

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

VOL. XV. CHICAGO, JANUARY 31, 1874. NO. 20.

**WELCOME TO GERALD MASSEY.**  
BY WARREN SUMNER BARLOW.

We greet thee, dear brother, with friendship's warm hand,  
But not as a stranger, though in a strange land,  
For your trials and triumphs were borne on the breeze,  
And graciously heralded over the seas.

In the days of your boyhood life's burdens and cares,  
Were a hedge in your path interwoven with snares,  
But the light of your genius illumined the way,  
Like a star in the east that betokens the day.

Self-reliant and hopeful, you pressed for the goal,  
Unmindful of dogmas that fetter the soul,  
With truth for your motto, with heart ever brave,  
No cruel atonement was needed to save.

A foe to oppression, to bigotry and creeds,  
Thy battle was waged for humanity's needs;  
Well armed with justice, with sinews all steeled,  
You know no defeat in your well chosen field.

Your foes, though a legion in battle array,  
Like fog in the morning will soon pass away.  
The lights of all ages thus dimmed in their turn,  
Were made in their glory more brightly to burn.

If progress in thought could with science keep pace,  
An era of light would envelope the race,  
And truth like a river triumphant would flow,  
And sweep the dark ramparts of error and woe.

Behold how the ocean is fathomed and spanned,  
By the fingers of thought with a magical hand,  
And a wide world of strangers are brought face to face,  
And bound by the ties of a social embrace.

But when the dark fathomless river is spanned,  
With cables of love from the sweet summer-land,  
And angels descend from their bright shining shores,  
The churches revile them and bolt all their doors.

How sad that a people whom angels have blest,  
Should relish a morsel and loathe all the rest,  
That heaven on earth should be spurned un-awares,  
Which so long hath been sought by their burden of prayers.

Still trusting for life by the death of "God's son,"  
Their life is a death in the race they have run,  
And ever ignoring the fruits of good deeds,  
Their fields are encumbered with orthodox weeds.

Yet man with his follies of whatever name,  
Hath one common father, though cradled in shame,  
Is held by the ties of beneficent care,  
Is ever of God a legitimate heir.

Not heir of the Devil begotten in sin,  
If so; God is grandpa, or some other kin;  
As God fathers Satan, if we are his seed,  
Then verily God is our grandpa indeed.

A grandfather's darling is sure of a prize  
When heir to the jewels that float in the skies,  
Hence we hope for a tithe of that blissful domain,  
Though father or grandfather govern and reign.

Many strange queries methinks must arise,  
If the church would reflect with her half open eyes,  
Such visions would haunt, till in breathless suspense,  
She turns her own guns on her lines of defense.

Then gird on your armor though thankless the task,  
Ever battle for truth, and error unmask,  
Still live for the ages that never will end,  
For our cause is of God, and humanity's friend.

Thrice welcome! dear brother, to Columbia's shores,  
Where the eagle of freedom still heavenward soars,  
Though baffled in scaling his loftiest height,  
He yet will exhaust the full rounds of his flight.

And whenever the lion is first in command,  
May the ensign of freedom environ the land,  
Thus ever united with banners unfurled,  
We'll rescue from bondage a priest-ridden world!

Don't forget to remit dues on the JOURNAL immediately, and if you would have your neighbors know what pure unalloyed Spiritualism teaches, get them to try this paper for three months at the nominal cost of TWENTY-FIVE CENTS.

**AN OPEN LETTER.**  
To a Methodist Elder, on being asked by him to give, lend, or pay two dollars to buy a stove for his Church.

DEAR ELDER:—You advance three distinct lines of argument in support of your claim on me for assistance, all of which cross each other like lines in different directions. In the first place you ask alms, for the reason, as you say, that your church is not able to live inside of its own resources. The church is too poor to purchase heating apparatus to keep itself warm. Is this a fact? You come to me, a poor man, without a shingle to cover my head, and sadly needing a new stove myself, which I am not able to buy, and beg in behalf, at large, of an organization that boasts of six hundred thousand churches, and a membership of six hundred thousand souls, with all its property exempt by law from taxation, and especially for members who are able to live in fine houses handsomely furnished, ride in fine carriages drawn by fine horses in silver-plated harness, wear fine linen and fine sumptuously every day,—the paltry sum of two dollars to help buy a stove that they may worship God in comfort when the weather is cold. Probably, they do feel unable to support their worldly state and their religious services properly at the same time. To do the latter would necessitate some sacrifice of the former; would make that mythical cross, about which you talk so much to them, and which is so seldom seen at the shoulders of any one of them, a real substantial thing; yet rather than do this, rather than sacrifice a particle of their temporal pride, they are willing to put the church of God in the attitude of a beggar, and send you, their pastor, into the streets to solicit alms. This humiliating confession, that your church is bankrupt and beggared, suggests something still worse.

The question naturally arises, if the church is reduced to such straits temporally, what is probably her state spiritually. In view of the notorious fact that the church has always been for the last ten or fifteen hundred years, at least, ten times more prosperous temporally than spiritually, the conclusion logically is, that she must be ten times worse off in this respect than in the other. You will not be prepared to maintain that there are not always ten nominal professors who pay their money into the Lord's treasury, to one true worshipper. Finding, however, that you can not succeed in the part of the beggar, you straightway drop that disguise and boldly begin to enact the borrower, and here is where your second line of argument crosses the first. It is contrary to all sense for a beggar to go borrowing. It lays you open to the suspicion of being an impostor. To borrow, is to take with a promise, expressed or implied to return. What you borrow you owe, and the Apostolic injunction is, "Owe no man any thing." But you are not borrowing on your own account, it is for the Lord. You offer me him for security. These are panicky times, it must be confessed; still I have had hopes that money would soon get easier. But if the Lord himself is reduced to borrowing, what will become of the rest of us? And your proposition to give me God for security, looks bad from a business point of view. It is not customary among business men of any shrewdness to take a stranger for security, and you have always assumed that he was a stranger to me, and I to him, so long as I remain out of the church. I could not accept a stranger's endorsement of a beggar's promise to pay, even if I knew the signature to be genuine, of which I am far from being certain. It is not an unheard of thing for priests to employ the name of Deity for the furtherance of their schemes, without due authority. So long ago as when the bible was written, we hear of some being soundly rated for saying, "He saith, he saith," when "the Lord had not spoken it."

Again, a promise to pay must have some limit as to time, to make it valid, or it is due on demand. You are not willing to set a time for payment, nor yet able to say that it shall be forthcoming on demand. All you can do is to cite an instance where God did pay such a debt within twenty-four hours from the time it was contracted. A certain man gave or loaned to the Lord—directly the Sunday School—seventy-five cents or a dollar. The next day two men called on him and had a deed drawn, for which they paid him the customary fee, which happened to be about the amount of money loaned the day before, and this, you say, was God's special act of payment. This is forcing the relation of cause and effect with a vengeance! This is business with some snap to it, and it would be somewhat encouraging if I could see the connection a little more closely. But I can't help thinking how natural it might have been for those two gentlemen to want a deed drawn, even if the squire had not loaned the Lord seventy-five cents the day before. It might even have occurred to them to pay him for his work, without special and divine interposition; at least so it seems to my unregenerate mind. Admitting, however, that in this particular instance, the Deity was acting, and did act, in the capacity of paymaster to the Sunday School department of the church, what guarantee have I, that he will ever act with equal promptness again? I am not a lawyer, and it might not be deemed equally important to settle up promptly with me as with the legal gentleman. I am not a lawyer, yet a business man, but it is obvious even to my perception, that a promise to pay, so loosely constructed as to the time of payment, as to be merely planned together by a precedent, would not answer the purpose of a tight note.

Moreover you do not promise me any interest. The Lord knows that money is worth from six to ten per cent all over this country, and if he expects to borrow capital to carry on his pet institution, the church, he must expect to pay as much for the use of it as other people do; and I suspect that you, Elder, have exceeded your instructions in attempting to effect a loan in his behalf at less than the current rates of interest, or rather without us. I may never have the opportunity to ascertain the truth of my suspicions from your principal at head quarters, but I certainly think it would be unbusiness-like and imprudent to let you have the money on the terms you propose and under these suspicious circumstances, and do not think me singular, you will not find the world's people as a general rule, ready to entrust their funds to your keeping, as agent, for a foreign power on doubtful security, unlimited time and without interest, when they can find a ready home market for all they have to spare, on much better terms. You may catch now and then a gull, but if there is a kind of salt which you can catch birds of ordinary intelligence, by sprinkling it on their tails, it isn't the common kind put up in sacks and barrels; and if you ever get enough of it to try the experiment, you will find even with that, it is only the calowest of fiedgelings that are ever caught in that way.

But seriously, Elder, I can assist you a little, there is a class of persons in the community, to whom your proposition to lend money to the Lord might not seem so unbusiness-like as it does to me. They are your own parishioners. They won't give, but if anybody in the world can deal with you on your own terms without the certainty of a dead loss, it is the members of your own church. They, of all the persons in the world, should be the last to question the security you offer. They would be indemnified from the start against loss, by the possession of the property purchased with their money, and they would begin to draw interest on their investment from the date there of, in the way of warmth from the stove, and if their debtor should borrow himself into bankruptcy, his property to the amount loaned is already in their hands. With the single exception of the aforesaid vagueness as to limit of payment of the principal, here would be all the elements of a sound business transaction. But they would probably stick on this point, if you could tide them over the others. You have tried it, and the simple fact that you now come with your scheme to outsiders, proves conclusively that you can't make it acceptable to the insiders. You ought to have known that if you could not on those advantageous terms, borrow of them, you could not of me. The trouble is, this shallow artifice has been played on them too many times already, and now if your own sheep will not heed your voice, what can you expect of the wolves but howls and hisses.

I for one of them have no more confidence in your scheme for replenishing the Lord's treasury, than in the judicial fairness of the monkey which weighed out the cheese for the two cats. It cost him so much trouble that he had to take the cheese to compensate himself. Between you and the church, the Lord would never get a cent. Finding yourself an unlucky beggar and an unsuccessful borrower, you next turn up in the capacity of creditor. I owe the church, you say, a great deal,—even the sum of all my privileges and blessings as a member of civilized society. This is startling, if true. It generally is a statement to have a claim for a large amount, suddenly presented to us, by somebody we know we never had any dealing with. But, what are you,—conjurer or charlatan? An hour ago you were a beggar; thirty minutes afterward, a would-be borrower, and financial agent of a great organization; now a creditor, with a claim against me far exceeding what I am worth, a merciful creditor, it must be allowed, since you demand only two dollars for all the privileges and blessings I have ever enjoyed; but if you really believe I owe you the amount you claimed, why did you not come out and say so at once? An honest creditor is not likely to prostrate himself before his debtor and humbly beseech him to bestow as alms a small fraction of the sum he honestly owes him. He is more apt to go boldly and demand his due; and if it is not forthcoming on easier terms, sue for it at the law. Men do not beg justice, they demand it. They do not borrow equity, they enforce it. It is always a debtor's privilege to have the account itemized. How about the birth-right of freedom? Do I, or does any one else, owe that to the church? No sir. Had the precepts of the Bible, and, presumably, the teaching of the church, in obedience to secular authority, been obeyed, the United States would to-day have been an outlying dependency of Great Britain, and the people to-day, the vassals of a petticoat king. That forbids to "resist the powers that be," tells us there is no power but of God, and "whose resisteth the power receiveth unto himself damnation." They took their chances of that, resisted "the powers that be," or were rebelled at once against the precepts of the Bible and the teaching of the church, and by so doing achieved their independence and bequeathed to posterity the inestimable privilege and blessing of free government, free soil, free homes, free speech, free thought, and free everything that is fit to be free. If all these are privileges and blessings, they that won them, and not they that warred against them, are entitled to the credit.

The above item is all right, only you have got it on the wrong side of the book. It belongs on the credit side of your account with the world, and not the world to you.

Here is another little matter. This, too, is on the wrong page of the ledger.

World to church—Dr. To abolition of slavery.

Your book-keeper is either a most consummate knave or an irresponsible idiot, or a mixture of both. The church was ever-until it fell into misfortune—slavery's own alma-mater. It was born of her body and nourished in her bosom. The pulpit was its cradle, and the pastor its nurse; the bible was its bottle, and the word its milk. Under the sheltering auspices and cherishing support of the church, it grew to be a giant, grappled with the world, was worsted and went "where the woodbine twined." Its cherishing mother waited until she saw it going there; then rushed forward and gave it a spiteful and parting kick, to put herself right on the record and say she sent it away. Shift this item also over to the other side of the book, and it will be allowed. It should read, to be correct,

Church to the World—Dr. To removal and burial of her black idol.

Third item.—To fostering and supporting educational and progressive institutions and developing scientific methods of thoughts. Yes, Galileo had a scientific method of thought. He thought the earth turned on its axis and ran around the sun. The church thought the earth stood still and the sun ran around it, for the all-sufficient reason that they had read in an ancient book that a man named Joshua once had a little job on hand that was likely to take him till after dark to finish. So he commanded the sun to stop going down; and it did so. Ergo: the earth stands still, and the sun revolves about it. Then they incarcerated the old man in jail, and his scientific method of thought with him. The church has ever been the implacable foe of all educational and progressive institutions. The instinct of self preservation taught her that. She instinctively recognizes the fact, that in proportion as they flourish, she must decay. She hates knowledge as naturally and necessarily as ever slavery did. The church is simply a system of ecclesiastical tyranny over the minds and consciences of men, and like all other systems of slavery, flourishes and lives, mainly on the ignorance of its victims. It is easy, therefore, to account for the church's enmity to science and philosophy, and the pages of history abound with proof that she has always been true to her instincts and waged unceasing war on these institutions from the beginning of her record down to the present day. It is true, she has been obliged to adopt more or less liberal measures from time to time, but like the water on a grindstone, has always striven to remain stationary, and only moved with the world, because the world carried her along with it. It will not be necessary to itemize this account further. I have seen enough to satisfy me that it is fraudulently made up, either wholly or in part, and I shall not pay a cent of it until I am better satisfied of its correctness. It may interest you to hear, however, that the world has an old standing account against you, and that as a member of the firm, I have had access to the books, and know something how it stands. It begins away back in the dark ages. It speaks of the inquisition and its horrors, of thumb screws, racks of torture, chains, dungeons, and the whole diabolic catalogue of church implements. It charges you with having burned, hanged, and otherwise tortured to death, hundreds and thousands of innocent men, women and children; with having always plundered the pockets of the poor, ignorant masses, by preying on their superstitious fears, that you might live and roll in luxury and ease; with seeking to destroy at birth every beneficent idea—that it was fraud and might grow up to endanger your institution.

Some of the pages of this ledger are old and musty, and some are fresh and new. On the latter are charges against you for placing obstructions on the railroads and highways of human progress and endeavor, of still seeking to detain human reason, and so to hinder the enlightenment and advancement of the human race; with being an enemy to free thought, and the right of private judgement; with poisoning the minds of the youth of the land with false and pernicious doctrines; with having lost all spirituality in the pride of organization, and so, deciding and misleading those who join you in the hope of spiritual advancement; with throwing a heavy burden of taxation on the poor, who have to make your deficit in revenue; with presenting fraudulent accounts of indebtedness to the world; with seeking, by slander of its mediums, and other means, to stay the influx of spiritual light and knowledge of the last twenty-five years, for the reason that they have not streamed through church windows, nor spoken from the mouth of church men—all of which is a just and true account; but it is not all of the account. It would take more time than I have to spare, and more paper than I have means to purchase, to audit the whole of it. Enough has been shown to convince any reasonable person that I ought not to give you anything; that I can make better investments than to lend you anything, and lastly, that I do not owe you anything. Neither can I offer you any encouragement for the future. Next year, and the year after, money will be harder to obtain for the purpose of warming dead things unto life; because, as old Galileo told your fathers, "the world does move," and it means to keep moving. In this, our day and age, that unseen world of thought, of which he was a grand representative, has gathered a tremendous momentum, which warns you to begin very soon to dig your old machine out of the mud, place it on the highway of human pro-

gress, put in steam works and get up some kind of motion, or its centrifugal force will fling you off into space so far that you will have to get the old astronomer's telescope to make two dollars look as big to you as a farthing on the face of the moon.

Yours, individually, with fair regard,  
H. P. SHORE, M. D.  
Knoxville, Pa.

**GERALD MASSEY.**

**Opinions of the Press.**

Mr. Massey comes to us to lecture upon literary subjects, and he brings with him a reputation as a lecturer not second to his poetical fame. In a truer sense than any English writer, he may be called the poet of the poor.—*New York Tribune.*

Mr. Gerald Massey, the poet, received a hearty welcome at the Lotus Club last Saturday evening, as he will from all classes of our people. He has won at once the cordial will of those who have had the pleasure of making his acquaintance.—*New York Evening Mail.*

Gerald Massey, the English poet, multifarious writer, and popular lecturer, has come to this country, and has already made the personal acquaintance of many of his brethren of the press. He is a genial, modest gentleman; full of bright thoughts and fancies.—*Golden Age.*

Mr. Massey is a gentleman of about forty-five years, of a very slight figure, has neither the look nor the bearing of the usual type of Englishmen, and takes no particular amount of stock in the notion that England is much better than some other nations. He is eminently a man who thinks, sees, acts, and judges for himself.—*Chicago Evening Post.*

When one achieves greatness, or even prominence, among his fellows, the people are naturally curious about him. Gerald Massey is such a man.—*Chicago Tribune.*

**THE LECTURE.**

As a lecturer, Mr. Massey is "original in thought, rapid, ardent and glowing in expression, and honest as the day is long."—*Theodore Tilton.*

He speaks with great rapidity and nervous energy, and with an earnestness which communicates something of its own glow and fervor to his auditors.—*N. Y. Daily Graphic.*

The speaker's ideas were novel and eminently poetical, and his audience were highly entertained throughout.—*St. Louis Dispatch.*

There was a large and intelligent audience present. Mr. Massey's manner, as a lecturer, is pleasing, and the theme is one exceedingly provocative of thought. He has won the warmest regard of all who think well of their kind by the feeling he has expressed for the poor of his own and every country.—*N. Y. Daily Graphic.*

A brilliant audience assembled in Mercantile Hall, last evening, to welcome Mr. Gerald Massey, the English philosopher and poet. *St. Louis Journal.*

If he can render his own thoughts as they ought to be rendered (and take my word for it he can) it must be a high gratification to listen to him.—*N. Y. World.*

Of Mr. Massey's lecturing on "Hood," a Philadelphia Quaker, charmed out of the usual reticence, wrote most enthusiastically in the *New York Daily Graphic* of November 28th.

