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ARTS, SCIENCES, LITERATURE, ROMANCE AND GENERAL REFORM.

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

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SPIRITISM, GOD, AND IMMORTALITY.

A Lecture by Prof. A. Vander Naillen before the Chicago Free Religious Society.

The free religionists, generally, constitute a class of people who wish to deal with realities. Their emotional nature does not seem to be developed to an abnormal point, for we do not find them shedding tears nor exulting over every little incident of life. They are not generally found disposed to despise nor to exult, at short notice, any human action or event. Nor are they habitual dwellers in the regions of the imaginative, and their speculations are hardly of that dreamy or misty nature, whose inevitable fate is to be dispelled by the first ray of light that shoots over the morning's horizon. Now, let me ask you if this mental disposition of the free religionists is not a commendable one? There is recorded somewhere a proverb whose merits are such in my estimation, that its author ought to be canonized, if he cared for canonization. It is this: "Let reason, and not impulse, guide your actions." This proverb ought to be printed in large, golden letters, and hung up on the walls of every bed-room. Before going to sleep our last look would be for that beautiful proverb, and during our sweet slumbers, I have no doubt but Dr. Carpenter's "unconscious cerebration" would expound it, and get it ready by morning for application in our daily actions of life.

The free religionists, generally, are great lovers of this proverb, for they try hard to obey its commands by repressing impulses whenever it is unwarranted by reason. Now, reason takes its own good time before it decides how to act, for it likes to look at both sides of the question submitted to its arbitration; it loves to take testimony *pro* and *con*; to weigh that testimony, and when it has well gathered all the elements necessary to an intelligent judgment, then, but then only, is it willing to render its verdict, and to take the responsibility of guiding actions.

It is due in part, perhaps, to this process of mental preliminaries that the serious and systematic investigation of the phenomena of spiritism has not been undertaken as yet by the free religionist. A second cause for it may be found in this, perhaps, that the spiritists themselves have seldom manifested a desire to have those phenomena fully investigated, as their reality and genuineness have always been beyond any question to themselves. Not only were, and are, the phenomena positively real to the spiritists, but they "know," through proofs most decisive to themselves, that those phenomena are caused by the direct action of men and women that have died, some of them as long ago as a hundred thousand years! These dead men and women have a gazo-ethero-magnetic-electrico-material body, invisible, as a general thing, to any but sickly, nervous persons, especially those suffering from some chronic disease of the stomach, or else by persons having been electrically shocked, and called, very scientifically "mediums."

A few years ago, when the whole world had table-tipping on the brain, the inquiry into this mysterious force, moving, sometimes without contact, ponderous articles of furniture, was general among the people; every table-tipper had his own theory about the matter. Science alone, when it did descend at all to give a passing notice to these phenomena, which were baffling millions of minds, seemed more disposed to deny their existence, than to try to trace their origin to some known physical law.

On the other hand, the spiritists affirmed, in the most positive manner, that spirits of dead men moved all these tables, pianos and chairs. When some objections were made to these statements, or when proofs for such assumptions were returned, they were, however, accompanied by stronger and more positive assertions as to the power of spirits, by the relation of still more wonderful experiences and phenomena, the whole invariably followed by unremittant appeals to our faith and blind belief. Soon those of the inquirers possessed of a serious turn of mind, found themselves in a helpless dilemma. On the one hand they were met by the scientist, who, without any reason sufficiently based to convey conviction, positively and sneeringly denied all the phenomena claimed by the spiritists; and on the other hand they were met by the spiritists, who most positively asserted the genuineness of the phenomena, and without any better reason, apparently at least, ascribed them to the concerted action of bodies of spirits of dead men and women.

In the midst of these irreconcilable and hopeless statements, the candid investigator was lost, and finally dismissed the whole matter from his mind, as incapable of solution, for the time being at least.

Of late years, however, spiritism has been spreading most wonderfully. Dozens of periodicals, expounding its philosophy, have sprung up, and some of them are today paying very handsome dividends. These papers a few years ago, and I include in them the *Boston Banner of Light*, were filled with the most unmitigated sentimental trash that any sensible human soul could well conceive of. Indeed, when I read the two first numbers of a spiritualistic paper that came to my notice, I became convinced that it was edited by a society of lunatics. To-day, I must confess and I cheerfully do so confess, that some of the organs of the spiritists are high-toned, with a decided scientific tendency, courting investigation for the phenomena, and containing, at times, some of the highest thoughts our cen-

tury has brought to light. And to "give to Caesar that which belongs to Caesar," (which a Free Religionist should never refrain from doing), I must say that the literature of the spiritists has done more to eradicate a blind belief in the Bible, than any other agency I know of, and more than can readily be estimated. If I allow myself to make so broad a statement I make it only after a thorough survey of the field, here as well as in Europe.

