! Is it true what those divines have so persistently stated? Is the character of Chicago thus dark and damning, and we ask what means this? Did this fair city possess no brighter gem than that, and was it necessary for destructive flames to wait the darkness away, leaving nothing but the ruins of a magnificent city? Ah! such the religious world would have us believe; but such is not the case.

Is not the assertion of these two hundred and fifty ministers who reside here that the wickedness of Chicago caused its destruction, an insult to common sense, a cowardly attack on the character of three hundred thousand men, women, and children, a contemptible innuendo that should be hurled back upon them as religious debris oozing from dirty mouths? Yea, religious vagabonds, your God would have saved that dirty city of ancient times, if ten righteous ones could have been found, yea five, and would he show less respect for Chicago? Then, to-day, in accordance with Holy Writ, we pronounce sentence upon the ministers of the Gospel of Chicago. Standing upon the ruins of an old cabin, in sight of the smouldering remains of a house of worship, we say there are not five righteous ones among them—not five who possessed merit enough to save the city, not five but who will be ranked with the *gents*. If the wickedness of this city caused its destruction, who are pure among the divines—Is one without sin?

Our spiritual eyes penetrate secret places; our spirit is wafted to the side of the living, and we follow their steps an unseen visitant. We read their thought; we see their secret acts. We behold men and women as they are. The veil is lifted, the secret garb of each one is thrown off. There stand before us the two hundred and fifty divines of Chicago. Their character to us is an unsealed book. We read the life-lines of each one, and in so doing we are compelled to penetrate dark places; to gaze upon unclean things; to see acts of licentiousness such as make the blood tingle in our veins; but to us nothing is concealed that our guide desires to reveal. But behind those ministers, are two hundred and fifty "prostitutes," dressed in their richest attire. We stand gazing upon them, with strange emotions affecting us. There are girls, with eyes radiant with beauty, with a spirit such as you possess, such as all possess, and just as precious in the sight of angels! While standing there our soul became grandly illuminated with a light divine! From each of those young girls we saw a magnetic ray emanating, and connected with some were ten generations, with others nine, with others seven, with others five, while a few had only two! We read therefrom: a lesson. We analyzed this magnetic chord, this brilliant emanation, and traced the life of each one back to its parent stem; and we laid our hand upon a flaxen-haired girl, and from our inmost soul we blessed her! We pointed out the cause of her present life. Five generations ago, the seed was first planted, the licentious seed that finally culminated in producing her—in making her what she is! Yes; that mother, by indulging in haphazard thoughts, gave birth to a child that followed out their impulses, and so on, on, during five generations, finally culminating in this little girl who stands by our side. And we pass along that line of fallen women; we gaze at those brilliant emanations, trace their connections with past generations, and explain to each one why they are leading a life of sin. Past generations were the real sinners; these prostitutes are only the culmination of their vile acts. To us this is a reality. The long line of young girls before us is no idle dream, no phantasm of the brain, but presented to us that we may learn a lesson therefrom. And then they vanished as quickly as they came, and our soul seemed to be imbued with a loving, forgiving spirit. We blame no one; we chide no one; we love all, and then we gaze at that long line of ministers. What a contrast to those who have just vanished. And then again, we behold the life-lines of each one, a book of their life, and we read from its mystic pages. There, in all that line of ministers is not one who in worldly terms would be regarded as pure. There are secret

acts that they would not like to have made known, which would ruin their character, and destroy their usefulness. They all live in glass houses. Yet from our inmost soul, we do not blame them. Past generations made those fallen women; past generations made those ministers. We will not praise any; we will blame none. Wickedness exists in Chicago, but it is only the culmination of the acts of past generations, and they are mainly to blame. Then while we gaze at the sad spectacle, the ruins of our once prosperous city, we must throw the veil of charity over all, assist those who require it, and commence to-day in so living that future generations will not suffer for our transgression. To the ministers here we would say, do not refer to the wickedness of Chicago without including yourselves, for, as John Allen was the wickedest man in New York, so are all in some degree sinful—even you with your vestry cloak on, saying your prayers, may be classed among the wicked ones of Chicago!

But to conclude, we cast the veil of charity over all. In a truly loving spirit, we would throw the arms of affection around all humanity, we would bless all, aid all, fully understanding the causes which make Collyers, and those who lead a life of licentiousness and sin.

TO BE CONTINUED.

## An Angry God and Cunning Devil.

In our last issue we discussed in brief the subject of "Calamities, their Author or Cause." The question, "Is there a Compensation?" we did not reach. It is a pertinent inquiry, and will be considered in due time.

We have already seen that the great mass of mankind are in the habit of attributing to God all such calamities as are referred to in that article.

We have further shown that not only so-called evangelical religionists but "liberal Christ-hans" hold that the book called the "Holy Bible" is the Word of God, sacred and infallible. Indeed, all who raise questions in regard to its sacredness and infallibility, are denounced as blasphemers, and will eventually, in the estimation of the truly evangelical, be doomed to never-ending perdition, endless hell tortments, unless saved through the "Blood of Christ," the Son, ay, the immaculate God, the Father, who "suffered death," and thereby provided "a plan of salvation" for us poor sinners, if we were not finally impenitent, but with this express condition, that we must believe and look to Christ as our Savior, or be damned. Here comes the rub, believe in what and repent of what?

Some will tell us to believe in the "Sacred Word of God, the Bible," in "the plan of salvation" as taught by theologians; and repent of what? Repent that we ever made use of our reasoning faculties, of common, ordinary good sense. Repent that we did not always believe the Bible doctrine that God got angry with Adam and Eve, and cursed them, their seed, and the earth, because they listened to the advice of his snakeship, and "partook of the forbidden fruit," which opened their eyes, so that they knew enough to comprehend the fact that they had not dressed themselves before the serpent.

Repent of ever having believed that there was a natural cause for everything that transpired, be the effect pleasant or disagreeable. Repent of ever having enjoyed the congenial effects of causes designed in nature to make mankind wiser, better, and happier.

Yes, we must repent of a disbelief in the teachings of a designing and corrupt priesthood that has, and would continue to enslave both body and mind of mankind for self aggrandizement.

Such are the popular doctrines of the day. Such doctrines have been popular in all past ages. The world's wise men teach such puerile sentiments with sanctimonious mien; and men and women venerate them as great and good.

Modern Spiritualism is being studied and received by the best thinkers of the age, notwithstanding the opposition of the shallow pretensions of a sanctimonious priesthood. It is daily crucified between thieves—thieves on the right and on the left. But Spiritualism is immortal. No sooner is one medium slaughtered—crucified upon the cross of public opinion, and vile vituperations, and the foul breath of slander, not unfrequently uttered by the polluted lips of a pretended "missionary of the cause," than we find other mediums, to fill their places, are developed for angelic communion with mortals.

They tell us of their experience in the spheres of immortality. They contradict the dogmas of the church. They proclaim to us that the personal God who, like a hideous tyrant, slaughters innocent women and children, causes pestilence and famine, war and devastation, tornadoes and earthquakes, burns Chicago and towns in Northern Wisconsin and Michigan, innocent women and children, is no where to be found in the wide domains of the spirit world.

They teach us that as yet they have, none of them, found "the Lamb whose blood was shed 'for the sins of the world,'" nor ever heard of his whereabouts.

The wise and experienced in spirit life, through the organisms of mediums, tell us great truths in the philosophy of life, directly contrary to the theological teachings of the priesthood of the present and past ages, of which teachings bearing upon this great and prolific subject, we have more to say in future articles.