Gerald Massey lectured in the Mercantile Library course on "Charles Lamb," to a well-filled house at Association Hall, last evening. The subject was handled carelessly as well as appreciatively. It had a new and attractive setting.—*N. Y. World.*

Gerald Massey's lecture on "Charles Lamb," was by odds the best and most popular lecture yet given in the Star Course. Chicago stands ready to give Mr. Massey a large audience whenever he chooses to favor us with one of his able and charming lectures.—*Ladies Own Magazine.*

We were treated to an intellectual feast. The lecture, for beauty and purity of language, for genuine pathos and humor, was worthy the magic pen of Dickens.—*Philadelphia City Item.*

Mr. Massey attracted the largest audience of the season, sixteen hundred people. Mr. Beecher preceded him. A more thoroughly delighted assemblage we have never seen in St. James Hall.—*Buffalo Courier.*

Gerald Massey's lecture on "Charles Lamb," delivered last night, before the Mercantile Library Association, was scholarly, felicitous, and fascinating, worthy of the man and his subject.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Under the head of "A Poet Preacher" the *Graphic* says: "The lecture was scholarly, pictorial, glowing, and at times really eloquent. The literary merits of Mr. Massey's lectures are of the highest order."

The distinguished English poet and philosopher, "Gerald Massey," delivered three lectures in Chicago to large audiences.—*Scientific Farmer.*

Some of the periods were very fine pieces of word-painting, and the tropes and metaphors with which his lecture abounded, were worthy of any poet.—*St. Louis Democrat.*

We have the pleasure of announcing that in February and early March, Gerald Massey will make a lecturing tour through the Western States. For this we are now arranging, and shall be glad to hear from you as to the likelihood of his receiving an invitation from your city. Terms, One Hundred Dollars.

T. A. BLAND, Manager,  
287 W. Madison st., Chicago.



Extracts from "Startling Facts of Modern Spiritualism."

uncle of Dr. Wolfe, and personally unknown to all the others present.

nerves; but his thinking faculties are as un-  
der control as when not under any influence at all. Bill  
Tom I have seen, with his right hand playing  
in a very clever manner, a piece of difficult  
music; while, at the same time, he perform-  
ing with his left hand another intricate com-  
position, and set in different time. While thus  
engaged differently on his right and left, he sings  
a song, different in time, the sentiment of which  
is, "I have a name, I have a name, I have a name."

"O, heavens! he is going to lay a sick person on my lap. I'll not allow it. Open the door quickly; let me out! I won't remain here another minute. I must get out of this place and, with a spring the affrighted medi-

\* \* For sale wholesale and retail by the Religious-Philosophical Publishing House, Adams St., and Fifth Ave. Chicago.

---

**Personal Experiences of an Investigator.**

---

BY J. W. PARISH.

to be from Dr. Shades' wife, giving some splendid ideas of the spiritual philosophy. The questions prepared by my wife were the

The ideas contained in the above message, I am sure none but the vicious could object to. My next experience was some three weeks later, with Mr. Bastian and Taylor in Chicago at the seance rooms of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.

power, that would be interesting to all who are in sympathy with the idea of banishing

**N.B.**—Mrs. Robinson will *hereafter* give no *private sittings to any one*. If privacy is required, it must be by letter, accompanied with the usual fee, and terms about which she will be consulted with, or no notice will be given.

These books are all beautifully printed and bound. Sold everywhere - sent by mail, postage free, receipt of price, by

**G. W. CARLETON, & CO., Publishers,**  
Madison Square, New York

11 1

v15a191



Essays, etc., on the Social Question, will be published in this department, if deemed worthy, and in the order reserved from contributors.

#### Letter from Oregon.

BROTHER JONES: Many times for the last six months I have been nearly upon the point of writing you a long letter concerning "our religion," as it is understood in the great North-west, but as often I have been interrupted by the imperious demands of my occupation. Now, however, "the harvest is home," and the extreme demand upon the laborer is past, besides, the south wind is bringing the dripping clouds over our evergreen valleys, thus affording additional hours of leisure to the jaded agriculturist. The winter season in the middle region of Oregon, is said to be gloomy, on account of so much rain and a hidden sun, but may we not have a sufficient recompense in the enforced turning of our eyes to the light within, and to the cultivation of the mental faculties. There is no doubt, among philosophers, that the physical conditions of a country have much to do in determining the moral and intellectual status of its inhabitants, and therefore they can look for a peculiar people in the very distinctive valleys of Western Oregon, in the course of a few centuries. True, science ought to be able to give the result in advance, and the question I ask, is: What will be the status of Oregonians in 500 years? You need not answer in next week's JOURNAL.

Turning away from such philosophical inquiries, which, I presume, cannot be satisfactorily answered by any of the disembodied spirits, let me pay some attention to questions which more immediately concern the people of to-day.

I have been a believer in the fact of spirit intercourse for the last 22 years, and have not felt like doubting or denying the faith, or shrinking from any of its legitimate consequences.

Very early in my investigations, however, I learned that the spirits on the other side, have as many and different opinions concerning some subjects, as those upon this side, and that many of them, too, are quite as ignorant and prejudiced as ourselves. I therefore, determined to treat them, and in all respects, as we do each other; criticize them properly, prove all they say and hold fast that which is good. The "you died" of a spirit is of very little value to me, except as it accords with known truth, and when the ancient Mr. Spritson says, through the tongue of Mrs. Belle Chamberlin, that the moon is an aggregation of the sweat or oil of the earth, I can give vent to as hearty laughter of unbelief as though it was said by an embodied Smith. Many years ago, I came to the conclusion that the orthodox system of medicine is no science at all, and that giving medicines, poisons, to cure disease, is a murderous fallacy; but I see that my conclusion in this regard receives slight support, or is entirely negated by the spirits who advertise their medicines through the columns of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL and the BANNER OF LIGHT.

What matters it, to my demonstrations, whether you print, S. T. 1860, X, or "positive and negative powders," for neither of them can cure violated laws or free us from the results of abnormal conditions. I once heard a spirit, through a trance speaker, defend the use of tobacco and whiskey, thus convincing me that spirits are not free from the effects of bad habits. The rate of progress on the other side, must be very variable, and with some, very slow, if we are to judge by the communications we receive.

Demosthenes, if we are to credit Mrs. Woodhull, is still knocking along in the first last phase of existence, and his doctrines find little favor with Bro. Jones of the JOURNAL, as the great bulk of Spiritualists are glad to note. And has it come to this, that a "thus saith the spirits" is of no more authority with us, than a thus saith the Lord through the Koran, with Christians.

It is a very fortunate condition for a human being to be in, viz: An active and critical condition of all the mental faculties, which puts the owner above imposition and fraud. Until recently, the authority of spirit communications with Spiritualists, has been entirely too great, and Demosthenes through Mrs. Woodhull was even greater than Demosthenes uttering his famous Philippics with his own physical tongue. At present, the Spiritualists are emancipated, and with few exceptions, are competent to decide upon the merits of her social freedom theories, whether she signs them with her own name or that of Demosthenes or the big brained Moses Hull. It may be that free love is entirely proper in spirit-land, where there is neither marriage nor giving in marriage, and that she has misrepresented the classic orator in applying his statutes to the mortal plane on the material surface of this wind-swept planet where about the whole of life is a continual struggle with the three kingdoms of nature, for an existence. If children never needed food and clothing, or were never helpless, or if education was as searching and free as the sexual love of free lovers, then there might be a better text for the Woodhulls. The principle error in Mrs. Woodhull's scheme is found in the assumption that every phase of the sexual instinct must, of right, be absolutely free, which is simply an assertion, that the blind sexual faculty should not be under the control of the seeing, intellectual and moral faculties of our nature, from which arises, immediately, the inference of promiscuity or beastly indulgence.

Mrs. W. at first denied the unavoidable inference, but her last formal declaration at Chicago, does not seem to vary materially, from the first, and it means freedom of the propensities from the constraint and direction of reason, of conscience, and therefore of law. To say that it should be as free as other propensities, does not free it from the co-ordinate bonds. Covetousness is right, but no one except pirates, highwaymen, thieves, etc., ever desire to establish the doctrine of freedom from the restraint of reason and law. Personal freedom is a right, but it is one subject to limitations and restraint. Even benevolence is subject to restraint and the guidance of reason.

Everybody believes in the freedom of the love faculties, and yet, every one with ordinary discretion knows that they, too, are properly subject to the guidance of reason, and must act in harmony with our other faculties and relations. There are some persons to whom promiscuity is no very serious offense, but such are deficient in the superior faculties, or are perverted by miseducation. Some are by nature malefactors and find their only freedom in depravity. To such, all right action is the worst of tyranny, and every requirement of good society is an unbearable restraint. As a general rule, the good and well-disposed feel no restraint from the just and equal laws of the land, because they are a law unto themselves. In yielding to the proper restraints of their own harmonious natures, they find also their true freedom. To Mrs. W. has not even shown that the laws relating to marriage are offensive to those who are actuated by a sense of justice and a regard for the well

being of society. The law constrains no one to marry, but leaves every one entirely free to contract according to choice. Can Mrs. W. or Moses H. say that this is not a free-love marriage? The law merely solemnizes it, and says that after this you shall perform all other moral obligations arising, as a consequence from this free love contract. Can Mrs. W. show that any other course would satisfy the demands of a rational and moral being?

It is no answer to say that a harmonious union would continue without any law upon the subject; that is only an admission that the laws agree with a true marriage. Neither is it answer or successful criticism to aver that the law fails to harmonize those who do not continue to agree; this is only admitting that the law allows the utmost freedom of choice. The law did not create marriage, nor can it forbid the bans. It has nothing to do with deciding upon the fitness or unfitness of persons, except to declare certain regulations in the interest of true marriage and for the well being of a progressive society. It is no interference with the right of free love to declare by statute, that one shall not marry an idiot, unless it can be shown that such a law is the only one possible, so, too, with the marriage of brother and sister, which, although, it might result in the social agreement of the pair, must surely be attended with consequences most painful to themselves and their posterity as well as burdensome to society.

The prohibition of such unions is no offense to free love, so long as other and proper loves are equally practicable. To some peculiarly disposed minds, freedom is meaningless unless it be absolute and limitless in its application to person or faculty. The right to walk means to walk everywhere, anywhere, at all times and under all circumstances, onto, into, or over anybody or anything; the right to talk, write or print means the right to utter any or everything without regard to place, time, or circumstance; to stop short of these would be to them, slavery. The same with regard to each faculty of the mind or soul; each must be absolutely free in a limitless extension. To hint that personal freedom to walk, should not trespass upon a neighbor's flower bed or garden, or impose a shod foot upon his toes, with or without cause, is only to incur the charge of tyranny. To say that, near a faculty of the mind, if unbridled, unrestrained indulgence, would bring damage to itself and injury to each of the others and unhappiness to all, would be answered by an assertion that we do not understand the first principles of freedom. They cannot appreciate such cramped abstractions. As well undertake to describe colors to those born blind, or to teach music to the deaf, as to induct such persons, at once, to an understanding of the harmonious relations and faculties of the human soul. A series of progressive lessons in causation is first necessary. After that, it may be possible for them to see that an unbridled amateness must be a constant offense to benevolence, charity, friendship, justice, chastity, and all other virtues. It is the mere sexual act that Mrs. Woodhull takes for her religion; only that, and nothing more.

To be sure, it is important as a preserver and continuer of the human species, as of all others, and when considered as the means by which the immortal spark, with all its beneficent and divine attributes is embodied and made manifest in the flesh, it is worthy of all respect and a most sacred privacy, but Mrs. W., by divorcing it from its proper alliance and harmony with those superior faculties, for which existence is chiefly valuable, degrades it to the lowest level of the brute creation. As a sustainer of animal life, eating is equally important with Mrs. W.'s religion, and it would be just as reasonable to exaggerate it to be the chief end of man. Many people do so, and their actions say, "live to eat"; it is their religion, and their God. The exaggeration brings them on a par with Mrs. W., for they become more like hogs than men.

On the other hand, it is far better to reverse the motto and "eat to live," thereby becoming rational creatures and holding the all important propensities in harmonious subjection to the moral and spiritual faculties. Mrs. Woodhull's effort to hold the legal marriage responsible for the short-comings and consequent unhappiness of those in married life, must be regarded as a failure, unless she can show that any legal admonition to duty is provocative of evil; in which case she could make a clean sweep of all human law. I wonder if she is the only person in America who would do wrong for the sake of opposing the law.

Differences or disagreements are not generally lasting; almost always they are suggestive and wholesome; very frequently they are also the first symptoms of improvement and a dawning progression, and would it therefore be better to adopt Mrs. W.'s religion as the standard, separate at the first slight estrangement, burst asunder all sacred family ties of children or kindred, committing their dear hopes to the wide world, and search for another temporary alliance, or would it be better to marry under the guidance of reason and then strive by co-education, to harmonize thoughts, tastes, and feeling into a sweet and rational love that would grow stronger to the end of earth life?

Will we not be more likely to attain to patience, constancy, faith, hope, love, if we strive for them, than if we adopt the opposite course and go about with a creed which exhorts us to a beastly, blind indulgence in mere sexual experimentation?

Under the Woodhull regime, courting would not end with the marriage ceremony; every household would be invaded by the presence of some free lover, in search of affinity. Love-making would be the business of life, and who that has knowledge of the world and the blindness of cupid, could fail to foretell the result as destructive to an organized society. It would not result in an exchange of wives, and then peace and happiness as Mrs. W. thinks, but all confidence and stability would be destroyed. The old poetic dream that every soul has its counterpart, that there is one particular man exactly fitted to be the mate of a particular woman, has been exploded every year since the creation of the first pair. There is no such thing as a complete affinity, and every thoughtful person knows that the marital affinity is constantly varying both as to kind and intensity.

How often we have known two uneducated persons to marry and live remarkably contented and happy for years, when, upon the education of one of them, misery was introduced to the fireside. How often we have known differences in politics or religion to mar the peace of well disposed and naturally attracted persons, until unity or a generous indulgence bear away.

All families have had and will have their troubles and jars; the great majority know, sooner or later, how to avoid the greater part of their difficulties. Some of the happiest and most firmly united families, those to whom a few days of separation become painful, have at times, slight estrangements which are, by contrast, felt to be very bitter and harrowing.

Happiness, as the world understands it, may denote agreement in indolence or perversity,

while misery coming from an active difference, may be the surest and most hopeful indication of a more elevated and enlightened state. Patient effort will cure most evils and "where there is a will there is a way," even in matters of affection and love. A lady of my acquaintance who is living very happily with her second husband, hit the nail square on the head when she remarked to a female friend then suing for a divorce from her second husband, that "the reason why married people do not get along better is, because they do not try." That is it, people must try to agree; it is their duty, independent of statute regulations, to try and be governed and possessed by the rational harmonies of human nature.

But there is no excellence without labor, and the question now arises, Would people be as patient in trying and in educating themselves in union, acting in the belief of Mrs. W.'s religion, as they would under the more permanent arrangement, the present law of marriage and divorce? Would life, real, earnest life, that which does not end with the grave, be as successful? Mrs. W. answers the question fully, when she makes her religion consist in the worship of the flesh. Her friends and admirers can no longer claim that she is misunderstood; her Chicago speech is not subject to more than one meaning; everybody can understand it and no one need deny it. The results of the last year ought to convince all Spiritualists of like belief and objects in life, of the necessity of more thorough organization.

The mere belief in the fact of spirit-intercourse is entirely too loose and vague. There are all sorts of Spiritualists, if that point constitutes Spiritualism. Every church has its Spiritualism, thenceforth to suit its peculiar animus. There are Bible Spiritualists and Infidel Spiritualists, and philosophical or rational Spiritualists. Indeed, it is beginning to creep over the convictions of mankind, generally, that spirit existence and intercourse is one of the oldest and most mysterious truths in the round world, and yet there is no creed, ecstasism or confession of faith by which proper Spiritualists may be judged. A Spiritual course-meeting or picnic, with speeches and a resolution is nothing permanent, and very frequently insignificant of the character of its teachings. Such spontaneous gatherings are good beginnings, but must we forever halt at the beginnings? If spirit-intercourse has developed all truths besides immortality, why not formulate them and stand on them? It seems to me that a great many Spiritualists are very much like Mrs. Woodhull; they are afraid of being bound. Those who have escaped from the thralldom of false creeds may be forgiven their fears, but there is no danger in professing and being governed by what is known to be true.

The trouble with the orthodox has been the adoption of things wholly within the sphere of speculation, and disobedience to the requirements of the known. For all that, we know their moral creed, the sermon on the mount, and can judge of their short-comings and responsibilities. Who knows of the moral creed of Spiritualists and of the tendencies of their teachings?

They have been accused of all sorts of beliefs and immoral tendencies until careful moral persons are afraid of their associations. For want of articles of faith, Mrs. Woodhull's free-love theories have been taken as the results of Spiritualism, notwithstanding the scattering protest of the disunited many, and hundreds, if not thousands of Spiritualists, have sought the folds of the Christian churches, or withdrawn their countenance and support from Spiritualistic meetings in order to avoid the Woodhull disgrace.

In truth, we should be in a sorry plight if it had not been for the timely protests of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, around which the true believers are beginning to rally.

J. W. D.

Silverton, Oregon.

