

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

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SPIRIT PICTURES.  
What the Great Artist, Anderson, has Done.

For some time past, Prof. W. P. Anderson, who had previously attained a wide-spread celebrity as a spirit-artist in the Atlantic States, has been sojourning in California, and making use of his wonderful gift, except when his labors have been suspended by ill-health, as he is of a delicate constitution. He is at present at San Jose, where he has gone to recuperate from a serious illness from which he is rapidly recovering. During his stay in that city, he has executed a number of spirit-pictures—among them are the portraits of some of the departed friends of J. J. Owen, the well-known editor of the San Jose Mercury, from a recent number of which paper, we take the following graphic and truthful description of the Professor's mode of sketching these wonderful works of art:

"Prof. Anderson works in the dark, the light being considered a detriment to the prosecution of his work. The writer called at his rooms on Sunday, and was shown the manner of his sketching. After first, at his request, bandaging the Professor's eyes carefully, he proceeded to sketch the head of an elderly woman, with cap and ruffles, which he did with great rapidity, working with the picture reversed, or with the top of the head towards him. This was followed with a side-view of another face. Many of our citizens will remember a remarkable work from his pencil, that was exhibited at our County Fair, several years ago. How he does this work with his eyes bandaged, we leave for others to determine. His usual method of working is in a darkened room."

The foregoing is a brief, but very correct description of the Professor's mode of operating, and the manner in which these wonderful pictures are taken. Even the most skeptical in the matter of Spiritualism, are struck with amazement at these marvelous works, and the manner in which they are produced. The most light of Spiritualism, upon the conviction that "seeing is believing," are converted, and the most incredulous of the "Doubting Thomases," at the sight of these wonderful works, have their scruples removed at once.

Before the age or advent of Spiritualism, an eminent BRITISH ARTIST, a man of refined, ethereal and delicate organization, painted the portraits of the heroes and sages of antiquity, who sat regularly to him for their pictures.

The productions of Prof. Anderson, sketched with an ordinary black-lead pencil, faultless in drawing, and shaded with all the softness and delicacy of drawing, in India ink, are still more wonderful.

For some years past, Prof. Anderson has been engaged upon a series of PRE-HISTORIC PORTRAITS, ancient and modern, the work being occasionally interrupted from causes beyond his control. This list embraces many of the most renowned sages and heroes of antiquity, who have figured in history, both sacred and profane, with the most noted characters of medieval and modern times.

Of the former, first on the list, come YERMAH and HIS WIFE, AZETIA, with a fellow countryman named Orondo, who, sixteen thousand years ago, inhabited a continent in mid Pacific known as Atalanta, the capital of which was Atalantis. This wonderful people knew of the existence of the American continent, and left abundant evidence of that fact, in the gigantic ruins which have been found in Central America, Mexico, New Mexico, and Arizona, and in the unbroken chain of ancient works stretching from the Gulf of Mexico, on the south, to the Pictured Rocks of Lake Superior, on the north. When some learned savan, like Layard, the adventurous explorer of the ruins of Nineveh, shall find the key to unlock the hieroglyphic treasures with which the ruined temples of Central America and Mexico abound, a perfect historical record will be unveiled, corroborating all that has been revealed by this band of spirits in relation to this ancient continent. The appearance and configuration of the portrait of Yermah, is of a decided Hindoo type, and Prof. Anderson avers, that this, and all the Eastern races, are descended in a direct line from the Atlanteans. Following these portraits, we have Abdel, a Hindoo necromancer, who existed eight thousand years since. Next on the list, comes Arabaces, an Egyptian of more modern times, who lived in the Patriarchal era, some four thousand years ago.

Of the noted propagandists of religious dogmas, we have the Moslem prophet, Mahomet, Gautama, Buddha, Pope Gregory, John Knox, John Calvin, Archbishop Usher, and the renowned martyrs, Cranmer and Wickliffe. Of the warriors and statesmen who founded empires, and figured as rulers of a mighty people, we have the wolf-nursed Romulus and Remus, to whom the Eternal City is said to owe her existence. Following in the procession of the heroes and celebrities of old, we have Hiram, King of Tyre, Attila the Hun, James the Second, of Scotland, Alfred the Great, a veiled Persian King, a Venetian Doge, and the Arab chief Abdel Kader. The Masonic fraternity are represented by their first great master, Hiram Abiff, and his mystic cabala delineated on his forehead. The celebrities of the flowery Kingdom, are represented by their chief, who existed five thousand years before Christ, Confucius, author of the Golden Rule, the wisdom of which has never been surpassed by any philosophic teacher, sacred or profane; Pindar, the immortal poet, Plutarch, the renowned historian, and Plato, the philosopher of the Groves of Academus in Athens, represent the classic age of living Greece, while Catullus, "the noblest Roman of them all," speaks for the ancient glory of the "Sev-

en-billed City." Copernicus, the first interpreter of the system of the starry-worlds, represents the astronomers, while the world of poetry, art and science is rendered illustrious by such characters as Bacon, Cosmo, and Lorenzo de Medici, styled "Lorenzo, the Magnificent," Titian Ayotte, Chaucer, and Ah Teipene. Tom Paine and Voltaire, the first to induce mankind to shake off the shackles of despotism on earth, and destroy the fallacies of kingcraft and priestcraft, figure in the same capacity in the spirit-world, and, of course, hold prominent position in this galaxy of portraits. The adventurous early navigators, are represented by their leaders, Sir Francis Drake and Admiral Rowe, while the age of chivalry is nobly indicated in the person of the mail-clad warrior, Henri de Brionville, while the gallant Abelard and the sweet face of Heloise, represent the passion of undying love.

Here in this Spirit Portrait Gallery, we have the illustrious of every department of moral and intellectual life fully represented, and no more interesting study of mind and matter, or of passionate proclivities in the varied types of mankind, could any where be found. This collection alone will be found a life study.

The series of the TWELVE APOSTLES, which has been copy-righted by Col. R. A. Fuller, in the office of the Librarian of Congress, is a magnificent set, in fact, a Portrait Gallery of the most interesting character, exhibiting almost every type of intellectual expression and facial development. To indulge in a sentiment somewhat paradoxical, they may, in common parlance, be said to be "drawn to the life." This is really so in a double sense, as they exhibit undoubted likenesses of the grand originals, both in their physical and spiritual life. Any one with a correct eye for art, can, at a glance, detect a likeness, although they may never have seen the original of the picture, and this is essentially the case with this series of portraits. John, the well-beloved of the "man of sorrows," is just such a face, with a mild and love-beaming expression of countenance as would attract, while the cold, sinister and Jesuitical cast of the countenance of Judas, the betrayer, is just the reverse, and correspondingly repulsive. The apostle Peter, of whom the Savior asked, "Simon Peter lovest thou me?" has less of the Galilean pugnacity in the expression of his countenance, than one would naturally expect in him, who, in a moment of fury, with his sword, smote off the High Priest's servant's right ear. Matthew's is a mild and lovely face, almost effeminate in the soft chiseling of the clear-cut features, and delicate type of beauty, while, on the other hand, Matthias has a strongly marked face of thoughtful mien, tinged with something of the cynic, in its decided expression. The face of Phillip is also marked with thought, the organs of perception and language being strongly developed, with a voluptuous mouth and chin, showing an almost equal balance of the intellectual and animal. Andrew has a remarkably high forehead, and intellectual development, with language prominent, his face showing a predominance of mentality over the animal. The apostle James has a marked and characteristic countenance, beaming with benevolence, which feature predominates in James the Less, tinged with a larger amount of self-esteem, than is to be found in any other member of the group. Bartholomew, the eldest in appearance, has a well-developed head, and a benevolent look tinged with a shade of melancholy, or, in the language of the poet, a countenance, "Sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought."

Thaddeus has the same characteristics, with the difference, that so far from a sad expression, his countenance beams with good humor, approaching to mirthfulness. The picture of Thomas the Doubter, could not be mistaken. There is an incredulous air about the countenance, that would indicate that were he summoned on a jury, it would require the strongest evidence to convince him, and his whole expression goes to show, that he would entirely ignore the charge of the judge, that in all cases the prisoner at the bar was entitled to the benefit of the doubt. The portrait of Miriam, the WITCH OF EN-DOR, a most bewitching face, seen through a gossamer veil of transparent gauze, is, indeed, a most lovely face, and many a fair maid, upon beholding it, unconsciously exclaims, "O that I were a witch!" The picture of Pocahontas, the Indian Princess, as she is seen by Prof. Anderson, as "through a glass darkly" in the spirit-land, is indeed a queenly face, worthy a place in this illustrious gallery. The portrait of Prof. Anderson himself is an indispensable acquisition to this admirable series.

These pictures, which have been beautifully photographed, the effect softened and toned down from the highly artistic life-size originals, may be procured from the party by whom they have been copy-righted, at the following rates: Cabinet size, \$10; card \$5, for the entire set. Single copies, cabinet \$1, card 50 cents each. All orders sent to Col. R. A. Fuller & Co., Albion House, No. 147 K street, Sacramento City, California, and be promptly attended to.

RUTHVEN.  
Sacramento City, Cal., Nov. 15, 1873.  
Rev. J. H. HARTER, of Auburn, N. Y., humbly acknowledges his circumstances and conditions to be such that he respectfully asks his friends to make him and his family such donations or presents in money, provisions or other valuables, as their willingness and ability will admit, without material injury to themselves and family. He hopes to be kindly and substantially remembered by mail, express or otherwise, on the 24th day of December, 1873, in his own hired house, No. 1 School street, Auburn, N. Y., where he will be happy "to receive all that come to him."

ANTIQUITY OF MOSES.  
Early Appearance of Man on this Earth  
---Virgin and Child---America Inhabited 50,000 Years Ago, etc.

BY E. TALMADGE.

Some few years ago, in China, when, some men were penetrating deep into the earth, they came upon ancient ruins and the works of man, and among many strange things were the emblems of Christianity, the cross, the Virgin and her new born child, with strong rays of light emanating from his head. In the valley of the Ohio, among ancient ruins, were found the Virgin and child carved in ivory, and a cross with a man nailed to it, composed of a metal that no one was able to define its properties or composition; also the trine cup, three Gods in one, and many articles of oriental origin.

Sir William Jones, while sojourning in Hindoostan, discovered in the sacred books of the Hindoo priests, a geographical description of North and South America, giving latitude and longitude of a copper mine, and a city called Tramba, about 70 degrees north in British North America, and since that time the ruins of a city and copper mine have been discovered as the Hindoo geography located them. Sir William says the books containing these accounts are very ancient. It is positive that North America was densely inhabited by civilized man more than 50,000 years ago, and long before Lakes Superior, Michigan, Huron, Erie and Ontario, and the Mississippi and Ohio Rivers existed. Fifty feet below the present surface of the earth, near the shore of Lake Erie, the works of man were found on an old surface of the earth. A few miles south of Utica, N. Y., on a pine plain eighty-seven feet below the present surface, the works of men were found, such as crucibles, blacksmiths cinders and copper coin.

About 20 years ago, in the Eastern States, while some men were blasting rocks for a new railroad, a cup was blown out of a solid rock fifteen feet in depth. The rock was formed solid inside the cup. Around the top was a band of silver; also a band of silver around the bottom. One band was beautifully engraved; the other was chase-work. The composition of the cup, no one at the time could tell.

A mountain in California 13,000 feet high, has on its top an old river bottom, where human bones are embedded in it of enormous size, which is claimed for the highest antiquity; but there is another claim of high antiquity in England. Sampson Arnold McKay, of Norwich, England, in his Mythological Astronomy, gives a minute description of a marble quarry which had been worked through eleven strata or deposits of marble, to the twelfth deposit, where the works of man were plain and positive 70 feet below the surface. There were their tools, and there in the twelfth deposit was a block of marble which had been cut and shaped, and some wooden tools were petrified. How is this for a 6000 year old world!

Forty years ago a petrified human being was blasted out of a solid rock in Spain, eighteen feet tall. Pliny, a reliable historian, about eighteen hundred years ago, says that a mountain in the Island of Crete was split open by an earthquake, which formed a chasm, and in it was found a human skeleton twenty-five cubits tall, which was standing upright in the chasm.

In the Florida reef rocks, a human foot and jaw were found petrified. Geologists date the life time of this human being as far back as 135,000 years. Another human skeleton was found at New Orleans, under four cypress forests with marine deposits between, and geologists say that this person must have lived 57,000 years ago.

In a house in East Broadway, New York City is a black variegated marble fire-place, with a human jaw of extremely large size, embedded in the marble, showing all the front under teeth, with other unknown reptiles. The Tower of Babel that stood on the plain of Shinar, was an astronomical emblem showing the motion of the poles of the earth among the stars, and not to climb up to and scale the walls of heaven. The Babylonians being astronomers, were not foolish enough to build a tower to go up to heaven.

The Rev. C. C. Clark, of England, in his book entitled the wonders of the heaven, says that the sun has by the inclination of the axis of the earth, been as far north as 45 degrees of latitude, and that the axis must have changed very sudden to produce the effects which are still visible over the entire northern regions, showing that the whole country, both sides of the Ural Mountains, along the river Obi and the Oussa, all the way down to Lobiska, and even along the shores of the Arctic Ocean, tropical animals are found in great abundance. Some of these animals are still entire, and not in the least decayed, but are frozen solid in the icebergs, such as the elephant and the rhinoceros. This plainly proves that the equator once passed around the earth near the present poles, and suddenly changed to nearly north and south, and throwing the old ice poles where the present equator is.

Sampson Arnold McKay was the first and only man that unraveled the mystery of the Hindoo sacred numbers. Several learned men attempted it, viz., Voltaire, Volney, Mirabeau, and Sir William Jones, but could not succeed. These sacred numbers are put upon imperishable monuments, and have remained there over 20,000 years. These numbers denote axial changes of more than one million years. They perfectly agree with time and motion of

the tropics, and where fractional time has been omitted for a certain number of years, it has been added up and put in by itself between those numbers, embracing full time of the tropics, passing from the equator to the north and back.

Some twenty years ago in Hindoostan, not far from the city of Benares, ancient ruins were found far under the surface of the earth, and among many strange things were found printing presses and type, and was evidently used for printing the Sanscrit language. Type were found set in a form or in blocks for printing Sanscrit, giving date something over 10,000 years. The Sanscrit is considered to be the most perfect language ever known. The antiquity of the human race must be far back in the past to compile so perfect a language. It is not saying too much when we say that the human race nearly in their present form, have occupied this planet one million years. But here comes the climax of the antiquity of man, the late discoveries near the Dardanelles in Turkey: Professor Calvert of the Dardanelles, an eminent archaeologist and geologist, has made the most astonishing discoveries of the antiquity of man that has ever come within the full scope of science. At 800 feet of geological depth in a cliff of the Miocene period of the Tertiary age, he extracted a giant bone of a dinotherium or a mastodon, on the convex side of which is deeply cut or engraved the figure of a horned quadruped with arched neck, lozenge-shaped chest, long body, straight forelegs and broad feet; also traces of several other figures, and in the same cliff he found bones of animals fractured longitudinally, evidently by the hand of man for the purpose of extracting marrow, a habit of all primitive tribes. The well known writer on the geology of Asia Minor, M. de Tschlatcheff, examined the cliff where the bone and other relics were extracted, and declared it to be the Miocene period. Professor Calvert sent these fossil remains to Sir John Lubbock, who presented them to G. Bush and Jeffreys. Those eminent authorities have identified among them the remains of dinotherium and the shell of a species of melania, both of which strictly belong to the Miocene period. The Professor says, "The remarkable fact is thus established beyond a doubt that the antiquity of man is no longer to be reckoned by thousands, but by millions of years!"

Addison, N. Y.

FROM THE EDINBURGH (ORTHODOX) CIRCLE.  
Going up Through the Spheres--Investigation of Spiritual Phenomena by a Presbyterian, Universalist, Unitarian and a Methodist.

BY E. K. HOSFORD.

It may be interesting and instructive to your many readers, to know the experience and success of our little circle, in its search after light and truth in spiritual philosophy. Less than one year ago, four of us, a Presbyterian, a Universalist, a Unitarian and a Methodist, agreed to form ourselves into a circle, and thoroughly investigate the phenomena of Spiritualism. We agreed to meet twice a week for one year, and then give to the world our honest verdict of its merits or demerits.