In view of these facts is it strange that the whole Christian world should oppose modern Spiritualism?

It is a well-known fact that almost the whole human race formerly believed in some system of "revealed religion." Protestants condemn Catholics. Jointly they would, if in their power, torture and burn the Mormons, who believe in a system of "revealed religion," of

which Joseph Smith, Brigham Young, and others are the prophets.

These sanctimonious pretenders now united have, in the past, slaughtered each other for a difference of faith with a degree of cruelty that puts savage warfare to the blush for tameness. Now they claim a common revelation through the Nazarene, so do the Mormons whom they persecute.

A few centuries ago, when a new revelation, claiming to be of divine origin, was put forth as truth, however closely allied in sentiment to the Christ teachings, yet it was treated as a heresy, and millions of such heretics were put to death, by slow torture or by fire, for their heresy to the dogmas of the dominant church party. To-day they can only live and imprison the Mormons for what men "after 'God's own heart'" used to do, and that only with the aid of a corrupt judge.

So the earth has from age to age been governed and controlled by passion instead of reason. Such has been the case in all countries and among all peoples. *God and Devil* have been the two objects of fear. God as a hideous tyrant, devising means of torture, such as tornadoes to destroy, pestilence and famine to subdue old and young, wars to desolate, fires to burn cities and towns, to punish sinners! The Devil to decoy with sweet words and promises and pleasant flowery paths, to allure poor mortals until the day of eternal doom arrives, when "the Judge of all the earth, the quick and the dead," should pronounce the awful sentence, "Depart from me ye cursed into 'everlasting torment prepared for the devil and his angels.'" God giving his "Adversary" just what he has been working for!

These are the teachings that *every priest* and *every* promulgator at every protracted meeting where the wicked are converted—where the members of the churches get their army recruits to war against the truth—Spiritualism—the philosophy of life.

This subject will be further considered hereafter.

## Queen Victoria, of England.

Queen Victoria a Spiritualist? When that announcement was first made the Orthodox church of England stuck up its nose, curled its lips, became indignant and angry, and immediately started the report, that she was laboring under a temporary fit of insanity. In her behavior and devotion to Spiritualism, she appears somewhat eccentric, but her conversion to the truths of the Harmonical Philosophy, should not create any more interest or excitement among the people, than the "change of heart," liver, stomach, or bile on the part of a "heathen Chinee," who, actuated with a love for God, and a fear of his Satanic Majesty, the Devil, adjusts himself on the "stool of repentance," confesses, acknowledges himself very wicked, and while there, is metamorphosed from a villainous vagabond into a Christian, with a new "heating apparatus" on his left side, and a conscience as radiant with whiteness as a snowflake that rests on the top of a topos mountain! Several of these "heathen Chinees" have lately had new hearts put into their left side, through the sanctimonious skill of ingenious "doctors of souls," who, while they were skillfully adjusted on the "stool of repentance," had administered to them *con de colopha gas christiana*, which instantly caused their old hearts to pass out of their mouth, replacing it with one on which was written, the trade mark of the Christian religion—"Converted." To us, in some respects, the metamorphosis of a pagan, or the transmigration of a "heathen Chinee" into a Christian, is of far greater interest, than the conversion of Queen Victoria to Spiritualism. She has now a firm conviction that Prince Albert is ever present with her; she talks with him, she pets him, caresses him, kisses him, loves him as she did while in earth life. At times, when she is more than ordinarily impressed with a sense of his presence, the poor, fond woman will order a knife and fork to be placed on the dinner table for him, and cause the attendants to place every course before the empty chair as if the master still occupied it. Every morning a pair of boots are cleaned and set down against the door of the chamber which he once occupied; and at breakfast, when in Scotland, she will often sit a long time in silence, waiting for the Prince. There is something beautiful in her devotion to her deceased husband. Ever true to him during his earth-life, she still entertains for him the same fond, sympathizing affection now, and there is manifested in all her movements that tender regard for his memory, that at once imparts a favorable impression to all in reference to her. Her private rooms are still arranged as when they echoed with his voice or the tread of his feet, and, though invisible, he is still a constant visitor, and feels the hallowed influence which the Queen's presence imparts. Prince Albert himself was said to be a sort of theosophist, and no doubt it was from him that she received those impressions which have finally culminated in a belief in spirit communion.

In this manifestation of affection on the part of the Queen for the Prince, the English aristocrats have found a bone which they are picking, alternately giving forth snaps and snarls, that puts one in mind of a den of fighting serpents! True to her own inner promptings, ever actuated with the purest motives, she pursues a course which she knows to be right, regardless of Lords, Peers, or wealthy nabobs.

To us, then, this conversion of the Queen is not a matter of great interest, for it is only a result that follows all sincere investigation of the phenomena of Spiritualism. However, the conversion of a pagan or "heathen Chinee," his adjustment on a "stool of repentance," or his elongation on the "anxious seat," is always fraught with unusual interest, for the supplying of a "new heart," the washing away of

his sins with the blood of Christ, and the moans, and sighs, and tears of anguish that follow, is always accompanied with more or less danger. The heart of a "heathen Chinee" when he leaves the religious "stool of repentance," bears no more resemblance to the "heating apparatus" he possessed before he took his seat there, than a dried herring does to an ostrich feather.

## Transmigration of Souls.

The Bonard will case has again been up before Surrogate Hutchings, in New York, and Dr. Clymer, of the Philadelphia Hospital, who has made a special study of nervous diseases, presented important evidence. The extravagant admiration of Bonard for Mr. Bergh, and his will giving \$100,000 to the society with the long name, were not, in the eyes of the doctor, evidence of mental weakness. In response to the question, "Do you consider a man who believes in the transmigration of souls, and frequently expresses an opinion that the bodies of men pass into the bodies of animals, irrational?" the doctor said, "Not necessarily, for this reason: It is a belief held by many of the first minds of ancient and modern times. Pythagoras learned it from the Egyptians, who are thought to be the first who believed in the immortality of the soul, and they believed that, being immortal, the soul, on leaving the man's body, passed into other animals. Some hold it returned, purified, after thousands of years, to the human form. The Druids of France, Britain and Germany held it. The Brahmins held it, and the disciples of Fourier in France. Some of the fathers of the church—Origen for instance—held it. Some theologians try to show from the ninth chapter of John that it is doctrine of the New Testament, and some have held that the doctrine of Purgatory originated from it. Besides, beliefs are held sometimes as mere metaphysical beliefs. There is a difference between religious conviction and the mere holding of a general belief on a subject. Some Christians think others who believe certain doctrines are under a delusion; but a medical expert, without finding evidence of a delusion in a general way, would not be warranted in saying such persons were laboring under mental unsoundness." And that was an eminently proper answer, damaging as it was to the parties trying to break the will.

## Notice.

Many friends in different parts of the country have written us since the fire, offering to take and adopt as their own little girls who might be destitute of good homes, and requesting us to intercede to that end.

We have done so with pleasure, but as yet have not been successful. The fact is the demand is so great for little girls that the Home of the Friendless in this city—a benevolent institution that receives without question all little waifs brought to them by night or by day, and properly cares for them—have advance applications for many more good people than they can possibly fill. The fact is, these little angels in embryo are appreciated and esteemed as more precious in the estimation of loving, would-be mothers than gold or precious stones.

