

RELIGIO PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL

HARMONIAL PHILOSOPHY
DEVOTED TO
SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHY

THE ARTS AND SCIENCES, LITERATURE

ROMANCE AND GENERAL REFORM.

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

VOLUME XII.

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NUMBER 2

Select Poetry.

WRITTEN AT MY MOTHER'S GRAVE.

BY GEORGE D. PRENTICE.

The trembling dew drops fall
Upon the shutting flowers like souls at rest;
The stars shine gloriously, and all
Save me, is blest.

Mother, I love thy grave!
The violet, with blossoms blue and mild,
Waves o'er thy head—when shall it wave
Above thy child?

'Tis a bright flower, yet must
Its bright leaves to the tempest bow;
Dear mother, 'tis thy emblem—dust
Is on thy brow.

And I could love to die,
To stain the plumage of thy dark, bitter streams,
By these, as erst in childhood, lie,
And share thy dreams.

And must I linger here,
To stain the plumage of my sinless years,
And mourn the hopes to childhood dear
With bitter tears?

Aye, must I linger here,
A lonely branch upon a withered tree,
Whose last frail leaf, untimely ere,
Went down with thee?

Off from life's withered bower,
In ill communion with the past I turn,
And muse on thee, the only flower
In memory's urn.

And when the evening pale
Bows like a mourner on the blue dim wave,
I stray to hear the night winds wail
Around thy grave.

Where is thy spirit flown?
I gaze above—thy look is imaged there;
I listen, and thy gentle tone
Is on the air.

Oh, come, while I may press
My brow upon thy grave, and in those mild
And thrilling tones of tenderness,
Bless, bless thy child!

SPIRIT PICTURES.

The Mysterious Appearance of Strange Likenesses.

[From Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper.]

At the close of a morning of most unsatisfactory work, Edgar Ramsay put away his camera and stood looking into the street. He had an artist's eye and taste, and had chosen his occupation from the love of it. But there came hours of depression and weariness to him as well as to every other son of Adam, when he doubted whether he had been wise in choosing his present pursuit. His morning sitter had been a model of patience and good nature. No statue could have been more immovable, the day was fine, the light perfect, and her drapery had fallen about her in the most graceful folds. Yet she had sat six times full-face, three-quarters, profile, and yet he could not conscientiously say that at any time he had produced a likeness.

"You know best," said the lady, in answer to his remarks, "whether it is a good likeness or not. One never knows how they look themselves, and one's friends are hardly better judges. Satisfy yourself, and you will satisfy me."

No sitter that he had ever had was more supremely indifferent to the advantages which nature had lavished upon her, but he could not satisfy himself, and he had been obliged to make another appointment, from which he feared the result would be equally disappointing. He could not quarrel with his materials; they were the best that could be procured, and he had just taken the picture of a young girl which seemed almost as if it must speak, so life-like was it, and yet this face refused to reproduce itself. Truly there was much in his art that he did not understand, though the beauty of his pictures and his intuitive knowledge of the most favorable position in which to place his sitters, so as to bring out their good points and conceal their bad ones, brought him fame and constant employment. Yet he felt inclined today to give it all up because he was baffled by something which he could not comprehend.

To his recollection came a curious observation of an old artist, which he had treated once with contempt, thinking it an excuse for poor materials or bad work. "Different people," said he, "exert such a different influence on the materials, that one would almost think the inanimate things had consciences, and were moved by likes and dislikes like creatures with souls. It appears almost as if they had pleasure in reproducing some faces, and brought out all their finest expressions and inward grace; while others have a contrary effect, and though we exert all the knowledge of which we are possessed, and try to bend the stubborn materials to our will, they defy us and refuse to paint for us the face before them, or produce it in such a manner that would should be a likeness is a caricature or a distortion. I have met in my own experience two such cases. They are rare, but you will often find sitters of whose patience you can not complain, who will not be easy to take, and who will cause you a world of trouble because they exert but in a slight degree this same unhappy influence. But if one of these untakable faces should become a sitter of yours, do not waste too much time upon it, let it go—whatever the cause may be, you can not in the slightest degree control it, and you may as well give up the attempt at once."

How Ramsay had laughed in his sleeve at the old man. Nothing of that kind should ever happen to him. There was not a face in the wide world but he could copy it, if he had only time. But to-day it seemed as if the artist's mysterious experience was about to become his also. Pshaw, he was tired from overwork, or such crotchets would have found no

entertainment in his mind, and the best way to dispel them was to plunge into the throng that surged beneath the windows, where, if he did not keep his wits from wool-gathering, he would be run over, and served rightly for his stupidity. As he was about to leave the room, a boy put a note into his hand which read thus:

"Will Mr. Ramsay please come this afternoon to Twenty-seventh street, and bring his instruments, to photograph a dead child, and greatly oblige
"CORNELIUS WALKER."

Of course he could not refuse; he must go at once. The new subject would drive out the old. At the appointed time he presented himself at the door, and was shown into a darkened room, where, upon a dark maroon couch, lay the loveliest child he had ever seen. In whatever form death had come, he had left no trace of grief or pain behind him; nothing but peace and beauty. The boy lay on his side, with his cheek resting on one hand, while from the other flowers were drooping, as if, overcome by sleep, he had sunk down with them still in his grasp, which had grown less firm as his slumbers became more profound. In front of the couch sat the father, apparently unable to withdraw his eyes from the lovely statue before him. He bowed to Mr. Ramsay, who stood a moment beside it, as if he too were fascinated by the spectacle. He then withdrew to a distant chair, and waited till Mr. Walker should speak to him.

"Sir," said the gentleman at last, "I have sent you that you may give me a picture of this child. Some memories can carry with them the faces of dead friends forever, but mine can not, and I wish you to preserve for me that which I must so soon put away from my sight."

"I will do what I can," said Ramsey; but he spoke less confidently than he would have done on the preceding day. "At the best, Art can but give you a suggestion of that which is lost, not an accurate picture of it."

"Give me something at least by which to recall it. Do you know, sir, what it is to have a memory as treacherous as shifting sands, which keep no trace of yesterday for you? If you do, you must needs pity me. The mother of that child, my wife, died but a year ago. I loved her as my life. In our short wedded life we were never separated a day, and yet I can not recall a feature of her face—it has faded, faded quite away. I see her dress; I have that by me, and the jewels she wore, the books that she loved; but her eyes, her lips have vanished and left me forlorn. I think I shall go mad sometimes with the longing and striving to see what I can not."

The unhappy man gazed earnestly at the great mirror before him, as if he hoped to see something in the shadowy depths that approached his own.

"I was not so painfully aware of my infirmity while she lived. I knew that faces came and went in my mind like shadows in running water, but how could I feel it? I had her then. I often asked her to have her picture taken for me, but she had some superstition about it, and laughingly refused. She was not handsome enough, she said, for that, and what did I want of her picture and her too? What would I give for the faintest hint and gleam of her face? I would go to the very gates of death for but one glimpse of it! Can those we love be perfectly happy in heaven, if they know the longing of those on earth to see them once again?"

For such a question Ramsay had no reply, and indeed none was expected—the mourner seemed rather as if he were thinking aloud than talking to a sympathetic listener. But he felt that if he did not pause soon he must interrupt him, for he knew by the situation of the room, and the time which the clock on the shelf showed him, that he must soon begin his task, or the light would not answer his purpose. Yet he could hardly bear to disturb the cool gray light which lay over the child, and which seemed best suited to its profound and dreamless sleep.

"I am sorry to appear in haste," said he at last, "but I must soon commence, or the light—"

"Ah yes, I know, I will go away. Take him as nearly as he lies as you can. I have seen him sleeping so, so many many times; and yet I know he would fade out of my mind just as his mother did. Begin when you will." And he rose and left the room.

Ramsay approached the couch, and for a few moments studied the child. Then he opened the blinds, and turned the couch a little more toward the light, and partially shaded the window with the muslin curtains. Then he arranged his camera and plate. Looking, he saw the child lying as beautiful as a dream, with the light falling softly on the delicately-chiseled features, which were thrown in bold relief by the warm background. He dropped the curtain, waited, and then drew out the plate. He saw the couch, the simple night-dress, the bare feet, the drooping flowers, and the light curling hair, but over all floated a thin veil, as if a puff of mist or vapor had swept over and obscured it. The air of the room seemed perfectly clear; could a filmy smoke have swept into the window, spoiling what promised to be the most perfect picture he had ever taken, or was the dimness and obscurity in his own vision? No, it was clearly on the plate, for every other object was distinct enough. He tried again; he closed the window; he shrouded the camera with more particular care, and waited with a nervous feeling for the result. The picture was no better than before, excepting that the vapor, breath, or whatever it might be, had cleared away from the child's feet, which were distinctly visible, while over the head and upper part of the body it still remained more heavily than before.

"I shall have time but for one more trial," muttered Ramsay, "and to-morrow I shall be able to do nothing. I think I am losing all my skill."

He arranged the camera, and sat down and waited—perhaps he had been too impatient. It was the first picture he had ever taken under such circumstances—perhaps it might require a longer time for its completion than an ordinary one. When he drew it out at last, he was fully rewarded; perfect as a Greek statue lay the child. The mist must have lifted off its delicate features and had gathered like an aureole about its head, but that could be easily removed, and he felt proud and glad of the art which could keep so fresh in the mind of the childless father the face which he must so soon put away from him. He drew the blind to again, placed the couch in its former position and restored to the waxen fingers the violets which had dropped from them.

As he was about to leave the house, Mr. Walker came toward him.

"Have you been successful?" he asked.

"I hope so," was the reply. "I have staid till the light would no longer serve me. I will send the proofs as soon as they are finished."

Ramsay never watched the completion of a picture with such anxiety, not even the first that he finished by himself. When he first saw the perfect proof he uttered an exclamation of surprise. Floating above the child's head, bending over it, but not looking at it, was a female face of surpassing beauty, with eyes of a clear brightness like those of the child in the arms of the Sistine Madonna. The head and a slender portion of the neck were distinctly visible, and then the form faded away in a trailing cloud of mist. Had he, then, been with spirits, and not known it? Should he keep this picture to himself, or should he show it to Mr. Walker? From this he copied others without the radiant face; but in every picture which he took directly from the negative, from out the floating mist the same face appeared. When he had completed some pictures which satisfied him, he carried them himself to Mr. Walker.

He found the unhappy man sitting in the same place, with the couch drawn up in the same position, with a night-dress lying on it, as if he were trying to cheat himself into the belief that the child might still be in it. A withered violet or two lay near where the empty sleeve had fallen.

"Oh, you have come again!" said he, when he recognized Ramsay. "Give it to me, no matter what you think—give it to me, if it is ever so little like him. Do you know that he is fading from me already—fading away just as she did? I have forgotten him when alive; I only remember how he looked when dead, and soon that will fade, too, and I shall have nothing but this, and this," and he touched the night-dress and a shoe which lay beside it.

Without a word, Ramsay handed him the pictures. He seized them, he kissed them with rapture, and the great tears rolled down his cheeks.

"It is he—my pretty boy," he cried—"dead—but I can keep him—this will not go from me. But why did I not have you before?—then I could have kept him with me alive always, and then I should have had his bright eyes and pretty smile—they never would have vanished quite away."

This mingling of grief and joy affected Ramsay powerfully. He held the envelope with the shadowy picture in it in his hand. Should he give or keep it? The man's nerves were unstrung by grief; how would this affect him? He could in no way account for the appearance of the head above the child; and it was the likeness of no one he had ever seen. Indeed, the whole had a transparent look, not as if the light shone upon it, but rather through it—soft and translucent, like an alabaster shade with a lamp behind. An impulse which he could not control made him draw it out.

"I have something here to show you. I can not account for it, and I do not pretend to understand or explain it. This was the picture that was taken the afternoon that you sent for me."

Mr. Walker put out his hand carelessly. He had hardly heard what was said; all his other senses were dulled compared with that of sight. But when his eyes fell upon this, the other pictures dropped from his hands, and he grew whiter than the bust beneath which he sat.

"Man!" said he, "who are you that can bring back the dead again? It is the face that I have prayed morning and evening with bitter agony might be given back to me even for an hour; but it would never come."

He rose and grasped Ramsay's hand with a fierce eagerness.