As each of us believed in God, and claimed that the Bible taught the peculiar doctrine to which we held, we agreed at each coming together, to invoke the blessing of God upon us, and prove the spirits by the great law. We were determined to look high and have nothing to do with the low, the vile or the vulgar; but by looking to God for help, reach that high plane of spiritual attainment, where the prophets and apostles stood in the past; that is, if the phenomena should prove true. We began to get demonstrations almost immediately. We were troubled a little with

DEVIL AND DIAKKA

at first, but as we were looking high, and calling upon God for help, we soon climbed out of sight of both Diakka and Devil.

One of our number, a strong natural medium, soon began to see our spirit friends and describe them very minutely, and converse with them quite freely. We found our controls of the highest order, and our entire circle was composed of spirits from the fifth, sixth and seventh spheres, and our communications were of the most exalted character, and we all began to see more or less, and glorious were the visions that were presented to us.

Our circle of spirits at this time began to increase very rapidly, and the high and exalted of all nationalities, began to flock to us, and we found ourselves with all our spirit circle in the seventh sphere, with a regular programme laid down for us, and marching orders from the great source of all light. We were to go up through the spheres.

Now, Mr. Editor, as very little I know of

THE SPHERES,

and few know of more than seven, it may not be unprofitable to stop here and explain a little of the spheres and their character and inhabitants.

The first, second and third, are dark spheres and inhabited by evil spirits only.

The fourth is the Diakka, or dividing sphere between the low and the exalted.

The fifth is the first exalted sphere, and for many years was the home of the Patriarchal worthies, before the first advent of Christ. After his resurrection they were exalted to the spheres above.

The sixth sphere far surpasses the fifth in the grandeur of its scenery and the musical at-

tainments of its inhabitants; but the seventh is where our grand experience begins.

As briefly as possible I will take your readers through this and succeeding spheres, as we advance towards the great Throne of God. This sphere has fifteen degrees, each separate and distinct from the others, and as we develop in purity or spirituality, we pass from the lower to the higher.

As we progressed through this and the succeeding spheres, many of the spirits of the fifth and sixth joined our ranks as we passed upward. We passed through this sphere at the rate of one degree in three days; that being as fast as we could be developed.

When we reached the eighth sphere, we found it to consist of twenty-nine degrees. Here we began to come across the old ancient worthies and prophets, and here for the first time we learned something definite about Jesus Christ. We were told that his home was in the thirty-ninth (last) degree of the ninth sphere, and that he would meet us in the twenty-ninth degree of the eighth. We reached that degree on the eve of the 28th of August last; and on the following evening we met for the first time that high and glorious one, Jesus Christ, the Savior of the World, the highest created intelligence—the only begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth.

Mr. Editor, it is impossible to describe that meeting. We had for weeks been with high and exalted intelligences. We had felt the influence of apostles and prophets; but no influence to compare with that of Jesus. We first felt a chilly sensation creeping over us, but soon changing to one of glowing warmth, and most exhilarating effect.

Our spirit control and guardians stood with bowed heads and folded arms, as silent witnesses, whilst Jesus of Nazareth, "whom the heavens had received until the time of restitution of all things" (see Acts 3:21), should once again in these last times (of the Christian age) hold converse again with the children of earth, and thus prepare the way for his second advent, when he shall come with all the holy angels (the glorified saints) to make an end of sin, and bring in a reign of righteousness upon the earth. Through the brightness of his coming shall be destroyed all low Spiritualism, bred in sensuality and free-lust (see 2d Thes. 2:8-10 inclusive); and Babylon (confusion of sects) shall fall, and the people of God come out of her (Rev. 18:4), and creeds be swept away as chaff before the wind.

Oh! friends of humanity, look up! Your redemption draweth nigh, and we are upon the eve of a brighter day, when heaven and earth shall meet and shake hands together, and angels and men shall stand face to face and hold sweet converse together. They shall by us and through us speak again to the children of men, and all the signs and wonders of Pentecost shall follow. This is the first resurrection.—Rev. 20:5.

The above is what we learned from the Savior of Men. I have added nothing to it; I can take nothing away.

Mr. Editor, I can not enlarge upon the above now, as I have not space; but should this meet with favor, I may write more fully another time; but let me say to your readers, that while, at this time, I say nothing of the real nature of Jesus Christ, still if they could witness the profound reverence in which he is held by all the high and exalted spirits, they would say he is more than man or angel; and if they could see the profound reverence Jesus Christ shows the Father, they would say he is less than God.

As we entered the ninth sphere, our surroundings were magnificent beyond description. The many mansions and pleasure grounds were all adorned and made ready. The homes of the Prophets and the Apostles were all the way from the first to the seventeenth degree of this sphere.

In the seventeenth degree was the home of Paul, the great Apostle to the Gentiles, and many others of like high attainments in spirituality of his day. Above that degree, had no spirit released from the form ever penetrated, save Jesus only, until we reached that point in our upward march.

Above the seventeenth degree, on, upward to the thirty-ninth, the home of Jesus Christ, and onward still through all the degrees till we reached the highest degree in the twentieth sphere, were the homes of those high and exalted intelligences, kindred spirits, but who never dwelt in the form, termed in the Scriptures the Holy Ghost, or correctly understood, the Holy Spirits, the glorious comforters that took of the things of God and showed them unto men in the apostolic age—they were those high intelligences that were with God when he formed this earth in its last formation, and placed man upon it. They were the companions of Adam and Eve in their purity; and will be the companions of mankind again when the earth shall be redeemed, and Jesus shall have made an end of sin.

They seldom visited the earth during the Patriarchal and Jewish age; most of the angelic visitants of that age, as of the present, were those who once dwelt in the form upon earth. But I must stop for the present by saying, the best is to come.

It is a continual feast to the progressive; the pure wine of eternal love and friendship growing better and better as we advance. There is no end to the spheres, and from the fourth sphere upward, it is eternal progression. Glory be to God, for the rich promises for them who are heirs to salvation.

Edinburgh, Indiana.

TWENTY-FIVE CENTS pays for the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL for three months, for new trial subscribers. Please send in the subscriptions.



## The Other Side of the Question.

BY T. J. MOORE.

"God is Love." Let us see if this be so. In what age of the world was it first ascertained that God is or was love? Let us search the book. It was not known or taught in the Old Testament. There he is said to be a consuming fire, a man of war—his name is jealousy—hates unborn babes—is angry with the wicked every day—he has a fire kindled in his anger that shall burn unto the lowest hell—his jealousy shall smoke against that man! No writer even mistrusted that God was love for three or four thousand years after the Mosaic account of creation.

When we float down the stream of time to A. D. 90, we find one John who says (in plain English to us now) that God is love. But I am sure no just, sensible man would ever dream that the Jehovah-God of the Old Testament was love, if he got no other knowledge of his character, than that contained in the Bible. Yet all denominations professing to be Christians, are constantly teaching, in sermon and song, that God is love, and that he doeth all things well, and worketh all things (not a part, but all) after the counsel of his own will. Notwithstanding all these declarations, we find his works and plans generally a failure. He pronounces his six days' work very good, but in a few days, discovers his mistake, and ascertains that his man is really totally depraved, and determines to kill him and every living thing, but saves Noah as the best specimen of humanity he had on hand, and yet it appears that he got drunk the first opportunity, and as he awoke from his wine, he growled out a curse upon his little grand-son, which has been the foundation stone upon which American slavery has rested ever since its introduction on this continent.

Orthodoxy teaches us that God and Christ are the only beings in the Universe that can save or damn anybody, and that they will send into everlasting punishment a great majority of the human race!

How is this for love? I would rather put any tyrant in the Universe on the throne, for judge at the last day (?), than God or the meek and lowly lamb, to do justice to us.

He had a quarrel, and a kind of lawsuit with Adam and Eve and the serpent, and cursed them individually and collectively—thrust Adam and Eve unceremoniously out of the garden, cursed the ground for their sakes in particular, and now when we see that God inflicted this grievous everlasting curse upon them for doing just what he knew they would do before he created them, and then say God is love, are we not guilty of the blackest blasphemy?

Love worketh no evil to his neighbor, says the pretended divine record, and so say justice, reason and common sense, and we find him all the way through the Old Testament, cursing somebody or something, and in a continual rage and ferment, filled with anger, rage and jealousy. He seems to have had constantly on hand a tremendous stock of wrath, anger, hatred and cruelty in a latent state that any little trifling incident might kindle almost instantly into a raging flame. In proof of this, I will now refer to a few of the many hundreds of cases that may be found in the Old Testament. Let us first look at his anger.

Only just think one moment, Christian reader, what a sublime idea, the great omnipotent and omniscient God, getting angry with his own works! and then read in Psalms 7:11, "God is angry with the wicked every day," consequently he is always angry, as the people are always wicked.

What a sad commentary do we find upon this always-angry God, in Eccl. 7:9, "For anger resteth in the bosoms of fools," and yet the orthodox God is always angry.

How would it look if I was to say right here, "God is love," and quote from Deut. 32:23, "For a fire is kindled in mine anger and shall burn unto the lowest hell, and shall consume the earth with her increase, and set on fire the foundations in the mountains;" and the "sacred word" condemns anger in the strongest terms. Prov. 27:4: "Wrath is cruel and anger is outrageous."

Notwithstanding wrath is cruel, John says 3:36, "But the wrath (cruel) of God abideth on them,"—the unbelievers.

I find rather an extra specimen of God's love to sinners, to save him he gave his only begotten son. Deut. 20:20, 21, 22: "The Lord will not spare him, but then the anger of the Lord and his jealousy shall smoke against that man, and all the curses that are written in this book shall lie upon him, and the Lord shall blot out his name from under heaven."

"And the Lord shall separate him unto evil, out of all the tribes of Israel, according to all the curses of the covenant that are written in this book of the law."

"So that the generation to come of your children that shall rise up after you, and the strangers that shall come from a far land, shall say when they see the plagues of that land, and the sickness which the Lord hath laid upon it."

And again, vs. 26, 27, 28: "For they went and served other Gods, and worshipped them; Gods whom they knew not, and whom he had not given unto them."

"And the anger of the Lord was kindled against this land, to bring upon it all the curses that are written in this book."

"And the Lord rooted them out of their land in anger, and in wrath, and in great indignation;" and still we are told that this wrathful God of Abraham and Isaac and Jacob is love.

An honest, unprejudiced mind can not see much love in the above ebullition of anger, wrath and indignation. These are terms expressive of the lowest, basest, worst passions of a savage. Don't be startled, my Christian reader, if you candidly examine it you will find it even so.

It makes little difference, as to the fact, what Moses, David, Job, Peter, John, James or Paul says in regard to God's being love; we must look at what God says of himself, and what he really does, and has done. If we can not find at least ten acts of savage cruelty to one of deep love, in the Old Testament, then I am much mistaken. Let us examine further.

I wish the kind reader to understand that when I speak of God, that I mean the ancient God of the Bible, "who changeth not," and who "is the same yesterday and to-day, and forever."

In the above quotation from Deuteronomy, we see with what spirit God pronounces his judgments. Let us compare it with the spirit which is seen in the execution of our laws that are made by poor, sinful man. How do our judges pronounce sentence upon the violators of human law? I can not better illustrate it than by stating a fact or two:

A wife-murderer was hanged in Peoria, Illinois. The judge pronounced the sentence in the most tender feeling and pathetic terms, with tears in his eyes, and a large portion of the audience, including lawyers, jurors and spectators wept. There was no wrath or anger or indignation manifested; and this is generally the case where man has to pronounce sentence of death upon his fellow man.

Job asks, "Shall mortal man be more just than God?"

In view of the preceding facts, I think that we are absolutely compelled to answer Job's question in the affirmative, and say, Yes.

I desire to call the reader's attention to another important fact in this discussion, that the government of the world, for some two thousand years (more or less), was a theocracy; that God was the sole maker and executor of all laws. He was President, Vice-President, Secretary, Cabinet, Congress and Judiciary; in short, he was the Autocrat of the Universe! He was a man of wrath! And it has always seemed strange to me, that with his infinite power and wisdom, he did not so arrange his laws, and so constitute his children that they could be, and live, more in harmony with his laws than they have, and not be constantly in a quarrel among themselves, and at enmity with their Creator. This has always been a mystery to me and to millions of others. I suppose it is because we can not understand the mystery of Godliness.

Let us look at some of God's acts, as a "man of war."

In the year 1573 before Christ, Moses was born. When arrived at the proper age, the Lord made him his Secretary of State, also Commander in Chief of all his army. Here I present to the reader one of the orders God gave to General Moses. See Deut. 21:10-14 inclusive. There is so much divine love in the order that I quote it entire, so as not to mar any of its beauty:

"When thou goest forth to war against thine enemies, and the Lord hath delivered them into thine hand, and thou hast taken them captive, [bear in mind that the Lord delivered them into their hands; this proves him to be a man of war] and thou seest among the captives a beautiful woman, and hast a desire [what kind of a desire?] unto her, that thou wouldst have her to thy wife, then thou shalt bring her home to thine house; and she shall shave her head and pare her nails; and she shall put the raiment of her captivity from off her, and shall remain in thine house, and bewail her father and her mother a full month; and after that thou shalt go in unto her, and be her husband, and she shall be thy wife. And it shall be, if thou have no delight in her, [what kind of delight?] then thou shalt let her go whither she will; but thou shalt not sell her at all for money; thou shalt not make merchandise of her, because thou hast humbled her!"

How is this for woman's rights? If Jeff Davis had copied this divine order *verbatim et literatim*, and issued it to his armies, and they had carried it out to the letter, as Moses' armies probably did, all the civilized world would have been filled with the deepest indignation, and would probably have sent over their armies to aid us in annihilating J. D. and all his host.

But we find still worse orders from this "man of war."—2d Isa, chapter 13, and more particularly in verses 9, 15 and 16: "Behold the day of the Lord cometh, cruel both with wrath and fierce anger, to lay the earth desolate \* \* \* Every one that is found shall be thrust through, and every one that is joined to them shall fall by the sword. Their children also shall be dashed to pieces before their eyes, and their houses shall be spoiled and their wives ravished."

God is love—is he?

Here is a specimen of God's love to little children, to which I would call Brother Beecher's special attention. What an interesting spectacle this must be to that Jesus who said, "Suffer little children to come unto me," to see the bloody, brutal soldiers seize the little innocents by the heads and dash them against the rocks or upon the ground, but the climax of this cursedness is not reached until we come to "ravishing the women." A question arises right here, who was to ravish the women? I take it that it was God's peculiar—his chosen people—who was chosen in him—Christ—before the foundation of the world. Will the present Ecclesiastical Council enlighten us on this question?

Here is another specimen of God's regard for his dear children, in Hosea 13:16: "Samaria shall become desolate, for she hath rebelled against her God, (the chief sin for which God punished, or rather tortured his children was for rebelling against him, not for their cruelties to one another), they shall fall by the sword, their infants shall be dashed in pieces, and their women with child shall be ripped up."

I find by searching the scriptures that ripping up pregnant woman, was a pastime in which the Lord ordered his people to indulge occasionally. See 2. Kings 8:12—"And wilt dash their children and will rip up their women that are with child." Again 2. Kings 15:16—"And all the women therein that were with child he ripped up." Another query presents itself here: Why did they not rip up women that were not with child? Who can tell? We are now so far degenerated from the good old times when God made and executed laws, that we consider that woman "with child" deserves more care and kindness than other women. Every man who is not a brute or devil will resent any insult to a "woman with child." We are met here with the argument or rather assertion, that as God is so infinitely greater than we, that he is our Creator, he has a right, unquestionably, to do with us just as he pleases. Right here I object to any such doctrine in toto. He being our Creator, he forced us into existence, he is in duty bound to take good care of us, as much so, at least, as we are to seek our children's best welfare, and I know that every honest intelligent man, whose mind has not been warped and dwarfed by religious bigotry and superstition, will agree with me on this point. 'Tis as plain as the sun in a cloudless sky at noonday.

Our much beloved Theodore Parker says in a sermon on the "God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob," "He is represented in the bible as a very limited and imperfect being; makes the world in six days, part by part; makes man out of the dust 'in his own image and likeness,' looks upon his work and behold it was very good." He is tired with his six days' work, rests on the seventh and is refreshed. By-and-by God reports that he has made man, and is grieved at his heart."

