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THE ARTS, SCIENCES, LITERATURE

DEVOTED TO SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHY

ROMANCE AND GENERAL REFORM.

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

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H. S. JONES, EDITOR, PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR.

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NO 10

Birdie's Self Song

BY MALCOLM TAYLOR

From that glad moment when
The brittle shell did Birdie burst,
Safe ushered into life, since then
The parent hearts they nursed
Fond hopes, of how in song
Their little Birdie's piping throat,
Should throbb, producing sweet and long,
Full many trilling note:
Of when the full fledged breast
Should brighten, need with stripe and speck,
Plumed comely be the nodding crest,
And smoothed the sloping neck:
Of when, from branch to branch
His body, borne on spread wing sail,
Like fairy boat, should lightly launch
(O waves ethereal,
Hut, vain his hopes to cherish
The future to fulfill may fail,
Or prospect visions fair to perish
When lifted is the veil
For promises were rife,
And Birdie's pinions feathered full,
When came the autumn month of life
And grew its arbor cool.
Earth's world turned drear and dark,
And, born to sing a happier song than this,
The restless soul to leave its prison ark,
Around its home-branch fits.
Till, after trifling trials
Wings it in flight through chilly skies,
To where the sun perpetual smiles,
In Spirit Paradise.
Yet does the little Bird
At seasons draw in fondness near,
To whisper many hopeful word,
And message sweet of cheer.
And, beautiful and blest,
He builds in one of Heaven's groves,
On tree eternal, one nice nest
For those he dearest loves.

True History.

BY R. LAWTON.

The great fault of Christians consists in the fact that they take all their great principles, the very foundation on which they stand, for granted, and then proceed to reason deductively downward, to build up a system. They begin their educational training by teaching their creeds and catechisms, all of which are founded on the supposition that their Bible is the inspired word of an all-wise Creator, Preserver and Governor of the universe; then if anyone asks for an explanation of any of their abstractions they reply, "Great is the mystery of godliness, and you must have faith," and thus they go on with commentaries, episodes and allegories until they have loaded the shelves and filled up the libraries of the world with at least 100,000 volumes with their duplicates. Then, according to Darling's encyclopedia, there has been written on the various books of the Bible 15,000 volumes; commentaries 25,000; Religious Novels; Sunday School Literature 25,000; other books in the interest of Religion 35,000—total 100,000.

Now, to read this mountain of fiction and fable, which litters the libraries of the world, would, at the rate of one volume per week, require 1,983 years, and if we were to read 600 each year, we would not keep up with the trash published daily in the interest of religion. Of course these 100,000 volumes are as dead as the charter oak. In other departments of literature, there are of law and physic, besides pamphlets, quackery, etc., at least 20,000 volumes; poetry, arts and mechanics 10,000, the sciences 10,000. To read these 40,000 volumes would require 799 years, at the rate of one volume per week. Then it is all important to select well what we read; nor can any one who desires to read for reliable information, avoid imposition and loss of time, unless he have a course marked out for him by an able friend, and the books he is to use named; nor should the student read any book till it has been passed upon by able reviewers and pronounced well adapted to his use.

These 40,000 volumes are also nearly worthless in their present condition; they ought to be abridged, and all the reliable and useful facts and scientific knowledge reduced to about 5,000 volumes. Then it would be available as a library of reform for all classes. But to read these 5,000 volumes would require 99 years at the rate of one volume per week. People must select well what they read.

Let a man capable of judging, travel through ten or twelve states, visit 300 families in the cities and country, and make special inquiry in each, what the general reading of the family consists of; then if he should be asked what the American people read, I think he would say: "The upper classes read fiction, fashion, fable and allegories; the lower classes fiction, fashion, bear and ghost stories. Our fathers and grandfathers had no such reading. It was not in existence then, but the present generation has been reared reading it, and they are filling the whole country with folly, fashion and wine. Thus it is evident that people may read and study religion, fables and silly fictions all the time, and become worse and worse daily. We have the highest authority for saying that the constant reading of novels and fiction deteriorates the taste, weakens the memory, perverts the judgment, and renders its devotees entirely unfit to cope successfully with the stern realities of every

day life. Now all this is the natural result of living under a religion whose very foundation is a supposition and whose preachers and teachers live and breathe in fiction, and whose seminaries are not places where scientific truth and sound principles are acquired, but where skill and dexterity in defending their dogmas and isms are taught and gained.

We desire, however, to illustrate the advantages of living under the invigorating influence of truth, and having a correct system and reliable history. What right has the Bible to be considered as the work of the great Creator, Preserver and Governor of the universe, who is not a being like us, with feet and hands, who can move from one part of space into another, but he is a spirit, a power, which like attraction, infiltrates itself in and governs the universe. The God of the Bible is formed by man in his own image, and endowed with his own passions, and is wholly imaginary.

We could not trace the old Bible further back than 470 years B. C. when Ezra, appointed governor of Judea by king Artaxerxes, finding that 60 to 80 years of captivity in Babylon, from which they had just returned, had so changed their language, that they could no longer read their old books and records written in the Syrian Sanscrit by Moses, so he rewrote them in Hebrew and added whatever was required to bring them up to the times in Assyrian dialect. Then about 330 years B. C. Ptolemy became master of the country and took 100,000 of these Jews into Egypt, and after about 50 years, they lost their Assyrian language and learned that of the Greek which was used in Egypt under Ptolemy. Then these Jews brought Ptolemy to appoint a commission, which he did, of 70 learned Pagan priests and Jews, who collected the books and records and translated them into one Greek book, and this is the copy king James translated for us. Now this proves their Bible has been through the crucible of four languages, and that a part of it is true where it says they were always slaves and tributaries, and that like other slaves, they never had any language of their own, and that the impudence of the clergy in calling the Chaldean Hebrew, is on a par with some other assumptions.

They pretend that their Bible is founded partly on tables of stone, delivered to Moses on Mount Sinai. To prove this, they have not even the shadow of tradition; nor do they know where Sinai is. A party is now in the field under a wealthy Englishman surveying the mountain peaks in the peninsula of Akhabs, to determine which it is. If the Emperor Adrian and the Empress Theodosia failed to find it in their time, or the foundation of Solomon's temple or the tomb of Christ, if Dr. Adam Clark looked in vain for these points without finding them, fifty years ago (see his travels in the holy land), it is not likely this Englishman will shed much light on the subject. Now we know that if any tables of stone had ever been delivered to Moses by God on Mount Sinai or anywhere else, there would have been no lack of monuments and engravings to commemorate the all important event forever. There is not a third-rate temple in Egypt or Syria built since that time, about which there is any uncertainty as to the builders and their objects; besides, if there ever had been any tables of stone, they would have been sacredly preserved like those in the great temple of Elephanta near Delhi in Hindostan, which were placed there about 12,000 years ago, and can be seen to-day as perfect as ever; but these Jew tables are never mentioned, seen or heard of after they were given to Moses, yet in all their moves they mention the Ark of the Tabernacle, the covenant, etc., and they would have named the tables of stone if they ever had any. But it is a story told for effect and in imitation of the tables at Elephanta.

Peculiar Manifestations.

EDITOR JOURNAL.—The phenomenon I am to relate is, so far as I know, an unusual one; on that account, if on no other, I ask for it a place in the JOURNAL'S columns.

Having read that to look at a reflecting surface like tin; or something similar, until it became magnetized, the faces of friends, animals and landscapes could be seen thereon. O. W. Leonard, merchant; W. H. Harris, a tinper's apprentice; Eugene, Mr. Leonard's son, and I concluded to test it. I believe we all sat down with the expectation of not seeing any thing in the form of face, animal or landscape; certainly I did, for although I favored the spiritual philosophy, I had not the evidence to make me a believer.

For the occasion we used a boiler cover, such as is used with a common long tin boiler. We sat it lengthwise upon the counter, with the concave side toward us; placed a lamp about a foot in front of it, and took our chairs some twelve or fifteen feet away. For a time we kept our eyes on it, but growing somewhat weary of doing so, we fell to looking off or on as it best suited us, and chatting the while. We had grown about tired of the experiment when Mr. Harris quickly said, "I see a face!" I certainly thought he was joking, but Mr. Leonard, looking as directed, also saw it—the beginning of a grand and impressive phenomenon. Then, there came a face, and Mr. Leonard and I both said, "It is Mr. L. D. White, a young man who was formerly in the employ of Mr. Leonard, and who 'passed over' a short time before. Every feature was distinct, even the white parting through the black wavy hair; no one who was acquainted with him would sooner mistake it than they would a life-like photograph that might hang upon the wall. For a full half hour, he came and went changing his position on the cover, and I have since regretted that we did not question him; did not have him change his position at our will,

if it were possible, but the phenomenon was so unexpected, novel and surprising, it did not enter our minds.

Then came a vapory mass, from which was evolved the face of an old lady, Mrs. John Corbin, mother of my uncle's wife, and if in the form she had been sitting before us, she would not have looked more natural. It remained not to exceed five seconds, when it turned back to the white cloud, and the cloud passed from the tin, leaving it as undisturbed as before. Another form came, the form of a lady from the waist up, which remained for several minutes, and though the features were not wholly clear, I could easily associate them with the truest friend I ever had.

Mr. Leonard saw a perfect lion's head, some beautiful landscapes, and the face of a negro I saw an animal head, but neither any landscapes nor the negro's face, neither did the others see the face of Mrs. Corbin.

Very naturally, we wished others to enjoy these sights, and we invited some persons to sit with us. One gentleman whose word would not be questioned, and whose name I do not give, simply because he is not here to authorize it, recognized a lady with whom he had been professionally connected. Both Mr. Leonard and I have since repeatedly tried to have a repetition of the wonderful phenomenon, but with no success. Now, if we did not see our friends, what did we see? I am waiting for an explanation. One of the first scientific men of England, after an investigation extending over a period of four years, says: "I do not understand it yet," yet in every community are men, sensible, so-called, who with a sneer toss the whole thing aside, and explain the various phenomena with arguments based on their ignorance only.

To the phenomenon herein recorded I have heard given two solutions,—one "reflection," the other "imagination." To us, who saw it, both have an empty sound. As to reflection, knowing the shape of the cover, our positions, etc., I consider it simply impossible. I appeal to common sense in the solution. Stand twelve feet away from a bent sheet of tin, and observe how distinct an image will be cast upon its surface; a distorted dim one, if even that; while these were as clean cut as a photograph. As to imagination—why not imagine live friends as well as dead ones, especially when the dead ones have not been thought of for days, and the live ones, by daily intercourse, must be almost constantly in mind? Why have not the thousands who have recognized at seances for materializing their friends who have gone, once, "just once" recognized a live friend? This fact, of itself, should knock this most senseless of arguments from every sensible man's mouth. These "imagination" sticklers would stand in a better light if they would repudiate our five senses—seeing they are so unreliable, and advocate universal skepticism.

Earlville, N. Y.

The Last Shot at Spiritualism.

MR. EDITOR.—I have received a number of letters calling my attention to an article in *Lippincott's Magazine*, April number, entitled "Among the Mediums," urging me to notice it in a public manner. I have examined this article carefully, and find its animus hostile, but its argument so ill arranged, crude and illogical, that to every thoughtful mind, its perusal is its best confutation.

In his attack upon Mrs. Hollis, the author of the article, Mr. John Hayward, makes no reference to my book, nor mentioning my name. He had evidently read the newspaper-articles of Col. Donn Platt, and Hon. F. B. Plimpton, in which Mrs. Hollis' mediumship was fully presented, for he mentions their names, and personally invites them into the arena of discussion. As they are both quite able, and I trust willing to break a lance with this magazine knight in defense of the ingenuousness of the manifestations occurring in the presence of their "Lady of Louisville," will it not be time enough for me to enter the list when called for?

It is fitting to say, however, that Mr. Hayward has not written his article either with a spirit of candor, nor in the interest of truth. Still, it is right to hold him responsible for this, when the fact is so transparently patent, that he is the pitiable victim of constitutional bigotry and educational prejudice? In confirmation of this opinion, I will quote a passage or two from his article, which will show how spirit phenomena affects this man's mind, whatever that may be!

"Speaking of the phenomena occurring in the presence of Dr. Slade, he says: 'The pencil began to write and the slate began to creep under my very eyes, like a thing of life. I stopped my copying, and holding the slate, listened with amazement till the writing ceased. Bear in mind, a particle of pencil no bigger than a pin's head was placed upon a walnut table-top, an inch in thickness, and an ordinary school-slate laid over it, and my hands—not the medium's—engaged in holding it down. Then was written: 'My dear, I hope you will cast off all doubts, and believe we are by you to bless and guide you in the true path of life,—so you can come to us as pure and lovely as a human soul can come. Good by! God bless your loving soul. A. P. R.' These are the initials of Root's wife's name."

After this startling manifestation, the writer says: "The slate was then held at arm's length by the medium upon my head, when my full name was written by an invisible hand."

If the reader feels any interest in knowing precisely what Mr. John Hayward thinks about these self-attested manifestations, he may learn it from the following:

"I will not," says he, "disguise the fact, that in spite of these manifestations, my faith in Dr. Slade began to wane. That he possessed an occult power which I did not understand, was evident, but the feeling had grown upon me that it (the occult power) originated in his own (Dr. Slade's) mind. The writing either emanated from the consciousness of Mrs. Root, (the spirit, mind you) or from his (Slade's) mind?"

There, now, if Mr. John Hayward has not got his hair tangled, I would like to see him comb it straight. He makes a square confession of his incompetency to investigate spirit phenomena, and with that admission, he should have stopped writing. Instead of exposting or explaining the facts he witnessed, in a clear philosophical spirit, he jawdiced about his feeling of distrust without telling us why he had them, or whether they were located in his head, heart or heels. What Mr. Hayward's feelings are, is of no consequence to the public mind which he addresses. But when he sees a fact, or what are believed to be facts, he is expected to be reticent about his feelings, and say openly what he knows about their producing causes. As he knows nothing, why does he obtrude his mental infirmities before the scrutiny of an uncharitable public opinion?

The base insinuation of his article was manifestly to slander spirit media, and bear false witness against his neighbors. This he has not got the address to conceal, and his judgments are about as lucid and impartial as Dogberry's. It is hardly necessary to follow this "skipper Jack" through the shams and silly sniffs to which he resorts to bring Spiritualism into disrespect by defaming media like Slade, Kane and Hollis.

Yours truly,
N. B. WOLFE

Cincinnati, O.

Is the Devil Dead?

BROTHER JONES.—The most astonishing thing in human nature is, that it is so hard for orthodox people to get along without a personal Devil. They hug this phantom as though his satanic services were useful in dragging men down to hell; and no matter how much he gets killed, they get his somber majesty reassociated and re-valued for active service in a short time.

Just after Gerald Massey's lecture, "Why does not God kill the Devil," in Rockford, Ill., I heard a church man say sarcastically, that the Devil was dead, for Gerald Massey had killed him; but it was not long before the Rev. Mr. Percival announced a lecture in answer to Mr. Massey's argument, to be delivered in the same hall. The lecture took place according to appointment before a large audience, and Mr. Percival was cheered and complimented for his success in re-establishing the Devil and his tropical home in Tophet.

In due time the Rockford *Gazette* came out with an abstract of Mr. Percival's lecture, with the glorious heading, "Massey answered and the Devil reinstated," etc., to the great delight of the orthodox part of the community, who seem to earnestly desire the real existence of this noted historical character. The Rockford *Register* says that Mr. Percival's lecture was received with "great satisfaction by the intelligent audience." One would think it would be a melancholy sort of satisfaction to have the Devil reinstated, and hell re-established, for the misery of the greater part of mankind. An infidel would shudder at such an infinite calamity.

If the story of the Devil is a myth, then it follows that hell with all its eternal horrors is a myth; yet Christians, who, of all people ought not to desire such fearful realities, seem to manifest the greatest pleasure in getting the Devil on his legs again. However depraved this may appear, let us not call it depravity, for it is the legitimate result of superstitious fear, a timidity inevitable to the belief in eternal future punishment. There is a mortal terror brooding over every considerate mind that believes in this soul-intimidating dogma. The Christian is impelled to love his God by a fear that racks his soul; a fear that has become an hereditary power so strong, as generally to control reasons against aggressive movements in religious matters. This fear forever tells the timorous soul that under all of reason's logic, there may be a Devil and a hell, and that the only safety is in advocating this excruciating doctrine. Therefore the Christian is willing to approve anything which he supposes Jehovah has ordained, no matter how unjust, or how revolting it may be to reason and the better instincts of the soul.

