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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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How Henry Ward Beecher is Applauded by Spirits at Plymouth Church.

From the New York Herald.

We publish below an "interview" which brings prominently before the public one of the most interesting manifestations of "psychic force" which has ever appeared to the credulity of intelligent men and women. It is as well, however, to say at the outset that this conversation has been reported by a firm believer in the possibility of spiritual action upon tables and chairs. But while we do not, however, commit ourselves in any way to vouching for the absence of conscious or unconscious collusion on the part of the persons who are honored with seats at the "middle reporter's table" in Father Beecher's church, we do claim for this narrative that need of careful attention which justly belongs to the faithful and serious student of an eye witness who intends to simply speak the truth.

The facts of the case are very plain. Sunday after Sunday, last summer, a table standing immediately under the little desk from which is weekly announced the gospel according to Beecher, showed unequivocal symptoms of being thrilled by the fervid oratory of the "Young Men's Apostle." As every one knows, who has attended Plymouth Church, the preacher and the audience usually settle down to serious business at about the middle of the "pre-sermon" prayer. It is Mr. Beecher's custom at this point of the service to "let himself out" with that grand earnestness which is the chief secret of his success as an orator, and after a few sentences of passionate rhetoric the congregation then willingly abandon themselves to the magic spell of that wonderful message of divine love and universal brotherhood, and the nobleness of duty and grandeur of usefulness, a due heed to which Mr. Beecher rightly declares to form our only hope of converting this hard, practical world into a millennial paradise. At times, indeed, the audience seem enchanted; they sit motionless as the men in that eastern tale who had been turned into stone by the wand of a wicked magician. It was at this juncture that the disembodied spirits who, viewless to the gross vision of mortals, delight to haunt the precincts of the temple, were wont to betray symptoms of agitation. And they "manifested" their excitement after the customary fashion of modern ghosts by an attack upon a table—that "middle reporter's table" which is one of the most conspicuous objects in the church. The table began to move to and fro, slowly at first, and then faster, with weird, tremulous, sliding motion that stirred the souls of those who looked on with solemn awe. As "amen" closed the invocation to the Deity for wisdom to know the right and strength to hold fast to it the dumb furniture, which thus betrayed the sympathetic energy of the dead with these grand aspirations of the living, tipped up and down, so violently, indeed, as to throw the pencils of the scribes upon the floor. Through the sermon the manifestations were even more marked. These things, wonderful as they are, occurred not once, or twice, but many times. They were only stayed by the dispersal of this set of reporters to other tables.

Yielding to a mistaken fear of Mrs. Grundy a vigorous effort has been made to hunt up these interesting and instructive illustrations of an unexplored force of nature. We are assured by an eye witness that there was no possible concert among the reporters to move the table, and that its gambols continued, in a more demonstrative form than before, after every human being near it had drawn back their chairs several feet from it. These movements, also, which at times assumed an almost satanic earnestness, curiously corresponded with the outflow of the currents of Beecher theology. Whenever the preacher made an effective peroration he thrilled the table as well as his hearers, while in seasons of merely ordinary interest the table had a scarcely perceptible motion. Let but the tidings of these marvelous phenomena be widely circulated and we shall have in the future a test of the comparative force and earnestness of the clergy. A pine table will be universally accepted as the gauge of their oratorical merits. To move a piece of furniture an inch twelve times to and fro in the minute, may be rated at the value of so many degrees on the thermometer of gospel usefulness. We shall, indeed, be able to compare the effective evangelical strength of modern apostles with the same ease and exactitude with which we can now determine their height and weight. Verily; the world, like John Brown's soul, goes marching along.

THE INTERVIEW.

It came to the knowledge recently of the *Herald* that the "spirits" had been playing their fantastic tricks before a crowded congregation at Plymouth Church, and animated by no other motive than a desire to get at the real facts of the phenomena, a *Herald* reporter was requested to interview one of the privileged members of the ghostly circle on the unrecorded and remarkable behavior of a table in Plymouth Church, that, until it was lately surrounded by male and female members of the press, has behaved itself with a propriety that was in character with its location.

"Do you believe in Spiritualism?" asked the unbelieving, matter-of-fact, *Herald* reporter of the impressionable and susceptible Spiritualistic spectator.

"Spiritualism! Do I believe in Spiritualism? Well, I've seen some evidence that's pretty hard to get over. That is to say, I have seen some very strange manifestations—call it electricity, magnetism, spiritual communications, or whatever you please."

"Come, now, what have you seen?"

"What's the use of wasting my breath on this

subject? If I tell you precisely what I have seen, in the plainest English at my command, you will only elevate your eyebrow superciliously and say that I am the victim of hallucination. No; I'd rather be excused from playing the victim. It is not pleasant to talk of mysteries to persons who think they have measured and weighed the universe, have sounded all depths and pierced all heights, and who have at last come to think, with superb self-complacency, that what they do not know does not, therefore, exist."

"Nonsense! A man cannot help unbelief?"

"No, a man cannot help unbelief, but he can have, or ought to have, a vague idea that there is something in heaven and earth wider than his little philosophy."

"But to the point. What have you seen?"

"Seen? I have seen enough to make Spiritualists of every man and woman in the city of New York if I could make them believe that my story was true and that I was sane."

"And do you believe that spirits communicate with persons on the earth?"

"I believe it most emphatically. Why not? We are all 'spirits.' Just now we happen to be tenants of a physical body. Those whom we call spirits have moved out of the body; but does that necessitate any great removal or change? We know absolutely nothing of physiological laws, and yet we come down with our fat 'impossible' at everything that is beyond the limit of our narrow vision. A man of any philosophy, or even with a decent degree of humanity and common sense, would investigate instead of ridiculing. Ridicule is the clearest weapon in the world, but its wooden blade does little damage, while the keen, two-edged truth cuts its slow but certain way."

"Then you think there is no humbug about Spiritualism?"

"On the contrary, I think there is an immense amount of humbug. We don't live in a world where truth comes out like a diamond or a rose, clear cut and perfect. The diamond must be sought for in discouraging masses of rubbish; the rose must come from the dirt. In physical things this truth is recognized, but in spiritual only the eyes annotated by faith; only the children in heart and the seers in soul can see the seed of truth in the bristling burr of falsehood."

"Well, what have you seen? I promise a degree of humility such as I can command."

"I have had a friendly hand put accidentally in mine when it was impossible that it could be a human hand."

"I can't believe that."

"Of course not. I have—but it is useless to go on. I will only tell you what I have seen at Plymouth Church."

"Plymouth Church?"

"Yes; there have been some involuntary seizures there for a few weeks past, and the developments have been interesting in the extreme, for the reason that there was not the slightest chance for collusion or deceiving. No sane person could possibly desire to get up an excitement surrounded by a serious circle of sober Congregationalist deacons and directors under Mr. Beecher's nose."

"Go on; this is getting interesting."

"You know there are three reporters' tables standing against Mr. Beecher's platform. The middle table, directly in line with Mr. Beecher, is an innocent-looking affair—pine, stained to imitate black walnut. Some four or five weeks previous to Mr. Beecher's summer vacation I noticed an unusual commotion in the little circle of reporters, and, as I had been seated by the usher in a chair very near their table, I could not avoid seeing all that was going on. Mr. Beecher was in the middle of his long pre-sermon prayer. As he uttered the words, 'Let the whole earth learn the power of love such as brought Christ to earth to die for men,' the table moved slowly and deliberately toward one of the ladies, and pushed so violently against her arm that she was obliged to move back. Then it moved as deliberately to the lady opposite. You should have seen the faces of the reporters. They had evidently seen table-tipping before, but were not prepared for a seizure in front of the immense congregation of Plymouth Church. Their eyes said plainly, 'What shall we do if this table keeps moving?' But keep moving it did, back and forth, with a slow, monotonous slide, till the prayer was finished, and then it gave three emphatic tips by way of 'amen.' 'Undoubtedly somebody up stairs endorses Beecher,' said I to myself, my eye still on the table. Then the hymn was given out. It was about adverse winds, and cares, and troubles; but each stanza closed with this line:

"As my day my strength shall be."

When that line was sung the table tipped so that the pencils lying upon it rolled to the floor, and the reporters, who had evidently forgotten the spirits for a moment in the music, gave a little involuntary start and a look of horror that to a looker-on was irresistibly comic. They controlled themselves perfectly, however, and took their paper upon hymn books in their laps and began to write. Meaning to do their best, they all moved back, so that not the hem of a garment touched the table. They even laid their gloves upon the projecting rim of the platform. Mr. Beecher preached one of his most radical sermons that day. He spoke of the power of brotherhood, and of the love that hupeth all things, believeth all things, endureth all things. He spoke of the cruelty of society and its prisons and all its disciplinary machinery, and declared that self-sacrificing love alone could regenerate the world. The table seemed alive. At the very points where a radical reformer would have wished to applaud, the table would push with great force one of the reporters and travel to the opposite one, as if to say, "That's so; that's the truth." That the table was not touched by even the reporter's rain-

coat during the sermon I would take my oath before any court in the country.

"How long did this go on?"

"Until the church closed for the summer, and one or two Sundays after the re-opening."

"How do you account for it?"

"I suppose the reporters all to be more or less mediumistic."

"What do you mean by mediumistic?"

"So organized that saints can measure their atmosphere. Mr. Beecher has the same organization, only in a greater degree, and he stood where he could form a part of the circle. There were well-known Spiritualists in the immediate neighborhood, and the conditions were right for manifestation."

"You never heard any rappings there?"

"Yes, once. During the whole of one sermon there were low but distinct raps, not in the table, but in the platform. Mr. Beecher must have heard them if he had not been so earnestly engaged in his sermon."

"How do you account for the cessation of the manifestations?"

"The thing was attracting so much attention that the reporters had decided to leave the table and sit separately in the audience if it went on, and I suppose of course I do not expect you to agree that their spirit friends did not wish to annoy them, and so they restrained their wish to communicate. All this seems to you almost, or quite, incredible. For my own part I am unable to understand the difficulty which people have in believing these things. The Bible is full of Spiritualism. The Old and New Testaments speak constantly of angels appearing and of devils possessing. It is no new thing, and the sensible plan is to take the gold, if any is found after patient scientific investigation, and throw aside the dross. It is for the philosopher to get out the wheat lest the weak swallow husk and all, and great mischief be done."

[From Robert Dale Owen's new work, entitled "The Deceivable Land Between This World and the Next."]

Animals Perceiving Spiritual Phenomena.

Those who deem incredible certain details of the interruption which befell Balaam during his unwilling journey to meet the King of Moab, may find, in modern incidents, cause for belief that there might have been an important truth underlying the story.

I think it the more important to adduce some of these incidents because, if sufficiently authenticated, they set at rest the vague theories touching "expectant attention" and "dominant ideas," that have been propounded to explain away, as fragments of the brain, all perceptions of spiritual appearances. First let us examine one which occurred in Holland of

WHAT BEFELL A SWISS OFFICER.

I take the following from a well-known English work on Sleep, by Dr. Binns. The author gives it on the authority of Lord Stanhope, who had it directly from the gentlemen to whom the incident occurred. Mr. C. de Steiguer, a nephew of the celebrated Avoyer de Steiguer, of Berne. That gentlemen, in relating it to Lord Stanhope, said: "I do not believe in apparitions, but there is something very extraordinary in the subject; and I would not relate what I am about to mention if many persons, some of whom are now alive, could not bear witness."

Lord Stanhope then proceeds to give "as nearly as possible an exact translation of the expressions which he (Monsieur de Steiguer) used." Here it is:

"I was early in life in the Dutch service, and had occupied my lodgings, for some weeks, without hearing anything remarkable. My bedroom had, on one side of it, my sitting room; on the other, a room in which my servant slept; and it communicated with each of them by a door."

"One night, being in bed but not asleep, I heard a noise as if some person was walking in slippers, up and down the room. The noise continued for some time."

"Next morning I asked my servant if he had heard anything. 'Nothing,' he replied, 'except that you walked up and down the room last night, when it was late.' I assured him that I had not done so; and, as he appeared incredulous, I told him that, if I should again hear the sounds I would tell him so."

"On the following night I called him, desiring him to bring a candle and to take notice if he saw anything. He informed me that he did not; but that he heard a noise as if some person were approaching him, and then moving off in a contrary direction."

"I had three animals in my room: a dog, a cat, and a canary-bird; each of which was affected in a peculiar manner, whenever the noise was heard. The dog immediately jumped into my bed and lay close to me, trembling as if from fear. The cat followed the noise with her eyes, as if she saw, or attempted to see, what caused it. The canary bird which was sleeping on its perch, instantly awoke, and fluttered about the cage in great perturbation."

"Occasionally a noise was heard as if the keys of the piano in my sitting room were slightly touched, and as if the key of my desk was turned and the desk opened; but nothing moved. I mentioned these things to the officers of my regiment, all of whom slept by turns on the sofa in my sitting room, and heard the same sounds."

M. de Steiguer had the floor and skirting-board taken up, but could find not even a trace of rats or mice."

After a time he became unwell; and, his illness increasing, he sent for a physician who urgently advised him to change his lodgings, though he would give no reason for this advice. Finally M. de Steiguer had himself removed."

He stated further to Lord Stanhope, that when he became convalescent and insisted on knowing why the doctor had so strongly urged him to leave his rooms, the latter informed him "that they had a bad reputation, that one man had hung himself in them, and that it was supposed another had been murdered."

This narrative bears the stamp of authenticity. We cannot believe that Lord Stanhope would have allowed Dr. Binns to use his name and that of his Swiss friend, in attestation of such a story, without a deep conviction of its truth.

The witness appears to have been a cool-headed and dispassionate observer; but let us suppose him nervous and imaginative. Did his servant share his temperament? Were the senses of all the officers whom he called in, as additional witnesses, misled by the excitement of expectation? Let us concede these extreme improbabilities. Another difficulty remains. Was the dog, was the cat, was the canary-bird nervously expectant? Were their senses deceived by "dominant ideas?"