Orders for the Sunday Question and Contradictions of the Bible, and *Blasphemy*, etc., will be filled as soon as we can get them out. Every book and every plate was burned, but we shall be very glad to receive orders for them, as it will aid us in getting them out anew. We shall make all possible haste in replacing all of our stereotype plates and in republishing works consumed by the fire. Those who send us orders will be sure to get all books so ordered in due time. That kind of feeling—in the pocket—will be a strengthener.

## Widow's and Orphan's Fund.

Amount previously acknowledged, \$263.50  
Mrs. L. A. Gemmings, Cleveland, Ohio, 7.00  
J. S. Hopkins, Evansville, Ind., 10.00  
R. Sweetland, Goshen, Ohio, 2.00  
G. R. Rymon, Pleasant Hill, Ky., 5.00  
John Beach, Elkhon, Ill., 1.45  
G. G. Lander, Wyandotte, Kansas, 3.00  
J. H. Lueders, 808 N. Main St., St. Louis, 1.00  
J. Cunningham, Columbus, Texas, 10.00

## Star Lecture Course.

On next Monday evening, Dec. 4th, Rev. John Lord, the eminent historian of Boston, will deliver a lecture at the Michigan Avenue Free Library, subject, "Savannah." Admission 50 cents; reserved seat, 75 cents. Dec. 11, Mark Twain; Dec. 18, Elizabeth Cady Stanton. Course tickets for three lectures, \$1.00.

## Fraternal Call.

Bro. Eli F. Brown, of Richmond, Ind., gave us a fraternal call while on his way into the interior of the state. Bro. Brown is a good and faithful worker, and should be constantly employed.

## Monroe, Mich.

A friend in Monroe, Mich., sends \$3.50 for a book for himself and subscription to a lady in Deerfield, Mich., but fails to give his own name.

We just received a letter from K. Graves, who is laboring at St. Joseph, Mo. He remains there until about Christmas, and would like to labor in the Western States until spring. His terms are extremely liberal, and we have no doubt he will find plenty to do. Address him at St. Joseph, Mo.

We are now prepared to fill all orders for reformatory and miscellaneous books, with which our friends will favor us.

P. R. LAWRENCE, of Ottumwa, Iowa, is represented as an excellent healing medium.







## Original Essays.

Written for the Religio-Philosophical Journal.  
IS THE WORLD READY?

By Susan C. Waters.

Living in this nineteenth century, when thought with rapid strides traverses many hitherto unexplored regions of science and philosophy, we often hear it said that "The world is not ready for it," just as if there was some truth or fact that could come to the world prematurely. The same declaration has been made in all ages of the world, its frequency has been in proportion to the rapidity with which new steps in progress have been taken.

The world ready? yes, certainly; otherwise the truth or fact could not come. It is useless to wait for all individuals to be ready; such a time has never been in the past, and what assurance have we that it ever will be so in the future? "The world is not ready for it," is, and ever has been, the declaration of bigoted conservatism; the weapon of resistance with which the grandest achievements have been met.

What if men did declare that the world was not ready for that scientific postulate, for the utterance of which Copernicus and Galileo suffered? The world was ready and the utterance was not premature, or it could have been swept aside by the tyrannous power of conservatism in that age. When Harvey discovered the circulation of the blood, the world was ready, though men of science stood forth to deny the fact, and to discountenance, disgrace, and impoverish the discoverer.

When the ligature was made to take the place of boiling pitch, to staunch the blood when a limb was amputated, the world of suffering humanity was ready for the more humane practice, though the faculty of physicians were enraged that human life should "be hung upon a thread when boiling pitch had stood the test for centuries."

As we look down the aisles of the past, we see that in science, government and religion, truer and better perceptions have at first been rejected as insane, or pernicious, simply because they were new and not understood. But the growing civilization and enlightenment of humanity has attested that the world was ready for the new idea, though the conservatism of established order for a time rejected it. The radicalism and freedom of one age become the conservatism and slavery of succeeding ages. Greeds, whether scientific, political, or religious, though giving ample freedom for the generation that gives them birth, become, as it were, grappling irons to chain humanity to a barbarous or less enlightened past.

Those censors of human thought and action, who assail all new-born conceptions of human rights and relations, are very likely to be blind guides, because their eyes are fixed on a stationary standard in the past, while the swelling flood of humanity rolls on in resistless waves of progression. The mercury of human aspiration will rise higher than the tube of conservatism, which indicates all admissible variation, under the restrictions of conventional rules, political institutions, and religious creeds.

The world was ready for the Declaration of Independence, though that declaration was recorded in the blood of many martyrs.

The world was ready for the Emancipation Proclamation of Abraham Lincoln, though human victims are still being slain by the hand of that selfishness and ignorance, which is blind to the brotherhood of races, the unity of interests, and the mutual dependence of individuals.

The world was ready for Spiritualism, with its soul-satisfying revelations; ready to be blessed by the love of spirits—loved ones dead to the outer senses, and lost even to the eye of faith; but so really alive and so vividly perceptible in the absolute knowledge which Spiritualism brought to the understanding.

The cold materialist, though he knew it not, was ready to melt into tears in the embrace of loved ones, whose individuality he had supposed was passed to nothingness. Full many a zealous churchman was ready to drop his formulas and faith, his traditions and his creeds, to grasp a knowledge, a philosophy, and an experience that made the intellect rich and the whole soul glad.

Yes, the world was ready for Spiritualism, though the bigot knew it not, and still knows it not; though he still talks of "that bourne from whence no traveler returns;" though he still makes death almost the charnel house of hope, and strains the dim eyes of faith to catch one ray of light from the life beyond.

Here, then, we stand on that threshold of time which divides the future from the past, and from the grand lessons which that past teaches. Will we say that the world is not ready for any of the grand reform movements that are being agitated around us? Will we say that they are premature or futile? Are we unready to enlist in behalf of peace reform, abolition of the death penalty, woman's equality with man in all the rights of citizenship, including equal education, compensation, suffrage and eligibility to office? Are we unready to lend the whole energy of our natures to the subject of educational reform? Are we unready to face the evils of the social relations in which humanity is now placed, and give our time, energy, and influence to devise or discover remedies for the same? Are we unready to question the soundness and perfection of our governmental system, to see its deficiencies, and to draw a parallel between the divine rights of humanity—the higher law of human nature—and those governmental institutions which are a product of the past, and still bearing relics of the ancient barbarism of the past within their structures? Are we unready to take part in labor reform, and to help equalize and balance conditions which now perpetuate so much misery and degradation?

If we, as individuals, are not ready, the world is ready, for all these subjects are fairly and squarely before it. The unchangeable laws of nature and nature's God are ruling in them, and the inescapable destiny of consummation is straight before them in the future. As Spiritualists, and advocates of a liberal and progressive philosophy, we have ceased to persecute new ideas as heresies; but not unfrequently we denounce them as false, defective, or impracticable; while holy (?) hands are held up in horror at the dangerous (?) innovations which are proposed.

This is only another form of bigoted conservatism; only another method of shrinking that responsibility and action which belongs to every living soul in this as well as in the spirit world. Our entire abilities, our wisdom, culture, and morality, are all under a divinely appointed bond, to come unshrinkingly to the support of every unpopular truth, and to the support of all truth contained in every censured and calumniated reform. It is not for us as reformers to stand back and criticize the work of others, but rather to bring our intellectuality, our morality and our spirituality, to bear upon all the mooted subjects that relate to the interests of humanity; and until we have fulfilled this pledge, the defects of existing systems, and the

imperfections of proposed reforms, are as much our fault as of any other member of society.