To show how easily spiritism overcomes theological embarrassments, and how speedily it makes converts, at times, I will cite a single instance that came under my personal observation. A few years ago I was living in Lake county, Indiana. One of the wealthiest farmers in that county sent his son as a pupil to my institute. Parents and son were Methodists of the strongest brimstone persuasion. I was investigating Spiritism at that time, and busy reading A. J. Davis' works. My new student saw these works, together with some Spiritualistic papers lying loose about my office, and from these he concluded of course that I was an out-and-out Spiritist. One day I had to go to the county seat. Coming back late at night, while passing near the farm where the parents of my Methodist student were living, I was suddenly stopped in my homeward journey by the father of that pupil, who took my horse by the bridle and forced me to stop with him over night. Being tired, hungry, and cold I cheerfully acceded to his request. After supper we retired to a snug little parlor, and having conversed about various topics, my host broke out in this way: "Professor, I have heard that you are a Spiritualist. I confess that at first I would not believe the statement, but when I want to see my boy, the last time, at your institute, he pointed out to me all the infidel books you were constantly reading. I could not withhold my belief any longer. Well, Professor," said he, "I am deeply astonished that a man of your standing should indulge in such an ungodly belief! What does your wife say about the matter? Does she allow you to associate with the free-lovers? You know very well that all the Spiritualists are either divorced or live with somebody else's wife?" And so my host went on for over half an hour. Three months after this happened, a cousin of this same man came from Kansas on a visit; he was a Spiritist. He proposed a circle, of course, and a circle was held. A little girl, 12 years old, became entranced, and delivered a poem, purporting to be given by Lord Bacon. Night after night circles were held, relatives invited, neighbors astonished, and one week later, my former host so terribly shocked at my supposed Spiritualistic belief, was sending Lord Bacon's communications to *The Religio-Philosophical Journal*, with most earnest entreaties for publication. To-day, that so-terribly devoted Methodist is a staunch Spiritist, confesses to find the sweetest consolation of his life in the teachings of spiritism, and does not take the Bible for authority any longer. This is by no means an isolated fact, but conversions are going on at the same ratio all over this country and Europe.

I have often wondered how this rapid development could be possible; but if we read the literature of the spiritists carefully, this quick growth is easily explained. Spiritism has powerful hold upon man; it grasps his heart and makes a stringent appeal to that irresistible attraction for occult things which exists in every human being in inverse ratio with his intellectual development. It is a well-known fact that, in any event of life in which the human heart is deeply interested, the brain must be constantly called to the rescue, lest the "heart should run away with the head," and after all the heart really runs away with it, as has been discovered in a great many investigations.

But this is not always the case. Spiritism has often made converts among men who kept their heads decidedly upon their shoulders, and who commenced to investigate the phenomena with a firm conviction that they would be able to expose it as a fraud. Among the latter was Prof. Hare, of Philadelphia, a celebrated electrician, an author of renown, professor of physics and chemistry in a college of high repute, and a member of the Academy of Sciences. After having witnessed the moving of ponderous bodies, where the mediums touched these bodies only with the tips of their fingers, he thought that there must have been a muscular force brought into action, perhaps unconsciously. He went to work at building an apparatus that would detect and record on a dial any force, however small, that would be applied to it. The apparatus was soon constructed, very ingeniously, indeed, and with great care. The needle on the dial was exceedingly sensitive, and would move at the bidding of the minutest unconscious force. When his apparatus was in working order, Prof. Hare thought he would put the letters of the alphabet around the dial, "so as to enable the spirits" said he with irony, "to spell out their messages without rapping the table to pieces." After this was done the professor held his hand above the platform of the apparatus, ready to give it a last trial, when, lo! the needle set moving! Deeply astonished, he looked beneath his hands and saw that they did not touch the apparatus in the least. He could not believe his own eyes. He tried again and again, and the needle set to moving every time! Dumb-struck, the professor did not know what to think of the matter; he was certain that neither hand nor glove touched the apparatus, and that there was no tremor about the table capable of moving the needle; still the needle kept on moving, and very decidedly, too. A thought flashed through his brain. The letters of the alphabet are on the dial," said he to himself, "let

me ask a question." "If there are any spirits present, will they please spell out their names?" He held his hands above the apparatus, and his astonished eyes beheld once more the needle moving with little jerks, as if obeying some electric force. It spelled out, "Yes, your father." Perfectly taken aback, the professor threw himself upon a sofa in as perplexed a state of mind as a man well nigh can be. While pondering over this unexpected adventure, a second thought struck him. He asked: "Are there any other spirits present?" The needle spelled out slowly the name, "Cad-walader." "If you are the spirit of my friend Gen. Cadwalader, to whom I served as second when he was killed in a duel, you must certainly remember the last secret he whispered into my ears, while dying; a secret that nobody in the world but he and myself knows. If you are the spirit of the general, then spell out the secret." The needle set to work, and spelled out, letter by letter, the very secret Prof. Hare had kept sealed in his bosom for so many years.

During a period of four years, after this wonderful adventure, Prof. Hare investigated Spiritism, with all the skill and caution that science can apply to any experiments. After the lapse of so long a period of sober thought, only did he submit the results he had obtained to the Academy of Sciences. He stated, that upon setting out to investigate Spiritism, he held the firm belief that he would be able to prove the whole phenomena either a fraud or an illusion. But, said investigation having resulted in a positive conviction in the reality of spirit intercourse, he thought it a matter of simple honesty to make a statement of it before the Academy regardless of the painful consequences this confession would entail upon him. The Academy repudiated Prof. Hare, without consenting to give even a fair hearing to his explanations, and notwithstanding his titles to respect as a noble veteran of science.