The belief in an infinite penalty for a finite error, makes man the cowering slave of this phantom fear, and there is not a sane mind but that would prefer the state of the lowest barbarism on earth without a hell, to the highest earthly bliss of Christianity with this eternal horror forever manning his soul for every-delinquent thought and act; and if there be a Christian who has the temerity to deny this, we must set him down as a solitary instance of total depravity, with a soul too dull to realize the full force of the doctrine he professes, or to appreciate his fraternal relations to mankind, whether on earth, in heaven or in hell.

The tyrannical fear of eternal punishment is so engrained on men's minds, that I sometimes think that the arguments of infidel reason alone could never eradicate it from the minds of the masses, without the aid of the demonstrative science of Spiritualism. A few undaunted minds have arisen in the benighted past, like oases on the desert of fear, who have thundered against the idleness of all religions, but the ramparts of superstition

seem too strong, and it remains for Spiritualism to accomplish this emancipation by demonstrating the truth of a doctrine that is just in its penalties, and which is taking the world, as it were, by storm.

J. W. R.

Rockford, Ill.

Meeting of Spiritualists.

The Central New York Association of Spiritualists met according to appointment, at Oneida, on the 25th and 26th of April. The meeting was well attended and a pleasant one, notwithstanding a heavy fall of snow which lasted throughout both days of the meeting. There were several speakers in attendance, but Mrs. B. A. Byrnes, of Wollaston Heights, Mass., and Warren Woolson, of North Bay, N. Y., were the principal ones of the occasion. All seemed to be well pleased with the earnest utterances of these faithful workers and expounders of the Spiritual and Harmonial Philosophy. A long series of resolutions were adopted on this occasion, among which were the following:

WHEREAS, We accept the well authenticated facts upon which Modern Spiritualism is based, and believe in the general Harmonial Philosophy as presented in the writings of A. J. Davis, Judge Edmonds, Owen, and the thousands of mediums who have brought life and immortality to light, and demonstrated the same to our senses, thereby making our religion capable of demonstration and calculated to exalt our aims, and strengthen our hands in all good works, therefore,

Resolved, That we deeply sympathize with the new labor movements as instituted by the Organizers, Sovereigns of Industry, and that we will heartily co-operate with those who are striving to lessen the burdens of the working men and women of this country, and to adjust properly the relations between labor and capital.

Resolved, That the thanks of this Association are due to the Judiciary Committee of the House of Representatives for the noble stand they have taken, in refusing to act upon the petitions proposing to put God, Jesus Christ and the Bible into the Constitution of the United States, and the leaving it as it came from our revolutionary fathers.

Resolved, That temperance in all things alone will insure a just and useful life, and an harmonious entrance into the life beyond.

Resolved, That churches and other ecclesiastical property shall no longer be exempt from taxation.

Resolved, That the employment of chaplains in congress, in state legislatures, in the army and navy, in prisons, asylums, and all other institutions supported by public money, be discontinued.

Resolved, That we advocate the abolition of capital punishment.

Bro. J. W. Seaver, of Byron, N. Y., offered the following:

Resolved, That we highly cherish the memory of our recently ascended Brother, Hon. John W. Edmonds, who by thoroughly investigating the phenomena of Spiritual Intercourse, became satisfied of its truth, whereby he also first became cognizant of the reality of individual immortality and by subsequently bearing his unequivocal testimony in its favor, both in private and public life, rendered priceless aid in establishing the ministry of angels on earth, and that we urgently recommend others to follow his pure and illustrious example.

A resolution of sympathy was offered to Bro. Webster and family, of Lee Center, Oneida Co., in consideration of his dangerous illness.

The next meeting of the Association will be held at Waterville, Oneida Co., on the 27th and 28th of June.

CARRIE SMITH, Sec'y.

West Winfield, New York.

Wm. H. Hicks, Pres., Delta, N. Y.

Religious Excitement.

DEAR SIR.—I have been a reader of your paper about two months, and as a little circumstance has happened at or near my home, I take this opportunity to write you in regard to the matter.

A lady, Mrs. Sophia Hoyt, aged 53 years, arrived at Colchester, Ill., from Texas, on Thursday evening, expecting to keep house for her brother. On Friday night last, she fell dead in the Methodist Episcopal Church, at that place.

There has been a meeting in progress at the Methodist Episcopal Church for several weeks past, and the usual good feeling prevailed and found vent in short speeches from the brethren and sisters, calculated to work up the fears and ignorance of the weak-minded, haranguing them about an angry God and a burning hell. Mrs. Hoyt had not been present at their meeting before Friday evening, and she got up and was speaking, relating her experience, and as she completed the sentence, "I have a father and mother in heaven whom I hope some day to meet," she fell dead upon the floor. Medical aid was procured immediately, but life was extinct. Whether there was a post-mortem examination of the body, I have not learned; if there was, what could have been the verdict?

Yours respectfully,

GEO. McDONOUGH.

Springfield, Ill., April 12th, 1874.

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

Extracts from our Exchanges.

In order to give our readers a more comprehensive view of Spiritualism and Religious subjects, we shall publish in this Department, the latest articles of our exchanges, which we are receiving from various parts of the world.

A GHOSTLY SPECTACLE.

Remarkable Doings in an Oakland Mansion.

The Furniture Bewitched, Horrible and Ghostly Noises, and Terrible Fright of the Inmates—A Startling Sensation in the City Over the Bay.

From the San Francisco (Cal.) Chronicle, April 25th. To believers in Spiritualism, the wonderful phenomena which were manifested in Oakland on Thursday night, and of which the Chronicle is about to present a truthful account, will seem in nowise strange. To them it will merely be new proof that their beautiful philosophy is true, and that each day adds to the power and will of the spirits of the dead to communicate with their living friends. But to the unbelieving thousands who will read this article the wonderful phenomena will seem strange indeed, and will doubtless lead to a world of speculation and conjecture.

THE SCENE OF THE PHENOMENA.

John O. Clark, paying teller of the Bank of California, resides with his family in Oakland. They are well known, occupy a prominent position in society, and are first-class people in every way. They are not Spiritualists, nor have they ever given the subject of Spiritualism a thought. Mr. Clark resides in a fine house on Castro street, near Fifteenth. In Mr. Clark's family reside three gentlemen, whose names are Geo. B. Bayley, book-keeper at the Bank of California; Edwin M. Arthur, with Wells, Fargo & Co.; and Charles Oxand, salesman with Dickson, DeWolf & Co. The three gentlemen have separate rooms, but are intimate friends, and form a delightful addition to Mrs. Clark's household. Of the three there is but one who has evinced any special interest in Spiritualism. This is Mr. Arthur. For some time past he has been quietly pursuing his investigations, and before the remarkable scenes of Thursday night had almost come to the determination to embrace the faith. Now his mind is quite made up.

THE GHOSTLY VISITORS.

On Thursday evening the family sat up late. The three young gentlemen came in about 11 o'clock, and after chatting a moment in the parlor with Mrs. Clark retired to their rooms. Some time afterwards Mrs. and Mr. Clark locked up the house with the usual precaution against burglars, and after seeing all secure for the night, retired to their room. About half-past 12 o'clock—the house up to that time having been as quiet as the grave—there came up all of a sudden from the lower part of the house a long, loud wail of anguish, as of some one appealing in a heart-broken tone for mercy. This was followed at once by a tremendous clatter and loud voices, all of which, as it seemed to the affrighted listeners up stairs, came directly from the parlor and adjoining room.

MR. BAYLEY'S CONSTERNATION.

Mr. Bayley had been asleep about an hour when the horrible wail rang through the house. He started up, rubbed his eyes and suddenly stopped to listen. The noises grew louder and louder and more confused, and at the same time seemed more and more unaccountable. As he sat up in bed and listened, Mr. Bayley's heart beat a little faster and his face grew a trifle paler. What could it be? Mr. Bayley didn't wait to listen long. Somehow or other he thought it would be pleasanter to have company, and he sprang from his bed and called Mr. Arthur. The two stopped and listened. The noises continued more loudly than before. They changed in character each moment. At one time would come the noise of loud talk, then of laughter, then would come the noise of some one moving heavy articles of furniture across the rooms, and of the slamming of doors and the moving of crockery. All these noises were distinctly heard. Once in a while the whole house would seem to be jarred by the concussion of some heavy body on the floor below.

CHARGING ON THE GHOSTS.

After listening some moments Mr. Arthur cautiously put his head out of the bedroom-door and took a survey of the scene. The upper floor was quiet and not a sound was heard on it. But from below came these terrifying sounds, incessant in their occurrence, and increasing in volume each moment. The next thing was to gather together the household and investigate. The family congregated in one of the upper rooms and laid out a plan for exploring the regions whence the mysterious sounds appeared. Poor Mrs. Clark was nearly frightened out of her wits. She clung to her husband and implored him not to go down stairs, but he finally overcame her fears and a party was made up to descend. As the person who had first heard the noises, Mr. Bayley was given the post of honor—to lead the procession down the staircase. Armed with revolvers they started—Mr. Bayley, Mr. Clark and Mr. Arthur. Mr. Oxand was left behind to hold Mrs. Clark's smelling salts and guard the supply train in the rear.

THE MARCH TO THE FRONT.

Down the stairway slowly groped the three gentlemen. Each held a death grip on his revolver with one hand and on the bannister with the other. The hall below was as dark as Erebus, though when once their eyes became accustomed to it a dim light from the floor above enabled the explorers to see indistinctly any dark object. The parlor door stood open and inside was pitchy blackness. They could not see a thing inside the room. The noises continued and became more appallingly mysterious. From the parlor they seemed to fit into the dining-room and the pantry. All at once the little tea bell, which always stood in the china closet, began to ring violently. Some one also seemed to be drumming on a huge silver salver which was drawn to stand on the sideboard in the dining-room. Once in a while a note would be struck on the piano, though it was known that an hour or more before Mrs. Clark with her own hands had closed and locked the instrument.

THE ENEMY'S OUTPOST.

At a point half way down the staircase and directly opposite the parlor door, Mr. Bayley uttered an exclamation of horror, and stopped. His companions saw from his ashy face and his fixed and horrible stare into the darkness of the parlor that something appalling had caught his eye. They looked and followed the direction of his finger. Each man held his breath and clung to his revolver with a vice-like grip. Slowly there came out from the Stygian blackness of the parlor and stood in the doorway ready to receive them—a chair! The chair seemed to slide along the floor of its own volition and take its stand in the open doorway, unaided by any visible thing. The three gentlemen stood and stared at it for a few seconds with horrified looks. Neither could move, and neither dared look the other in the face.

A THRILLING SITUATION.

Presently Mr. Bayley cocked his revolver and moved slowly down the stairs, followed by the others, with blanched cheeks. He kept his eye steadily on the chair in the doorway. The horrible chair seemed to keep its invisible eye upon him, for as the three descended past the door the chair turned its front towards them, and kept turning as they descended. As they approached the door finally, having reached the hall floor, the chair seemed to bow and beckon them forward. Once they faltered. The chair bowed or nodded, and seemed to recede into the darkness as if to reassure them. In all this time there had not been the slightest abatement of the strange noises. From the parlor, the dining room, the pantry, and even the kitchen, the terrible sounds came with a regularity and ceaselessness that was appalling. The three men stood for a second hesitating what to do. The chair stood there beckoning and nodding to reassure their fears. But the horror of going into the Plutonian blackness of that room, past

THE GRIM SENTINEL IN THE DOORWAY.

seemed too great, for even the strongest nerves. All at once Mr. Bayley recovered his self-possession to bethink him of a light. He struck a match and in an instant a flood of light was thrown upon the scene from the hall chandelier. The horrible chair still stood there, and still it nodded and beckoned them in. The light steeled the nerves of the explorers, and grasping each other's hands they resolved to go past the chair and into the parlor. Bayley struck a match and the three made a rush. In an instant a blaze of light shone from the chandelier, and then the three men stood in a stupor and gazed at the strange spectacle.

THE DANCE OF THE GHOSTS.

Not an article of furniture in the room but was even then moving. The chairs were marching around the room in pairs, the center-tables danced about, the ottomans rolled over and over, and the piano warped and twisted and groaned as if in great tribulation. While Bayley was standing there the horrible chair in the doorway came rapidly toward him and springing up struck him in the face, bruising him slightly and frightening the victim nearly to death. When the gas was first lighted in the parlor, there was no abatement of the noises, but finally they gradually died away, so that it seemed as if the sounds came from a long distance. Those, however, in the dining-room continued without cessation until the men mustered up courage to strike a light there, when they, too, died away, but not so the physical manifestations. The chairs and tables

MOVED ABOUT LIKE ANIMATE THINGS.

and appeared to take no notice whatever of the intruders. The crockery in the closet rattled and clinked, the furniture as it walked across the floor snapped and cracked, and the bells rang all over the house. Having discovered that nothing they could do would either explain or prevent the phenomena, the three explorers resolved to retreat and leave the field to the spirits. Leaving the gas on at full blaze, they first made a critical examination of the outer fastenings of the house. Not a bolt or bar had been disturbed, all was as secure as when Mr. Clark had locked the house up two hours before. Hastily and with nervous trepidation the three then mounted the stairs and resolved to concentrate their forces and sleep on their arms all night. The noises had now entirely subsided and quiet again reigned in the house. The party huddled together in one room and exchanged confidences in hurried whispers of the horrible scenes below. Quietly they sat there for an hour or more. The gas was burning brightly all over the house, and gradually their spirits rose.

THE NOISES BEGIN AGAIN.

All at once the noises began again, indistinct at first, but getting louder and louder. The little party looked at each other, with mute horror. Mr. Bayley finally said that he thought something might be done to get rid of the nuisance, and as they had been down once they might go again. The three parleyed awhile over who should go. Mr. Clark thought it was his duty to stay by his wife, and proposed that Mr. Oxand should go in his place. This was a proposition that Mr. Oxand would not listen to for an instant. He would not for the world deprive Mr. Clark of the pleasure of going, and as for taking care of the lady, why he could take care of her just as well as Mr. Clark.

THE STRANGEST THING OF ALL.

It was finally decided that Mr. Bayley and Mr. Arthur should go alone. They started as before, Bayley leading the way. To their inexpressible surprise, however, when they reached the top of the staircase they saw lying on the steps the large white door of the parlor. The door had been taken from its hinges and carried twenty feet, where it was laid flat on the steps.

Mr. Bayley and Mr. Arthur both quailed at this. They would not have gone down those stairs after that, for the whole Bank of California. Hastily they went back to the room where their companions were, and reported their last wonderful discovery. In a short time after, the noises subsided and only appeared again at intervals during the rest of the night. The little party sat up until long after daylight, when they mustered up sufficient courage to go down stairs. The outside bolts and bars, both on doors and windows, were perfectly secure. But inside things were in confusion worse confounded. The furniture was all disarranged, and much of it was badly strained and damaged. The parlor-door still lay on the staircase. The gas was burning brightly, and the whole scene was like the morning after a ball.

THE EXCITEMENT IN OAKLAND.

There was great excitement all day yesterday in Oakland over these remarkable manifestations. An effort was made on the part of the inmates of the house to keep the matter quiet; but such extraordinary things as this are bound to leak out, and this did so. From early morning until late last night the house was an object of curiosity. At the hour of going to press this morning there had been no return of the ghostly visitation; but it isn't at all likely that they will leave the inmates in peace very long.

SECOND DAY'S REPORT.

The spirits of the other world have within a day or two past, been making things lively in Oakland. The usual quiet of that little town has been sadly disturbed in consequence, and all the people are agog at the wonderful manifestations. Yesterday but little else was talked of, and the scene of the strange phenomena was surrounded all day by a curious, eager crowd. Early in the day it became known that more startling manifestations had been given on Friday night, and this, together with the Chronicle's report of what had taken place on Thursday, aroused interest, so that from morn till night Mr. Clark's house was besieged for admission. Spiritualists, lovers of the curious, mediums and others interested thronged the place and asked to see for themselves evidences of

THE STARTLING PHENOMENA.