"Have you seen her? Did she appear to you? If she could—my Eugenia, why did you not come to me?"

"She has not appeared to me, Mr. Walker; but when I came to take the picture of your dead child, this face appeared on the plate beside him. I think heaven must have taken pity on your infirmity, and allowed her to make herself visible to you in the only way in which she could. See!—she does not look at the child below her—his spirit is with hers, but her eyes are turned to some distant object."

"It is to me that she looks! Her eyes are seeking mine. I never, never shall lose her. I can always see her when I will."

He threw open the closed blinds, and held the picture in the strongest light.

"If she could but speak to me! but I can see—I can see her!" Then turning to Ramsay, he said: "You never can know a joy till you have felt a grief like mine. I can never repay you."

"You are under no particular obligations to me," said the artist, quietly. "This was done without any aid or help from me. I only furnished the materials to be worked upon, and left the result undisturbed."

"I thank you for that, then," said Mr. Walker; "but pure spirits only manifest themselves to those equally pure. Say nothing of this to any one but ourselves. Those who can not understand us will say we are fools, or doting; but I think it is the only thing that can keep me from going mad."

He fixed his eyes upon the picture with a gaze so eager and rapt that Ramsay began to entertain some doubts of his sanity. Indeed, the whole atmosphere of the house seemed unreal and mysterious, and he felt anxious to leave it.

"As I have no more pictures to show you, and as you are satisfied with those," said he rising, "I will take my leave."

"Stay but a moment," said Mr. Walker. "Come with me to the library, and let me pay you for your services."

Still keeping his eyes fixed upon the pictures as he walked to the library, and putting it down beside him, he drew out his hand-book and wrote a check for so large an amount that Ramsay hesitated to take it.

"It is too great a sum, Mr. Walker."

"Do not speak of it," he replied, with an impatient wave of the hand; "yesterday I would have given all my fortune for what lies before me. No matter at what price the world would value it, to me it is priceless, and I am now your debtor."

Ramsay put up the check. The man could not be reasoned with, and must do as he chose. He knew there were two values for everything—one in the outside world, where men buy and sell, and another in the heart, where trifles are sometimes prized above rubies. He bowed and left him to the solitude which he seemed to desire so much.

For many days he thought constantly of his picture, and looked often at the copy which he had made for himself, but at last his business and other incidents swept it from his thoughts. Some months afterwards he was strolling with a friend through the street. He looked up at the house, which was closed and had an uninhabited aspect. His friend observed his glance, and said, carelessly, "A Mr. Cornelius Walker lived there last year—a very rich man—but he has gone crazy from the loss of his wife and child, and has been carried to an asylum."

When Ramsay returned to his room, he looked for the picture he had taken for him. The child was distinctly visible, but the face above it had grown dim and indistinct. He tried to prepare another, but the head would not come out again, though the child was represented with undeviating precision. He could not comprehend it. He had kept the negative with unusual care. Could it be that the picture which he had taken for the unhappy Mr. Walker was gradually fading away, and the loss of it had driven him to madness? The whole affair seemed to him so strange and mysterious, that he should have doubted whether it had ever happened, were it not for the generous sum which still remained to his credit in the bank, where he had deposited Mr. Walker's check.

PHOTOGRAPHIC GHOSTS.

Photographers are acquainted with three or four different ways in which secondary images may appear in photographs. In the first place, when a sensitive glass plate has served its turn as a negative—as many paper positives as may be needed having been taken from it—the film of collodion or other prepared surface is removed from it, and it may be used, for a wholly new photograph. But it is found that unless great care be used, some faint traces of the former picture still remain, and these may appear as a ghostly attendant upon the figure forming the second picture. One photographer in endeavoring to utilize an old plate which had fulfilled its duty as a negative, could not wholly erase the image. Wash or rub as he might, there was always a faint ghost of the person accompanying any subsequent photograph taken on the same plate.

Dr. Simpson relates that a friend of his received at Brussels a box of glass plates, quite new and highly polished, each wrapped in a piece of newspaper. A lady sat for her photograph, taken on one of these plates, and both the photographer and the lady were astonished to see that her likeness was covered with printed characters, easily to be read, the ghost of a political article in fact. In this case, antic rays had done their work before the glass was exposed to the camera. By another mode of manipulation, a photographer may produce a ghost-like effect at will. A sitter is allowed to remain in the focus of the camera one half of the time necessary to produce a complete photograph; he slips quickly aside, and the furniture immediately behind him is then exposed to the action of the light. As a consequence a faint or imperfectly developed photograph of the man appears, transparent or translucent, for the furniture is visible, apparently through his body or head. With a little tact, a really surprising effect may be produced in this way. As a third variety, one negative may be placed in contact with another, and a particular kind of light allowed to pass through it for a time. There results a double picture on the lower negative.—*London Photographers' Journal.*

Items from Vermont.

BRO. JONES.—How can I express my thanks for your kindness in sending me the dear old JOURNAL? I know you are a man that believes in casting your bread upon the waters. And here let me say that your kindness will never be lost, for I may yet have it in power to do something for you in return. We all felt as though we were living on the "shadowy side" of life after writing to you; but the next week, to my great joy, I received your kind letter

and the JOURNAL. We were all transported in a few minutes to the "sunny side" of life, as father commenced to read aloud the "Search after God." By the way, I want to say to Bro. Francis, that in searching, he had better look among the Green mountains of Vermont, as here are a great many caves and by-places. A short time ago the "praying band" gave us a visit. One of them, Mr. E. B. of Brandon, in his remarks, said: "We have come up here for the express purpose of holding up God before the people of this town." I thought to myself it must be the same God that Abram saw—that was on his way to Sodom and Gomorrah, to see how many righteous he could find. Now I am inclined to think it is not the same God that visited the above place, for it is said he went up there on foot and alone. But to look over Leicester people he had to be brought up, and held up. Now, perhaps, this is the very fellow that Mr. Francis is searching after. From your child correspondent,
Leicester, Vt. ADDIE L. PAINE.

Manifestations at Moravia, N. Y.

[From the Moravia Weekly News.]

The spiritual manifestations taking place at Morris Keeler's, in Moravia, have, for the last week, been more wonderful than ever before. The cabinet door was opened by the spirits themselves, revealing the medium sitting in her chair within the cabinet. At the same time a large and powerful man, dressed in glittering white robes, presented himself at the cabinet door, partly advanced into the sitting room occupied by the persons holding the seance, among whom were Mr. and Mrs. Thompson, of Philadelphia. In the dark seance there was a sound as if water was thrown upon them. The spirits joined in singing, and would call for certain pieces. They asked for "John Brown's march," and seemed to be especially pleased when it was sung. After sitting half an hour the light was turned on and an Indian spirit presented himself, giving the name of Owasso, Dr. Slade's guide. He said he had come to talk with Mr. Chew, a gentleman present.

Two brothers from Detroit were present. Their mother came, and were recognized by them. She talked very plainly to them about their family matters. Mr. Thomas Hazard, of Providence, was present, and received several tests. A gentleman from New York city recognized his wife and two sons. A lady from Buffalo saw her father and husband, whom she fully recognized. The resemblance of the father to the lady was noticed by all present. There were twenty-eight persons in the room. Several other faces were seen and recognized by those present.

An Indian spirit, named Hantah, appeared several times, and talked in broken English. At one she was dressed in red, at another, in white. Numerous hands were seen—as many as six or eight at a time. A gentleman recognized the hand of his wife, with the representation of a ring he had given her while in the form. Some of the faces were less distinct than others, and in some instances the voices were weak, while in others they were loud and distinct.

A lady was sitting in the dark seance. A little boy came and said, "Here is Edward, mother." After the light was turned on he appeared very plainly, and spoke to her in reply to various questions, related many incidents of his life, which were very comforting and satisfactory to her. The mother of a gentleman from Camden, appeared to him and was positively recognized by him and seen by all present. She spoke to him for about fifteen minutes in regard to her family, and gave numerous tests. A young gentleman connected with the Baptist Church saw the form of his sister who had recently died of consumption. She was very plainly recognized by all present. Stepping back a little she coughed two or three times, and holding a white handkerchief to her mouth, showed the appearance of blood that she had raised. She repeated this several times, and the recognition was perfect. She said in a clear, though feeble voice, "I followed my body to the grave, and thought what a folly it was for my friends to weep for me; for I was so much better off." She also gave her brother some good advice. H.

MR. ERRON.—To-day I, in company with several of my friends, visited the house of Morris Keeler to witness some of the manifestations given by the 'spirits' at that place. After entering the 'spirit room' we formed a circle of eight persons: Mr. and Mrs. Keeler, Mr. and Mrs. Slocom, an adopted daughter of theirs, Mr. R. Livingston, of Genoa, Mrs. S. M. Wormer, of Moravia, and Mrs. Andrews, the medium. After sitting a very short time in the dark circle, a spirit came to Mrs. Slocom, and said, "Oh, ma!" Mrs. S. asked if it was Jennie, to which came no reply. She then asked, "Is it Johnnie?" and was answered affirmatively on the piano. Mrs. S. then asked several questions, which were answered very readily. We saw many bright lights floating about the room. Then came a very loud voice saying to me, "M., you are all right; your bark is almost over the rough sea. Go ahead and you will see better days." Mrs. Slocom's little daughter came close to her, and conversed in an audible voice. There was a sound as of a bell tolling, and a bird fluttering over us, then a voice said, "Strike a light." We did so, and Mrs. Andrews took her seat in the cabinet. After she was seated, and the cabinet door fastened, the spirits opened the door, and two children of Mrs. Slocom came, and were recognized by her and her husband. Her mother also came and stood in the door, and turned around and walked away. All present could see her plainly. The spirits also sprinkled water in our faces while in the dark circle. M.

Original Essays.

Progressive Communities.

BY J. W. EVARTS.

To the Harmonial Reformers of America Greeting:

The time for organic work has at length arrived. No sod shall be left unturned; no faithful servant shall be neglected by the appointed guides, and all bearers of the cross of the modern Christ—Spiritualism—shall find their burdens light. We, of spirit-life, have our work systematized, and our media shall be sustained and protected, at all hazards, through the immediate impending trials of our faith.

In the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL will appear the initial steps, under title of "Progressive Communities," of the future plan of human redemption. It will not at first be seen to be such, but the unceasing yearnings for spiritual affiliation will consummate the project, and fulfill this prophecy. The millennial dawn takes its date from the inauguration of unitary communities, where the intellect and the affections are harmoniously united on the same platform.

The intellect has run rampant through the ages, regardless of the intrinsic virtue of the love, and the harmonial soul may read the result. With woman suffrage will dawn the power of love's intuitional light; and the Philosophy of Life will take practical root in the fusion of love with intellect. And this is the first impetus to the supramundane design of "Progressive communities."

The workers in the New Dispensation will, as the years roll on, be silently drawn into the illuminated plane of social unity, where the lion (Intellect) will peacefully lay down with the lamb (Love); and where the possessions of each will not be bartered away to the ambition of either; but each stand shielded in its holy individual freedom.

Whoever inculcates a new truth involuntarily incurs the trial by faith; and the trial by faith of Spiritualism, and its concomitant associations, will yet develop stranger connections than its most zealous adherents willingly imagine. Who among you, brethren, will deny your master, Truth, ere the tocsin of alarm has sounded thrice?

We know there are but few, as yet, fully arrived on that plane of life befitting to a practical "Progressive Community," and yet those few do live, and may, by an assimilation of ideas and purposes, exemplify the social unity of mankind, on the plan that we, the undersigned, reveal through the medium of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.

- THOMAS PAINE. HEMANS.
C. F. VOLMEY. ROLAND.
FOURIER. SIGOURNEY.
FENELON. NORTON.
WM. PENN. RACINE.
CHARLOTTE CORDAY. GOETHE.
MARY STUART. MOZART.
ROUSSEAU. ANN LEE.
JEAN. THERESA.

The above was written by impression, except the names, which were given mechanically, through my hand.

INTRODUCTION.