The Lord met Moses at a tavern (?) and sought to kill him, but Moses' wife circumcised her boy before God's eyes, so God let the bloody husband go. God is partial, hates the heathen, takes good care of the Jews—not because they deserve it, but because he will not break his covenant. He is capricious, revengeful, has fierce wrath and cruelty, and one day says to Moses, "Take all the heads of the people, and hang them up before the Lord against the sun, that the fierce anger of the Lord may be turned away from Israel." How many heads did he hang up? "God is love!"

It may be instructive and beneficial to our cause (the promotion of truth and justice) to examine into these commands of the Lord. Please scrutinize, kind reader, the 25th chapter of Numbers. The first verse informs us that "Israel, God's chosen (?) people abode in Shittim, and the people began to commit whoredoms with the daughters of Moab (v. 3), and Israel joined himself unto Baal-peor, and the anger of the Lord was kindled against Israel, and Moses said unto the Judges of Israel, "Slay every one, his men that were joined to Baal-peor," and behold one of the children of Israel came, and brought unto his

brethren a Midianitish woman, in the sight of Moses, and the congregation of the children of Israel, etc., and when Phineas, the son of Eleazar, the son of Aaron the priest, saw it, he rose up and took a javelin in his hand, and he went after the man of Israel into the tent, and thrust both of them through; the man of Israel and the woman through her belly; so the plague was stayed from the children of Israel."

There are a few facts in this lengthy quotation (which I could not have well made shorter,) that particularly deserve notice. It appears that Israel had a strong hand in these whoredoms, for third verse says, "Israel joined himself to Baal-peor, and the anger of the Lord was kindled against Israel." Consequently Israel was engaged in these whoredoms or God would not have been angry with Israel. Here is the proof of what I assert, (v. 6,) and behold one of the children of Israel (N. B., it was one of the children of Israel), came and brought unto his brethren, (again mark well), he brought this prostitute to his brethren—a Midianitish woman—in the sight of Moses, etc., when good Phineas saw this, he rose and took a javelin and thrust through both the man and woman, and this pious double-murder appeased the angry God, and the plague was stayed from the children of Israel, after slaying 20 and 4,000 of the people. Does it not seem astonishing that the anger and wrath of God are so easily turned aside by cruel and bloody murders and sore plagues? But we poor short-sighted sighted mortals can't see it. I wish the reader to understand that I do not believe in the orthodox God, or in any God or thing that possesses his character or attributes.

Starfield, Ill.

## SPIRITUALISM AND ITS PHENOMENA.

Compiled from Various Sources, by Dr. T. F. Talmadge, for the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

## ON THE BOUNDARIES OF ANOTHER WORLD.

BROTHER JONES:—We learn from the Ottumwa (Iowa) Democrat, that in January last, Union Block, in that city, was burned, and a fireman by the name of Henry Miller, fell dead on the street, nearly opposite to the burning block. He was the son-in-law of Mr. Joseph Wagg, a respectable citizen of Ottumwa, who has heretofore, by the way, been a confirmed skeptic on immortality of the soul. The following communication which purports to be from Miller, was lately given through the Spirit Dial, at the house of Jacob Millersack, in Ottumwa, in the presence of Mr. and Mrs. Millersack, Mr. and Mrs. Wagg and Mr. and Mrs. McCarroll. The communication was given through the mediumship of a lady who is above suspicion of being a deceiver. She is a resident of that city, seeks no notoriety and will not sit at the Dial except at the warm solicitations of friends. We refrain giving her name because we know it to be her desire.

"We print the communication, says the Democrat, because

"I. The subject of Immortality is one of transcendent importance.

"II. This communication displays characteristics of the deceased fireman, which no one except his friends and relatives could counterfeit.

"III. It has had the effect already of troubling the minds of some who have heretofore been materialists, and it is good that they should be troubled.

"IV. The Truth will injure no one, and investigation will bring out truth."

But to the *mystical communications*:

November 22d, 1873.

I have visited many circles and sought many ways to *manifest* myself to the inhabitants of earth, but have never enjoyed the privilege before, so I greet you, my dear friends, with joy. I can call you friend if not father; how sweet the name; but in addressing you, will my friends—I know you will—forgive me? I know you could not but think of me as you did, but I see now where I might have done differently, but all I can do now is to be true to the laws that govern me, do the best I can, and try to convince you that your Henry still lives, though he was ushered into the spirit land in almost an instant. I have made a better change, for with my organization and feeling in regard to your family, we never could have done each other much good. When I passed through death I was several days before I was aware of my condition. I saw many friends around my body, but I thought they were taking me to some strange place to conceal me from the fire, but it was not long before a spirit took me by the hand and said, "Henry, I am glad to meet you." I asked him where he came from. He remarked that I was in the spirit home or in the land of spirits. I said "I know better, for I cannot see my wife here, and I was with her only a little while ago," but the scene changed, and how beautiful; so many bright spirits—they hovered around and above me, they invited me to go with them, and as we glided noiselessly along we came to a little bubbling brook and the beautiful little pebbles, I could see clearly on the bottom. They cleansed my body, and put upon me a beautiful robe, and placed upon my head a wreath. It was to show me that I had received my crown, as I thought, but they seated me on a rock and explained the flowers in it to me. There was a vacancy in every two or three places. I then wanted to know why it was so. They said in all those vacant places it shows wherein you did not do your duty; your time was badly spent while on earth. Here this beautiful rose is your companion; in this bud the child, the little germ or angel which you have neglected. They went from flower to flower, and explained all my past life to me. I wept like a child. I thought I could not endure it, but they talked as none but an angel can, and we arose and walked across a beautiful plain, it was covered with flowers. They tried to comfort me, but I fell on my face in grief and cried that the rocks and stones might fall upon me, and it grieved me that I could not live my life over again. I arose through the kindness of my spirit guide and tried to walk, but my limbs would not support me. They said, "Cheer up," you will have time here to look over the past offences, and we will show you wherein you can reform. I stepped a little lighter, and we passed through some beautiful gardens. They explained all as we passed, and finally we came to a group of spirits who were not so bright and intellectual as those we had passed. They arose, beckoned me to a seat; I seated myself with my companion, and she told me she would leave me with them for the present, saying, "You can be taught how you can come to those beautiful scenes that you have passed. Now listen to the teachings and I will come again." As she passed off, there was a bright light at her feet, and the further off she got, the brighter it appeared. My eyes could not leave her, and I wanted to go, but one of the darker spirits spoke and said, "You must stay here until you can earn your way there," and I wept for I could not endure this; but they conversed with me and it was not long until I commenced as my guides directed me, and now I thank those good spirits that I have come to the light. So you may rest assured that you will have to suffer

the consequences when you come here. I have given you but a poor description of my travels here, but I may meet you again, and I hope you will look over the past and forgive me as you hope to be forgiven, and may I be the humble instrument through which you may be convinced that man still lives after death, and if you don't live as you ought, you may be compelled to go where I had to. Now I am not through, but I thank the medium, and may bright angels care for you is the desire of

HENRY MILLER.

## THE SPOOK OF OSHKOSH.

The great excitement concerning the mysterious appearance of the lights in the house of Wm. Courtney, of Vinland, grew to such an extent on Saturday, that the subject was a matter of discussion upon the streets of no light import.

The crowd that went up the night before had been telling mammoth stories, all of which were false or exaggerated, as they saw no lights at all, and were in no condition to see a light if there had been any. That the public might gain some truthful idea as to the facts in the matter, a reporter of the *Northwestern* was dispatched to the scene on Saturday night to learn the particulars.

The reporter found in the neighborhood fifty persons watching for the lights. The house of Mr. Courtney is a two-story frame house situated just one mile west of the Vinland Baptist church. It is on the north side of the road running east and west and consequently fronts to the south. To the east of the house is a large barn shutting out a view of the house until a person gets within a few rods of it. About 40 rods west of the house, just beyond an orchard, is the residence of Mr. Hiram Miracle and family. Courtney's house can be seen very readily from Miracle's through the branches of the apple trees. It has three windows on the west side, one up stairs and two down stairs, besides the windows in a wing or extension. It is only on the west side of the house that the lights appear, and mostly in the three windows of the main part of the house. The house contains the furniture of Mr. Courtney, which he has removed to an upper story for storage. The watchers for the lights enjoy the fireside of Mr. Miracle, while a watch is kept outside the house to inform the crowd when the lights appear. While sitting around the stove at Mr. Miracle's house waiting for the lights to appear our reporter learned from Mr. Miracle's family and from the neighbors the details of the mysterious affair. It seems that two weeks ago Mrs. Courtney died of consumption. She died on Tuesday and was buried on the following Thursday, and from that day until the following Monday the house was not occupied. On that day the young lady who had taken care of Mrs. Courtney during her illness went back to the house to make a few arrangements and with the intention of remaining all night. She took a lady friend with her for company. As to what took place subsequently we give the statement of Mr. James Miracle, who seems to be a very reasonable and trustworthy young man.

Mr. Miracle and Mr. Courtney were down to the house a few moments while the ladies were there. While Mr. Courtney and Mr. Miracle were there, one of the young ladies took up a lamp and entered the room where Mrs. Courtney died. The door immediately closed after her and she was alarmed by hearing loud

## RAPPINGS ON THE WALL.

and on the window casing. She looked up to the place where the sound proceeded from and watched for a few moments; but the rapping continued without interruption.

She was somewhat frightened, but went back to the sitting room and said nothing. In a moment she entered another room and the rappings began again on the wall. This time she went back and told what she had heard. The ladies were both somewhat frightened at the occurrence, and concluded not to remain in the house over night. Accordingly they all started for Mr. Miracle's house, and when they arrived there, looked back towards the deserted house. To their utter astonishment,

## A GLARING LIGHT.

shone from one of the windows. Mr. Miracle and one or two others immediately started back and stood within a few feet of the house, watching the light, for some time. It finally flickered and went out. This was the first that was noticed of the strange light, and it was determined to keep the matter a secret and not cause any undue excitement about it, hoping that it would not be seen again. Strange to say, the lights appeared almost every night for the following fortnight, during which time Mr. Miracle's family and one or two of the neighboring families had ample time to investigate and examine the strange occurrences. They kept the secret to themselves in order to carry on the investigation with better facilities. The lights, as our reporter was informed, took three phases of character—a dim, just discernible, flickering light, a vivid, flashing-like light, and a round ball of fire, of very loud appearance and unnatural aspect. All these are asserted to have been seen by the families of Mr. Miracle and Mr. Whittaker. Hiram Miracle is an old man, beyond the days of youthful excitements, and says that he watched the matter closely and is firmly convinced that he saw the phenomena and was not deceived. He had seen it so much that it was becoming an old story, and had begun to be looked upon by the family without any more consideration than a passing notice.

Mr. Whittaker positively asserts that he has seen the lights in all their phases, and watched them hourly. At one time he stood for an hour within two rods of the window, and watched the light closely, while it had the appearance of a round ball of fire, with radiations from above.

He says he never before believed in people seeing anything termed supernatural, but as to this light, he knows he saw it, and is as firmly convinced of it as he is of his own existence. Moreover, the light will move from one window to another in rapid succession, and from down stairs to the room above. The statement of the entire neighborhood is to the same effect. Mr. Whittaker states that at one time, when he stood within a few feet of the window, the light began to flash like lightning, vividly and rapid, and with such an unearthly appearance as to make his

## HAIR FAIRLY STAND ON END.

The ball light, he says, does not seem to illuminate, and although the window is free from frost, the back part of the room cannot be seen, nor does the light cast any reflection upon the snow outside. It seems right against the window panes, and more like a phosphorous illumination than a burning light. It has appeared at all times of the evening and night, and Mrs. Hiram Miracle states that on one morning last week she arose at 3 o'clock, and the light was shining then from the bedroom formerly occupied by Mrs. Courtney, and in the same manner as it used to when Mrs. Courtney was sick, and was in the habit of keeping a lamp burning all night. Mrs. Whittaker states that one evening she and a lady from an adjoining county, who was visiting her, discovered the light, and went to within a short distance of the window to watch it, as had become usual. After gazing at it a

few moments, both ladies were horrified by seeing

## THE FORM OF A FEMALE

in a ghostly appearance pass the window twice. The figure was only visible as far down as the shoulders, and passed the window both times in the same direction, and not as one would expect, one way and then back again. Mrs. Whittaker firmly asserts that she plainly recognized the features and even the walk of Mrs. Courtney, with whom she was acquainted. The lady with Mrs. Whittaker saw it at the same time, and to pass in the same manner; and, though not acquainted with Mrs. Courtney, and had never seen her, described her appearance exactly. Thus matters were for two weeks. The doors, it is averred, were locked, and frequent examinations in the house gave no clue to the cause. Every thing was found each time just as it was left, and the possibility of there being any persons in the house has been positively denied. The matter finally got wind, and like all ghost stories traveled like wildfire. For the last three nights large crowds have visited the scene in the hopes of catching a glimpse of the lights, and have proved a very noisy assembly in the main. On Friday night a crowd from town went out, which gained admission to the house and ransacked things in a ruthless manner. Their noisy revelry was kept up until midnight, when they left and went home without seeing the sign of a light. Mr. Samuel Brooks, the postmaster of Vinland, happened to be at Mr. Miracle's that evening, and after the crowd left, and silence was restored, he says the light appeared very plainly and remained some minutes. Mr. Brooks started toward the house and when near it the light quivered and disappeared. On Saturday night about thirty persons were there, but the lights did not appear at all until about midnight, and then very unsatisfactorily. Our reporter was there that evening, and saw what the neighbors have termed "dim lights," which were only dimly discernible and quiver and flash very slightly.

These only lasted a few moments, and certainly were not satisfactory enough to convince a person of anything.

On Sunday night, we are informed, another crowd went out, some of whom were bent on creating disturbances and making a noise.

The neighborhood, we understand, is very much annoyed at the boisterous actions about the premises, and we doubt not that Mr. Miracle has become heartily sick of the ghostly occurrence and what has come of it, as his house is the rendezvous of all the delegations that come to see the sights. Every night crowds are there from Neenah, Clayton, Winneconne, Buttes des Morts, and Oshkosh, which fairly take possession of his premises. It might be hoped at least that the action of visitors would not be boisterous.

The whole of the matter is that the neighbors have seen a light of some kind, if their veracity is to be relied upon, and the character of the persons who make the statement cannot be questioned.

The lights were doubtless seen, and the cause is the only mystery. Some assert that it is but the reflection of the moon through the house, as there are no curtains up at the windows, and the moon in most any position would shine into the house. Others attribute it to the reflection of the lights in Mr. Miracle's house. This latter Mr. Miracle asserts is false, as the lights have been seen when there were no lamps lit in his house. No one would be fool enough to hide in the house for two weeks to roam about with a light in his hand, at the risk of a bullet from the outsiders. So the only cause left is the moon, and as this luminary has arisen for the past week or two, early in the evening, the argument is very reasonable that it shone upon some bright object in the house, which cast the reflection at the window. A cloud over the moon would account for the sudden disappearance or flickering of the light. This, however, is disputed by those who have watched the thing, as the light has been seen to pass from one room into another, and then up stairs very rapidly.

As to the final solution of the problem, time only will elucidate. The light has not been seen for the past three nights to any satisfactory extent. A man named Emmett has been intending to move into the house to-day [Monday], but whether he will do so or not under the circumstances, we are not aware. The above statements we give as we received them, from the lips of those most experienced in and eye-witnesses of the occurrences.

St. Paris, Ohio, has lately been favored with

## A GHOST,

which has been making nightly visits in and around a house in the north-west end of the village. *The Era*, a paper published there, speaks as follows of the phenomenon: It enters the house, strikes a light and spends the time in walking over the floor with a heavy thud, as though its feet were encased in heavy boots, or wooden shoes, occasionally throwing down on the floor what seems to be an armload of wood, thus disturbing all those who have business, or who through curiosity are led that way.