#### Medium's Column.

Dr. Stone located now at 413 Fourth Avenue, New York, will give special attention to the treatment of disease. Also keeps Specific Remedies for Asthma and Dyspepsia. v14n81

**SPIRIT COMMUNION** in answer to sealed letters given through D. J. STANLEY, 32 Green St., Newark, N. J. Send stamped instructions. v16n31

**SEALED LETTERS ANSWERED BY R. W. GLINT**, 39 West 24th St., New York. Terms \$3 and three-cent postage stamps. Money refunded if not answered. v16n31

**THE MAGNETIC TREATMENT.** SEND TEN CENTS TO DR. ANDREW STONE, Troy, N. Y., and obtain a large, highly illustrated book on the system of vitalizing treatment. v16n31

**SAMUEL MAXWELL, M. D., CLAIRVOYANT & MAGNETIC PHYSICIAN,** 532 W. Madison St., Chicago, Ill. v16n141

**MRS. O. H. JOHNSON, Business and Teat Medium,** 222 S. Clark St. cor. Van Buren, CHICAGO. Gentlemen \$1.00. Ladies 50 cents. v16n141

**MRS. M. A. MERGER, MAGNETIC PHYSICIAN, AND DEVELOPING MEDIUM,** No. 237 West Madison Street, Room 17, CHICAGO. v14n231

**Great and Wonderful MANIFESTATIONS!** IN CONNECTION WITH **SPIRIT PHOTOGRAPHY.** THE spirit whose picture is about to be taken, will respond promptly to questions asked by the sitter. Parties at a distance desirous of having Pictures taken without being present, will receive full particulars by enclosing stamp to

**W. H. MUMLER,** 170 West Springfield street, Boston. v16n141

**SPRIT PICTURES** at Crawfordville, Ind. Persons sending photograph or lock of hair and \$2.00 with stamps, for return, will receive five trials; all the results will be returned. If no spirit pictures develop, the money will be refunded. Address E. B. BERRY. v16n141

**PATIENTS PRESCRIBED FOR BY CORRESPONDENCE.** The colored Healer, Dr. J. B. Bland, is a physician with over 20 years' experience as a Chemist. Office, 21 East Fourth St., Address, Box 82, Station D, New York City. v16n193

**\$10 to \$20** per day. Agents wanted everywhere. Particulars free. A. B. BLAIR & Co., St. Louis, Mo. v16n31

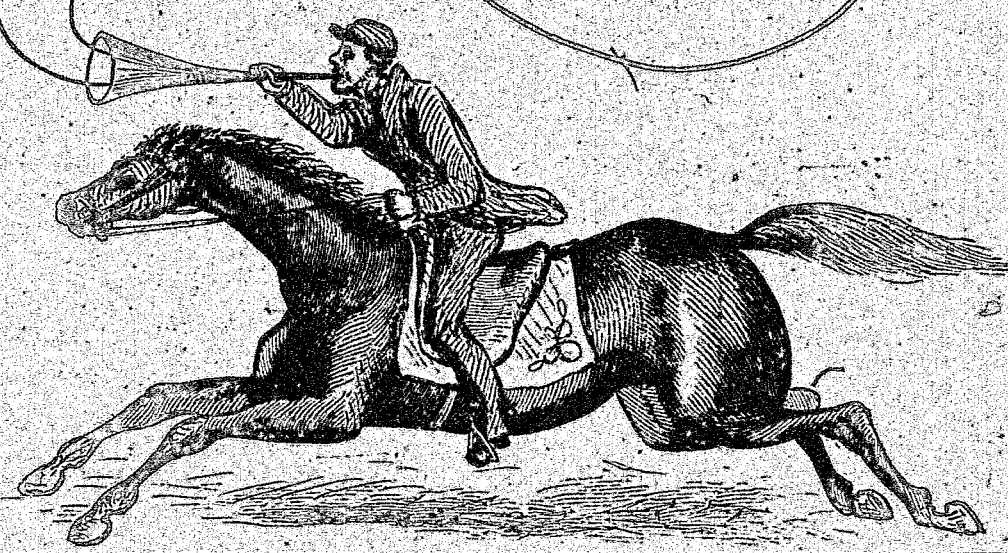
#### GREAT EXCITEMENT

AT **JEFFERSON HILLS, NEW HAMPSHIRE.**

**THE BLIND SEE!**

**THE LAME WALK!**

**THE LEPER IS CLEANS!**



JEFFERSON HILLS, N. H., March 21, 1873.—PROP. PATTON SPENCE.

DEAR SIR—YOUR **POSITIVE AND NEGATIVE POWDERS** are creating a great excitement here. It can truly be said, in my own person, that the Blind see, the Lame walk, and the Leper is cleansed. I had the pleasure for thirty years in my legs, arms, head, and nearly all over my body. After taking your Positive Powders about four days I showed up my sleeve to see how my arm looked, and to my utter astonishment the scars would cleave off easily and leave all smooth; and now my head and body are clean. The Catarrh in my head is arrested. They cured my lungs; that were tied up with Phlegm and Cough. The Rheumatism in my ankles commenced many years ago, and by degrees extended all over me, so that I could not raise my right arm to my head, or put on my vest. I can now hold it in any position. My legs I could only walk with difficulty got off any way. I now travel quite easily. By overdoing last fall, I brought on a Pain about the heart, and it would beat a few beats and then stop and start again. I could not lie on it at all. The powder have cut it all right. Several years ago, from overstraining one eye and a blow on the other I became Blind, so that I could not know a person in the same room. Now I can read the large words in your Circular; yet I took only two Boxes of Negatives. On Thursday I called on Mr. Bowles, who had been sick about two years; and his wife was sick from taking calomel. Her limbs were swollen to her body. She could not do anything or go about the house. I could not prevail on him to use the Powders. On my way there I met Mr. Woodward, who is acquainted with the Powders, having used them and seen their good effect. I let him have a Box. He went to Mr. Bowles that night, and after much persuasion got Mrs. Bowles to take one of the Powders. Last night my neighbor came in and said he had news for me—namely, that he was at Mr. Bowles' in the morning, and saw Mrs. Bowles out on the piazza at work. He was greatly surprised, on inquiry she said she took one of Spence's Positive Powders the night before; it eased all her pain, and she slept like a pig. He said he never saw two persons so elated in his life. Please send me Six Dozen more Boxes.

Yours truly,

A. H. KNIGHT.

#### WHAT DOCTORS SAY.

In the course of a large experience with the Positive and Negative Powders, I have found them almost infallible in all acute diseases, particularly Fevers of all kinds, such as the Billous Intermit, Malaria, Typhoid, Congestion of the Lungs, Scarlet Fever, etc. I have also found them infallible in Bowel Complaints and Nervous Headache. I have also proved the Ointment recommended to be made of the Positive Powders (according to Rule tenth) to be magical in its effects on all kinds of Sores and Erysipelas.

DR. J. E. JENES, formerly of North Adams, now of Amherst, Mass.

One box of your Positive Powders cured David Willington of a pain in his stomach of 8 years' standing. Mrs. J. Claffa was cured by the Negative Powders of Numbness, or Palsy, of 12 years' duration. The Powders cured Mrs. H. Claffa of Neuralgia. They also cured a lady of Painful Menstruation when given up as a case. In cases of Parturition (Child-birth), I consider them of great value.

DR. JULIA WILLIAMS, Practical Midwife, East Braintree, Vt.

I myself have been afflicted with Rheumatism and Heart Disease for three years during which time I have not been able to labor. I have taken two boxes and a half of your Positive Powders. My Rheumatism is gone and the Heart Disease much relieved.

DR. A. J. COREY, Great Bend, Pa.

I think there is no medicine in the world like the Positive and Negative Powders.

MRS. DR. GARRISON, Newton, N. J.

In Ague and Chills I consider them unequalled.

J. F. WAX, M.D., Belmont, Ill.

Your Positive and Negative Powders seem to be quite a mystery—no marked action—yet they cure. I have some patients who can't live without them, as nothing else ever benefited them.

C. D. H. KIRK, M.D., Fern Springs, Miss.

They are peculiarly adapted to the female constitution.

DR. L. HAKES, Otero, N. Y.

#### Consumption,

#### SCROFULA AND CATARRH

Cured.

Jane Worley was cured of Scrofula of 15 years' standing with 5 Boxes of your Positive Powders. In three weeks, having had five Doctors before. Her ankles were swollen, and in running sores; in fact, it was all over her body.—(MARTIN WORLEY, New Petersburg, Ohio.)

Your Boxes of Positive Powders have cured a little girl of a very bad case of Scrofula.—(R. MOORE, Fayetteville, N. C.)

The daughter of Henry H. Lepper was afflicted with Scrofula Sore Eyes for several years. Much of the time she could not bear the light, and had to be shut up in a dark room. She had taken 2 Boxes of your Positive Powders, her eyes to all appearance, were well, and have remained so.—(ROBERT THOMAS, Osgo, Minn.)

I had running Scrofulous sores on me for 2 years, and could not cure. I tried all the medicines I could get, but no cure or help until I took your Positive Powders. I am now about well.—(JOHN W. KENDALL, Relief, Mo.)

I have cured Mrs. Anna Wright of Inherited Scrofula with 3 Boxes of the Positive Powders.—(RUTH PRINGLE, Beaver Dam, Wis.)

Mother had the Catarrh in her head so bad that, when lying down she could hear no duty, drip or anything. Your Positive Powders cured her. They have cured my Catarrh in the head also.—(MISS E. M. SHAW, New Britain, N. H.)

I have raised one man from the dead with two Boxes of your Positive Powders. It is J. W. Nuttle of this place, who had what the Doctors called the Consumption. They said he could not live long. He is now at work for us, a well man.—(G. W. HALL, New Haven, Ind.)

#### Triumphant Victory

#### OVER

#### Dyspepsia and Indigestion.

A short time since my mother tried your Positive Powders for Dyspepsia and Indigestion. If she ate a piece of apple as large as a nut, she would not sleep a particle all night, but be very weary and nervous. She is entirely well now.—(A. G. MOWBRAY, Stockton, Minn.)

Four years ago I used half a Box of your Positive Powders, which took all the Dyspepsia out of me, root and branch.—(JOHN O. RESPERIN, Harland, Wis.)

Your Powders have cured me of Dyspepsia, two weeks. I used but one Box of the Positive. My Dyspepsia was chronic and of 30 years' standing. During the last ten years I could not use butter, pork, or pastry of any kind, but now they agree with me as well as they ever did.—(J. E. ANDERSON, E. M., Maple Springs, Wis.)

I have been a sufferer from Dyspepsia for near 30 years of my life, and for many years had to restrict myself to the most rigid course of dieting, not having eaten a meal of hog meat, or anything that was seasoned with it, for many years. Three Boxes of the Positive Powders cured me of all my symptoms of Dyspepsia. I now eat anything that is cooked, without suffering any inconvenience whatever.—(REV. L. JULIAN, M.D., Branchville, Ark.)

#### WHAT WOMEN SAY.

A woman in this place has used the Positive Powders for Failing of the Womb, and is high in praise of them.—(Mrs. J. GRONOW JONES, Falmouth, Mass.)

My daughter, Martha, has been cured of Suppressed Menstruation by the use of the Positive Powders.—(J. COOPER, St. John, Ark.)

Your Positive Powders have cured me of Dropsy of the Womb of one year's standing. The tendency to Dropsy was inherited.—(MRS. EMMA MRS., Brooklyn, N. Y.)

A woman who had four Miscarriages got a box of Positive Powders of me, and they took her from her next Pregnancy all right.—(O. HENRY, East Spring, Iowa.)

My wife is now all right in her monthly periods. As I said before, she had suffered a great deal from Irregularity and Excess of the Menstrual Periods with seven different Doctors for three years; but there is nothing as good as your Powders.—(W. E. KIRK, Smith Creek, Mich.)

Your Positive and Negative Powders have cured a case of Milk Leg of 16 years' standing, also a case of Rheumatism, a case of Falling Sickness, and a case of Dysentery.—(FOWLER HALLGREN, Yorkville, Ill.)

Miss Lena Austin was taken with Stomach of the Periodicals, accompanied by great distress in the head, and coldness of the limbs, and was treated with your Positive Powders, and has entirely recovered.—(GEO. L. GRUBB, Pardecville, Wis.)

#### No More Headache, Neuralgia, or Rheumatism.

I have been troubled with the Neuralgia for the last 15 years, and at times have been laid up with for six weeks at a time. I have used your Positive Powders for Neuralgia, and Neck Headache.—(LEAH G. BARNETT, White Hall, Conn.)

I have been suffering nearly 40 years with Chronic Headache, and often resorted to Chloroform to get temporary relief, but the next morning would return as soon as the effect of the Chloroform wore off. But after using your Positive Powders, I can say with others that they came like an angel of mercy in the night time.—(MRS. A. A. BARNY, Hartford, Conn.)

I had a severe attack of Neuralgia last week, and I stopped it in 10 minutes with your Positive Powders.—(JACOB S. RUTZEN, River Edge, Ohio.)

When I commenced taking your Powders, I had Spinal Complaint of nearly 30 years' standing; also Diabetes, Scleritis, Rheumatism, and Erysipelas. I am now at all times, I think them the most wonderful medicine ever given to men. While on a visit to my sister in Dover, she told me that there had been almost a miracle wrought with her in a terrible case of Neuralgia with the Positive Powders. She induced me to try myself. I did so, with wonderful success.—(M. HUNTLEY, North Richmond, N. H.)

#### Negative Powders Cure

#### Blindness, Deafness,

#### Paralysis, Lameness,

#### Loss of Smell,

#### Loss of Taste,

#### Loss of Voice.

#### Typhoid and Typhus Fever.

THE POSITIVE cure NEURALGIA, Headache, Rheumatism, Pains of all kinds; DIARRHEA, STOMACH, Vomiting, Dyspepsia, Flatulence, Worms; all FEMALE WEAKNESSES and Derangements; Fever, Chills, St. Vitus' Dance, Spasm; all high grades of Typhus, Small Pox, Measles, Scarlatina, Erysipelas, all INFLAMMATIONS, acute or chronic, of the Kidneys, Liver, Lungs, Womb, Bladder, or any other organ of the body; CATARRH, Consumption, Bronchitis, Cough, Colds, SCROFULA, NERVOUSNESS, ASTHMA, SICKNESS, etc.

THE NEGATIVES cure PARALYSIS, or Palsy, whether the cause of the disease, as in BLOODY DEAFNESS, loss of taste, smell, feeling or motion; all Low Fevers, such as the Typhoid and the Typhus. Both the POSITIVE and NEGATIVE are needed in Cholera and Fever.

#### AGENTS WANTED

#### Everywhere.

MAILED POST-PAY AT THREE PERCENT.

1 Box, 44 Pos. Powders, \$1.00

1 " 44 Neg. " " " 1.00

1 " 22 " & 22 Pos. " " 1.00

6 Boxes, " " " " " 5.00

Send money at my risk and expense, by Post-office Money Order, Registered Letter Draft on New York, or by Express, deducting from the amount to be sent, 5 cents for each Money Order, or 15 cents for a Draft, or for Expressage, or for Registration of a letter. In getting a Post-Office Money Order, tell your Postmaster to make it payable to Station D, N. York City.

All Letters and Remittances by Mail, and all Express Packages should be directed as follows:

PROF. PATTON SPENCE, M.D.,

37; St. Marks Place,

New York City.

FOR SALE, ALSO BY S. S. JONES, COR. ADAMS STREET

AND FIFTH AVE., CHICAGO.

VI



## Religio-Philosophical Journal

S. S. JONES,  
EDITOR, PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR.  
J. R. FRANCIS, Associate Editor.

## TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

One copy, one year, in advance, \$3 00  
at the end of the year, 8 50  
Three months on trial, to New Subscribers, 50

Religio-Philosophical Publishing House.  
All letters and communications should be addressed to  
S. S. JONES, Corner Fifth Avenue and Adams St., Chicago.

## NEWSPAPER DECISIONS.

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

2. If any person orders his paper discontinued, he must pay all arrears, or the publisher may continue to send it, until payment is made, and collect the whole amount, whether the paper is taken from the office or not.

3. The courts have decided that refusing to take newspapers and periodicals from the post-office, or removing and leaving them uncollected for, is *prima facie* evidence of intentional fraud.

In making remittances for subscription, always procure a draft on New York, or Post-Office Money Order, if possible. When neither of these can be procured, send the money, but always in a Registered Letter. The registration fee has been reduced to fifteen cents, and the present registration system has been found, by the postal authorities, to be virtually an absolute protection against losses by mail. All Post-masters are obliged to register letters when requested to do so.

These remittances to this office for the JOURNAL should be careful to state whether it be for a renewal, or a new subscription, and write all proper names plainly. Papers are forwarded until an explicit order is received by the publisher for their discontinuance, and until payment of all arrears is made, as required by law. No names are returned on the subscription books, without the first payment in advance.

## LOOK TO YOUR SUBSCRIPTIONS.

Subscribers are particularly requested to note the expirations of their subscriptions, and to forward what is due for the ensuing year, without further reminder from this office. Upon the margin of each paper, or upon the wrapper, will be found a statement of the time to which payment has been made. For instance, if John Smith has paid to 1 Dec. 1873, it will be mailed "J. Smith 1 Dec 1." If he has only paid to 1 Dec. 1870, it will stand thus: "J. Smith 1 Dec 0."

CHICAGO, SATURDAY, JANUARY 31, 1874.

## Is the Devil Dead?

The opinion seems to prevail generally, among all classes, that the old original Devil, the one who triumphed in the Garden of Eden, on the principle that the truth will always come out uppermost, is dead! Is it possible that this distinguished personage, who sports horns on his head, and a peculiar appendage known as a cloven-foot, at the end of his right leg, and a strange elongation at the termination of the spinal column—Is it possible that he, in common parlance, is defunct? We have heard a great deal about this gentleman of late—and if he will only present himself to the Literary Bureau, with endorsement from the press, as a highly distinguished scholar, self-made, self-poised, and self-possessed, and as hailing from Notsob, he can secure a lucrative engagement in the Star Course here, or can pass an evening with the Free Religious Society—admittance twenty-five cents!

It has been nearly six thousand years since we heard of this distinguished character—then he was perambulating in the Garden of Eden, a perfect gentleman, and master of the situation. There he exhibited his remarkable powers as a physician, and the sublime emotions of a philanthropist. He saw that Adam and Eve were naked, perfectly nude, and their disgusting appearance so shocked his sensitive nature, that philanthropic emotions were instantly aroused within him, and, noticing, too, their eyes were tightly closed, he resolved to open them, that they might become as gods. Instead, however, of taking clay and rubbing spittle thereon, as an ancient Master did, he referred them to the fruit of a peculiar tree, which, when they had partaken of it, opened their eyes, like a patent gate, at once. Then they saw their nude condition, and made aprons of fig-leaves, to cover up their nakedness, and hearing God approaching, they both hid behind a mulberry bush. God called to Adam, saying, "Adam, where art thou?" This omnipotent God had lost his babies! Adam responded to the voice, and came tremblingly forth, saying, "I was naked, and I hid myself." "Who told thee thou wast naked. Hast thou eaten of the tree whereof I commanded thee thou shouldst not eat?"

"The woman thou gavest to be with me, she gave me of the tree, and I did eat." And the Lord said, "Woman, what is this thou hast done?"

The woman replied, "The serpent-begulled me, and I did eat." This God (not the God of the Universe, the Architect of moving, throbbing worlds, the one who made all things) got his "back up," became angry as a wild hyena, and as noisy as a roaring lion, and then and there, he doubled up both fists, put the heels of his boots firmly in the earth, and executed one of the most fiendish and brutal curses on record. Oh! how he cursed! The concentrated essence of all the curses ever uttered in the world by puny man, was as nothing compared with that primeval curse! He first cursed the serpent, taking off his legs, and sentencing him to crawl on his belly, and eat the dust of the earth exclusively. Then he cursed the woman; then the man; then the earth itself; finally, wearied of cursing, he resorted to falling to recuperate his exhausted energies!