Having viewed for many years the fluctuations of community life, its rise and progress, its success and failures, its truths and errors, and its good and evil consequences, and having studied deeply its relation to the progressive destiny of mankind, and failed to deduce from the many experiments made, any successful mode of operation, it has been my lot to have been raised, by successive degrees of mental illumination, into a condition of thought upon that subject, which brought me en rapport with intelligences who showed me the practical solution of the whole problem, together with a vision of a complete model of a "progressive community" in practical working order.

I am deeply impressed with the importance of publishing to the world the results of this transcendent experience; and I herewith set about the work.

I will first present the vision, and then in a few chapters, illustrate the laws and regulations governing such a community, together with the objects reached and conditions resulting therefrom.

CHAPTER I.—THE VISION.

I first find myself on the highway, nearing a magnificent palace, and by my side one who was near and dear to me in earth-life. She said, "Come with me; I will show you our beautiful home." The mansion is on an eminence, with undulating slopes in every direction, with beautiful forest trees overshadowing a rich greenward, interspersed with walks and drives, and dotted here and there with choicest flowers of every description. All around I beheld people, men, women, and children, some busy at occupations of their choice, some at sports, and others enjoying the pastime which their happy condition affords. We wend our way up a serpentine path, concentered of beautiful pebbles, to the entrance of the huge edifice, an immense structure of masonry.

As we approach, the door swings open, as though our footsteps had moved some hidden spring, and seems to say, automatically, "Welcome in!" As we enter, the form of a woman approaches us, bids us welcome, and directs us to deposit our surplus wardrobe in a side room near the entrance, after which we are ushered into the ante-room—a grand reception-room indeed, carpeted with Brussels of superb design, furnished with easy seats and sofas, tables on which are books, albums, magazines, and papers, and the walls decked with mirrors, paintings, and fine portraiture.

We are seated, and my guide makes known the object of my visit. One of the directors of the institution is called in, who leads us through the various apartments of the great edifice, and bids me note the architectural skill employed in its construction, which I will briefly describe.

Leaving the ante-room, we entered a parlor surpassing in beauty only as the ante-room surpassed the parlors of the finest earthly dwellings. From this we entered a library and reading-room in which were deposited the choicest productions of every age, and the tables lay heavy with recent publications, among which I observed reprints familiar to my eyes, and around them sat numerous people, men, women, and youth, eagerly satisfying their hunger for knowledge. From the library there is an entrance to a large hall, which also has an entrance from the ante-room, and also an entrance to a hall running through a wing of the main building, in which is sets of rooms for four families, and opposite the large hall one set of family rooms, and two rooms beautifully decorated for distinguished guests.

At the posterior of the main building is a dining-room fronting to the east, eighty feet long, and twenty-four feet wide, commodious for the feasting of one hundred and fifty people, and having a very solid foundation, is used for dancing.

The main building is three stories high, one wing and back extension, two stories, with halls running through the upper stories of both wings, and divided into sets of family rooms, with cross halls, in the main building on the

same floor, dividing it into rooms and sets of rooms.

A heavy stairway runs from the large hall on the first floor up to the centre of the building on the second floor, and from thence to the third floor, and leading into a lecture and school-room eighty feet long and fifty feet wide, beautifully decorated with designs of art. From the lecture-room there is a spiral stairway leading to an observatory, where the science of astronomy is taught with the aid of a powerful telescope.

The interior of the family apartments are furnished and decorated by individual means, and in accordance with individual taste. This is in brief a description of the interior of the palace. The exterior needs no other notice than that it bears the appearance of the highest order of earthly architecture.

From this building we pass around to the attachments concomitant to an earthly residence of similar construction. We first approach a barn and farmyard, the exterior surpassing in beauty of architecture many of the most palatial human residences of earth.

We enter. Scores of the most superb horses and cattle stand in their stalls; and the stalls are as clean as industry can make them; here they remain through the heat of summer days, to enjoy an evening frolic daily as the sun recedes to the west, on pastures freshened by the falling dew. This barn is filled by the best of provender, and the playful, prancing steed indicates the manner in which it is dispensed to him.

Adjacent to the farmyard are numerous other buildings, for poultry, pigs, sheep, etc.

We next pass to the surroundings, where gardens of immense richness meet our view, and every manner of choice vegetables and fruits are brought by the hand of skill and industry to the highest state of perfection, and better fitted for the use of man. Beyond stretch vast orchards of apples, pears, peaches, quinces, etc., and large plantations of small fruits growing in luxuriance. Still farther in the distance are fields of golden grain, vast acreage of corn, potatoes, and the various field productions, and broad meadows tempting the loving herds which graze beside them. The clatter of the sickle, the shining ploughshares, and the busy hands everywhere around betoken a bountiful harvest, to renew the comforts of this peaceful, healthful, progressive community home.

I turn to our guide and ask an explanation: "Is this a veritable home in spirit-life?" He answers: "No, not of spirit-life; but a model home for earth life, in which spirits as well as mortals will dwell. This plan is perfected and ready for transmission to the spirit-land to the progressive inhabitants of earth, there to be put into practical operation. In this home all are shielded in their individuality, men and women alike. Each labors at his or her will. Every hour of labor is paid for in full.

"This is a joint stock association, and all men and women are rulers over their own dollars. In financial matters all voting is done according to the dollars invested; but on other matters voting is done by all above a certain age. "Return to your earthly cares, and I will impress you to finish the full plan of this progressive community in succeeding chapters." The next chapter will treat of the plan of organization.

Centralia, Ill., Feb. 21st, 1872.

Creed vs. Reason.

BY J. —.

There is not one; no not one well informed person, who has liberally and impartially investigated the phenomena known as "Spiritual manifestations," that can honestly deny their existence as a fact, however much he may be disposed to condemn the theory that attributes them to spirits of the dead. We say this frankly, although we are not a Spiritualist. Facts have multiplied upon facts, till no one can consistently cry "humbug and collusion." Knockings, table tipplings, trance speaking, involuntarily writing and hundreds of other mysteries that daily transpire on both continents, and challenge even the prodigies of scientific lore for an explanation, must henceforth be admitted as facts per se.

To dispute the actual occurrence of the phenomena alluded to, is simply to set prejudice against reason. It is an excellent way to demonstrate inconsistency; or for one to prove the fact that he has fallen into that condition of mental slavery, when "having eyes, he sees not; and having ears, he hears not;" for surely if one be warranted in receiving evidence, or in basing conclusions upon testimony, in any of the affairs of this world, he should feel safe in deciding that manifestations of an extraordinary type, do occur without the aid of deception. Whether the phenomena occur through the agency of spirits, or of that imaginary monster, the devil, or whether they are simply the result of physical laws, is a question outside of that of "humbug;" a question, too, which seems to trouble most sorely the heads of the very wisest men.

Let us consider it as settled, then, that raps are produced by invisible agents; that tables, chairs, etc., do move without the application of physical force; that men and women do enter the clairvoyant state and speak from a knowledge that is not their own; and that many other transactions and appearances equally mysterious are present with us to-day, defying scientific researches, and confusing the senses of the whole world.

And now, with this "elephant" upon our shoulders, what course shall we pursue? We can not throw off the burden; and yet we feel its weight most seriously. We can not cast it from us, and yet we cry out to others to do that very thing. Ah! facts are weighty matters! Reason tells us to apply reason; but creed each time commands us to stick to creed. Yes, stick to creed, and shut our eyes and our ears, and be led by the voice of the church! What does the church say? It goes back eighteen hundred years, and brings forward teachings that, if followed out in practice in all the affairs of men, would at once stop the wheel of progress, and set boundaries to the development of human intellect. From the pulpit, in the private family circle, upon the street corners, in periodicals and in books, it raises the cry, "Don't investigate!" Ah! how the blind do seek to lead the blind! Too deeply steeped in the essence of creed to rise a single jot above the surface, the pious "priest" would prevent others from even "taking a sniff" of the fresh and wholesome air of REASON. He would dictate, and he would have the passive members of his flock blindly follow, thus making machines of themselves by using his brains instead of their own. Where, in the whole career of Christ upon earth, did that notable personage demand of his followers, "Don't investigate?" On the contrary, his advice was that they should "seek for truth." How can one seek for truth without investigating? Is it investigation for one to attribute every mystery in nature to the "devil"? Is it investigation to shut our ears to the voice of reason, for fear of being led, perchance, from the narrow path of a creed taught us in our childhood? But "our creed" is so very plain that we know that anything conflicting therewith must be false. Yes, and the Bible is so very plain that a child may understand it. So say the orthodox ministers

of that Holy Book; and in the next breath they tell us to read the Scriptures, and to pray for understanding. Why pray for understanding over a thing so plain that a child can comprehend it? But above all, if the Scriptures are so very plain, what a fool was Adam Clark to spend so many years of his precious life in writing his volume of explanations—his commentaries. The fact is, the Bible is a mystery—a great riddle; a riddle that can not be solved without investigation and a wholesome application of REASON; reason unfettered by creed.

There is but one royal road to truth, and reason is the guide-board—investigation the vehicle. When the various denominations of Christians cry out against the investigation of "spiritual manifestations," when they denounce those who attend spiritual lectures or sittings; when they vociferate from the pulpit that "the devil is among us, and is at the bottom of all the mystery," they are defacing the guide-board, and demolishing the very means by which truth is reached.

Let us pursue this matter a little further, and raise the curtain higher. We have got the "elephant" upon our shoulders, and we must either carry him, or we must get rid of him. That is, "spiritual manifestations" are a fact per se; and we must prove that they are not rightly named—that they are not produced through the agency of spirits, or we must bear the weight of a fair probability that they are. Then let us say nothing about the devil; for, with sensible people, that will avail us nothing; but let us be instead of shutting our eyes and ears, and instead of surrendering our brains to the control of others, let us go about the work of investigation, and for once let us rise above creed and infantile notions, and look at matters in the light of reason. If we are so opposed to the theory of "spiritual agency," let us "seek for truth" by searching out the evidence that shall prove to the world that Spiritualism is false. By so doing, according to "our creed," we may be the means of saving many a poor, deluded soul from purgatory, or something worse, and thus shall we be doing the work of Christ. It illy becomes us to act upon the part of iconoclasts, until we feel that we are able to set up a more plausible theory than that which we would demolish. We should patiently hold our peace until we believe that we are able to convince intelligent Spiritualists that they are worshipping at the shrine of a "phantom," by informing them of a more probable cause of the phenomena which they claim as evidence of the truth of their doctrines. This is much the best course; for then shall we obviate the necessity experienced by very many in all ages of the world, of rejecting long cherished notions, and being forced at last to admit that which we once fought ardently against. We pen this last sentence under the supposition that Spiritualism might possibly prove true; and if it is destined to that end, it is better that we be converted now than after having fought it for years. We ought to remember the opposers of Harvey, of Galileo, of Fulton. They showed their weakness, compared with the minds they opposed; just as we are in danger of showing our weakness in time to come, should Spiritualism happen to be true. Oh, but we know our doctrine is true, and hence no danger of this kind exists. We know we can never believe any doctrine but the one we now believe. Let us see. A short time ago, and you believed, or thought you believed in "A LAKE OF BURNING FIRE AND BRIMSTONE." Do you believe that now? Does your minister preach it now after the fashion he was wont to a few years ago? Perchance you believed, also, in "INFANT DAMNATION." Do you believe in it now? Does your minister proclaim it from the pulpit, to the horror of mothers, as he was wont to do? No, say you, these things are not believed to such an extent as they were a few years ago; the fact is our doctrine is progressive. Progressive! Then the probability is that it is false in part, if not in whole; for to progress it must change, and truth can not change. Besides, the doctrine of an eternal hell fire was only lately the cornerstone of your church; you believed it unless you were hypocrites, with your whole power of faith. Now you are about to give up the point, and are gradually coming round to a position less opposed to the dictates of reason. Many of you are ready to acknowledge that the idea of burning brimstone is a great mistake; and many of you are even ashamed to own that you once adhered to a doctrine so ridiculous. Well, if you are mistaken in this point can you be certain that you are not mistaken in other points, or even in all points of the doctrine you profess? The fact is, you stand upon a slippery soil, dotted with pools of downright inconsistency, in which you are in the utmost danger of being mired.