Among the many mysterious sights to be seen are lights gliding rapidly through the different rooms of the house; at times the front room is filled with a bright light, but on entering all is dark. Mr. Frank Wirick moved into said house on Thursday last; that night he was aroused from his quiet slumbers by the walking, as he supposed, of an individual over the floor. After listening a moment, he heard deep guttural moans as of one in intense agony, but on a close examination nothing of a tangible nature could be found about the room, he then retired to his couch. Soon however, these unearthly sounds were again renewed with greater force, in close proximity to his bed, causing some uneasiness on the part of Mr. Wirick. Soon he felt a heavy pressure on his person, starting the perspiration out at every pore, which stood in great drops upon his body, until his night apparel with the bedding was thoroughly saturated. Some hours or more elapsed before he was released from this terrible pressure or load, leaving him, in the wee small hours of the morn, in a weak and prostrated condition. He informed us that one night of such a struggle was as much as his strength could endure, consequently he removed to more comfortable quarters, where he now is slowly regaining his lost strength. This, however, might be accounted for upon scientific principles, by those well versed in the mysteries of the sciences. But that which would undoubtedly puzzle the best talent, is the appearance of the form of a woman laying on the floor, with the expression of the most intense agony depicted upon her countenance, producing a sensation of sympathy in the heart of the beholder. When he reaches forth his hand for the purpose of giving relief, it suddenly disappears through the floor, when the beholder stands as it were, chained to the spot with amazement and horror. Such scenes, we are told, have been witnessed by some of our citizens.

We have given a brief record of what Madame Rumor is doing for our quiet village in the way of sensation.

As new discoveries are made and brought to light, we will endeavor to lay them before our readers.







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CHICAGO, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 27, 1873.

## The Christian Antidote.

By a portion of the world, Christianity is looked upon as an antidote for all the ills that flesh is heir to. A man may have committed murder, theft, or any of the various grades of crime defined by our statutes, leaving on the human character a dark stain, yet Christianity is considered an antidote therefor, and when applied, is supposed to immediately eradicate all the deleterious effects that flow from all transgressions.

A teacher of a Roman Catholic School, at Warren, Michigan, in a church edifice, outraged the persons of eighteen little girls, at different times. After committing the fiendish act, he would compel each one to take a "holy candle" in her hand, and swear not to reveal the fiendish transaction to any one—not even to the priest at confession. Strange to say, his licentious practices were carried on for weeks without detection. Finally, however, through the sagacity of a little girl, his infamous habits were exposed, and, anticipating arrest, he immediately started for parts unknown. Christianity, however, is considered an antidote for the evil effects of his villainous acts.

A late number of the Montreal (Can.) Gazette comes to us with a full report of a dreadful poisoning case in that city. A man named Laferty, brought to his dwelling a vessel containing about half a gallon of liquid. He was attracted by its odor and taste, and, bent on a carouse, invited a number of friends and neighbors to drink with him. The invitation was gladly accepted, and some ten persons were soon engaged swallowing glass after glass of the liquor. One of the party was a boy ten years of age, named Thayer, who was supplied with a tumbler full. From all accounts, a drunken night was spent by the merry associates, and they separated to their various abodes unanxious for the morrow. But what a morrow dawned!

The first to become ill was the boy Thayer. He was attacked with vomiting and burning pains. Those who had assisted him to his doom assembled around him. Unsuspicious of their impending fates, they did what they could to relieve his frightful agony. But while so engaged the baneful poison began its terrible work in their midst. They experienced the same symptoms as the boy before them. Their fears for him were soon converted into alarm for themselves; and those who had gathered to allay his writhing pains were shortly in the throes of death. A panic spread in the neighborhood. The cries from the sufferers were horrible to listen to. Crowds gathered round the doors. For a moment the sanctity of their homesteads deterred the curious throng from entering. But diffidence could not long withstand the shrieks of pain and agonizing moans that fell upon their ears. They passed within to a scene never to be forgotten.

In a room of outrageously small proportions, the man Laferty, the unwitting author of the tragedy, lay with his wife, both at the gasp of death. Another room of equally small dimensions contained a man named Hawky and his wife, apparently dying; while in another room was a finely built young man, William Drennan, writhing in fearful agony. In another house in the yard, Mrs. Dunn, a component of the previous evening's party, was also groaning in pain. Medical assistance was soon procured, and all that professional skill could suggest and willing hands could execute was done to avert the fate of the dying ones. Antidotes were administered to all, but, unfortunately, without effect. The boy Thayer died, Hawky's wife was the next to succumb. There she lay in a miserable bunk, her husband insensible to her fate, owing to his own sufferings. The scene was beyond description. The wretched, poverty-stricken appearance of the house was sad to look upon. Here and there in the various kennels were men and women with death stamped on their faces. A priest was offering the consolations of religious faith to first one and then another. There was a rapid muttering of prayers from

both victims and spectators. Four of the sufferers died within a very few hours.

In this terrible affair Christianity steps boldly forward as an antidote to prepare them for heaven, and while the victims were suffering from the terrible effects of the poison, the priests were ready to administer the same, pretending, of course, to believe that the most salutary effects would flow therefrom.

However low in the scale of existence a man may be, however demoralized, however heinous his offences against law and order, the Christian's antidote is considered all-potent to counteract any deleterious effects. True, ministers are not always free to administer it, do not spring forth with alacrity at all times to test its saving qualities—in the case of Pertect, who killed his wife in this city, and who has been sentenced to be hung, the ministers of Joliet, where he has been confined, seem to have paid him but little attention. To Mr McLeod, Pertect said, Joliet was the most "heathenish place" he had ever been in. Only one minister had been to see him, and they had ignored all the prisoners, and made no attempt to teach them to lead upright lives. During this interview, McLeod asked him why he had not urged the conduct of his wife as an extenuating circumstance at his trial. His reply was: "The fact is, I did not believe they could convict me," adding, after thinking, "I had no idea that they would hang me. There was Peri, who killed two men, and was sent to the Penitentiary for life; there was the man who poured hot coffee down his wife's throat, and was sentenced to only sixteen years." He mentioned the names of several other murderers and their sentences, and supplemented allusion to them by the statement: "Now, I was willing to go to the Penitentiary for life, but the idea that they would hang me—sentence me to be hung—never entered my mind. I can bear that; it is terrible. They would not do it if I was not a 'nigger.'"

Had Pertect been a wealthy man, like hundreds of other murderers, the antidote that Christianity alone claims to possess, would have been presented to him in abundance; but being a burly negro, weighing two hundred and fifty pounds, and to all appearance gross and sensual, he did not attract the attention of ministers to any great extent. Notwithstanding his remarkable size and coarseness, his feelings are not so stolid but they can be acted upon, for when it was announced to him that his execution had been postponed for a few days, he instantly became unconscious, and so remained for one hour.

The antidote to crime which inheres only to Christianity, invariably is productive of great evil, for it builds up a delusive hope in the mind of the criminal. True, it is a temporary palliative in the mind of the offender, acting on his conscience as opium or morphine does on painful diseases, temporarily blunting the sensibilities, but in no case effecting a cure. This imaginary antidote is really an injury to society, an injury to the criminal, and has a worse effect on the world than the use of all the poisonous drugs extant.

Teach the offender that good conduct, self-sacrificing efforts on behalf of others, and an upright course of life, constitute the only remedy that will remove the effects of his evil deeds, and you establish within him the corner stone of reform. Tell the murderer that his sins are pardoned, and that he will immediately after death be ushered into the presence of God, pure as the purest, and you do him an incalculable evil. Immediately on awakening in the Spirit World, he realizes the fact that you have lied to him; that he is surrounded by dark influences, and then, perhaps, he becomes malignant, hateful, and animated with evil impulses, he still continues in his career of crime. As a person's power to do evil is augmented by death, if hateful and revengeful in nature, as a spirit he can do a great deal of harm.

In the Seance Room of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, there is a picture of a spirit, when inhabiting earth, he was hung in Louisville, Kentucky. Oh! what an expression of countenance—how dark and malignant! What sullen eyes—how serpent-like in their radiations! His teeth, too, seem more jagged and rough than any animal's. With his elbows resting on his knees, while his hands support his sullen head, he plots his devilish missions, and arranges his plans for future action! He seeks the haunts of the low and vile, pours upon them his sensual magnetism and incites them to deeds of violence. Hundreds of years will elapse, perhaps, before angelic influences can penetrate his dark soul and awaken him to a realizing sense of his condition.

Since the rebellion, murders—in fact crimes of all grades, have become more frequent. Thousands were sent to the Spirit World burning with revenge, only to find it there, perhaps, rendered more malignant.

Criminals should never be hung. The mischief only commences with their death. Educate them on earth. Teach them the glorious truths of Spiritualism. Animate them with a desire to do good while on earth, and then when they pass away, they will not poison the spiritual atmosphere with their presence.

## Bastian and Taylor.

At their seances, the manifestations still continue to be very fine. Last Monday night, the Brother of J. R. Francis, the Associate Editor of the JOURNAL, materialized himself, and came to him with words of cheer and encouragement.

These Seances are held regularly at our Seance rooms, each evening of the week, Saturday excepted.

Wm. B. FAHNESTOCK has again located at Lancaster, Pennsylvania, where he can be addressed.

## Gerald Massey, the English Poet.

The name of the above gentleman is rapidly becoming familiar in every household. His sweet simple lyrics are read upon this side of the great waters with the same satisfaction as in his own native land.

His fame as a thinker, having extended so widely, it was very natural for him to receive numerous calls to visit America, with engagements to lecture in many of our principal cities; and we are happy to say to our readers that he is everywhere greeted with kind words and warm hearts, while his lectures are received with almost universal approbation, by those who hear them, and the press is not slow in extending the meed of praise.

The *Inter-Ocean* in speaking of this lecture said:—

His lecture was an interesting compendium of the principal events in the life of the great essayist, and was abundantly besprinkled with anecdotes illustrative of the quaint humor, the rollicking, mirthful disposition, and the tender heart and genial qualities of his. Mr. Massey's lecture consisted, in great part, of such citations from the works of Lamb and of such anecdotes that have been told of him as would give his audience the best insight into the life he lived, and the strange blending of diverse mental traits that made him the man he was; and the speaker joined his quotations with thoughts of his own so pleasing and so simply clothed in language as to make the whole a very enjoyable lecture.

After defining wit and humor, the speaker said that in the writings of Charles Lamb we find these qualities exquisitely blended. He is the most unique of English humorists. His writings are to the literary epicure what wild fowl are to the dainty palate. There was about them a flavor of originality, an appetizing quaintness, a touch of nature unrestrained, that can be found in the works of no other writer of his class. Prefacing his narration with the remark that the best clue to Lamb's character could be found in his life, the lecturer told of his obscure birth, the struggles of his early years, and his long fight with poverty; of the acquaintance which he formed with Coleridge when he was only seven, and the ties of friendship that existed between them during their lives. They were not, however, entirely in mental accord, for in many ways their characters were very different, and Lamb often regretted Coleridge's largeness of grasp and smallness of grip, that made his plans so vast, and his realizations, oftentimes, so insignificant. He told of the madness hereditary in Lamb's family, that clouded the whole of his life, that brought his mother to a tragic death at the hand of his frenzied sister Mary, that darkened his own mind for a time and made him the inmate of a madhouse; that burdened him with the care of the family at the age of 21. All through his life he chose to offer himself as a sacrifice for his poor sister, and he abjured society that he might be near her to cheer her as well as he could under her great affliction.

At 17 years of age he secured a clerkship in the East India house. Many have regretted that Lamb was compelled to follow the routine of commercial life. But in his day he could not have earned a living by literary labors alone. Hazlitt, who wrote with ten times his facility could hardly subsist on the earnings of his pen. He sometimes kicked against the drudgery of his life, but it was best for him and for his fame that he had to work as he did. The literary result is that he has given his best thoughts in the most compressed form.

After he had retired on a pension of £400 a year, he often made merry over his old position. Accustomed to a life of toil, he could not easily adapt himself to the leisure that was thrust upon him. He never was happier than when his time was less his own.

He was a creature of London's own making. His nature had struck deep roots among the bricks of that old Babylon. He loved its very smoke, and never breathed so freely as in its streets, and the din of its business was music in his ears. He once said to Wordsworth that mountains were pleasant things to look at, but houses and streets were the proper places for people to live in. It was a peculiarity of his that all of his finest traits, delicate and beautiful as they were, had no rooting in external nature. He could keep his nature fresh and green in the streets of London.

Lamb did not blunder into his best witticisms. He had a natural tendency to bring to remembrance forgotten things of the past, and to present them in a ludicrous aspect. The finest humor often flashes out of the deepest sadness; and so it was in Lamb's case. He coined his heart for jests. There was always some merry devil looking at him and making him laugh. His stammering also gave zest to his fun, as it kept the hearer on tip-toe of expectancy until the point came out. A good deal of his humor dealt with homely subjects. He was the good Samaritan to all kinds of roadside themes. He loved to stop and minister the quaintest kind of comfort to all kinds of things that other authors would not stop to look at. His humor can not be shown apart from his character. One must know the man to thoroughly appreciate his writings. And his humor is not of the kind to be bandied about in public places, but it is to be justly chuckled over by one's own friends, and in company with a few friends. He was no great teacher of his time; he lifted up no political banner; but he was one of the most lovable, hearty, good fellows that ever lived, and in his works he has left us a perennial source of pleasure.

Having listened to Mr. Massey's lecture with deep interest we endorse the foregoing extract from the *Inter-Ocean* as substantially correct. The daily *Tribune* gave a similar report of the lecture and concluded by saying, "His Spiritualistic leanings were expressed in an occasional remark dropped half unconsciously."

Mr. Massey gave us a fraternal call, during which he entered into a free and easy conversation upon the *Philosophy of Life—Spiritualism*, as we understand it. He frankly avows his knowledge of spirit-communion and the fallacies of old theology.

He is a gentleman of deep research—a scholar that will live to make his mark upon the page of time. He is now preparing a work for publication. It will be the result of long years of patient research. He will trace religious ideas back to their origin in the barbarous ages—to an era in the world's infancy, to Africa—perhaps the cradle will be found in upper Egypt in a crypt. He did not say so. But he did express himself as quite sure that, Africa and not Hindostan, nor any part of Asia, was the birthplace of the original ideas upon which the great religious Pantheon—a myth! of the past and present was erected.

It is encouraging to liberal-minded people—Spiritualists especially, to know that the

world has so far advanced in liberal thought that a gentleman's outspoken Spiritualistic sentiments, and open opposition to the dogmas of a mythological system of religion, under whatever phase it may present itself, is nightly greeted with large houses of the best minds and clearest thinkers of the age, and that the secular press tenders him the meed of praise universally.

The following we clip from the *Daily Graphic*, New York:

GERALD MASSEY IN PHILADELPHIA.

On Tuesday evening, Gerald Massey lectured in the Horticultural Hall, on "Thomas Hood," and captivated a large audience with his delineation of this great master of wit and pathos, the gloss of whose genius, as Mr. Massey said, showed up poems with one end of it, and puns with the other. As in the treatment of "Lamb," Mr. Massey's art is to paint a complete portrait of the man, with all the changing lights and shadows of his mental moods.

The early part of the lecture was all a sparkle with original puns and other "ticklish terms," and when the audience were almost tired with laughing, they suddenly found themselves "hoodwinked" into tears. Mr. Massey claimed for Hood that he gave that moral tone to modern wit which, as it were, Christianizes it, makes it remember, in the quaint language of George Herbert, that if "man be formed in the image of God, the poor man wears Christ's stamp also."

Describing the nature of Hood's wit, the lecturer said, that in the midst of the merriest mood, the quick ear will detect something strangely arresting in the tone of the voice, like that sharp, sudden note of the nightingale which comes piercing through all her merry ecstasy and brings the moisture into one's eyes in a moment. You look around and see the smile on the wit's face, but you feel that he has just dropped a tear within. It was a specialty of Hood's to make wit pathetic, and cause you to cry over a quibble. Even the cramp becomes comic if Hood has it. He writes with his hand all a-tremble; writes the "Crooked Autograph of Pain," and then appears to be struck with his own writhings of sufferings thus rendered visible, they look so ludicrous. So he laughs when he should cry, and sets all the world laughing, too.

He kept up the comedy with great success—his coupling and fits of blood-spitting looking like the results of excessive laughter. He lived, and laughed for his living, with Death in sight for years. Indeed, some of his grim jokes look as though he had poked the bony skeleton in the lean ribs with them when it drew nearer to him than usual; and they were grotesquely ticklesome enough to delay the uplifted dart and make Death himself pass by with a broader grin than ever. Never did an audience listen with deeper interest, or leave with more hearty expression of delight.

Mr. Massey delivered his famous lecture on "Why Does Not God Kill the Devil," before the Philosophical Society, on Monday evening, to an immense audience, which we shall speak of in our next issue.