Shall we, as Free Religionists, indorse such proceedings as those of the Academy of Sciences referred to? Shall we also refuse to investigate well authenticated phenomena, because they "seem" to be in opposition to our accepted notions of natural law? Shall we forget that science is almost a new-born babe, only one score of years old, and at spelling out the "Alpha" of things? These learned academicians of Philadelphia had certainly the right to refuse to believe in the reality of spirit intercourse, upon the simple statements made by one of their members, no matter how high his standing or authority; but there is one right they had not, and that was to snub Prof. Hare, or to decree the impossibility or fraud of the phenomena claimed to be real, by a hundred thousand apparently sane people, without having given a thorough investigation to the matter. Such conduct would hardly be expected from an academy of sciences located in the Sandwich Islands. If we call ourselves Free Religionists, gentlemen, let us be free religionists, "free" in the full acceptance of the word. One feels so good to know that truth will be ever welcome in our bosom, from whatever quarter it may come, and that we care not how many images it sweeps from the sacred shrine of our hearts, for we know that images which depict not the truth, are worse than useless. Our soul should be like a perfect sheet of plate glass, receiving all the light that comes to it, illuminating itself by it, and transmitting the same to those behind it, enriched with the sparklings of its own gems. If the light that comes to us, either from science, philosophy, or theology, did seem to converge toward the proof of the existence of a personal Devil, we should receive that light, for if the Devil really should exist, we, as Infidels, are more interested than anybody else to know it. If abundant rays of light, analyzed by the spectrum of reason, seem to show that the gods we have worshiped so far, are but scarecrows for infantile minds, relics of barbarian ages, and if the same rays of light show to us unmistakable landmarks of a superior and vastly transcendent intelligence to which the physical universe seems to be entirely subjective, let us receive that light; for, if that intelligence is personified, we want to know in what relation we stand to it, and if it is not personified, then surely we want to know, if it is within the possibilities of man, to make that intelligence subservient to his destiny, through labor, study, and everlasting progression.

Further, if certain phenomena come to light, manifested by physical forces, unknown to us, do not let us deny the phenomena because we do not understand their actuating principles, but let us investigate them, discover their prime movers, and through the study of their laws, apply them to the outworking of our own destiny. If these strange phenomena of the Spiritists are destined to prove the continued existence of man after death, there is nobody more interested in that fact than man himself, consequently we should earnestly and truthfully investigate them in all their bearings. We know, however, that there was a time when it was not considered "respectable" to have anything to do with Spiritism; somehow, deserved or undeserved, it was current everywhere that spiritists, as a class, were not of a high order, either moral or intellectual. If this was ever a sufficient reason to the seeker after truth not to investigate their phenomena, we know that, to-day, this reason has ceased to exist, for we are aware that some of our best and most influential men and women openly confess belief in the reality of spirit intercourse.

Judge Edmunds, of New York, a judge of the criminal court, is a confessed believer in spirit communion, and his social and judicial standing is very high, his veracity unimpeachable.

Mr. Varley, of London, a distinguished civil engineer, Fellow of the Royal Society of England, is a confessed spiritist, and has investigated the phenomena, being as wide awake as any prominent man can be.

Robert Dale Owen, of this country, you all know of him, is a confirmed spiritist, so is Wm. Denton, a renowned geologist, besides hundreds of others, equally as prominent in the various pursuits of life.

You all know that Queen Victoria, of England, is a most confirmed believer in the communion of spirits. So is the ex-Empress Eugenie, of France, and the Emperor of Russia is a personal friend of the medium Home.

The most interesting and most conclusive investigation that has ever been made of the phenomena of spiritism came to light two months ago, and a synopsis of its results is given in the *English Quarterly Journal of Science* for January, in advance of a book which will be published at an early day. These investigations have been conducted by Wm. Crookes, the editor of that journal. Mr. Crookes is an eminent and much respected gentleman in the field of science, an authority in chemistry, a physician of repute, and the editor of two prominent scientific publications, *The Quarterly Journal* already mentioned, and *The Monthly News*. All the discourses in science that Mr. Crookes has ever made have already been readily accepted by the scientific world on account of the known precision, minutiae and correctness of judgment with which he was known to conduct his researches.

To this investigation of Mr. Crookes I attach more importance than to all the other investigations put together. We all know that a thorough scientific experimentalist is the only person capable of excluding any and all possibilities of fraud or illusion from such investigation, just as much as a competent or skillful anatomist is the only person capable of analyzing the functions of the human brain. Moreover, Dr. Crookes is so candid throughout his exposition of the facts he has witnessed, that he himself really seems to be more astonished at his results than anybody else.

While writing his article, he almost questions yet if he was awake or asleep when witnessing those wonderful manifestations, so directly in opposition to the known laws of gravitation. He can hardly reconcile as yet, the phenomena he took cognizance of through his five senses, with the almost axiomatic dictates of science proving these phenomena to be literally impossible.