Between these two distinguished characters, my sympathies are with the serpent. A kinder or more philanthropic man never breathed. Actuated by pure motives and the best of impulses, he tried to improve on the works of God, in true Yankee style, and instead of meeting with encouragement, he only met with opposition and abuse. If the eating of an apple cursed the world, the falling of one grandly illuminated science through the instrumentality of the quick discernment of Newton. Apples, then, are good things, for our most important knowledge has been imparted by them. The first one operated on the stomach, but the latter on the reasoning eye of Newton. What grandeur that apple unfolded in the mind of that philosopher! If God had been present then, he would have cursed him, too. He

would have made him a companion of the serpent, by making him crawl on his belly.

Great effects are constantly springing from little causes. Rome was saved by a goose, and once captured by a hare. The barking of a dog saved Hannibal's army. The apple, however, is the least cause—in size especially—but productive of the greatest results, inducing God to speak in tones of majestic thunder, cursing the serpent, Adam and Eve, and finally the earth, causing it to be covered with weeds. Here God unconsciously contributed to the advancement of science. The serpent was a scientific gentleman, skilled in the medicinal virtue of apples, quinces, pomegranates, grapes, etc., and when weeds were ushered into existence, he inwardly rejoiced, for he knew that the nettle, that prickly, prangly, poisonous prickler, would be of inestimable service to Huxley, in his demonstrations of protoplasm. In fact, Huxley owes half his celebrity to the nettle, the results of God's curse in the garden. Now, look at this itching weed! It owes its stinging properties to delicate needle-like hairs which project like so many weapons of defense from its sides. Each of these hair-like weapons, resemble a cone, tapering to a slender point, of such exceeding fineness that it readily penetrates the skin, and there deposits its poison. In its effects it is worse than slander on a sensitive soul, and more ticklish in its sensations than laughing gas, and in case it touches your calves, it will induce a Grecian band at once. Its stinging has an outer case of wood, in the interior of which is a wonderful substance, a semi-fluid matter, abounding with granules or molecules of exceedingly small dimensions. That semi-transparent fluid, according to the renowned Huxley, is protoplasm, which, when viewed under a microscope of great power, seems to be constantly in motion, and that motion seems to resemble progressive waves, like those which appear on a field of wheat when set in motion by a gentle breeze.

And in this sting of the nettle, less in size than a hair on your head, are different currents coursing in opposite directions, within a twenty-thousandth of an inch of each other! This protoplasm, Huxley claims, is the physical basis of life. Now, this nettle with its wonderful protoplasm, is the result of the curse of God—it is one of the weeds spoken of in Genesis, and is the exclusive stock in the reputation of Huxley. Had not the devil irritated God, his curse could never originated such an irritating weed as the nettle, therefore we feel thankful that he pursued exactly the course he did.

The original Devil is not dead—he still liveth. Had he died, his last words would have been recorded. John Quincy Adams said, "This is the last of earth, I am content." Webster said, "I still live." John Randolph said, "Remorse." Harrison said, "I wish you to understand the true principles of Government, I wish them carried out, I ask nothing more." Now if the Devil is dead, where are his last words? Will Mr. Massey tell? Will anybody respond? Who was present, to see him in his last moments? If too weak to speak he could, perhaps, pantomime his ideas—gesticulate, perhaps put his thumb to his nose, and move his fingers; but who will explain the meaning? No, the Devil is not dead! We thank him for his contributions to science in the shape of nettles, and for thwarting the original plans of the orthodox God. Will Mr. Massey search history more closely in the future? He made a great blunder in stating that the devil is dead. It is well known, too, that he was seen entering the chimney, whenever Mr. T. P. James was engaged in writing "Edwin Drood." His horns, his cloven feet, his tail, his sulphureous breath, his fiery eyes, and his malignant countenance were distinctly seen by two men who carefully watched the residence of this distinguished medium. Besides, there are 60,000 orthodox ministers in the United States, who say he is still alive, and that Spiritualism is his principal crop! Shall we believe Mr. Massey, an Englishman, weighing only 125 pounds avoirdupois, in preference to old adipsos Methodists, Hard-shell Baptists, Presbyterians, soul-sleepers, etc., many of whom have actually seen him? Shall we allow ourselves to be seduced by the masterly eloquence, keen logic, cutting sarcasm, well-rounded periods, brilliant metaphors, and sparkling poetry of Gerald Massey, whose ancestors imposed on us the "Stamp Duty" and "odious taxes," resulting in him who could not tell a lie, in giving the English armies a severe thrashing? "I know not what course others may take, but as for me, give me a Devil, or give me a God who makes no mistakes."

In conclusion, we desire to say that Gerald Massey will lecture in this city during February. Everybody should hear him. He is one of Nature's noblemen, highly gifted, and one of the most pleasing speakers we ever listened to. Should he come to the conclusion that the Devil is not dead, after reading this article, he will probably so notify his audience.

## A Noble Bequest—Who Will Aid in a Good Work?

Geo. McClure writing, says, John Butler is dead. He died on the 7th of December, leaving his property (\$1,800) to the school district, by will, the principal to be put to interest, and that to be used to continue the district school after the regular school fund is exhausted each year.

That was a noble bequest. The education of the children is just what is needed.

We verily believe he might have done as well, however, by bequeathing it in trust, the interest to be used in sending the LITTLE BOUQUET to poor children, who would be glad to read it, but are too poor to pay for it.

That little magazine is filled with liberal thoughts, based upon spirit communion, which in its very nature, raises the chil-

dren's and youths' minds so far above the thralldom of church dogmas, that priestcraft forever after fails to entrap them.

Similar bequests to send the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL free to the poor, to the prisoners, and to the hungry and thirsty souls, who crave spiritual food, but are not able to pay for it, would be noble deeds of charity, never to be regretted.

Like bequests for the purpose of publishing books devoted to the spiritual philosophy, to be sent forth at nominal prices, to enlighten the people, will be grand to contemplate when one has passed "over the river!" Who among our friends will remember these things, when disposing of their earthly goods?

Remember friends, no regrets will accompany you to spirit life for so doing. And as we expect to meet you all there, we give you our pledge of honor, now, for then, that every dollar thus entrusted to our care for such purposes, shall be faithfully executed in accordance with the conditions or instructions imposed, with or without simple bonds for security, as such testators may require.

While we are blessed with a competency for our own use, we cannot single handed do a tithe of what ought to be done for the incultation of our most glorious philosophy.—S. S. JONES, Editor, RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, and proprietor of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE.

## The Times and Tribune on Spiritualism.

During the time, and for a month after the "Moose-Woodhull Convention" was held at Chicago, any one picking up a Chicago daily paper, no matter of what shade in politics, would read long tirades against Spiritualism, predicated upon the doings of that convention. No one, by the perusal of any of these articles, would have supposed that there was a Spiritualist in the world, that did not preach in favor of, or sanction, Woodhull promiscuity. But lo! "a change has come o'er the spirit of their dreams!"

The popular voice has been heard from every section of the United States. The denizens of the prairies, the hills and valleys of the Middle, Southern and Atlantic States, have spoken through the columns of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, in most emphatic denials, that the convention of so-called "free-lovers" in the least degree represented the sentiments of the Spiritualists of the nineteenth century.

The favorable encomiums that the JOURNAL is receiving from its multitude of readers, and from the press generally, has aroused the city papers from their Rip Van Winkle slumbers to a realizing sense, that Spiritualism is already a power in the land, and as with the "grangers," lying about them will no longer subvert their interest, nor be tolerated by a large portion of their patrons.

That while the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL is receiving, and has been since the first day of January, an accession to its subscription list of over five hundred per day, and from its independent, out-spoken denunciation of the "Woodhull infamy," it is receiving a full and hearty endorsement by the great mass of Spiritualists of America, the city dailies, "like rats that flee from a sinking ship," outloose from the old cry of "free-love" against Spiritualism, and vie with each other in currying favors from those whom they have so recently and unreservedly maligned.

To the end that each may seem foremost to favor Spiritualism, each accuses the other of doing just what all have been equally guilty of, as will more fully appear from the following article which we clip from the *Sunday Tribune*:

## THE ECLECTIC RELIGION.

There is nothing like eclecticism. It opens up new opportunities, broadens the views, diversifies the standard of comparison, ramifies into the vast domains of science, physics, philosophy, politics, and religion. It is lucky for Chicago that eclecticism has an organ. It is lucky for the organ that eclecticism serves it in the place of a horse. It were not for the vagaries which the eclectic faith furnishes the Chicago *Times*, that journal would inevitably sink into the obscurity to which its filthy tendencies should long since have consigned it. But it has the field of eclecticism all to itself, and thereby retains a certain notoriety which will tempt no one to the sin of envy. First we had eclecticism in physics, then eclecticism in philosophy, afterward eclecticism in politics, and now eclecticism in religion. It is a wide range, and offers the great advantage of eclecticizing new ideas without the slightest reference to doctrines previously accepted or rejected. Thus it is with the present form of eclecticism which the *Times* is running. Not more than six months ago, and during several years previously, the *Times* took up Spiritualism, when it had nothing more indecent to handle, and made it the target for all low witticisms that had accumulated in the neighborhood. It devoted scores of columns to expostions of what is called Spiritualistic frauds. It retained two or three young men of vaulting ambition and perfect self-assurance who made a specialty of Spiritualistic exposures. Whether they had served as assistants to the Davenport brothers, had learned slight-of-hand from an itinerant prestidigitator, had enjoyed an extended youthful experience with the side-shows of circuses, or were naturally gifted with a talent for deception, exaggeration, and distortion, they claimed all the same to be able to reproduce or explain all of the apparent phenomena of spiritual manifestations. They clamored for a recognition of their powers. They called for a jury of twelve good men and true. The amiable and kind-hearted proprietor of the *Times* shared their assurance, perfectly confident in the ability of his crowd to bamboozle the public. He then and there made a formal announcement in his newspaper that Spiritualistic manifestations were either humbugs or susceptible of explanation on a scientific basis, and this no longer ago than the 15th of September last.

But a change has come over the spirit of his dreams. The genius of eclecticism—perhaps the departed spirit of Victor Cousin—has been hovering about the precincts of the *Times* office, and the privilege of eclecticism—that which permits a frequent change of opinion—

has induced him to "go back on" his materialistic crew and proclaim that there is more in this thing than was ever dreamt of in their philosophy. The practical result is that the *Times* is now competing with the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, and endeavoring to occupy its field. It publishes a Saturday supplement devoted exclusively to "Spiritism." It has provided the works of Andrew Jackson Davis for the conversion of the perverse editors, who are now required to write an average of seven "Spiritist" editorials a week. It is represented at all the seances, of which there are something less than 4,000 a week in a city like Chicago. It goes over the same old ground which was worn out, journalistically, twenty-five years ago, when the Fox sisters were the sensation, but takes hold with all the ardor of a new convert.

There is an aroma of spirits about pretty much everything that appears in the *Times* of late. To what extreme this new turn of eclecticism will lead the venerable philosopher of the *Times*, we cannot say. We understand that he is now in communication with the late Horace Greeley, with a view to the improvement of his newspaper, and that he carries about, and displays with unbounded satisfaction, an autograph letter from that gentleman communicated from the Spirit-world. Being illegible, like all letters from the Spirit-world, it naturally bears a close resemblance to the late Mr. Greeley's manuscript. The editor who is still alive ought to give the public a *fac simile* reproduction of this precious document from the editor who is dead. This also suggests that he may make Spiritualism profitable. Why not have all his editorials written in the Spirit-world? He might secure the co-operation of a vast number of experienced journalists, and thereupon dispense with the materialistic wretches who now demand filthy lucre for writing filthy articles.

Our readers will join with us in saying to these editors of the daily papers, lay on to each other to your hearts content. You will do no more than justice to each other, whatever accusations you make. We readers of your papers, like the old lady that stood by during the contest between her husband and the bear, are quite indifferent as to which comes out best.

But don't forget, gentlemen, that the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL has no intention of surrendering its prestige of success, to the new converts! Ray from it! So far from it, that we have in contemplation the erection of a Publishing House on one of the most eligible sites, and of superior dimensions to any similar house yet erected in this city; and will ere long issue a daily paper, devoted to the Philosophy of the New Dispensation—of Spirit-communion, as well as the current news of the day of both spheres.

## To the Believers in the Great Spiritual Harmonial Philosophy.

It is a well known fact that in the fall of 1865, Bro. Charles Colchester, a well known medium, was arrested in the city of Rochester, by the United States Marshal, as an impostor and juggler, and had his trial before Judge Hall. He was convicted without any good proof of guilt or fraud on his part.

The Spiritualists, in convention, promised to stand by him and sustain him at all hazards; they passed resolutions that Spiritualism (not Colchester) was on trial, and they would see him defended to the end. (See BANNER of LIGHT, in which resolutions were published.)

After conviction and sentence, the officer came forward with his handcuffs to take him to prison. Spiritualists failed to pay his fine, although present in court. Bro. Lester Day (then an investigator) immediately came forward, paid his fine and cost, over \$680, rescued him from the iron grasp of the law, and bade him go free.

The promise was again renewed that Bro. Day should be paid in full for the amount, which promise (with a small exception) remains unfulfilled to this day.

Bro. Day is sixty-five years of age, and from long sickness is unable to gain a livelihood for himself and family. Unforeseen reverses have placed him in destitute circumstances, in the midst of a cold dreary winter.

Now, will those professing to sustain this great Philosophy come to his relief. A small sum from the millions of believers would save him from much suffering. The amount with interest is now over one thousand dollars.

Bro. Day does not ask charity, but justice, in sustaining a great truth.

Every person feeling it a duty and desiring to share a small amount with Bro. Day, can remit by mail to No. 335 Niagara Street, Buffalo, N. Y., or deposit with BANNER of LIGHT, or RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, who are requested to receive any sums offered.

How long would this remain uncancelled if it was connected with any Sectarial Society of the present day?

Acknowledgments will be made of all sums received. Parties can remit by joining together and save postage. Who is the first to respond.

Buffalo, N. Y., Jan. 1, 1874.

Friends, let us deal justly by Bro. Day. Bro. Colchester, who was a good medium, but a creature of circumstances, has long since passed to spirit-life.

Bro. Day is getting to be an old man, and financially depressed. One dollar, more or less, from those who are able to assist him, will not be missed from your pockets, but the thought of having done by Bro. Day as you would be done by under similar circumstances, will be an act ever green and fresh with satisfaction in your memory. Bro. Colchester's offense, for which he was convicted and fined by the United States Court, was simply the non procurement of a license to hold spiritual seances, which was not a lawful requirement under the laws of the country, and no Judge would presume so to decide. Such is the record that will help to make up the history of the ushering in of spirit communion in the last half of the nineteenth century!

Come, friends, let each respectively be able to say hereafter, "I contributed my mite to relieve the wants of the man who in the hour of the trial of a good medium, assumed the burdens imposed by the unjust requirements of a prejudiced Judge, and saved that medium from long months, and perhaps years of imprisonment."

Make the application, friends, to yourselves. If you had been present, and had the means, would you have assumed the responsibility, as Bro. Day did?

Bro. Colchester now is a brilliant spirit, who has progressed beyond the sphere of influences that rendered him so negative and subject to temptations.

At this writing, he stands by our side and implores you to listen to the appeal of Bro. Day, who so kindly came to his relief and saved him from death in prison. He assures all who contribute their mite to the relief of Bro. Day, that angelic blessings shall rest upon them, and no regrets shall ever result from such acts of kindness and even handed justice.

We hope for a hearty response. We advise our friends to send directly to Bro. Day. His address will be found in his circular which heads this article. If you please, state when you remit to him, in what paper you saw his appeal. He will report all such receipts to us for publication.

We remit from contributions just taken up in this office as follows:

Mrs. A. H. Robinson	.....	\$10.00
S. S. Jones	.....	5.00
J. R. Francis	.....	2.00
Milton T. Foster	.....	.50
A. Dinmore	.....	1.00
C. J. Johnson	.....	1.00

## Photographs of the "Dickens Medium."

Mr. T. P. James, the celebrated medium, appreciating the value of the LITTLE BOUQUET has kindly donated twenty copies of a very fine photograph of himself, to be sold for the benefit of the LITTLE BOUQUET ORPHANS' FUND. There are two different pictures, one showing him entranced. They will be sold by us at the regular price—viz.: 35 cents for one, or 50 cents for two. Those of our friends desiring to possess photographs of this very remarkable medium, and also to aid an object that must be dear to all, should order at once.

## Mt. Holly, N. J.

Dr. Jack speaks in the highest terms of that place, and of their appreciation of the JOURNAL, and he says further, that he finds it highly praised by all of the Spiritualists in Burlington, of that State, and concludes with an invocation for choicest blessings from our spirit friends. Many thanks. To do our work well is our aim; to be appreciated is gratifying. —ED. JOURNAL.

## Austin Kent Fund.

All amounts received for this fund will be immediately sent to the above named person, who is not able to secure his own support.

E. B. Kheas, N. Y. .... \$2.00

Angels will bless such noble deeds of charity.

It is better to send direct to him at Stockholm, St. Lawrence Co., N. Y.

## The Little Bouquet Orphan's Fund.

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

Amount previously acknowledged, ..... \$26 57  
L. Graves, Cleveland, Ohio, ..... 25

Who will next be inspired to a similar deed of noble charity. We shall report.

## Prisoner's Friend Fund.

All money donated to this fund will be most sacredly appropriated to sending the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL to prisoners who may apply for the same.

Total amount previously received, ..... \$9 00  
F. H. Maccombers, Hastings, Minn., ..... \$2.00

## Only Eight Cents for Registering.

We see that most of our correspondents, who register their letters, have continued to pay fifteen cents. Do so no more. It is petty larceny for postmasters to require it. Eight cents has been the register fee required by law, since the first day of January, 1874.

## A Correction.

In speaking of the *Shaker and Shakers* in a recent issue of this paper, we should have said it is published at Mt. Lebanon, Columbia Co., N. Y., E. W. Evans, editor; A. Doolittle, editors.

Mrs. Mosse can, for the present, be addressed at Charlton, Iowa. She is a good trance speaker, and a very worthy woman. She should be kept at active labor with reasonable compensation. Remember she has herself and two children to support. While her lips are inspired to give a listening audience words of cheer and consolation from loved ones gone to spirit-life, her heart is often saddened with anxious thoughts about the means to educate and clothe her children. Our friends in Iowa will do well to give her constant employment. Her terms are always moderate.

LYMAN C. HOWE, the veteran worker, speaks at Waverly, N. Y., the Sundays of February; at New York, in March, and at Troy, in May. He is one of the most gifted speakers in our ranks. He is ready to make engagements for April.

A Mrs. COLBY, of "social freedom" proclivities, from the Eastern States, we are informed, is traveling in Minnesota, as a missionary for her peculiar faith, and as a means to the end, denounces this paper, and says it has no circulation in the New England States. This will be news to at least 5,000 subscribers in the States referred to. She doubtless relies upon her peculiar sentiments, rather than her truthfulness, to give her patronage.