## A Benevolent Bequest.

The Dubuque (Iowa) *Times* says, "Mr. Burt, agent of the Paine Memorial Fund, Boston, who recently visited San Jose, Cal., to dispose of the valuable property donated by Mr. Lick for the erection of the Paine Hall—D. R. Burt, Esq., of Dunleith, returned on Friday from California, where he had been to see the 'Lick' property which has been donated for the building of Paine Hall, in Boston, where the INVESTIGATOR is to be published. He sold the property for \$20,000 in gold, and the draft for that amount was sent to S. P. Mendum, the publisher of the INVESTIGATOR, who is one of the Trustees of the Fund. The Memorial Building Fund now amounts to about \$30,000, and the building will be commenced next year."

The wealthy man who makes bequests to aid in educating the people, will find no cause to regret it on entering spirit-life. If we are correctly informed, millions of souls on passing to the higher life, feel deeply depressed in spirit when they behold the use their long years of accumulations are put to, as soon as they fall into the hands of improvident heirs.

How much better it would be for men of large means, to dispose of it in their lifetime in a manner to be a sure and certain measure for dispensing light and knowledge to their fellow-man. No better use could be made of large accumulations than endowing a publishing house for the specific purpose of sending out books, magazines and newspapers free to hundreds of thousands of mentally hungry souls, who are too poor to buy for themselves.

We have before alluded to this subject as of vast importance, and that any bequests that any one is disposed to make for such a purpose, in our name will be most faithfully executed, to the exact intent and order of the donor. One benevolent person has advised us that he has already made such a bequest of several thousand dollars, constituting us the trustee with discretionary powers. We most sincerely promise him that when he shall pass to the higher-life, he will have no cause to regret having placed such confidence in us. No mortal or spirit can with truth say that we have ever in our long years of a busy business life, been recreant to any trust confided to us. We care not whether such a trust be discretionary or for specific enterprises, both will be considered equally sacred, and the execution of the same will be for the benefit of humanity. We would that some one would provide for issuing a million, more or less, copies of the LITTLE BOUTQUET free to every child who should apply for them from month to month. There are hundreds of thousands that would be glad to receive the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, but are too poor to pay for it. A fund for sending it free to all who might apply for it, would speak well for our cause. Millions are donated for the promulgation of church dogmas every year. Who else shall we hear from, that feels to aid in spreading broadcast the glorious truths of spirit-communion? One noble man has bequeathed \$20,000 to aid in building a Paine Hall, in Boston, in which the BOSTON INVESTIGATOR is to be published. That noble soul has made that veteran liberalist, J. P. Mendum, the veteran proprietor of the IN-

VESTIGATOR, the trustee for dispensing the same.

If so much is being done to build up liberal principles with *immortality ignored*, how much more should be done by those who believe that they will *forever live on* and see the benefit of their works or regret that they have left undone a great work that was in their power to have done.

## A New Proposition—Only Twenty-Five Cents for Three Months.

For the purpose of placing the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL in the hands of thousands of liberal-minded people who have for years stood aloof from Spiritualism, and never taken a Spiritual paper on account of the *free-love infamy* which has, in their minds, tainted everything appertaining to Spiritualism, we propose to send the JOURNAL for three months to new subscribers for the nominal sum of TWENTY FIVE CENTS.

This is just one-half of the cost of the pure white paper on which it is printed. At the end of that time the paper will be discontinued unless renewed, as that will give ample time for such subscribers to determine the fact that neither this paper nor the great mass of Spiritualists favor, in the least degree, the so-called "social freedom infamy," which has so unjustly brought reproach upon Spiritualism.

This proposition will stand good for a short time only; due notice of its withdrawal will be given through the columns of the paper.

We trust that all true Spiritualists who are already familiar with the JOURNAL will exert themselves to place the same in the hands of their neighbors.

By a day's effort each old subscriber can procure from ten to one hundred trial subscribers. How many will engage in this good work? No one will deny that Spiritualism is now passing through a most trying ordeal. We are making history. Our *Philosophy in its purity*, certainly should be placed before the people, and now is the time for all to work to that end.

We hope to place the JOURNAL in the hands of twenty thousand liberal-minded people, who have never before taken a Spiritual paper, by the middle of January. Pass in the names of subscribers, friends, and we will guarantee that you and new subscribers will say that the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL is every way a most acceptable, and valuable exponent of true Spiritualism.

## Woodhull Meeting at Jackson, Mich.

[Special Dispatch.]

JACKSON, Mich., Dec. 14.—About the only business transacted by the Spiritualists' convention to-day, was the adoption of resolutions and the election of officers. The resolutions renew devotion to the cause of Spiritualism, and recommend organized efforts on the part of liberals, regardless of all minor differences; that the agitation in the religious, political, social, and commercial worlds, show that our institutions are rotten; that perfect freedom be united with justice; advocating the abrogation of the man-made marriage laws, leaving the sexes to seek association according to the laws of nature; that the claim of any Spiritualist to distinguishable purity, by resolution in convention, is a despicable shift, Phariseism, and cowardice; that to talk of social reform, or proper generation, requires philosophical attention, as being more important than regeneration; condemning the recent course of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, of Chicago, and stigmatizing it as unworthy of support, and recommending *Our Age*, of Battle Creek, to the kind regards of believers.

Much debate arose on the free-love resolution, a strong antagonism being developed. The previous question was moved, and the resolution rushed through.

The mass of Jackson Spiritualists are conservative, and do not side with the radical convention. Mrs. Woodhull's ultra sentiments are disclaimed by them.

On to-morrow there will be speaking by various lights, and a lecture on socialism by Mrs. Woodhull in the evening.

The Association of Spiritualists of Northern Illinois, at Elgin, sent greeting and good wishes for radicalism; answer that the banner of individual sovereignty is in the ascendant.

We clip the foregoing from the Chicago *Sunday Times*.

Our readers are aware that the so-called Michigan State Convention is officered by Woodhullites, and that the great mass of Spiritualists, out of self respect, stand entirely aloof from the convention. The same is true in regard to the Northern Illinois Association of Spiritualists. Hence the protests by the Spiritualists of Elgin and vicinity.

Their resolutions against the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL will remind our old readers of the fact that some six or seven years ago the same class that are now organized as "Social Freedomites" led by one J.S. Loveland and W. F. Jamieson who is now Secretary of the "Dakka" organization, at a little remote town, held a meeting composed of a single handful (professing to represent the Spiritualists of Illinois), also resolved against the JOURNAL and recommended the *Universe* to the patronage and support of the Spiritualists generally.

Our readers will also remember that the result of the whole matter was that the Spiritualists were thoroughly disgusted with such resolves, and the resolvers have ever since remained in oblivion so far as patronage was concerned. Loveland ran away to California with another man's wife, leaving his own wife and little children to the charity of the public. Jamieson has wandered up and down, sometimes donning a long woman's apparel of the *social freedom* caste to gain access to Mrs. Ferris' seances from which he was kicked out, until at last he rests himself in the embrace of the free-lovers, and champions the cause of Moses-Woodhullism, with a standing proposal to establish by proof, that it is the corner stone of Spiritualism and always has been.

This is the class of people that resolve, discuss and *cuss* the JOURNAL.

The result of the former resolutions against the JOURNAL was the accession of many thousand new subscribers for it, and the immediate death of the *Universe*, the paper



that they recommended, and the Illinois Association of Spiritualists has never been heard from since! Smothered to death in the embrace of free-lovers.

We tender our thanks to the Jackson "Diakka" meeting for their timely resolves against the JOURNAL, and accept them as an earnest of a rich harvest of subscribers from Michigan.

Inasmuch as all Moses-Woodhullite meetings are under no obligations to us, nor we to them, all such resolutions are purely gratuitous on their part, and it would be unkind in us not to return our thanks and express our gratitude for such marked attention!

#### Contents of Little Bouquet for January, 1874.

Little Nellie Ingraham, by F. Jay R.; Negro Superstition; Mother at Home; The Angel, by Hans Christian Andersen; Forgotten; Aim at Moral Beauty; Household Angels; A Strange Incident; The Two Kirja Brides, (illustration); The Angel, by A. E. Persons; A Specimen of Spanish Cruelty; Crime and its Reward, by A. Benton; A Woman's Story; Angels See You; Premonitions, by Thomas Brevior; Quiet Goodness, by J. R. Lowell; The Spirit World; Spirit Advice; The Castle Builder, by Longfellow; Ready Obedience; Miss Lottie Fowler's Mediumship, from Our Correspondent in England; Sing to Me; She Could be Trusted, from *Church Union*; Little Bouquet, by Mrs. A. H. Adams; The Indian, by Henry Lunt; Stories About Animals, by Justin Wright; Noble Conduct of a Dog; Pins; Deaf Mutes and Indians, from Our Philadelphia Correspondent; The Boy Who Eats Rats; A Child Bride, from *Chamois Leader*; Throwing Stones, by Henry T. Child, M. D.; How Other Babies Live; For Little Folks; The Street Sweeper, (illustration); Free Food for Young Men, by H. A. Harvey; How Shepherd Dogs are Trained; Our Prairie Girls; My Pet Pigeon, from *Le Messenger of Liege*; The Magpies, (illustration); Blowing Bubbles, by Malcolm Taylor; Danger Island; A Pleasing Incident, by Louisa M. Alcott; Our Girls; Our Home-Circle Varieties; Living Molecular Atoms; Return of Those Murdered; Abject Poverty; Beautiful Thoughts in Poetry; An Interesting Sight; Deal Gently with the Little Ones and Violet Light.

We are sure that the January number of the LITTLE BOUQUET will prove highly interesting to those who peruse its pages. Those who have not already subscribed for it, should do so at once, or send for a specimen copy; price fifteen cents. Address LITTLE BOUQUET, Chicago, Illinois.

#### "I was in Prison and ye come unto me."

Thousands of good men and women can visit the poor convict in his prison cell through the columns of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL. It is the prisoner's friend. It points him to the endless ages of eternity, and teaches him that however low upon a plane of development he may be, he can hasten his ascent upwards by good and noble resolutions, well executed—that the beatitude of an arch-angel is within his reach in the great future; that misery will flee from him in the same ratio that he learns to, and does, do good deeds toward his fellow man.

Misery is the result of crime, which is the legitimate offspring of ignorance. No one, fully knowing and always practicing that which he knows of the Philosophy of Life, will be guilty of crime. To teach so much as we know of that Philosophy, in the JOURNAL, is our mission.

Religious sects vie with each other in raising funds to send to foreign countries to convert the heathen. A few Spiritualists (and we wish there were many more of them) think of the poor, crippled souls in prison.

Brother John P. Harter, of St. Louis, sends to the Prison-fund three dollars. Ten convicts, at least, will get the reading of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, by reason of that man's generosity.

Who will be inspired next to follow his example? We will report.

#### The Little Bouquet Orphan's Fund.

This fund we propose to use for sending the little gem of beauty to orphans in as many different families as the donations will pay for.

Amount previously acknowledged. . . . \$23 20  
J. W. Bird, Cadiz, Ind., . . . . . 1.00  
Mrs. M. Alexander, Gallipolis, O., . . . . 1.00  
E. Talmadge, Addison, N. Y., . . . . . 37  
Who will next be inspired to a similar deed of noble charity. We shall report.

JOHN MAXCY of Buff Point, N. Y., a successful healing medium, writing, says the Spiritualists of Pen-Yan steer clear of the free-love infamy.

#### Letters of Fellowship.

The RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY on the 12th day of December 1873, granted a letter of fellowship, to Bro. S. Bates of St. Ansgar, Iowa, and to sister A. P. Brown of St. Johnsbury Center, Vermont, authorizing each to solemnize marriages in accordance with law.

#### The Popular Science Monthly.

Each number of this scientific publication is worth its weight in gold. We can not speak high enough in its praise. Terms \$5 per annum, or fifty cents per copy. D. Appleton & Co., publishers, N. Y.

St. CLAIR.—Some one writing, says that he don't get the JOURNAL, and about a post-office money order, don't give name. Please do so.

#### The Lyceum.

THE LYCEUM is the name of a very neatly executed and well filled eight page monthly newspaper, published at Toledo, Ohio, by P. H. Baleson, G. W. Kates, of Cincinnati, Conductor of the Childrens' Progressive Department. The publisher says:

THE LYCEUM will be, what its name indicates, a place for the discussion, in a liberal spirit, of every question of importance to the rising generation. All sides of every question will be welcomed, if their advocates will write short articles, to the point, and free from abuse. The editor desires to occupy the position of moderator, and see that, while each has an opportunity to be heard, and all may attack each other's sentiments with whatever skill and force they can command, no one shall be allowed to impugn another's motives, nor indulge in any phase of that personality which wounds and irritates, while it neither convicts nor converts.

Bro. Kates says in his department: THE LITTLE BOUQUET is a beautiful, highly interesting and instructive monthly periodical, for the assistance and advocacy of the Lyceum cause, published by S. S. Jones, Chicago, Ill. Too much praise can hardly be bestowed upon it. It is far from any intention of THE LYCEUM to injure; the LITTLE BOUQUET, in the least; but instead, it is our design to be a co-worker and to assist its noble efforts in growing and culturing the Spiritualistic army of the coming generation.

We assure you THE LYCEUM intends to work. We ask to alternate in your lyceums and homes, friends, with the LITTLE BOUQUET. You can not afford to do without either.

One of the most interesting features, one of the most anxious expectations, one of the most happy realizations, of the lyceum member, is to receive a paper published in their interests. Punctuality of attendance would be a realized consequence of weekly visits from us to contemporaries. Diversity is a law of desire among children. Two, or even four, papers or periodicals, appearing alternately during the month, will awaken more desire for their procurement than the same number of issues of only one of the papers or periodicals. Do not fail, then, to subscribe for both THE LYCEUM and the LITTLE BOUQUET.

We most cheerfully extend the right hand of fellowship to this new candidate for public patronage, and bid it a hearty good speed.

It is all important that the children have something better presented to them as food for their minds, than the dry husks of old theology.

We hope our friends will meet with such encouragement as will enable them to do good with the publication of THE LYCEUM from month to month until it shall become a permanent institution.

Terms seventy-five cents per annum.

#### Massey's Lecture on Jesus.

Gerald Massey, the distinguished English Poet, lectured on Sunday evening, Dec. 14th, at the West Side Opera House, under the auspices of the Free Religious Society of Chicago, taking for his subject, "Jesus." His address was eloquent throughout, eliciting at times the warmest applause, for it scintillated with a rich vein of Spiritualism, and of course, was in every way truthful. In a concise manner, he reviewed the history of this remarkable personage, presenting the only reasonable views in regard to his origin,—that Mary might have been entranced at the time of conception, thus infusing a divine spirituality in his nature, that made him the best medium that ever lived. Mr. Massey carefully followed his footsteps in history, and criticised in a careful manner his own utterances and the statement of others in reference to him, drawing therefrom the conclusion that he did not possess God-like qualities, as he cried on the cross, "My God, why hast thou forsaken me," maintaining that if he had omnipotent power, he would not have submitted to have been so cruelly tortured.

#### My Love.

Gerald Massey, whose eloquence is fascinating our people, gives expression to the following beautiful lines, on "My Love:"

No jeweled beauty is my love,  
Yet in her earnest face  
There's such a world of tenderness,  
She needs no other grace.  
Her smiles and voice around my life  
In light and music twine,  
And dear, oh, very dear to me  
Is this sweet love of mine!

Oh joy! to know there's one fond heart  
Beats ever true to me;  
It sets mine leaping like a lyre,  
In sweetest melody.  
My soul upspringing, a deity!  
To hear her voice divine,  
And dear, oh, very dear to me  
Is this sweet love of mine!

If ever I have sighed for wealth,  
'T was all for her, I trow;  
And if I win Fame's victor-wreath,  
I'll twine it on her brow.  
There may be forms more beautiful,  
And souls of sunnier shine,  
But none, oh, none so dear to me  
As this sweet love of mine!

#### Fraternal Calls.

Prof. Shaw, late of Iowa, and Dr. S. A. Thomas, of Ind., gave us fraternal calls on the eleventh inst. Both are in good health, and both are battling in the cause of pure and unadulterated Spiritualism. Such only receive calls by Spiritualists to lecture now-a-days. Bro. Thomas was on a flying business trip to this city. Bro. Shaw was enroute from Wisconsin, where he has been filling engagements, to the Elgin meeting—from there he goes to Toledo to fill an engagement for a course of lectures. Dr. Thomas' address is Pennville, Ind.

The RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, to our mind, has improved of late. It most em-

phatically opposes Mrs. Woodhull and her free-love doctrines, and boldly denounces the effort to identify them with Spiritualism. The JOURNAL is a good exponent of that peculiarism, and as such is recommended to believers and investigators in the Harmonial Philosophy. \$3 per year. S. S. Jones, publisher, Chicago, Ill.—*Pleasanton, Observer, Kan., Dec. 6th, 1873.*

#### Press Comment on New Books.

THE MYSTERY OF EDWIN DROOD.—This mysterious personage is now no longer a mystery, but the manner in which the last, and one of Dickens' greatest works has been completed since the death of the author, is a greater mystery. Whatever the truth may be, concerning the authorship of the larger portion of the work, the fact that it is so thoroughly in Dickens' style, as to almost defy criticism, is admitted by many of our ablest critics. Consequently the work is being universally read.—*Toledo Sunday Journal.*

JESUS OF NAZARETH; or a True History of the Man called Jesus Christ. Given through the mediumship of Alexander Smyth, Chicago. RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE. "We have no very special comment to offer upon this book, which is in keeping with most of the matter that emanates from the Modern Spiritualism—atheistic and sacrilegious. In this book Jesus is made out to be a founding—the son of 'Herod and the Sybil' Judas turns out to be a much better person than represented in the Bible. Paul was an arrant knave, etc. The book is handsomely printed, containing 356 pages."—*New Church Independent.*

We have received through the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, the October number, which closes the first volume of *Brittan's Quarterly Journal*. The magazine is an exponent of spiritual science, and, judging from this specimen, is ably edited. With much other matter, this number contains an interesting biographical sketch and a fine portrait of the remarkable spirit medium, D. D. Home."—*Chicago Evening Post.*

#### Quarterly Meeting.

The Central New York Association of Spiritualists will hold their next Quarterly Meeting at New Berlin, Chenango Co., on the 10th and 11th, of Jan. 1874.

A. E. Simmons of Woodstock, Vt., and Mrs. S. A. Byrnes, of Wollaston Hights, Mass., will be the principle speakers.

A cordial invitation is given to all, and we hope the society will give a full attendance, as an unusually interesting convention is anticipated.

Board for all will be procured on reasonable terms.

WM. H. HICKS, Pres't.  
EVA L. HUESTED, Sec'y.

#### Little Bouquet.

We have received several letters of inquiry from six months' subscribers to the LITTLE BOUQUET, saying that they had not seen it since the sixth number.

We do not send it longer than it is paid for. We can not afford to do so. We must insist upon advance pay, even if it be in fifty-cent instalments.

We will receive renewals or new subscriptions at the same rate as if paid a full year at a time.

We hope our friends everywhere will aid in circulating it among the children. It is the pioneer missionary for our Philosophy among the youth of the present age.

Address, LITTLE BOUQUET, Chicago, Illinois.

☞ Try it as a Christmas Present.

Mrs. MARIA M. KING writes: "When you are again asked for the names of lecturers who do not, and never have, sympathized with with Free-lovism, please place my name on the list, for I hope to devote some of my time in the future to lecturing. I am not much known as a lecturer, but I feel that I have something to say to the people in that way, in the interest of what I term true Spiritualism."

LITTLE BOUQUET.—Never fail to send for missing numbers if you fail to get them before the middle of the month of which they bear date. We always send missing numbers free. Please, friends, send for the little gem of beauty for your children, it costs only \$1.50 a year. Address LITTLE BOUQUET, Chicago, Ill.

HUDSON TUTTLE, one of the most profound thinkers of the age, many of whose works have been translated into German, will lecture before the Spiritualists of Toledo, Ohio, the first two Sundays of January.

Wm. Searles writes about the JOURNAL and about wanting it sent to another post office, and don't give name of his post office. Please write and do so and tell what you want.

Mrs. M. HALLEN, of Savannah, Mo., as well as many others, has our thanks for special efforts to get subscribers for the LITTLE BOUQUET.

Mrs. E. A. Blair, Spirit Artist—we have a letter for you but do not know where to address you. Please inform and it shall be speedily forwarded to you.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT.—We are in receipt of the report of the Secretary of the Interior. The document contains much useful information. His Hon. C. Delano has our thanks.

TWENTY-FIVE CENTS pays for the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL for three months, for new trial subscribers. Please send in the subscriptions.

Mrs. M. J. WILCOXSEN is still laboring with great success in Colorado. Though in feeble health, her lectures are brilliant with gems of thought, and command great attention.

#### Gratitude for Cure—Performed by Spirit-Power.

John. P. Horton, General Western Passenger Agent of the Atlantic & Great Western Railway, writing to us from St. Louis, says:

"Please convey our regards to Mrs. A. H. Robinson, and say to her that our little daughter's health has been excellent ever since she treated her, about a year ago, for chills and general debility. She was always very puny previous to that, but now, thanks to

Mrs. Robinson, and her Spirit Guides, she is the very picture of good health.

Yours very truly,  
JOHN P. HORTON.

B. A. Bragg, Esq., of Houston, Texas, a patient of Mrs. Robinson's, who had been very bad off with a chronic disease of the kidneys, spleen and liver, and an alkaloid condition of the blood, in his report to her says:

My health is constantly improving. I have gained about twenty pounds in twenty days, which makes me hale, hearty and happy. Enclosed you will find two dollars, post office order for new magnetized papers. How many boxes of Mrs. Robinson's hair-restorer will you send me for twenty dollars, as I have some friends that would like to try it.

#### Anti-Fashion Convention.

In view of the alarming indifference of women to the pressing demands of the hour, and believing it the result of the absorption by fashions of dress, which are destructive to physical health, mental vigor, and moral power, and being convinced that she cannot make a successful demand for the full equality which nature bestowed, but man has denied her, until she accumulates power by the use of that now within reach, and hoping by discussion and concert of action, to encourage some of the adoption of a natural system of dress, one comporting with all the duties of woman, we invite all lovers of truth to meet in convention in Plum street Hall, Vineland, N. J., on Tuesday and Wednesday, January 20th and 21st, 1874.

As an important aid in the work proposed, we respectfully urge that every woman who can, will come to the convention in such style of costume as best expresses her thought of a Rational Dress for Women.

MARY E. TILLOTSON, LUC. S. WILCOX, M. D. SUSAN P. FOWLER, ELLEN DICKINSON, OLIVIA F. SHEPARD, A. W. M. BARTLETT, M. D. Friends desiring intertainment, will please write to either of the above.

Names of speakers to be duly announced.

#### Joliet Meeting.

ED. JOURNAL.—I attended the meeting at Joliet, and can say that I have been well pleased. It was pretty well attended, but true enough, not near so well as it ought to have been. But I feel that in the past, many have had cause to stay from such meetings on account of the occurrence of many things that were distasteful and might as well have been avoided—too little order, too much want of decorum, too great propensity to draw in foreign subjects, too much show of inharmonious. From such causes I confess that I have attended such meetings, but a very little for a long time. I had hoped for better things, and waited, for I have not the power to work in public and make matters as they should be. But this time I ventured out, feeling, from what I had seen in the papers, that a better time was coming among the Spiritualists, and I believe it to be so. The active Spiritualists of Joliet and vicinity I hear, are very few indeed. For their numbers they have done nobly, and with few such meetings as this their numbers will rapidly increase. Mr. Wilson gave some most excellent tests of spirit presence. Such proofs will attract attention, and will at last produce conviction with all who seek for truth wherever it may be found, and sometimes, perhaps, with those who think it can only be found in the old books of science, or within the confines of the church. Speaking of the church reminds me to say that, if I were to make any criticism at all on this meeting, it would be as to the harshness of the assaults made upon the church, by some of the speakers. This, in my opinion, is one of the old cures, and not yet abandoned, as it should be. According to the Spiritual philosophy, as I understand it, a Churchman is such because he has been born to it, and so educated and trained. He should, then, be approached with kindness, reason and persuasion—not with epithets, invectives and ridicule. He should be drawn out—not driven out. The truth should come to him as the warm sun to the traveler in his cloak (according to the fable), and not as a shivering storm. Change places, and you can see how it is, or how it would be.

Mrs. Parry won golden opinions for herself. She has the interesting faculty of saying the things that are agreeable, and not the disagreeable. All are delighted with what she says. People are not kept on the *qui vive* to find what to accept and what to throw away, as they too often are by some of the Spiritual speakers. The most common eulogy I have heard is, "She must come again."

Joliet, Ill.

OBSERVER.

#### New Publications.

VIVID TRUTH, by A. B. CHURCH.—Mr. Church has been a close and careful student, and feeling the want of a small convenient work showing in a brief and concise form certain historical facts, he has attempted the same in a little work entitled "Vivid Truths." We can give no better idea of the contents than by quoting from the author as follows:

1st. I show from history, commencing as far back as we have it, the religions of nations, the similarity of belief in God, Saviour, etc., including the speculations of noted characters, to 1873.

2d. That all the essentials of Christianity were in existence for ages before the time assigned as the birth of Jesus Christ, giving unanswerable proof, as also the heresies that existed at the same time.

3d. The silence of all noted historians respecting Christ for the first 100 years, with no allusion to the New Testament story for the basis of the faith of the first Fathers of the Church—viz., St. Barnabas, St. Clement, St. Hermes, St. Ignatius and St. Polycarp.

4th. The acts of the different Church councils, from A. D. 47, to A. D. 1550—17 in all, and some, horrible beyond conception.

5th. That A. D., as now existing, never had its origin from Christ, or his birth, being unknown for over 500 years after that time, and how it came to be.

6th. That a "lamb" was the emblem of worship for over 600 years after A. D. 1, as now called. The form of a man being substituted for Jesus Christ by Church authority.

7th. Many astonishing items condensed from Mosheim's Church History, and others—of folly gone to seed—of corruption in the Church, and its power so great, that the wise and good were compelled into silence to save their lives, for even Satan was worshiped, and some went naked, claiming to be the "true disciples of Christ, and the naked truth."

8th. The consoling, beautiful idea, that an Infinite life, mind and power at some time made the world—all Infinite things, such being the cause of finite life, mind and power, and all finite things, they being continued in the order of the Infinite to an Infinite extent.

This work is for sale at the office of this paper, or by Mr. Church at Columbus, Ind.—Price 50 cts.

## Philadelphia Department

BY.....HENRY T. CHILD, M. D.

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

#### The Bagonaps and the Sigonaps—A Story of the Olden Times—by Aristotle.

Two thousand years ago, when I lived on earth in the form, I spent some months among a very singular people who lived on an island in the Mediterranean sea. They were subject to very peculiar accidents, owing to a brittle condition of the bones of their lower extremities, and it was very common for them to break these bones and fall in the street. There were two societies formed among them under the euphonious titles of "The Bagonaps" which, in modern language signifies "right leggers," and "The Sigonaps," which means "left leggers." These societies had their members on the streets all the time, and if a person fell, they would run at once to assist them; and the first they always did, was to examine them and see which limb was broken. If a Bagonap, or right legger found a person whose left leg was broken, they ran away and left them, saying that was none of their business, and the person was left lying, until a Sigonap, or left legger came along, who would immediately make the necessary arrangements, for carrying them to the proper hospitals, where they would be carefully and faithfully attended by members of their own particular order.

These societies were very antagonistic to each other; each one considered the other's business as "a side issue," never under any circumstances to be entertained by them, as it would bring their cause into disrepute.

During my sojourn with these people, I witnessed many instances of great kindness on the part of each of these societies, toward those who came within their own particular sphere of action, and I could not fail to notice the scrupulous care with which they avoided each other.

It may be surprising to the inhabitants of earth to-day, who must have long since outgrown all such things, to know that the members of these societies indulged in the most bitter and slanderous remarks about each other, and I noticed that those who were the most earnest and prominent in good works, were made more particularly the targets of those who delighted in these low slanders.

On one occasion I saw a man who had fallen and broken both legs. Here was a dilemma; what to do, they did not know, for although a member from each society happened to be there very soon, and were ready to render all the assistance that their side required, they could not possibly tell what to do with the other. If the poor man was taken to a Bagonap hospital, he could only have his right limb set, and the other might cause his death unless it was attended to. The same was true of the Sigonaps. Seeing the dilemma in which they were placed, and having become somewhat acquainted with their language and institutions, I ventured to advise them: Said I, my friends, it is a bad thing to have one leg broken, but more than twice as bad to have two. This man will die unless he is attended to very promptly. I suggest that you get a proper bed to carry him on, one that has not been used by either of your societies, and then two Bagonaps and two Sigonaps go up each side of the poor man, lift him upon it, then each society keeping to its proper side, you should carry him to my house, which is about half way between your hospitals, and send for one of each of your surgeons so that the man may be promptly and properly attended to.

They were pleased with my suggestions. I found them as I have found all sectarians, when I could get down into their very souls, to be good men. When we got him to my home, seeing that the right limb was very seriously injured, we sent for a Bagonap surgeon who set this, and soon after, I had the satisfaction of seeing a Sigonap do up the other limb in the same careful manner. Under the care of these, with what little assistance I could render, the patient soon recovered. Being an intelligent man, we had numerous conversations during his confinement, and as we became acquainted with prominent persons belonging to each society, we found that they were most excellent men, and although very antagonistic in the feeling, yet their objects were very similar. We learned that one of their rules was never to speak with one another.

On deliberate consultation with the patient, we concluded to speak to some from each society. I told them that I had noticed them for a long time, and watched them closely, and I was certain that there was no real difference in their motives or their labors. At first they could not think this was so, being blinded by prejudice; but as I became more familiar with them, and the first shock of my statement passed away, they invited me to one of their public meetings, and permitted me to speak. I was very cautious, and even the little I did say, which was of a general character, awakened some opposition. After a time an old Bagonap, for it was in this society that I had been admitted, who had been listening to the opposing remarks of some of the younger members, arose, and in a very dignified and impressive manner, said, "Brethren, here is a stranger to us, a foreigner who has come to visit our island, and see our institution. He has given us the result of his observations, and made certain suggestions to us. You may remember that one of our ancient philosophers has told us that, 'One of the beginnings of wisdom was to see ourselves as others see us.' I feel thankful for the remarks of the stranger, and think we may profit by them."

How long these people continued those customs, I can not say, as I left their island very soon after.

As there is nothing of this kind at present in the world, I thought it might be well to have you present this old reminiscence of mine, that the people might know how far they have progressed.

#### City Entertainments.

For the Week ending Dec. 30

McVICKER'S THEATRE—Madison street, between Dearborn and State. Engagement of Lotta, "Zip."

HOOLEY'S THEATRE—Randolph street, between Clark and LaSalle. Strakosch English Opera-Troupe. "The Marriage of Figaro."

ACADEMY OF MUSIC—Halsted street, between Madison and Monroe. Engagement of Lydia Thompson. "Kenilworth."

MYERS' OPERA-HOUSE—Monroe street, between Dearborn and State. Arlington, Cotton & Kimbel's Minstrels and Comicalities.

GLOBE THEATRE—Desplaines street, between Madison and Washington. Engagement of T. C. King. "Lightning Bob."



## New York Department.

BY.....E. D. BABBITT, D. M.  
Subscriptions and Advertisements for this paper received at the New York Magnetic Cure, 437 Fourth Avenue, by Dr. Babbitt.