To all, however, save a few personal friends

and such as might come properly introduced, Mr. Clark's doors were religiously closed. The family for three days have been wrought up to a pitch of excitement almost distracting. Sleep has been out of the question, save at certain hours in the day, when the spirits are silent and the furniture rests quietly in its place. In this condition it is hardly to be supposed that they are prepared or willing to receive all that come. The Chronicle was led into error yesterday in stating that John G. Clark of the Bank of California occupies the house in which these wonderful things took place. It was not he, but was T. B. Clarke of the Sub-Treasury. His family consists of his wife, a grown-up daughter, a little son, a lady relative who is an invalid and is confined to her bed, and the other persons mentioned in yesterday's Chronicle.

A CHRONICLE REPORTER IN OAKLAND.

Yesterday afternoon a Chronicle man armed himself with a letter of introduction to Mr. Clarke, and started for the scene of the remarkable demonstrations. The house, which is a neat and plain one, though somewhat small, stands at the northwest corner of Castro and Sixteenth streets, Oakland. It is two stories high, with gable roof, and is painted white, with bright green blinds. Bounding up the front steps of the house, the reporter rang the bell. Presently a lady came to the door, to whom the reporter handed the letter and asked if Mr. Clarke was in. The lady said he was, and asked the reporter into the parlor. "If you are not afraid to sit here alone," she said, "I will call Mr. Clarke. I shouldn't be gone more than a moment, so don't get nervous."

The reporter smiled, and told the lady to take all the time necessary—he was not afraid of spirits. While the lady was gone, the reporter had an opportunity of looking at the room which on Thursday night, contained so many terrors for the party of explorers who came into it pistol in hand. The room is small, but neatly and beautifully furnished. In one corner stood a large walnut musicstand, and in a bay window, on the opposite side of the room, stood a table, upon which were piled books and bronzes in profusion. Near the mantel was a large sofa, which, like the easy chairs, was upholstered in crimson and green stripes. In addition, there were a number of French chairs in ebony and gilt, upholstered in crimson reps, and it was these chairs which were lively during the manifestations. The walls were prettily adorned with pictures, and the whole room had, in fact, an air of luxury and comfort.

ENTER MR. CLARKE.

In a few minutes Mr. Clarke came in and welcomed his visitor with an amused expression on his face. Mr. Clarke is an elderly man, with silver gray hair.

"I am glad to see you, sir," he said. "We have been having lively times here for forty-eight hours, but I hope now they will let us have some rest and sleep." "Reporter—Whom do you mean by 'they'?" "Mr. Clarke—Well, whoever it is that is kicking up this bobby. Now I want to say here that neither I, my wife, my daughter, nor any one in the house believes one iota in the doctrine of Spiritualism, and therefore if these are real spirits and they have come here with a view to our conversion, then I can say that they have struck a little the toughest crowd that they ever got into." "Reporter—I learned in the city to-day that your strange visitors came again last night. Mr. Clarke—Oh, yes; we had 'em here red hot last night, and the beauty of it was there were some pretty big men here to see it. They got enough, I think. I'll show you how it was. But first let me go back to Friday morning. The Chronicle of to-day had nearly everything that the spirits, or whatever they are, did up to 7 o'clock, yesterday morning. I suppose you did not know that an hour after that the whole thing began again, worse, if anything, than before. This took place at 8 o'clock and long after the family had got up. Mr. Bayley had gone away to his business, and so had Mr. Oxand. My daughter had just come in from the street. I was in the dining-room with my wife, and my daughter had just laid off her things in the parlor and come in to join us."

"The invisible hand in the olive." All at once we heard a terrible racket in the parlor. I said, "There they are again!" and after a moment we started in. As soon as we came to the parlor door the noise ceased, but the scene which met our gaze filled us all with the wildest astonishment. The large sofa which I am now sitting on had been whirled around and lay on its back in front of the grate. A large reception chair had been pitched forward and lay resting in its position [illustrating]; and that little iron safe, which you will observe weighs ten pounds or more, lay on top of it. On the floor, and about two feet in front of this chair, lay the gloves my daughter had worn in the street. They did not lay flat, like empty gloves do, but were puffed out and filled up to the exact shape as if they had been drawn on invisible hands. The thumbs stood straight up, and we even fancied we could see them move, but of this I won't be certain.

A VERY ANIMATED BLOWER. We picked up the things, straightened out matters generally, and were just about going back to the dining-room, when all of a sudden the blower which had been up before the grate all the time jumped down and darted across the floor in a kind of a pirouette. It stopped in the middle of the floor and lay there. I laughed, and said it was a sharp draft of air that could do that, and put the blower up again. Instantly it jumped down again from the grate and went whirling to the middle of the floor. I picked it up, and this time I laid it on the hearth. Straightway it wriggled again out on the carpet, where it seemed to insist upon lying. Then I got mad, and said, "Well, all right; if you want to lay there, why, do it." And there the blower lay.

THE HUMMING TOP CHAIR. Reporter—Were there any other incidents of Thursday night that we failed to publish to-day? Mr. Clarke—Yes; there were two or three. The fact of it is, we did all in our power to prevent this thing getting into print, but now, since it is out, why, I have no objection to telling the whole. There were three or four things that we saw Thursday night that you didn't get. One was in the dining-room, at the time Bayley and the rest of us came in to try and stop the noise. Bayley was standing at the side of the door, and I stood near the dining-room table. My wife was about five feet from me. Near the door where Bayley stood was a large upholstered easy chair, that must weigh at least forty pounds; it had stood there all through the performance, and hadn't as yet moved. Bayley was very tired and sleepy, and finally he said, "Well, I'm going to bed, and I won't get up again if the whole side of the house tumbles in." The words had scarcely left his lips when that big chair began to rise up slowly from the floor. Steadily it rose until it stopped in mid air, half way between the floor and the ceiling. Then it began to spin. Slowly it turned at first, but faster and faster it went as it gained centrifugal force, until, in less than a minute, that chair

was going round like a boy's humming-top. It went so fast you could not see its shape. It simply hung there in the air and spun with the noise of a buzz saw.

SILVER AND GOLD IN THE AIR.

Pretty soon it stopped, and came down plump to the floor and didn't move again. Bayley and I have been experimenting to-day to see if we could make the chair go around even one-third as fast, but we couldn't.

Early Friday morning my daughter said that she would go to bed. She was tired and nervous and wanted rest. She started up the steps, but had only mounted two or three when a large basket of silverware, which must weigh at least twenty pounds, came flying down at her. The basket was always kept on a little bureau at the head of the stairs, and it had stood there for some weeks. It could not have come down of its own accord and there was not a soul up there to throw it down, but nevertheless it came whirling down and fell on the hall floor at her feet. Nothing was injured in the basket but one little vase, which was slightly bent. About the same time a box of coal which stood in the upper hall alongside the banister leaped up over the rail and came tumbling down the steps. [Here Mr. Clark showed the reporter the marks made by the coal on the white wall.]

THE JUMPING CHAIR.

Reporter—It seems to me that all these wonderful things must have had a very disquieting effect upon your family.

Mr. Clark (with a laugh)—Well, it did at first, but we're getting used to it now. I just say to myself, "Go it, whatever you are. Make all the noise you want to, but don't break the furniture." There was another little thing occurred in Mr. Oxand's room on Friday morning which is worthy of mention. My daughter was up there with Mr. Bayley and the others. They were waiting for a re-occurrence of the phenomena. My daughter said, "Well, if they are coming again I wish they'd do it, for I'm getting sleepy." Instantly one of Oxand's chairs became imbued with life and leaped clear from the floor and landed on his bed. Soon after that Oxand took his watch from his vest and put it on the bed. In a jiffy it was taken up and carried to another part of the room and laid in a chair.

BUT THE MOST MARVELOUS THING OF ALL was the way that heavy door got off its hinges. Come here and I'll show it to you. The reporter accompanied Mr. Clark to the door and made a critical examination of it. Like all doors it was hung on what is called the "half hinge," that is, a hinge in two solid parts, with a pin in one upon which the other hangs. When the door is closed it is a physical impossibility to lift it from its hinges, for the reason that it fits into the lintel and makes a flush surface with it.

"Now," continued Mr. Clark, "this door was fastened, tight bolted, locked and made secure in every way. You couldn't get it off the hinges without opening it to save your soul, and yet it was done, and I can assure you, they made noise enough in doing it to wake the dead. I never heard such a racket in all my life. It was done, though, in one crash, for when we got here, the door rested on the steps and leaned against the banister."

ANOTHER GREAT SEANCE.

I believe now that is about all with reference to the events of Thursday night and Friday morning that haven't already been published in the Chronicle.

Reporter—Now, about last night's work; what was done then? Mr. Clark—Well, I'll tell you. The noises and other manifestations ceased after the morning seance of which I have spoken, and we began to congratulate ourselves that the trouble was over. I went off to my business, and the family attended to their little household duties as usual. The furniture was quiet and nothing occurred all day. In the evening, after dinner, all went into the parlor and sat there talking over the matter and wondering what it could mean and whether we should be troubled any more. There was no one here but my own family and Mr. Oxand. Mr. Bayley had gone out. We sat there and waited and waited, but there wasn't a sign of anything. Presently, my daughter, who by this time had got very sleepy, yawned, and said, "Well, if anything is coming to-night I wish it would come, for I'm tired." With this she started for the door, but to her terrible consternation one of the little French chairs that you see there deliberately started and walked—yes, walked—just like a dog, across her path, as if to intercept her. She didn't stop instantly, though, but kept on to the door, there. Instantly there was a crash, and another chair came down from the floor above. Come here, and I'll show you just where it started from."

A REMARKABLE INCIDENT.

Mr. Clark took the reporter up stairs and showed him just where the chair stood. It was in a little passage that ran alongside the upper banister. To get to where it fell the chair would have to leap over the rail; and that it did so and struck against the wall in its flight is proven by two distinct marks made by the legs of the chair in the plastering. "The chair," said Mr. Clark, continuing his narrative, "jumped over this rail and struck the wall and then came tumbling down stairs. It wasn't broken at all, nor was it even scratched. Well, we saw then that we were in for it, and I made up my mind that I was going to have some one there. So I went out and down to the Republican Convention, where I called out Mr. Sherman, the assistant treasurer, and Col. J. B. Howard, a lawyer in San Francisco, and told them that the ghosts were around again and I'd like to have them come up. They got two or three more gentlemen and we all returned to the house. This was about 8 o'clock, or may be half past.

WHAT THE PARTY SAW.

Well, we waited there for awhile and nothing came. We told them what had taken place but a few moments before, and they resolved to wait until the ghosts, or whatever they are, put in an appearance. We laughed and talked there for nearly an hour, I guess, and finally several of the gentlemen said that they would have to go back to the Convention, and with that they all rose up. Colonel Howard and Mr. Sherman had got as far as the hall, when Howard happened to look up the steps. There was a dim light burning, by which he could see quite distinctly. At the instant he looked up he saw another chair, just like the first one, jump over the banister and come tumbling with a loud noise down to his feet. There was a lively scene for a minute or two, I can tell you.

A CHAIR OF GREAT CAUTION.

The whole party came into the hall. Mr. Sherman happened to be looking up the stairs to see where the chair came from, when all at once he saw a large upholstered chair which stands there—you can see it now—right at the head of the stairs, come forward, as if it intended to walk deliberately down stairs, step by step. The chair walked forward to the step and there halted. Then it dropped its two front legs to the next step, but instantly drew back, just in the same way as you have seen a dog hesitate about coming down a dangerous place. Mr. Sherman stared his eyes out almost at

that apparition, I can tell you; and so we all did. Finally the chair concluded not to come down, and trotted gayly off, to its accustomed place by the wall. In addition to this, there was a demonstration made by one of the chairs in the parlor, but this was of rather a quiet nature, and, after the stirring scenes we have witnessed, of but little account.

Reporter—Did they trouble you any more that night? Mr. Clark—We have not seen a sign of them since. This morning they let us sleep and get the rest we all needed so much; but I suppose they will be around again to-night.

WHY NOT INVESTIGATE?

Reporter—Has it occurred to you that if these are really spirits they may want to communicate? Why don't you have a first-class medium; one who is known to be truthful and reliable, one like Mrs. Foye, for instance, come here and see what the row is all about? Mr. Clark—Oh, we don't go one cent on Spiritualism, and we don't want any sensation made over it. Besides, I know it ain't spirits, of course. There ain't no such nonsense as that in my brain. What it is I don't know, but 'tain't spirits, you can bet.

Reporter—Have you ever known this house to be visited so before?

Mr. Clark—No; I never heard that it was. The house belongs to Elijah Flint. He is in Europe now, and I leased it of the agent some months ago. No; there's never been anything of the kind here before.

Reporter—Have you been annoyed with visitors, much?

Mr. Clark—Oh, yes; and Mrs. Clark has got so out of patience that she can hardly give them a polite refusal. We admit nobody now but those whom we know.

Thanking Mr. Clark for his politeness, the reporter withdrew.

MR. SHERMAN ON THE SPIRITS.

Upon his return to the city the Chronicle man called on William Sherman, assistant treasurer, who, with Colonel Howard, witnessed a portion of the manifestations on Friday night. Mr. Sherman told readily of what he saw, and corroborated Mr. Clark's statement about the two chairs in every particular. "Mr. Sherman," said the reporter, "how do you account for these wonderful things?"

Mr. Sherman—My dear sir, you know just as much about it as I do. All I know is that it is most remarkable and far beyond my ken. I know Mr. Clark; he is one of the employees of the Sub-Treasury, and is an honorable, truthful man, wholly incapable of trickery or deceit of any kind. Of course, the same may be said of every member of his family. There are many singular things connected with this which I do not pretend to understand. For instance, these manifestations have occurred in every room in that house except the room of the sick lady and Mr. Clark's own room, where his little child sleeps. These two rooms have remained as quiet as the grave. This may signify nothing and it may signify a great deal.

Reporter—Do you know whether any member of Mr. Clark's family is what Spiritualists call "Mediumistic"?

Mr. Sherman—Ah, that is something I don't know anything about. But there's something darned curious about it all, and I've been thinking and thinking and can't make it out. And here the reporter thanked Mr. Sherman and left him to wrestle with the problem.

Medium's Column.

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Slow Progress, but Persistent.

BY DR. J. K. BAILEY.

The God-in-the-constitution agitators have met a serious check to their movement and designs upon the religious liberties of the American people, as will be seen by the proceedings of the "House of Representatives in Congress assembled," of the 13th day of Feb. The committee on the judiciary, to whom was referred the petition of E. G. Gault and others, praying Congress for an acknowledgment of Almighty God and the Christian Religion, in the constitution of the United States, reported as follows: "That upon examination even of the meagre debates by the Fathers of the Republic in the convention which framed the Constitution, they find that the subject of this memorial was most fully and carefully considered, and then, in that convention, decided, after grave deliberation to which the subject was entitled, that, as this country, the foundation of whose government they were then laying, was to be the home of the oppressed of all nations of the earth, whether Christian or Pagan, and in full realization of the dangers which the union between Church and State had imposed upon so many nations of the Old World, agreed, with great unanimity, that it was inexpedient to put anything into the constitution or form of government which might be construed to be a reference to any religious creed or doctrine. And they further find that this decision was accepted by our Christian fathers with such great unanimity that, in the amendments which were afterwards proposed, in order to make the constitution more acceptable to the nation, none had ever been proposed to the States by which this wise determination of the fathers has been attempted to be changed. Wherefore, your committee report that it is inexpedient to legislate upon the subject of the above memorial, and ask that they be discharged from the further consideration thereof, and that this report, together with the petition, be laid on the table."

This report is concise, explicit and sufficiently decisive, to all minds not blinded by sectarian bigotry and religious superstition, and will undoubtedly satisfy the great majority of the people of the United States. The following comments, upon the report by the St. Louis Republican and Chicago Times, I think express the general sentiment of the leading journals as also of all liberal minds throughout the country. The Times says: "The God-in-the-constitution fanatics may as well give up the ghost. The committee of congress to whom their numerous petitions were referred, has reported, throwing a great deal of very cold water on their scheme. The presentation of the report scarcely caused a word of debate, a fact that shows how little the matter is regarded."