The whole history of the past shows that no new conception of human rights and human needs has been launched upon the world fully matured and free from deficiencies and errors. The prevailing fault has been to pronounce as diabolical, fanciful or impracticable, that which nature in her divine procedure of progression and elucidation proves to be good, useful, inevitable, and easy.

As reformers, it is less rational for us to denounce than it is for us to come directly to share in the detail of labor, and help correct the errors and supply the deficiencies which we see, both in existing conditions and in the suggested reforms.

A hoary-headed error is no better than one just devised. We know there are defects in all our present social, political, and religious systems; and with a bold front we may as well acknowledge them, while with resolute will and the whole aspiration of our natures we put our individual efforts into the most unpopular as well as the most acceptable reforms.

Truth is too precious to be rejected, too divine to be traduced, and too indestructible to suffer loss or diminution by our blindness, self-righteousness, egotism or indifference. Eternal years belong to those principles that underlie the needs and constitute the relations of humanity. To war with them only insures our defeat.

Bordentown, N. J.

Written for the Religio-Philosophical Journal.  
An Orthodox Minister on the War Path.

BROTHER JONES:—My discussion with Moses Hull, Editor of *The Crucible*, took place, at Liberty, Union Co., Ind., beginning on Tuesday night, Sept. 19th, and closing on the ensuing Thursday night.

Bro. Hull has made in his paper dated Oct. 7th, a full statement of his judgment on the "late duel." I am of the conviction that that statement does not do justice either to the Spiritualists, who are interested, I presume, in all the debates conducted by leading men of the Harmonical School, nor to myself as a defender of the Bible against the aggressions of its enemies. It does not do justice to either party, because it does not state the facts, that a just conclusion can be reached in the matter.

I desire to correct Bro. Hull's document through the *RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL*, and my reasons for doing so, are several and weighty, which for the sake of time and space, I will not enumerate.

In giving my correction of Bro. Hull's document, I will first give his version in sections, and secondly, I will add to those sections what my notes of the debate, etc., seem to require.

Mr. Parker is a rapid talker, sometimes quite logical in his method of reasoning, and would be very gentlemanly with his case admit of it; but when in a tight place he will flounder, and in spite of all an opponent can do, draw the meshes of the net so tightly around himself that he becomes weak as water. There were several instances of the kind in our debate.

Of course I omit in this article all that Bro. Hull has penned not immediately connected with the real work.

Bro. Hull forced me to talk very rapidly on Tuesday night, because he desired to limit the speech to twenty minutes each. I had a double work to do, first to formally respond to his affirmative arguments; and secondly, to throw in for his mastication and digestion some strong tabulum by way of "negative arguments."

Bro. Hull accuses me of floundering, and netting myself, thus becoming "weak as water." Of course, I shall not retaliate by accusing him of floundering. I believe he did his best work. I think he believed himself doing a thorough work. But if he will mention those tight places, or tell us in what those meshes consisted, either in the *Crucible* or the *JOURNAL*, I will let pen repeat my oral productions, and let the public decide. Will Bro. Hull do it? We shall see.

Mr. P.'s former profession (he has been a lawyer) was worked out, and applied to him as a debater. We think it impossible that any one could help but see that many of his arguments were *ad captandam vulgus*. His petting was in many instances so perfectly transparent as to militate against him. Like many others, Mr. Parker loves truth, but when engaged in controversy he, like too many others, loves victory more. It is in these instances that we would prefer to stand at the muzzle rather than the breech of his gun.

Bro. Hull here gives me credit for "many arguments." You will remember I was respondent in that debate; Moses was affirmant. But he charges me with perpetrating *ad captandam vulgus* arguments. But he seems to forget that those arguments were made out of material in which *ad cap.* could have no place, as an element even. "Nine of them were made from premises constituting the basis of Mr. Hull's work." "The Question Settled." Ten of them were framed upon the solemn, formal enunciation of Spiritualistic teachings by E. V. Wilson; and nine of them were based upon a broad induction of Harmonical Teachings—*ad captandam vulgus* is not made of such material.

Still Bro. Hull accuses me of "pettyfogging." Well, that is easy done. I did not expect Bro. Hull to pass an encomium upon my work; but I did expect he would leave out of his report these uncertain and suspicious phrases, "floundering," "pettyfogging," etc.

Bro. Hull again does me an unintentional injustice in saying that I love "victory more" than I do truth. The reverse of this statement of Bro. Hull is the truth. I love victory for truth, but I love truth more. Bro. Hull should not pass judgment on the motives of any one.

Mr. P. had laid out a hundred dollars in books, and spent two months time in gathering quotations, in writing out the arguments he was to use in the discussion. He was nothing when outside of his book. Finding that he could not follow us, we followed him, thoroughly routing his forces from every battery he had planted.

In the foregoing section these things demand notice.

Bro. Hull is in error as to the amount paid for "Books." I estimated the total of my expenses about "one hundred dollars." This was an estimate in the rough. A close computation afterwards made, reduced my estimate to less than eighty dollars.

Bro. Hull says "It was nothing when outside his book."—A plain confession that *I was something when inside my book*. Now that book was what Bro. Hull found emphatically something. It contained thirty-two individual arguments, not one of which did Bro. Hull answer. Indeed, so completely was he taken by surprise, and so totally stunned by said book, that I offered him publicly \$100, if he would show me that he had taken adequate notes of one of the arguments, which he failed to do. With debaters, this fact is significant. It needs no expansion.

Again Bro. Hull says that I could not follow him, therefore he followed me, thoroughly routing me from every battery I had planted. In correction, I desire to say, that the public can judge correctly when all the facts are stated.

Bro. Hull introduced into his first speech one affirmative argument, or rather a part of an affirmative argument, when his time expired. In my response, I repelled the advance he had made by rejecting the definitions of his terms, which were not the definitions mutually agreed upon in our published correspondence. I then fully responded to the relevant facts presented after which I threw out two or three arguments supporting the negative side of the question. From that time Bro. Hull was put upon the defense of Modern Spiritualism, and to the end of the debate, he offered no more affirmative proofs, notwithstanding I proposed to give him one half hour of my own time in order to bring up his work, and let me hear some of his evidence in behalf of his proposition. He refused to accept the time, and did not present any further affirmative proof. How could I follow him, when he refused to lead, and felt himself obliged to become respondent in the debate in which he had long advertised himself as affirmant? When I attempt to affirm a proposition, if my opponent throw me into the defensive only, I know I am defeated. Bro. Hull, however, when in the same predicament, publishes himself victor.

He is ignoring for us again, and hopes to be able after the first of January to meet us on different propositions. Probably he would not consent to go into another discussion of the old, unless forced by outside pressure to do so.

Two points in the foregoing need a little illumination.

During the debate, Bro. Hull had much to say about the Jehovah of the Jewish Scriptures. As I deemed his assertions bold and pernicious, and as he had frequently uttered them to public audiences in Liberty and vicinity, I deemed it proper to see that the slanderous imputations cast upon Jehovah be made good, or shown to be false upon Bro. Hull and others who utter the same imputations. Therefore I asked Bro. Hull to affirm the following:

Prop. 1. The Jehovah of the Jewish Scriptures is a wicked, base, ignorant, malicious spirit of a dead man.