## Public Discussion.

A public oral discussion on Modern Spiritualism, between A. J. Fishback, Spiritualist, and Elder Clark Braden, Campbellite, will be held at Sturgis, Michigan, commencing February 18th, 1874. The following propositions are agreed upon:

1. "The physical and psychological phenomena and teachings of Modern Spiritualism emanate from, and are produced by, departed human spirits, and are calculated in their tendency and influence to make men wiser and better here and hereafter."
2. "The Bible teaches and sanctions Modern Spiritualism."
3. "The Bible rejects and condemns Modern Spiritualism."

FISHBACK, Affirmative.  
BRADEN, Negative.

FISHBACK, Affirmative.  
BRADEN, Negative.

BRADEN, Affirmative.  
FISHBACK, Negative.

The discussion will continue next successive evenings—sessions two hours, the disputants having two speeches each of thirty minutes, during the session.

Elder Clark Braden is one of the ablest men in the Campbellite denomination. As a controversialist, he has had much experience, and is eminent. He proposes, as he says, "to clean out the den of Spiritualists at Sturgis, which is the strongest of the strongholds of Spiritualism in the United States." And he invites his ministering brethren of Indiana, Michigan and Illinois, and other States, to meet him at Sturgis on the 18th of February, 1874, and give him their "moral support," while he cuts up by the roots the Gospel of Life and Immortality, as taught and demonstrated by Modern Spiritualism. Hence a thorough and exhaustive discussion is anticipated. Union Hall, the largest in Sturgis, has been engaged, and a large attendance is expected.

E. N. LAWRENCE, of River Falls, Wis., gives an account of strange pictures appearing on the window panes of his house. He attributes it to spirit influences.

B. F. UNDERWOOD will lecture before the Free Religious Society of Chicago, Sunday evening, Jan. 25th, 1874, on the subject: "The Scientific View versus the Theological View of the Universe."

D. F. EMERY writes to us, speaking in high terms of Dr. Raney, and Mrs. Parry, as lecturers. He says the churches are much troubled in consequence of the progress Spiritualism is now making.

Mrs. BELLA CHAMBERLAIN has been lecturing at Salem, Olympia, Steilacoom, and other places in Oregon. She seems to be doing a good work. If she will forward her address to this office, we will send her a communication that may be of interest to her.

Will the author of "The Amazons," a poem, send his address to this office?

B. O'BENNEY sends us twenty-six subscribers from Beloit, Wis. We thank him and all others for efforts in our behalf.

The Spiritualists and Free Religionists of DeKalb, Ill., speak in high terms of J. W. Kenyon, of Deansville, Wis., as a lecturer, and in reading character, phrenologically and psychometrically.

The Western News Company of this city have in press a volume of poems, by Clint Parkhurst of Iowa.

Our friends visiting New York, will always find the JOURNAL, and our other publications, on sale, at A. J. Davis & Co., 24 East Fourth street.

POWERS IN THE AIR! Look for more Diakks! Another edition now ready.

Mrs. SUSIE WILLIS FLETCHER, delivered an able lecture to an appreciative audience at Concord, N. H., on Sunday evening, the 11th ult.

DUMONT C. DARR, M. D., is again at his home, on Wabash avenue, in his usual high spirits, hard at work, doing good, and healing the sick.

J. H. RANDALL, and H. B. ALLEN, lecturers and physical mediums, will make engagements to visit points in the Western States. Address, until further notice, Clyde, Ohio.

F. L. WHITNEY sends us \$6.00, will give him credit when he states at what post-office he is receiving the JOURNAL.

Mrs. PEARSON will speak at Trent, Mich., the last Saturday of this month, and the first Sunday of next.

Dr. J. K. BAILEY has been lecturing at Columbus, Cherokee, and Pleasanton, Kansas.

A. V. SPAULDING, of Crown Point, N. Y., sends Austin Kent twenty-five cents, and asks others to do the same, but at the same time protests against Brother Kent's "social freedom" doctrines. He deems him a worthy subject of charity, and so do we. Will the friends who remit to him do it direct. Address, Austin Kent, Stockholm, St. Lawrence Co., N. Y.

Bro. E. S. HOGGREN, of Louisville, Ky., has opened a new and elegant first-class hotel in that city, called the Elliott House. From the well-known reputation of Bro. H. as a whole-souled, genial gentleman and skillful caterer, we are assured that the Elliott House will be the place our friends will be certain of seeking when they visit that city.

As the whole world grows more enlightened the character of Jesus becomes better understood. The best history of this wonderful man is the one given by his co-laborers, Paul and Judas, through the medium, Smyth.

Every house has furniture that the good housekeeper would like to see brightened up, but are at a loss what to use. See advertisement of Victor Good's Piano Polish.

## Book Review.

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

The Diakka, and their Earthly Victims. By A. J. Davis. Pamphlet, pp. 102. A. J. Davis & Co., Publishers, New York.

Mr. Davis has never written a more curious book than this, or one that so fully lays bare his psychological life. It is of great value as a study of the author, even more valuable for that purpose than for the information it imparts concerning the "Diakka." But it is not the province of a reviewer to dissect the mind of an author while reviewing his works, and probably each reader will intuitively arrive at a separate conclusion.

The word "Diakka" is not to be found as yet in mortal dictionary, and seems to have been coined by the author to avoid the use of the plain English of evil spirits. "A Diakka means a person with an occult temperament; often polished and dignified; with propensities bubbling from a fountain-head of overcharged self-consciousness." One who takes insane delight in playing parts, in juggling tricks, in personating opposite characters; to whom prayers and profane utterances are of equal value; surcharged with a passion for lyrical narrations; one whose every attitude is instinctive with the schemes of specious reasoning, sophistry, pride, pleasure, wit, subtle coyness, a boundless disbeliever, one who thinks that all private life will end in the all-consuming self-love of God. Such is a Diakka, but we are in doubt whether all evil spirits are Diakka or not. The definition does not appear to include the low and brutal spirits, but to apply more especially to the refined but perverted. We are, however, led to the conclusion that all spirits who are not inherently pure and noble, are Diakka.

The story of one of these Diakka, of a visit to the famous city of Notsob, is replete with satire and an indescribable dry humor. Notsob is readily located by reading backward, and the hits in the narrative are sharp and pertinent.

To these Diakka, Mr. Davis imputes the "magnificent promises to fortune seekers," the inflation of benevolent persons "with amazing plans for the universal redemption of mankind," and "gorgeous promises of great future personal prominence." "They delight in pretending great suffering in consequence of some ungratified passion, taste, or habit for which they were noted before death," and impress the medium "that they would be elevated and made happy if only they could partake of whisky or tobacco, or gratify their burning free-love propensities." Mr. Davis well remarks what must be true according to the law of attraction of like to like, that such requests and communications reflect no honor on the character of the medium, and should always be resisted. With the spirits it is "nothing but the mere pastime amusement at the expense of those beneath them." It has been the common excuse when media falsified, deceived and pursued immoral lives, that they were obsessed or influenced by bad spirits. Even if this be true, as is here so well stated, the media are quite as responsible, for there must exist in them the qualities similar to those in the influencing spirit, and consequently the inevitable punishment is just. The degrading influence is to be resisted as any and every other cause of vice.

In half a page the perplexing knot of doubts, why some spirits teach re-incarnation, is cut in twain. Our French brothers, who swear by Kardec and re-incarnation, will not be pleased to read the following: "Probably in the entire range of modern spiritual speculations no more philosophical, romantic, farce than the sweet-boon of being re-incarnated by spiritive Diakka. They puzzle spiritual philosophers by a mixture of alarming doubts about immortality, the endless progress of the soul (say they) will end in an abyss of conglomerated annihilation. They want you to return a few times to round-up you, full-orbed, in the niches of personal experience—in every possible phase of personal experience." All the teachings, then, of the Kardec school, according to Mr. Davis, and communications averring re-incarnation, are derived from sport-loving Diakka! We can not say that we are ready to endorse this sweeping conclusion without reserve, although the doctrine itself is a baseless dream, opposed by every fact and deduction of science.

Hence are derived "great names" assumed by spirits to their media, and counterfeit impersonations, so that "identification, at a spirit circle, is, in the present stage of our development, almost impossible." This is an alarming statement to the honest Spiritualists, and yet it is too true. There can not be too much caution in avoidance of every cause of deception, and the absolute, inherent purity and morality of the medium and circle, is the only guarantee of the truthfulness of the communications.

Mr. Davis interprets the "materializations" of Moravia and other places, as the works of Diakka, who are lovers of such "black art," and "combine" to "play fantastic tricks for the entertainment of the credulous and susceptible." These "materializations" may be, and usually are, genuine representations of spirits living in the Spirit World. We infer that superior spiritual beings can not, or desire not, to engage in these representations, and if they, to convince their friends on earth, "materialize," the Diakka perform the task by request. It is not the spirit represented, usually, who fashions the appearance.

Mr. Davis, in language of unmistakable meaning, says: "I have long entertained the conviction that many manifestations, such as tying and untying ropes, taking off vests without removing the coat, removing a knife out of a gentleman's pocket and mysteriously putting it in a lady's lap, etc., are essentially nothing but ingenious and nefarious deeds of slight-of-hand; no matter whether such tricks be done by some skillful legerdemain performer living in New York or in another world." He will receive severe criticism from some interested sources for this statement, which nevertheless will stand the decision of time. There are statements which amount to individual evidence can prove. The testimony of a thousand persons that they saw pure water burn, or a solid mass of iron float on its surface, would be of no value. One and all, by some means, necessarily were deceived. So of the testimony of the incredible phenomena which have disgusted scientific men and driven them away from investigation. We should be cautious in pronouncing anything impossible, but we are advised, when we say that the removal of a vest from beneath the coat, the removal of the coat when the hands are tied together with cords, the taking of an iron ring from the arm when the hands are clasped or tied, the placing of a ring on the neck smaller than the head, by fair and honest means are impossibilities, and of "materializations" from which investigators clip curls of real hair, and keep in their pockets as mementos, are sad evidences of human credulity, rather than the return of departed friends.

We are ready to taunt scientific men with their prejudice, and yet these "test mediums" rarely are willing to submit to absolute test conditions. The conditions required are

rather those of legerdemain, than of science. Whether produced by deception on the part of the medium, or of undeveloped spirits—"Diakka"—their effect has been most prejudicial to the cause of true philosophical and scientific Spiritualism.

The investigator on this plane of "wonder works," according to Mr. Davis, is "entitled to receive from seventy-five to eighty per cent. of psychological and willful deception." If we are on this plane, small chance have we of lifting out the moiety of truth from the mountain of error!

A fearful picture is drawn of the influence of ignorant and deceiving spirits. "I affirm, what by observation I have been long familiar with, that a very large proportion of discordant and repulsive and false experiences in Spiritualism, is to be explained by admitting into your hypothesis, a fact, namely, that the Diakka are continually victimizing sensitive persons, making sport of them, and having a jolly laughing time at the expense of really honest and sincere people, including mediums, whom they especially take delight in psychologizing and dispossessing of their will. There is no kind of alleged obsession, no species of assumed witchcraft, no phase of religious insanity where such psychology is not possible." To the sensitive person the knowledge that he is surrounded by an innumerable throng of such beings, is far from quieting. They are ever ready to take advantage of a favorable moment to distort the judgment and darken the understanding. Yet, the remedy is at hand. It is knowledge. Mr. Davis says: "No person of ordinary judgment, with will enough to draw a pall of water, or to walk a mile up hill, need complain that he cannot overcome the influence of a Diakka." With all deference to the author, we cannot endorse this conclusion when applied to the present. Only when the laws of spirit communion are fully understood, would it be true. An individual may have a strong will, and at the same time be extremely sensitive, and then it is possible in an unguarded moment for him to become the tool of most ruinous suggestions.

The author gives a good definition of Spiritualism:

A demonstration of a spiritual constitution within man's body.

2. A demonstration that this organized spiritual man triumphs over the death of the body.

3. A demonstration that he can revisit the earth and bring testimonies to mankind.

He does not consider diet reform, woman's rights, the social question, temperance, politics, and a score or more of other "reforms" as the foundation of Spiritualism. It is simply the science of spiritual life.

He estimates the total number of persons influenced by Spiritualism in this country, at 9,000,000. There are "not more than one hundred and fifty test mediums who devote their time exclusively to the demands of the public." About "forty men and sixty women" meet the popular want for inspirational speaking. It is the "popular appetite and spontaneous prose and inspired verse which has shut like an iron door against the approaching ministry of cultivated normal teachers. These, consequently, believing in subjective mental industry and involuntary spirit culture, retire into fields of usefulness, in politics, religion, social reforms, etc., surrendering the spiritualistic platform almost wholly to trance, psychicalism and inspirational advocates. By this means converts are multiplied, and self-responsible spiritual culture is lowered to the level with popular Methodism. Spiritualism will accomplish nothing more than an ordinary victory over superstition, until its enlightened friends raise the standard of social, moral and intellectual culture!"

To us, it seems that Mr. Davis ignores too completely the possibility of the most exalted self-culture through spiritual impressibility. He, himself, furnishes a most notable example, and every sensitive medium or clairvoyant is willing to accept the possible for Mr. Davis, as possible for them. The few that can thus rely on interior evolution are exceptions, for the many, mediumship does not furnish a royal road to knowledge. The truth seems to be that the individual should self-culture first and accept spiritual influences as adjuncts thereto; rely on no step being ever taken without sufficient reasons therefor.

They who read "The Diakka" once will be disappointed, they who read it twice will be pleased.

Spirit Cures—Means of Mediumistic Development.

Dwight Wadsworth, of Lake Mills, Iowa, in his letter of Jan. 12th, 1874, says:

Mrs. A. H. ROBINSON. My wife who has been so very sick for so many long years, thanks, with tears of joy in her eyes, the spirits, who have cured her through your mediumship. I, too, can report to you with sincere thankfulness, that I am quite well.

Wm. V. Johnson, of Lawton, Mich., writing on the 19th inst., says: "Since I began to use Mrs. A. H. Robinson's spirit remedies, I am better than I have before been, for five years. Thanks to her and the spirits that control her."

Mrs. A. H. ROBINSON, Medium, Chicago, DEAR MADAM—I received the magnetized papers Monday morning. I have used them as directed. I did not get the medicine till the 26th, and had no opportunity of preparing the alternative till last Monday, but have used it constantly since. I find myself so much better that a second prescription is unnecessary. If I only continue to improve, I shall soon be a healthy woman. When I put the papers on in the day-time, as I sometimes do, when I am alone, I feel a powerful influence steal over me. I have never been a medium, but think I could be developed by using the magnetic papers. Praying to God to bless you in your good work.

I remain, respectfully yours,  
M. E. RICHARDSON.

Shipman, Ill.

P. S.—Many, many thanks for your promptness.

Hundreds of individuals are being developed to fine phases of mediumship, by the use of the magnetized papers, prepared by the Band of Spirits, controlling Mrs. A. H. Robinson. It is a cheap and speedy means of development. Address, Mrs. A. H. Robinson, 180 East Adams street, Chicago, Ill. Enclose \$3.00 for magnetized papers with instructions for development in mediumship.

Sprayer's Powders are having an enormous and constantly increasing sale, which can be traced to two causes: 1st. They perform what is claimed for them, and 2nd. The wide-awake doctor knows the value of advertising. An article may be the best in the world, yet nobody will buy it until they learn something about it.

## Philadelphia Department.

BY HENRY T. CHILD, M. D.

Subscriptions will be received and papers may be obtained, at wholesale or retail, at 534 Race St., Philadelphia.

## THE IRVINGITES.

Curious and Wealthy Organization—A Church of Prophets.

A London letter in the Cincinnati Commercial, from M. D. Conway, gives some interesting information respecting the present condition of the sect generally known as Irvingites—they call themselves the Catholic Apostolic Church. Edward Irving, the founder of the sect, was for many years an intimate friend of Thomas Carlyle. He died in 1865. When he first went to London, he became a popular pulpit orator of the Scotch Church, attracting large and most fashionable congregations. In 1830, a servant girl in Scotland, named Campbell, began to discourse in a wild, incomprehensible way, and her hysterical ravings were declared to be a revival of the gift of tongues and of prophecy, while other manifestations of a like character occurred elsewhere, exciting much attention.

Edward Irving became a believer in the supernatural origin of these phenomena, and declared that the gift of tongues should have free course in his church; whereupon the Scotch church expelled him. His society then became a center where the wildest scenes were witnessed. Irving himself frequently broke out in an insane gibberish, while outbreaks of supposed prophecy were heard from every part of the vast building in which he officiated. Eventually the great society of enthusiasts who had collected around Irving, and a number of the same character elsewhere, convened in London, and established seven churches on the idea of a strict and liberal return to the forms and formulas of the apostolic age. Nominally there were but seven churches in the connection, in reality there are in Great Britain alone thirty societies, those outside of the original seven being termed branches. There are fifty churches in Germany, the most important being in Berlin, one in Paris, six in Scotland, two in Ireland, and two or three in this country. It is no small denomination which has grown up from a movement that most people in this country supposed had died out long ago. Among its members, the dukes of Northumberland have been and are staunch believers.

The church at large has twelve apostles and seven angels; individual societies have deacons and deaconesses, elders, evangelists, and pastors, to say nothing of prophets, who are numerous, as any member of the church may be moved to prophesy. The principal church of the Irvingites in London square, which was erected at a cost of \$150,000, resembles a Catholic cathedral. There are five Gothic windows flooding the cruciform interior with many-hued lights, and altar, and several pulpits and lecterns, each with its robed occupant. On closer inspection, one observes peculiarities. Each angel or official wears a robe of a peculiar color. The evangelist wears red (a token of the blood of Christ), the pastor white (emblem of purity), the angel purple and gold (purple meaning authority, and gold, truth), the elder, purple, the prophet, blue (for skyey influences, the heavenly mind, inspiration). These four primary colors represent the four-fold constitution of man—reason, imagination, will, affection. The majority of the robes are simple in structure, but the angel is quite gorgeous with his robes and an embroidered gold cross down his back.