The Mohammedan, the Mormon, and even the Pagan are as certain in their own minds that their religion is true as you can possibly be that yours is true; and were you born and reared among either of those sects, you can not doubt that you would have been just what those around you were. You would have believed the doctrine because others believed it, and because it was, perchance, drilled into your very being during the period of your childhood. And this must be the case with thousands of all sects or denominations whose doctrine is not based upon tangible facts. They believe, or think they believe, from influences as far from reason as the heavens are from the earth. Therefore, common sense proclaims that none can be certain they are right, so long as the evidence is like a "mist in morning." Ah, and when the mist is dispelled by the bright rays of the sun, and the eye is permitted to penetrate beyond, and rest upon objects real, 'tis there we find TRUTH, against which the whole world can not persuade us.

We learn only by experience and investigation. We should not expect to know anything about astronomy, philosophy or chemistry, should we refuse to study those branches of science. We could not be what we are, whether Methodists, Presbyterians, or whatever we may be, had we closed our ears and refused to give the doctrine a hearing. No one could be a Republican or Democrat, did he refuse to read politics and to listen to political speeches. Without investigation we can not know whether a thing is good or bad. The voice of reason demands that we should investigate, to the extent of our abilities, all things that claim for themselves anything good. This is the bottom principle of all progress in knowledge of whatever description.

Why assert that a thing is evil before we have made ourselves acquainted with its qualities? Or why denounce a doctrine before giving it a fair hearing? We utterly refuse to read a book, or to listen to lectures upon a certain subject that conflicts with our set of notions of theology. We claim that the subject is evil; but how do we know that? What right have we to assume so much, when we are as ignorant of its philosophy as a cow is of the four moons of Jupiter? Upon what, we ask again, do we base our denunciation?

Now, friends, let us no longer be as foolish as in times past, but when Mr. A. or B. lectures on the subject of Spiritualism, let us walk up, like honest seekers after truth, and hear all he says—every word, from alpha to omega. Oh, don't shudder; it is the only fair way to dispose of this matter. Allow it to rest on its own merits, if it have any, for nothing can be more honest than this. There may be some good, even in Spiritualism; and, if we listen atten-

tively to Mr. A. or B., we will be benefitted just so far as the good goes, be it ever so little. If it is merely evil, then it is very true that no good can result to any one from giving it a hearing, except that we may know thereafter what we did not know before; namely, what Spiritualism really is. "But we ought not to listen to so much falsehood," you exclaim. Ah! you fear that you may be convinced against your will! But there is no cause for such fear, if Spiritualism be what you claim; for nothing but the plainest kind of evidence can convince one against his own will. But can convince one that can be said you think we ought not to give Spiritualism fair play, but that we ought to shut our doors against it on all and every occasion; and you are ready to attribute all its mysteries to the devil, simply because you do not comprehend them. Oh, consistency, thou art indeed a jewel!

Religion vs. Spiritualism.—No. 1.

BY J. R. BACKUS.

Much has been said about Spiritualism being both a science and a religion, or in other words, a "scientific religion." On this subject we propose to advance a few thoughts that are suggested to our mind.

In our opinions on this question, we shall probably differ widely from the prevalent idea among Spiritualists. We believe that Spiritualism is in no sense a religion. To our mind it would be just as appropriate to assert that the sciences of geology, chemistry, or astronomy, each constitutes within itself a distinct and individualized religion. The claim in either case seems to us to be equally absurd.

Religion to us is one thing, and Spiritualism another, differing as widely as the antipodes. But in this view we are not disposed to be dogmatical. Ipse dixit, we are glad to learn, are becoming exceedingly unfashionable and unpopular, especially among Spiritualists. We shall therefore undertake to show some reasons for the position we have assumed. Some, perhaps, may look upon such a discussion as altogether profitless and unnecessary, deeming it of little moment whether Spiritualism be accepted as a science or a religion, or both, as the effect of its facts upon humanity will be the same in either case.

But we are not of the number of those who can view this question with such stolid indifference, but on the other hand, we believe this to be one of the vital questions of the hour, and imperatively demands the attention of every earnest searcher after truth, and lover of his race.

It is a well-known fact, that the history of Religion in the past, has shown it to have been the deadly foe to science, laying its deadly and relentless hand of persecution upon the expounders of scientific truths in all ages.

But, says one, we admit that the church has combated science at every step with bloody hands, contesting every inch of ground, and retiring only when forced by the irresistible march of advancing civilization, but that Religion ought not in justice, to be obliged to bear the weight of infamy justly belonging only to the church.

This at first view seems plausible enough, but let us look into it a little more minutely. Suppose, for example, that John Smith should fire your house and burn it down over your head, and you should apprehend the said John Smith, and upon his examination the spirit of John, speaking through the material organization of Smith, should plead "not guilty," upon the ground that it was the material body of Smith that did the deed.

Now, as the body of Smith would have no power to act independent of the spirit, being only a mass of inert matter, just so the church would be impotent and powerless without being animated by its controlling spirit—religion.

We assert then that science and religion are and ever have been inveterate enemies, having no affinity whatever with each other; they can in no possibility be made to coalesce. Wherever religion has held the controlling power in civil government, or in other words, where Church and State have been united, liberty has been trodden under foot by the iron heel of tyranny, and there is no lesson of history more plainly taught than this, that where religion abounds, freedom languishes.

In this country there exists a well-grounded sentiment, that the absolute exclusion of religion from participation in the affairs of the State, is essential to the enjoyment of the fullest freedom of conscience.

But says the Religio-Spiritualist, "We know this is true of all other religions, but not of Spiritualism. All other religions are intolerant, but not so of ours."

Now don't you know, good brother, that the adherents of all other religions would probably present the same claim, and at the same time, while each would be found to place an exceedingly high estimate on the liberality of their own particular "ism," would exhibit an entire want of confidence in the honesty of the same claim set up by other parties. Now from our standpoint, this general distrust of the political influence of religion, is truly a healthy symptom in the body politic, prognosticating the preservation of that inestimable boon—"liberty of conscience."

If, as is claimed by some, Spiritualism is a religion, then it is as justly subject to the same distrust in which all other religions are held. Dress Spiritualism with the character of religion, and you erect at once an impassable barrier in the way of its most complete usefulness.

Spiritualism, as we comprehend its mission, comes to us laden with the choicest blessings to humanity,—both temporal and spiritual, and to fulfill its whole mission, it must enter the councils of the nation, be heard in the halls of congress, shape the course of legislation, twine around the heart of the executive, and permeate the whole political atmosphere from center to circumference. But load it down with the incubus of religion, and you will never behold its fair face smiling benignantly upon you from the capitol, for let us not cherish the vain delusion that a free people will disregard all the lessons of history, by permitting any religion to gain ascendancy in the government.

Let us be wise then in time—indignantly repelling the foul slander, that our religious philosophy shall be stigmatized as a religion. No: let us part company with the hoary-headed criminal, whose crimes against humanity have fouled the fair pages of history from the earliest dawn of human existence,—whose course through the ages that are gone, has been marked by a trail crimsoned with the blood of its victims. Part company?—yes: tear away from the foul carcass of this detested and purifying monster, and disentranced, move on unfettered, triumphantly to those glorious attainments made possible for humanity through this last best gift of the angel world,—the science of Spiritualism." Terre Haute, Ind.

ONLY ONE DOLLAR AND FIFTY CENTS a year for this paper to new subscribers, on trial. Now is the time to subscribe. Address S. S. Jones, 150 Fourth Avenue, Chicago.

Voices from the People.

FAST HOMER, N. Y.—S. P. Hoag writes.—I wish the JOURNAL could reach every hearth stone in our land; if so, there would be less error in the minds of the masses.

FOSTER CENTER, R. I.—M. A. Walker writes.—We feel glad to think the JOURNAL has again made its visit to our home, for we have been lonely ever since this year came in, without it.

BOSTON, MASS.—J. M. Winslow writes.—The JOURNAL is a much better paper than it was before the fire, and most of my trial subscribers like it better than they do any other spiritual paper.

HARTFORD, MO.—Jas. C. Triplitt, Sr., writes.—I would further state, I have been treated by the celebrated Doctor Castor, of Ottumwa, and am now practicing upon the same principle, and adding fall to give relief.

LANARK ARK.—E. Hall writes.—I am still searching after truth in the JOURNAL. I am sorry that no mediums travel through this county. The people through this part of the country are opposed to the cause of Spiritualism. I feel determined to investigate.

PINE GROVE, OHIO.—S. Daniels writes.—I am getting to be quite a mark of orthodox scorn in the pulpit in these parts, sowing the seeds of radical rebellion by circulating the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, printed in that hot-bed which God saw fit to burn up for its wickedness.

WORCESTER, MASS. G. S. LEE writes.—Enough is as good as a feast generally, but it is hard to get more than enough of the JOURNAL and its contents; and I will guarantee that if the two copies you are sending me weekly, were not exactly alike, I would not trouble you to discontinue one of them.

ONEIDA, ILL.—B. S. Wells writes.—There are quite a number of Spiritualists in this place, but like nearly all other localities, they are divided into two classes—E. V. Wilson calls them Conservatives, and Radicals or Free-lovers. Both kinds attended the late lectures of Mrs. Lora Craig in the Universalist church.

MENOMONEE, WIS.—Nelson Porter writes.—Go on with the good fight, give the people more philosophy and less orthodoxy. Throw down bigotry, ignorance, and superstition, and build up truth, morality, and the universal liberty of mankind, and you will have the prayers and best wishes of many—and the dollars, too, I hope.

TOPEKA, KANSAS.—Wm. F. Peck writes.—Our cause is prospering finely in this place. Some very powerful physical manifestations have lately taken place at a private circle in this city, and still more wonderful ones are promised by the "Invisibles." On the first opportunity I will give you an account of some of the most remarkable.

WHITE OAK, TEXAS.—C. E. Cary writes.—No one can appreciate the JOURNAL higher than I do, and I have gathered many ideas from the "Search After God," and "Calamities and Compensation," and many other able pieces that give me much food for thought. I hope you will advise all industrious, honest people, having a hard time making a living to come to Texas.

COMPTON, P. Q.—L. P. Spafford writes.—I have taken the JOURNAL nearly four years, and the more I read it the better I like it. I take four papers,—I would rather stop all of the others than the JOURNAL. My orthodox friends think that I am a "goner." I tell them that it would not make any difference if there was not another person in the Dominion that believed as I do, I should not be ashamed of my doctrine. There are a few that believe in Spiritualism, but dare not own it.

CORTLANDVILLE, N. Y.—J. G. Gager writes.—I see I am a little behind time, as my subscription for the past year expired the 8th of January last, but hope you will excuse me when I tell you I have not been Searching After God, but after men, who would be willing to pay for, and read the JOURNAL, the best spiritual paper, as I think, in the field. The coming year I have succeeded in obtaining three new subscribers,—and renew my own six months. I will continue my Search, at the expiration of that, that you may hear from again.

BOLTON, MO.—I. C. Planck writes.—It may be possible that some of your readers would like to know how Spiritualism is getting along in Harrison county. About three years ago, some six persons commenced holding spiritual circles in the neighborhood, and developed from one phase to another until last summer, when I was added to the circle. Soon afterwards, A. Kies came to be healed. He had been sick for many months. The disease had terminated in something like chronic rheumatism, suffering the most acute pain,—right arm paralyzed, and his hand was straight and could not be closed, and had not been used for eight months. He was magnetized by our healing medium, T. S. Pardon, and was relieved immediately of all pain.

DELAWARE, IND.—W. W. Willis writes.—The JOURNAL comes to me regularly, and it is an ever welcome guest. I think our cause is gradually gaining ground here in this hot-bed of "church anarchy." Some of the reverend gentry are seeming to be quite interested in the cause of Spiritualism. One of them came to me the other day and told me he would like to attend a seance. He said that he had always believed that spirits were around and about us, and he would like to be convinced that they could communicate with us. I told him the first good test medium that came along I would give him an opportunity. I hope and pray that a first-class test medium may be seen here and stir up the dry bones of this orthodox town.

LOS ANGELOS, CAL.—E. Moulton writes.—Herein you will find remittance for the renewal of my subscription; also money for a few more who wish to take your paper according to advertisement in your last issues, of one dollar and a per annum. I also take the liberty of sending you specimens of spirit-photography as is now being done by an artist in Los Angeles. We are pleased to know the good cause is still prospering, and that your glorious paper has lost nothing in passing through the fire ordeal, and we hope angels and humanity will still lend the assisting hand.