And the Republican sensibly discourses, as follows: "This is an exceedingly sensible and satisfactory way of disposing of a subject which, at various times for many years past, has been thrust upon the attention of congress. The most ardent advocates of 'the recognition of God,' as it is called, will admit that the convention which framed the federal constitution contained as large a proportion of sincere and devout Christian men than any body of the same size and character that ever assembled. The members of that convention had just emerged from a seven years' struggle against overwhelming odds; a struggle, the successful termination of which they felt was due to the interposition of an overruling Providence: To suppose that, under such circumstances, they omitted all allusions to the Supreme Being, or to any form of religious faith, from our organic law because they did not believe in God and had no regard for religion, is worse than ridiculous."

Thus it is palpable that petitions and remonstrances to congress, upon this subject, are at present alike useless, and a waste of effort to either side. This fact has been clear, to me, all along the raging battle of words and petitions, as conducted by theological bigots of the one side, and frantic hobbyists of the other. And the only source of danger from the clergy and their followers, to the Republic and Free Religion, is in their persuasive appeals to the religious emotions of the people. Hence to enlighten the people, as to the true relations of humanity and of the individual to the Deity; of this life to the future; of government to religious freedom and institutions, is to more effectually defeat the petty schemes of a priesthood that would seek to establish a selfish, egotistical and fanatical reign of terror and domination in this land—which is evidently the chosen land of religious liberty, and a pioneer detachment of freedom, political, religious and moral—than ever so vigorous remonstrances to congress can possibly do.

Educate the people with a knowledge of the fact that all so-called sacred scriptures, Holy Bibles, and schemes of salvation are alike fictions; are but the work of priestcraft, and replace those delusions with a rational understanding of Spiritualism—the philosophy of life, and the country will be safe from the dangers of a petted, pampered clergy, and the fanaticisms of moon-struck, self-styled reformers alike. For Spiritualism inculcates and inspires a manhood status, that accepts or bows to no effete traditions, irrational theology or system; nor to a thus, such the Lord, angel, spirit or man, with or without the earthly body.

That there is need of work in behalf of the overthrow of error, in all directions, is palpable to the close observer and thinker who discerns the signs of the times. And that the clergy begin to perceive, that alone by constant and efficient work, can they hope to succeed, even in maintaining their present negative power and easy positions, much more, how to secure the means of enforcing their Jehovah, vicarious atonement and salvation by grace, upon the American people, is evident by the action of a late conference of the Methodist Episcopal church, as stated in the following officially published report of proceedings upon "the duties of Christian citizenship."

At the recent session of the Leavenworth district conference of the M. E. Church, held at the first M. E. Church in Leavenworth, the following report, submitted by a special committee, appointed to report on "the duties of Christian citizenship," was adopted and ordered furnished the press for publication: "We believe that the power of Christianity in public and political affairs, in this country, is nearly if not quite lost, from the fact that it is not organized and thus wisely directed; while sufficient, if unitedly put forth, to exert a controlling influence in both federal, state and municipal governments."

"Though it is quite possible that Christian voters, and those whom they could control on questions of public morals and civil ethics, in many localities, perhaps in the aggregate would be a minority, yet it must be obvious to every one that they are quite as responsible as though they were a majority, for the reason that they hold the balance of power, and thus have a controlling influence. No organized party of to-day, not even the (once) great republican party, could succeed without the votes of Christian men. At present moral

and Christian voters are distributed among the political parties, which ignore all these vital questions while, within and among these parties, the enemies of morality and religion are thoroughly organized and successfully at work. For example, the whisky interest, which largely governs this country to-day, and amounts to more in its annual sales than one hundred millions of dollars—more than half our present national debt—is completely organized. The beer brewers of congress, which met not a great while since, and published to the world, their own support no man for any office was not opposed to all temperance and Sunday laws. And yet Christian men in all our churches and throughout the churches, are supporting the men for office who are nominated in the interests of these organizations, under the disguise of public and democratic nominations. We introduce only three cases where vital moral questions have become political questions, and must eventually be settled at the ballot box. The public recognition and observance of the Christian Sabbath, the Bible in the schools, and a legalized liquor traffic.

"Preaching and praying alone will not retain the Bible in the schools, will not arrest the evils of intemperance, or preserve to us the holy Sabbath, while we, by our influence and votes, elect corrupt and anti-Christian men to office. If civil government is God's providential method of governing the world, (and to deny this would be infidelity) then we ought to co work with him in this sphere of life's duties as conscientiously and as faithfully as in the work of saving souls."

"We therefore recommend that a committee be appointed to prepare a paper in the nature of a memorial to our annual conference, asking that it be recommended that our preachers in charge preach directly to our people on this subject, and as far as practicable organize all the legal voters of their several churches."

Then let none falter, but work on and assist in the great work of spreading truth, by publications, lectures, articles, and all proper and possible means. To do this effectively and as rapidly as urgent need demands, the people must sustain mediums, speakers and publications, all the instrumentalities of rational and righteous moral tone and decent ability. But as to these latter considerations, perhaps more anon.

Emporia, Kansas.

Progress Reported.

BRO. JONES. The ball that we opened at O'Fall two or three weeks ago is still on the whirl. "John Brown's body lies moldering in the ground, but his soul goes marching on."

Since I wrote you last, I gave two lectures at Knoxville, where we had not large, but very appreciative audiences. Mr. Mott, the wonderful medium of Memphis, Mo., had been there and given several of his astonishingances and opened a good many blind eyes. The friends there are few and feeble, but warm-hearted and good in feeling and desires, among whom may be mentioned Messrs. Wetherby, Parmerton, Richards and Dr. Stevens—all except Richards, were converts. The next point of attack was at Canton, where I found a beautiful little city, and earnest, intelligent, influential and clear minded Spiritualists. Dr. Rainey, who has a soul as big as a lake, met me at the depot and took me to his beautiful home where I found with him and his excellent little wife, one of the most pleasant homes I have found in my itinerant career. On Sunday it rained all day, yet at 2 P. M. and 7 in the evening, the Opera House was well filled with an intelligent and thoughtful audience.

From here we went to Farmington, where the people need a little mite of old-fashioned hell fire and brimstone, to wake them up. Bro. Mason there is a good soul, but lacks that energy and interest in spiritual things that is essential to success. It is said that the chief man there is Woodhull, and often towards those who question the propriety of her views, at F. there was but little accomplished, save that we "laid hands on a few sick folks and healed them." It was said of Jesus that, at a certain place, "He could do no mighty works there, because of their unbelief." They spoiled the conditions, by their lack of confidence, that's all.

Our next point was Vermont. Here we found Bro. Mershon and Thomas, and lots of other whole souled Quaker converts, with large, warm, generous hearts. Bro. M. is a wealthy banker, merchant, farmer, etc. Friend Thomas is, and has been for many years, the postmaster of the city, though a thorough outspoken Spiritualist. I gave four lectures there, two on Sunday, one on Monday and Tuesday evening, to good houses and very attentive and appreciative audiences. They paid me up in full and a little over—and after the close of the Tuesday evening lecture, a pleasant delegation of warm hearts watched with me for the train and accompanied me to the depot at one and a quarter o'clock in the morning. Such attentions to him, sympathy for a poor pilgrim makes him feel "very much good," and helps him to bear his weary cross with patience, "looking for, and hastening unto, the coming of the jubilee."

By the way, I would as well say now, as any time, in this parent case, that the good friends at Canton made me an offer, to the effect, that, if I would settle my family among them—they would take the best of care of the "widow and my orphan children" and save me about \$500 a year on my living. So I hastened home and sent them on to Canton, which will be my permanent address. And here let me say a word, about Canton, for the benefit of Spiritualists and Liberals, that are oppressed by the bigotry and intolerances of their present communities, this will be a good place to emigrate to. There is the making of a large and splendid society of Spiritualists there, where they expect to sustain meetings all the time, or combine with Vermont, Galesburg and Peoria and form a circuit. At any one of those points, and especially at Canton or Vermont, our friends will find generous, warm, noble hearts, and true Spiritualists. Having started my "widow and orphan children" to Canton, the little El Dorado of Illinois, I took the train for Beloit, Wisconsin, where I had an engagement to hold a two days' meeting. "The old patriarch," father Cheney, met me at the depot and took me to his house. All day Saturday and Sunday it rained; blowed and sleeted; was cold and snowy, and the Spiritualists were, with a few noble exceptions, partook very much of the character of the weather. Nevertheless, we had the Opera House for three lectures on Saturday and three on Sunday. The meetings up to Sunday P. M. were a good deal like the weather, of an exceedingly dull and uninteresting character. The lecturing was very like pouring water on a duck's back—it ran off as fast as it was poured on; but, at 3 P. M. on Sunday, we got through the shell and reached a good appreciative audience. A day or so more and then off for East Saginaw, where friends may address me till June 1st.

T. B. TAYLOR, M. D.
Chicago, May 6th, 1874.

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GREAT EXCITEMENT! JEFFERSON MILLS, NEW HAMPSHIRE. THE BLIND SEE! THE LAME WALK! THE LEPER IS CURED! THE LEPER IS CURED! JEFFERSON MILLS, N. H., March 21, 1874.—Prof. 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 Lepers are cured. I had the Leprosy for thirty years in my neck, arms, head, and nearly all over my body. After taking your Positive Powders about four days I showed up my sleeves to see how my arms looked, and to my utter astonishment the scales 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 inflammation in my muscles commenced many years ago, and by degrees it tended 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 on 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 up at all. The powders I used it all right. Several years ago, from overeating 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 look only two Boxes of Negative. 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. My daughter, Martha, has been cured of Dropsy of the Womb of one year's standing. The tendency to Dropsy was inherited.—(Mrs. Emma May, Brooklyn, N. Y.) A woman who had four Miscarriages got a box of Positive Powders of me, and they took her through her next pregnancy all right.—(O. HENRY, Sand Spring, Iowa.) My wife is now all right in her monthly periods. As I said before, she had suffered from irregularity and flooding, she had doctored with seven different Doctors for three years; but there is nothing as good as your Powders.—(W. H. Kew, South 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 of the eye, and a case of Dysentery.—(POWER HALLOCK, Yorkville, Ill.) Miss Lane Austin was taken with Stopping of the Periodicals, accompanied by great distress in the head, and coldness of the limbs. She was treated with your Positive Powders, and she is entirely recovered.—(ROSA L. GAZZ, Pardooville, Wis.)

WHAT DOCTORS SAY. In the course of 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 Billious Inflammatory, 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 to the Positive Powders (according to Rule tenth) to be magical in its effects on all kinds of Mores and Erysipelas. DR. T. E. JENKS, 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. E. Clavin was cured by the Negative Powders of Numbness, or Palsy, of 13 years' duration. The Powders cured Mrs. H. Clavin of Neuralgia. They also cured a lady of Painful Menstruation when given up as past cure. In cases of Parturition (child-birth), I consider them of great value. DR. JULIA WILLIAMS, Practical Midwife, West Brattle, 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 is 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. P. WAY, M.D., Bennett, 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 has ever benefited them. C. D. H. KIRK, M.D., Fern Springs, Wis. They are especially adapted to the female constitution. DR. L. HAKES, Cloona, N. Y.

Consumption, SCROFULA AND CATARRH Cured. Jane Worley was cured of Scrofula of 15 years standing by 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) Boxes of Positive Powders have cured a little girl of a very bad case of Scrofula.—(G. McRAE, Mayville, N. C.) The daughter of Henry E. Lepper was afflicted with Scrofula of the face 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 had remained so.—(GEOFFREY THOMAS, Ohio, Miss.) I had running Scrofulous sores on me for 3 years, and could get no 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, Bethel, Me.) I have cured Mrs. Anna Wright of Inherited Scrofula in 2 Boxes of your Positive Powders.—(SAM. PHINLEY, Beaver Dam, Wis.) Mother had the Catarrh in her head so bad that, when lying down, she could hear it drip, drip, or a ringing. Your Positive Powders cured her. They have cured my Catarrh in the head also.—(MISS E. M. BRAYNE, Burlington, N. J.) I have raised one man from the dead with two Boxes of your Positive Powders. It is J. W. Nettle 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. It is the size of a piece of apple as large as a hazel nut, she would not sleep a particle all night, but by very early and nervous. She is entirely well now.—(A. G. SOWARD, Stockton, Miss.) 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. RICHMOND, Norfolk, Va.) Your Powders have cured me of Dyspepsia in 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.—(P. F. MILLER, P. 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 relieved me of all my symptoms. I have never seen anything like this common, without suffering any inconvenience whatever.—(GEO. L. JULIAN, M.D., Brantford, Ark.)

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CHICAGO, SATURDAY, MAY 23, 1874

The Dark Side of Life, an Emanation of Nature.

NUMBER TEN.

On all sides of this life, as we have shown, heartrending scenes greet us! The very air is full of mournful sounds, and they echo in space, finally vanishing in sorrowing melodies.

We gaze around us, our senses float out, as it were, on wings of the wind, to feel of the pulse of creation, and see if the universe of God is not actually sick! Nature sick! The earth in pain!

Humanity could not live on this earth if perfectly pure and spiritual. Men and women too good to live, invariably die! How often you have heard the remark, "That child is too good to live," and its little soul is wafted to the angels.

Think! Nature is gross, sensual, barbarous! The whole earth is not composed of volcanoes! All are not murderers! As the earth seeks a vent-hole in Italy, so do the passions of humanity find a proper place to manifest their devilish powers!

That harlot yonder, plying her trade, is to be pitied. The soul saddens as it surveys the gilded palaces of vice, and witnesses the bacchanalian midnight draws! Oh, how ghastly the scene! What terrific struggles! Licentious songs sound forth in devilish sepulchral tones.

Crime has its currents like the waters of the ocean, and its attractive forces also! You will not sail on those currents, if you have strength to resist!

The peaceful, calm, placid waters of yon lake, would never engulf that noble vessel in ruin, did not a stronger power overcome its resistance. The murderer always resists, but the prompter is within him in the shape of hate, inordinate desire for wealth or lustful gratification, and it overcomes him.

The tree stands grandly, majestically in the forest; but the cyclone can cause it to totter in a twinkling.

Crime exists because nature herself is still very gross. Humanity will improve just as rapidly as the physical world will permit. As that becomes refined and spiritualized, crime will become less and less, until finally it will cease altogether.

Regarding crime, then, as a result derived from the gross conditions surrounding us, we would entreat all to look leniently on the criminal. Throw over that harlot the veil of charity and commiseration. Look compassionately on that bright-eyed flaxen-haired girl who is dying by inches in a house of ill-fame.

Man is an epitome of the universe, and in all his characteristics he represents that universe. He is on a level with the forces that created him, and those forces are within him, actuating him to action.

The brute creation is nearer to nature than human beings, hence are more vile, more barbarous in their action and more destructive to life.

The inhabitants of the world become better, as nature improves!

War will never cease to desolate nations, so long as one active volcano exists.

Murders will continue to be perpetrated so long as cyclones devastate the earth!

Licentiousness will continue to stain the morals of the people so long as the causes of epidemics remain.

Nature is, in one sense, a criminal, a murderer, and transmits her peculiar attributes to man.

The storm, the cyclone, are only manifestations of her anger.

The mountain wave bears upon its surface a majestic steamer freighted with human life! The wind blows terrifically, "storm halloos to storm, lightning, forked lightning, crosses, and thunder answers thunder in tones of solemn wrath!"

So long as storms at sea destroy human life, in that proportion will disorder prevail! This dark side of life is a true condition of nature!

The world is growing better, and why? Because volcanic eruptions, earthquakes, epidemics, etc., are diminishing in number. The human family marches grandly along in perfect harmony with nature, and as good as she will permit its members to be.

Fools condemn the criminal; the philosopher gazes at him calmly and dispassionately, observes the action of forces in his nature, that shook him from the paths of rectitude (the same as a volcano is shaken) and compelled him to commit murder.

Comdemn the criminal, spit upon him, point the finger of scorn at him, confine him within massive walls, load him down with manacles, and finally hang him, and you are only punishing a man who has been true to nature!

We in behalf of the Spiritualists throughout the world, as well as the angelic spheres, welcome Brother Randall back to the fold of true Spiritualism, and may all others who like him have been deceived, by the pernicious teachings of that most infamous of all doctrines, turn a square corner, and enroll themselves along with true Spiritualists.

We hope the friends will at once open correspondence, with the Brother, in view of procuring his services. Address J. H. Randall, Clyde, Ohio.

Blessed are They who Remember the Poor.