We present the above statement in connection with an interesting article from Robert Dale Owen's new work, "Threading My Way." It is a reminiscence of a sermon by Rev. Edward Irving on a subject which is very properly claiming a large share of attention. He says wedlock was the theme and it was treated by comparing with the true marriage of the soul and spirit, the fashionable espousals based on mercenary motive and worldly calculation. First, he portrayed, in terms which lost none of their force, by quaint old turns of expression, the self-forgetting devotion of two faithful hearts. "They see through a sweet glamour," he said, "yet, what they see is more real than all other sublimity things. How fair and pleasant are they to each other, yes, altogether lovely! All that is blithe and beautiful upon earth is the interpreter of their love. The voice of birds echoes it. The flowers fresh with heaven's dew are its exponents. 'I am my beloved's (the virgin saith), and my beloved is mine.' Her desire is unto him by day and night; in dream her soul waketh to his image. He counts his life at nothing for her sake; the world of happiness is where she is; he has none other. Every thing about her has an unutterable charm. Her eyes are dove's eyes, and they overcome him; her breath is like the zephyr that has swept the spices of Araby. Yet there is between them a mutual enchantment, far deeper, more holy, than any idolatry of person. When they stand up at God's altar, invoking on their young affection ecclesiastical blessing, the inner cry is, 'Oh! thou whom my soul loveth!' It is a mating of the spiritual and the eternal. The church but records vows long since plighted in the heart of hearts; and there is a transcript of the record in heaven's chancery. God looks down well pleased, for his children have fulfilled his law."

Much more in the same strain he said, and then he paused. I awoke from the spell which his words had cast over me, to a consciousness of the breathless silence that had settled down on that vast dense audience. Every eye was strained on the speaker, and for the moment, I realized what I had heard said, that Irving's face, in some of his moods of benignant majesty, recalled certain ideas of Christ, as rendered by the old masters. But the moment after the likeness had vanished, the benignity was gone, replaced by a glance of scorn and reprobation. When he first resumed, his tones were passionless and stern, kindling, however, as he went on. "Sometimes, God has to look down on feelings and doings far other than these. I see two men, hard eyed, parchment-faced, seats over a table, in a large dining office, amid dusty tomes and time-stained documents. They are doctors of law. I hear them debating of monies, stocks, securities, estates in all messages, settlements. Each is driving a hard bargain with the other. They dispute, they wrangle, they recriminate. Of a surety their clients must be adversaries, disposed to sue each other at the law, and take cost and clock and whatever else they can clutch. Nay, I am deceived! They seem to be gambling agents, adventuring heavy stakes, for I hear the advocate of one party casting birth and station into the scale as weighty considerations, while the counsel for the other offsets these with cash in bank and great expectations contingent on a life that has already stretched out to three score years and ten. What is it all about? Ah! it is a terrible desecration of sacred things. It is a laying of sacrilegious hands on that which is

holy as the ark of the covenant; even upon human love—love brighter than hope, greater than faith; love that is more precious than rubies fairer in its purity than the rose of Sharon or the lily of the valley. Two immortal souls are waiting ere they decide the greatest of all life-questions, the issue of that miserable squabble over earthly hoards. If the haggards who represent them can only agree, two young hearts may be allowed to set about trying whether they can manage to take a fancy for each other, or whether, dispensing with fancy as a vain thing, they will suffer to be uttered the solemn declaration that God himself has joined them together until death. Have they forgotten that he hears and sees them? Let rank and fashion take thought ere it is too late!

Is not the heart of every creature God has made a little temple dedicated to him, consecrated to his worship? But what shall be done unto those who profane the dwelling of the Most High, money changers in the holy of holies. When God's son walked the earth, what was the fate of such at his hand? They were cast out! Christ drove forth, as malefactors, those who bought and sold in the temple, saying, "It is written, my house shall be made the house of prayer, but ye have made it a den of thieves." \*

Irving's hold on the public mind was afterwards lost almost as suddenly as it had been won. Certain remarkable phenomena, purporting to be words spoken under supernatural influence, sometimes in English, sometimes in forms of language unknown, appeared in his congregation, were accepted as real and reported by Irving himself to Fraser's Magazine. They were doubtless similar in character to what are now termed Spiritual manifestations. Thereupon this once celebrated preacher not only forfeited his popularity, but was deposed, on a charge of heresy, by the Presbytery of Annan, his native place. Yet, so sound a thinker as Baden Powell, expresses in his paper among the Oxford Essays, his conviction that the phenomena in question, though not miraculous, were genuine.

Bro. E. V. WILSON will be in Philadelphia during February, and would like his letters addressed to 634 Race St., during that month.

P. R. and ELIZABETH P. LAWRENCE, of Ottumwa, Iowa, will heal the sick at home, from the 1st to the 5th, and from the 15th to the 20th, of every month, and answer calls to lecture and heal the balance of the time.

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

## City Entertainments.

For the Week ending Jan. 24.

McVICKER'S THEATRE—Madison street, between Dearborn and State. Engagement of the Stratokost Opera-Troupe. "Aida."

HOOVER'S THEATRE—Randolph street, between Clark and LaSalle. "False Shame" and "The Post of Honor."

ACADEMY OF MUSIC—Halsted street, between Madison and Monroe. Engagement of John E. Gwens. "The Victims" and "Solen Shingle."

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

GLOBE THEATRE—Desplains street, between Madison and Washington. Engagement of Sharpley, Sheridan & Mack's Minstrels.

VOICES!  
THE VOICES!  
THE VOICES!

WITH SPECTACULAR PORTRAIT ON STEEL OF THE AUTHOR  
WARREN SUMNER BARLOW.

The fact that this work has rapidly passed through five large editions is sufficient evidence that the book possesses merit. It would be difficult for us to speak too highly of these poems. We have ever since their first publication constantly endorsed them as one of the very best and most effective means with which to battle error, that can be used. We have sold many hundred copies, but we can not rest satisfied until every family where our JOURNAL goes has a copy. We never fail to send a copy to our friends when they have once seen the book and read a page of it. The work contains food for all. The philosopher peruses page after page with increasing zest and wonderment, finding therein new ideas, sound logic, and the most elevated reason, dressed in elegant and beautiful oratory and pungent language, as the theme requires. The devout Religioist can here find new and sublime ideas of his "Heavenly Father," while the fabulous God of Old Theology is held up in all his hideous deformity.

The work clearly shows MAN has ever made a God in his image, and has conceived him to be in harmony with his (man's) own development. Hence, when man saw only through his own nature, his God was bloodthirsty and combative.

High authorities assert that some of the most difficult questions have been rendered plain in this remarkable book. For instance, the sovereignty of God and the free agency of man are for the first time reconciled.

No person, whatever may be their religious belief, can read these poems without benefit.

Two voices is printed from large clear type on heavy tinted paper artistically bound, and sold for \$1.25. Full gilt \$1.50; postage 16 cents.

For sale, wholesale and retail, by the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, Adams St., and 5th Avenue, Chicago.

## Poems from the Inner Life

BY MISS LIZZIE DOTEN.

The exhaustion of numerous editions of these beautiful Poems shows how well they are appreciated by the public. The peculiarity and intrinsic merit of these Poems are admired by all intelligent and earnest minds. Every Spiritualist in the land should have a copy.

JUST PUBLISHED—FIRST REVISED EDITION

A new and revised edition of A. J. Davis's Astro-Philosophical book entitled

"A Stellar Key to the Summer-Land," Giving the Scientific and Philosophical Evidences of a Substantial Existence after Death.

Illustrated with diagrams and tabulated statements of the Harmonies of Nature. All the late discoveries by scientific men in light, color, the constitution of the sun, stars, etc., and confirmation in this little volume. Bound in good style, uniform with the sequel, "Death and the After-Life."

Price 75 cents, postage, 12 cents; paper edition 50 cts., postage, 4 cents.  
For sale wholesale and retail by the Religio-Philosophical Publishing House, Adams St., and 5th Ave., Chicago.



## The Mystery of Edwin Drood.

BY T. B. TAYLOR, A. M., M. D.

I declare to you, reader, this book—"The Mystery of Edwin Drood," is the most remarkable book, the most mysterious book that ever fell into my hands. Many, perhaps, have read in the JOURNAL the history of the book to a sufficient extent to suffice upon that point, yet a notice of the same may now, for the first time, be under the eye of some reader, so I will say, the great novelist, Charles Dickens, of England, was engaged in writing this novel, "The Mystery of Edwin Drood," when death paralyzed the hand that had written so many beautiful stories; when death dimmed those eyes that so sparkled with intelligence, wit, humor and repartee; when death stopped the machinery of that brain that had "turned out" so many brilliant ideas; that tongue that had given utterance to so many sparkling gems of thought; the pulsations of a heart that had beaten so fully in sympathy with England's poor, and the master of all these had retired from the house he had lived in and left it to decay.

At chapter twenty-one this cessation occurred, and the world of letters and of mind grieved over the fact that the Mystery of Edwin Drood would never be solved.

Months rolled on, and whirled away into the dead past; the "weeds of mourning for the dead" began to give place to the more cheerful habiliments, when lo! the literary world and the rest of mankind are startled by the announcement that Dickens is not dead, but alive, and more alive than ever in his sympathies for the poor, not of England only, but for all lands, and, as at work on his last great novel, finishing the work out short, or interrupted by that transmutation which the world calls "death."

What a startling announcement—dead! alive! Yes, Mr. Dickens certainly died among his friends in England two or three years ago. With slow and measured step they followed him to his last long resting place, the dark and silent vault; the coffin was lowered gently into the vault; the box is securely fastened, the heavy clods of the valley fall with rumbling, the sound on the casket containing the physician form of the great novelist, the mound of earth heaped upon the breast that once pulsated with life. Dead—dead—dead! And the mourners go about the streets. Alive! yes, alive! Here is this! Oh, it is only history repeating itself. Don't be alarmed, brother; the world is not about to come to an end. Get down your old Bible and refer to 2nd Chronicles, 21:12, and there read how that, some seventeen years after the death of Elijah, there came a writing from him. So in less time than that, it came to pass that a writing came from "Charles," though the world had called him dead.

But one says, "You are assuming that to be true, that needs proof." So, so; thank you for the criticism. It arouses me from my inclination to indulge in reverie.

What are the facts? A man in Brattleboro, Vt., commences to write in view of finishing the task set out in the demise of Charles Dickens. Who is this young man? They call him Thomas P. James. Is he an educated man? No, they say he has not even a good common school education, is not actually capable of determining the grammatical construction of a sentence in English. I understand that Mr. James' preface was written by him in his normal condition. If so, a single expression found in it, will stamp him as an illiterate man. It is the expression found on page 9 of his preface, "Grammatical Error." There is no such thing as a "Grammatical Error." The adjective grammatical can never qualify error in the construction of sentences. If the sentence is grammatical there is no error about it. We may speak of ungrammaticalisms, but not of grammatical errors.

One thing is absolute. No man has ever raised a question on that point, viz: that Thomas P. James is not an old experienced, literary story-writer. Mr. Charles Dickens was, is it regarded as a wonderful exhibition of talent, learning, knowledge, of human nature in its widest fields of operation, by actual observation, to produce such works of fiction founded on facts, as the writings of Charles Dickens indicate? So say all his eulogists, his panegyrists, his literary friends and admirers.

Now, if Charles Dickens, in his *persona propria* wrote the Mystery of Edwin Drood up to a given chapter, and then if Thomas P. James in his *persona propria* took up the tale where Mr. Dickens left off, I will hazard my reputation as a critic on the internal evidences of authorship, by challenging the world, or the shrewdest man in it, to tell, if he did not know beforehand, where Dickens left off and James commenced!

How is this to be accounted for? Here we have two men, Mr. Charles Dickens, of England, and Mr. Thomas P. James, of the United States, men as widely different as white is from black, as different as is quinine from the sugar of milk. The one is known world-wide, as a man of the most surpassing genius. The other is not known at all, only by a small circle of acquaintances, as a humble and as unknown as himself. The one honored of kings, princes, potentates and presidents; the other honored only by his humble neighbors, as a quiet, unsophisticated, uncultured man. The one master of many languages; the other ignorant of his own mother-tongue; the one possessor of a magnificent library of books, of all lands and all times; the other never having seen even a respectable library. The one, author of thousands of pages of the brightest literature that sparkles in the galaxy of learning; the other never having dreamed of writing a book. The one a traveler in many kingdoms and countries; the other never having scarcely past the limits of his own native New England.

The points of difference between the two men might be continued almost indefinitely, but let the above suffice. Now that two men, so essentially different as those two, could imitate one the other, in that most difficult of all departs of exhibition, literary composition, is certainly almost as near an utter impossibility, as for a finite mind, or an infinite one, to make a square without having two sides equal to two other sides.

I have spoken here of one imitating the other. If the law of imitation is to be adopted, as the interpretation of this mystery, as the *enigme* of this case, who is prepared to tell us which of the two in the case before us, has been the imitator? Is it James, imitating to perfection the inimitable Dickens? or is it Dickens imitating the unwritten thoughts and conceptions of the supposed obscure and uncultured James?

Now according to the general law of imitation it must be the latter. It must be that Dickens has in the first part of this book, the Mystery of Edwin Drood, been imitating James, who has never written a story in the world, yet the finishing of this wonderful picture must have been seen by Dickens, as it hung out in the sky of the future.

Let us look at this theory a moment. It may appear absurd on its surface, yet according to the law of imitation there may be more to it than appears at first sight.

Pennmanship, writing with a pen is a purely

mechanical process, and the ability to write well, as to the formation of letters, is indicated by the organ of imitation and one's ability or skill, at balancing.

The man, therefore, that forges a bank check, is superior in pennmanship, doubtless, to the man whose name he has forged. He counterfeits the handwriting of his neighbor, while, if it were to save the life of his neighbor, he could not counterfeit the handwriting of the forger.

It is an easy matter for people to talk on the street, in the parlor, by the way-side; but it is a wonderful faculty, gift, or talent that enables one man so exactly to imitate another in the intonations of the voice, its modulations, accents and emphasis, as to deceive the most critical and practiced ear.

These examples will serve to show that the real successful imitator is superior to the imitated. To be sure, it is an easy matter for one man to *ape* another, but to imitate him perfectly, counterfeit him so exactly, that the counterfeit passes unscathed under the most crucial tests, for the genuine, is a most superior power or talent.

If, then, the law of imitation is to be the rule in determining the authorship of the last twenty or thirty chapters of the Mystery of Edwin Drood, we must conclude that Mr. Dickens is the counterfeiter of Mr. James. Instead of Mr. James counterfeiting Mr. Dickens, for that Dickens was the greater man of the two by a thousand to one, nobody doubts.

Yet having made this argument, I am free to admit now and here that the whole thing is a fallacy. But I have been drawn into this defense on the ground assumed above, playfully in its conception, rather than serious, by the assumption of those who say that Dickens wrote the first part of the Mystery of Edwin Drood and then died; and that another party wrote the latter part of the book.

On this whole subject the multitude is divided. Some say one thing and some say another; some adopt one hypothesis, and some another. These various speculations have been mostly indulged in by the would-be literary critics of the day.

Let us glance at some of their hypotheses. One says, "There is not the slightest resemblance in the world between the former and latter part of this book."

Just a word on this bold and unwarranted assumption. Unwillingness to admit that Mr. James is a genius, such as the world has never produced before, or that his (Mr. James') own explanation of the matter is correct, has simply led the above critic to make an ass of himself.

Others, and a very large class of critics, say: "The continuation of the story is such an exact type of the first part of it, as written by Mr. Dickens, it must be that there is some mistake about Mr. Dickens not having written it all. It must be that the whole manuscript was prepared by Mr. Dickens before his death—that to make a sensation and create a demand for the book, his heirs sent the manuscript over to this country and hired James to copy it and claim that it was written by Dickens' spirit pen."

This foolish and criminal exposition doesn't need refutation. It bears its own refutation upon its face, especially to those who have any knowledge at all of Mr. Dickens' surviving friends.

Another critic, nay, many critics say: "It is no doubt the work of the devil from the beginning to the end." And I see it in print that certain parties lay in wait and watched the humble domicile of Mr. James in Brattleboro, and affirm that, at about midnight, they thought they saw escaping from the chimney, his satanic majesty, leaving a sulphurous smell, which filled all the air for hours after his departure.

The Springfield (Mass.) Daily Union says: "Whoever wrote the book, James is not the man, for he was not equal to the task." This opinion has been strengthened and confirmed by many circumstances since, and it is the opinion of all those who have had to do with the printing of the book that James is not the author, and that somebody else in Brattleboro is. Who that somebody is, is a greater mystery than Edwin Drood himself, and one that nobody has yet been able to solve."

"The internal evidence of authorship" has for many centuries been made a close and critical study by the most astute of the schools. It has been reduced to a science. It is a fact, every man stamps his literary production with his own individuality.

While a student and teacher of theology I made this branch of learning something of a specialty. This became a necessity in order to trace the authorship of the many doubtful, anonymous books of the Bible. For example, it would be agreed among philologists generally that certain of the psalms were written by a certain man, and then in some of the minor prophets, the same style of language, forms of expression, figures of speech, etc., are found. Now in the place of saying, "Isaiah is the author of book of the prophecies of Isaiah, as a whole, or in its entirety, it is interlarded with a slice from David," or sandwiched by Solomon." So, I find in the first and second parts of Edwin Drood, such a striking similarity in style, figures, characters, verbal description, etc., that I am quite sure such facts will betray the most learned philologist into the conviction that the same man is author of both parts of the book.

What may be the opinion as to the first part of the book not being the equal of some of Dickens' other works, it is very clear that that which was written by him before he died is a piece of that which was written as it is claimed by and through Mr. James as his "medium." It is wonderful, to be sure, that such a thing can be, yet not any more wonderful than has been manifested ten thousand times by Mansfield, Slade, Foster, Flint, Mrs. Hollis, Mrs. Keigwin and thousands of others. So on the score of wonderment, we may as well cease at once.

I will close this already too lengthy article by a brief quotation from Dickens before, and Dickens after death.

Take for example a single case, (page 10), where Jasper under the influence of opium, addresses his nephew: "I have been taking opium for a pain, an ache, that sometimes overcomes me. The effects of the medicine steal over me like a blight or a cloud, and pass. You see them in the act of passing; they will be gone directly. Look away from me. They will go all the sooner."

"With a scared face the young man complies by casting his eyes toward the ashes on the hearth. Not relaxing his own gaze at the fire, but rather strengthening it with a firm grip upon the elbow-chair, the elder sits for a few moments rigid, and then with thick drops standing on his forehead, and a sharp catch of his breath, becomes as he was before. On his subsiding in his chair, his nephew gently and assiduously fans him while he quite recovers. When Jasper is restored he lays a tender hand upon his nephew's shoulder, and, in a tone of voice less troubled than the purport of his words, indeed with something of a rally, or banter in it, thus addressed him," etc.

Now turn to page 370 and read a paragraph or two. I transcribe one only. The points of similarity in the descriptive, the pathetic, the didactic, poetic, are so striking that, while they are very different subjects, yet they cannot

be mistaken as emanating from the same source. Read: "Old people look, with anxiety depicted on their faces upon the black map in the horizon, and shake their heads in a significant manner, or prophesying the approach of a violent storm, close their shutters and doors with more than usual precaution, and while seated about their firesides, listening to the increasing violence of the winds without, which whistled and howled through the cracks and crevices till it would seem that the air was filled with fiend musicians, discoursing fiendish music, to which an army of fiends were advancing, spreading desolation in its track; they bethink them how on such a night as this, some cruel murder had been done, or how the ghost of some murdered person had appeared to his assassin, causing him to lose his reason from despair and fear, and leaving a confusion of his crime behind him, had been discovered on the morrow, dead."