REPLY.—Many thanks, brother, your favors are duly appreciated. The spirit-pictures shall be placed on exhibition in the reception room of this Publishing House.—E. JOURNAL.

STILES, IOWA.—F. M. Milliken writes.—Your JOURNAL comes a very welcome visitor to me, almost alone in this locality. Since I last wrote you I have made astonishing development in "healing." I have cured lung fever, acute rheumatism, sick-headache and like diseases, in the space of fifteen minutes; and have performed some astonishing cures of chronic rheumatism, chronic dyspepsia, neuralgia, chills, etc., in a few weeks. Now, Bro. Jones, will you be so kind as to use your influence to send us E. V. Wilson, or some one equally good, to lecture and give tests to aid in the enlightenment of this benighted community? They have actually inaugurated the starvation "rack" against me and my family,—withdrawing their trade from me, and the "minister of God" (!) in a sermon said, he wished the laws of old that put such people to death were in force to-day.

TROY, IND.—A. A. Avery writes.—I must congratulate you, and thank you for the course you have taken in regard to Victoria C. Woodhull. I presume that thousands of nymphs can be found in the dens of infamy, whose ideas of matrimony are about on the same plane with hers. And that I cannot admit her or the American Association of Spiritualists, as my civil, political, or religious directors. But if an association of this kind should be tolerated, I shall favor the calling of a convention with her claims fairly before the people, and then if the Spiritualists of America are strong enough to pack her, I say let her go. But I am old Hunker enough to support some person whose antecedents are a little more to my taste than the presidency of anything, than Mrs. Woodhull. I am just uncharitable enough to believe that the American Association of Spiritualists might have went a long time without a president, before Victoria C. Woodhull would have offered herself if she had not seen promotion there.

BEAR in mind that the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL is furnished to all new subscribers for \$1.50 per year.

Multum in Parvo.

Rev. A. S. Drane, A. Smith, Esq., Miss Nettie Book, Miss Minnie Mayflower and others: Through the kindness of Bro. Jones, by allowing space in the columns of his excellent paper for the following summary of facts, I am enabled to your questions on the same topics. If, however, the following does not prove satisfactory to each of you, I will kindly indulge further questioning.

There are 66 books in the Bible, in its present version; 1,188 chapters; 31,185 verses; 774,692 words; 3,599,480 letters. The Old Testament contains 39 books, 229 chapters; 23,914 verses; 692,439 words; 2,788,100 letters. The New Testament contains 27 books; 260 chapters; 7,930 verses; 183,253 words; 933,380 letters. The middle book of the Old Testament is Proverbs; the middle chapter is the 29th of Job; the middle verse is 2d Chronicles, 20th chapter and 12th verse. The middle book of the New Testament is 2d Thessalonians. The middle chapters are Romans, 13th and 14th. The middle verse is Acts, xi, 7. The middle chapter in the Bible is Psalms, 118th. The middle line in the Bible is 2d Chronicles, i, 16. The least verse in the Bible is John, ii, 35. The 19th chapter of 2d Kings, and Isaiah, 37th are the same. The word "and" occurs in the Old Testament 35,643 times. The book of Genesis was written 850 years after the death of Moses. The two books of Chronicles are much older fragments of Jewish history than the book of Genesis. There are seven books lost from the Old Testament. The Apocryphal Old Testament contains 14 books; 189 chapters; 15,081 verses; 152,185 words. The Apocryphal New Testament contains 25 books; 193 chapters; (words and letters not yet computed). It contains some beautiful sentiments, and is profuse with so-called miracles and absurdities. There are over 24,000 errors in the Bible, and 163 self-contradictions, or

CONFLICTING AFFIRMATIONS, only a few of which I deem it expedient to give at present: "For I have seen God, face to face, and my life is preserved." Gen., xxxii, 30. "No man hath seen God at any time." John, i, 18.

"Thou canst not see my face; for there shall no man see my face and live." Ex. xxxiii, 20. "And the Lord spake to Moses, face to face, as a man speaketh to his friend." Ex. xxxiii, 11. "Whom no man has seen or can see." 1 Tim. vi, 16.

"Whosoever hateth his brother is a murderer." 1 John iii, 15. "If any man come unto me and hate not his father and mother, and wife and children, and brother and sister, yea, and his own life also, he cannot be my disciple." Luke xiv, 26. "And it was the third hour they crucified him." Mark xv, 25.

"About the sixth hour." John xix, 14-15. "With God all things are possible." Mat. xix, 26. "But could not drive out the inhabitants of the valley, because they had chariots of iron." Judg. i, 19.

"I am a jealous God, visiting the iniquities of the father upon the children." Cor. xx, 5. "The son shall not bear the iniquities of the father." Ezek. xviii, 20. "For there is no man that sinneth not." 1 Kings viii, 46.

"Whosoever is born of God doth not commit sin." * * * He can not sin." 1 John iii, 9-10. "The trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised." 1 Cor. xv, 52. "He that goeth down to the grave shall come up no more." Job vii, 9.

"Man hath no pre-eminence over a beast; * * * as the one dieth, so dieth the other. * * * all go unto one place." Eccl. iii, 19-20. "The earth also, and the works that abideth therein shall be burned up." 2 Peter iii, 10. "But the earth abideth forever." Eccl. i, 4. "There is no respect of persons with God." Rom. ii, 11.

"Jacob have I loved and Esau have I hated." Rom. ix, 13. "The Lord is a man of war." Ex. xv, 3. "The God of peace." Rom. xix, 33. "His mercy endureth forever." 1 Chron. xvi, 34.

"I will not pity, nor spare, nor have mercy, but destroy." Jer. xiii, 14. "Elijah went up by a whirlwind into heaven." 2 Kings ii, 11. "No man hath ascended up into heaven." John iii, 13. "Answer a fool according to his folly." Prov. xxvii, 4. "Answer not a fool according to his folly." Prov. xxvii, 5.

The substance of the next two questions is, in brief as follows: First, REPUBLICANISM is the practical application of the Golden Rule, "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them," in all matters, civil and political. The sentiment and keynote of its doctrine is that the object of government is to protect rights. That principle which reverently regards the equal rights of all, aims to establish and maintain the same by the power of the whole people, is the principle of Republicanism; and, second,

SPiritUALISM is that philosophy which underlies and overtops all other philosophies—the philosophy of life, both here and hereafter. Its religion is universal justice and fraternal love. Its science is the application of the key of reason to the mysteries of the great unity in diversity, and which bridges by immutable facts the long dreaded, non-luminous space between this and the angel world, and ever exercising and inspiring us to the highest, holiest and grandest attainments possible.

Fraternally Yours, T. S. GIVAN. 150 Fourth Ave., Chicago.

The New Departure.

Bro. JONES—I am not learned in school logic, and what I do know I have learned by experience. I have lived to see a number of Presidents step into office and out again; but I think I will not live long enough to see Victoria Woodhull elected President of the United States. The following are my reasons why she can not be elected:

1. She does not put on trousers, or patronize barber shops. 2. She is on the wrong side of the fence, and can not jump over to the right side. 3. The road she is now driving on does not go to Washington. 4. She can't get votes enough to elect her President of the United States.

5. If she loses Wisconsin, she is a goner; she has not two votes in the State; one is Rev. — and another fellow; and their votes hang on contingencies. If they can get warm elsewhere, with any real security against cold in the future, Victoria may set them down as doubtful allies.

6. Methodists, Catholics and all other Christians will not vote for her because their brains are not large enough to see the point. All the rest are Spiritualists, and their brains are too large to see the point. Her

only chance, then, is with a middle party, whose brains are so organized that they can see small points two ways, and the American Association of Spiritualists, organized to establish governments, contain about all of them, say a few hundred, more or less. I know five women who say they will vote and fight for Victoria. One of these voters lives "up North." Last winter she killed a bear in a hand-to-hand fight. Number two is a widow, suing for a divorce, getting rid of one man so that she can get another. She says that in case of a revolution she dare not fight, but she will put her next man in front of the battle—all for freedom, provided she can be secured with a pension for life. The third one is like the second, and the fourth is like the third, and the fifth is like the fourth, third and second, only more so. I said to her "Sister, would you really fight if Victoria succeeds in getting up a revolution?" "Yes, sir," was the quick and earnest reply. "Very well," I replied, "you will certainly get whipped." She looked at me squarely in the face, paused a moment for the storm to gather, then with mouth opened wide as though it might spill words, but it did not; her eyes first looked pity, then contempt; and lastly they seemed as plain as words, to say, "Darn you." I took the hint and ceased speaking, without further altercation.

My reflections were that about two or three such voters for social freedom, would keep one fellow, if not more, warm enough. I am Fraternally, FATHER PARTINGTON.

Serpent Coils—The New Departure.

BY DR. MARY E. WALKER.

Ever since the world became a habitable place, and the people engaged in activities, both sacred and profane histories have been records of warnings. The few have delved into cause, and with prophetic reason have treated of effects, while the masses have rushed headlong into troubles, sorrows and agonies; and then the grand in sympathy, the generous in soul, the inspired in action, have played the part of the Good Samaritan.

We repeat it, the masses have done thus; but to the masses this may seem like a sweeping assertion; while to the thinkers, to the close observers, to the learned in history, the sad fact is conned over and over, without having decided upon an immediate feasible plan for bettering such conditions; or, if a decision is reached, the wherewithall to facilitate important prompt action, has always been tardy in availability.

Lamentable as it is, the facts are before us in all the terrible sternness of reality, that the daring had are more successful in obtaining means to facilitate ends, than the high-toned and true, who can not stoop to all sorts of trickery to acquire means to further projects. The masses do not see the serpent coils beneath a gilded canopy. They love to look upon gilded objects, because they need what gold can purchase, and somehow they do not clearly see in what way, but they readily believe that it is to come. They expect to reap a harvest if they but follow, praise and wait the actual or implied promises of the gilder. They ask not; they think not how, for they do not reason enough to understand just how power or relief is to be obtained, but they blindly think that change must of necessity mean roses without thorns, and a profusion of them; gold without dross, and that in abundance; everything desirable to be realized to come at the bidding, and in unlimited measure.

Such are the understood inducements held out to the laboring classes, the temperance people and the Spiritualists, if they will but unite in destroying the grand old Constitution of our clear-headed, logical fathers! Destroy it "peaceably if they can;" but by exciting those that are ignorant and excitable to revolutionary war, with all of a rabble's horrors, "if they must."

Washington, D. C.

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CHICAGO, SATURDAY, MARCH 30, 1872.

A SEARCH AFTER GOD.

Corruption among the Clergy—A Thrilling Scene—An Illegitimate Child in Church—The Christian Murderer—Is there No God?

(NUMBER LXXX.)

Did you, my dear reader, suppose that we intended to land all humanity on the bleak, damning, dismal shores of Atheism, there to plod along in mental and moral darkness?

Pause, critic, before you condemn us! An Atheist are we? Does it injure Spiritualism to overthrow the mythical Gods of the ancients, the personal God of the Christians, the God with attributes common to humanity that some reformers worship?

There is an eye that records acts, that does not see them; an ear that records sounds, that does not hear them; a hand that paints in burning letters the acts of life, yet can not move!

The world abounds in sin. Licentiousness lifts its poisonous head in all our large cities. Intemperance corrupts the morals of our people; avarice prompts men to forget their obligations to those they serve.

What a scene is this! In England, too, where the clergy are supposed to be more moral than here, the most heinous offenses are committed. There was the Rev. Jackson, a clergyman residing there—his garments were supposed to be white; his character above reproach, his intentions always pure and upright!

his presence at the communion table had a pleasing, elevating influence. He was sanctimonious in the pulpit; his smiles "were angelic," and his voice had a solemn sound, that seemed to come direct from the throne of God.

THE FRUITS OF HIS CRIME.

It was Saturday evening, and in a closely curtained attic room, neatly but plainly furnished, a mother and her daughter might have been seen in close consultation.

On the bed, sweetly sleeping, was a little child, scarcely a week old, and it was the subject of conversation.

Its mother, just blooming into womanhood, sits near it, apparently very much depressed. How pale she looks; how dejected, and a vein of sadness manifests itself in all she does.