Our readers will remember that Bro. L. Day, even before he was convinced of the truth of spirit-communion, put his hands deep down in his pockets, even to the bottom dollar, and paid the fine imposed by Judge Hall, upon the now deceased Colchester, the medium, for allowing spirits to manifest themselves to loving and mourning friends of earth, without first having paid a license to government for so doing.

By the generosity of Bro. Day, one of the best mediums known to the angelic world, was saved from rotting in prison, not a decade since, in the great enlightened and Christian State of New York, under the decree of a Christian (?) Judge.

A so called "American Association of Spiritualists" then made high resolves to compensate Mr. Day for his generosity by repaying him the money, but never did it!

Bro. Day is now sick and unable to labor for his support. He is destitute of means; a common humanity demands of us contribution to make him whole.

We appeal to each and every one who has not already contributed his or her mite, to aid this suffering brother, to do so at once. Inclose just what you can spare, without in any way embarrassing yourselves, in a letter directed to L. Day, 865 Niagara St., Buffalo, N. Y. He will report all receipts to this office for publication.

Don't delay. "Delays are dangerous," his wants are pressing. He is worthy and a noble subject of your charity.

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places the criminal in the crucible, analyzes his nature, and invariably throws over him the influence of a forgiving spirit. Human nature in the criminal is bad, but out of that debris the human soul will rise forth beautifully—grandly! The condemned shall finally stand forth on as high a pinnacle as he who feels that his garments are white; the harlot shall yet stand forth an angel of light, and her soul utter songs of joy.

Just in proportion as the physical condition of the earth improves, human beings will become more refined and spiritual, and just in that proportion will the dark side of life disappear.

Another Lecturer Repudiates Woodhullism.

J. H. Randall, writing from Clyde, Ohio, says, a year ago I expressed a wish in the WOODHULL WEEKLY to be classed among the speakers who lived by, and on, a free platform. But I never endorsed Mrs. Woodhull, nor I never publicly or privately preached the free life for the sexual relation which I now understand to run through her teachings.

We have known Brother Randall many years. He is an eloquent speaker while inspired from the angel world. He had a very remarkable experience when first developed as a trance medium. Our admiration for him leads us to believe he was far above the plane of sensuality, hence when we saw his name conspicuously emblazoned in the category of free-lusters, bedecking the columns of those papers devoted to the promulgation of licentiousness, we were pained.

In regard to a free platform, we agree with Brother Randall. We have ever maintained a free platform for the discussion of Spiritualism. A free platform for the discussion of Spiritualism by no means gives license for impudent sensualists, to disgrace Spiritualism by the advocacy of immorality, any more than the advocates of Catholicism would have a right to monopolize a free spiritual platform, to promulgate the tenets of their religion.

The whole rabble who clamor for a free platform for discussing Moses Woodhullism, simply mean to deceive Spiritualists, on the question of a free spiritual platform, for which all agree. "Sexual freedom," as defined by the Moses Woodhullites, is further remote from Spiritualism proper, than any dogma put forth by the different sects throughout the world.

All thinking people, be they Infidel, Christian, Jew, Mohammedan, Buddhist, Brahmins or absolute nothingarians, just so far as they progress in civilization, they condemn in their moral ethics, promiscuity in the sexes, and advocate the purity of the family circle.

We will, no doubt, when fully organized apply to the State Government for arms and munitions of war to suppress liberal views on the part of the people. They are undoubtedly big enough fools to make such an application.

Day, Colchester's Fund.

All money donated to the above-named fund is to aid Bro. Lester Day for his loss in paying Bro. Charles Colchester's fine for not procuring a license as a Medium. Bro. Colchester is now deceased, and Bro. Day is an old man, in destitute circumstances. Send him anywhere from a dime to such a number of dollars as your ability and judgment dictate, and angels will bless you for it. Direct to Lester Day, 865 Niagara St., Buffalo, N. Y.

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Thanks, friends.

The Herald of Health, Hygienic Hotel, Sexual Physiology, Parturition Without Pain.

We call special attention to the full column advertisement of Wood & Holbrook, in another part of this paper. Their Herald of Health is the standard health journal in the world, for the masses, and is fully up to the times in its matter. The books mentioned sell rapidly. Their Hygienic Hotel in New York, kept on temperance principles, where you can enjoy the luxury of Turkish and other baths, is constantly thronged with progressive and wide-awake people. Read their advertisement, and then if you want anything in their line, write to them and we are sure you will be well served.

Five Days Unconscious.

The New Haven Journal, Ct., records as follows the case of a young lady in that city, about nineteen years of age, who had been lying in a cataleptic trance since the night of Wednesday of last week:

She retired on that night in full possession of health, and in the morning she was found, body and limbs perfectly rigid, and had remained so ever since, last evening showing no change in her situation. Respiration and pulsation are regular and natural, but she has been unconscious and has taken but a very trifling amount of nourishment. The lady has been subject to catalepsy for eighteen months past, and has, at times, without a moment's warning, become perfectly rigid and remained so for longer or shorter intervals, sometimes for hours, sometimes for only a few moments. She has been seized when about reaching her hand for any object, and in a moment would lose all control of her muscles. Another singular circumstance attending this case is that about a year ago she lost all power of speech for twenty-four hours, but being at the time conscious, making known her wants by signs. When regaining her speech she could articulate nothing but the German language, a language which she had not been in the habit of using, and which her parents were not aware she could speak, except simple words. Her parents are both of German birth, but the daughter has not been in the habit of conversing in the language, but while in this state she spoke it with great fluency, greatly surprising her parents, who had never heard her use the language to any extent. The disease of catalepsy, or trance, it is well known to medical men, is a disease of the nervous system rarely met with, but not necessarily fatal. The patient is under the treatment of Dr. M. F. Linquist of this city.

Dr. Clark, the Electrician.

Dr. J. A. Clark, who is located at the North East corner of Clark and Adams street, Kentucky Block, in the city of Chicago, has become deservedly celebrated in using electricity generated by the ordinary galvanic battery, as a healing agent for both acute and chronic diseases.

Dr. Clark is a healing medium, possessing the power to instantaneously diagnose the diseases of his patients, on receiving them in his reception room.

Many years practice with the galvanic battery enables him to make such application of electricity, as to speedily clear the system of such obstructions as cause pain to the sick person. Such obstructions being removed, good health speedily ensues.

We speak from experience. We recently rode two hours in a furious rainstorm—got a severe cold, and a severe attack of rheumatism was the result. Three applications of electricity from Dr. Clark's well electrically charged hand, set us entirely free from rheumatic pains, and restored us to usual health.

An Extraordinary Certificate Applied For.

Philo Carpenter, J. Blanchard, C. R. Hagerly, E. S. Cook and others, of this county, have applied for a certificate of organization for "The National Christian Association," the object of which, as stated in the application, is "to expose, withstand and remove secret societies—Freemasonry, in particular, and other anti-Christian movements, in order to save the churches of Christ from becoming depraved, to redeem the administration of justice from perversion, and our Republican Government from corruption." The application will be referred to the Attorney General, as the Secretary of State is not clear that he has the power to issue such an extensive certificate.

Twenty-Five Cents Pays for the Religio-Philosophical Journal for three months, for new trial subscribers. Please send in the subscriptions.

Brotherhood's Life of Theodore Parker for sale at the office of this paper. Price \$3 00; postage 30 cents.

MOSES WOODHULLISM IN A NUT SHELL, with an Appendix—42 page pamphlet for ten cents, by mail. Everybody should read it. Address RELIGIO-PHILOS. PUB. HOUSE, Chicago, Ill.

BABBITT'S HEALTH GUIDE—\$1 00, for sale at this office.

You will be astonished at the frequent assistance you will derive by having the little book, "Pronouncing Handbook of Words often Mispronounced," upon your table, always ready for consultation.

ONE lecturer sold twelve copies of Startling Facts in Modern Spiritualism last week, besides numerous other works.

WE have circulars containing press comments on Edwin Droad, with which we will supply any agent, dealer or subscriber, on receipt of postage, at the rate of 25 cents per hundred.

Little Bouquet—Contents for June, 1874.

A Weir-Story of Bruges, Concluded. Juvenile Jubilee, (Illus.), by Malcolm Taylor. How they Bury the Dead in Japan. Aunt Mary's Sermon, by Mrs. M. J. Wilcoxson. Willie Wise's Anger, by G. W. Cook. Death. Our Little Ghost, by Louis M. Alcott. Lottie Fowler in Glasgow. The Cripple and His Sister, by F. Jay R. Bell-ringing and Death, (Medicine Doctor). Facts for the Young, by J. L. Potter. Not Dead, but Changed, by John S. Adams. The Lord of Gold. Ghostly Visitants. In the Twilight, by Mrs. A. H. Adams. Murdered Pedlars, by Grace Greenwood. A Musical Prodigy. Skepticism. Born with a Caul. Gans, (Illustrated). The Fairest Picture, by Mrs. M. A. Kidder. That Wonderful Babe. Who Art Thou? by Hector A. Stuart. Fancies of Fishermen's Children. The Indwelling Spirit.

Terms, \$1.50 per year; single number 15 cents. Address LITTLE BOUQUET, Chicago, Illinois.

Great Healing Powers.

Rev. G. A. Bishop, formerly a Baptist Clergyman of good standing in that popular church, had the presumption to investigate the claims of Spiritualism, not long since. The result was a demonstration of its truth; and the further fact, to his surprise, was made apparent that he is a medium of several important phases, among the rest that of healing the sick.

Bastian and Taylor

Tender their sincere thanks to their friends for the many kind invitations to visit various places previous to their departure for Europe, but as their arrangements are made and time limited, they will have to decline all such. They will continue giving their materializing circles at the seance rooms of this paper every evening except Saturday, until the last of May.

Convention.

The Spiritualists of Sullivan and Merrimack Counties, New Hampshire, will meet in a three-days' convention, commencing Friday, June 5th, at 2 o'clock P. M., continuing three days, at the old church, in Newbury, near the Railway Station.

Good Speakers will be in attendance, and while earnestly and cordially soliciting the attendance and co-operation of all true reformatory workers from all parts of this or any other state, still we would have it distinctly understood that free-lovism, as advocated by Woodhull, Hull and some others, will not have a hearing in this meeting.

By order Business Com. L. A. STURTEVANT, A. S. HERRICK, J. M. PROCKWAY, ALVIN FROST, Pres't.

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L. F. CUMMINGS has the following appointments: Tuesday, May 12th, Valparaiso, Ind.; Wednesday the 13th, Plymouth, Ind.; Friday the 15th, Warsaw, Ind.; Saturday the 16th, Columbia City, Ind.; Sunday the 17th, Ft. Wayne, Ind.

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Philadelphia Department

BY HENRY T. CHILD, M. D.

Letter to Elder Frederick W. Evans.

ESTEEMED FRIEND—In reviewing thy address delivered before our State Society, I have been renewedly impressed with the fact that there are many profound spiritual truths embodied in various portions of the Jewish Scriptures, which have an important significance in their application to us spiritually, as individuals.

And Elisha sent a messenger unto him, saying, "Go, wash in Jordan seven times, and thy flesh shall come again to thee and thou shalt be clean."

But Naaman was wroth, and went away and said, "Behold, I thought he would surely come out to me, and stand and call on the Lord his God, and strike his hand over the place, and recover the leper."

Are not Abana and Pharpar, rivers in Damascus, better than all the waters of Israel? Shall I not wash in them, and be clean? So he turned and went away in his rage.

I am interested in Washington still and frequently go to the halls of Congress, and nothing has pleased me more, or made my spirit happier, than the determined stand I took with the noble men who formed my cabinet, in favor of the freedom of the black man.

I long to see the day dawn when religious slavery will pass away, and every man and woman and child shall be free. This is the destiny of our Republic, this is the destiny for which we as a band of spirits are working to-day.

I am glad to come to you at this time as a spiritual friend and brother, hoping that your work on earth will be fully accomplished, and that the beautiful banner of freedom will float over each and every soul that walks in our land.

Next Smyrna, myrrh or bitter herbs, is a condition of trial and suffering that must be experienced. The third is Pergamus, a height, to be attained after the others have done their work.

Next comes Thyatira, a sweet savor of labor, a garden; another step in life's experience. Fifth—The Church of Sardis, the prince or song of joy, representing another step onward in the journey of life.

Sixth—Philadelphia, brotherly love, the attainment of a high and holy condition, an evidence of discipleship. Seventh—Laodicea, just people, justified. This is the highest attainment, the beautiful and heavenly result of all the others, in which the soul, having passed through all the other conditions, and the experiences of each, and learned practically the lessons thereof, comes up to a plane in which it is justified in the presence of the angel hosts and of God our Father and Mother.

The Spirit World.

For some time past my spirit friends have been urging me to add to the Philadelphia Department, one in which they may have the opportunity of sending their thoughts to the world. The extended circulation of the Journal furnishes the means of reaching more individuals than any other paper on Spiritualism.

Japanese Peas—200 Bushels to the Acre—Something New.

Farmers and gardeners, read this. Agents wanted to sell the Japanese Pea. These peas have recently been brought to this country from Japan, and prove to be the finest Pea known for table use or for stock.

You may be surprised, for no one was farther from your mind this morning than myself, as the impression had been given that Mohammed would speak to you. Our guides have decided that I shall speak now, and you will hear from him ere long.

I have met many of the noble and brave fellows that died for the cause of liberty, not only for this nation, but for the poor slaves also. With the deepest feelings of respect and gratitude have we spoken of the last war as a benefit to this land. I look back now and remember the four years of intense anxiety that I passed through before the close of my earthly career, and I often remember with satisfaction words that were sent to me through various mediums; they were a comfort and consolation to me, more than I can express.

I have met him often here, and we retain the same deep interest in the progress and prosperity of our country, and we hope that never again shall there be any cause for such a rebellion. We hope that all will learn the great truth that our nation is watched over, guided and directed by the noble pioneers that fought for its liberty in the days of the long ago.

I love all nations and all people, and it is my earnest prayer that our nation may become one of the grandest in the world, so that every soul that comes from foreign shores to stand upon its green hills, and in its beautiful valleys, may feel the breath of pure freedom blowing over them, and inspiring them to true lives.

I am interested in Washington still and frequently go to the halls of Congress, and nothing has pleased me more, or made my spirit happier, than the determined stand I took with the noble men who formed my cabinet, in favor of the freedom of the black man.

I long to see the day dawn when religious slavery will pass away, and every man and woman and child shall be free. This is the destiny of our Republic, this is the destiny for which we as a band of spirits are working to-day.

I am glad to come to you at this time as a spiritual friend and brother, hoping that your work on earth will be fully accomplished, and that the beautiful banner of freedom will float over each and every soul that walks in our land.

Our noble Sumner had a grand reception in spirit life. It was pleasant indeed to take him by the hand, and to speak of the olden times. These words met him as he reached the circle with Webster, Clay, Stanton, Seward, Chase and others. "Welcome, noble reformer! Well done, true friend of the slave and of all men. Thy work on earth is recorded in the book of life, on high. Thou shalt still return to earth, and carry out the plans formed when in life."

It was beautiful to watch the change that swept over his face when he realized that he was Sumner still; that the outer form was only the casket that should be laid away while the man still lived, and through this progressive age, would return to be recognized and understood, and more beloved than ever.

One of the guides of Mrs. Robinson said, "Pappoose doctor, I'm very glad you are going to put down the scratches of what my Megie says, and send them to the people. I like to come and make everybody happy. I love everybody, but I don't love the long religion, and when I see stuck-up people with that, I always try to bap-souse them. I believe in the short religion that carries a pleasant face and does good to everybody. Tell Chief Jones that I often hear the people talking about him and his paper, and I like him because he has got vim in him. I shall come often and help the preach braves give you the talk, and I want all the people to know that White Feather is very happy to come and help them. I want everybody to have a good time and be just as happy as they can."

Gone to Spirit Life.

Passed on to the higher life from their residence at Oak Shade, Lancaster County, Pa., on the 29th of January, 1874, Hannah Gilbert, in the 78th year of her age; and on the 31st of March, Benjamin Gilbert, in the 80th year of his age.

They were members of the Society of Friends and had lived together in beautiful and loving relations fifty-three years. They have been avowed Spiritualists ever since the advent of Modern Spiritualism, and were enabled to look forward to the blessed change that was to unite them in the beautiful beyond, with a firm confidence of its realization.