So we might indefinitely proceed with these characteristics, but the reader can do this for himself as well as I. Upon the whole I conclude that this is a very wonderful book and well worthy the perusal of all lovers of the great Novelist and Story writer, Charles Dickens.

Chicago, Jan. 12th, 1874.

"The Mystery of Edwin Drood, complete by Charles Dickens, published by T. P. James, Brattleboro, Vt., on sale by the Religio-Philosophical Publishing House, Adams street and Fifth ave., Chicago.

## Letter from Boston.

BROTHER JONES:—Out of the depths of my heart I thank you for the stand you have taken in regard to the free-love question, and I am sure you will receive the gratitude and blessing of every true Spiritualist throughout the country and the world. I have been an earnest and firm believer in spirit-communication for nearly twenty years, and I know the tendency of such a belief to enoble and elevate, instead of to degrade us. I am grieved and ashamed that its pure name has been sullied by contact with a thing so vile, so disgusting and loathsome, as the doctrine taught by Victoria C. Woodhull and her followers. It is indeed fully time for all Spiritualists to rally and take a firm stand for truth and purity.

It is true that there is much unhappiness in many cases in the marriage relation, but it is also true that there are thousands of harmonious and happy marriages. I am myself the wife of a man who loves me with all the depth and strength of his great noble heart. A deep, tender, exclusive, conjugal love is the basis of our marriage and our happiness. I should be unworthy the sacred name of wife, were I to give to, or accept from another man any manifestation of affection, that I would not be willing my husband should see and know. And that is his feeling in regard to his own conduct. It is our happiness to be thus true to each other, and I believe that every true man and woman feels the same in regard to this question.

Talk about happiness in promiscuity! I blush for my sex when I read what Elvira Hull says of the benefit she received from adopting such a course!

In regard to Moses Hull, I had good reason to suppose him to be a libertine several years ago, and am therefore but little surprised at the confession he has made, for such a life as he has led, soon robs one of all shame. Five years ago he induced a young friend of mine, (a married woman), to go to his room under pretense of giving her magnetic treatment, and there grossly insulted her.

As far as Woodhull is concerned, her own words speak for her, and no one can be in doubt as to her true character. Not content with advocating free and unrestrained indulgence of the sexual passions, among men and women, she seeks to degrade our children by teaching them the same horrible doctrine. See her articles in her paper entitled "Physical Degeneracy." What kind of a person is this to stand at the head of the American Association of Spiritualists?

"It does my soul good to read in your paper, the noble and earnest words of Spiritualists in defense of the right. I long to 'lend a hand' in the good cause, but unfortunately I have neither the strength nor the ability to write or speak to the public, only to a very limited extent. Whatever influence I may have, by precept or example, however, shall be cheerfully given in support of the right and against the wrong.

May God and the angels be with you in your work for the true elevation of the human race!

Cordially yours,

Mrs. C. A. EMBERTON.

Boston, Mass.

## Voices from the People.

MASON CITY, ILL.—J. J. Burnham writes.—I like the paper far better since it came out against one great evil, Woodhullism.

This paper has battled against and exposed the infamy from the day of the organization of the American Association of Spiritualists down to the present, and will continue to do so until *whole* the world are satisfied that the hideous monster—Woodhullism, has taken "itself clean out of Spiritualism." That it was never any part of Spiritualism, only a parasite, a fungus growth, which, but for angelic strength, might, however, have made shipwreck of this new Dispensation, will soon be conceded by all.

CLARKSVILLE, TENN.—J. J. Perkins writes.—Our cause, which is God's cause, is moving onward and is taking fast hold of many of our best citizens.

ELLIOTT, ILL.—D. M. Clark writes.—I feel to thank you for the good tidings which I receive through the JOURNAL, and your course with Hullites expresses the honest sentiments of every true Spiritualist.

PHILPOTS STATION, KY.—G. C. Kears writes.—I am desirous of reading your paper, as the subject matter therein set forth, from what we have been able to learn, is of remarkable interest to these latter days.

RAYETTE, IOWA.—A. M. Staples writes.—Well, Brother, continue to throw shells into the camp of old pagan superstition, until the slavery of ignorance, poverty, bigotry, vice, misery, under which we were born, becomes annihilated.

SAN JOSE, CAL.—W. Mansfield writes.—We have lately been highly entertained by Professor Chaney's lectures on Astro-Theology, with illustrative pictures, zodiacs, etc. This gentleman is a good speaker, and a powerful antagonist to priestcraft.

NEW BERN, N. C.—Chas. H. Blank writes.—I love to read the great truths the JOURNAL expounds and inculcates. If we could secure the services of one or two good test mediums here, we would give old theology the "fever and ague."

CHELSEA, MASS.—Mrs. S. A. Thayer writes.—I do feel that every true Spiritualist should lend a helping hand to sustain a paper whose claims to the education of the world, and the elevation of the human race, are so striking that, while they are very different subjects, yet they cannot

LOUISIANA, Mo.—M. DeGroodt writes.—I most heartily wish you a happy new year, and may you live to greet many of them on this earth, and may you be as successful as heretofore in your efforts to spread the true Philosophy of Life.

GREAT VALLEY, N. Y.—A. P. Albright sends Twenty-four new addresses, saying:—Accept, please, for a token of the respect I bear to you and your good paper, and the cause it advocates.

Such tokens are arriving from all quarters. It is highly gratifying to know that our friends all over the country feel so deeply interested in circulating a JOURNAL which boldly denounces the most stupendous imposition that was ever attempted to be palmed off as an essential virtue—that which when analyzed is found to be extreme licentiousness. The monster of frightful alien is known by many names—a few of which the world is familiar with—Woodhullism, Moses-Woodhullism, Hullism, Free-Moses-Woodhullism, Free-Hullism, Free-loveism and Social-freedom—all of which treat practical promiscuous licentiousness as an "elixir of life" and all of which have nothing at all to do with, and bear no relationship, to Spiritualism. Roll in the trial subscribers, friends, from all parts of the country, and you will find that the next three months will work a revolution in public sentiment in favor of Spiritualism, little dreamt of even by the most sanguine believers in the powers of the Angel World to cause extremes to right themselves.

GREEN SPRING, OHIO.—Miss M. L. Bartlett, P. M., writes.—May good angels sustain you in battling for the cause of purity, and may the time soon come when the odious doctrine of promiscuity shall no longer blockade the highways between us and the loved ones gone before.

RUTLAND, N. Y.—Mary L. Jewell, M. D. writes.—I am now preparing to enter the lecture field, giving medical lectures to ladies, and expect after the first of February to journey Westward for a season. Will write again when my course is marked out.

OAKVILLE, MICH.—L. Calkins writes.—I have read your paper with close attention in regard to the Woodhullites, and to use Warren Chase's own words, they have taken themselves clean out of all good society, with their abominable free lust and free-love doctrine.

KNOXVILLE, ILL.—S. Peterson writes.—I like your paper because its object is to enlighten the people on the scientific principles and raise the standard of living free from all the prejudices that have existed in ages past. Not the least in all your objects is to blot out Woodhullism from a civilized people.

BURLINGTON, IOWA.—Jno. W. Gilles writes.—While talking with a friend this morning, I said I had a notion to try and get 25 subscribers for your paper, for three months. He said I could not do it. Well, I started out and after working four and one-half hours, I had twenty-six names. This is my new year's gift to the JOURNAL, I hope you will retain most of them as regular subscribers.

This is a specimen of what is being done all over the country, and for which we tender our sincere thanks—not that we shall ever be peculiarly rewarded—it is a greater reward we are looking for. It is a reward that will be won by every soul that reads the JOURNAL. A rich harvest of knowledge upon the Philosophy of Life, awaits all such. Be not tired or slow to act, brethren, in this means of putting Spiritualism right before the world. While we pay out thousands of dollars that we never expect to get back, will you not each expend one day in securing trial subscribers at twenty-five cents each for three months. All such subscribers will be discontinued at the end of the time unless before renewed for a longer time.

BLAIRTON, P. O., ONTARIO, CANADA.—Ed. Fay, M. D. writes.—The JOURNAL is for our late teacher, who has just left us. He was studying for the ministry of the Methodist Church. He has read the tracts which I lent him, also the JOURNAL, and promises to continue to read the JOURNAL, although, as he says in a letter just received, "I will lay myself open to great censures from many of the world, and accusations by reading it, but I am not satisfied with one side of the question, I am willing to hear what others have to say."

ST. MARTY, OHIO.—A. Benton writes.—I have just received Mrs. Annie E. Fay's Circular, wherein she proposes to visit such localities as she may be invited to, to give seances, anywhere throughout our broad land. I have heard much of her mediumship, but it is said, all is not gold that glitters. I have learned to know that we hear, and as you are considered a good assayer—not of gold, but of mediumship, I have ventured to ask your opinion of this medium.

If this Annie E. Fay is not a new edition of the other half of the notorious trickster, Melville Fay, we will so publish, on being creditably so advised. Until that fact be well established, we advise the public to be very cautious about giving patronage solicited. We do not know who she is, but we have learned that Melville is up to his old tricks, of first beguiling Spiritualists into patronizing a new female edition of himself, and then a few days turns up as usual, in the employ of the church as an exposer. About then Spiritualists realize that they have been sold.—[Ed. JOURNAL.]

ST. LOUIS, MO.—Daniel White writes.—I saw a notice in your last paper, recommending, or rather to all appearance endorsing, Addie L. Ballou, and accordingly wrote to her to stop on her way to St. Louis. Since that notice the letter has been shown Woodhull and Claffin's Weekly, and her name registered as one of her followers. We are somewhat surprised that you should have endorsed her under such circumstances. We depend upon the public JOURNAL, to post us in these matters. Why not publish a standing list of all the mediums of the world, and Spiritualists in its purity, in order that the public may not be imposed upon by "wolves in sheep's clothing."

We certainly owe an apology to our readers for a *quasi* endorsement. We had hoped that she had seen the "folly of her ways" and was disposed to advocate pure and unadulterated Spiritualism, or she would not have sent her notice to this paper for publication. If she is getting an endorsement from Woodhull, it is evidence positive, that she is not the person for Spiritualists, who wish to stand clear of the "social-freedom infamy," to employ.—[Ed. JOURNAL.]

GROTON, N. Y.—E. W. Watson writes.—To say that I am pleased with your paper in all respects, would be but a mild expression of my views on the subject, and especially in regard to the teaching of Moses-Woodhull & Co., as well as their practices. I have found, in soliciting subscribers for your paper, but two persons who objected to your thorough dealing with regard to the social question as advocated by Moses, Victoria and others.

MILTON, IOWA.—T. E. Simpson writes.—The question is often asked, why did the Moses-Woodhull Society of Free-lovers at the Chicago convention, change the name of their society from "American" to "Universal." Stephen Pearl Andrews coined the term "Pantarchy," and is also the author of the platform adopted by the Chicago convention. The definition of Pantarchy is "universal education of promiscuity in the science of sexual intercourse." It was agreed that the Woodhullites, change the name of their society from "American" to "Universal," and Andrews to were to revitalize the name of the Woodhullites, making a scientific application of Pantarchy—America being too small a field of operation, the whole world was to be included, hence the substitute of the word "Universal." The two blended, is revolution and Pantarchy.

PORTLAND, OREGON.—Mrs. R. A. Dupes writes.—Since the appearance of my communication of October, I have been in continual receipt of letters, desiring information regarding our pleasant thrifty Oregon, and it gives me great pleasure to reply, but this must cause some little expense, and now in the aggregate amounts to quite a sum, and now I wish it understood that persons writing to me, must send me postage to defray expenses on papers and pamphlets that I find necessary to send them. We have a book in the pamphlet form, entitled, Oregon as it is, written by a resident here, W. T. Adams. I will vouch for its truthfulness, and it can be sent for the trifling sum of ten cents, and any one remitting that sum shall receive with it one of our weekly newspapers.

## 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.

## Little Bouquet.

We are very anxious that our friends, all over the country, should see the LITTLE BOUQUET, that they may the better judge of its beauty and its merit. To that end we will send to any address, specimen copies from May to January, on receipt of ten cents a copy.

This proposition will place the whole nine months' issue in the hands of the family of children for the nominal sum of ninety cents—a single dollar will pay for the nine last months, together with the forthcoming February issue.

A dollar thus invested for the benefit of the youth and children of any family, will be of more real value and deeper interest to them than any other reading matter of the same expense ever placed in their hands.

Address, LITTLE BOUQUET, Chicago, Ill.

## Attention Opium Eaters!

Mrs. A. H. Robinson has just been furnished with a sure and harmless specific for curing the appetite for opium and all other narcotics, by the Board of Chemists, in spirit-life, who have heretofore given her the necessary antidote for curing the appetite for tobacco, and the proper ingredients for restoring hair to all bald heads, no matter of how long standing.

Mrs. Robinson will furnish the remedy, and send it by mail or express to all who may apply for the same within the next sixty days, on the receipt of five dollars (the simple cost of the ingredients), and guarantee a most perfect cure or refund the money, if directions accompanying each package are strictly followed.

The remedy is harmless, and not unpalatable.

She makes this generous offer for the double purpose of introducing the remedy, and for bringing the cure within the reach of the poorest people who use the pernicious drug. The expense of a perfect remedy will not exceed the cost of the drug for continuing the deleterious habit one month!

Address Mrs. A. H. Robinson, Adams St., and Fifth Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

We have so much confidence in the ability of the Board of Chemists and Doctors who control Mrs. Robinson's mediumship, that we unhesitatingly guarantee a faithful execution of the above proposition.—[Ed. JOURNAL.]

## Special Notices.

Children often look Pale and Sick from no other cause than having worms in the stomach.

## BROWN'S VERMIFUGE COMFITS

will destroy Worms without injury to the child, being perfectly WHITE, and free from all coloring or other injurious ingredients, usually used in worm preparations.

OUTSITS & BROWN, Proprietors,

No. 315 Fulton St., New York.

Sold by Druggists and Chemists, and dealers in Medicines at Twenty-five cents a Box.

## HENRY HUTCHCOCK.

603 PINE STREET, ST. LOUIS, MO.

Keep constantly on hand all the publications of the Religio-Philosophical Publishing House, Wm. White & Co., J. P. Mendim, Adams & Co., and all other popular literary literature, including the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, and Banner of Light, Magazine, Photographs, Parlor Games, Golden Pens, Stationery, etc.







## GHOSTS.

## The Story of the Midnight Visitation, Told by Victims of the Haunted Cell.

[From the Joliet Sun.]

The idea that there is somewhere in existence an "undiscovered country, from whose bourne no traveler returns," is getting pretty well played out lately. From almost every nook and corner in the world there is being raised a whisper—in some places almost a cry—that the dead are alive and that their faces are seen peering through the curtain that death has hung between us, their eyes are gleaming upon us through the shadows of the night and the air, at times, is tremulous with the breath of anxious souls, whose hearts are panting to reach us. Science is carefully feeling its way into

## MYSTERIES OF THAT DARK GULF,

and the bridge it is building almost touches the further side. It can already demonstrate that matter is not all there is of substance. Matter, with its elements of countless gradation, occupies only a small space in existence, when measured along side the other departments of substance (electricity, spirit, and the attributes of divinity which pervade them all.) The highest element with each department blends with the lowest in the one above it, and through such connected degrees of substance, the mandates of Deity can speed their forces from His throne to the bottom of His footstool. And it seems that the human intellect is becoming expansive enough to grasp the round of this ladder of existence and to climb back and forth upon it across that gulf that has been deemed so long impassable.

Owing to the feature of blending between almost similar degrees, it is but natural to suppose that the lower grades of dead humanity (departed spirits) will be the first to come back to us with imperfect

## TIDINGS FROM THE LIFE BEYOND,

and as it was predicted—they come "like a thief in the night." They may come in the shapes and clothed in the horrible features that are lately being presented to the startled vision of the occupants of the Will county jail—with headless bodies, or with empty, brainless skulls—in the conditions their bodies were in when they were hurled into eternity. Wishing to learn what foundation, if any, there might be to the rumors about

## GHOSTS IN THE JAIL,

the writer was deputized by the Sun to investigate and report the facts in relation to them. He was ushered into the parlor of that mansion by Miss Sarah Arnold, the sheriff's sister, a lady of affability and refinement, through whose superintendence, this hotel for restrained devils has become renovated and made to present a far more respectable and comfortable appearance than it ever possessed before. He was informed that "it is a fact that this jail is haunted by veritable spectres, which are nightly heard tramping along the corridors and presenting themselves to the startled gaze of the occupants of the cells."

It seems that quite a number of Chicago reporters have been making ineffectual efforts to learn the particulars; but

## PERTERT AND HIS COMPANIONS

have become so disgusted with the way they magnify and distort the truth that they have refused to divulge anything to them. Many of the prisoners are as given in the faith that these are "real spirits" as they are of their own existence, and they do not propose to furnish capital for those unprincipled Bohemians to manufacture into ridicule and senseless sensation. A few days ago the junior editor of the Republican sent in his card and begged an interview with Pertert, but that worthy resented the idea of such a meeting, with the remark that he hoped

## HE HAD NOT FALLEN SO LOW

as to hold converse with such a blackguard as that. If he ever did fall so low, he hoped the governor would withhold his reprieve until he might be hung, and thus, prevent the interview. But, when the lady volunteered to use her influence in the writer's behalf and asked him, as a special favor, to make a statement concerning his experience with the ghostly visitants of the jail, and when she informed him that it was not a professional reporter that wished to interview him, but, only the plain and truthful *Sun*, Pertert, unbent his stern resolution and expressed a willingness to tell all he knew about it. Owing to the absence of the jailer with the keys, the writer failed in obtaining an interview that day; but before leaving,

## THE FOLLOWING NOTE IN PERTERT'S HAND WRITING

was placed in his hand: "Since my confinement in the Will county jail I have seen the ghost of Chase a number of times. I saw him at one time without any head on him. At another time his head seemed to be opened and the brains taken out. His actions indicate that he was hung wrongfully. The spook comes in every form, sometimes pleasant, at others, frightful. His visit is from ten to eleven P. M., to three A. M. This is a certain fact. When I see the ghost I turn over in horror. I am sure it is the ghost of Chase."

## ANDREW J. PERTERT.

It will be remembered by the reader that Chase is the name of

## THE MAN THAT WAS HUNG

a few years ago, for murdering a prison warden. His head was taken by the doctors, who opened the skull and took out the brains for experimental purposes. A cast of Chase's head, in plaster, may be seen on a shelf in the sheriff's office in Joliet. The cell in the jail that is haunted most by this ghostly visitant, is the one the murderer occupied during his confinement.