Mr. Crookes says that a preliminary survey of the manifestations of Spiritism had convinced him that there was something in them, and he concluded to give a few months to their investigation. But the phenomena taking place under his eyes, proved to be so varied and of so different a nature, that as a truthful student of natural law, he could not refuse to follow these phenomena wherever they would lead him, and as a consequence, he had to give several years to their investigation. Most all the phenomena witnessed by Mr. Crookes occurred in his own rooms, in broad daylight, and under conditions of his own creation, precluding most positively any trickery, and always in the presence of several persons, selected on account of their truthfulness, respectability, and correctness of mind.

And now, let us relate a few of the phenomena seen by Mr. Crookes and his friends:

"They saw a chair move slowly toward a table, when nobody was near it; the medium and the witnesses being on the other side of the room. They saw a heavy table, under the same conditions, rise a foot and a half above the floor. They saw Mr. Home, the medium, lifted several feet above the ground; this on many occasions. They saw an accordion float in the air about the room, playing all the while. They saw a card-plate float in the air; a coral necklace stand on end, and many other wonderful manifestations of the same category. Mr. Crookes has had a self-luminous, crystalline body placed in his hands by a hand which did not belong to any person in the room. In full daylight the doctor and his friends have seen a luminous cloud hover above a heliostrop, break off a sprig, and carry the sprig to a lady. On several occasions they have seen similar luminous clouds condense into the form of a human hand. Mr. Crookes has seen many such hands, affording ample opportunity of satisfying himself of their reality. These hands do not always appear solid; sometimes they appear as a cloud; sometimes they are condensed; in fact, they appeared to him in all stages of formation, from a nebulous cloud up to a solid, warm, life-like hand. In the latter case, the hand became hazy at the wrist, and at that point dissolved into a kind of cloud. In one instance Mr. Crookes grasped the hand firmly with a determination not to let it go, but the hand melted away, slowly resolving itself into vapor again. Mr. Crookes has seen also phantoms and phantom faces, and several manifestations showing intelligence, when he was certain that the intelligence did not emanate from any of the persons present.

Now, gentlemen, these facts witnessed and testified to by a man like Mr. Crookes, and many others, do not leave any doubt in my mind as to their real existence. I cannot refrain from believing that Mr. Crookes did really see that which he is ready to swear to that he did see. Further, these manifestations have not been witnessed by Mr. Crookes and his friends exclusively, but have been attested by hundreds of prominent men and women in England and all over Europe, where Mr. Daniel D. Home has traveled.

Now, gentlemen, thousands of facts, more or less similar to these, are manifesting them-

selves every day in the United States, nay, in our very midst. What is our duty in regard to them? Shall we continue to ignore them, and still claim ourselves reformers, "scientific" reformers; men who base their opinions upon facts only; men who faithfully peruse all the new publications on religion, philosophy, and science; who are eager searchers after every new revelation of the telescope, spectroscopy, or microscope? If we decide to continue to ignore these phenomena knocking at our very door, phenomena so pregnant with promises, so full of biddings to science; if we persist, say I, in refusing to receive the key now offered to us, that would open, perhaps, the precious storehouse of nature's occult forces, had we not better stop talking about the existence of God, the immortality of the soul, and especially about progression?

What are the reasons generally given for not investigating the phenomena of Spiritism? First, it is said that the phenomena do not exist in reality; that the people pretending to witness them are laboring under a momentary delusion or illusion. Second, that the phenomena do exist, but they are due to electricity. Conclusion: That there is no spirit, whatever concerned in the matter, either way.

Presuppose that there is no spirit concerned in the matter at all, are these phenomena less worthy of study on that account? Should we not desire to know the secret forces that produce these or any other phenomena transcending our understanding?

The genuineness of the Spiritist's phenomena is freely admitted by every one who has the good fortune of sitting with a first-class medium. However, the reason given, that persons coming into the presence of mediums get subject to certain influence or spell, which makes them see things that do not exist nor take place, is a reason thought to be true by a great many persons. Consequently this is a question of momentous importance to society, and one which should, by all means, be immediately investigated. If the mediums have really the power to obliterate or invert the five senses of any sensible man that comes into their presence, every time they would make use of that power they should be tried for witchcraft, hanged, or burned at the stake as of old. If the mediums are not the guilty parties, but if men like Prof. Hare, Wm. Crookes, Judge Edmunds, Lord Adare, Robt. Dale Owen, Hudson Tuttle, and a score of very respectable, influential, and highly intellectual gentlemen whose names I could give you, and who inhabit this city of Chicago, judges, lawyers, mayors of neighboring towns, doctors, etc.,—if gentlemen of such standing, and who take such an active part in the affairs of the people, are subject to temporary fits of insanity, it is a great time that we should ascertain it, in order to impeach them, and send them to the lunatic asylum, if necessary.

To those that attribute the phenomena to electricity, and there stop their inquiries, I would say that Prof. Hare, the great electrician of Philadelphia, applied the most sensitive electrometers to the table and chairs moved by the mediums, and never could detect any trace of that force. What is more, the professor employed the most powerful batteries, in any way he could imagine, and never could he produce any phenomena similar to those he witnessed in the presence of mediums.