As regards the most suggestive of domestic animals, what has been usually called popular superstition has assigned to it an occasional power beyond mere spiritual perceptions—a species of presentiment in certain cases of approaching death. I do not venture to affirm that dogs ever have such a power; yet I know of one strongly-attested case which goes to prove that sometimes they have an instinct which greatly resembles it.

WHAT PRECEDED A CHILD'S UNEXPECTED DEATH.

For thirty years past I have been well acquainted with Mrs. —, daughter of the late Rev. R. —, long and favorably known in Indiana. Her grandfathers, named Haas, were living in Woodstock, Virginia, when her mother, afterward Mrs. R. —, was twenty years old and still unmarried. Miss Haas had a brother, two years old, and the child had a favorite dog, who was his constant companion and seemed to take special care of him. The circumstances connected with this child's sudden death, Mrs. L. — had often heard repeated by her mother.

It was about mid-day that this boy running over the parlor floor, tripped his foot in the carpet and fell. His sister picked him up and soon succeeded in soothing him. At dinner, however, it was observed that he gave his left hand, not being able to stretch out his right. They rubbed the right arm with camphor and the child made no complaint. While they were at dinner, the dog approached the child's chair and began whining in the most piteous way. They put him out, then he howled. They drove him off, but he returned and took his post under the window of the room in which the child was, continuing to howl from time to time; and there he remained during the night, in spite of all attempts to dislodge him. In the evening the child was taken seriously ill, and died about one o'clock in the morning. So long as it lived the dog's dismal lament was heard, at brief intervals; but as soon as the child died, the howling ceased, and was not renewed either then or afterward.

I have entire confidence in Mrs. D. —'s truthfulness, and it was by her that the above story was related to me.

This, however, is the only example of the kind that has come to me directly authenticated, and I refrain from building on a single example. Animals may not have the gift of presentiment; but I think there is sufficient proof that they have spiritual perceptions. In a former work I have incidentally brought up some evidence of this; and I esteem myself fortunate in being able here to present from an accredited medical source, one of the best-attested and most circumstantially related incidents in proof, that I ever remember to have seen. It is the more valuable because medical writers as a class—like other scientific men—are ever reluctant to admit anything that savors of the supernatural.

The story appeared three years before the advent of Spiritualism in America, in one of the best-known Medical Journals of Scotland. It occurs in a review of a work on Sleep, then just published. The reviewer touches on the subject of apparitions and, after noticing several cases, which he thinks of easy solution, thus proceeds:

"The following case, however, is one of those very rare ones, whose explanation baffles the philosophical inquirer. It is, indeed, almost the only authentic one to which we could refer; and, as it occurred to a particular friend and every circumstance was minutely inquired into at the time, the narrative is as authentic as such things can be. It may add to the interest of this case to state that it was communicated several years ago to Mr. Hibbert, after the publication of his work on apparitions, when he confessed that he could not explain it in the same philosophical way in which he had been able to account for all others, and that it appeared to him more nearly to approach the supernatural."

The story, thus strongly vouched for, is then given by the reviewer, as follows, the title only added by me:

THE DOG IN THE WOLFTRIDGE WOOD.

"F. M. S. —, was passing through the Wolf-ridge wood at Alverston, one night at twelve o'clock. He was accompanied by his dog, of a breed between the Newfoundland and mastiff; a powerful animal, who feared neither man or beast. He had a fowling-piece and a

pair of pistols loaded, besides his sword; for he belonged to the Military School there, and had been out for a day's shooting."

"The road ran centrally through the wood, and very nearly in the centre of the wood, at a part somewhat more open than the rest, there was a cross erected to point out the spot where a gamekeeper had been murdered. The place had the reputation of being haunted, and the ghost, it was said, had been repeatedly seen."

S. — had frequently before passed this cross in the wood without seeing anything, and treated the story of the ghost so lightly that he had on more occasions than one, for a bet, gone there at midnight and returned without meeting anything except an occasional gamekeeper or poacher."

"This night, when he approached the open space in the wood, he thought he perceived at the other end of that space, the form of a man, more indistinct, however, than usual. He called his dog to his side (for previously it had been ranging about, barking furiously and giving chase to the game it started), patted it on the head to make it keep a sharp look-out, and cocked his gun. The dog, on this, was all impatiently expectant. S. — challenged the figure, but no answer was returned. Suspecting it was a poacher and prepared for an encounter, he directed the dog's attention to the appearance, and the animal answered by growling. He then kept his eyes steadily fixed on the figure; when, instantaneously it glided within arm's length of him. Still he looked steadily in its face while it kept its eyes on his. It had approached him without noise or rustling. The face was ill-defined, but distinctly visible. He could not turn his eyes from those of this apparition; they fascinated him, as if were, so the spot; he had no power in his frame. He felt no fear of bodily injury, only a certain indescribable sense of awe. So fascinated were his eyes by those of the figure, that he did not observe its dress, nor even its form. It looked calmly and with a mild aspect, for a space of time which he does not think exceeded half a minute; then suddenly became very fierce. The form had flitted before him about five minutes altogether."

"The dog which before this was so furious and growling, now stood cross-eyed. At his feet as if in a trance—his jaw full—his limbs quivering, and his whole frame shuddering and covered with a cold sweat. After the form disappeared, S. — touched the animal's then spoke to it without its seeming to recognize him; and it was some time before it appeared to recover its senses. The whole way home, it never moved from his side, but kept close to his feet; nor, on their way home did it run after game, or take notice if game started near it."

"It was a fortnight before it recovered from the fright; and it was never afterward the same lively animal. No consideration could ever again induce that dog to enter the wood after nightfall, nor would it allow any of the family to enter it. When it was forced to pass by the open spot in daylight, it would only do so with its master, and it always exhibited signs of fear, trembling all the time and walking silently by his side."

"S. — has frequently since passed this spot in the wood at the midnight hour, but has never again seen the figure. Before this occurrence he had always treated with ridicule the stories about ghosts or spirits; now, he firmly believes in both."

The reviewer does not hesitate to express the opinion that the appearance witnessed by his friend was the result of supernatural agency."

This, published in a Medical Journal of old standing and established reputation, three years before the term Spiritualism in its modern acceptance had been heard of—is certainly a very remarkable admission.

The incident here related caused a complete revolution of opinion in the witness. From being an entire skeptic in apparitions and in spirits, he became through the evidence of his senses, a believer in both. But to have faith in spirits and their appearance is to have faith in the reality of another life."

Could he rationally withhold belief? Is not such incident, unmistakably evidenced as complete proof of a future phase of existence as a hundred? And even if S. — had been willing, as some men have been, to give the lie to his own senses, rather than believe that the denizens of the next world sometimes return to this, was there not a dumb witness remaining to bear testimony, by his changed character and unconquerable terrors, against such stiff-necked and illogical unbelief?"

* *Birmingham Medical and Surgical Journal for 1845; vol. 13th, pp. 186-7.*

The reviewer's remarks are as follows:

"This is almost the only recorded case known to us where the evidence is so strong as to leave no other impression on the mind but that it was the appearance of some supernatural agency, and after having in vain endeavored to explain it on any other supposition, we found ourselves forced to conclude, with Hamlet, that 'there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in our philosophy.'"

We should all have our flowers of time, bright spots in our life to-day, and if possible, brighter moments in expectation for the morrow. We must toil, and toil incessantly. That fact cannot be shirked, avoided, or passed by; it stands sentinel at our very bedside, and speaks to us even in the land of dreams. But our toils, tapestried with merry minutes, sweet smiles, cheerful music, eventful episodes, fair flowers, and frolicsome faces—if we add these enjoyable trifles, and we can if we will, no passing moments will not be the pleasanter for them, and also for the playful little times gone by, and the anticipation of pleasanter hours to come.

LET a man be ever so ungrateful or inhuman, he shall never destroy the satisfaction of having done a good office. — *Seneca*

* Edward Binns, M. D., *Anatomy of Sleep*; second edition, London, 1845; pp. 475, 480.

† On June 27, 1859, I took notes of it at the time.

‡ Footnote, pp. 217, 231, 398, 446, 448.

Arts and Sciences.

BY Y. A. CARR, M. D.

Subscription information and address: Dr. Y. A. Carr, Address Lock Box 332, Mobile, Ala.

(NUMBER EIGHT.)

Respiration, Circulation, Colorification, etc.—General Remarks on Grand Balance Relations, treated in Previous Articles as Practically Manifest in the Remarkable Equilibrium of the Conservation and Correlation of Nature's Contributing Elements—Suggestive and Interesting Reflections—Organs and Functions of the Human System—Chyme, Chyle, and Venous Blood—How Passed Through and Created in the Lungs—Arterial Circulation—Nerves Attending each Artery—Chemical Affinity acts in Where Nervous Supervision Closes—The Process of Nutrition and Colorification.

Respiration, circulation, nutrition, colorification, etc. Prefatory to the suggestive brief of observations, we propose submitting on the subjects in question, we would remark in a general way, that ever-changing matter is applied by the soul of matter to an infinite succession of uses. Conservation, correlation, motion, inaction, dispensation, compensation, destruction, reproduction, and one grand all-controlling range of equalizing circulation of utilitarian force, throughout all atonic condition, cannot fail to exert the imperial impress of its majesty, upon the truly earnest and ever-humble student of nature. As we have seen in the formation of nitrogen, hydrogen, oxygen, air, and water, so we see a counter-motion, responding to every general movement, and a resource for the supply of every demand, from the attractions and counter-attractions of infinitesimal condition, to all the untold orbs rolling on in space, and especially are we as chemists, called upon to contemplate it in the consumption and reproduction of the air, and water, as well as in the consumption and reproduction of the ever-varied ranges of condition and relation involved in the elaboration and support of all grades of concurrent life. The fruit of yesterday may be consumed by the animal economy to-day,—given off to-morrow, and reabsorbed by the same tree on which it grew the day following, upon the other hand, the same carbon, perchance, might remain dormant in coal beds for unnumbered ages, and yet come forth undimmed by passing time. The debris of the banyard, and shells of the ocean, the decay of vegetable and animal life, the volcanic springs, grottoes, and leaves all make up the deficiency of carbonic acid gas to supply vegetation's demands, which the atmosphere is seemingly incompetent to furnish. A century ago but little coal was burned, now two hundred million of tons are annually consumed, producing six hundred million tons of carbonic acid gas on which vegetation feeds. Vegetation absorbs carbonic acid from the air and gives out oxygen; animal life absorbs oxygen and gives out carbonic acid gas. Vegetation decomposes and uses carbonic acid, water, and ammoniac salts, and produces the organic principles of food. Animal life produces carbonic acid, water, and the ammoniac salts and consumes the organic principles of food. Vegetation endows mineral matter with properties of life and imparts to chemical atoms the properties of combustibility. Animalization deprives organic matter of the properties of life, and deprives chemical atoms of their properties of combustibility. Vegetation imparts to chemical atoms the power of nourishing the animal, and converts simple into complex compounds. Animalization converts complex into simple compounds. Vegetation deoxygenizes, constructs, and absorbs. Animalization oxygenizes, reduces, and produces.

There is a like correlation of conserving reciprocity in all our grand balance relations of earth, that seemingly connect us of the finite material to the infinite ethereal, upon which all these mighty actions, reactions, motions, and emotions are based.

From this point of view, the ever-varied and infinite fountains of life and seeming death. The mysterious millions of living beings that have lived, live now, and are to live and fill earth's immeasurable sepulchre beyond, pass in review. Yet, of all these ever-restive components, spring forth, as renewed and enlarged soul life eternal.

The air we breathe, and water we drink to-day, have doubtless been breathed and drank millions of times before. Nature is a unit, no material is wasted, nor life force spent in vain. Led by nitrogen as a grand balance extreme of pivotal air, hydrogen, and oxygen, follow with their pivotal water, wherein, and amid which, the life-elaborating architects of time, inter-electro-chemical currents are unceasingly occupied, in their respective empires of toil. Nature in balance makes no mistakes in her allotment of supplies for all demands. The gases, metals, earth, acids, oxides, and alkalies all feed on each other; the mineral, vegetable, and animal kingdoms, all feed on each other, with a single purpose to a grand ultimating end, in the to us, great undecipherable beyond. Even death itself is an essential food of life. Led by the inference of parity, we peer out into the sublimely grand and ever-restless, unnamed, to a morning of time, when the angels sang together, of a tritune labor done; where blend the incoming and outgoing stream of infinite purpose, that then flowed, and ever shall flow on, as long as the kingdom of life shall last, the fires of infinite love burn, or soul-lights of immortality stream. Who shall stay the course of change! Man, the immortal thought atom of infinitude, may wrap himself up in his pompous, self-sufficient pride, as the fly speck on the immeasurable wheel of time, and cry out to the north below, "Behold how we roll on 'mid astral orbs," throughout the equiponderant realms of space. "This well man has a world of his own, and is ruled by inherent law, else he had been lost as unmarked ZoospERM amid the Zoophyte tribes. The mummies of Egypt, though resting for ages swathed in their resinous balms, cannot resist the inevitable, the infinite course of change.

vancing thus, we see it is the boast of astronomy to show that all planetary worlds and astral orbs are ruled by the harmonious conflict of forces, in the infinite out beyond, and chemistry as we see, brings us down into the interior infinitude of a corresponding conflict of harmonial action whence we and all our surroundings spring. All evincing that most wonderful and over-awing unity of design, in the great immeasurable unity of diversity, that is. Yet, friendly reader, so far from recoiling from the contemplation of all this grandeur of operative design around us, we should remember that its chief direction is through us, in us, and of us, and that in proportion as we are imbued with the majesty of its impress, will we assume its majesty of importance, and acting under such inspiration, we shall humbly love to labor for the hope of reward, rather than the fear of punishment.

To return to the object of this article, it is under the impress of views, feelings, and hopes of such awards as flow from these sources, that impels me to forego the professional sneers of popular opinion. We of necessity must arouse, which we are still more encouraged to do, because there is none other seemingly ready, inclined, or appointed to perform the unthankful service. To walk in upon the wonderful ant hills of microscopic opinion, as with the iconoclastic tread of an impervious mastodon, though such mastodon be a monstrosity, while exciting pygmy ire, will, nevertheless, cause the masses to think, feel, and act, as they have never felt, thought and acted before. If our suggestive observations, bold and innovative as they are, do not carry with them a commanding influence, the cause will be found somewhere, in the question as to whether we have got brain to see and understand, or whether the reader is wanting in these means. It is known there are various organs in the human system of special functions, co-operative in the grand function of elaborating life, and to get at the true nature and character of this elaborating source, is the object of these articles.