Japanese Peas—200 Bushels to the Acre—Something New.

Farmers and gardeners, read this. Agents wanted to sell the Japanese Pea. These peas have recently been brought to this country from Japan, and prove to be the finest Pea known for table use or for stock.

I have cultivated the Japanese Pea the past year, and raised them at the rate of 200 bushels to the acre. The bloom exceeds buckwheat for bees.

The bloom exceeds buckwheat for bees. F. E. HARDWICK, J. P. Bradley Co. Cleveland, Tenn., Jan. 24, 1874.

IN MEMORIAM

TO MRS. E. S. CAMPBELL, ON THE DEATH OF HER HUSBAND, WHO WAS BORN TO SPIRIT LIFE, MARCH 26th, 1814.

We have not lost him, nor far From his beloved doth he abide, The gates he pass'd are still ajar, And through them he will seek your side.

His home to-day was sorely veiled In earth life from his spirit eye— Time's mountain mists but half availed To hide his heritage on high.

So close he walked beside the streams That murmur through the Spirit land, In trance by day, by night in dreams He clasped the angels by the hand.

The poet-lyre within him woke Love—vibrant unto every key, That in immortal sweetness broke From nature's ceaseless harmony.

One so attuned to love's control While passing through a world like this, Could bear no stain upon his soul To hold him from celestial bliss.

As peerless morning cleaves the night, His spirit burst its bonds of clay, And up the shining paths of light In cloudless glory soared away.

He breathes to-day the hly balms Of bowers untouched by earthly frost— He wears the crown 'neath Zion's palms While we in sorrow bear the cross.

But in our sky lie autumn hues— Time's harvest breath steals through the air, And coldly lie the unsmiled dews Where blossom'd once our roses fair.

A few more days of toil and tears— A few more pangs of yearning pain, And o'er the stream of vanished years We'll clasp our precious one's again.

Baltimore, Md., May 1st, 1874.

A REMARKABLE LOT OF GHOSTS.

Strange, if True—Do the Dead Return? Spiritualism Worth Talking About.

BY E. D. STUBBS.

In the early part of February, 1874, I was introduced to a gentleman, who, in the course of our conversation, told me he had been to Chittenden, Vt., and while there, saw head relatives of his, and conversed with them face to face, and saw others recognize their friends, and heard them converse. He looked like a man of truth, and I determined to visit that wonderful place and see for myself.

A light and dark seance was held each evening. The dark seance was held by Horatio Eddy, a young man about thirty years of age. The light seance was held by William Eddy, who is twenty-seven years of age. In the dark seance the medium was tied, at his own request, He sat at one end of the lining room; the visitors and such other members of the family as chose to join them sat about three feet in front of him, forming a line across the room. The room was made dark. A large table stood at the right of the medium, and about two feet from him, on which was placed a guitar, a tambourine, harmonica, flute, concertina, and a number of different sized bells.

The light seance was held by Mr. William Eddy. He went into a dark room and was entranced. A blanket was hung up which served for a door. In a very short time the blanket was pushed aside, and different forms appeared and walked into the lighted room where the visitors and family were sitting, and were recognized as being relatives or acquaintances of some one present, long since passed away. They appeared in all respects like persons living in the flesh, and seemed delighted to meet their kindred and acquaintances.

I saw a lady come out of the room, leading a little child by the hand. She took the child in her arms and walked up to Mr. Denison and held the child to his face, and heard him, in sobs, recognize the child as his own, that passed away when about two years old, and the woman, as his first wife, who died years ago. Saw his father and brother, and heard him recognize them, and they spoke and conversed with him. Saw an Indian woman, Hanto, come out and walk up to a Mrs. Clearland (one of the guests) and put her arms around her neck and kiss her, and then take her by the hand and dance. I saw a great many different ones recognize their deceased relatives of friends and heard them converse. I saw and recognized my grandfather, Lieut. Col. Tucker and John F. Smith. I conversed with Mr. Smith. He was slain at Fort Fisher in the late rebellion. I was for a long time a student in his and Judge Marvin's law office. The last I saw of Colonel Tucker was his body at the St. Charles Hotel, in New Orleans, La., in 1867. I know, therefore, a portion of what Mr. Denison relates is true, and have no doubt but that all he says is true, though not there to behold it. The objects that appeared were visible to and the conversation heard by each person in the room. I shook hands with one who called himself Dix, and the hand appeared warm and material, with a grip like that of Samson. The room from which these persons came and in which the medium sat I examined, and nothing was in it except a vacant chair. I saw a curtain put up at the door of the dark room, and the mediums sit in the light room with the visitor, and when no one was in the dark room saw hands push the curtain aside and write names upon cards. I conversed with several face to face in the lighted room ten to twenty minutes. One of them said: "There is a God; life is eternal; there is a hell and a heaven; such are conditions of life. Life beyond the tomb is one of education and progress. That a person is happy just in proportion as he is just and good here, and that eventually the bad and miserable may become educated and happy." Which certainly is not unreasonable, obnoxious or distasteful.

All this is unaccountably strange. Yet learned and unlearned men believe life is immortal, and the only proof adduced to fix that belief is that all nature is wonderful and incomprehensible, and that the Bible is a wonderful production, unaccountably mysterious and equally incomprehensible. This evidence has led many an inquiring mind to unsatisfactory anchorage—so much so that the expression is very common indeed among all classes, "We are very certain of death."

The exhibition I witnessed at Mr. Eddy's, though truly wonderful, demonstrates that an old and misinterpreted science has been revived, and is penetrating the century in which we live with radiant beams of intelligence from the cultivated beings that have passed away. It is no invention or discovery of mortals, but a science to mortals, demonstrated by the intelligence of those who have passed away through the agency of divine law, of which table-tippings and the so-called spiritual rappings is but the cropping out of that science that must tend to the elevation and happiness of mankind. I can see no objection to inquiring into that science and law by which those we loved who have passed away may show themselves to and converse with us. May we not crave for the light of that science to shine in upon us by which Moses conversed with the angels and by which Samuel conversed with the spirit of Saul, and by which the hand wrote upon the wall, and by which Jesus healed the sick; and how it was that in ancient times, according to divine history, the people in those days saw and conversed with spirits? The development of that science and an understanding of that law like that which handed to man the telegraph, would be fraught with usefulness. These phenomena do not alarm me, for as knowledge increases and science is extended, we may look for phenomena still more wonderful, and seemingly impossible than that which I and hundreds of others have been permitted to witness.

From the Land of the Hereafter

TO MY HUSBAND.

Feel at thou at times a holy quiet stealing Across thy soul, like breath of sacred morn, Glimpses of light the holy land revealing. To which on angel's pinions I was borne? It is my spirit, friend, that round thee hovering, Lifts the veil, my fair home discovering.

While yet on earth it was my highest pleasure, To aid thy steps towards the blest ascent, — To teach thee truly all earth's joys to measure, And every art to lure thee or invent, Thinkest thou I love thee less in this pure dwelling, Where dimm'd love each angel heart is swelling?

Now, I perform my vow, and linger near thee; Though to thy vision, weak, unknown, unseen, I linger near, and two fair forms attend me, Who once were wont upon our breasts to lean.

The above is from the same person that wrote many gems of poetry and prose within a year before his death, some of which have been published in this paper recently. He died at Fort Madison on the third day of the present month. He was a young man of very limited education, and weakly in health, being often subject to spasms, or fits of some kind, in one of which he probably died. He was a young man of good morals, with a rather religious cast of mind. His limited education and humble abilities preclude all idea that he was the author of the many beautiful pieces of prose and poetry, which came from his pen. He professed that he did not know what he was writing when he wrote them, and that his hand was controlled by some power unknown to him. His pieces were written usually in the presence of the aged gentleman to whom most of them were addressed, and his pen moved with two or three times the rapidity that any lawyer could write, notwithstanding their character for fast writing.

THE LITTLE SEED

BY FRANCES HYER.

A little seed was buried deep— Within the dark damp mould, That safe its embryo powers might keep, Till nature bade a plant unfold. The miracle of leaves unfolding, And stately stem which rose in pride, Caused those in wonder, who beholding, To say there's naught so fair beside. The tender plant still upward reaching, And basking in each bright sun ray, Was all the while a lesson teaching, While soaring up to brighter day. For though while ever reaching higher, A higher ultimate it found, And flowers were born of heavenly fire— Still its roots sank in the ground. So while on earth we wind our way, Advancing toward the light, If we would catch the heavenly ray, And bring forth flowers bright— With deep set roots we must embrace Each duty earth requires, 'Till with an armor us encase, And draw for us heaven's fire.

New Publications.

THE INTERNATIONAL REVIEW (Bi-monthly) for May and June is received, being the third number of this new candidate for public favor. This Review intends to treat all the great questions of the age and country from a standard above mere party or sect. It brings to its pages the best culture of Europe and America. Among its talented contributors we may mention Chas. Francis Adams, T. D. Woolsey, Noah Porter, Alex. H. Stephens, J. A. Froude, Justin McCarthy, Thomas Hughes and Theo. W. Dwight, all illustrious names, and this is only a part of the list. While it is decidedly Orthodox in its leaning it is still a publication of great value and deserves to become known to all people of culture. A. S. Barnes & Co. publishers, New York and Chicago.

Jean LeClerc has written the words and music, and F. W. Helmick, No. 278 West Sixth street, Cincinnati, has published two beautiful new songs entitled respectively, Don't go near the Bar-room, Father, and Father, drinks no more. In the present temperance excitement these fine pieces will be eagerly sought for. They are adapted to piano and organ, and sell for 40 cents each.

PSYCHIC STUDIES for April is received, and fully maintains the interest of preceding numbers. Oswald Mutze, publisher, Leipzig. Ernst Steiger, 24 Frankfort street, New York, American agent.

PRACTICAL FLORICULTURE, a guide to the successful cultivation of florist plants, for the amateur and professional florist, new and enlarged edition by Peter Henderson, author of Gardening for Profit. 12 mo. cloth, 288 pages. Spirits often bring flowers to circles. They obtain them from gardens where they will not be missed.

Birth Pangs

BY MISS TAPPAN.

From the sowing of the seed To the bursting of the shoot And the beautiful rare bud, That received from the root The nourishment of life, One pang must pierce the soul, And separate its life From the life that is indeed For the seed must surely die.

From the bursting of the bud To the opening of the flower, One pang must pierce the shoot, One subtle potent power Must burst that bond in twain, And divide it ere again The life of the lovely flower Shall reach its highest tower, For the bud must surely die.

And from the full-blown flower To the ripening of the fruit, When the golden chalice holds All the life from stem and root And branch and bud and flower, Behold another dower of death is given, One pang must pierce and part The flower through and through, Each petal must be given — Ere the golden fruit can lie On the grass all bathed with dew, For the flower must surely die.

From the bursting of the chain That binds your thought to God, Whereby ye seek to gain The path your souls have trod, One subtle shaft must give One pang and pain of death, To show your highest home, And why ye here have breath. When man is born and dies the earth encases him; The soul that is of God, all that is ever him Must be burst and rent in twain By the subtle shaft of death— Then only he breathes again: When man is born and dies, When man is dead and he is born.

Convention.

The Eighth Annual Convention of the Indiana State Association of Spiritualists, will be held at Pence's Hall, in the City of Terre Haute, Ind., commencing Friday, May 29th, 1874, at 10:30 o'clock A. M., and continue over Sunday. The business of the convention will be conducted by delegates and members in attendance.

Each local society of Spiritualists within the State will be entitled to three delegates, and one additional delegate for each ten members over twenty.

A free hall will be furnished, and also board as far as the friends in the City can accommodate; after that, reduced rates will be arranged for elsewhere.

By order of the Board of Trustees. J. R. BURLI, Sec'y.

Books Received.

The following books were sent us for notice, by the different publishers, through a prominent firm of bookdealers in this City in whose store they had remained from one to twelve months before delivery.

A TALE OF ETERNITY and other Poems, by Gerald Massey. 375 pages, heavy toned paper, gilt top—\$2.00. J. R. Osgood & Co., Boston, Publishers.

ERIKING, YET NERIE, a tale of and for women, by Isaac G. Reed, Jr., tenth edition. Large 12 mo. cloth, 460 pages. Loring, Publisher, Boston.

A VAGABOND HEROINE, by Mrs. Annie Edwards. 12 mo. 237 pages. Sheldon & Co., Publishers, N. Y.

WOMANHOOD: ITS SANCTITIES and FIDELITIES, by Isabella Beecher Hooker, small 12 mo., 108 pages, paper cover, price 40cts. Lee & Shepard Publishers, Boston.

THE AMERICAN NATURALIST, a Popular Illustrated Magazine of Natural History. Vol. 7, No. 5, May 1873. Price 35 cents. Estes & Lauriat, Pub., Boston.

THE STORE AGE, PAST AND PRESENT, by E. B. Taylor, author of Primitive Culture, and Theory of a Nervous Ether, by Dr. Richardson, comprise the contents of Half-Hour Recreations in Popular Science, No. 9. Dana Estes, editor. Price 25 cents. Estes & Lauriat, Publishers, Boston.

Miss Lottie Fowler in London.

This distinguished American medium is still in Europe. Mr. Burns speaks of her as follows:

Since Miss Fowler's arrival we have had several sittings with her, and have been struck with the satisfactory development which at present characterizes her clairvoyant mediumship. In her normal state she evinces a high degree of impressibility, and in the traces her spirit-guide "Annie," who now speaks English much better, gives plentiful details of events past, present, and future, known and unknown to the sitters. Anyone who sits with Miss Fowler will soon be able to prove the untruthfulness of a statement which has gone forth that she is only capable of reading the thoughts of those who consult her. There is one thing we beg to impress upon our readers, namely, that Miss Fowler's health has fallen into an exceedingly precarious condition, so that she cannot give promiscuous or public sittings, visit in the evening, or give very many or prolonged sittings. She was so heavily worked in the North that the brain has not yet recovered from the excessive strain which was put upon it.

TWO-THIRDS OF A BOX OF ANTIDOTE, CURED HIM OF ALL DESIRE FOR TOBACCO.

MRS. A. H. ROBINSON.—DEAR MADAM.—After using the weed for twenty three years, and having concluded it was injuring me very much, and after repeatedly trying to quit, and finding I could not, I sent to you for the antidote, which came. After using it about two-thirds up, I had no more desire for tobacco; on the contrary, I detested the smell of a pipe; also my food had a better and more natural taste. JOHN EMMERTON.

Henley, Siskiyou Co., Cal. Price single box \$3. Twelve boxes \$25. For sale wholesale and retail by the Religio-Philosophical Publishing House, Adams St., and Fifth Ave., Chicago.

Organizations and Conventions.

I have been inquired of many times, orally and by letter. "What are you going to do?" or, "What is to be done?" And I see also that such inquiries are publicly made by some of your readers and correspondents, as good examples of which I will point to the communications of Mrs. Waters and Mr. Fish in a number of your JOURNAL.

These questions pertain to the organization of Spiritualists in such a way as to confine their labors—especially in public debate and instruction, to Spiritualism proper—the facts and the philosophy of spirit intercourse, and matters intimately connected therewith; and to eliminate and avoid either entirely, or to some approximate degree, all matters not so connected therewith—so remote that they may be the more properly ranged under other departments of inquiry and action.

I know no reason, Mr. Editor, why this, your very humble servant, should be puzzled with questions that their authors are far more able to answer than I. But I suppose it is because of the little work that some luckless chance or blind fortune pushed me forward, with others, to do for them in their absence, as best I could. And now, it is an easy thing for them to hint, significantly, that there is more work to be done. However this may be, (while I give more than a hint, that if I worked then, even-handed justice requires them to work now.) I will nevertheless throw out some suggestions as to their inquiries (though I may not undertake to answer them) through your valuable journal, that has been the Ajax Zelusium in this uncalculated and unfortunate controversy.

I will generally only venture on suggestions, with now and then, perhaps, an expression of my own opinion; for I feel that others know more of the condition of affairs, the needs and wishes of the people, than I do; and the chief object of this letter is, according to the intimations of others, to call out those who have any thing to say upon the questions propounded.

The first question in order is, "Shall we, who repudiate the action of the last convention at Chicago, hold a National Convention this year, and if so, how shall it be constituted and the time and the place?"