Prop. 2. The Jewish Scriptures teach a false and pernicious philosophy, morality, history and science.

The debate to be governed by the rules of controversy as laid down in *Hedysdogia*.

The discussion to take place any time after January 1st, 1872, if the citizens of Liberty desire it, and will compensate the disputants.

As to the "old" proposition, which is as follows:

PROPOSITION.—Resolved, That the teachings of Modern Spiritualism are better calculated to elevate humanity, mentally, morally, and spiritually, than those of the Jewish and Christian Scriptures.

MOSES HULL, Affirmant.

W. F. PARKER, Respondent.

Bro. Hull thinks I probably would not consent to go into another discussion unless forced by outside pressure.

If Bro. Hull enjoys his victory at Liberty, I desire to make him happy several times more, over the "old" proposition. I will meet him on that proposition at ten different cities during the coming year, if he desires it. He may choose the points—where we shall be compensated for time, etc., as it would not be right to suffer loss in that kind of work. With kind and brotherly feelings for Bro. Hull and yourself, I am, etc.

W. F. PARKER.

Watson, Ohio, Oct. 9th, 1871.

PHYSICAL MANIFESTATIONS.

Letter from A. N. Blakeley.

BRO. JONES: Having witnessed the great physical demonstrations of spirits, through the mediumship of Harry Bastian, and, as many here have been trying to defame him through the press as an impostor, and having attended several of his seances at Mrs. Read's, 157 Sixth Avenue, I have thought a plain, brief account of facts may serve the cause of truth, and vindicate an honest and true man; and if any dispute the phenomena to be actually caused by the spirits disembodied, let them explain, account for, and do the same things themselves, and thus demonstrate their cause to be other than disembodied spirits, and if they cannot do this, let them own their error.

The facts are these: The audience was invited to tie and untie him, and at any time to examine the ropes and the state of affairs. When the rooms were first darkened his hands and feet were tied, and his body and legs secured fast to a wooden chair in which he was sitting. Light—examined by four to six men; all fast and firm. Dark—bells were rung and thrown around, trumpet speaking, music, etc.; names were called, compliments passed, etc. Light—all right, and Harry securely tied, as at first. Dark—music, a general clang of instruments, etc. Light—Harry fast tied as at first, but sitting in the chair on the table; examination, all right. Dark—Clang of bells and instruments, some falling on the floor. Light—Harry still tied sitting in chair on the floor again. Then white paper was put under his feet and marked around with a lead pencil; a penny put on each foot, each knee, and each hand, and on his head. Dark—guitar, tamborine and harmonica played together; bells rung. Light—Harry fast tied, paper and pennies undisturbed, and a solid iron ring on his arm. Examination said all correct. Dark—guitar played while floating in the air in front of audience, and over their heads, making quite a breeze in our faces, while we, the front rank, all had hold of a rope stretched across the room and around the rope at each end of the front rank, and held by one in the second rank, all joining hands while hold of the rope, making sure that none could pass to Harry to assist him. Light—examination; all right, but the ring was now on his head; paper and pennies all in their places, and shields up as first put on.

Water was now held in Harry's mouth, and the tumbler placed back of the front rank. Dark—music, and trumpet talking with various ones in the audience, in English and German; speaking in various voices, as by different persons. Light—Harry spit the water from his mouth into a bowl before the audience; tied all right; guitar resting on his head and against the door at his back. The doors of this room had been fastened before the seance began, and the one communicating with the hall locked on the inside, making thus sure, in sight of the audience, that none could be therein without knowledge of the audience.

The audience now formed a circle around the room, each person taking hold of his or her neighbor's right wrist, leaving the hand free, with the left hand, and so on across to brace the circle. Harry sat in chair in the middle of circle, untied, and is to clap his hands the whole time of this performance, that we may all know his whereabouts and just what he is doing. This he does faithfully, much of the time talking with various ones in the circle, showing that the trumpet talking is not ventriloquism. Dark—the guitar is played floating around the circle above their heads; trumpet talking with many of the circle, moving around the circle also; hands slap our knees and our hands, and shake hands with several; hands were laid on my knees and hands, and felt like human hands, only colder; a handkerchief taken from one and flirled in the faces of the circle; a fan taken from a lady's lap and the circle fanned with it; and finally the guitar was

placed in my lap and the strings struck two or three times, and our unseen visitants bid us "Good night, good night," and all was over. Light—Harry sitting back toward me, as at first.

On taking the sense of the audience, all expressed perfect satisfaction that the seance had been conducted without deception, and in perfect honesty and integrity. Although I had twice sprung a light on him, yet he was found all right, though quite shocked, vociferating "Oh!" as though greatly oppressed.

The next evening was nearly the same, except that while tied and set on the table his spirit friends could not take him off, and some of the audience took him down; and after examination, and while fast tied, his coat was taken off and flung on the laps of the front rank. Light—all right. Dark—one sleeve of coat put on. Light—all fast tied as at first, and his hands turned blue from stagnation of blood by the tightness of the cord. In the general circle this evening a long-legged skeptic kept swinging his foot before him to trip any one playing possum by hand shaking or trumpet speaking (ventriloquism), but he caught no one, but had his hand so squeezed as to pain him, and he said, "It must have been a blacksmith's grip." Ergo, his father, long dead, was a blacksmith. The guitar was placed in his arms, and he was slapped by the invisibles, as many others were. All perfectly satisfactory to audience.

Another evening the seance was conducted, in the main, in like manner, with an interesting variation, etc.: A man from the audience placed himself in a chair in front of Harry, and held Harry's left hand with his right, placing his left hand on Harry's head and Harry placing his right hand on his head. Thus, while hand in hand, and each one's hand on the head of the other, the light was turned off. Then there was music, and a general clangor of bells and instruments. Light—the guitar was across their arms and they in their original position. Who made the music? Who threw the instruments around? who put the guitar on their arms?

In every seance the rope was held by the front rank, as first described, hands joined, etc. This evening, before the seance began, my leg was twice struck by the invisibles while the light was burning.

I give the simple facts in few words. Let the wise heads who deny that these things are done by spirits from the unseen world, not only account for, but do them also, as they are now done, if they can; otherwise they have no claim whatever on any one for sincerity and truth.

Go, ye boasting enemies!  
Goed see if you please.  
The most truly, wrong or right,  
With your skill confirm or blight.  
Scan, by science, Harry's face,  
His behavior, features;  
Tell us if you find a trace  
Of deception in his nature.  
And expose him if you can,  
And thus be a mouse or man!

P. S. I omitted to say that rings and bracelets have been taken from the wearers and played on others, and also finally placed back upon the owner. Also, that while the circle sang, one invisible sung old-fashioned bass through the trumpet, and another voice above the circle sang treble. Mr. Bastian is an extraordinary physical medium. A. F. B.

Oct. 24, 1871, New York.

Written for the Religio-Philosophical Journal.  
Statuvenology.—By Samuel Underhill.

I wish this word had never been invented. It means *convincing yourself by your own will*. Is it not a pity that Dr. H. T. Child cannot see it? There is one great obstacle in the way. He is willing, that is plainly evinced by his using the new word, Statuvenology. The difficulty is with him, as with me, we both know better, which makes a great barricade that we can't pass. I have often had persons that were in good health, all but a local affection, magnetize themselves. But, as is my custom I test all things. I know that we heal by the healer's magnetism, but I have been testing the statuvenology plan and fail to get any sleep. Jesus perceived that virtue went out of him when he healed, even when it was stolen from him. Solomon understood that the magnetic emanation from a young and healthy girl would feed the expiring lamp of life in his old father. With all the editorial puffing, in five years, unless the author blows hard, it will die out.