One of the officers of this society, a most decided Materialist, believing neither in God, heaven, hell, spirit, or immortality, told me repeatedly that he saw, among several other manifestations, a heavy table walk across a room to meet a person just entering at the door. The medium had nothing but the tips of her fingers resting on the upper side of the table; some other force must have done it then; what force was it? Electricity? Suppose it is electricity, should we then not try to find out how that electricity acts through the tips of the fingers of the medium? It seems to me that the discovery of this mode of action would be of infinite value to mankind. I, for one, could apply it to-morrow. I have a house to move on the North side of the city, which is so closely packed between two other houses, that I do not know, upon my word, how to get it away from there without great expense. Suppose the mode of moving ponderous bodies by electrical mediums was discovered, I would simply have to send an order to the medium, who would put the tip of her fingers upon the door-knob, and forthwith I would smilingly behold the house marching out of the lot to its new destination. This electrical solution, gentlemen, is worth while thinking about.

To come back to earnestness, I will say that as students of nature and as progressive men we can give no satisfactory reason to refuse to investigate the phenomena of Spiritism.

But there is a fact, gentlemen, painful for us to state, which will account, perhaps, for a great deal of the sluggishness shown by us toward the investigation of the phenomena referred to, and that fact is that we are not free men and free women yet.

Every one of us has some chain to drag along, which prevents him from searching out truth as cheerfully, earnestly and hopefully as he should do, if he were unshackled. We have not yet learned to love truth well enough for its own sake, for we are not able yet to give it a hearty welcome under all circumstances, nor to embrace it with all its corollaries, when it comes to us through an unexpected channel, or with iconoclastic proclivities, toward our own little idols. The true reason of our backwardness toward some

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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 ablest articles of our exchanges, which we are receiving from all parts of the inhabitable globe.

SIAMESE SOCRACY.

The Dead Seemingly Raised to Life, and the Living Strangely Metamorphosed.

The far east must ever lead the world in the practice of necromancy. All the skill and mechanical ingenuity of the most expert prestidigitators of Europe or America cannot produce a single exhibition which will compare with the feats of the Siamese Indian juggler. The Japanese have taught us the greater part of the night-of-hand illusion which is now paraded before staring audiences in this country and in Europe, but the necromancy of Japan is as boy's play compared with the mystic jugglery of the Siamese and farther Indies, and especially of Siam. In the latter country there is a royal troupe of jugglers, who perform only at the funerals and coronations of the kings, and then only in the presence of the nobles of Siam or those initiated into the mysteries of the religion of the country. These necromancers do not perform for money, are of noble blood, and it is seldom that a European sees even their faces. Last year, however, an English surgeon who was in the country performed a somewhat remarkable cure upon a princess, who had been treated in vain by all the physicians of the country. Great was the gratitude of the Siamese court, at the doctor's performance, and as a reward commensurate with his great service he was permitted to witness the performance of Tepada's royal troupe of jugglers. This exhibition was given in the sacred temple of Juthia, on the 16th of last November, the occasion being the coronation of the young king. The surgeon's narrative, stripped of a large amount of description and materially condensed, is given below:

IN THIS TEMPLE OF JUTHIA.

"Woun-Tajac called me very early, and he and his father's cousin, a jolly, fat old gentleman called Soondatch-Tow-Bondar, set to work to prepare me for witnessing the performances in the great pagoda. A white turban was wound around my head, my skin was stained the color of raw bronze, my mustache ruthlessly trimmed down, blacked, and waxed till it had the proper Malayian dejected droop and tenacity, my eyebrows blacked, and native garments furnished me, over which I wore the long white robes which I was told were peculiar to the initiated. The pagoda of Juthia is more celebrated for its sacredness than its size, or the splendor of its architecture. It is nevertheless a building of some very striking features. It is situated without the city, upon a broad and commanding terrace, elevated considerably above the level of the river plains. It is approached from the city by a long brick-paved avenue, wide, straight and imposing.

ADMIT ONE.

Soondatch and Woun-Tajac, each holding me by an arm, now directed me toward one of the doorways of the temple. It was guarded by two men with drawn swords and very fierce aspect, who stood in front of a heavy drapery of red cloth, that concealed the interior of the temple from outside eyes. At a triple pass-word these men admitted my companions, but crossed their swords before my breast. Soondatch whispered in the ear of the elder of the two—he started, eyed at me intently, but did not withdraw his barrier. Woun showed him a signal. He took it, and reverently placed it upon his forehead, yet still he refused to admit me. There was a controversy between the doorkeeper and my companions, and at last the elder guardian whistled shrilly upon a bone pipe tied about his neck with a strand of silk. A tall man suddenly appeared. I could not see from whence. He was middle-aged, athletic, and had a most peculiar cunning, self-possessed look of person and intelligence.