Right here I wish to make some suggestions as having a bearing on this question as to the present condition of the National Society. "The American Association of Spiritualists," the delegates (the acting majority) affected to adopt a new plan of organization entitled, "The Universal Association of Spiritualists," which was to be the "whole world—all the nations represented in a 'Universal Congress,'" and the association of the United States to be known as "The American Division" thereof.

The substratum of this vast balloon framework is "The Primary Councils," the members getting a certificate of the National Council on "subscribing to its principles, which shall not be transcended nor infringed," and paying down one dollar to the National Council, and twenty five cents quarterly thereafter, on pain of expulsion. [En passant, I must observe parenthetically, that this is a pretty good match to the elixir of life. *Par noble fratrum.* A pretty good anconium on their liberty and their free gospel. A creed! a creed! to be subscribed to and not to be "transcended nor infringed!" To no sincere office was Hon. Warren Chase elected when they made him treasurer. Twenty-five hundred members, \$5,000 for the treasury! I mean, of course, if none of the blasted stuff don't stick to somebody's fingers nor nothing on its way thither, I hope to hear of good honest reports, but, *nous verrons que nous verrons.*]

Now, Mr. Editor, my suggestion is, that it is not very far-fetched to say that the old national organization is still in existence—by holding that the effort to form another organization which was to be for the whole world, and its constituency to be only a part thereof, was not within the province of the power of amendment provided by its fundamental law. What fight has a part (the United States) to make a constitution for all the nations of the world, the rest of the world not present nor invited to be present? Having no right, those that have gone into it have abandoned their place. The rule is that an association does not die by the malfeasance of its officers or members. I only hint at the position that might be taken, and the argument that might be made. But let us see if anybody thinks there is anything worth saving before I proceed with any further argument.

Now I will say that personally I am in favor of a National Association, and that we proceed to its re-organization or its organization next September, at some central proper place. But this is with the proviso, that the great mass of Spiritualists are inclined so to organize, and feel sufficiently interested to make the effort a success. But this is a great country, and to form such an organization and attend its meetings, calls for such an expense that, too few, perhaps, will be ready to bear to make it a practicable thing.

And then again, has the proper time arrived? Has the supuration and elimination of the foreign elements been sufficient? Have the people learned sufficiently that while they would avoid the too great, the iron restrictions of the past, they will not still rush too far into unrestrained liberty? Have they acquired a sufficient centralization of thought to organize for the main issues of Spiritualism, and avoid the hobbies of individuals and the side issues of either false or real reformers? For I suppose in this movement it is understood that Spiritualism proper shall have the first place; and if there shall be a diversion to anything more or less remote from it, it shall be by such a full affirmative vote that there shall come from it no practical inharmony.

If the sentiment is not sufficiently strong to encourage a convention on the behalf of a National Association, then I offer the inquiry, if we shall have a National Convention without limitations, or shall we of the West, at least have such a Convention? I am for the former if it can be made a success, and most especially am I for the latter. The success of the Cincinnati Convention was such as to indicate that it would have been much better if an integral flag had been raised at the first; and there had been none lying in wait to despoil whatever good work others might do. Then and there a call for a Convention for this year was spoken of, and the officers (as I remember now) were authorized at their discretion to issue such a call.

Such Conventions may be purely delegate or purely mass Conventions. If there is any voting to be done a mass Convention is unfair in that the very city where it is held may furnish a majority of the votes. My personal preference is for representative conventions. But here is a difficulty also in that there are so few primary organizations. I will suggest then, to remedy this defect, at least in part, that there be self-constituted delegates where there are none others; as for instance, so many from a county, or from each congressional district. The call that is issued should contain the basic elements of the organizations to be submitted by all who affect to act under it, and no doubt it is best that the voter should commence his work by paying a fee, to aid in defraying the necessary expenses.

I will take, Mr. Editor, this occasion while I have the matter of organization under con-

sideration, to make some suggestions, also, as to the "Northern Illinois Association of Spiritualists." It is said that they propose to organize and become a corporation under the state laws. No doubt such an incorporation can be effected. I will suggest that membership be limited to the residents of certain counties of the state of Illinois, over twenty-one years of age, and that the scope of the action of the society be limited in such a way that the great body of the Spiritualists can heartily join therein. If we agree in some things and disagree in others, we can of course so arrange, if we choose, to take up those things as to which we are agreed and not the others, and with the same propriety as do all people generally, the world through that unite to forward a common cause. The way to "well together in unity," is to have, in no element of discord. In such a way, proceeding according to the eclectic method as I have described in a former article, can a strong and permanent society be formed, and one that can and will perform a noble service; but the discordant elements are insisted on, or are permitted, either indolently or theoretically, then only a weak society can be formed and which will be proportionately feeble in its influence.

I say this advisedly upon consultation with some acquaintances in this section. I will suggest that resident Spiritualists cause their sentiments to be made known, whether or not they will take part in such an organization, and what concessions may be made and accepted to promote harmony. I fancy that the recent efforts to run the absolute free platform with no care what may come upon it, has developed so much of friction that its hitherto advocates must have discovered that there is a better way. If not, then I suppose that they must carry their voluntary burdens until they do. And I mean that this shall be done in good faith, calmly and deliberately, and as a permanent thing, no rushing in haste to pre-occupy the front seats; no attempt to carry a party issue by undue influences, either home or foreign, open or covert; no school-boy boast of victory for some pretended ism, unworthy of those whose first object is the conquest of truth.

And now, Mr. Editor, as I have pronounced in favor of all the conventions proposed (though doubtingly as to some) let me speak their praises in general. Though the press may well be denominated the great engine for the propagation of our truths, yet our conventions perform a good work as well. A convention calls the attention of all the people in the neighborhood to it. The newspapers are all on the alert, and it is then especially more than at all other times, that Spiritualism gets into the secular papers. It is the overflow of the stream beyond its accustomed bounds—the overflow of the Nile that leaves its rich deposit. If this figure of speech is good for anything so far, it must do further service. If the overflow of the river leave a rich deposit (as that of the Nile) its visitation may be prayed for by all; but if it leave a sour deposit, and destructive of growth, then it will be dreaded and fortified against. What a convention will do, will depend upon its tone, its character, what is taught, the deposit left in the minds of the people. Our philosophy is the Harmonical, our religion is in theory the scientific, in practice the beneficent;—that convention alone should be held that will advance them all.

And now, Mr. Editor, having said this much, "I pause for a reply;" and if in any one of the replies, any one dares to insinuate that I have been personally rather indefinite, "I make this answer," that (as I have quoted the words of the self-sacrificing Bruffin, according to my friend Shakespeare, so will I quote the words of the self-sacrificing Cato, according to my friend Addison)

"The wide, the unbounded prospect lies before me,
But shadows, clouds and darkness rest upon it."
E. S. HOLBROOK.

The Spiritualists of Washington, Abhor and Condemn the Doctrine Known as Free-loveism.

FRIEND JONES.—My attention has been called to a letter of Dr. John Mayhew, published in your paper of the 18th ultimo, and relating to Woodhullism in this city. As president of the Spiritualist Association here, I deem it my duty to give that letter a brief review.

First, Dr. M. says it (Woodhullism) has led to the withdrawal of the old members of the society. The phrase "old members," coupled as it is with the definite article "the," leaves the reader but little scope. The Doctor evidently intends to be understood that all who remained with the society, were young, or that all the pioneers of the movement, having become disgusted, have voluntarily withdrawn from it. I think the latter is the obvious meaning.

Again he says, "When a spiritual society may be developed on a decidedly monogamic platform, I shall again be found ready," etc. My comments are these: First I deny that there exists or ever has existed any Woodhullism in the Spiritual Association of Washington. In proof I affix the following copy of a resolution adopted by the Society the 1st Sunday of November last.

"RESOLVED, That the resolutions of the late Chicago Convention relating to social freedom, are not binding upon us in any respect, and that we expressly repudiate them."

This resolution was supported by every member present except four, and among the four was Dr. Mayhew. Ten years of acquaintanceship with the Spiritualists of Washington, have made me tolerably familiar with their sentiments and practices. I own that in chastity of life, benevolence of heart, and loyalty to all the duties of manhood and womanhood, they are the peers of any body of religionists, of equal numbers, in America. During all that time I have never heard but one member avow an adherence to the doctrine of "free love," and that person was Vice President of the Society under Dr. Mayhew, and resigned his office simultaneously with the Doctor's resignation.

As to the "platform" of the society, all I can say is, it is the work of one man, and that man is Dr. Mayhew. If it be *Pygmalion*, therefore the responsibility is his. I must confess, however, that I have never read it. It is a long and tedious affair, and I hope at some day not far distant, may be used to make a bonfire over the celebration of some great triumph of truth.

In conclusion, the statement in the doctor's letter leads the reader to infer that there had been a serious meeting in the spiritual camp here, and that large numbers had left us. The term "divided the society" can have no other signification. The truth is this society has had more than ten additions to the list of its congregation, for every one that has left. Its withdrawing members were John Mayhew and wife, George White and E. V. Wright. These withdrew because, as they alleged, the above resolution was not sufficiently abusive of the Chicago Convention, and Richard Roberts and wife withdrew because they would not, as they alleged, be associated with Spiritualists after the resolutions at Chicago were passed.

You perceive, therefore, that the meeting is not a revolution. It is only a small rebellion or conspiracy which would have been forgotten long ago if the participants had not rushed into print.

Please state as a caption to this letter, if you think proper, and on my authority, that the Spiritualists of Washington abhor and condemn the doctrines known as "free loveism," and that all efforts by uneasy correspondents, intended to convey a different opinion, are false and libelous.

I have written this letter, not because I desire to see my name in print, but because the society over which I have the honor to preside, has the right to demand that its name and fame shall be protected from the libelers pen.

J. C. SMITH.
Washington, D. C.

Voices from the People.

GRATTAN, MICH.—Jonnie Storey writes.—The LITTLE BOURGNE has visited us one year, freighted with teachings that are good and true, and we can not bid it adieu,—so says our little boy as he gives me his money that he has been saving to pay for it.

PEMBERTON, N. J.—Dr. John E. Smith writes.—I am induced to send for your paper on account of the fearless and manly manner with which you handle certain subjects, which if encouraged would sap the foundation of all moral society.

LINDLEY, N. Y.—William Burr writes.—I am attached to your paper, and should hardly know how to keep house without it, and will add right here, that if the JOURNAL is likely to fail for want of support, I will sell or mortgage the only cow I own at a great sacrifice to save it.

Thanks, good Brother. You talk like business. We have many thousands of subscribers that would do the same thing. We will get along without any such individual sacrifices. We do hope you will get scores of your neighbors and acquaintances to try the JOURNAL on our liberal terms. Now is the time to put forth your best efforts to that end. We hope every one who reads the JOURNAL will do that and by that means give the JOURNAL the largest subscription list of any newspaper published in America.—Ed. JOURNAL.

WALDRON, ILL.—S. Rakerhaw writes.—I think I will send you a few new subscribers every week, and if all will do the same way in this respect, we will spread glad tidings far and wide, and soon the whole world will feed at the fountain head from whence all good emanates.

KENNY, ILL.—F. M. Jeffrey writes.—I live in a strong orthodox settlement of the old Adamstone stamp, and it will take some time to knock the scales off their eyes. They have been on so long they have become like knots on a Jew oak—go to the heart.

GROUND CITY, KAN.—David Cold writes.—I have some misgivings in getting so many trial subscribers on account of a pecuniary loss to you. I know it must be to you, at such low figures, not on account of the doctrines contained in the JOURNAL, for those are the reasons that stimulate me to do what I can to sustain what I consider true Spiritualism.

Thanks brother. We have no such word as *fail* in our vocabulary. Our object is to promulgate the true Philosophy of Life, which is eventually to take the place of all religions. This work has been laid out for us to do by the *immortals* who now rule the destiny of Empire. If we would we can not; if we could we would not fail to perform our whole duty.

We set at defiance all the powers of darkness and rely upon the inspirations from the angels of light, knowing full well that good men and women will give us that material support in the way of permanent subscribers, so soon as they know that our paper advocates true Spiritualism only, boldly denouncing the fallacy of licentiousness in every form. Therefore we say to you and all the other friends, send us all the trial subscribers you can, to the end that the millions may know exactly what true Spiritualism is.

UNITY, N. H.—J. M. Perkins writes.—I rejoice to witness the noble stand you have taken in the JOURNAL in regard to the monstrous and infamous doctrine of free-love. I am a believer in the doctrine of total depravity, but if any man is totally depraved, it must certainly be him who would glory in his own shame.

URBANA, IOWA.—W. S. Dingman writes.—I love your able and independent course; your matchless ability in conducting the dear old JOURNAL. It has led in many rays of light on my benighted, wondering soul. It is the only paper I have taken since I became a subscriber to it. I regret Bro. Wilson's position. Is it so? Well, he must be tried in the furnace of our adversity, weighed in the balance of our misdeeds. He had sowed much good seed in this part of the spiritual vineyard—all to be blighted.

ST. LOUIS, MO.—Dr. J. Swanson writes.—Please Louis, by introduction. I am a Swede by birth, and am a child in the school of investigation of Spiritualism, and only one year and two months old, but gifted with the power of healing. I have treated 300 patients with great success, under influence and in the clairvoyant state. I give correct diagnosis of disease, and magnetize paper and water with wonderful success. There are others of my countrymen coming forth into the field as healers, speakers and physical mediums.

GAYLORD, KAN.—A. W. Green writes.—In the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, I notice a correspondence of Wm. F. Peck, of Topeka, Kansas, in which he proposes an organization or co-operation of Spiritualists. I am a Swede by birth, but make an inquiry, if you will not only to the JOURNAL, My observations and experience have led me to the conclusion and full conviction that co-operation, based on unconditional equality, is the only true and direct means to life, happiness and prosperity, present and future, temporal and spiritual. I desire to know of all who may agree with me in my views. I would like to receive communications from all such sources.

DECATUR, NEB.—M. F. Higley writes.—Throw the Devil (person) out of existence, and where is your orthodox scheme of religion? Echo answers where? The idea that the safety of any truly system of religion rests solely on the existence of an imaginary fiend, Devil, or terrible personage, is monstrously ridiculous. Most every grand idea, fact or principle that has dawned in the world has been charged to the Devil, on its first introduction. Higley will corroborate the statement. The church has ever been an enemy to progress and advancement. The church teaches nothing new. What it teaches to-day was taught a thousand years ago.

OKAFIELD, MICH.—M. J. Kutz writes.—I hold that all true Spiritualists are, and always have been, opposed to the licentiousness exemplified in Woodhullism. I belonged just twelve weeks to the American Association of Spiritualists, as missionary, and you know, and I know, that was long enough to reveal the future in store for us. You have my hearty sympathy in your brave warfare for the right. I only wish that all the world could know the five lovers, so-called, are not Spiritualists at all; do not even believe in immortality of spirit. I belong just twelve weeks to the American Association of Spiritualists, as missionary, and you know, and I know, that was long enough to reveal the future in store for us. You have my hearty sympathy in your brave warfare for the right. I only wish that all the world could know the five lovers, so-called, are not Spiritualists at all; do not even believe in immortality of spirit. 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INCIDENTS IN MY LIFE. BY D. D. HOME.

"Instead of being a superstition itself, as they may be disposed to think it, they would find it the explanation and the extinguisher of all superstition." - Dr. R. Chambers.

All Spiritualists and Investigators will hail with delight, another volume from Mr. Home. Although a continuation of the first series issued some years since it is complete in itself. In his Preface he says:

"About nine years since I ventured to the public a volume entitled 'Incidents in My Life,' the first edition of which was speedily exhausted, and a second was issued in 1863. During the years that have since elapsed, although many attacks have been made upon me, and upon the truth of Spiritualism, its opponents have not succeeded in producing any evidence to discredit the truth of my statements, which have remained uncontradicted. Meantime the truths of Spiritualism have become more widely known, and the subject has been forced upon public attention in a remarkable manner. This was especially the case in the years 1867 and 1868, in consequence of the visit of 'Lyon R. Home,' which most probably was the indirect cause of the examination into Spiritualism by the Committee of the Diocesan Society, whose report recently has been published. Coincident with and subsequent to their examination, a series of investigations was carried on in my presence by Lord Adams, now Earl of Inveraven, an account of which has been privately printed, an examination, especially scientific in its character, was also conducted by Prof. Crookes, who has published his conclusions in the 'Journal of Science.'