All the elaborations of the digestive organism, have cast their secreted chyme and chyme into the great thoracic or food duct, which throws it into the dark blue, returning circulation before it reaches the right auricle of the heart, from whence it passes through the right ventricle of the heart and pulmonary artery to the lungs, where it is passing through their capillary structure, passes some six hundred millions of cells from one two-thousandth, to one fourteen-thousandth of an inch in thickness,—these cells constituting the paranchyma and containing the air of the lungs. It is known that the decomposing and transmitting, or endosmosing power of such an arrangement, under the supervising direction of the life force existent there, is sufficient, if there is anything sufficient in nature, to extract and distribute the electricity derivable from the decomposition of nitrogen, to hold the food in the blood, undergoing aeration in a suspended condition, until it passes under the nervous supervision in the arterial or bright purple circulation, where, as we shall show in our next article, there is a nervous apparatus connected with every artery that attends it to the capillary system, where affinity suspending supervision, is withdrawn by its termination, and where the conditional affinities thus released come into play. As soon as the affinity suspending supervision ceases, elective affinities come into play, the worn out depolarized atoms give place to the new,—this is called the function of nutrition, the play of chemical decomposition and recombination thus going on, produces the heat of the interior system that we call the function of colorification.

We would remark here, there is no necessity in the premises, for conflicting with the oxygenizing theory, when we understand the true nature of the relationship of oxygen and nitrogen. The observations have been too careful and abundant to doubt the actual appearance of the popular facts, generally set forth in the premises. Yet, when we know, and remember, and assert that, though nothing but oxygen gas is inhaled, yet such is the interchange of aerial condition in the lungs, that the same amount of nitrogen has been, and is given out by the lungs, as though the common air consisting of nitrogen and oxygen have been breathed, we still the more rely on our inference, and the sequent conclusion, that if the lungs can manufacture nitrogen, they can decompose nitrogen, as the economical nature of the circumstances may demand. We have no theoretical ambition in point, our only object is the discovery of an all-important truth, that seemingly wishes to show its wonderfully beautiful proportions in life elaborating range of correlational condition. We only ask every liberal mind to study the premises so far, as at least to look in and judge for itself.

Pictures on Glass

BRO. JONES—A short time since a description of spirit pictures delineated on the panes of window glass in a house near Milan, Ohio, was published in your paper.

A similar phenomenon occurred in this vicinity, on the lights of glass in the curtains of a carriage, owned by Mr. Nelson Keelenberger of Ross Co., Ohio. The pictures are three inches long by two and one half wide. The coloring is brilliant, with what seems to be the original colors of the rainbow, without any mixing, and are well blended together. Mr. Keelenberger visited Milan last summer for the purpose of seeing these pictures in that vicinity, but on returning home he found he had similar pictures on his own carriage. One of them represents at one end a beautiful valley with stream of water flowing through it. The letters, "N. W.", are distinctly seen, extending two thirds of the length of the glass. In between the letters, a beautiful forest highly colored, is delineated. The colors can be seen only on one side of the glass, the letters appear on both sides. The other pictures show a fine array of colors, but of no particular form. The pictures must be of recent origin, from the fact that they were not discovered until three weeks ago, while the glass had been in the carriage more than fifteen years. I removed one of the lights from the curtain, and cleaned it thoroughly with alcohol which rendered the colors brighter and more distinct than before. I then placed it under a microscope of a power of three hundred diameters, but could not detect anything different from common window glass. If the glass is held up to the light, it looks clear as other glass; if shaded, the colors look very distinct, as if painted on its surface.

Dr. Wm. P. BURGE, Circleville, Ohio, Oct. 9, 1871.

Notes from a Lecturer.

DEAR BROTHER JONES.—I rejoice to learn that the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL has risen phoenix-like from the ashes, and after having plumed her wings, I hope they will be outstretched wider than ever, and that her resurrection will be an evidence of her immortal life. "Truth, though crushed (or burnt) to the earth, shall rise again." I am now battling for the good cause on the banks of the wide-spread Missouri, in the well-known city of St. Joseph. Yesterday, I had the honor, in compliance with an invitation extended to me before I reached here, of dedicating my new hall. It is amongst the proud events of my life to perform such labor; it sends flashes of fire through my soul to consecrate temples to the living truth, and the glorious cause of Spiritualism. Before I reached this place, I had given a course of eight lectures at Hannibal, in this State, and, previous to arriving there, I had lectured on my way at several places, both in Indiana and Illinois,—always speaking twice, and sometimes oftener, and generally to crowded houses. Indeed, there is evidence of a great awakening. One proof of this statement is found in the fact that, in some cases, men and women came many miles, night after night, to hear my lectures. And I nearly always succeeded in making a favorable impression upon my large audiences in favor of the truth of our cause. I have lectured in several places to large audiences who never before listened to a discourse on the subject. I expect to remain in this place till about Christmas, and would like to visit, in the meantime, neighboring towns, within fifty miles, or perhaps, a little further, if the spiritualists or reformers in those towns will write to me immediately about the matter. My terms are easily complied with.

I should also like to make engagements by the day, week, or month, to lecture during January and February in some of the Western States. Will the friends write soon. My terms are extremely moderate, and hence easily met. I shall probably, when I leave here, go into Kansas, and from Kansas into Iowa. I have the harness on, I am ready for the work, and having good lungs and a strong voice, I can stand much speaking. While lecturing in Chandlerville, Illinois, I had the honor and pleasure of seeing in the audience the speaker of the House of Representatives of your State; also the State Auditor, besides a number of preachers of different religious orders, which is still further evidence of an increasing interest in the cause.

Those writing to me will please name the county. As I did not arrange with the friends of Hannibal to remain with them in November longer than the delivery of eight lectures might require, I consequently completed my labors there this time to dedicate the hall here on the 26th.

St. Joseph, Mo., November 27, 1871.

Letter from J. H. White.

By direction of the Society of Spiritualists of this place, I inclose resolutions passed at the last Sunday of Mrs. Cuppy Smith's lectures,—which gave good satisfaction to who listened to her. They were of a high order, clothed in correct English, and beautifully expressed. Our little society is progressing slowly but surely, each one growing more firmly in the knowledge of this great truth.

Miss Susie M. Johnson is engaged for December; O. P. Kellogg for January, 1872; N. Frank White for May, 1872.

WHEREAS, The present course of lectures before the Spiritual Society of Port Huron is now brought to a close; and as the lady who has so successfully administered to our spiritual wants is about to take her departure for other fields of labor; therefore,

Resolved, That the thanks of this society are hereby tendered to Mrs. Laura Cuppy Smith for her earnest, able, and eloquent efforts in our behalf.

Resolved, That we hereby recommend her to other societies as one of the ablest advocates of Spiritualism.

Resolved, That should Mrs. Smith find it convenient to again visit Port Huron, she will find a host of friends to welcome her back to the scenes of her early labors.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be forwarded to the spiritual press for publication.

Port Huron, Mich.

Letter from Wash. A. Danskin.

BRO. JONES.—The JOURNAL came to us Phoenix like, risen from its ashes,—and filling in its appearance and matter all your promises. My best efforts shall be used to extend its circulation among our people. Let me give you the name and address of the first on the list, W. C. Turnbull, Baltimore, Maryland, to be followed, I trust, by many others.

WASH. A. DANSKIN, Baltimore, Md., Nov. 27, 1871.

Many thanks, my brother. This is just the kind of help most desirable, that which will benefit others and for which I can render a full equivalent. Angels will bless you for your labors.—ED. JOURNAL.

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CHICAGO, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 9, 1871.

A SEARCH AFTER GOD.

Divine Judgment—The Fire at Peshtigo.

(NUMBER LXIV.)

When the Savior was called upon to pass judgment against one who had erred, he wisely said, "Let him who is without sin, cast the first stone." To-day, different divines in all parts of the United States, looking at the disaster here, have pronounced judgment against the people of Chicago, calling them very wicked, and the affliction that has befallen them, a just one. How was it in regard to the marine disasters that followed so quickly after the fire? No sooner had the angry flames become assuaged here, than a terrific wind and storm on the lakes caused the destruction of nearly a hundred vessels and schooners. The loss of life was appalling! The mad, angry waves, the fierce wind, and driving storms, proved nearly as destructive to human life as the Fire Fiend. During the past few weeks, God has been very much displeased with his people, judging from the loss of life and property. "Divine judgment,"—what is it? In nearly every church in the land, that term has been frequently uttered by those who claim to be the viceregent of God, interpreting the nature of his laws and the character of his works. It is an expression which has become so common of late when a disaster occurs that its nature requires a critical and careful examination. Was "Divine judgment" manifested in Chicago,—Wisconsin and Michigan? In Peshtigo, Wis., a scene occurred, for a time equally as appalling as any witnessed in this city. According to the New York Tribune's correspondent, "wherever a building seemed to resist the fire, there the roof would be sent whirling in the air, breaking into clouds of flame as it fell. The shower of sparks, cinders, and hot sand fell in continuous and prodigious force, and did quite as much in killing the people as the first terrific srocco that succeeded the fire. The wretched throng neck deep in the water, and the still more helpless beings stretched on the heated sands, were pierced and blistered by those burning particles. They seemed like lancets of red-hot steel, penetrating the thickest covering. The evidence now remains to attest the incredible force of the slenderest pencils of darting flame. Hard iron-wood plow-handles still remain, perforated as though by minie-balls, and for the main part unburnt. When the hapless dwellers in the remote streets, saw themselves cut off from the river groups broke in all directions in a wild panic of fright and terror. A few took refuge in a cleared field bordering on the town. Here, flat upon the ground, with faces pressed in the sand, the helpless sufferers lay and roasted. But few survived the dreadful agony. The next day revealed a picture exceeding in horror any battle-field. Mothers with children huddled closely lay in rigid groups, the clothes burned off and the poor flesh seared to a crisp. One mother, solicitous only for her babe, embalmes her unutterable love in the terrible picture left on these woeful sands. With her bare fingers she had scraped out a pass as the soldiers did before Petersburg, and pressing the little one into this, she put her own body above it as a shield, and when the daylight came, both were dead—the little baby, face unscarred, but the mother burnt almost to cinders. Long after the flames had died out, when there was no more to feed on, the hot sands rendered moving about an exquisite torture, and long into the dismal midday the survivors were confined to the narrow circuit near the river. As the day wore on, help came in slowly from the northward. Several railroad gangs had escaped annihilation, and one gang led by an ex-prize-fighter named Mulligan, came with promptness and efficiency to the rescue, through miles of burning prairie and blockaded roads. On Sunday night something over two thousand people were assembled within the confines of this industrious, prosperous city; the dreadful morning light came

upon a haggard, maniacal multitude of less than seven hundred. When the work of rescue began it was found that a great number had escaped by the bed of the river and the northern road to the port, and as the day advanced, half-naked stragglers, unkempt and blackened, began to stream into the sparse settlement. As the molten sands cooled off, the woeful work of recognition began. Peering into blackened faces, mothers, fathers, brothers tremblingly sought out missing ones.

There was one man by the name of Hanson, who firmly believed that the judgment day had come, and while the fire rained down, he began to walk composedly up and down his spacious parlors, and he and his family were consumed.

This fire at Peshtigo was indeed terrific. True, the town was small, containing a population of only two thousand, yet the destruction of human life was appalling. The same ministers of the Gospel, those who consider disasters "divine judgment," will point their fingers at this settlement as an example of the just action of a vindictive God. Really, this manifestation on his part is of a character calculated to excite our fears, and admonishes us that it would be well for us to endeavor by some means to propitiate his wrath, and place ourselves in such relations to him as will prevent the recurrence of these terrible calamities.

In ancient times religious men ascribed all the evil in the world to the Devil. When Job was afflicted with boils, his property destroyed, cattle killed, and he made desolate, the Devil was regarded as the guilty party, but now when any calamity befalls a people, when a sad disaster occurs, God himself is deemed the guilty one. If he has any children, any righteous ones on this earth, that belongs exclusively to him, it would be well to have them arrested, and held as hostages to prevent the recurrence of similar misfortunes to our city. How would Brother Moody or the Rev. Fowler, who claim to be as near God as any one, answer as hostages to prevent fires and such dreadful calamities as have lately visited our country. The idea is a funny one, and some ingenious Yankee should render it practicable. To-day, if we should go on a pleasure excursion on the Sabbath, eat too much, and in consequence become severely sick, and die, all our religious friends would claim it as the result of the divine judgment of God. So accustomed have they become to this idea, that any accident that may occur on Sunday, they instantly ascribe it to God's wrath. Up to the present day, though an infidel, and if that is wrong, a good subject for God's wrath, yet it has never been manifested toward us. We can stand under a tree, and the very heavens may be illuminated with electric flashes, and it may be shivered into a million fragments, without inflicting any injury on us. We may be on a train of cars, as we were a short time ago, and it may run off the track, yet we escape without a blemish. We may be in the fiercest tornado, as we were once when the house we were in was carried completely off its foundation, and yet no harm befall us. We may be near an engine when it bursts, yet no fragments will hurt us. When a mule or a horse kicks at us, they always manage to just miss us. We have been in the hands of blood thirsty villains during the early Kansas trouble, and during the war the prisoner of guerrillas who were intending to kill us, yet we never received a scratch. It is exceedingly strange that a little of this "divine judgment" is not centered on those who are so infidel in nature and teachings. Had we been standing on the steamer Westfield, a ferry boat on the Hudson, exactly over the boiler, we are confident that some strange circumstance would have saved us. That boiler exploded on Sunday, and the divines of New York regarded it as the result of Divine displeasure; but there was the worn-out boiler of the Starbuck which exploded on a week day. If that had happened to have burnt on Sunday, too, the evidence would have been overwhelming that God's anger was aroused. Then again, here is the Chicago Times and Tribune, that issue a paper on Sunday,—contrary to the divine will of Collier, Moody & Co.,—they have suffered badly, but are now making more money than ever. Storey is a godless man, in the common acceptance of the term, while the piety of the Tribune proprietors would be regarded, quaintly speaking, as religious debris. Having persisted in their acts of wickedness, publishing a paper on the Sabbath, have they suffered from the displeasure of a vindictive God? We presume that Storey had rather suffer from the displeasure of him than receive a cowhiding from the hand of some indignant female.