"RAPADA!"

exclaimed both of my companions at once, but the man, who was masked except for a breach-cloud, took no notice of them. He put his hand heavily, but not unkindly upon my breast, gave me a piercing, long look, and said, in excellent French, "Are you a bravo man?" "Try me!" I said. Instantly, without another word, he bandaged my eyes with a part of the long white robe I wore; he snapped his fingers suddenly, whispering in my ears, "Not a word, for your life!" and the next moment I found myself seized in the hands of several strong men, and borne some distance along a devious way, ascending and descending several times. At last I was put down, the bandage was quietly removed, and I found myself squatting on a stone floor; between Soondatch and Woun-Tajac, who, with bowed heads and faces partly shrouded in their white robes, squatted like statues of Buddha, their knees and shins close to the ground, their haunches resting upon their heels, their hands spread palms downward upon their knees, their eyes deflected, and a look of devout reverence and abstracted meditation in their countenances. The light was dim to my unaccustomed eyes, but all around, as far as I could see, were white-robed worshippers crouched in the same attitude of silent reverence.

A WILD SCENE.

By degrees, as my eyes grew used to the dim gloom, I began to look about me. The place was a square vault, so lofty that I could not see the ceiling, and I should say not less than a hundred paces long and wide. All around the sides rose gigantic columns, carved into images of Buddha always, yet with a thousand variations from the central plan, a thousand freaks of fancy, a thousand grotesqueries, through which shone, the more effectually for the departures, the eternal calm, the stagnant imparturbed ecstasy of apathy of Buddha's remarkable face, with the great pendant ears, and the eyes looking out beyond you into the supreme wilderness of Nibbana—a face that once seen can never be forgotten. By degrees I came to see the plan of this evidently subterranean vault, and to look with wonder upon the simple grandeur of its massive architecture, which was severely plain, except so far as the carving of the great columns went. At the farthest end of the hall, resting against the columns, was a raised dais or platform, covered with red cloth. This stage was raised between three and four feet above the floor of the vault, and was about thirty-five or forty feet deep and one hundred and fifty broad. Behind it a curtain of red cloth hung down from the capitals of the towering columns. In front of the stage, just about the spot where the pulpit of the orchestra in a Greek theatre would be, was a tripod-shaped altar, with a broad censer upon it, in which was burning a scented oil, mixed with gums and aromatic woods, that diffused through the whole vault a pungent, sacramental odor.

THE OPENING CEREMONIES.

Suddenly there was a wild and startling crash of barbaric music from under the stage—gongs, drums, cymbals, and horns—and with wonderful alertness and a really indescribable effect, a band of naked men came out from behind the curtains, bearing each a scented torch in his hand, climbed the columns with the agility of monkeys, and lighted each a hundred lamps, strung from the base almost of the columns sheer up to the apex of the vault, which, I could not see, rose in a lofty dome, that doubtless pierced far up into the interior of the pagoda proper. The illumination from these multitudinous lamps was very brilliant, yet so penetrating and pervasive that one missed nothing of the perfect light of the day. The din of the horrible orchestra increased, and a band of old women came out from under the stage singing (or rather shrieking out) the most diabolical chant that I ever heard. The red curtain fluttered a little, there was a dull thud, and there, right before us, alongside the censer, stood a very old man, but wrinkled, with long hair and beard white as cotton fleece. His finger-nails were severely diversified with two long teeth, yellow and ogrelike. He was naked, except for a breech-cloth, and his shrunken muscles shone with oil. He took the censer in his hands and blew his breath into it until the flame rose twenty feet high, red and furious; then, with a sudden jerking motion, he tossed the burning oil toward the crowd of squatting spectators. It shot toward them a broad sheet of terrible flame—it descended upon them a shower of roses and japonicas, more than could have been gathered in a cart. Turning the censer bottom upward, he spun it for a minute upon the point of his long thumb-nail, then flung it gradually away toward the audience. It struck the pavement with a metallic clang, bounced, and rose, with sudden expanse of wings.

A SHRIEKING EAGLE.

frightened horribly, and seeking flight towards the summit of the dome. The old man gazed a moment upward, then, seeing the tripod upon which the censer had stood, he sent its legs apart, with a nervous hand, straightened them against his knee, and hurled them, dart-like, toward the eagle. They glanced upward with a gilded flash, and instantly the eagle came fluttering down to the pavement in our midst, dead, and with three horrible cobras coiled about him, and with their hooded heads defiantly, and flashing anger out of their glittering eyes. The music shrieked still wilder, the snakes coiled and platted themselves together in a rhythmic dance, lifting the dead eagle upon their heads, and presto! right in our midst there stood the tripod again, with its flickering flame, and its incense-savored breath—a more perfect illusion never was seen.

"That is Norodom," whispered Woun-Tajac in my ear. Another actor now came upon the scene whom I recognized to be the tall athlete, Tepada. Behind him came a smaller man, whose name, Woun-Tajac informed me, was Minhman, and a boy, probably twelve years old, called Tsin-ki. These four began one of the most wonderful athletic exhibitions that can be conceived. It is

IMPOSSIBLE TO BELIEVE.

unless you saw it, what work these men put human muscles to. I am not going to provoke the incredulity of your readers by attempting to describe the majority of them. In one feat Tepada seized Norodom by his long white beard, held him off at arm's length, and spun round with him until the old man's legs were horizontal to the athlete's shoulders. Then, while they still spun with the fury of dervishes, Minhman sprang up, seized upon Norodom's feet, and spun out a horizontal continuation of the ancient, and when Minhman was firmly established, the boy Tsin-ki caught in his feet in like manner, and the tall athlete, every muscle in him straining, continued to whirl the human jointless lever around. At last, slowing slightly, Tepada drew in his arms till the old man's white beard touched his body; there was a sudden strain, and the arm of men from being horizontal became perpendicular, Norodom's head resting atop of Tepada's, Minhman's head upon Norodom's feet, and Tsin-ki's head on Minhman's feet. A pause for breath, then the column of men was propelled into the air, and presto! Tepada's head was on the ground, Norodom's feet to his, Minhman's feet upon Norodom's head, Tsin-ki's feet on Minhman's head. Each had turned a summersault, and the column was unbroken!