When a man, like me, or Falmestock tells a person like Henry T. Child that there is no truth in his statement, he ought, and I hope he is, prepared to hear plain language. I believe Dr. Falmestock to be a very good man, anxious to spread the truth. I have found two persons with good minds that affirm that we are both right. I have been trying to get persons asleep by his plan—it don't work; and yet, with H. T. Child and Falmestock, I have long taught the exercise of will power to keep off disease, the cholera, etc., and the aid to recover by the will power exciting hope, and other organs making the third part of the system the magnetism secreted by that organ and others. In manipulating magnetically I excite hope, firmness, etc. This all good physicians do more or less. I suffer much from absorbing the diseased magnetism of patients—came near losing my life once or twice—and patients draw strength from me, and are sensible of it. I make it a rule to prove my confidence in my subject by writing short articles.

Letter from J. Timney.

BROTHER JONES: As our last communication probably shared the fate of your efforts, the following is a brief abstract of its contents. It was simply a continuation of former efforts to induce Spiritualists to examine the base upon which they are building, and see its rottenness, a life principle dragging around a dead and putrid carcass. They have as yet persisted in their error, and did ancient professors to look through Galileo's telescope, or modern orthodoxy to examine the claims of Spiritualism. Is it not enough that the entire history of the past is one continued scene of discord, strife and desolation; of high resolves and ruined hopes, produced by this worse than rational belief? or must the future suffer the same onsequences from the same cause? To avoid this, a new departure upon an entire new base, becomes an absolute necessity, and instead of a supreme invisible being that produced all things visible, and is independent of them, except as tools through which to exercise his power; a universal being of whom all things visible and invisible are constituted parts, will take the front and lead in the future. Again we say a universal being in which the sexes are equally represented, and made one by interchange, must take the place so long usurped by belief in a supreme being, before harmony can ever exist on this planet. A change of base from the supreme to the universal, has been the end and aim of our feeble efforts for the last fifteen years, and to these efforts we are well aware we have been prompted by intelligences entirely above our comprehension in our present condition, and it has been as much of an enigma to us as it may have been to those who have tried to teach us, why we were so persistent in that which subjected us to the sneers of those by whom we had formerly been petted, but that enigma is now solved to our satisfaction, and to the invisible friends who assisted in the solution, we tender our grateful acknowledgments. Westfield, N. Y., Nov. 1871.

## GHOSTS IN INDIANA.

Strange Freaks of a Dead Peddler.

Indiana has long been the home of sensations in crime and divorce, but the following story, published by the New Albany Standard, surpasses anything yet reported from there, and seems like a return to the days of the Rochester knockings!

From a letter from a friend at the little town of Haron, on the Ohio and Mississippi Railroad, we learn the particulars of some very singular spiritual manifestations. Our correspondent states that some fifteen or twenty years ago a peddler was in the habit of passing through that country, selling notions, who drove a two-horse team. That one night about nine o'clock, he passed the house of a Mr. Ruback who lives some miles east of Harrisonville, on the Bryantville road, going towards the former place. This was the last that was ever seen or heard of him. The fact of his being missed and failing to make his regular visits created some talk in that neighborhood at the time, but soon died away, and the peddler was forgotten.

On this road, about one or two miles from White River, and some two and a half miles from Harrisonville, is a very rough hill, up which the road runs, and on the top, on the southwest side of the road, is an open field, long since abandoned. Near this field, and right by the side of the road, stands an old dead tree. Some three weeks ago Mr. Ruback was passing along this road, on his way home from Harrisonville, at about 11 o'clock at night. The night was quite dark, and it was with considerable difficulty that he could keep in the road, or prevent his horse from stumbling over the stones that obstructed the highway. He finally, however, reached the top of the hill, and when about twenty rods from the tree he heard a noise over in the old waste field above described, which he took to be two dogs engaged in a desperate fight. Their growling, barking, snapping and scratching was fearful. It was apparently the most sanguinary dog-fight he had ever heard. At the moment it seemed little or no surprise. He only wondered that two dogs should be at that time of night so distant from any human habitation, for there is no farmhouse within a mile of this field, engaged in such a desperate encounter. On second thought, however, he concluded that they had been out on a sheep-hunting expedition, and having accidentally met there got into the fight.

He had not long to consider upon this, however, for soon the clanking of chains attracted his attention in another direction, and looking toward the tree, to his astonishment he beheld large broken links of what appeared to be a boat chain, red hot, falling around the tree, sizzling and scorching. There seemed to be at least twenty of these links falling at the same time, and continued to fall about a minute, when Mr. Ruback was startled almost out of his wits by a heavy groan, which seemed to come from the earth beneath him. Strange as it may appear, up to this time the horse had not manifested the least uneasiness, and Mr. Ruback himself had not imagined anything connected with what he had seen or heard; but what could be accounted for upon a rational theory. The falling of red-hot chains, he admits, he thought a little extraordinary, but had concluded within his own mind to revisit the spot the next morning and gather them up, believing, as he did, that they were meteors that had fallen from the sky in that peculiar shape. At the groan his horse reared and curvetted, plunged forward and started to run. Now came the most trying time to Mr. Ruback's nerves, for just in front of him he heard the plunging, rattling noise of a runaway, coming toward him, and the noise manifested every indication that their course would be directly over him. He tried to rein his horse out of the course it was taking, but his efforts were to no purpose. On, on came the frightened team; on, toward it plunged the ungovernable horse. 'Twas a moment of terrible suspense. All the deeds of an honest life came crowding upon his mind. He offered one short prayer for safety, and gave himself up for lost, when, more astonished than ever, the noises suddenly ceased as they had commenced. His horse still fretted and fumed to run, but Mr. Ruback held him steadily in the road.

At this moment Mr. Ruback heard a voice calling for help, and then the cry of murder fell upon his ear; and as he was getting out of the way he was aware that never startled by the exclamation, the voice apparently coming from the old field: "For God's sake! Jim, don't murder me!"

Having by this time passed the old field, he made his way home without seeing or hearing anything further, but in a state of mind better imagined than described. He spent a very restless night, and the next morning rode over the country, telling his experience of the night before, and requesting the aid of his neighbors to assist him in solving the mystery. He gathered some eight or ten, who attended him the following night, when the same scenes were repeated.

The dogs barked, the red-hot chains fell, the unearthly groans rose up from the ground, the frightened team came thundering down upon them, the voice was again heard in the field calling for help and begging Jim not to murder.

Most of the witnesses to this second demonstration of the unearthly visitants, if such they may be called, became panic-stricken and precipitately fled. Those who remained, could find no reasonable solution of the mystery, though one or two, who knew intimately and distinctly remembered the missing peddler, are willing to swear that it was his voice that called for help.

The next day more citizens gathered upon the hill, and dug as close to the spot where the barking dogs were heard as they could, and what was their surprise when they unearthed a skeleton. Some parts of the clothing were still preserved, and were cut in several places, which looked as though they were made with a heavy instrument, such as an axe or hatchet. These last discoveries have created a considerable excitement in the neighborhood, and some think it explores the mystery which surrounds the disappearance of the peddler, and will ultimately lead to the discovery of his murderer, if he was murdered. Taking the facts all in all, it is a singular affair, and if it does result in what our correspondent intimates, it will add something to the establishment of the theory of Spiritualism.