In addition to Pertert's note, the writer also obtained the following

## STATEMENT OF ANOTHER PRISONER:

"He is a man apparently about thirty years of age, comes and looks into my cell; has a cut across his forehead, and a dark circle around his throat, and is dressed like a circus actor; don't speak; stays about ten minutes; then disappears; at other times I find him in my cell, between me and the wall, crowding me out of bed, which awakens me; he then feels over my face with his cold, clammy hands; then seems to be satisfied and goes away. Immediately after that I hear chains dragging over the floor. Others hear the same." JOHN MCARRY.

The above is the experience of the prisoner who has been occupying

## THE MURDERER'S CELL,

and who has been compelled to abandon it on account of the nightly disturbance.

On the 27th inst., the writer again visited the jail, and through the kindness of J. H. Arnold, Esq., the sheriff's deputy and father, he had a long conversation with Pertert. He found him in the enjoyment of splendid

health, and every inch a gentleman in word and deportment. There is not, certainly, in Pertert's appearance an indication of the character of a ruffian or cut-throat, and many a man out of prison would be condemned on sight as a criminal before he could be. It seemed strange to the visitor, when he shook hands with him, that here was a man standing so near the brink of eternity that hell itself had scented his approach, and was sending forth its emissaries to watch over and secure its prize.

## PERTERT DECLARED THAT THE

## SPIRITS OF THE JAIL

did not terrify him, as is rumored outside. The ghost that appears to him assumes a different shape and wears a different dress from that which haunts the other prisoners. It comes into his cell and makes its presence tangible by crowding and shaking him. There is no use in saying that he has nightmares or dreams. A nightmare is a kind of paralysis. He can move his limbs and shut out the vision by closing his eyes. He can possess himself of all his senses. Others see it at times, when he does; and nightmares are not so contagious as to seize on several at once, especially when living on prison fare. There is no truth in the story that his wife also appears to him in the Joliet jail.

## HE SAW HER SPIRIT MANY TIMES

when awaiting his trial in Chicago, and then she did not come to haunt him. Her features were lovely and pleasant to look at, and her presence made him feel happy. He believed her to be at rest with the angels of heaven, and he would still be happy if he could only see her again. He believed in the existence of spirits, and in a progressive life in the future. He hoped that the governor might understand his condition and give him a chance, by reprieve or commutation of his sentence, to prove to the world that he was capable of being a good citizen, and that he did not deserve the punishment that his savage code of laws and barbarous usages would inflict on him.

As the writer left the jail he felt the weight of

## THAT TERRIBLE UNCERTAINTY

that hangs over human life in this world. A single freak of jealousy or transient insanity, is liable at any time to stir up the brute passions that lie like a powder magazine in the substratum of every soul; and then, when the freak is gone, our hands are dripping with the blood of those we may have loved, and the world is clamoring for more. Not only this world, but there is another, whose occupants are watching every deed, and who may be the witnesses to confront us in the awful day of re-conviction.

Before leaving, the following statement was handed to us by a youthful prisoner, whom the sheriff called, "Fred," and who he said was

## A GREEK AND LATIN SCHOLAR.

The statement is vouched for by the other prisoners, and gives a history of these singular visitations during the time of Pertert's imprisonment. If any one doubts the truth of this history, he is at liberty to take a free bed in the haunted cell, where nobody except the prisoners have had the courage to venture in the night time.

Editors Joliet Sun: At the request of Miss Arnold, I write you concerning the ghost or ghosts which have been seen and heard by various persons in the jail. It seems that there are several of these spirits. One of them, as he has been seen and described, appears to be a medium-sized man, not very thick set, with a short heavy neck. At times

## THIS MAN APPEARS HEADLESS.

Sometimes he is seen with a blue mark around his neck and with a portion of his head removed. The frontal bone in the skull appears to have been taken out, leaving the brain exposed. His face and neck are very pale and appear to be more so since he is dressed in black, and the contrast is very great. He has on a white shirt, without any collar. There is one cell in the jail which the ghost apparently prefers to visit. This is situated on the south side, and is the third cell on the upper corridor. Prisoners have repeatedly

## REFUSED TO SLEEP IN THIS CELL

after staying there one night, and what is not a little singular is that some of these people have never heard of the ghost before, so it can not be that it is a mere picture of the imagination. All persons who have seen this apparition, affirm that while it is within their sight it exerts the same influence over them that some varieties of snakes throw over their victims. They are absolutely unable to move a muscle. Their eyes are fixed on the strange figure and there remain. If the ghost moves, their eyes involuntarily follow him—not by any will of their own, but their very movements appear to be controlled by the former. Their chests seem oppressed and they are unable to stir. He has a fashion of coming into this cell and climbing up into bed with the occupant. He prefers the back side, and

## FORCES HIMSELF INTO THE HAMMOCK,

crowding the person out in order to obtain his favorite place. He sometimes lays his hand on the person of the occupant. His hand is like his face, very white, since the finger bones are large and the hand pretty well spread out, like that of a laboring man, yet it appears that it has been in active service for some time, the palm of the hand appearing to the sight, to be as soft and white as the back. Its touch is cold and clammy, and although the person who receives it is desirous of shrinking from it and makes every effort to do so, yet he is so paralyzed as it were that he is unable to. A man by the name of Patrick Curtis occupied this cell for some time. He was

## A DISMEMBERED IN GHOSTS,

had traveled a great deal, and had had a great deal of experience with different classes of people. The ghost appeared to him—came into the cell through the door locked as it was—and crowded into bed with him, taking the back side. Pat being of strong nerves, and thinking it was a dream, paid no attention to it, but when this action was repeated night after night, he became a little shaky in his belief. Finally he would be bed-fellow, probably thinking that not enough attention was paid to him,

## GAVE HIM A FEW SLAPS

across the face, whereat Pat concluded that he would leave his ghostship to himself and vacate the premises. So much for this ghost. A young man by the name of Hussey occupied the lower corner cell on the south side. One evening as he lay in bed he heard steps as if two persons were walking on the corridor above him. One of these persons was evidently a lady, and her dress could be heard rustling against the wall. The steps of the other were heavy like those of a man. When the two reached the bottom of the stairs, the lady suddenly stopped, while the footsteps of the man could be heard until he turned the

corner, when the steps suddenly ceased in front of his cell door.

## HUSSEY RAISED HIS HEAD

and saw before him an extraordinary figure. He, like the others, was unable to move a muscle. Something, he knew not what, chained him down. The apparition was the figure of a man of middle size, but of apparently great muscular power. He was dressed in circus tights, and looked almost exactly like a circus actor. His face and hands were perfectly bloodless. His eyes were large, and remained fixed in his head. Finally, after standing and looking at Hussey for some time, he turned about and left, and Hussey distinctly heard his footsteps as he went down to the other end of the hall.

## THIS FIGURE MADE NO MOVEMENT

only gazed steadily at Hussey. The latter, after the ghost had left, and while his footsteps were still ringing in his ears, opened and shut his eyes, and moved about to make sure that he was awake, and that it could be no dream. Curtis occupied the third cell on this same row. He heard the footsteps, and heard the woman stop at the foot of the stairs, and heard the man walk up to the front of Hussey's door and stop, and heard him turn around and walk along the hall. That same evening Curtis heard (some time after)

## THE LIGHT STEP OF THE LADY,

and rustle of her dress. She started from the bottom of the stairs, walked around and stopped in front of Curtis' cell. He saw her and described her as a tall woman, in a pink-colored dress. The dress was short, and she had on white stockings and black garters. An old man by the name of Joseph Dobson slept in the same cell and saw the same thing. He, however, did not hear any footsteps, and the ghost followed the example of No. 1, and

## TRIED TO GET INTO BED WITH HIM.

The old man was considerably frightened, and yelled like a frightened baby, after the ghost had left.

During the night strange noises are heard, as of people walking round and talking in whispers. Doors are unlocked and slammed about,

## AND CHAINS RATTLE.

All the prisoners hear these noises, and though many of them are men of strong nerve, yet, they are left, after the appearance of the ghosts, shaking in an ague fit.

FRED.

## Little Bouquet.

We have received several letters of inquiry from *sine nomina* 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.

BEST AND OLDEST FAMILY MEDICINE.—Sanford's Liver Invigorator—a pure Vegetable, Cathartic and Tonic—for Dyspepsia, Constipation, Debility, Sick Headache, Bilious Attacks, and all derangements of Liver, Stomach and Bowels. Ask your Druggist for it. Beware of imitations. *cowtovi1868*

## Married.

Mr. T. N. McDONALD, to Mrs. NANCY RAMSEY, by Rev. C. A. Andrus, Jan. 1st, 1874, at the residence of the bride's father, at Flushing, Mich.

At Sycamore, DeKalb Co., Ill., by R. S. Davis, Dec. 18th, 1873, Mr. ALFRED S. HOADLEY to Mrs. HATTIE E. BRACE, both of Rochelle.

## Passed to Spirit Life.

[Notices for this Department will be charged at the rate of twenty cents per line for every line exceeding twenty lines. Notices not exceeding twenty lines published gratuitously.]

Gone, to dwell with the angels, from Castor, Mo. THADDEUS PAINE, infant son of D. T. and M. F. Edwards, aged 6 months and 27 days. D. T. E.

Passed to spirit-life, from Wenona, Mich., CARLIE H. MURKIN, aged 29 years.

At an early day she was developed as a medium, through whose lips came the glad tidings of a continued existence. C. A. A.

Passed to spirit-life, from the residence of his brother-in-law, on the 3d of Feb., 1873, in Clarksville, Ontario, FRANKLIN GARRISON, aged 15 years.

## VICK'S

## FLORAL GUIDE

For 1874.

226 PAGES: 639 ENGRAVINGS, and COLORED PLATE. Published Quarterly, at 25 Cents a Year. First No. for 1874 just issued. A German edition at same price. Address JAMES VICK, Rochester, N. Y. *v18n5019*

## HOME OF THE FOX FAMILY, THE BIRTHPLACE OF MODERN SPIRITUALISM

Represented in that beautiful engraving entitled "THE DAWNING LIGHT." Price by mail, postpaid, Two Dollars, and other works of fine art, can be had by visiting or addressing H. C. CURRIAN & CO., Publishers, 58 School St., Boston, Mass. *v18n1919*

## DR. CARVIN'S CATARRH POWDER

A Safe and Reliable Remedy for the Cures of Catarrh in the Head.

Dr. Leavitt, a celebrated physician of this city says, "I would not take five thousand dollars for an ounce of this Powder in case I could not procure any more." I was reduced very low with Catarrh and it cured me. Mailed post-paid at these prices: 1 Package.....\$1.00 2 ".....2.00 3 ".....3.00 4 ".....4.00 5 ".....5.00 6 ".....6.00 7 ".....7.00 8 ".....8.00 9 ".....9.00 10 ".....10.00 For sale wholesale and retail by the Religio-Philosophical Publishing House, Adams street and Fifth Ave., Chicago.

## Artesian Well.

Proposals for sinking an artesian well are invited. Further information given by

ASA C. CALL, Iowa, *v18n5014*

## REPORT OF THE CONDITION

OF

## Preston, Kean &amp; Co., BANKERS,

As made to the Clearing House Association at the Close of Business, Dec. 26, 1873.

## RESOURCES.

Notes and bills discounted	5551,954 55
Due from banks and bankers, subject to check	143,103 05
Furniture and fixtures	2,500 00
Bonds	45,000 00
Land warrants	4,968 00
Revenue stamps	519 37
Cash and checks on hand	194,333 01
	6743,381 98

## LIABILITIES.

Capital stock paid	\$100,000 00
Individual deposits	557,551 20
Country deposits	233,334 37
	610,548 57
Exchange	2,533 34
	613,081 91

We deal in Government Bonds, Foreign Exchange, and all first class securities. *v18n5011*

## ELLIOTT HOUSE,

S. W. Cor. Jefferson and Second Streets, LOUISVILLE, KY.

This new and elegant House is now open to the public. It has been newly furnished and has all the modern improvements and conveniences of a first class Hotel, at greatly reduced rates. Merchants and others that stay any length of time will be taken at a very low figure. E. S. HOCKERSMITH, Proprietor. *v18n5012*

100 FINE VISITING CARDS, printed latest style, and sent for 50 cents. 3 dozen Crystal Cards printed, 60 for 50 cts. One doz. of those beautiful glass visiting cards, red, blue, green and purple, with name in gilt, for 40c. Write name plain, and address BERRY, Printer, Rochester, N. Y. *v18n5014*

## Dr. John A. Elliott,

Is now prepared to give readings of character, delineations of adaptability to business, physical conditions, etc., from autograph, lock of hair, or photograph. Address, enclosing five dollars and four three-cent stamps, Dr. John A. Elliott, care Box 4533, New York P. O. *v18n5015*

## ROBT. B. FARSON,

Commission Merchant

General Purchasing Agent.

Manufacturers' Agent

FOR THE SALE OF

## LUMBER,

Sash, Doors, Blinds, Mouldings, and Building Materials.

48 W. LAKE ST., CHICAGO.

Services or information furnished to Correspondents.

## REFERENCES BY PERMISSION:

Hon. S. S. Jones, Editor of RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, Chicago, J. F. Warren, Esq., Pres. of Chicago White Lead & Oil Co., Hon. H. B. Bryson, Chicago, J. H. Nolan, Esq., General Agent Travelers' Life Insurance Company, Chicago.

## Consignments Solicited.

The Great Literary Sensation.

THE

## MYSTERY

OF

## EDWIN DROOD.

BY

## Charles Dickens,

AND

## PART SECOND

OF THE

## MYSTERY OF EDWIN DROOD.

By the Spirit Pen of

## CHARLES DICKENS,

Through a Medium.

RETAIL PRICE, \$2.00—at which price it will be sent by mail, postage free, if your newsdealer has not got it.

## THE TRADE SUPPLIED.

For sale wholesale and retail by the

General Western Agent, the Religio-

Philosophical Publishing House, Cor.

Adams St. and Fifth Ave., Chicago.

## WHY I WAS

## EXCOMMUNICATED

FROM THE

## FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH,

of Minneapolis, Minnesota.

By Prof. H. Barraud.

"Not the men who utter them, but the eternal truths to which they give utterance."

THIS INTERESTING AND VALUABLE LITTLE PAMPHLET deserves a wide circulation.

Price, 20 Cts. Postage, 2 Cts.

For sale wholesale and retail by the Religio-Philosophical Publishing House, Adams St., and Fifth Ave., Chicago.

## Read! Read! Read!

As will be seen by the following certificates and extracts from letters—CATARRH, Catarrh, Rheumatism, Asthma, Hysteria, Paralysis Fever and Ague, Yellow Fever, etc., etc., are cured by the use of

## Hull &amp; Chamberlain's MAGNETIC AND ELECTRIC POWDERS!

DARTON, Ohio.

Early in September Mr. Fink writes, saying, "Brother is entirely cured, as following certificate will show: I speak for truth." *Brother Fink, 1873.*—This is to certify, that after having been under the care of a large number of physicians, and having exhausted all other remedies, I have been cured of the following diseases by using Hull & Chamberlain's Magnetic and Electric Powders, viz: Catarrh, Asthma, Rheumatism, Sore Throat, Cancer in the face, Running issue from one eye, Erysipelas, etc., etc. As now a well man. I do solemnly affirm the above to be true. EDWARD FINK.

## Catarrh Cured.

Mr. Fink also sent the following certificate of another cure in the same institution: *This most worthy, true John W. Shaw, of National Soldier's Home, having been diseased with Catarrh in its worst form for sixteen years, and having expended a good deal of money with different doctors without any relief until I commenced using Hull & Chamberlain's Magnetic Powders, after using them one month I was entirely cured of that noxious disease. I do solemnly affirm the above statement to be true. JOHN W. SHAW.*

## Paralysis, Chills, and Fever.

TUSCALOOSA, ALA., July 16th, 1873.

September 22nd—Mr. Sellect writes: "My old friend, Mr. Hollingsworth, in nearly all respects, has been cured by your Powders. He walks four or five miles a day without a cane, has no swelling of the head, numbness in all some and he feels he will undoubtedly be cured in many years. Your Powders cured one case of Chills and Fever in my own family." JAS. B. SELLECT.

## Yellow Fever, Yellow Fever.

Mr. J. M. G. Wood, Milton, Florida, Sept. 24, writes, "In 1873 your Magnetic Powders cured me of a severe case of Yellow Fever, and I have been cured of it since. For HEADACHE and BILIOUS FEVER they are unsurpassed. A severe case of Neuralgia was relieved in 15 minutes. A very bad case of periodical sick Headache and Spasms cured in 5 hours and no symptoms of it felt since. Sept. 29th—"A lady in delicate health injured herself by overstraining, which produced such terrible pains internally as to drive her to being in terror of the Powders. She took two or three and in 15 minutes the pain was gone, and she was able to move. The next night my wife had a severe attack of Cholera-Morbus, suffering intensely, she took two Magnetic Powders in minutes apart, went to sleep and next morning was well. Oct. 15th—"A patient three days ago paralyzed, on one side and unable to swallow for twelve hours, commenced taking your Powders and the difficulty was removed. He drank gruel and is now progressing finely. Have cured several cases of Headache, Toothache, Neuralgia, a bad cold and Yellow Fever, one case being in my own family. Where the doctor attends the Powders cure 20 per cent, and never get a patient out in less than ten to fifteen days. While your Magnetic Powders cure every case when used, removing the Fever in less than twenty hours and effecting a RADICAL cure in less than THREE DAYS. They have never failed in curing ANY CASE when taken according to directions; are entirely INFALLIBLE in all cases where I have employed them." J. M. G. WOOD.

Mrs. Francis Kingman, New London, Conn., writes, "I shall be most happy to advise any and all who are suffering with nervous affections, and who have tried all other remedies, to use your Powders. Having derived great benefit from them, I believe them to be a sovereign remedy for nearly all the ills flesh is heir to, as they act directly on the blood and nerves."

The Magnetic Powders cure all Acute Chronic diseases.

## AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE.

Mailed Postpaid 1 Box.....1.00 at these PRICES: 6 Boxes.....5.00

Send your money at our expense and risk by post-office money order, registered letter or draft on New York.

All letters containing orders and remittances, must be directed to

HULL & CHAMBERLAIN, 127 East 16th Street, New York City.

PROPRIETORS: Phoebe C. Hull, Annie Lord Chamberlain.

OFFICE: 127 East 16th St., New York City. 160 Warren Avenue, Chicago, Ill. *v18n5016*

For sale wholesale and retail at the office of this paper.

## Flashes of Light

From the Spirit-Land,

Through the Mediumship of