## A New Health Manual.

Vital magnetism, the soul force, is admitted to be the subtlest, the mightiest, and the safest of all elements of cure in the world, and yet there is no work in existence which explains the science of magnetic manipulation in its application to the various diseases. The "Vital Magnetic Cure," "Mental Cure," "Mental Medicine," etc., are capital books, and do what they pretend to do admirably, but where is the manual to which one can turn in a moment and learn how to treat most effectually with the hand, or with hot water or cold water, or other natural methods, such diseases as congestion of the lungs or brain, fits, paralysis, apoplexy, palpitation of the heart, etc. In such cases if we wait until the doctor is procured, the patient may be dead before he can arrive, and even when he does come, drugs are not of much use in such cases. Apoplexy may perhaps be cured every time if hot water and rubbing in the right place should be employed. In congestion of the lungs or brain, the most fatal place of all to rub would be the breast and the front head, and yet these places are just what nine out of ten would work upon. How few understand the nervous ramification sufficiently to know that a downward movement over the calves is admirable for inflammation of the lower abdomen, or that a hot foot bath two inches deep is far better for congestion of the lungs than one twelve inches deep, or that a circular movement over the bowels must have the downward stroke come over the descending colon on the left side to remedy constiveness, and have the direction exactly opposite for diarrhoea. How few know the first thing about treating neuralgia, rheumatism, and scores of other diseases. How few can tell when to use hot water and when cold; when the right hand is best and when the left; when stimulating diet is necessary and when cooling diet; when to take electricity and when magnetism; how or when to bathe; how to sleep, how to eat, how to exercise, etc. I would state that I am about to publish a treatise on these subjects, which I have received inspirationally and tested by practice, and which I intend to circulate by means of agents and others by thousands, in order that the poor sick communities may receive a new aid. It will be a handsome book of about 120 small pages, bound in muslin, at a price (post paid) of 50 cents. Lecturers and others are already ordering them by hundreds, such a work being considered a desideratum. A department at the close, called "Triumphs of Magnetism," in which Magnetists who aim at a good standard, will give a brief account of remarkable cures which they have performed. To help meet expenses, 25 cents each line of eight words will be charged for this, and a little space will be devoted to advertising at the same rate, though I will not bind myself to keep the advertisement in after twenty thousand copies have been published. Send them immediately to E. D. Babbitt, D. M. 437 4th ave. N. Y.

## A GOD HOME FOR PROGRESSIVES.

Drs. Wood and Holbrook, publishers of the *Herald of Health*, have turned their Hygienic Institute, 15 Light street, New York, into a Hygienic Hotel, having refitted it. I have no interest in speaking of this excepting the good of humanity. They have fine spacious parlors where their guests, who are a genial, progressive set of people, spend much time evenings in quiet parlor games and in a social way. People ought to go there to learn how much more delicious real Graham bread and Graham gems can be made than white bread, and especially how much more nourishing they are to the system. It would be well for us if we would not have so much to do with the great greasy world, the flesh and the devil of scrofula which hides itself in pork.

## THE NEW YORK LECTURES.

Mr. Peeble finished up his m. n. n. with us, and is off for Boston. The interest in his lectures kept up till the last, the house being overflowing on Sunday evenings. On the last evening he gave Mr. Lyman C. Howe, our lecturer for December, a glowing commendation as one of the ablest lecturers in the field. Thomas Gales Forster is said to be so feeble as to be entirely incapable of lecturing, which we of course regret. Strangers should remember that our lectures are held at Robinson Hall, Sixteenth street, west of Union Square, at 10:30 A. M., and 7:30 P. M. Lyceum at 2:30 P. M.

## Letter from J. Curl, M. D.

Bro. S. S. Jones—I am rejoiced to know that you are still dealing such sturdy blows, and showing up to the world the low filthy licentious acts of the Moses-Woodhull clique. God bless you, my dear brother. I more than ever appreciate you, and hope soon to take you by the hand again. I have ever been working for the JOURNAL, but shall now redouble my diligence, and verily I believe for every one that you lose by that corrupt gang of lovers, you will gain one hundred true, virtuous and genuine subscribers. We will see to this. During and since the convention our city has been flooded with dailies from Chicago, detailing the obscene speeches and slang of that filthy convention. It sickened and shocked my very soul, and not finding any advocates of free-lust here, or in Eastern Illinois, I left my numerous patients for a few hours to visit our neighboring city, Terre Haute, to see how they stood there. I made my way at once to headquarters, at Dr. A. Pence's, and by way a truer and more devoted Spiritualist of the Anti-Woodhull school does not exist. He informed me that he did not think there was now one advocate of that abominable doctrine in the city of Terre Haute. This gave me new life.

Just before I left my office, I felt a strong impression to sit at the table for a communication, and received the following from my pure and bright angel guide, for my own comfort and consolation, as I was feeling distressed upon this matter. I read it to my spiritual friends at Terre Haute, who all strongly urged me to send it to Bro. Jones for immediate publication, to show what bright and pure spirits think of the soul crushing doctrine of free-lust. I send this communication, and if you think it will advance our cause, please publish. Paris, Ill.

## COMMUNICATION FROM (SPIRIT) MARY MOORE.

We can see that you are sorely troubled concerning the recent convention at Chicago, and the course that has been adopted, openly avowing the corrupting doctrines of promiscuity, etc. Do not let it trouble you, for all this is required in order to separate the tares from the wheat, or in other words, to separate the true from the false. True Spiritualists all denounce this terrible corrupting and soul-polluting doctrine and practice of free-lust.

Your ranks have been filling up too fast, or rather too many have been coming into the fold that were not true believers of the grand and glorious teachings of the angels, but were mere sensualists in fact, and thought to draw the true Spiritualists into their horrible whirlpool of iniquity, to cover up their own vices, and make themselves popular and respectable, by dragging the true and devoted class of Spiritualists down upon their level. But fear not, all will yet come out in the end all right, and all who stand aloof from this contaminating heresy, that will refuse to fall down and worship at the shrine of the great beast, will find themselves eventually founded upon a rock and will shine as the morning star. It is a fearful ordeal, but the ranks of Spiritualism must be purified. The angels are conducting this whole matter—it is in their hands, and you will yet see that it will terminate in great good, and then the angel-world will come to the pure and holy with rejoicing, and talk face to face with such as keep their garments spotless and pure.

Thank God for this purification! Let the righteous be righteous still, and let the filthy be filthy still, or until they shall suffer the penalties of their transgressions, repent of their corruptions and do their first works over. When this is accomplished, the beautiful doctrines of the Philosophy of Life, as taught by the angels, will cover the earth as the waters cover the great deep. Is this not sufficient to comfort and console you for all this apparent evil and trouble in our ranks? Yes, verily; so rest easy, all will be well.

## YOUR SPIRIT GUIDE.

## Resolutions Adopted by the Spiritual Association of Shell Rock, Iowa, at a Meeting held Sunday, Nov. 2d, 1873.

At a meeting of the Shell Rock organization of Spiritualists, called on Sunday, Nov. 2d, the following resolutions were reported and unanimously adopted:

*Resolved*, That the 10th annual convention at its late session, said and done so little, if anything, pertaining to the true philosophy of Spiritualism, that we fail to see in what sense it can assume to be a representative convention.

*Resolved*, That we are unable to find any notch in harmonious philosophy, as we understand it, in which the Woodhull doctrines fit.

*Resolved*, That we are unable to reconcile the abolition of all laws restraining licentiousness, and the prevalence of a sentiment in favor of a variety or discriminating promiscuity, with the resolution "We protest against all forms of licentiousness," but consider the latter a blind for the eyes of the thoughtless.

*Resolved*, That we believe in the monogamic relation entered into and attested by marriage. Honest intention does not fear the bonds that insure performance, while for the base minded and those desiring to indulge in variety, and so long as Conventions meet to attest that such persons exist, consistent human laws are a necessity to protect husbands, mothers, sons and daughters from their insinuating vicious propensities.

*Resolved*, That we consider Spiritualism without any representative association, and recommend calling a convention, say in March next, that will take into consideration ways and means to bring our grand truth and saving philosophy more effectively before the masses, by systematized effort.

*Resolved*, That we refuse to employ any advocate of the social free love dogma, and none need apply. That we are well pleased with the action of our representative, Prof. W. J. Shaw, and of the minority with whom he stood in the Convention.

*Resolved*, That the sisters of this association send greeting to their sisters, S. Mills and Dr. S. T. Avery, saying "well done."

J. W. CUNNINGHAM, President.  
H. GOODSILL, Secretary.

## Free Religious Society of Chicago.

## PREAMBLE.

Holding these truths to be self-evident, that truth, justice, and fraternity are, and should be, ruling principles of true humanity;

And recognizing the fact that the human reason is the only umpire of truth, and that truth is the sole basis of justice and fraternity, and that association upon a platform of free thought and equal rights is the best means for promoting true civilization;

We therefore associate ourselves under the above name, and agree to abide by the following

## CONSTITUTION:

ARTICLE 1. Name.—This society shall be called the Free Religious Society of Chicago.

ART. 2. Objects.—Its objects are the elevation of humanity through the study of truth in moral philosophy and science, and the promotion of fraternity and true fellowship.

ART. 3. Membership.—Membership in this society embraces all who sign the constitution. But only those who contribute not less than one dollar annually to the support of the society shall be permitted to vote in its management.

ART. 4. Opinions.—Each member of the society is responsible to himself or herself only for any opinions they may severally hold upon religious or other questions, and membership in other societies, religious or secular, shall not be a bar to membership in this.

ART. 5. Officers.—The officers of this society shall consist of a president, and one or more vice-presidents, a secretary, and standing committees of finance and music.

ART. 6. Elections.—The officers and standing committees shall be elected annually at the first regular meeting of the society in the month of December.

Special elections to fill vacancies may occur, however, at any regular meeting.

ART. 7. Amendments.—This constitution may be altered or amended at any regular meeting by a two-thirds vote of the members present, notice of such amendments having been given in writing at least one week before said vote is taken.

## Liberal Progressive Lyceum.

By giving room for the following in the glorious RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, you will confer a favor. At a meeting of the Liberal Progressive Lyceum, held Nov. 25th, 1873, the following resolutions were passed unanimously:

*Resolved*, That the Liberal Progressive Lyceum of Chicago, is an independent organization, and is in no sense "under the auspices of, or auxiliary to," any other society.

*Resolved*, That a copy of this resolution be sent to the Children's Progressive Lyceum of Chicago, and to the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL for publication.

CHAS. A. DILL, Sec'y L. P. L.

C. H. TOLMEY—yours received in regard to your paper, but no post-office given. Will comply with your request when you give post-office address.

## Voices from the People.

STURGEON, MO.—S. A. Morris writes.—No Hull or Woodhullites in this county.

MILAN, MICH.—Charles Gould writes.—I endorse all you advocate against Woodhullism.

OSWEGO, KAN.—S. C. Mills writes.—We are much in need of a physical medium here.

TALLEGRAND, IA.—D. Henderson writes.—Woodhull and Hull are out in the cold in these parts.

VERONA, WIS.—Mrs. E. Pierce writes.—I greatly admire your course in regard to Woodhullism.

ALBANY, N. Y.—Mrs. S. Smith writes.—I have read your paper with much interest and should not like to be without it.

NEW YORK.—W. S. Barlow, the poet, writes.—Success to your bold efforts in separating the Hulls from the pure grain.

BASTI, IOWA.—Joseph Burgess writes.—I approve the course you are taking in the Woodhull controversy.

BLANDERVILLE, ILL.—N. O. Lisk writes.—I wish to say that I feel glad in my heart to see the bold, firm stand you have taken in regard to Free-loveism.

LIMA CENTER, WIS.—Mrs. C. S. Babcock writes.—I thank you, and thank God, too, for your defense of virtue and truth. May God and the angels bless you.

NORTH WEST, OHIO.—Jacob Haughey writes.—I, as well as many others, know full well how to appreciate the noble stand you have taken in defense of the "Harmonious Philosophy."

MT. UNION, O.—E. R. Morris writes.—Many, many thanks to you for your noble and fearless advocacy of morality and virtue as opposed to true immorality.

CHICO, CAL.—C. E. Elliot writes.—You can set me down for the JOURNAL as long as you continue to oppose Free-loveism. I hope soon to hear that Moses Hull's head is reduced in size somewhat.

WASHINGTON, KAN.—L. J. Williams writes.—Enclosed is remittance to be applied on subscription for the JOURNAL. I don't want it to stop coming.

VINTON, IA.—Sarah McElhany writes.—Spiritualism is getting foot-hold in this part of Iowa. One lady has appeared on glass-windows of different churches; also in the Court House.

TOOELE CITY.—W. H. Sagers writes.—Bro. Jones, you intend to publish the JOURNAL during your natural life, and you may consider me a subscriber about that length of time.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.—Geo. V. Chandler writes.—I wish all I can in a humble way to get subscribers for you at any and all times, for I feel that you are taking a noble and independent stand for the cause of the Harmonious Philosophy.

BOYLANS GROVE, IA.—J. Leverich writes.—Those birds should be shot from the tree of Spiritual Liberty in which they have already roosted too long. Brother Jones, you have my warmest thanks. What little I can do shall be done.

HUNTSVILLE, MO.—T. B. Garlinghouse writes.—The investigation of Spiritualism has been retarded in this country by the unjust connection of Woodhullism with it. I am in hopes that the filthy reptile is already dead, that it may be entombed in its own shame.

TIPTON, TENN.—R. H. Lawton, M. D. writes.—I am in receipt of two numbers of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, of Nov. 15th and 22nd. They are the first I ever saw of your great and glorious paper. May it ever journey on with its good work.

BALTIMORE, MD.—P. Poullain writes.—I enclose you six dollars to be placed to my credit. I will always continue to subscribe to a paper so filled with valuable information and stored with ideas to be truthfully elaborated only by the unlimited reason of the human intellect.

ALBANY, OREGON.—Theodore Hale writes.—I like the noble stand you have taken against free-lust. Fight on, Brother, under the banner of purity and virtue, till the old, rotten ship, free-lust, is sunk down deep into the bottomless pit where it originated.

LINCOLN CENTRE, WIS.—C. R. Sylvester writes.—I had rather subsist on one meal a day than do without the dear old JOURNAL. I am against Woodhullism with my whole soul. The family lies are too strong in me to believe in Free-loveism. I think too much of my wife and dear children.

WEST UNION, O.—J. F. Beck writes.—You are producing a beautiful magazine for the children, LITTLE BOUTIQUE—beautiful in appearance, beautiful in thought and sentiment. Happy are the children who are permitted to read its beautiful thoughts, instead of the selfish and soul-chaining literature of Orthodox Christians.

OSAGE.—A Subscriber writes.—I feel justly proud and honored to be included in the ranks of Spiritualism (not Woodhullism), where we have such a noble, outspoken editor, who dare speak his mind, and who is true to his principles. May you long continue in well doing, for prosper you must in this enlightened age of the world.

MANKATO, MINN.—C. H. Andrews writes.—The JOURNAL cheers me up and makes me forget my pains and aches. May the bright angels lead and guide you and help you to keep on as you are now doing, battling for truth and the right. Yes, keep on shaking up old Orthodoxy and Woodhullism. Preach to humanity a gospel of purity and love.

BINGHAMTON, N. Y.—H. B. Brown writes.—Enclosed please find a post-office order for three dollars to pay for the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL another year. Must have it; can't do without it. The fearless manner in which you expose the Woodhull free-love doctrine, is worthy the respect and patronage of every moral man and woman in the universe.

ROCK PRAIRIE, WIS.—J. M. Dean writes.—I approve of the course you take on the "Social Question." Give the Woodhullites fits, for they deserve all the lashing they get, and more too; ought to have had it long ago. They have been the means of doing an immense amount of harm to the cause of Spiritualism; to my certain knowledge, has almost killed it in many places.

GALLIPOLIS, O.—Mrs. M. Alexander writes.—I admire the bold and fearless stand you have taken on the "Social Question" and cheerfully give my mite and influence to sustain you in fighting to keep the pure heaven-born angelic doctrine free from the contaminating influence of Woodhullism. Go on, fighting to conquer. Angels, pure and bright, will shield you.

ALMONT, MICH.—J. H. Andrews writes.—As well attempt to fasten a living, slimy frog to a globe of polished gold with a solution of slippery-elm bark, as to fasten free-lust or prostitution upon Spiritualism by the admixture of all the Hulls and chaff in creation. It won't stick. The frog, however big his head may be, will slip off, and jump to seek his "affinities" in the miry swamp.

KEWANEE, ILL.—M. Fash writes.—I desire to enter a protest against the use of the word "Love" in connection with the Moses-Woodhullites, where it is certainly evident they are the Simon pure, free-lusters. It seems to me a perversion of the principle of love. What can be more beautiful and free than the principle of love, and still more so when compared with the dogma of free-lust as advocated and practiced by those Moses-Woodhullites.

MORENCI, MICH.—Mrs. E. Holz writes.—Can I close without saying a word in regard to Woodhullism? One word my thoughts say Yes, for the more you stir a maddly pool the nastier it becomes. But as I peer into the sanctuary of my home, and I catch the gleaming intelligence of my little cherub that lies beside me, then my gaze wanders toward two others frolicking in the snow with their father, then my whole mother nature revolts against the interlopers that would invade domestic circles, and there sow seed of discord and discontent.