NOTHING LIKE IT.—We refer to NATURE'S HAIR RESTORATIVE, advertised in another column. It is in one bottle, and as clear as ice. No gum, no flint, no poison. Examine it. See advertisement.

The willow that bends to the tempest often escapes better than the oak which resists it, and so in great calamities, it sometimes happens that light and frivolous spirits recover their elasticity and presence of mind sooner than those of a loftier character.—Walter Scott.

A PROPOSITION to dwell on the bright side of character is like gold to its possessor, but to imagine more evil than meets the eye betrays affinity for it.—Sigourney.







## Frontier Department.

BY E. V. WILSON.

## Questions and Answers.

On the afternoon of Sunday, Sept. 24th, the following questions were handed us by one of our friends. They were written by a clergyman, and required an answer. We copy *verbatim*:

"Read all these questions before answering any."

1st.—Assume that the earth was formed in the manner claimed by geologists: were there laws governing that formation? Had they an origin?

2nd.—Could those laws have had an origin without a forming power?

3rd.—Could forming power have existed without an originating or forming mind?

4th.—Could mind have existed without a being in which such mind was contained?

5th.—Could a being with a mind having power to originate such laws, have been other than a personal being, having definite form, size, and location?

Complying with the request, we answered in detail as follows:

1st.—Assume that the earth was formed in the manner claimed by geologists. We answer, granted. There were laws governing that formation, and they had an origin in first, electricity, or that force or principle, which quickens into action; second, heat, caloric force, producing motion; third, magnetism, or properties of attraction; fourth, gravitation, or that which tends to the centre, holding all things in place; hence these are the laws governing the earth's formation. This formation, held in its present position through atmospheric pressure, once removed, and matter would dissolve its relations, flying off from the center into infinitesimal particles; hence these four laws combined produce the phenomena—worlds.

2nd.—Could these laws have had an origin without a forming power? We answer, that each and every one of these principles are but parts of one stupendous whole. Combined, they produce the phenomena, worlds; hence electricity, a subtle fluid, purifies; magnetism is attractive; gravitation holds together; heat quickens into motion; air sustains, gives life. The world, the body and head of these combinations, and all animated things, the language, and inanimate things the supporting properties on which animated things depend for life; the world forming a basis for all life.

3rd.—Could forming power have existed without an originating or forming mind? We answer, mind is power; hence when the west wind blows, it is intelligent to the extent of direction and motion. It says to the careful observer, "I am traveling slowly or swiftly to the east." It further says, "The east wind has retired." Now, we can only understand this by the law of resistance. The trees, the houses and animals are witnesses; but it is left for man to write the fact and define its action. Magnetism and the magnetic needle tells what contains iron or steel, or points the way to the north, but it is left for man to interpret the language of the wind and magnetic needle. Is man God?

4th.—Could mind have existed without a being in which such mind was contained? We answer, no! We now lay down the following proposition. There is a revival meeting here in St. Paul, one in St. Louis, one in London, one in Chicago, one in San Francisco, one in New Orleans, and one in Central Georgia, among the plantation negroes, and God is visibly present in spirit and in works; and we will further suppose that at a given moment God is in mind and deed here in St. Paul, to convert A, and at this precise moment he is present in these other six places, converting B, C, D, E, F, and G. Now, has God seven bodies to one mind, and if so, what is the connecting link between these bodies and that one mind?

We answer, "God is a spirit, and must be worshipped in spirit"; hence when this spirit power is equally developed in all of these places at one and the same time, through the proper mediums, the ministers, then A, B, C, D, E, F, and G will feel the power simultaneously, each in his respective city or place; hence we see at a glance that one body of matter can be in several places at one and the same time; but on the other hand, we see that spirit can be present as one mind, acting on many bodies at one and the same time. To illustrate: In June last, Prof. Morse appointed a time in which he would bid the telegraph operators throughout the world farewell. The time came, and the click, click, click of the instrument in New York city was simultaneously heard here in St. Paul; where you are yonder in Fort Scott, Kansas; where I was, as well as in many, many hundreds of other places. Was the body of Prof. Morse in each of these places, or the mind of the grand old man acting through electro-magnetic laws, at one and the same time on many bodies? So God, a spirit, can be in many places at one and the same time, acting on and through many bodies and minds.

5th.—Could a being with a mind having power to originate such laws, be other than a personal being, having definite form, size, and location? We answer, no! but ask in return the question, was a personal being necessary to the formation of such laws?

Take, for instance, electricity, such as is used by the telegraph. Does man make it? Or, is he simply the agent bringing certain properties together, from which the electric current is eliminated, zinc, copper, and acids will produce what neither will do alone. Science tells us how the whirlwinds are formed. Has the wind a personality, or body? Has electricity a body?

Fire exists everywhere, is in you, the iceberg, water, and water will burn, but God must take the form and shape of a scientific man, through whom his mind acts, as the mind of the man may determine where the water will burn.

Question, and a very serious one,—did God make man, or man make God? Which? Has man any God that did not originate in and through the brain of man? "In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth." Who says so? Moses. How did Moses know? The Jews had no such idea. Why did not God give Abraham this idea? Why wait three hundred and fifty years for an Egyptian scholar to discover and write what might have been

told Abraham in an hour? Who made the African's Ohi, the Chinese's Joo, or the Indian's Manitou? The Hebrew God is jealous of Ohi and Joo, and wishes Americans to legislate against their coming into America. Can't you keep Joo or Ohi out?

## Letter from Thos. Gales Forster.

E. V. WILSON—My Dear Brother: I have just read your "Greeting" in the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, and I am so deeply impressed by its beautiful spirit, that I hasten to be among the number who will cheerfully grasp your extended hand of brotherly love and kindness. Your article has the true spirit of our glorious religion, and you strike the key-note to our future united progress and harmony as a people and as a great moral power in the land.

You and myself have never entertained any other relations than those of friendship; but I trust we may be more closely united in the future, in the labor of love that is before us. And, too, as you suggest, that all our seers, speakers, workers, and mediums, animated by the love the angels are extending us, may earnestly and devotedly work together in the time that remains to us, for the good of humanity, and prove unflinchingly "proud of each other's success."

I would to heaven, under the existing afflictions of Chicago and the Northwest, that the hand of brotherly love which I extend to you had in it something material for the assistance of all our suffering brothers and sisters; but you know, my brother, that my own and the necessities of others dependent on me, have always kept the hand empty. I think I have never so ardently longed for worldly wealth as since the terrible calamities to which our brothers and sisters have been subjected.

May the good angels comfort you all in your afflictions, and contribute both material and spiritual blessings unto you continually. In the freedom of a living faith, I am fraternally yours.

THOS. GALES FORSTER.

Louisville, Ky.

## LITERARY NOTICES.

The Atlantic Monthly for 1872 will be conducted on the same general plan which has heretofore commended the magazine to the best circle of American readers, and made it most thoroughly representative of all American interests. It will continue to be the only avenue through which the most original thinkers and the most distinguished writers in the country reach the public. The conductors of the Atlantic Monthly have made arrangements by which the magazine for this year will be equal to any preceding volumes. First among the attractions of the magazine for 1872 is a series of papers by Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, to be called "The Poet at the Breakfast Table." The publishers need only say that this series is in completion of the design with which the famous "Autocrat" and "Professor" papers were undertaken, and they are content to leave its welcome to the readers whom the author delighted in the pages of the Atlantic fifteen years ago, and to the great numbers in Europe and America with whom the name of the "Autocrat" has since become a household word.