"Mother, I am ruined. The world detests me. There, innocently sleeping, is my own illegitimate child."

"Daughter, yes, ruined! Respectable society now shuts its door against you. Those you once associated with will turn from you with not a single ray of sympathy emanating from their souls."

She then throws her arms around her daughter's neck, and they both mingle their sighs, and sorrow together; and as the tears fall, angels number them, for he who caused them shall yet suffer as they suffer!

A mother and a daughter folded in each other's arms, weeping, sighing, mourning over the decrees of an unfeeling world, while near them innocently sleeping, was the source of sorrow! The hardest heart would melt, to witness the scene! Angels throw over them the veil of charity, while humanity point the finger of scorn at them.

"Mother, what shall I do?" the daughter piteously inquired.

"Your seducer has ignored you. Charged with being the cause of your crime, he has assumed brazen impudence, and denied it, and expects to crush you. To-morrow we will attend his church, and when he rises from his knees in prayer, walk up to the pulpit and charge him with being its father!"

"I will do it! He shall share my shame! Together we will sink in ignominy."

The child, the innocent object of so much sorrow, is to act an important part on the coming Sabbath.

That night the mother and daughter prayed to the angel world to sustain them through the trying ordeal which they were to pass.

The morrow came. Their souls were calmer than yesterday, and a settled firmness seemed to shine forth from the sad expression that enveloped their features.

The hour for "divine service" came. A large congregation had assembled. The Rev. Jackson had read a chapter in the bible, uttered a fervent prayer, and was just rising from his knees, when a young woman walked up to the pulpit; then pausing, and with her keen, blue, sparkling eyes on the minister, she held forth her child, the "fruit of crime," and loudly proclaimed it the property of the "good" man in the pulpit!

What a scene! The "fruit of crime" in the arms of its mother, loved and caressed, in one of God's holy sanctuaries! And is there no God? When this generation shall have passed away, will this incident be forgotten, obliterated, and will this minister escape the wrong he has done? Beware, you who sin in secret; you who under the cover of darkness, seek secluded places to perpetrate your devilish deeds.

Do we talk in parables? Do we introduce a figure of speech, or do we announce a literal fact? Wait and see. You, Rev. Jackson, would bathe yourself in the blood of Christ to escape the penalty of your misdeeds.

To show that our assertions are not pictures of the fancy, we give the following from the N. Y. Sunday World:

"It is to be regretted that the current demoralization of the age does not spare even the priest in the temple, and from all parts of the Christian world we hear sad reports of sin and folly in the pulpit. If the Church of Rome is no more free than its neighbors from such pitiful perversion of the most sacred office, it certainly manages to keep its defilements more secluded from public knowledge. In England, the theatrical vagaries of ritualism, and the disestablishment of the Irish branch, seem to have precipitated the Established Church into the anarchy begun by the doughty Colenso, and now the English newspapers are only too often sensationalized with the legal records of clerical falls from grace.

In rehearsing the occurrence, we rather leaned to a suspicion of 'conspiracy,' and left our readers to infer that the Rev. Mr. Jackson might possibly be a victim of womanly guile and malignity. We regret to say, however, that the magistrates of Lebury, after a fair and formal hearing of testimony in the case, have found the vicar guilty of too great familiarity with Elizabeth Barry, his own former cook maid at the rectory, and sentenced him to pay her a shilling and sixpence per week towards the maintenance of the child. Following the report of his trial in the London papers, we

find legal reports of cases glaringly headed:—'Serious Charge of Felony against a Clergyman'; and 'Simony in the Church of England—Serious Charges against a Clergyman.' All of which shows that, as one of our religious exchanges said lately, 'the clergy themselves are largely to blame for the loss of their influence over the people.'

The Rev. Hiram Meeker, of Granville, Washington county, N. Y., has been adjudged guilty of blasphemy, adultery, and fornication. Our mind sickens at the thought of the vast amount of evil that exists among the clergy. Why should it be otherwise? They can sin with impunity, commit the most high-handed murder, or perpetrate the most extensive frauds, still the blood of Jesus will suffice to wash the effects thereof away.

To-day, then, it might be well to inquire, why all this? Why do the clergy murder, steal, commit adultery, rape, fornication, and frauds of all kinds? Does not their God furnish an antidote thereto? Sitting on a high throne, surrounded by a host of angels, he pours the blood of Christ on the offences of mankind, and instantly they are washed away! The evil effects that are attributed to the orthodox God, can be charged with equal truthfulness on all the Deities of ancient and modern times! The world is groaning under its heavy burdens, and the very air seems to be pestilential; and the sighs of the sorrowing and mourning mingle plaintively with the demonic sounds of earthly demons.

But there is a God—if you chose to call it such—that exists, that gazes on the teeming millions of earth, and takes cognizance of each thought and deed. Pause, then, and consider this question well! Teach the world that each deed is recorded; that each active scene in life, whether good or bad, is reproduced in glowing colors; that no sin can be forgiven; that retributive justice must always exist, and you will do more to reform the world, than all the clergy combined!

There is a Christian, a monster, sitting quietly in his room—Edward Burt, of London, England—contemplating the perpetration of a heinous crime. The windows are closely curtained; the keyholes are filled with paper; a thick carpet is on the floor. He rises from his seat, and walks up and down the room. By a single deed of violence he can come in possession of a large estate. His little brother is calmly sleeping in an adjoining room, unconscious of impending fate. He opens a drawer, and takes therefrom a keen bladed knife. He examines it well. The point is sharp; the edge will cut like a razor; the handle is strong. He puts it in his bosom, opens the door of his brother's room, and ventures in. He is sleeping,—calmly sleeping—dreaming! How sweet is that slumber. The breathing is gentle, rendered strangely solemn by an occasional sigh! He says, "Ma, don't let him do it! Don't let him kill me!" His angel mother stood by his side. She bent over him, pressed her lips to those of her darling child, and the response came. The brother retreated! The deed was postponed! He went back to his room, and the cold, cold sweat stood upon his brow. He put the knife in the bureau, still determined to commit the fiendish act that very night. His little brother stood between him and fortune; he must be put out of the way! Finally, he ventured to the room again. He held a candle in his hand, and the light again fell on his brother's calm face. Again the soft words were uttered, "Don't let him kill me, ma! Don't! please don't!—protect me!" The angel mother was still there. She made her child, her darling child, lip those words, and chide his intended murderer! But he retreats without accomplishing the deed, and for the present relinquishes his purpose. Finally, he succeeds in inducing him to go in bathing, and while there, with no mortal eyes gazing on him he committed his fiendish act!

And no God to take notice of such deeds; no index that notes down such incidents; no books in which such crimes are recorded? We tell you, the room in which that murder was planned, the attempt to kill his brother while sleeping, the childish words he uttered in a dream, and the drowing scene, were indelibly transcribed,—painted in glowing colors, and he will have an opportunity of beholding it in the spirit world! Hide your crimes? Conceal your base acts? Secrete the fruits of licentiousness? There is a God, if you wish to call it such, that does not let a sparrow fall to the ground without his notice, and that holds all your acts up in all their hideous deformities.

Pause then in your deeds of crime! Stop in your mad career! Commit no act that will stain your character, or darken your mind. There is an index that records all things. You may write your thoughts in books, and they be burned, yet there is another book, a duplicate thereof, preserved. Remember, then, that your acts are duplicated. The duplicated copy can never vanish or perish!

TO BE CONTINUED.

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ANNA H. PECK, OF ALBANY, N. Y., is a very fine trance medium. She is controlled by Eagle, an Indian chief, by Christine, a young lady in spirit life—of Swedish nationality, and by a lad who used to black gentlemen's boots, and cry the Tribune, Herald, and Sun, in New York City—he is as cute in spirit life as the brightest of those of his peers.

Mrs. Peck is also controlled by a great number of other spirits, and should be better known to the public.

Religionists are Stumbling-Blocks in the Way of All True Reforms.

In our last article upon the subject of the needs of the people and the duties of government, we, to some little extent, portrayed the great benefits to be derived from a general diffusion of knowledge.

We are fully conscious that but a small portion of the people now inhabiting the earth are capable of appreciating the Philosophy of Life. We look to our own beloved country, as the most liberal and the least priest-ridden, and as the first to adopt the measures necessary to carry into effect laws that shall require all to be educated. Yet it is not to be denied that Prussia has taken steps far in advance of the United States, or any other country, in the early education of her children; and yet not upon the plan that shall entirely exclude sectarian dictation and influence.

It will be remembered by the reader that we have taken the ground that all which appertains to what is, in common parlance, denominated religion, should be excluded from governmental institutions of learning; and that everything excepting religion should be taught in such schools.

It must be self-evident to every thinker, from observation, that religion, in its multitudinous forms, is the cause of all the stumbling-blocks that are placed in the way of a united effort, by all thinking people to the adoption of measures for the care, comfort, and education of every soul born under our government. We say, "under our government," because ours, in its fundamental principles, recognizes the self-evident truth that all mankind are born free and equal, and have an inalienable right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. Our government knows no castes in society; it knows no divine rights for any one individual, or class of individuals, to rule over others: it only knows that all men are free and equal. Yet it is not to be denied that the scourge of religion builds up sectarian walls between man and man. It arrays classes against classes. It seeks to impose religious dogmas by legal enactments. It impoverishes the people, with the object of individual aggrandizement, at the expense of their debasement, intellectually and pecuniarily.

But for the corrupting influence of religionists, the united voice of all intelligent men and women would be heard in an unmistakable tone, pronouncing in favor of the measures we have suggested as duties devolving upon governments.

There is now a fear influencing all people, to a greater or less extent, that if such measures were adopted, "our religion" would suffer, or that "our church" would not hold a controlling influence, or that some others would;—hence, if we cannot rule we will ruin the project. Therefore, we say, strike directly at the first and fundamental principle of wrong; rule all religion out of governmental matters. Let religion stand upon its own sectarian organizations, independent of the government,—free to its devotees to do and act as they shall agree among themselves as religious organizations.

We do not propose to meddle or interfere with that venerable relic of barbarism and ignorance in any manner whatever, except that as the sunlight fades out the most gaudy colors that tickle the fancy of the child, so may the sunlight of truth fade out the fanciful in religion, and instill in its place the truths, the realities, of the Philosophy of Life.

The careful readers of our articles upon this great subject, have noticed that we recognize the fundamental principles of the American government, as established upon true principles. The basis is well laid, and capable of being enlarged and added to as the wisdom of the people shall see the need thereof.

Under the declared constitution of our government all phases of religion are recognized as equal, and each severally or collectively are of no importance when weighed in the constitutional balance. All thrown into the scales upon one side changes not the balance. A higher inspiration never flashed upon mortals than that which moved the minds of the men who laid the foundation of this republic. The Thomas Paines of that day—thanks to infinite wisdom—still live, and will not suffer the retrogression of a union of Church and State.

While it is a fact that almost every State has, to a certain extent, departed from the fundamental principles of confederation, by the passage of certain sectarian laws, intended to be compulsory in maintaining certain religious tenets, the soil has been unfavorable to their growth, and they have generally remained a dead letter upon the statute books. As time rolls on, and the light of education prevails, such enactments are seldom resorted to, and never except in the most benighted communities. Sectarian officials only resort to such laws; and to those, at the present day, it is a warrant for their retirement to private life. But no thanks to sectarianism for the liberal sentiments that are abroad in the land. They are the result of that practical education which makes men independent. It is more particularly peculiar under the American government where every man is taught that he is a sovereign, rather than he has certain sovereign rights, civil and constitutional, which no man, however high in government, has a right to trample upon.

The man that is well fed, well clothed, and well educated, feels that he has rights of conscience, a right to think and to speak those thoughts fearlessly and without restraint. And why not? He is not a slave, who fears that he will not get his allowance of food,—that he will not get clothes wherewith to clothe himself. He is not an ignoramus that can't think for himself. He is a true man, and acts like a man. Hence, he uses his influence for such measures as shall conduce to the protection of the life, comfort, education, and happiness of every human soul.