METAMORPHOSES.

One trick which Minhman performed was a very superior version of the mango tree feat of the Indian jugglers. He took an orange, cut it open, and produced a serpent. This he took down into the audience, and borrowing a robe from one, cut the snake's head off and covered it with the robe. When the robe was lifted again, a fox was in place of the snake. The fox's head was cut off, two robes borrowed, and when they were raised together, a wolf, which was killed with a sword. Three robes, and a leopard appeared; it was slain with a javalin. Four robes covered a most savage-looking buffalo, that was killed with an axe. Five robes covered in part, but not altogether, a lordly elephant, who, when the sword was pointed against him, seized Minhman by the neck and tossed him violently up. He mounted feet foremost, and finally clung by his toes to the capital of one of the columns. Tepada now leaped from the stage and, alighted upon the elephant's shoulders. With a short sword he goaded the beast on the head until, shrieking, the unwieldy animal reared upon its hind feet, twined its trunk about one of the great columns, and seemed trying to lift itself from the ground and wrap its body around the great pillar. The music clashed out barbarously, Norodom flashed forth a dazzling firework of some sort, and the elephant had disappeared and Tepada lay upon the stage writhing in the folds of a great boa-constrictor and holding up Minhman upon his feet.

During three hours the exhibition continued, feats of the sort I have described, each more wonderful than the one that preceded it, following one another in rapid succession. I shall content myself with describing the last and culminating wonder of the startling entertainment.

THE BEAUTIFUL LUAN-PRABANA.

A perfectly formed, and most lovely natch girl sprang out upon the stage, and was hailed with universal exclamations of delight, everybody calling out her name, Luan Prabana, as if it were a word of good omen. Her only dress was a short petticoat of variegated feather-work. A wreath of rosebuds crowned her soft, short, black hair, and she wore a pearl necklace, as well as broad gold armlets and anklets. With a brilliant smile she danced exquisitely for some minutes to the accompaniment of a single pipe, then she knelt and laid her head on old Norodom's knee. The boy fanned her with a fan made of sweet-fern leaves, Minhman fetched a lotus-shaped golden goblet, and Tepada poured into it from a quaint-looking flask a fluid of greenish hue. The old yogi-like Norodom took the goblet and blew his breath upon the contents till they broke into a pale blue flame. This Tepada extinguished with his breath, when Norodom

held the goblet to Luan-Prabana's lips, and she drained the contents with a sigh. As if transfixed she suddenly sprang to her feet, her face strangely radiant, and began to spin giddily around in one spot. First the boy, then Minhman, then Tepada tried to arrest her, but they no sooner touched her than

SHE REPULSED THEM WITH A SHOCK

that thrilled them as if she had imparted an electric spark to them. Spinning constantly, with a bewilderingly rapid motion, the girl now sprang off the stage and down the hall, along by the foot of the columns, Tsin-ki, Minhman and Tepada in active pursuit. In and out among the crowd they spun, the three chasing. Tepada seized hold of the chaplet that crowned her; it broke, and as she was whirled along, a spray of rosebuds was scattered from her brow in every direction. Anything more graceful never was seen. And now a greater wonder. At the extremity of the hall the three surrounded and would have seized her, when, still revolving, she rose slowly into the air and floated gently over our heads toward the stage, scattering roses as she went. At the brink of the stage she paused in mid-air; then, with a slight wing-like motion of her arms, mounted up, up toward the loftiest arch of the vault overhead. Suddenly old Norodom seized a bow and arrow and shot toward her. There was a wild shriek, a rushing sound, and the dancer fell with a crash to the flags of the floor, and laid there an apparently bloody mass. The music burst forth into a wild wail, and the chorus of old hags came tumultuously forth and bore her off in their arms.

WAR IN A MIRABOL.

Now, from behind the red curtains came a dozen strong men, bearing on their shoulders a great leaden box, which they laid upon the front part of the stage. As they retired the old women came out bringing a low couch, decorated with flowers and gold-embroidered napery, upon which lay Luan-Prabana, decked forth in bridal garments, and sweetly sleeping. The couch with its sleeper was put quietly down upon the front of the stage, and left there, while Norodom and Tepada went to the leaden box, and with hot irons attempted to unseal it. "That is Stang-Tsang's coffin," whispered Woun to me; "the old saint has been dead more than half a millennium."