Then again, in all our large cities the Sabbath day by some is regarded as a holiday. Supposing those who have toiled during the week, laboring zealously to gain a livelihood, had been on some ill-fated steamer on the Sabbath enjoying a social reunion, and the boiler should burst,—then all Christendom would cry out, "Divine judgment!" But on that steamer are innocent children, those whose hearts know no guile, who are as pure as the angels of heaven. What a scene! Cannot God discriminate? Is he too angry to separate the innocent from the guilty, or is his wrath like the angry stream, that, inundating the country, drowns all alike? The Sabbath to some is a holiday,—and that minister who says that accidents occurring then are the result of a Divine displeasure, is a poor, illiterate, miserable, bigoted man! The main fire at Peshtigo, Wis., was on Sunday! Could not God have chosen some other day to commit that wholesale murder, as well? But the fire was not all—the tornado was terrific. A thousand fiends could not have howled worse! The noise was deafening!

Ministers of the Gospel are regarded as very wise. They study the Bible and learn therefrom the religious chemistry of life. They

can analyze a tornado, conflagration, steam-boiler explosion, or an epidemic, and tell its component parts with the same certainty that a chemist can tell the component parts of a sandwich or limburger cheese. If a little boy is playing on the Sabbath day, steps on an orange peel that has been thrown from a whiskey cocktail by some licentious saloon keeper, and is fatally injured thereby,—it presents a clear case of Divine displeasure on the part of God, who causes epidemics, tornadoes, and all the ills to which humanity are subject.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Calamities.—Their Cause—Is there a Compensation?

This fruitful subject of thought has engaged our attention since the great fire in Chicago to a considerable extent, and we have thus far been impelled to show the glaring misrepresentations of theologians in all ages of the world, in attributing calamities to an angry God, as a punishment inflicted upon mankind for their sins.

With ordinary reasonable and reflecting minds, the enormity of thus attributing to Deity such characteristics would seem to be enough to utterly refute the idea of its truth. But it is a fact that such a general sentiment has been, in all ages, so hereditarily interwoven with the very being and growth of every person that it is an almost universal belief; and if not really hereditary, it is so early inculcated into the minds of children, that when they arrive at years of more mature thought, it is deemed by many sacrilegious to even question the doctrine that God by special visitations punishes his children for sins, with a degree of cruelty that would put the Christian's Devil to the blush for very shame if he were thus to punish creatures of his own make up!

But early education in Sunday schools and churches, to say nothing of family circles, and every day expressions about the wrath and curses of God, so interweaves the terrible doctrine of an angry God and cunning Devil into the minds of the children and youths that to advocate the doctrine of a loving and all-wise God—to teach them that the doctrine of devil and hell torments is a myth, and that all calamities are the legitimate results of causes existing in the nature of things, and are as sure to occur under certain conditions as frost is to congeal water when the heat is reduced to a certain degree of temperature, or as the ice of winter is to melt when the spring season appears and the congenial rays of the sun raise the warmth to a degree above frost—is deemed a heresy almost unallowable. We say that however plausible such reasoning may appear, men and women, no matter how sensible upon other subjects, do not listen to such reasoning because, forsooth, it conflicts with early education, the teachings from popular pulpits, and the "Holy Bible."

In our previous articles we have in some little degree shown the popular view of the subject of "God's wrath and vengeance," divested of its sugar coating, and it has been a bitter pill to swallow. Nothing can be said to favor such a horrible doctrine as that taught by theologians—that God burnt up Chicago through pure malice toward children whom he created with attributes and a disposition to do just what they always have and always will do, and he knew it when he created them!

We say that without the sugar coating of the priesthood, such horrible church dogmas would not be received; with it, they are swallowed with a gusto, while common-sense truths are frowned upon as diabolical.

We have shown that so-called "liberal Christians" only protest in degree against the enormity of such teachings as the religious world in all ages has sent forth as of divine origin—as contained in "Sacred Books."

The divine origin of the Bible, Liberal Christians generally admit, and the "sacredness of the book," but claim that it contains a hidden meaning which, if true, would rob God of his vindictive attributes to a degree that would no longer admit of his being the author of the great Chicago calamity. Hence it is that the Colliers emphatically say that the burning of Chicago was attributable to "high winds and dry weather!" It is well. Our friends are steering between the terrible doctrines of old theology and the radical doctrines of Spiritualism, which denies that the Bible is any more holy or sacred than any other book or compilation of books. It is valuable for the amount of truths it contains, as are all other books.

While our "Liberal Christian" friends are doing a good work by bringing old theological devotees to a plane of thought where they will dare to inquire a little further, they, the Liberal Christians, in trying to steer their craft so as to avoid Charybdis unavoidably run afoul of Scylla! In attributing the burning of Chicago to "high winds and dry weather," they lose sight of God's burning "Sodom and Gomorrah," on account of the wickedness of their inhabitants—for similar reasons other Christians say that he burned Chicago.

As new departures are now the order of the day, we hope Liberal Christians will soon depart from the popular errors of the divinity of the Bible.

Our task in the future, in discussing the question under consideration, will be more agreeable. While we most emphatically announce to our readers that we have no belief that there is a single word contained in the so-called "Holy Bible" that is any more the word of God than there is in the writings of any other author, contained in any other book, be it of ancient or modern times, yet we do believe that many truths are to be found in that book, corresponding with truths as developed daily in spiritual circles, showing clearly that what is called Modern Spiritualism has existed in fact, as spirit communion with mortals, in all ages of the world. That spirits of all grades

of development of thought, under favorable conditions ever have, can now, and do communicate to mortals, and that some of those communications are as void of good sense and sound philosophy as the teachings of the theologians are upon this plane of life.

Hence in discussing the questions under consideration, we shall divest ourselves of all authority, be the same found in so-called "sacred" or "profane writings," the declarations of mortals or immortals, if they do not comport with our highest conceptions of reason.

We feel in dealing with this great subject that nothing should be received as a simple ~~make light~~ in the minds of superficial thinkers. But everything should comport and tally with science and sound philosophy—truth.

The terrible calamities which befall humanity, and more especially those of a more recent date, which come so near home, and to the appreciation of mature minds of the present generation should make a deep impression, and inspire everyone to inquire into the authorship—the object to be attained, and seek an answer to the question, is there a compensation for the terrible sufferings incident thereto.

It is our aim rather to awaken the minds of our readers so that they may through their own reasoning powers anticipate our argument, by quickening their own thoughts upon the subject, than to lead them in our own particular channel.

Every being is possessed of similar capabilities for investigation, in degree, depending however much upon the development of their reasoning faculties. Our philosophy teaches us that there is no subject too sacred for our most acute perceptive and reflective faculties—that it is wise and profitable to scan and question every subject that concerns our welfare now and in the future. That our own individuality is involved in everything that the mind can conceive of. We are parts of the great whole, and if we would have the little niches which we as individuals occupy, brilliant with light and knowledge, we must exercise our own minds to produce such illumination.

All things material are but aids or helps to refine and illuminate our own minds—and all conditions that are not made available to the development of mind in ourselves or others, are misappropriated, and at the time of our departure from the material plane of life, will be found to be as dross and a source of sorrow. In other words, we shall regret the misappropriation of valuable means for the elevation of self, and others in the scale of mental development.

Hence we say that every soul should with fervency and zeal, which is a guaranty of success, enter upon the investigation of the great subject under consideration, that a profit may be derived, if possible, from the seemingly greatest calamities that befall mortals.

Hereafter we hope to present thoughts upon the subject worthy of being carried into practical use, in making unwary elements obedient servants.

Widow's and Orphan's Fund.

For the last four years we have had a specific fund entitled as above.

The object of this fund is to enable all who desire to do so, to aid a class of people to read the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL who are unable to subscribe and pay for the same.

The appeal of that class to the proprietor of this paper has never been made in vain. About one per cent. of the expense of free subscriptions has been paid-out of that fund; the balance has been borne by the publisher.

All widows, orphans, and aged people who desire to read this paper but feel too poor to pay for it, on request, will have it sent to them marked F. W. O., which means free, and charged to the Widow's and Orphan's Fund.

Since the fire several kind-hearted people have donated small sums to aid us in buying a new outfit. The money is very timely, and we most sincerely thank the donors for the same. Money is hard to be got at this time, "every dollar counts;" but as we have often said before, notwithstanding we found ourselves greatly embarrassed by the terrible destruction of property on which our insurance is of little or no value, even to one-half more than our good brother, Dr. Child, mentioned in the second miniature JOURNAL we issued since the fire, yet we wholly disclaim being an object of charity.

All sums donated to us will be passed over to the credit of the above-named fund, and those who make such donations are respectfully requested to name the persons to whom they would like to have the JOURNAL sent free, to the full amount of their respective donations, and it shall be done.

If in any case parties making such donations shall fail to mention to whom the paper shall be sent free, we shall apply their money for the first applicants.

Received and placed to the credit of the Widow's and Orphan's Fund:

Table with 2 columns: Name and Amount. Includes John Menchem, Daniel Bonnell, Wm. R. Evans, Mrs. L. H. Perkins, Dr. E. E. Perkins, Wm. Denton, M. Larkin, Levi Lewis, John Kuehn, Hon. Robert Dale Owen, W. W. Culver.

Iowa.

Among some railroad bridge-burners recently arrested in Appanoose County, were two ministers, the Rev. Spangler, and Rev. Joe Rinsaid, the latter of whom was captain of the gang.—E.

We verily believe that there is a larger per cent. of knaves to be found among "Rev." ministers, numbers considered, than among any other class.

Many query, why do honest men retain the title Rev. which they derived from a sectarian church, after having embraced Spiritualism and renounced the creeds of the church, which gave them their title? Perhaps those gentlemen will assign a reason. We have as little respect for the title as we have for church creeds.

Spirit Paintings.

We have received six large spirit paintings from the spirit room of Br. Potts, in Harrisburg, Pa. Four of them purport to be portraits of individuals as they looked while in the form, and two of them are landscape paintings. We value them very highly from the fact that we have reliable evidence that they were executed entirely by spirits without the intervention of human hands in any manner whatever. The paper on which they appear was purchased at the stationers and carried to the spirit room, so called, at Bro. Potts' house, and then left, the door of the room being locked and no one allowed to enter until the spirits announced through young Mr. Potts, the medium, that the work was done.

We refrain from giving details in regard to the paintings, hoping Bro. Potts, senior will favor us with an article giving the particulars in regard to the execution of each painting, and what the spirits said about the same.

Our Quaker Friend.

Bro. M. Larkin, of Milford Mills, writing 11 Mo. 27th, 1871, in answer to our call for his name and postoffice address says in conclusion:

The title I sent is given most freely, and I do not expect any return. I pardon thee for calling me Quaker. I use the Quaker dialect out of respect to my kind parents who brought me up to this doctrine. They taught me the best they knew, and I owe them an eternal debt of gratitude for all their kindness; but for the last fifteen years I feel proud of being called a Spiritualist before "all the world and the rest of mankind."

REMARKS.—An angel at our elbow says: "I, too, was brought up a Quaker; I stemmed the current of opposition from my family when I became a Spiritualist; but now my dear father is a most devoted Spiritualist, and it was through me as a medium that he became convinced of the truth of spirit communion."

Our brother will, we know, accept the gratitude of the Widows and Orphans, whose hearts will be cheered by the reading of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL through his bounty.—ED. JOURNAL.

C. C. Davis & Co.

Bro. C. C. Davis, of La Salle, Ills., not only manufactures the very finest shoe and harness blacking in the world (handled by Bunnell, Upham & McLaughlin, 99 East Kinzie Street, Chicago,) but he is a prompt and fearless advocate of Spiritualism, one whose example in that particular is worthy of imitation.

He, well knowing that the stock he had furnished us the year before was burned if not pervasively used, has remembered us again, and sent by express a fine lot for everyday's use. He has our thanks, and we hope dealers and consumers will call for Davis' Blacking when in want of a supply. We sometimes think that if all used Davis' Blacking we should have no occasion to put any body in the Black List.

Take Notice.

The figures on the JOURNALS sent since the fire signify nothing. They are cut from old mail lists six months old. It is customary to occasionally lay away at our home in St. Charles, a mail list, to keep from destruction in case our office should be burned. These now come in use in mailing so far as names are concerned, but not so far as the account is concerned.

When our new mail list is set up every one's account will be made right. Until then, it is to be presumed all money sent has been received.

Star Lecture Course.

Elizabeth Cary Stanton, the acknowledged representative of the Woman's Rights Party, will deliver a lecture on next Monday evening, December 9, at the Michigan Avenue Free Library, near 23d St. We feel confident that the simple announcement of her name will be sufficient to fill the house to repletion. Admission 50 cents; reserved seats 75 cents. The last lecture of the course will be delivered by Mark Twain, on Monday, Dec. 16th.

Wm. Denton.

Bro. Wm. Denton donates to this Publishing House six copies of "Radical Rhymes." Price \$1.25 per copy, \$7.50, which we place to the credit of the Widow's and Orphan's Fund. This gratuity will furnish the JOURNAL to six widows or orphans for five months each.

We hope to receive many orders for Bro. Denton's books. He is certainly one of the very best writers in the Spiritualist ranks.

The Debatable Land.

Just as we go to press we are in receipt of one hundred copies of this remarkable work—this number we shall send off to-day (Wednesday), and before the close of the week shall receive enough to fill all orders on hand and coming in.