I now present to the public with the second volume of 'Incidents in My Life,' which continues my narrative to the period of the commencement of the Chancery suit."

CONTENTS. Preface. Introduction. Chapter I. - Reviews and Replies - Letter to "Times." 2. - Sir David Brewster - Lord Brougham - Letters and Testimony - Dr. Elliott - Prophecies - Incidents. 3. - Expulsion from Rome - Discussion in House of Commons. 4. - Bridge, the Medium - Mr. Robert Browning - Fancy Portraits. 5. - Nice, America, Russia - The Double Seances in London. 6. - Lecture - Notice in "Star" - Falsehoods in "All the Year Round." 7. - Spiritualist - Identity - Guardians of Strength - Spirit Mesmerism. 8. - New Manifestations - Elongation - Voices - Performances. 9. - Elongation and Compression. Handling of Prof. Chamberlain - Mrs. Lyon's Address in support of the Bill. 10. - Answer to the Suit. 11. - Mr. W. M. Wilkinson's Answer to the Suit. Price \$1.50, postage 20 cents.

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Articles called by its name are dyes, and it is well known that they destroy, not restore, the hair

New York Department.

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

Chips.

The New York Tribune advertises a lecture of Dr. Brown-Squard's entitled a "Death Blow to Animal Magnetism." This sounds to me about as rational as it would be to say "Death Blow to Sunlight" for the existence of one can be proved as conclusively as that of the other.

We can know the existence of nothing whatever except by its effects, but the learned ignorance of many of the so-called medical scientists, will dispute the very existence of a thing unless it comes with a knock-down force in the very channels which their own short sightedness has hewn out for it.

The young ladies of Washington County, Tenn., announce that they are going to offer two premiums to be contested for by the young gentlemen of the county, but will not tell on what account they award these premiums until they hand them over to those whom they consider most entitled to them.

A New Movement.

BRO. JONES.—Will you give place to the following, that we may know how to move, and what, if any, the desires of the community of Spiritualists are or will be, regarding the proposed enterprise.

It will be remembered that last July an original plan for a Spiritual meeting was instituted at North Almond Valley, and carried out by Mr. John Wilcox and lady, which was a most perfect success, so much so that now, and for some months past, solicitations have been constantly made by all classes of community for another tent meeting the coming season, and so universal has been the demand in this part of the State and many others, that the purchase of a tent for that purpose, and holding meetings in various places during the summer, has been thought advisable by many friends of the cause.

The question now is, do the people wish it, and will they sustain an undertaking? It will require quite an outlay on the part of those who engage in it, and yet from past experience it is thought that the numbers who would attend such tent meetings above those who could be gathered at halls and in groves, would furnish an inducement for some efficient persons to make the attempt.

Mr. John Wilcox has therefore consented to undertake it if sufficient encouragement can be had in season to enable him to move safely and efficiently. The terms will be those of a meeting is desired, the people must first agree to pay the transportation of the tent from its place of meeting, furnish seats and stand, and music as far as possible, board Mr. W. and one or two others during the time of their stay, and furnish a room for medical examinations, and another for treatments. One lecturer, one medical clairvoyant, a test medium and one healer will accompany the tent, and all other talent that may be on the ground will be employed to add interest and profit to the meetings.

It is now earnestly desired that all societies and communities who desire such a meeting during the season, write to Mr. W. at once and make the engagement, remembering that no time can be set at present for any particular meeting, as it will be necessary to so arrange appointments as to save as much travel as possible. A tour through the States of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois and Michigan, would be preferred. This plan will bring the gospel into places and before people who can avail themselves of it in no other way.

Let societies be prompt in their action and correspondence. Address all letters to John Wilcox, North Almond Valley, Allegany Co., N. Y., or to the writer.

Dr. J. G. FISH.

Hornellsville, N. Y.

Letter from Washington.

DEAR BRO. JONES.—Thanks, a thousand times, for your noble stand on "The Side of Virtue and Purity." Some men speak evil of you, but I will judge the tree by its fruits. Will you kindly oblige me with a small space in your columns? The time is rapidly approaching for another annual convention of the "Universal Association of Spiritualists," so called, when it may be expected that the ears of society may again be offended by another series of abominable and licentious resolutions, from the Hull and Woodhull faction, which will be sent forth to the world as the declared sentiments of the Spiritualists of America. Not being anxious to gather notoriety, I have waited in expectation that some movement would be inaugurated looking to that event, by the temperate and judicious Judge Holbrook, Dr. H. T. Child, Bro. G. Kates, or some other brother or sister possessing a wider influence than myself. None, however, having been made, I desire to ask, if there can not, and should not, be some plan adopted, for the gathering together of monogamic Spiritualists from all parts of the Union, the organization of a National Society on a strictly monogamic platform, and the sending forth of such unmistakable declarations, as shall prevent odium from resting on any but

those deserving it, and thus placing ourselves in our true position before the world?

It might be wise not to attempt to gain the control of the Woodhull society, and remodel or even cleanse it, but to let it alone, to die of its own rottenness; and to commence the rearing of a new structure, on a good foundation with the best materials. I think that such a meeting should be for those only, who are delegated to represent monogamic Spiritualists, and who can come to the meeting, prepared without controversy to identify themselves with a society of monogamic Spiritualists, and let the details of organization be left entirely open for the action of said meeting.

I feel that should the true Spiritualists of America fail to move in this matter, they will richly merit all the odium they will get. I am ready to co-operate to the extent of my ability. I had to suffer severely here, even to the severing of my relationship from the Spiritual society, for the same cause, but am quietly moving onward, and hope soon to report that we have a society in Washington, between whom and the promiscuous, a well-defined line has been indelibly drawn. This may be called sectarianism. Be it so! Welcome sectarianism, when it defines the absolute dividing line between virtue and vice.

Yours for truth and humanity, JOHN MATHEW, Washington, D. C.

Michigan Woman's Suffrage Campaign—Names Wanted.

EDITOR JOURNAL.—I am just home from the Annual Meeting of our State Woman's Suffrage Association at Lansing, a large gathering of able and intelligent men and women, and a highly promising and successful meeting. Our Legislature last winter did itself the credit of referring this question to the voters next November, for a "yes" or "no" vote, and our campaign is of vital importance, for justice to woman is the sure means of a better state of things. Fortunately, almost all your readers are believers in woman's suffrage. We want all over our state, names and post office addresses of men and women who will help organize, get up meetings, circulate documents, work at the polls, etc. Let me ask all such to send me their names and addresses on a postal card or by letter, and so help a good work. If they choose to send me money I will acknowledge receipt and see it well used. We raised \$2,000 at Lansing, but want much more, and have a committee that will use it well and carefully.

As a member of that committee, I make this request for names, etc., and we enter on an effort with a clear and firm resolve to gain, if possible, now feeling that the signs of the times are full of hope and a surety that we must win at last, for we are right. No more words are needed.

I wish to say that a most interesting feature of the Lansing meeting, was the unity of spirit and purpose which ignored creed or party platforms, and made all one for a great and noble work.

Yours Truly, G. B. STERNIKS, Detroit, Michigan.

A Seance—Spirit Paintings—Anna Lord Chamberlain.

MR. EDITOR.—Having recently attended one of Anna Lord Chamberlain's seances, at the house of Col. Cushman, 193 Warren Ave., I will briefly relate what came under my observation.

Seven persons made up the circle, seated around a common table. The room was darkened, when all joined hands. In a few moments a banjo was taken from another table in the room, and while played upon, was, to judge from the sound, carried all about the room over the heads of the circle, now and then resting upon my own head, while every person present spoke of being touched by some unseen power.

Following this, bells were rung, other instruments played upon—in fact a band of unseen fairies delighted our ears with most enchanting music. Then followed an imitation of cannon firing, which was executed by a tenor and bass drum, the latter being suspended near the ceiling out of reach. No less than three or four instruments were played upon simultaneously, precluding any possibility for collusion. Writing was also produced upon the table without human hands.

Mrs. Chamberlain is a lady of culture and refinement, and her wonderful powers as a reliable physical medium, are so well known to the public that I need not further speak of them.

I will simply mention the spirit paintings, which adorn the walls of Mr. Cushman's parlor. They are wonderful specimens of art. Seven full life-size portraits, and all executed in the space of eighteen hours, by a Mr. Starr, who never took a brush in his hand until he was sixty-three years of age. Mr. Cushman informs me that these portraits are so far public property that people are permitted to see them by calling at his house. Clergymen are always welcome and invited to examine for themselves.

Why not prove all things—hold fast the good; and if Modern Spiritualism is a new dispensation, to dispel the doubt and mystery which envelops the world of humanity concerning the future life, why should it not be welcomed by both Christian and Skeptic?

H. L. S. Chicago, Ill.

A Singular Spirit Manifestation.

An exchange contains the following in reference to that wonderful medium, Dr. Slade:

Not long since two well known gentlemen, residents of Port Jervis, New York, came to this city and called upon the celebrated spirit medium, Dr. H. Slade, No. 413 Fourth Ave. They had what is called a sitting with the Doctor, in his room, and while there, on a slate without aid from human fingers, touch or contrivance, was written the following communication:

"DEAR FRIENDS.—The harmony and melody of the spirit world is in truth, great. Nature's language, the speech of angels, the interpretation of harmonious hearts; the realization of the great mathematics of nature made vocal in delicious sounds.

Earth life gives man his work to do and bids him to be faithful to his work, no matter what his lot may be. Be faithful and God will help you.

I am William A. Ward. I was sixty-three years old and left my form at No. 64 Park Avenue, February 12th, 1874.

WILLIAM A. WARD. This was a poser. The slate was in open view on an ordinary black walnut table. A fragment of slate pencil moved to and fro writing the above in a plain, legible hand. Not one of the living persons in the room had ever heard of the one whose name was signed to the letter. On sending to the place designated, it was found that William A. Ward had lived at No. 64 Park Avenue, and that he died

there on the 12th day of February, in the 63d year of his age.

The above statement of facts is for the interested public to solve. A copy of the communication from the slate was solicited by the widow of the deceased, who keeps it as an evidence that her husband, though dead, yet lives and speaks.

Remarkable Cure.

SPIRIT PRESENCE REALIZED—A WONDERFUL CURE BY SPIRIT POWER—THE CURE OF THE REV. MORSE BIRKMAN'S WIFE FULLY EQUALLED—CREDIT GIVEN WHERE IT IS DUE—IT WOULD HAVE BEEN CALLED A MIRACLE IF THE CURE HAD BEEN PERFORMED UPON A MINISTER'S WIFE, MEDIUMSHIP DEVELOPED BY USE OF MAGNETIZED PAPERS.

S. S. JONES.—DEAR SIR.—Nearly a year ago I wrote to Mrs. A. H. Robinson an account of the cure of my wife, through her mediumship. For reasons unnecessary to make public, I declined having that letter published, promising at some future time to give you a full statement of the case.

More than twenty years ago my wife caught a severe cold which finally settled upon her lungs, and was pronounced "tubercular consumption," by her physician. "We were then living in New York. Soon after we removed to Washington, D. C., for the benefit of a milder climate, and two years afterward we came to Alabama by the advice of her attendant physician.

Her cough continued troubling her, with frequent hemorrhages until some time during the war when her liver became enlarged, her sufferings became almost unbearable. In April, 1866, the disease attacked the bowels in what is known as the "consumption of the bowels." We consulted several physicians; tried their prescriptions—none gave relief, and were finally told she could not expect to recover from this fearful complication of disorders. About the time of the great fire in Chicago, in 1871, we sent, as a last resort, to Mrs. A. H. Robinson of Chicago. As my wife had full confidence in the power of the invisibles to cure, if conditions could be made favorable, we gave Mrs. Robinson a brief outline of the commencement and extent of her disease. Her reply was favorable, and my wife commenced using the magnetized papers and medicines prescribed by Mrs. Robinson, early in the following year (1872). After using those remedies ten or twelve days, we applied for further treatment, receiving directions to continue the use of former remedies, and another set of magnetized papers.

Mrs. Sellick commenced the use of these papers on the 8th day of April, 1873. Soon after putting them on she distinctly, and for the first time felt the presence and touch of the invisibles ones. During the following twelve days, she was enabled to converse with them, receiving directions, etc., and finally on the morning of April, 20th, 1873, they told her their mission was ended, and they must leave. She arose from her bed, and from that day to this, she has been free from disease and suffering. Her general health is good, she is gaining in strength and weight, and we feel it to be a duty we owe to Mrs. Robinson, and the angel world to make these things known to suffering humanity.

Fraternally Yours, J. B. SELICK, Tuscaloosa, Ala.

THE STATE OF ALABAMA, COUNTY OF TUSCALOOSA.

Personally appeared before me, Wm. Miller, Judge of Probate for said county and state, James B. Selick, to me well known, who being duly sworn, states on his oath the foregoing recitals of facts to be true as therein stated.

WM. MILLER, Judge of Probate. May 7th, 1874.

Passed to Spirit Life.

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

Passed to the Summer land, from Clyde, O., April 30, 1874, Mrs. SARAH HANFORD, aged 83 years.

She was one of the oldest settlers in the county, having lived on the same farm for forty years. She never professed any sectarian faith. It was her nature to be kind hearted and good to all who were around her. She had faith in a future life, and was satisfied death was the door to a higher state of existence.

The writer gave such words of comfort to the friends at the funeral as to be found only through a knowledge of the facts of Spiritualism.

J. B. RANDALL. Passed to spirit life, on Saturday evening, April 11th, 1874, from her father's residence, one mile south of Washington, Ind., Miss LOUISE WILSON, in or near the 20th year of her age.

Miss Wilson had been sick of what the attending physician called consumption.

She was convalesced beyond question of the truth of spirit-communication. She was perfectly conscious up to the moment of her departure, and passed away as calmly as a sleeping babe, fully conscious that though she might be out of the body, she would still have the power to remain with and communicate to those whom she loved so well, and who still remain in the body.

Passed to spirit life, from Sparta, Wis., April 19th, 1874, in the 70th year of her age, Mrs. S. M. BROWN.

After a brief illness of two days, passed the spirit of Mrs. S. M. Brown from earthly life to join a long mourned-for and greatly beloved daughter who had preceded her 30 years ago.

She was a firm believer in the "Communion of Saints," and ministering of angels. The spirit left the earthly vessel without a struggle, feeling that angel friends were in waiting to guide her.

"Through a land of pure delight, Where spirits immortal reign; Eternal day excludes the night, And pleasures banish pain.

These everlasting spring abides, And never-fading flowers; Death, like a narrow sea, divides This heavenly land from ours."

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Passed to Spirit Life. Notice for this Department will be charged at the rate of twenty cents for lines for every line published therein. Notices not exceeding twenty lines published gratuitously.

Mrs. Maria M. King's Works. THE PRINCIPLES OF NATURE, as discovered in the Development and structure of the Universe; the Solar System, laws and methods of its Development; Earth History of its Development; Exposition of the Spiritual Universe. Price, \$1.75; postage 34 cents.

REAL LIFE IN THE SPIRIT-LAND. Being Life Experiences, Scenes, Incidents, and Conditions, Illustrative of Spirit-Life, and the Principles of the Spiritual Philosophy. Price, \$1.00; postage 16 cents.

SAFENA OR THE MENTAL CONSTITUTION, BY ARTHUR MERTON. In Mental Science the world has had a surfeit of worthless speculations. It now asks and needs exact and positive knowledge, such as guides the Astronomer, the Mechanic, the Chemist, or the Physiologist, to certain success in his labors.

Wm. B. Fahnestock, M.D. The author of the above-named book is a philosopher of large experience and great merit. In this work he treats of the philosophy of mind, as demonstrated by practical experiments during the last twenty years.

Dr. J. G. Fish. Not long since two well known gentlemen, residents of Port Jervis, New York, came to this city and called upon the celebrated spirit medium, Dr. H. Slade, No. 413 Fourth Ave.

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STATUVOLOGISM; OR, ARTIFICIAL SOMNAMBULISM, HITHERTO CALLED MESMERISM, OR, Animal Magnetism. CONTAINING A BRIEF HISTORICAL SURVEY OF MESMER'S OPERATIONS, AND THE EXAMINATION OF THE SAME BY THE FRENCH COMMISSIONERS.

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