The doctrine of the union of Church and State is a relic of by-gone ages, of the most repulsive

ive character; and yet we find a class openly attempting to foist such a sentiment upon Spiritualism, under the fulsome pretense that politics needs more religion mixed with it! Such a sentiment is pernicious. The old world is always mixing politics and religion. They have a governmental religion—popes, cardinals, bishops, and priests—drones in the hive public, living off the earnings of the poor foolish devotees, who are ignorant as their beasts of burden. These unenlightened dupes of Church and State are appealed to whenever a riot is desired by the cunning and crafty priesthood, as the only resort to drive off reformers and put down reforms.

The union of Church and State has been the cunning device resorted to, in all past ages, to bring heretics to the stake and lighted faggots. The party in civil power always has resorted to the Church to sustain them in their nefarious machinations to subvert the rights of individuals, and set the ignorant devotees to carry into execution demagogical plots to harass non-conformists, and to destroy life.

The union of Church and State has been the bane of the world; for by and through it suffering intolerable has abounded, in every land but this, through ages innumerable.

The cry always has been, and is now, that our civil government needs more religion! The more uninformed religious devotees believe and heed the cry. Who are they who to-day are crying out to "put God in the constitution" of the United States? It is the wily priesthood. It is the political hysters, who would get promotion from religionists to official position. It is the most bigoted, the most illiterate, the most depraved, of all the people who compose the body politic.

That class would, if they had the ascendancy in power, unite Church and State as firmly as the American Association of Spiritualists, and their candidate for the presidency, in their most ecstatic moments, dream of and pray for.

Questions and Answers.

BARDSTOWN, N. J., March 11, 1872.—Is Modern Spiritualism necessarily antagonistic to Christianity? So far as my knowledge extends, it may not be true that all the believers in Modern Spiritualism are infidels.

Can we conceive a higher rule of life than the moral law, which requires us to love our Creator with all our hearts, and our neighbor as ourselves?

If the moral law (and this implies its divine authority) is a perfect rule of life, do we need—should we desire, communications from disembodied human spirits?—Orthodox Inquirer.

REPLY TO QUESTION NO. 1.—Modern Spiritualism recognizes the immortality of the human soul as a demonstrated fact. The change called death is the laying aside a physical—retaining the spiritual body; the identical person remaining intellectually and morally the same, its sphere for development being enlarged and improved by the change. After such change it has the power of communion, under favorable conditions, with friends yet upon this material plain of life.

So far as Christianity recognizes the facts above stated, there is no antagonism. When it denies such well established facts, there is antagonism.

The demonstrated facts of Modern Spiritualism are infidel to the theoretical fallacies of Christianity.

In answer to your second question, we have to reply, recognizing what you idealize as "our Creator," that which comprehends all that we can conceive of, and that in which all exist and have their individualized being, emphatically, no. We can conceive of no "higher rule of life."

In answer to your third question, allow us to suggest that you do parenthetically interpose authoritatively a dictum that "moral law" is of divine origin, which may not be accepted by all, and needs proof. That which is a moral law to some intelligent people is not so recognized by others.

But to your question, "Do we need—should we desire communications from disembodied human spirits?" That depends upon the stage of development of each and every individual. Each has his or her own sphere of "needs" and "desires."

Blinded by ignorance, the devotee of Catholicism receives the dogmas of the church as infallible, without inquiring as to the real truth. He is satisfied with the ipse dixit of his priest—that the church attends to all matters of spirit communion, and settles all matters of faith, so that he will not need nor "desire communications from disembodied human spirits." On the contrary intelligent, social, progressive men and women love communion with disembodied human spirits, not only to gratify their social natures, as they loved communion with them while they were in this life, but also for the more noble purpose of getting knowledge, to an actual demonstration, first, that man is immortal; secondly as to the nature of the next sphere of existence—its topography, its geography, its laws, customs, manners, and the habits of its people, etc., etc. The class of mind last referred to do "need" and "desire" communion with spirit friends, as food for their social—for their intellectual and moral natures. That class includes all who are not too stupid to think for themselves.

BRO. JOSEPH BAKER's health remains unimproved—no prospect of its ever being any better. Those who wish to do a good thing in a small way, will send him a dime, or more. Address him at Janesville, Wis.

The same may be said of Bro. Austin Koo. Address him at Stockholm, N. Y. These dime contributions, which no one feels to be burdensome, are making those worthy, invalid brothers very comfortable this long hard winter, and they express much gratitude to the donors.

We really hope all of our readers who have not already done so, will hasten to send each a single dime, or more.

Spiritualism in England.

(From the Medium and Daybreak.)

J. J. Morse was entranced by a spirit... Why do the dying never weep, although surrounded by their weeping friends?

The operation of dying has no relation, as far as its sympathies are concerned, with the external conditions that are around.

Q. Has a dog, with more intelligence than an idiot, any future existence?

This question was asked at the office of the Medium, February 2d, of Tien Sien-Tie.

The answer was "No." This does not accord with kindred questions asked here, from Theodore Parker, who acts as guide to Mr. Jones, the late secretary of the Birmingham Psychological Society.

As there appears to be a contradiction between the foregoing statements of the two spirit guides, shall I be out of place in asking you to kindly cause the question to be asked to Tien Sien-Tie, as to whether he still adheres to his "No," or whether he can give some further explanation on the subject as to whether there is a spiritual and ever-existent part, or essence, belonging to the lower order of animals, as I observe not a few Spiritualists are, as regards spirit progress, altogether on the side of Darwin, although, to my mind, he looks more at the physical side of the question.

By looking upon the same atom, or spiritual monad, as developing independently and individually from the lowest order of animal to man himself, I wish to know, if there be a "sea of spirit," whether all animal spirits are therein deposited, and are from thence to be drawn as spirit-essence, for further development in a higher order of being; or whether these atoms, or spiritual monads, live independently of each other, as individual conscious spirit-atoms, waiting for a suitable physical organism wherein to deposit themselves for a further and higher order of spirit-progress.

In his remarks on this letter, the controlling spirit indicated that animals do not achieve the plane of immortality because of their inability to develop the spiritual organism necessary for individual life after the physical body has been parted with.

The medium was controlled slowly and quietly. He assumed the attitude of a female, and turning round to the left, spoke in a low voice, and said:

"I only wish to say that I agree with the line of conduct pursued. This will be sufficient." - Ann Wooderson.

Q. Do you refer to the message sent to-day? A. Yes. Q. Has it taken effect? A. Yes.

This short communication referred to incidents of which the medium did not know anything. The controlling spirit was Mrs. Burns' mother. After the seance she communicated by writing through another medium, and corroborated the fact that she had controlled Mr. Morse. She stated that not having controlled in the trance before, and the surroundings not being very favorable, the task was not a pleasant one, and was not performed very effectively.

HISTORICAL SKETCHES OF SEANCES IN LONDON. In presenting your readers with a few sketches of several old established seances in the metropolis, I am actuated by the desire to afford them some idea of the methods and instrumentalities whereby the facts and principles of spirit-communion are propagated in this great city.

It may be necessary that I should occasionally combine the duties of the critic and historian. I trust those who are gratified by a record of their doings will accept my criticisms in the spirit in which they are given.

The subject of the present article is a seance held at the house of Mrs. Maine, 231 Bethnal Green-road, every Tuesday evening, which has been in existence for a period extending over nine years, and to which the inhabitants of the brighter land have ministered through some of our best mediums.

Mrs. Maine, who is herself far advanced along the path of mortal life, is a noble and devoted advocate of radical and progressive reforms, and her kind, generous, and sympathetic heart has ever constituted her a liberal patron of the oppressed and sorrowful, but even as pure gold is only obtained by the fierce action of the fire, so these noble qualities have been born of doubt and trouble.

For many years an earnest laborer in the Temperance cause, in connection with which she is well and favorably known in the East End of London, she first had her attention called to the subject of Spiritualism rather more than nine years since. Being desirous of obtaining some practical demonstration of the reality of spirit-communion, she paid a visit to Mrs. Mary Marshall, and there obtained the following somewhat remarkable test.

Items of Interest.

Mrs. Wilcoxson is still at Kansas City, Mo.

Read Hudson Tuttle's "Arcana of Spiritualism."

Our New Zealand friends have our thanks for late papers.

A large increase in the demand for Thomas Paine's writings is noticeable throughout the country.

O. L. Sulliff is lecturing to large and appreciative audiences at Albany, N. Y.

Lucia H. Cowles is doing some good service in Ohio. She is a semi-trance and inspirational speaker.

Brother White, of Gem, Oregon, will accept thanks for his exertions to circulate the JOURNAL.

S. W. Huston's letter, with \$8.00 inclosed, is at hand. Please give your postoffice address, which you failed to do.

If you want to read a very original book, and one of much thought and research, procure "The Science of Evil," by Joel Moody.

Springfield, Mass., following in the steps recently taken by two Western municipalities, has elected a woman to be its city physician.

We are now well supplied with "Bible in the Balance," a valuable work for all desiring to be well informed;—and who does not?

Dr. J. K. Bailey gave us a call one day last week. He was looking as cheerful and happy as usual, and is doing a good work.

"Debatable Land" is in unabated demand, and the call for Mr. Owen's "Footfalls" has greatly increased of late, though first published several years ago.

The Bible is being translated into fourteen East Indian dialects. Each translation, as usual, will be productive of mischief.

The Methodists report 100,000 conversions among the freedmen. Wonder if their sins have been made "as white as snow." If so, what a contrast to the color of their skins.

Bishop Simpson says: "I am alive to the danger of frivolity, but there are greater dangers in the young man's path; I would rather see my son too fond of the ball-room than too shy of it."

A Bridgeport minister advised his Sunday school not to attend a lecture on Bible lands, because the lecturer was a Frenchman. The fool-killer evidently had n't been around there for a year or so.

"The Voices," by W. S. Barlow, have been heard by thousands. For a small sum any one can always have them in their company. They are doing more good than the voices of a thousand "ministers of the gospel."

In our country there are over 60,000 ministers—one for every 600 of the population. In Japan and China, there is one for every 4,000,000. The reason why this country has the most criminals is evident.

An Orthodox Christian, by the name of Marguardt, residing at Dayton, Ohio, accused his wife of being a witch, and stated that God said he must kill her and their two children. He did so.

Brother N. Kinney writes from Waverly, N. Y., speaking in very complimentary terms of the services of Mrs. Massop there. She is really a most excellent lady, and her lectures and tests are eminently calculated to do great good.

Mr. Spurgeon graphically describes a certain class of stately clergymen who carry their lambs not in their arms, but with the tongs. Some of the clergymen of this country are distinguished for hugging certain lambs of their congregation.

In the church of the Rev. E. E. Hale (Unitarian), in Boston, there is a vesper service every afternoon at 5 o'clock. It is mostly musical. We presume it is as satisfactory to God as anything else; if it is n't, why don't he say so?

Mrs. E. A. Blair, spirit artist, painted pictures before an audience of four hundred and fifty people in Newport, Me., March 3d, while blindfolded. A beautiful symbolic painting of hers, executed in the same way can be seen at the office of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, by any one who is pleased to call.

The American Baptist Home Mission Society is engaged in raising a permanent fund of half a million dollars, to aid in the erection of meeting-houses in newer portions of the country; and in those meeting-houses devils will be cast out of one class, to enter another. Oh, what a very wicked world this is!

The editor of the Western Catholic, who is charged with being the priest who declared in the State of Missouri that he wished for the day when he could ride in his bridle-bits in Protestant blood, replies that he is not a priest, has never been in the State of Missouri, never had a horse, and never could ride on horseback. This is evidently considered a full denial of the charge.

The Faculty of Franklin College, a Baptist institution in Franklin, Ind., have resigned, and the college has been shut. It had been in operation twenty-nine years, but has never been well supported. Of late its expenditures have amounted to \$3,000 a year more than its receipts. God is undoubtedly neglecting his business, so far as that college is concerned. He is a very powerful being, and we can't see why he don't look after his own colleges.

A correspondent of one of the religious papers finds ground for merriment in the statements of some persons concerning the number of miles they have traveled, and the number of words they have spoken "for Christ," and likens it to the jubulations of a hen. "Cut-cut-cut-da-cut! I have dropped another egg! Come and see it! It makes forty-three eggs I have dropped this year! Cut-cut-cut-da-cut! O you miserable hens that don't lay eggs, look at me and be ashamed of yourselves. Forty-three eggs! Cut-cut-cut! Cut-cut-cut da cut."