The following statement is made by J. L. Scott, of Murfreesboro', Hertford Co., N. C.: About three years since, a man by the name of Nathan Beale, who was certainly killed at the seven days fight about Richmond, appeared before me. I saw him about three days after he was killed, saw him buried, and saw the wound, which was by a musket ball, in the left side, the ball passing through. This I swear to as an absolute fact; and now I tell what has since appeared to me and several others, and to which I will also take oath. About three years since, at Franklin Depot, on the Seaboard road, I, John Scott, W. E. Rains, S. E. Beale, cousin to deceased, and A. Gardner, of Southampton County, Va., did then and there see and I spoke to the same Nathan Beale, and when we came to him I said, "Is not this Nathan Beale?" and he replied, "It is." I said, "Where have you been?" He answered, "I am dead," and then I replied, "Where are you going?" He said, "That is for me to know." These were the words spoken. He walked off, I have not seen him since. This can be sworn to by all the above men. Now I leave to the world and Spiritualists to answer what was, what is, and what does it mean? Strange as this story may appear to those who may read, yet I am willing, and so are the others, to take oath to the above facts before any honorable magistrate. I hereby sign my name, and acknowledge myself as a truthful, believing, and sincere man, with no disposition to deceive or impose upon a reading public. The deceased and myself were boys together, and I now conclude by solemnly swearing to the above facts.

Items of Interest.

—R. W. Flint answers sealed letters. See advertisement. —"The Temple," by A. J. Davis, is meeting with a large sale. —Dr. A. B. Severance, of Milwaukee, is a fine psychometrist. See his advertisement. —The scenes of the Bangs' Children take place on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday evenings. —"Looking Beyond," by J. O. Barrett, opens the clouds and gives one a view of the Spirit World. —A rising poet, of somewhat ardent temperament thus describes a few of the performances of Dame Nature: —Mrs. Mattie Hulet Parry lectures on Sunday next at the hall, cor. of Jefferson and Randolph streets at 3 p.m. —I have sworn upon the altar of God eternal hostility to every form of tyranny over the mind of man! —Thomson's Effluvia. —Mrs. F. O. Hyzer, ever true to the interests of Spiritualism, one of our most gifted inspirational speakers, is at present stopping in Baltimore. —I quite agree with St. Paul, said the converted Hindu widow Wshita, on the eve of her espousals. "It is better to marry than to burn." —D. W. Hall will speak in Providence, R. I., during December. He would be glad to make engagements to lecture any evening during the week. —We shall publish in our next an article from the pen of Dr. J. K. Bailey, on "That Departure." Also one from Hudson Tuttle, on the same subject. —We had the pleasure of a call this week from that indefatigable worker and eminent healer, Dumont C. Dake, M.D., who is now located at Rockford, Ill. —Dr. R. B. Roberts, who has been practicing successfully as a healer in Utah, has returned to Little Rock, Ark., where he intends to heal by spirit magnetism. —"The Science of Evil," by Joel Moody, published early last spring, has excited much comment and criticism. It is highly esteemed by many of our best thinkers. —Josh Billings knows "lots of folks who are pious just because they was born so. They can't tell when they got religion, and if they should lose it they wouldn't know it." —D. D. Home, the Spiritualist, was married on the 17th of October to the youngest daughter of the late Hon. Basil de Gommeine, Counsellor of State to the Emperor of Russia. —Dr. J. K. Bailey is itinerating around the country doing a good work. He has lately held forth at Rushford and Saratoga, Minn., and at Salem and Eau Claire, Wis. He is now at Augusta, Wis. —Zim's Herald says that every minister should preach often on "Satan." We presume it is necessary to keep the minds of the people illuminated in regard to this gentleman when the word you think of the best you think of. —The Catholic population of America is estimated at 5,500,000, with 4,500 priests, worshipping in 4,200 churches and 1,700 chapels and stations. Although so numerous, their number is only one-half as large as that of the Spiritualists. —Dr. William Persons, the celebrated healer by laying on of hands, has returned to St. Louis; and although not advertising, his selected patients, has nearly his whole time taken up with cases who are sent by those he has previously treated. —Dr. H. P. Ashfield will speak in Newton Falls, O., the two first Sundays in December, and in Ancon, N. J., the two last Sundays in December. Would like to make engagements for January, February, and March. Address Ancon, N. J. —Hector says: "Like a morning dream, life becomes more and more bright the longer we live, and the reason of everything becomes more clear. What has puzzled us before seems less mysterious, and the crooked paths look straighter as we approach the end." —Bro. A. Cuccaden, writing from Louisville, Ky., says: Bro. Forster is here, waking up the dry bones of old theology. Messinger Hall will seat 1,500 people, and it will fill every Sunday evening, for people will as yet go under cover of the night, as if by stealth, to get a taste of the bread of life for their starving souls. —A victim of Greely's handwriting says: "If Horace had written that inscription on the wall in Babylon, Belshazzar would have been a good deal more scared than he was." The probability would have been in such an event that Daniel would have interpreted the message to have meant something in reference to agriculture. —Marriage is like a brilliant taper's light. Placed at a window in a summer's night, Attracting all the insects of the air To come and sing their pretty waltzes there; Those who are not butt heads against the pane— Those who are in butt to get out again. —Mrs. M. P. Stephens, of Sacramento, Cal., informs us that the spirits are at work there producing some wonderful manifestations. Mrs. Waterhouse has, under spirit influence, drawn some very beautiful emblematic pictures; and Mr. Brily, a photographer, has succeeded in taking some well-defined likenesses of deceased friends. —Dr. McLeod, who has been court physician to Queen Victoria for thirteen years, declares, "officially and professionally," that the reports currently circulated respecting the Queen's mental weakness are "unqualifiedly false." Her conversion to Spiritualism should be of itself sufficient evidence that she is sane, without consulting any "court physician." —Are you looking for some beautiful and appropriate holiday presents? If so, let us suggest "Poems of Progress," "Lizzie Doten's new work, or that old favorite, "Poems from the Inner Life," by the same author; and there is "The Voices," by our friend Barlow, that which there is nothing finer in its way. Can furnish them all in gift if preferred. —Bro. C. W. Thorpe, writing from Little Prairie, Ill., sends \$10.00 to renew his subscription for the JOURNAL for three years and a half from next July. Says he is lost without the paper. Such favors will long be remembered. All who aid us in this way do just what we most desire. We ask other friends to follow this noble precedent, where they can do so without too great sacrifice. —Mrs. Emma Harding will lecture during December at Milford, Mass., Manchester, N. H., and Portland, Me.; during January, at Salem, Mass.; February, in Portland; March, in Providence, R. I.; April, in Boston. For week evenings and other Sabbaths, address, care of Mr. Thos. Ranney, 251 Washington street, Boston, Mass. All engagements must be made near Boston or New York this season. —Mrs. Addie L. Ballou has commenced a libel suit against the Terre Haute Gazette. She complains that this paper defamed her character by a publication concerning a lecture she delivered in the city of Chicago. Mrs. Ballou's character is without a blemish. The mass of Spiritualists hold this lady in high estimation, and any statement that the Gazette might make against her would have no weight with them. —"Life," says Orville Dewey, "is the education of the soul, the discipline of conscience, virtue, piety. Life is one scene of growing knowledge, improvement, devotion, joy, and triumph. In this view, and in this view only, it is an unrepentable blessing; and those who have not yet taken this view are not yet prepared to live. It is not enough to say, it is commonly said, that they are not prepared to die—they are not prepared to live." —She next made woman, so the story goes, With an improved material and art; Gave her a form, the choicest one of those That make aught beautiful, and in her heart A power to soften man, and force the rose Its blossoming to her soft cheek impart Then chipping the rainbow up, and with the chips, She went to work and finished off her lips." —The Chicago Baptists, consisting of funded debts with losses by fire, estimate their misfortune by the late conflagration at \$229,000. They now appeal to the denomination throughout the country for one hundred thousand dollars. We do not want to see the Baptist Society "go down." It believes in the free use of water, that induces personal cleanliness, at least once during the natural life, hence the society, possessing really one virtue, should receive at once the \$100,000.

—A religious deacon nearly captured five boys who had been devastating his chestnut trees one Sunday afternoon. Shaking his fist after their retreating forms, he angrily shouted: "The sneaking little devils! IT had hold of 'em one minute, I'd—" then suddenly espying his pastor on the scene, he impressively added—"I'd pray for 'em!" Ministers of the Gospel are allowed to swear mentally, but when they give expression to their innate meanness, they are compelled to add, "I'd pray for 'em." —A lady who has been traveling in the Argentine Republic, gives a striking account of the annual religious ceremony of flagellation. She was present in the principal church in Cordova, with a vast crowd, all provided with "disciples"; the lights were extinguished, and then for ten minutes went on a sound of slashing flesh, as the poor people laid the instruments of torture on their own bare shoulders. Such a practice does not injure any one but the participants. If they enjoy it, who should strenuously object? —The "Lord's Prayer" don't take well in all cases. It is a fact that each one prefers to decide in regard to his diet physical, why not, then, have the same privilege in regard to the diet mental. The Catholics don't like the Lord's Prayer, and when it was introduced as the order of exercise in a school in New York, the "young folks," who were accustomed to "making the cross" as a religious exercise, rebelled, and in consequence thereof, were expelled from school. It required four policemen to maintain order in that school. —In New Brunswick and Nova Scotia there is a cry for more ministers of the gospel. The Christian Worker says that this need is great among all the evangelical denominations, and that the Baptists, in particular, want at least six earnest laborers. There are several ministers residing in this city who would be glad to establish themselves in New Brunswick or Nova Scotia. A supply of all denominations constantly on hand. They are thoroughly educated in the "full of man," "viciously atoned," etc., and can talk ably, loudly, and loudly. —Wm. Gray, of Boston, is to give Robert Collyer five thousand dollars during the year 1872, to be paid in quarterly installments. This eminent divine will not starve during the coming year. He not only receives about \$14 per day from Mr. Gray, but one cent a word for all he utters at his literary lectures. He has been offered as high as two cents and a half per word, and some regard that as decidedly cheap. It is far better to be a Unitarian than a Methodist. As a Methodist his words wouldn't have been worth a mill apiece. What's in a name? —That while dove has been flying into church again. This time it was at Minneapolis, Minnesota, and the occasion was the dedication of a church in that city. The dove very properly alighted on a window directly over the emblematic dove represented in the stained glass, and tarried there until the congregation arose to sing, when it took its flight. They probably had good singing in that church, and the dove, being a lover thereof, ventured in to the entertainment. It showed its wisdom by leaving before the prayer and sermon. —Some of our Catholic priests in the States refuse to bury people when they die of delirium tremens in consecrated ground; others are probably less scrupulous, and we suspect that where the deceased have friends, they generally succeed in securing "Christian burial" for their remains. When that is accomplished their souls, no doubt, are wafted immediately to the presence of God. The Roman Catholic Tablet consigns every body to hell who secedes from the Catholic Church. Where the Spiritualists will go to, the Tablet does not say. Probably their souls are lost already in its estimation. —Charles Perry, a musician in Augusta, Me., played at a ball at Kendall's Mills, on Monday, Nov. 20th, and after the ball retired to rest as usual, but was restless and unable to sleep, and a sensation of dread of something wrong took hold of his mind. He strove to shake it off, and counted sleep in vain. So strong did his uneasiness become that he at length arose and took the first train for Augusta, and immediately went to his home, where he found his wife and little son four years of age, both nearly suffocated from coal gas. It was a long time before they could be revived. Had he been absent an hour longer, they would doubtless have perished. Of course the snuffers of spiritualism will pronounce a case like this a "mere coincidence"; but it requires more credulity to believe in such coincidences than to admit the Spiritualist hypothesis.—Banner of Light. —A "Catholic Union" has been organized in New York, under the auspices of Archbishop McCloskey. Its object is stated to be, "first, to invite the co-operation of the whole Catholic world to unite in the effort to re-constitute the Holy Father;—then to devise every available method of controverting the tendency of the age to materialism, and to neutralize the effect of the daily press upon the minds of the people." Money is promised in abundance to aid the work. We would suggest that this Holy Father be allowed to establish his temporal headquarters in Chicago. There is ample room for him to spread himself in the burnt district. —The Investigator says that within five months Rev. Mr. Brock buried his wife, engaged himself to three women, married one of them, was sued for a breach of promise by one of the others, got a divorce and married the one who sued him for the breach of promise, was tried by an ecclesiastical council and suspended from Conference, then went and joined the Campbellite Church, and he and his third wife were both baptized. It is unnecessary to add that this happened in Indiana. His religion belonged to the lightning express, with Jesus acting as preserver and the Devil as destroyer. He was preserved to be baptized with his third wife. Who now doubts the power of Jesus? —The New York Herald has a wonderful revelation concerning the new "spiritual force." It has generally been the bluish of the "Spiritualistic" table-tippings, babbings, and rappings, that they have always been done in the dark, evading scrupulously all opportunities of exhibiting themselves in open daylight; but the manifestations now reported are claimed to have been made in no less public place than the Rev. Mr. Beecher's church, and in the broad light of a Sabbath morning, before a crowded congregation, and in the midst of a service. It is recorded that, just as the eloquent pastor of Plymouth was in the reporter's parlance "letting himself out" in prayer, and the congregation had been wrought up to quite a high pitch of sympathetic excitement, a table directly in front of the preacher's desk commenced a series of violent motions, as if in assent to more urgent passages of the prayer; also greeting the refrain of a hymn and the strong points of the sermon in the same manner. If the story is true, it is a new compliment to the eloquence of Beecher, since no other preacher is known to have moved inanimate objects, and extorted, as it were, wondrous "amens" from common deal tables.—Chicago Tribune. —During the recent terrible fires in Western Michigan, there were three brothers, owners of valuable mills and buildings, which they and their neighbors (some of whom were Christian men) were depending from the fire until all were exhausted and in despair. One of the brothers, a frank, rough, wicked man, of huge frame and generous impulses, said many hard words about God permitting the destruction of so much property, for no good to any one, etc., etc. Finally he gave up, and said to his neighbors, "Go home, go home,—nothing more can be done for us; God can do now as he pleases." Just then a few drops of rain fell. Looking up they saw the cloud, and all redoubled their efforts. A slight rain fell, and the fire was checked, and the mills saved. The rough man fell on his knees, great tears rolled down his face, his hands were clasped, heads bowed, and he agonizing to express his thanks. Suddenly he sprang to his feet, vigorously swinging his hat, and with the most intense earnestness shouted, "Thank for God! HERBAM PRO GOD!" —Justly indignant was all Christendom at the massacre of Tien-Tsing. Twenty unoffending Europeans were cruelly murdered. This act on the part of the Chinese, was justly condemned, and reparation demanded on all sides. A few weeks ago, however, the scales were turned. In California twenty Chinese were barbarously butchered—murdered without just cause or provocation. This act on the part of our own citizens excited but little feeling; they were only "heathen Chinese." We send missionaries to convert them, to introduce them into the presence of God through the "blood of Christ"; while their "moral" character will compare favorably with that of the men of Los Angeles, who took the law into their own hands. Not long ago a Chinaman was led to death by some boys in San Francisco. The exercise of this violence toward the Chinese will not settle the question as to whether they shall be admitted to all the privileges of an American citizen or not. Which class of murderers—the Chinese or the American—most requires the missionary?