Frederick. This magazine is intended to grapple with the problems of life. It is open to every seeker after truth. Its object is universal. It will represent every shade of opinion. No thesis will be refused on account of its unpopularity. Truth is a free child, and many heresies, and the worst can only see a few of its leaves. The plan of the editor will be to present each variety of thought, and he will seek to fuse the best ideas in the alchemy of charity. Theology will not be excluded. Philosophy, science and art, poetry and criticism will be welcomed, as adding the development of man. The contributors are well known for their broad and fearless views; but the editor is desirous of always preserving an attitude that is not antagonistic towards every lover of truth who cultivates the side of progress. Published by J. B. Rees, 15 Southampton Row, London, W. C.

The Herald of Health, for December, contains a remarkable paper on how best to promote the Cause of Temperance, which is rich with new thought and written in elegant style. Let every one read it. The programme for 1872 is worthy the attention of every magazine reader. The Herald will be sent without premium, for one year, for \$1.25, or with a dollar and a half book, entitled Physical Perfection, for \$2.00.

Wood's Household Magazine, for December, is one of our brightest and cheeriest visitors for the month. Send for the December number, which will be mailed free. Address S. S. Wood & Co., Newburgh, N. Y.

## Letter from George Ralph.

BRO. JONES—Please find post office order for three dollars, which you will apply to my subscription for the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL. If you ever get able to start it again; if you do not, you are welcome to the money.

GEORGE RALPH.

Utica, N. Y., Nov. 9.  
Thank you, dear brother. We were able to make the effort to start while the bricks of our establishment were yet red hot, and the type and stereotype plates were yet a molten mass, and did so by getting out our first miniature edition of the JOURNAL. At eleven o'clock on Monday of the fire, we had the matter in the hands of a job printer, whose office was outside of the burnt district.

We never for a single moment thought of suspending the publishing of the JOURNAL. We have been confined to conditions, and each week sent out miniature editions—each successive week a little larger, for four weeks—and then our regular size. Fail? We have no experience in that line.—ED. JOURNAL.

## Phantom Armies.

A folio of "Apparitions and Wonders," preserved in the British Museum, records that at Durham, on the 27th of September, 1705, when the evening sky was serene and full of stars, a strange and prodigious light spread over its northwestern quarter, as if the sun itself was shining; then came streamers which turned to armed men ranked on horseback. J. Edmondson, the writer of the broadsheet, adds: "It was thought they would see the apparition better in Scotland, because it appeared a great way north; the same," he continues gravely, "was seen in the latter end of March, 1704, and the battle of Hohenlinden followed. This must refer to the second battle fought there, which we call Blenheim, when Marshal Tallard was defeated and taken prisoner by Marlborough. But this wonderful light which turned to armed men at Durham was outdone by a marvel at Churchill, Oxfordshire, where (in the same collection) we find that, on the 9th of January, 1705, four suns were all visible in the air at once, "sent for signs unto mankind," adds the publisher, Mr. Tooke, of St. Christopher's Court, "and having their significations of the Lord, like the handwriting unto his servant Daniel."

In 1844, a man named D. Stricket, when servant to Mr. Lancaster, of Blakchills, saw one evening, about seven o'clock, a troop of horse riding leisurely along Souter Fell, in Cumberland. They were in close ranks, and before long quickened their pace. As this man had been sharply ridiculed as the solitary beholder

of a spectre horseman in the same place in the preceding year, he watched these strange troopers for some time before he summoned his master from the house to look at them. But before Stricket spoke of what was to be seen, "Mr. Lancaster discovered the aerial troopers," whose appearance was as plainly visible to him as to his servant. "The visionary horsemen seemed to come from the lowest part of Souter Fell, and became visible at a place named Knott; they moved in successive troops (or squadrons) along the side of the Fell till they came opposite to Blakchills, where they went over the mountain. They thus described a kind of curve line, with their first and last appearances being bounded by the mountain." They were two hours in sight; and "this phenomenon was seen by every person (twenty-six in number) in every cottage within the distance of a mile," according to the statement attested before a magistrate by Lancaster and Stricket, on the 21st of July, 1746.—New Orleans Times, Oct. 26.

In all probability the burning of Chicago—the terrible details of this calamity have just transpired—will furnish the text for numerous sermons. We would suggest, if we could, to every sincere clergyman, the propriety of using the following, which is from a lecture by Prof. Tyndall to the workmen of Dundee, as a part of an appropriate Scripture lesson:

Be careful, above all things, of professing to see in the phenomena of the material world the evidences of divine pleasure or displeasure. Doubt those who would deduce from the fall of the tower of Siloam the anger of the Lord against those who are crushed. Doubt those who pretend to see in cholera, cattle-plague, and bad harvests, evidences of divine anger. Doubt those spiritual guides, who, in Scotland, have lately propounded the monstrous theory that the depreciation of railway scrip is a consequence of railway traveling on a Sunday. Let them not, as far as you are concerned, label and libel the system of Nature with their ignorant hypotheses.—Radical.

## "A Search After God."

The long and diligent search after God by our brother in the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, went out in the great fire, which some say was kindled by God's wrath, and which burned like the old-fashioned hell, but did not spare the righteous more than the wicked, as is evident by the losses of our friends. We hope that search will be renewed and successfully terminated, although we have no expectation that our brother will find him or her, whichever it may be. We have several applicants for copies of the narrative and long journey, whether the author is successful in finding him or not. We have always heard that his ways were past finding out, and have often heard the question asked, "Who by searching can find out God?" We are in hopes our brother will find no difficulty in trying to the burnt end of his story, and making the thread of his narrative complete. Diligence and industry can accomplish much, as they always have done.—Warren Chase, in Banner of Light.

## Letter from T. J. Moore.

BRO. JONES—I have not heard from you or the JOURNAL since the fire. I suppose that your office and contents were all destroyed, for which I am truly sorry. I have been hoping to see some notice somewhere that you were going to make your appearance again, as the Tribune, Times, Independent and Post have. I think if you would issue an appeal to all your subscribers and patrons and ask them to renew now their subscriptions for one year, and all pay in advance, that it would afford you funds enough to start off again fully hampered. I suppose you had at least 50,000 subscribers. It will be too bad to have the JOURNAL sink into oblivion. It can't, it must not be. Please let me hear from you soon.

Please inform me the amount of your loss as soon as you can make the estimate.

Sanfield, Ill., Oct. 23.

REPLY—Our loss is a little over fifteen thousand dollars. Your proposition is an excellent one, and we hope it may be followed, but we are sorry to be compelled to say that as yet but a very small portion have prepaid for another year, and what is worse, many who owe from three to twelve dollars, have failed to respond. You will agree with me that these last-mentioned cases are cruel.

We wish we had as many subscribers as you name. Hope to have sometime.

## Letter from E. S. Shellman.

DEAR SIR—I suppose that every little helps, and therefore I enclose you ten dollars. If you get in shape so that you are able, you may send the JOURNAL to those who can not pay for it, on my account enough to cover the amount.

Rochester, Minn.

REMARKS—Many thanks, dear brother. This is the most acceptable aid we receive. Let those who are referred to in our brother's letter forward their names at once, and the JOURNAL will be sent to each for six months, free. All that will be required of them will be to aid in further circulating the JOURNAL.

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