Mr. F. S. Cox, of Milford, Mass., manufacturer and importer of needles and needle-cases, is doing a large and rapidly increasing business, extending over the whole country, and, so far as we know, his goods give perfect satisfaction. He deals in nothing but first-class goods, and puts them up in the most tasty and unique styles, making one of the most attractive lines for agents and dealers to handle that is placed on the market. Even those who only wish to buy for their own use cannot do better than correspond with Mr. Cox. See his advertisement in another column.

There exists in Belgium a society called the "Libre-Pensee," whose avowed object it is to uproot religion from modern society. It has just published its annual report, and from that document the world is informed that the members consider their cause to be making satisfactory progress. They say that the number of civil funerals—that is, funerals without religious rites—was last year double that of the year previous; and of the persons "civilly" interred one-half were women. Civil marriages, too, they say, are becoming the rule. The free Thinkers declare that no compromise is any longer possible between the old ideas and the new; men must be for the Church or against it.

Under the date of February 21st, Brother Kent states that he has received, since his previous report, from various parties (names too numerous to give), \$33.02. This amount was received in about eight days. In concluding his report he says: "Much over thirty years ago while I was a Congregationalist minister, Mrs. Kent and myself were the recipients of a 'surprise party,' but the one you and your readers are treating us to is sure to put that in the shade. That was for services freely rendered—in no true sense a charity. This is attended by many who only know me as a helpless brother. I am sure none of your readers doubt our gratitude. I repeat our thanks, not only for the money, but for the many good letters we get. I regret that I am unable to answer them as they deserve. I find myself short of tracts and not able to furnish them as I did." Total amount received under the ten cent proposition, inaugurated at the suggestion of the editor of the JOURNAL up to this time, \$104.37. Those friends who feel able and willing to still further aid the worthy objects of charity, will address Austin Kent at Stockholm, N. Y.; Joseph Baker, Janesville, Wis.

Philadelphia Department.

HENRY T. CHILD, M. D.

Subscriptions will be received and papers may be obtained, at wholesale or retail, at 634 Race St., Philadelphia.

A Child's Rebuke.

In a very admirable collection of poems, edited by John G. Whittier, entitled "Child-Life," we find the following, which is touchingly beautiful as illustrating the keen sense of justice of the child, and the deep lesson which it impresses on the mother. It is entitled—

"BENNY."

"I had told him, Christmas morning, As he sat upon my knee, Holding fast his little stockings, Stuffed as full as full could be, And attentive, listening to me, With a face demure and mild, That old Santa Claus, who filled them, Did not love a naughty child."

"But we'll be good, won't we, Mober? And from off my lap he slid, Digging deep among the goodies In his crimson stockings hid. While I turned me to my table, Where a tempting goblet stood, With a dainty drink brimmed over, Sent me by a neighbor good."

"But the kitten, there before me, With his white paw, nothing loth, Sat by way of entertainment, Slapping off the shining froth; And in not the gentlest humor At the loss of such a treat, I confess, I rather rudely Thrust him out into the street."

"Then how Benny's blue eyes kindled! Gathering up the precious store, He had busily been pouring In his tiny pinafore. With a generous look that shamed me, Sprang he from the carpet bright, Showing by his mien indignant, All a baby's sense of right."

"Come back, Harvey," called he loudly, As he held his apron white, 'You shall have my candy wabbit! But the door was fastened tight, So he stood, abashed and silent, In the center of the floor, With defeated look alternate Bent on me and on the door."

"Then, as by some sudden impulse, Quickly ran he to the fire, And while eagerly his bright eyes Watched the flames go higher and higher, In a brave clear key, he shouted, Like some lordly little elf, 'Santa Klaus, come down de chimney, Make my mober 'hava herself!'"

"I will be a good girl, Benny," Said I, feeling the reproof; And straightway recalled poor Harvey Mewing on the gallery roof. Soon the anger was forgotten; Laughter chased away the frown, And they gambol'd 'neath the live oaks Till the dusky night came down."

"In my dim, fire-lighted chamber, Harvey purred beneath my chair, And my playmate boy beside me, Knelt to say his evening prayer: 'God bless fader, God bless mober; God bless sister!—th'n a pause, And the sweet young lips devoutly Murmured: 'God bless Santa Klaus.'"

"He is sleeping; brown and silken Lie the lashes, long and meek, Like caressing, clinging shadows On his plump and peachy cheek; And I bend above him, weeping Thankful tears, O Undeified! For a woman's crown of glory, For the blessing of a child."

How to Settle Little Things.

In this day of agitation, when radicalism is everywhere stirring up the stagnant waters of conservatism, it becomes quite important to know how to settle vexed questions, and there are few lessons more simple than this: The only way is, to do right.

When Christ, on a certain occasion, declared that he "came not to bring peace, but a sword" to set people against each other, he had in view the rottenness and corruption which existed in the world, and he knew that the preaching of the truth would cause agitation. How beautiful was his declaration, "Blessed are the peacemakers," but peace, lasting and permanent, can only follow in the train of purity. Mankind are slow to learn this lesson.

Many subjects have been before the world, disturbing the equanimity of mankind, until the key to their solution has been discovered, and men have done right, and they have no longer troubled them.

To-day, intemperance, war, capital punishment, the social questions, and woman's position, are forever rising up and troubling those who are not ready to do right; and it is well that these questions can only be settled in one way. Any effort short of the highest right, leaves them still before the world. The attempt to ignore these questions is perfectly futile, they have the floor and they will be heard and will be settled only when justice and right is done.

This is true of individuals and of communities. We shall be thus troubled until we do right; questions will arise to perplex us, and, in the future when we shall have crossed the river, we shall still find that the settlement of all questions rests upon the proposition that we do right according to our best understanding of what that is. As progressive beings, we know that our standard of right cannot be fixed, but if we do the best we know, we are always on the high road to knowledge and to happiness.

Let us ever keep in remembrance the fact, that we are individually responsible, and that if we can maintain our individual integrity, we shall have but little trouble about others. It is true, that our sympathies should flow out towards all mankind, and we are conscious of the wrongs that are in the world and must suffer on account of these; but for this suffering, as well as for all other, there is compensation, and the crown of our happiness is to be found in the fact that all things are working together for good, and that out of all the discord and confusion which abound in the world, will come order and harmony.

Learn all You Can.

Never omit an opportunity to learn all you can. Sir Walter Scott said that even in a stage-coach he always found somebody who could tell him something he did not know. Conversation is frequently more useful than books for purposes of knowledge. It is, therefore, a mistake to be morose and silent among persons whom you think ignorant, for a little sociability on your part will draw them out, and they will be able to teach you something, no matter how ordinary their employment. Indeed, some of the most sagacious remarks are made by

persons of this description, respecting their particular pursuit. ... HENRY MILLER, the Scotch geologist, was not a little of his fame to observations made when he was journeyman stone mason, and working in a quarry. Socrates well said that there was but one good, which is knowledge, and one evil, which is ignorance. Every grain of sand goes to make a heap. A gold digger takes the smallest nugget, and is not fool enough to throw them away, because he hopes to find a huge lump some time. So in acquiring knowledge, we should never despair an opportunity, however unimpressive. If there is a moment's leisure, spend it over a good or instructive talking with the first one you meet.

Baker and Kent.

The following sums have been sent to this office during the past week, instead of directly to them as they should be. Friends will please send directly to Austin Kent, Stockholm, N. Y., and Joseph Baker, Janesville, Wis.:

- Amount previously acknowledged \$14 50
H. B. Eastman, St. Catherine's, Mo. \$1 00
J. H. Isett, James Creek, Pa. .25
Geo. Payne, Mahattan, Kan. .24
A friend, San Antonio, Tex. .50
John Cleminson, El Monte, Cal. .200

Notice of Meeting.

BRO. JONES—Will you do the Spiritualists of Terre Haute, Ind., the favor of calling the attention, through the columns of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, to the fact that they will celebrate the twenty-fourth anniversary of Modern Spiritualism, on the 31st inst., with Hon. R. D. Owen, of this State, as speaker for the evening discussion. Subject: "The Position of Spiritualism as an Element of True Religion." It is expected that Mrs. A. L. Ballou will address the society on the same day, at 11 o'clock, A. M.

JAMES Hook, Sec.

THE MAGNETIC TREATMENT.

SEND TEN CENTS TO DR. ANDREW STONE, 5 Troy, N. Y., and obtain a large, highly illustrated book on the system of vitalizing treatment.

Rubber Goods.

All dealers and consumers of FRENCH and other fine INDIA-RUBBER GOODS will advance their interests by addressing NORRIS & CO., Rubber Manufacturers, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

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Do you want an agency, LOCAL OR TRAVELING, with an opportunity to make \$5 to \$20 a day, selling our new 7 strand, White Wire Clothes Lines? They last forever. Sample free; so there is no risk. Address at once, Hudson River Wire Works, Cor. Water St. and Maiden Lane, N. Y., or 346 W. Randolph St., Chicago, Ill.

FRUIT TREES, BEDDING PLANTS, SHADE TREES, HEDGE PLANTS, FLOWERS, VEGETABLE SEEDS.

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Please send 10 cents for 100 page Illustrated Fruit Catalogue. Wholesale list free. 112 page Seed and Plant Catalogue, 10 cents. Bulb List and Catalogue of Colored Fruit and Flower Plates, free.

THE TENTH THOUSAND!

PROF. HOWE Has already published the tenth thousand OF HIS SEVEN-HOUR SYSTEM OF GRAMMAR.

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THE MOST CERTAIN and perfectly harmless antidote for the poisonous effects, and remedy for the tobacco appetite, is known by the above name. It is compounded by Mrs. A. H. ROBINSON, the celebrated medium of Chicago, while entranced by a noted chemist, long in spirit life. This antidote is warranted to break the habit of using tobacco by the inveterate lover of the weed, when the directions (on each box) are followed.

AGENTS for selling the same throughout the country are wanted. For sale, wholesale and retail, at this office. Price, \$3.00 per box. Sent by mail free of postage on receipt of the money.

The Descent of Man AND Selections in Relation to Sex.

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CHRISTIANITY.

Its origin, nature, and tendency, considered in the light of astro-theology. By Rev. D. W. Hull. "Be not moved away from the hope of the God, which ye have heard, and which was preached to my creature which is under heaven; whereof I, Paul, made a minister."—Cor. 1: 23. Price, 25 cents; postage 2 cents.

Spiritual Tracts BY JUDGE EDMONDS.

THIS VOLUME CONSISTS OF A VALUABLE COLLECTION OF SHORT ARTICLES ON SPIRITUALISM, by JUDGE EDMONDS, who is widely known, Europe and America as an able jurist and a staunch vocate and expounder of the Spiritual Philosophy. The collection contains 271 pages, and sold for the small sum of 30 cents per copy. Forty copies to one address by express for \$6.00. Address Religio-Philosophical Publishing House, 150 Fourth Ave., Chicago.

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at 175 Clark street, corner of Monroe, is now Form 883 State street, corner of Eighteenth, with facilities for doing first-class work in all the various branches in the profession and at moderate charges. Persons coming from the country on the morning train, who have sets of teeth made in time to return, will be glad to have them made in time to return. If the time proves too short they will be forwarded by express. v11 n23 tf

Medium's Column.

SEALED LETTERS ANSWERED BY R. W. FLINT, 34 Clifton Place, New York. Terms \$2.00 and large stamps. Money refunded when not answered.

J. W. VAN NAMEE, M.D., box 5120, New York City, will examine patients by lock of hair, on 10 further notices, for \$1.00 and two stamps. Give full name, age, and one leading symptom of disease v11 n13 tf

Minnie Myers. Test and Business Medium, will receive cards at all hours from 9 o'clock A. M. to 9 P. M., except Sundays, from 11 to 4 P. M. Terms \$1.00 a sitting. Residence 109 South Ave., up stairs, Chicago.

MRS. S. A. R. WATERMAN, 67 Mul-sealed or otherwise, give PSYCHOMETRIC DELINEATIONS, or Reading of Character, from writing, hair, or photographs. Terms from two to five dollars and four three-cent stamps. v11 n14 tf

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