Philadelphia Department.

BY.....HENRY T. CHILD, M. D. Subscriptions will be received and papers may be obtained, at wholesale or retail, at 624 Race St., Philadelphia. Re-Incarnation, etc. A friend asks a series of questions, which we shall attempt to answer: 1st.—Do you believe in the transmigration of souls? 2nd.—Is soul and spirit one thing? 3rd.—When a man dies, does the soul pass into the spirit world immediately? 4th.—Do you believe the soul has always existed as a germ, latent and inactive, until called into life by the crude material, coming up through the vegetable and animal kingdoms? First, then, of the transmigration or re-incarnation. This is a profound question—a problem involving some of the most important relations of life. If you mean the absolute displacement of a soul and the continued and progressive development of its body by another soul, we do not believe it. Our experience and observation in cases of obsession, lead to the conclusion that a spirit may temporarily assume entire possession of an individual body, and that under certain circumstances, they may have so much influence as to control the action of that body; but if the connection of the original spirit be entirely severed, we believe that life can not long be maintained in the physical form. In those cases of obsession resulting in insanity, which may have continued for years, there have always been lucid intervals in which the original spirit would regain the control. A soul which has once been engendered in a physical body, however temporary may have been its sojourn, has passed thus far on its journey through physical life, and we believe, can never again commence or repeat its connection with the physical body so as to repeat those experiences. We are aware that souls that pass prematurely out of the body, as all do, to a greater or less extent, find the means of completing their education and gaining the necessary experiences on the physical plane, by coming into rapport with human beings who are about where they were when they left the form; but we consider the closest rapport to be very different from re-incarnation, in which the soul is not a partner with the original soul, but has absolute control of the body. Second question.—Is soul and spirit one thing? One of the great difficulties of science, especially of mental science, is the want of proper and well-defined terms by which to express our ideas in relation to certain conditions. Some writers have chosen to call the entire being of man after death, the soul; others, and we think the larger number, call the being spirit. We have adopted this, and we understand a human spirit, after death, to be a trine being, just as man is here, having a soul which is the most interior essence, the divine central spark which has in itself an immortality of identity that essentially distinguishes it from anything else; a mental nature corresponding to that which we have here, although capable, in its new conditions, of higher and grander flights than it can possibly experience in the earthly world; and, thirdly, we have a spiritual physical body, which is a counterpart of the earthly physical body which it first passes from it, so that physical defects that have marred the latter are for a time visible in the former; but this also has the capacity to be unfolded into far more sublime and beautiful conditions under the influence of the knowledge which is obtained in the interior. To the third question whether the soul or spirit passes immediately into the spirit world at death, we reply, yes. Literally speaking, a spirit is always in the spirit world, can not be anywhere else. We know that spirits are not all conscious of the change at once. Many will deny it positively. There are those who firmly believe that the physical and mental powers are the same that they had exercised here. They can not realize any change at death, and will deny this for a long time. There are those whose souls-natures have been so long buried beneath the dark maelstroms of crime that they can not perceive anything for a long time after they pass into spirit life. Those whose spirituality is not unfolded on earth are not "changed in the twinkling of an eye," neither are any others by the change we call death. These dark spirits are around us, many of them seeing human beings only, and not other spirits; are imploring our aid and instruction, and it has ever been the province of the good and the true of earth to preach to these "spirits in prison," because they are more accessible to them than they are to spirits. The Catholic idea of a purgatory is true. It is the place where all undeveloped spirits must go; and it is not the priest alone who can pray for and help these, but every good man and woman whose sympathies and aspirations go forth for the help of these, can do something toward them on their journey toward that home in the Father's house where they may know more of Him and His holy angels, and thus come forth out of the bonds of sin and iniquity, with the glorious liberty of the children of God. To the fourth question we reply that we reason from analogy, and believe that the soul has always existed, not as a latent germ, but in such a state as to have, at present, no consciousness of what it was. The idea of a soul being eliminated from crude matter is not according to any analogy which we can see in nature. It seems much more rational to suppose that the material forms are the result of the soul of things, each expression being peculiar to the soul which calls it into existence. Some have supposed that the same soul that begins as an expression of force in the granite rock, and which may be said to be the soul of the rock, is capable of being unfolded into the higher forms of the germs of plants and animals, and lastly, of human beings. We believe God, the Infinite, finds expression finitely in all the forms of the material universe: from atoms invisible to worlds careering through space; all are speaking of the harmony of the infinite. After the gigantic rock has done its best work, and produced the soil, this interior soul of things finds the means of giving higher expression in the forms of plants and animals, and lastly in the human form. Man's form, however, the result of the combination of all the forces, is but a soul, so to speak, in which the immortal soul can out-work its mission on earth, and learn what it needs to know of material things, and the laws which govern and regulate them. We think these human bodies are made human by the central soul, which finds in them the appropriate place and means of working and building up what we see around us.

There is a circle of the divine force working up through matter in the evolution of various forms until they reach man, and then coming forth in the form of a soul to use these materials in forming a body and closing up the circle. We know that the material elements and surroundings modify all the forms, just as the architect in constructing a building is limited by the materials he can command. We know that the materials would never build a house without the aid of the architect. So, also, of the physical body. The materials may modify it, but they never could construct it. The soul uses them for its purpose for a time, and then, having no longer a use for them, lays them aside to work with increased powers in the interior upon more refined and spiritual elements, but ever to work on as the same soul, conscious of no death. Miscellaneous. SEALED LETTERS ANSWERED BY R. W. FLINT, 31 Clinton Place, New York. Terms \$3.00 and three stamps. Money refunded when not answered. AKROPANAMEDE! 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Original Essays.

Written for the Religio-Philosophical Journal. ROSIERUCIAN MUSINGS.

By F. B. Dowd.

And opening grave; two men digging therein by moonlight. My Rosierucian friend stands with folded arms looking on. At the foot of the "rambling hills," upon one of which is the cemetery, lies the great city, now sombre and dark in the shadows of the early evening. The rising moon casts gaunt, spectral images, from tree, house, or shrub, along the ground, which, locking arms with each other as they sprang into existence, wove a pall for the lovely face of nature, not unlike the pall which covers the face of the dead, who lie so still all around. A little lake in the center of the cemetery, in sight of the diggers and the diggings, lies, like my friend's "magic mirror," black as ink with this pall resting upon its placid, dark face. Here and there the moonbeams stole through the leafy branches of the forest which skirted the lake, and amid which stood the tall-tale marble of sleepers who in life spoke the same language which it (the senseless marble) speaks to-night, &c. I am better than you poor paupers who sleep unburied, without monument or slab to make their rest more placid, or to warn unloved feet to tread softly, or to be a sign that those whose graves are so well marked, should rank first in the great resurrection, even as they ranked here on earth.

God lets his golden moonlight fall on the marble, and it looks more ghastly to me, and the shadows look tangible as I gaze, and many a form stands or wanders in the uncertain light. Little flecks of moonlight fall here and there upon the ground, or glisten like gold on the still water, reminding me of the little gold which adorns and embellishes the great shadowy evils of life.

It is an unusual thing to see men digging a grave at night, and so my friend questioned the digger.

"Why do you dig at night, my good friend?" "Och! and he jabbers, and its the likes of me that has to do many an oratory thing these here red times, to kape hunger from the five wee childer and Peeggs at home," answered the most intelligent of the two, who were evidently Irishmen. "Howld on, Mike!" he added to his comrade, who commenced digging. "Howld on, Mike, this howl is nearly due jist; and the moon will jist put a spot foreinst the head uv it in one minnit more, and you know," he added to my friend, "it is a bad omen fur moonlight to fall unnoticid in an open grave, so we alwas come prepared to offer up suitable sacrifice to the god uv the night."

As he spoke he removed from a bundle of rags hard by (which, by the way, was his coat), a junk bottle, and continued, "Now, misther, ye-es seem to be a jintleman, and ef ye-es have no objections we'd jist invite ye-es to jine in the ceremony." Amused by the novelty of this request, my friend readily acquiesced. "Me name is Patrick O'Riley, but fur short-rt he calls me Pat; and this is Michael McQuin, stranger, but they calls him Mike, as honest a soul as iver shouldered a hod uv brick, or stuck spade in dir-rt. Now we are tumint sich other, and acquainted like, jist face her majesty—so. Now that'll do! Watch the glimmer as it crapes along the ground like the maste tells us the serpent did in the Garden uv Eden, whin he sthoke away the purity of Mother Eve, bad luck to his soul! Jist like the monster who sthoke away the joy and light uv the poor old man who will slape here to-morrow in this cursed howl—this paper's grave." (Pat was growing pathetic, and lest I spoil his fine sentiment with my bad Irish, I will give what he said in my own language mainly.) "See, the glimmer is almost within—stop! howld your breaths, men. Howly mother! some kindly hand hath plucked the light aside just as it would enter there." Here the Irishman fell on his knees and raised his hands high above his head, while he looked in dumb silence a moment toward the twinkling stars overhead; then, suddenly springing to his feet, he fairly danced for joy, as he said, "The soul of the old man cannot sleep here in this narrow hole. No priest is needed to pass him out of purgatory. Don't you see how the moon refuses to shine in his grave? All is well fur him, poor man!" Then holding the bottle aloft he said, "We drink this in thanks to the God of the broken hearts;" then drank deeply and passed it to the others.

When all had drunk, he sat down upon the damp mold, while Mike worked away at the digging. Pat's soul was full, and he poured out its burden in the attentive ears of my friend.

"You see, stranger, Pat is a poor man, who toils early and late for bread, clothing, and shelter for the little ones whom God hath kindly given to his care. The winter swallows up all the earnings of the beautiful summer, and, do my best, the long winter evenings oft find my hearth cold and my children hungry. Stranger! did you ever have a little child—your flesh and blood—look in your face with its blue eyes full of tears—eyes wherein God loves to mirror his own smiles—and ask you vainly for bread you could not give? Your book says no, but Pat has had this experience often, and that through no fault of his. For yonder beautiful city was builded by me. My bent limbs and aching back reared its mansions, dug its cellars and sewers, and graded its streets; and that at prices which were barely sufficient for immediate wants. I was young once," he said, sadly, as he looked dreamily away toward the spires and domes of the city now glistening in the moonlight, "my strong limbs and willing, trusting, hopeful, buoyant nature was my capital. Demons in the shape of men traded with me, and because I had no protection in law they robbed me of my capital, and grew fat and rich on my labor, while Pat has grown more ragged, abject, and hopeless as gray hairs are coming, and little children require his strength. True, Pat takes his dram occasional—here he paused and took a drink from the black bottle, which he mechanically passed to the others, and continued with a voice now husky, occasionally choked with emotions he vainly strove against, "but here is where the woe comes in. The rich build dram shops which they license and patronize in many ways on the sly, and if perchance they become drunk the police takes them home, or to good quarters, to be kindly cared for; but poor Pat is first employed to build the walls of yonder court house and jail, for which he is treated to his dram and not half paid, and then when on a bit of a spree locked up by them, or robbed of his children's bread to pay fines. Your Temperance Lodges are fine things in their way, but what does your cold-blooded, cold-hearted, calculating teetotalers know of the heart-aches and misery which seems to inhere in warm, impulsive natures (and these are mainly the poor) which Pat sometimes tries to drown momentarily in his dram? They know nothing! Society (and temperance people are generally the holy leaders thereof), is fighting effects of its own creation, as a child fights its shadow."

Here he paused and took another drink, adding in a slow, measured tone of voice, "This is to the memory of the dead whose last house we are building. He could not sleep here did we not drink deep in forgetfulness of the many woes

he suffered while living. I dig this grave, stranger, for the paltry sum of fifty cents. The undertaker has a contract with the city to bury its paupers and strangers, for which he is well paid. He, by the way is a temperance man; but he, knowing my necessities and the great scarcity of work, takes advantage of me, who, rather than see my children suffer, dig for him at his own price. 'Sir! who ever yet heard of a poor man fixing his own price on his labor? I dig at night so as not to spoil to-morrow's job, and thus be thrown out of work for an indefinite period of time. Once upon a time Pat had worked all the week for the city, upon the streets. It was Saturday night, the overseer gave me a check on the city treasury for my pay, but the treasurer had gone home, and when I rang the bell at his mansion, he was 'not at home.' 'Not at home' sir! and my family had been on short allowance all the week, and were now absolutely destitute. 'I'll buy your check at a discount,' said one, who belongs to the Rev. Mr. Sabine's church. 'Discount' rings in my ears to this day, sir. What does that mean but lawful robbery? I had, by working nights, like this, sir, kept my family from suffering during the week. To borrow was out of the question, for when I tried, the poor, who were my true friends, had nothing to lend, and the rich said, 'Sell your check; there are plenty of bankers who will shave it for you.' Shave it! yes; and in so doing shave the soul out of a man who toils at the paltry prices the laborer gets in all large cities. But it is an 'accommodation' and in all business transactions these things must be paid for, and the law gives these men—these sharks and vultures, birds of prey which live upon dead and dying bodies—the power to take any advantage of necessity they can, and these brokers are generally in league with the city officials, who purposely absent themselves on pay-day, so as to give these brokers an open field for their legal robbery, and are always hanging around watching for prey, and ever ready to offer to discount any check, or advance money to assist (the poor who cannot wait till the next Monday for their hard earned money. The more one shows signs of poverty and woe the greater the discount. Who dares to say this is not right when the law says it is so? Does not the law fix the standard of right?"