PARKERSBURG, IA.—P. P. Parker writes.—Bro. S. Shaw is doing a good work. We are holding anti-social societies for the purpose of hearing speakers, which are well attended. The churches are virtually dead. Go on, Bro. Jones, in the good work. Angels and all good men and women will bless you for the stand you have taken against the free-lusters. We have none here.

PATTERSON, N. J.—A. Wamon writes.—We have the last two months read with pleasure and pain your JOURNAL. It has grieved us to the very heart to think that our beautiful religion must be mixed up with such an abominable theory as free-love, and especially that it has been imposed on us by one who is no Spiritualist. We do not know what our friends were thinking of, when they elected her for president—they are paying for it dearly now.

TUKANNON, WASHINGTON TER.—Mattie Griffith writes.—Before closing, I wish to add my voice to the chorus of praise that is ringing all over the country because of the brave stand you have taken against those social monsters. I hope you will not much longer be compelled to publish extracts from the shameless speeches of that ne plus ultra of filthiness, Victoria C. Woodhull. I want to see the pure pages of the JOURNAL unsullied by even her name.

No subscriber can regret the necessity more than we do, of being under the necessity of showing up from their own witness, the pernicious doctrines of "social freedomites." The work is nearly accomplished. Scarcely one can be found, now, to say, "O, you don't understand her."—Ed. JOURNAL.

SMYRNA, MICH.—D. Philbrick writes.—Ben. Todd, about a year ago, gave five lectures at our Hall in Smyrna. He got then quite a number of subscribers for the JOURNAL, the best Spiritual paper that ever was printed, as he called it. But about a year ago he changed his mind by his talk at the Chicago convention. But I have not changed mine. As for Moses-Woodhull, I can't think of anything to say only what has been said, but I think he would have rather poor picking in this vicinity.

The Rev. Ben. used to have a clean suit in his wardrobe, such as he wore at your place—they are all worn out and gone. He now dons the filthy rags of free-lust, and they fit him to a charm—but O, how verily like a *Drakka* they make him smell.—[Ed. JOURNAL.]

CAMPBELLTOWN, N. Y.—T. B. Williams writes.—You will confer a great favor if you will no longer send your heart and soul-corrupting RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, so called, to Mrs. E. C. Williams, of Campbelltown, N. Y. She does not read them. She has not seen one of them for more than six months. No one reads them; they go into the fire, a fit place for them, with their wrappers on. Hoping that you will comply with this wish, I remain, sir, a believer in God; in the Bible as his recorded word, the only rule of faith and practice; in Jesus Christ, the only name given under heaven among men whereby we must be saved.

REMARKS.—And this hypocritical pretender burns his wife's newspaper in hopes to contract her sphere of thought to as narrow a compass as his occupies; like an old Presbyterian priest by the name of Packard who caused his wife to be shut up in an insane asylum for years, because she could not believe in infant damnation! This fellow owes \$3.35 for the JOURNAL and intends to cheat us out of it, believing that the "blood of Christ" will not only atone for such meanness but also for abusing his wife by burning up the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL before she could get a chance to read it. Oh, religion, what fantastic tricks are enacted before high heaven in thy name!

CHARITON, IA.—Mrs. S. W. Faucett writes.—Mr. Morse, State lecturer, has been with us for the last month, speaking to crowded houses in neighboring villages, holding circles, etc. We hesitate not in saying, that she is the best inspirational speaker we have ever had the pleasure of listening to. Her logic is sound, brilliant and pathetic. We recommend her to those wishing to employ lecturers, to have true to her cause, worthy a place on every rostrum, or pulpit in the land. She is free from the contaminating influence of Woodhullism. Brother Jones, you should have the co-labor and heart-felt gratitude of community everywhere, for the independent and true position you take in regard to this subject.

WAMEGO, KAN.—Lea B. Leach writes.—Our circle is a young one, and numbering but few believers. I heartily endorse your position on the Hull-Woodhull question, although we are sorry the necessity exists for much discussion on a subject which is not agreeable to us except as a necessity. We wish and expect to see you hold the question out in the right light till the matter is settled to the entire satisfaction, not only of all sensitive, timid and genteel Spiritualists, but also to the satisfaction of many who have never investigated our Philosophy of Life, that Woodhullism is not, never was, and never can be a part of true Spiritualism.

MT. STERLING, IA.—T. M. Thatcher writes.—Not long since I had the pleasure of calling upon and conversing with an aged couple who have long since passed the threshold of three scores and ten years. These happy old people, for such they truly are, look forward with an intense longing to the glorious immortality beyond the grave, and are fine believers in the modern science of Spiritualism. The name of this interesting couple is McCrary, and they are the parents of Hon. Geo. W. McCrary, member of Congress from the District of Iowa. Peaceful and contented in their belief of a future state of existence, it is, indeed, a solace and comfort to talk with them and listen to their words of faith upon the glorious religion. Their reverent heads sprinkled with the silvery hairs of time, at once command respect and admiration, and they both possess to a remarkable degree the bright faculties of manhood and womanhood, and can relate with surprising precision scenes and incidents of their past life which astonish the listeners. To these good old folks, we wish a safe and happy deliverance from the trials and vicissitudes of this life, to the grand scenes of the world beyond. Spiritualism is on the ascendency in this quarter of the world, and I think will be the acknowledged religion ere long. You are doing a grand work by sifting out the fraud and deceit that are sometimes imposed upon us and holding those up to the view of the people.

NORTHFIELD, MINN.—J. L. Potter writes.—Another month, (November) has passed us by since last I reported through the JOURNAL to the Spiritualists of Minnesota, of our progress in Spiritual and temporal things. I have but one statement to make regarding our cause—it has become a success; it has reached its majority here in this part of the moral vineyard. I never had so much to encourage me in the great work of promulgating spiritual truths, as at the present. The people are all alive to success of our common cause. At Shakopee, where the town is largely Catholic and Protestant Christians, we have succeeded at last in getting out a good respectable audience. At Princeton, St. Cloud and Sauk Centre, the houses were not large enough to hold the people. Many had to leave because the eager ones had filled the house before them. I hope the Executive Board will get another agent at work soon, for the cry is, "Give us more of these truths." The heaven is working. Your position, Brother Jones, in putting the infamy of free-lust out of Spiritualism, is appreciated by many substantial souls in these parts. Do not give up in this matter, and all will be well in the end. During the month, I have visited the following places: Shakopee, Osage, Ancker, Princeton, Elk River, St. Cloud, and Sauk Centre; have delivered twenty-five lectures; have added nine new members to the association, and received in collections and yearly dues, \$80.00. Expenses have been \$7.35. Am well satisfied with the labor and its results as a whole. One good Brother came thirty miles to hear the truths of Spiritualism, and felt and when I told him I could not go to his place and lecture, for my appointments were out, and I must fill them. Sometime, Brother, I will get over into Pope county, and do what I can to help on the cause.

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## STYLE T, PRICE, \$130.

FIVE OCTAVE DOUBLED REED CABINET ORGAN; FIVE STOPS: 1, Viola. 2, Diapason. 3, Melodia. 4, Flute. 5, Vox Humana. Having also the AUTOMATIC SWELL. In Upright Resonant Case, new design.

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## Frontier Department.

BY E. V. WILSON.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Give name of town, county and State where you are when you write. Direct all letters to E. V. Wilson, Lombard, DuPage County, Illinois. Never direct letters to us in different country places, when we are speaking under short engagements, unless we so direct. Write short letters, and to the point, in plain talk, stating just what you mean and want, and always date your letters.

## Greenville, Bond Co., Illinois.

Dear reader, we left the Joliet convention, (which was a grand success,) for Greenville, Bond County, Illinois, 49 miles Southeast of St. Louis. This is comparatively a new field, and yet there is material in this locality for the harvest—all they require now is "the test." Greenville, the county town of Bond County, is a thriving place of some 1,000 inhabitants, with several churches and many amount of infidelity, and why should there not be where Christians will pay \$75 a night for a New Yorker to make faces for them to look at, and grumble at \$10 or \$15 a night for the gospel that cheers the soul and points out the way to life eternal; and yet such is the fact, not only at Greenville but all over the country.

Well, we gave four lectures and a matinee at this place, commencing on Monday night the 1st inst., with 90 souls, and concluding Thursday night with a house packed to overflowing, and the cry still echoes in our ears, "Come again! come again!" While in Greenville, we gave many tests of character, life-incidents, diagnoses of disease, and description of spirits—nine out of ten of which were fully recognized.

To Wm. M. Evans, Merchant: We see with you a woman, fully describing her—she is your wife.

Mr. Evans said, "This is the first correct description of my first wife that has ever been given by a spirit medium, and is strictly correct."

Mr. M., a skeptic, unknown to us—we read his character and gave the important incidents in his life. We then read the antecedents of his family, the father and mother, and stated to the people, "This statement we have received is given us by the spirit of a woman who says she is his sister." Mr. M. as well as those who knew him, said in the main, "you are correct."

"What about the sister?"

"I have buried a sister that answers well to the description given by the speaker."

To an old man, after reading his character, describing his parents and telling him which one of the family he resembled, we said, "There is with you five spirits. An old man and woman, the man on your right, the woman on your left. The woman is stout, fair and very much like yourself. She is your mother. The other is spare—not stout, 5 feet 9 inches in height, very dark, dark hair and eyes. He is your father and unlike you. Between these are two or three others, one a youth when he left the form—he is your son. The third a woman, (fully described her), she does not say she is your wife, and yet her interest in you is equivalent to that a wife would have in one she had loved as a husband. It is our opinion she is your wife. The next, a girl of 20 years when she left the form—is now an immortal woman by your side, only waiting to welcome you to her home in spirit life. What say you, are we right or wrong?"

"Well, about half and half, as any one might guess."

Ha-ha-ha, and an accompanied laugh from all over the house followed.

Wait, ladies and gentlemen, be sure you have something to laugh at, and then laugh to your heart's content. Now, sir, I want you to answer me correctly. What part of the statement made by us is not correct?

"Well, you have not described my father, for one thing."

"Will you describe him?"

"Well, he was not as tall, nor as heavy as I am; besides, he had dark complexion, with dark eyes and hair."

"Very well, sir. In what does that differ from our statement?"

"You said I was like him."

"No, sir; we said no such a thing. We said you were unlike him, and like your mother."

"Well, you are right there. But I have never lost a wife, unless she has died or run off since I left home."

"But, sir, we did not say she was your wife. Do you identify this woman as a relative of yours?"

"Well, you tell."

"No, sir; we have had our say. We are now after what you say."

"Well, I don't know. I will talk with you some other time."

"No, sir, at no other time, but now. Do you recognize this young man and woman?"

"Have you lost a son and daughter?"

"Well, yes, I have."

"How, sir, about the incidents and life-history given by these spirits of you. Is it false or true? We insist on an answer."

A gentleman rose up, saying, "I will answer. He is my father-in-law, and you are strictly right in all you have said."

"Yes, you are about right," said the old man.

We subsequently saw his daughter, who affirmed all that was said, and "the woman you took for his wife was his sister who died at twenty-five," she said.

To a lady (Mrs. W.), on the breaking up of the meeting that night, we said, "There is a sweet little one, a child in long clothes, held out in the air before you. It is yours, and it entered spirit-life a child."

"Yes," said the mother, "it is my darling," and the soft, mellow voice of the woman spoke the soul of the mother.

To Mrs. E.—"I find with you a spirit, who lost his life by an accident from the fall of some ponderable matter. He is a young man (fully described him). He is your brother."

"Yes."

"We see with you a boy. If living to-day, he would be about 14 years old. He was drowned when a child, and some 11 or 12 years ago." This child was recognized by many who knew him. The mother and son were both drowned on the same day.

"Thus the work goes bravely on, making many to think of, if not to believe, the facts of immortality as made plain by Spiritualism. In fact, the evidence of immortality is now demonstrated, and no longer are we left to doubt, and compelled to rest our hopes of immortal or continued life on the testimony of the few. The Science of Spiritualism is fast sweeping from our way to the Summer-land, the superstitions of the past—one by one they disappear: 1st. An angry God gives place to one of Love; 2d, The City of New Jerusalem becomes the beautiful Summer-land, with flowers, trees, green fields interspersed with streams, rivers, lakes, seas and oceans—all settled with islands. Then the Devil, that old, horned, hooved and long-tailed fellow, with his fiery breath freighted with the smell of

sulphur, saltpetre, kerosene and blue lightning, has changed, through the teachings of Spiritualism, into a very gentlemanly Diakka, living in the beautiful Wilderness of Mischievous, whose chief delight is to impose on the credulity of the Bostonians and New Yorkers—Chicago being too sharp for Mr. Diakka, and will so continue as the Frontier Department is "the advertising corner" of "the Gentle Wilson." Next week, my dear friends, we will give you an account of the Henry County convention, at Naperville, Ill.

E. V. Wilson will speak in St. Louis, on Saturday and Sunday evenings, Dec. 20th, 21st, 27th and 28th, 1873, at the Spiritual Hall, corner Fifth Street and Christie Avenue. We will hold a discussion at Greenville, Bond Co., Ill., on Monday and Friday evening, Dec. 29th and 30th, unless there is a back down on the part of our opponent.

## Resolutions.

S. S. JONES, SR.—I transmit to you the following resolutions as expressive of the sentiments of our society, which is composed mostly of Spiritualists. I thank you for the bold and fearless position in regard to the teachings and practices of Moses-Woodhull & Co.

I am respectfully,  
A. L. THORP, M. D.

At the First Semi-Annual meeting of the First Society of Liberalists of Vandalia, Michigan, held on the 6th and 7th of December, the following resolutions were passed:

WHEREAS, There is an element of discord in the ranks of Spiritualists and Liberalists of the United States, by the foisting of the "social question" by Victoria C. Woodhull and her coadjutors, upon the religious convictions of the world; now, therefore, it is

Resolved, That we, the First Society of Spiritualists of Vandalia, utterly repudiate the teachings and practices of the Socialists, as taught by Victoria C. Woodhull & Co., and denounce them as pernicious to the best interests of humanity, and that we will have nothing to do with its teachers or advocates.

Resolved, That this be forwarded to the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL and the local papers for publication.

A. L. THORP, M. D., Pres't.  
H. R. SHILLING, Sec'y.

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## Passed to Spirit Life.

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On the 22nd of November, 1873, Bro. H. A. STEWART of Emerson, Mills county, Iowa, passed to the land of souls, from this place. I stood by him the last moments of his life on earth. He knew of the change and met it with firmness, knowing the angels were waiting to meet him to his home above. He lived on earth 63 years. Many friends were present to listen to the words that came from my wife and myself. All seemed to be very much interested and seemed to say, "I am glad that I am here." J. M. HOLLAND.

## An Excellent Practice.

When subscribers write to this office in regard to renewals, changes of post-office address or discontinuance, it is an excellent practice to cut out and send along the little colored monitor on which is a statement of each person's account. It is always to be found on the margin of each paper where several are sent together to the same post-office, and on the wrapper when sent single. When papers are ordered to be discontinued, be sure and send the balance due, including three weeks in advance of the time as three numbers will as a matter of necessity go before the name can be got out of the mail-list and machine. Those little amounts are important to us as publisher and justice requires that each one shall deal honorably even in small matters of a few dimes.

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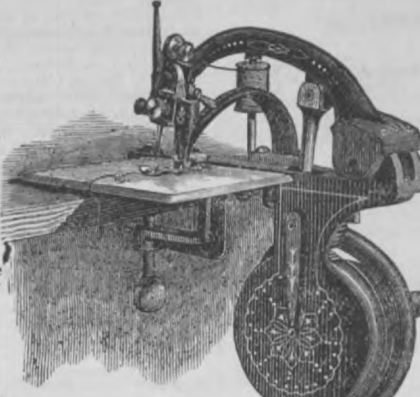
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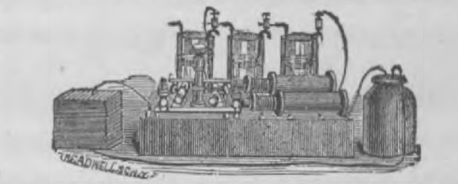
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