He asked this last question wildly and savagely, and springing to his feet, cursed society generally, and law makers and law dealers in particular, most bitterly, and drank to their eternal woe from his bottle; while Mike, having ceased work, looked on in wide mouthed amazement; and my friend, though a stranger to fear, began to think he was in company with a half-crazed inebriate. Soon he seated himself again and continued,

"I beg pardon for such an outburst of feeling, but I cannot help it. If I alone were the sufferer I could endure it all, but it does seem to me that society owes a duty to my children, as well as to throw all the burden upon me. It does seem to me that it is in duty bound to see that I am not robbed of my only means of support, which is a just and fair compensation for my toil. Sir! those mansions are my hollow groans. Those iron fronts and marble walls are my solidified tears, which will one day burst asunder and bury their purse-prind owners in one general ruin. Well, sir, I sold my check, and weak and faint with the toils of the week, and disgusted with the avarice and greed of the 'kid glove fraternity,' who live without toil, I called in at a licensed grog shop and took a dram, in hopes to feel a little better in mind and body. I had scarcely drank my dram and turned to go home when I was accosted by a fine-looking man, who suggested that he knew me, and that I looked weary, and politely asked me to take a drink with him. I assented, and after drinking he called for another, but I declined drinking more, assuring him I had enough, whereupon he fell into a rage, and being backed up by others 'kicked up a row,' and in the melee I found myself worsted and in the hands of the police, while the instigators escaped, with my week's work in their possession, for I had been robbed of every cent I had on earth. I was taken to the lock-up, and on the next Monday sent to the work house for fourteen days, upon the evidence of the infernal policeman who stood by all the time and saw the whole transaction. Sir, these policemen many times are in league with cut-throats and villains, who infest our cities, and their plunder. Do you think, sir, that there was one question asked as to how my helpless family were to get through that terrible fourteen days? Think you the 'Young Men's Christian Association' were there to advance that fine and give me a chance to work it out? Not at all, sir. Were the temperance societies there to take poor Pat by the hand and help him then in his despair, thus proving to me that they really care for and love the weak and unfortunate? Not at all, sir. Not a minister of the gospel, not a single follower of him who commanded to feed the hungry, clothe the naked, and bind up the broken hearts, was there. I knew, as I toiled for the city in prison, that my little ones were begging their bread or going without. A fellow prisoner, upon his discharge the day after I entered, reported my case, and that of my family, to the 'missionary' of the 'Young Men's Christian Association,' who thereupon visited my wife with a bundle of tracts, prayers, and gave her an order on some grocery for a few things, enough perhaps to last three days, and never came again. But God bless them for that. They sometimes do noble acts of charity, but this is mainly when the unfortunate has some influential friend to interest himself, or when public attention may be, or is, attracted so as to crown them with public laurels of applause. Love of approbation and public applause does more for the alleviation of human suffering than all the preaching in the land. 'Tis public sentiment which rules and educates the world. But while it does this it is a god's mill, you know, which grinds fine and crushes and sifts human hearts like a mill does grain."

The grave was dug; one last rite remained, that of consecration.

Wellsville, Mo.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Wm. B. Fahnestock to H. T. Child.

Night before last, I had a rare and interesting case, in that of a young lady, Miss C., who entered the statutoric condition for the relief of a neuralgic affection in her head. This case, among others, demonstrates the importance of having a thorough knowledge of the nature of the condition—and, as a detailed account may be interesting, I will give it as briefly as possible.

Miss C. entered the state by the usual instructions in about ten minutes—but soon became so much interested in looking, and visiting her friends, that she lost sight of me altogether. Her mind was so intensely fixed upon her friends, that she did not even hear me, although I made many ineffectual efforts to draw her attention. She spoke rapidly, (seemingly as if to herself) making remarks about those she saw, and paying no attention whatever to what I said. She was perfectly insensible, and every sense was deeply in the state. Such cases have occurred to persons who

were ignorant of the nature of the condition, and, consequently, were unable to awaken them when it became necessary to do so.

Under such circumstances they become alarmed, which only makes the matter worse, in consequence of communicating the same feelings to the subject, through their clear-minded powers.

The alarm spreading, physicians are next called in—but as they are generally ignorant of the true nature of the condition as those who were instrumental in bringing it about—they can do nothing—but, not wishing to appear ignorant, they often blindly resort to measures which are as unnecessary as they are ineffectual.

A true knowledge of the condition teaches that the only proper way to treat such cases, is to draw their attention by some means, and if that cannot be done by talking to them—some one who has been in the condition before, must enter the state, and direct them to hear you.

I was obliged to resort to this method in the case of the young lady, above referred to—and as there was a lady then present who had been in the state frequently before—the difficulty was soon overcome. Being aware of the fact, that when persons are in this condition, they hear and see each other, I took advantage of this knowledge, and as soon as the lady entered the condition and spoke to her, she was seen and heard by Miss C., and being then directed by the lady to hear me, she did so at once, and I then had no difficulty in directing her mind so as to relieve her head—and to teach her to throw any part of her body into the state at will.

I will here only add, that in case no one can be had to enter the state, so as to direct them to hear, etc., the best plan is to await their waking, which, in a longer or shorter period will always take place.

There need be no fear that they will not awake in the end—for they will, eventually, fall into a natural sleep if left alone, and wake out of that state as usual—but, in that case, they will, most likely, remember nothing that they saw while in condition.

Under such circumstances, also, the mind cannot be directed so as to have a beneficial effect upon their disease; but under proper instructions, this may be accomplished at another sitting.

This case also proves that the idea of a power in the operator is as false as the existence of an animal magnetic fluid in nature. The sooner, therefore, that these fallacies are discarded by an intelligent community, the sooner will the benefits to be derived from a knowledge of this condition be appreciated and properly applied. Lancaster, Penn., Oct. 23, 1871.

Written for the Religio-Philosophical Journal. OUR CIRCLE.

By Mrs. S. K. B.

We walk along the pavement, exchanging a good morning or good evening with some friend almost certainly. We attend a social gathering, and almost every face seems familiar. We think our circle of acquaintances very large, comprising about as many as we have time or ability to take into our hearts. We are, perhaps, the center of that circle. We feel that we occupy an important place in the world. We give our opinions as though they were decisions. We look down upon many not so wealthy, or cultivated, or good as ourselves. We forget humility, till suddenly our eyes are opened, and we find that our circle after all is a small one. Some do not seem to learn it this side of the "valley of the shadow." Perhaps they learn it to their sorrow on the other!

Not long since we started out to call upon the strangers in our church. The walk to this and that home seemed very long. Many a face was unfamiliar. Hundreds of neat little houses we had never seen before, and baby faces that made us feel that the room in our hearts was not fully occupied after all. The persons whom we did not know seemed legion. We found some plainer homes than ours, some mothers who worked harder than we. Our sympathies grew broader, and our circle beautifully less. We bethought ourselves of the dainty maidens and laughing matrons who never go outside their circle; of the prominent business men who, mingling every day in trade, seem to be strangers to none, yet there are thousands in the mills, the shops and on the farms who never receive the benefit of their cultivation or their encouragement.

We live too much in this way; we become cramped in ideas and acts. In a city of a hundred thousand we may know three thousand persons, and what is that among a million, and that among twenty millions. Mr. C. may have put all his money into an elegant home, which is the admiration or envy of scores, and yet never be known outside his own town. Aristocracy and democracy converge till they are one seen from a distance. The little pinnacles which one and another have built for their exaltation seem like a plane to some great mind that loves to study humanity. We are very much like children who wear white aprons while somebody wears colored. We forget, after we are older, and we think we wear the aprons still!

Our circle may be a wealthy one. We may have no callers but those arrayed in purple and fine linen. We may have no beds but those of down and step upon no carpets but Brussels. We may have ease, and pleasure, and contentment. We may grasp no *parvenue* hand. Outside this charmed sphere lives a great mass of human beings, struggling for plain beds, common food and floors that have no carpets. They are the other side of life. They have more of it than poetry. They have groups of little children, who bring large love and large self-sacrifice. They look upon beautiful lawns and conservatories; they love beauty none the less because they are poor. They need the cheer and hope that wealth can give. The rich need to go out into plain homes and sorrowing firesides. They learn gratitude from their own blessings; they learn that the great world is poor, that the few only have money. They grow unselfish. They radiate the grace that wealth helps to bestow. They get beyond our circle and are the better and richer for it.

Our circle may be intellectual and refined. We are too fastidious to eat and drink with the ignorant. Their conversation does not please us. Their manners are not after our liking. They annoy our nice ears by bad grammar. They err in judgment. They cannot rise above every-day life. We are obliged to stop and explain our classical allusions. We do not care to talk of what we shall eat or what we shall drink, or wherewithal we shall be clothed; of the amiable qualities of our daughters and remarkable minds of our sons; of our plans, our prospects, and our acquisitions. If individual enjoyment were the great end of our being, we should probably all have been refined and cultivated. We need to mingle with the unlearned, that we may know how to communicate as well as to receive. A man may be an intellectual gourmand as well as a physical one. The highest selfishness is shown in the person who spends years to accumulate knowledge,

and goes to his grave having made the world no wiser for his stay in it. By having our fine senses jarred, we become more liberal to others' shortcomings. "When we are truly cultivated in soul as well as in mind, we are not annoyed by blunders or ignorance," says a distinguished writer. Pedantry may annoy; unfortunate lack of education never.

Those who laugh at mistakes, who are ill at ease in the society of common people, would in nine cases out of ten, if put in the same circumstances, make another figure. True greatness seldom knows it—never shows it.

Our circle may be moral, even Christian, we may love prayer and its kindred works. We may do charitable deeds. We may have the companionship of the best, and fear contamination with others. We may sit apart in our path and think none right but ours. Said a good man to us the other day, when we told him we hardly cared what denomination we joined ourselves with, "I cannot help but think you are in error. There is but one church. Christ founded it, belonged to it, the Disciple Church." Another just as stoutly affirmed that Jesus was a Congregationalist, and although we love and belong to this church, we think we are no nearer or dearer to Him than others that love to be called by His name.

In our circle drunkenness and immorality may not be so much as named. Anything that offends the most refined, may not have been heard in it. Saloons for us may have no temptations. Gilded mansions of sin look like burning volcanoes beside the quiet firelight of our own homes. We see no reason that any should go astray. We see no reason to labor among the low and the destitute. They won't learn to be provident; they love their filth and poverty. They have been reared in it, and the great corrupt mass surges on in its broad way toward death. The little children are looking upon the wine cup while it is red; the girls are learning sin before they see the beautiful niches in God's universe for women; there they are not white enough to fill them. Profanity, vulgarity and their companions are despoiling human nature, and the moral and respectable few do not want to touch them. Alas! who will then?

We do not know their heart aches and temptations. We should grow compassionate and larger hearted if we stepped out into this great sea of humanity. We should learn not to be above our fellows. If travel abroad enlarges ideas, how necessary to come out from our cocoon seclusiveness, and grow grand and liberal at home.

We are too apt to sneer at all reforms that are new and untried. Possibly some other brain is as clear as our own. Possibly the wise men will not all die with us in our generation. Persons who have made a circle for their own thinking and acting are open to no change of views are the worst of all to live with. They virtually say, the Lord and I arranged these matters and you may be sure it is all right.

"Our circle" dwarfs intellect, dwarfs all our higher emotions. The great world broadens our views, opens our sympathies, makes us see ourselves as others see us, small and unimportant, and makes us liberal lovers of its Maker.

Written for the Religio-Philosophical Journal. THE CELESTIAL SPHERES.

By D. G. Mosher.

NUMBER I.

The subject treated of under the head of "Celestial Spheres," was fully impressed on my mind about the year 1859, and I wrote out as well as I could, the substance thereof; and after some urgent pleading, I obtained consent for their publication in a spiritual paper, entitled "The Truth Seeker," as the production of a "Crazed" brain; and doubtless the patrons of that paper read them as the result of a yielding, on my part, to the influence of "Low Order" spirits, yet notwithstanding these drawbacks I have ever, from that time to this, been firmly impressed with the truthfulness of the principles therein set forth; and that the time was not distant when others, more competent than myself, would receive the same in corroboration of these ultra ideas, which in due time would be brought within the realm of popular thought, and their merits would be duly appreciated. Thus I have patiently and silently waited for the appointed time in which I might be instrumental as a co-worker in the promulgation of principles, that in many respects, must change the popular tide in the direction of a better mode of development and reform.

I am highly gratified to learn that the "golden harvest" is fast approaching, and laborers are in considerable number already in the field. Dr. M. L. Sherman, through whom the "Hollow Globe" theory was dictated, Prof. Wm. F. Lyon, the writer of that wonderful book entitled "The World's Agitator and Reconciler," and J. Francis, the writer of "A Search After God," are among the most bold and efficient laborers in affixing the great radical change necessary to the upholding of the millennial *bad* of the second spiritual dispensation.

In a private letter, Professor Lyon, in reference to my answers to questions propounded by a Mr. Campbell in the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL of June 10th, says:

We perceive clearly that flesh and blood hath not revealed these things unto you.

Also in a private letter from M. L. Sherman, M.D., through whom Prof. Lyon received instructions in regard to the "Hollow Globe."

With regard to your article in the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL of June 8th, I consider it in exact consonance with the teachings given through me by my spirit band, who are at present dictating for another book, to be written by Prof. Lyon. The same ideas are also distributed throughout the teachings of the "Hollow Globe." You are wonderfully impersonal, and I can cordially grasp your warm hand, affiliate with your progressive sentiments, and say, Let the ball roll on.

In presenting these ultra ideas, I wish to be fully understood by the reader that I make no profession as a writer or as a public speaker, as I am utterly incompetent as such, only as I have received in what to me seems to be "the impressionable language of the spheres," wonderful ideas, and am impressed to present them in my own unlearned way as best I can for it is to the unlearned that these truths are to be revealed; and in the nature of things are withheld from the wise.

Being encouraged as above, I have been induced to re-write the long "lost" articles in order to adapt more fully the ultra ideas therein intended to be conveyed to the more progressed condition of the progressive element.

I cannot conclude this introduction without urgently soliciting the perusal of the "Hollow Globe" and kindred works; also the articles in the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL and elsewhere relating to the same subject. Some of the most prominent ideas presented in these articles are:

1st. That there is an infinite gradation of intelligent forms from the infinite lower to the infinite higher; that each form, however low in the scale of development, controls and directs those of an inferior plane; and is itself controlled and governed by those of a higher plane,—thus upward to the infinite in knowledge, wisdom and power; and downward *ad infinitum*.

2d. That each individualized intelligence, or each form, is an aggregation of an infinite number of forms and degrees of forms, each of which occupies a position adapted to its condition in the scale of development, and is accordingly instrumental in the organization, construction and development of the forms of which it is but an infinitesimal part, and that each of these infinitesimal parts, or forms, is likewise an aggregation of an innumerable variety of forms and degrees of forms, each of which is a microcosm of the "stupendous whole."

3d. That each physical form, whether organized or unorganized, is dependent for its existence, as such form, upon a more refined pervading form or counterpart, and that this last is also dependent upon a still more refined pervading counterpart for life-action and existence as an organized form; thus onward infinitely,—each outer or grosser form being successively cast off, rendering the spiritual and all successive *celestial* forms in their order *material*, being subject to the same laws of mortality as is the physical form.

4th. That motion or action of substances is in every respect dependent upon its contact with other substance in motion—motion which is said to be caused by attraction of gravitation is no exception to this rule. The inertia of matter cannot be overcome by any other possible means than by contact with substance of some degree in motion.

5th. That the *sum* of all forms and degrees of forms in existence are but one grand incomprehensible ocean of divine intelligence or essence; the grossest matter in existence being in every respect no other than this divine essence as viewed infinitesimally.

6th. That the germs of all life-forms have ever existed and have ever been subject to progressive changes and the laws of mortality the same as the forms of our degree.

7th. That no God exists that is not progressive in every respect like human forms.

Celestial is here used in a general sense, meaning all forms of matter more refined than what is usually termed physical.

Mosherville, Mich.

Written for the Religio-Philosophical Journal. HEALING.

By J. Hoke, M.D.

We are induced to write a few thoughts on the philosophy of healing diseases by the laying on of hands, because several of your correspondents, who have written on this subject, give anything but a clear, scientific explanation of the phenomenon. That diseases have been cured in past ages by this means alone, is so well supported by historic evidence, that to doubt it would be equivalent to discarding every other fact on historic evidence alone; but to deny that cures are effected by this means in our day, would be equivalent to doubting the evidences of our senses. We take it, then, as an admitted fact, that grave diseases are eradicated from the system by simply laying hands upon the sick person. The idea that it is a miraculous power by which these cures are performed is wholly out of the question in our day, for we know positively that no effort can be produced without an adequate cause, and that all causations are governed by immutable law.

As true students of nature, it then becomes our duty to discover the law by which such grand results are attained, and so make it of universal application for the cure of all diseases. It is a fact that the properties of matter are changed in passing through living organisms—indeed, this is nature's law through which all matter is refined. Magnetism is matter, and undergoes the same change by passing through living organisms as other matter does. That which passes through the pores of glass is finer than that used for telegraphing. We live in an ocean of magnetism, and constantly absorb it into our systems, and as constantly give it out after assimilation, but that which we give forth is, of course, finer than the unassimilated, and is called animal magnetism. Now, all persons are magnets, and when in health, the magnetism is in perfect equilibrium throughout the entire system, but a disturbed equilibrium thereof, is the first cause of disease. In local inflammation we first have a loss of vitality (or magnetism), which is the same thing in the blood-vessels of the part, which is followed by hyperaemia, or engorgement as a consequence, which will terminate in resolution as the most favorable result, or in suppuration, or mortification. Now, in the earlier stages of this difficulty, the hand of a strong, healthy person, laid upon the part affected for a short time, would restore the lost vitality. Few persons are in exactly equal magnetic states, but are either positive or negative to each other. When one who is positive comes in contact with one who is negative, the former will impart magnetism to the latter, as certainly as the positive pole of a battery will impart to the negative when a connection is made. This fact we can establish by causing a young, healthy child to habitually sleep with a very old person. The child will soon show evidence of lost vitality in its pale and sickly countenance, and if the experiment is continued, death from inanition will follow as a result. All healthy children are positive magnetically, because they must accumulate material to build up their organisms, while old persons are negative, because their organism is losing the power of accumulating material. This is the natural law of growth and decay. We do not believe that the will power has much to do in healing by the laying on of hands, but there can be no doubt that our spirit-friends can impart magnetism through us to the sick, as well as directly. Our own investigation of the subject also precludes the idea, that faith or belief exercised by the sick, has anything directly or indirectly to do with the matter. Sometime ago we were called to see a little girl, four years old. She was affected by severe convulsions from a paroxysm of remittent fever. When we came into the room for the first time, we laid our right hands on her forehead, and the left on the leg, above the ankle, when the convulsions ceased instantaneously. Such a result was unlooked for by us so suddenly, but when we interrupted the contact, the convulsions as instantaneously returned. We tried it several times with the same result. We then continued the contact for twenty minutes, and the convulsions did not return, and she soon recovered. It certainly cannot be claimed that faith or belief had anything to do with the cure in this case, and it is demonstrated that our contact had. We have had, in our experience, many similar cases, though none where the effect was quite so instantaneous as in this. It usually requires several minutes to attain the same result, but we have always succeeded best in small children, who could not have exercised any faith, or believe in what was done for them.

After carefully studying the law of terrestrial magnetism, and then our relation to it, very many of the physiological as well as mental phenomena that are now obscure and perplexing, will become self-evident to the thinking mind. Human beings are the most advanced result of the creative energies of the universe, and yet they are as much under the control of her laws as the humblest organism that exists. We only fill our place, do our work, as all other beings do. If ours is higher, it is because they have finished the means by which a higher was made possible.

Catalogue of Books FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE.

Table listing various books for sale, including titles like 'Ancient Reason and Examination of the Prophecies', 'The Positive, Right Arm of the Heavens', and 'The Negative, Left Arm of the Heavens'.

Table listing various books for sale, including titles like 'The Positive, Right Arm of the Heavens', 'The Negative, Left Arm of the Heavens', and 'The Key to Medicine'.

New Advertisements. Prof. Wm. Denton's Works. Mrs. Maria M. King's Works. Dr. E. P. Miller's Works. Hudson Tuttle's Works. Moses Hull's Works. P. B. Randolph's Works. Dr. A. B. Child's Works. Looking Beyond. Life, Soul, Spirit, Celestial Body.

New Publications. THE VOICES. THE DEBATABLE LAND. THE POSITIVE, RIGHT ARM OF THE HEAVENS. THE NEGATIVE, LEFT ARM OF THE HEAVENS. THE KEY TO MEDICINE. TRIUMPHANT SUCCESS. POEMS OF PROGRESS.

THE POSITIVE, RIGHT ARM OF THE HEAVENS. THE NEGATIVE, LEFT ARM OF THE HEAVENS. THE KEY TO MEDICINE. TRIUMPHANT SUCCESS. POEMS OF PROGRESS. THE DEBATABLE LAND. THE POSITIVE & NEGATIVE POWDERS.

Frontier Department.

BY..... E. V. WILSON.

The Fire Test.

Readers, when you have read the following wonderful experience, you can fully understand the royal beauties of our gospel, as well as the wonderful and exceeding delights of clairvoyance, the rock on which Jesus built his church.

DEAR BROTHER:—Here I am at home, with the remnant of my family, the two oldest girls, in answer to your kind letter, telling me to come with my two motherless children.

On Sunday, Oct. 8th, was a cold, chilly day. The atmosphere was very remarkable, still, and filled with a dense, blinding smoke, fearfully increasing toward night.

"Oh! where are mother and baby?" I replied: "Mother and baby are dead. And where," I asked, "are Mary and Lincoln?" She answered: "Mary is here with me. Lincoln is dead."

Now the wind decreased in violence, and the force of the tempest of fire and wind had passed on. We could yet hear its terrible roar, and we were in its awful trail.

I opened the door and all came out, and we started for the hill. You remember the ridge west of my house. We had selected this place to go to in case of fire, and from this fire we knew no better place to go to.

Mr. B. and family, together with my children proceeded ahead. At this time all was instantaneously light as day, darkness had disappeared, and the whole heavens seemed one vast wave of fire.

We hastened on. When about sixty feet from the house, wife spoke: "Pa, Lincoln is in the house,—our only son."

I entered the burning house, which was all in a blaze overhead, and fire falling through in every direction, so rapid had been its progress.

she had gone on, when to my surprise, I found her standing just as I had left her. I said to her: "He is not in the house. Give me the baby. He must have gone on with the rest."

"I took baby on my left arm, and just then saw our boy coming toward us. He came running up to me, saying: "Papa, I shall be burned up. What shall I do?"

"See, pa has got baby and mother here, and we will go together." Thus, having him by one hand, and baby on the other arm, I said to wife:

"Take hold of my vest collar," as I had no coat on. She did so, but never spoke from the time she thought our boy was in the house.

"Oh! my brother," I cried aloud. My senses were suspended for a moment—I knew nothing. I groped my way along, I knew not where. I thought I saw some object moving. I pulled my eyes open, called my eldest girl,—brave child, she came to me into the very face of death.

"I was blind and on fire. She led me where Mrs. B.'s children and Mary were. Mr. B. and part of his family were gone, we knew not where. I said to them:

"I awoke and felt refreshed, and have ever since felt surrounded by these unseen friends, helping me all the time. I could not at the time comprehend how I was to go to Illinois in my present condition.

On Tuesday night, the 10th, while lying at the Taylor House, I saw my wife, in a vision. Others came with her, and it was said to me, from these spirits, I could not distinguish whose voices:

"You will live, and go to Illinois." I awoke and felt refreshed, and have ever since felt surrounded by these unseen friends, helping me all the time. I could not at the time comprehend how I was to go to Illinois in my present condition.

All the way to Chicago, from conductors and all others on board of the cars, seemingly vied with each other to help us on our way. It was only necessary for me to mention the Peshtigo and Menominee fires, and point to my burns, for they were my witnesses.

And I call upon my God to witness that this is the truth, and that I am this day a living demonstration of His power to heal through ministering spirits.

who have passed on; you are to live and go from here.

From this united prayer I rose up, free from pain, and strengthened to endure my loss. We remained there until near daylight. Beginning to feel cold, I was led to some half-burned logs, which they turned over, and we sat between them trying to keep warm, as there was not fire enough left to keep us warm.

Morning light came. I wished once more to look, with my motherless girls, upon our lost and loved ones. My two girls led me back to where their mother and baby sister lay. I pulled my eyelids apart, for my face was so swollen and blistered I could not see any as I opened my eyes by force, and looked upon their faces for the last time on earth.

I turned with my children, and started for Menominee, seven miles away,—not thinking for a moment that all between our little settlement and the town had shared our fate.

I have told you I got to Menominee Tuesday morning, Oct. 10th, and while there was cared for by Dr. Sherman, who, after cutting off the rags, remnants of my clothes, proceeded to dress my burns, roasted feet and hands, and swollen eyes.

Dr. Shepard and Dodge took charge of me after the first few days. I was tenderly cared for, and nursed with brotherly and sisterly love from all with whom I met.

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And now, dear brother, this is the way I have been led to your house, and made welcome by your family, as well as by many unseen angel friends. I can feel their presence, but can not always see

them, and since being in your home, have felt them working over my crippled hands and feet, and believe they will restore to me the use of them in good time.

All I have here stated can be proved by writing to any of the parties mentioned above, or to the Relief Committee at Menominee, Mich.; they will all remember me as the only one so badly burned, that lived. God and angels be with you, my brother, and bless you in your work in the cause of spiritual freedom.

Accept love and heart-felt thanks from myself and children. Your brother, PHINEAS EAMES. Lombard, Ills.

LITERARY NOTICES. Scribner's for December opens with a charming German legend in verse, "The Count's Little Daughters."

Good Health, for December, has many valuable articles among which we have only space to mention: "Means of Preserving Health," "Hospital Treatment for the Insane," "On Fashion and Example in Food," "Consumption."

The Phrenological Journal, for December, is at hand. Among the magazines we receive each month none are more carefully perused than this, on account of its sound views on everything related to the times.

American Odd Fellow, for December, is a splendid number. It has beautifully-illustrated articles on Chicago and the Indians; first-class articles; various sketches; pithy paragraphs on scientific subjects; humorous and general miscellany; "Letters from under a Lamp-post"; choice poetry; news from the Order everywhere, etc.

Vital Magnetic Cure, an Exposition of Vital Magnetism, and its application to the treatment of mental and physical diseases by a magnetic physician, Wm. White & Co., Publishers, 158 Washington street, Boston.

This work contains a vast amount of information that should be in the hands of each one. The hints in reference to "unconscious magnetism" are well calculated to do a great amount of good.

Mayweed Blossoms, by Lois Walsbrooker. Wm. White & Co., Publishers, Boston. In her dedication the author expresses herself as follows: "To my Friends everywhere, and to my best friend in particular, are these 'Blossoms' Dedicated."

The Doubtful Land. This very remarkable work, by Robert Dale Owen, is attracting much attention, even before publication. A large number of the first edition were shipped to us by fast freight, on Nov. 20th, and we hope they will be received ere this paper goes to the reader.

is bright, and its Book Reviews numerous, and where needed, incisive. The January number will commence the eighth volume. Four dollars per annum; club subscriptions at reduced rates. John H. Carnaby & Co., Publishers, 408 Washington street, San Francisco.

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