Quickly, eagerly it seemed to me, the two men broke open the fastenings of the coffin, until the sick next the audience falling out at last, and there was discovered. This was piled open with a small crowbar, and what appeared a great bundle of nankeen taken out. Tepada and Norodom commenced to unwind this wrapping, which was very tight. Yard after yard was unwound and folded away by Minhman, and at last, after at least 100 yards of wrapping had been taken off, the dry, shriveled mummy of a small, old man was visible, eyes closed, flesh dry and hard—dead and dry as a smoked herring. Norodom tapped the corpse with the crowbar, and it gave a dull, wooden sound. Tepada tossed it up and caught it—it was still as a log. Then he placed the mummy upon Norodom's knees, and fetched a flask of oil, a flask of wine, and a censer burning with some pungent incense. Norodom took from his hair a little box of unguent, and prying open the mouth of the dry tongue could rattle like a chip against the dry fauces. He filled the mouth with unguent and closed it, and anointed the eyelids, nostrils, and ears. Then he and Tepada mixed the wine and oil, and carefully rubbed every part of the body with it. Then, laying it down in a reclining position, they put the burning censer upon the chest, and withdrew a space, while the drums and gongs and cymbals clashed and clattered, and the shrill, cackling trill of the chorus of old women rose hideously.

A LA LAZARUS.

A breathless pause ensued—one, two, three minutes—and the mummy sneezed, sneezed thrice, so violently as to extinguish the flame of the censer. A moment later the thing sat up, and stared, blinking and vacant, out around the vault—an old, wrinkled man, with mumbled chops, a shriveled breast and belly and little tufts of white hair upon his chin and forehead. Tepada approached him reverently, upon his knees, bringing a salver, with wine and a water-cake. The old man did not notice him, but ate, drank, and tottered to his feet, the feeblest, decrepit old dotard that ever walked. In another moment he saw the natch girl slumbering upon her couch; he scuffed feebly to her, and mumbled, stooped as if to help his dim eyes to see her better. With a glad cry the maiden waked, clasped him in her arms and to her breast, and kissed him. Incomprehensible magic! He was no longer a nonagenarian dotard, but a full-veined, fiery youth, who gave her kiss for kisses. How the transformation was wrought I have no idea, but there it was before our very eyes. The music grew soft and passionate, the chorus of the old women came out, and with strange Phallic songs and dances bore the two away—a bridal pair. I never expect again to behold a sight so wonderful as that whole transformation, which, I may mention, my learned Jesuit friend, to whom I described it, regards as a piece of pure symbolism. His explanation is too long and too learned to quote, but he connects the ceremony with the world-old myth of Venus and Adonis, and claims that it is all a form of worship.

BACK TO THE TOMB.

The show went on for some time longer with many curious feats. At the end of an hour the Phallic procession returned, but this time the Bayaderer led it, a strange triumph in her eyes, while the youth lay upon the couch sleeping. The Phallic chorus sank into a dirge, the youth faded visibly; he was again the shriveled dotard; he sighed, then breathed no more. Luan-Prabana retired sorrowfully; Norodem and Tepada wrapped the corpse again in its interminable shrouds, restored it to the coffin, and it was borne away again. The attendants climbed up to and extinguished the lights. I was blind-folded and borne away again. I found myself once more at the doorway of the temple in the broad sunshine with my friends—as the mystic ceremonies of the great temple of Juthia were over, it may be for many years.

Dishonesty.

And now comes a doleful story from another country. A loyal office-holder has come to grief. He has stolen \$5,700 of the Delinquent Tax List Fund, and the Lord only knows how much more. We know him! He was a loyal man! His bosom overflowed with patriotism! He could scarcely endure the sight of a rebel, provided he had a gun on his shoulders. And Oh! how he hated Democrats! His patriotic soul was completely stirred up when the name even was mentioned! And then, he belonged to church! He whistled psalms through his nose, and made a great many believe (among those his wife) that he was one of the saints ready to be transported to Heaven. And she, poor, good woman, with as pure and noble a soul as ever breathed within walls of clay trusted in him! And all this while the hypocritical bond was stealing from the people and investing the proceeds in farms.—Ottumwa (La.) Democrat.

B. F. UNDERWOOD.

His Lecture at Whiteside, Ill.

Last Monday and Tuesday evenings this celebrated liberal thinker lectured to the citizens of Whiteside. The ideas advanced were radical, and evidently the result of careful investigation. The subject of the first lecture was the "Triumph of liberal ideas and the duties of liberal thinkers." The speaker in a few words reviewed the liberal status as at present exhibited. Referred to it not as a systematically organized movement, and deprecated the union of liberals for aggressive purposes. The popular objection urged by orthodox minds that free thinkers could show no colleges, hospitals and asylums, was met by the statement that such aggregation or exclusiveness was not encouraged by liberal minds. What has been done by freethinkers to build up the fabric of society was skillfully portrayed. Gliding into the field of science, the labors of eminent free thinkers in the domain of astronomy, geology, archeology, Egyptology and evolution were exhibited in a striking manner and represented as having benefited the world and established permanently the right of free thinkers to a "recognition of results." The field of "historical criticism" occupied by Buckle, Frothingham, Gibbon, Hume, Voltaire, Renan and Strauss was compared "in occupancy" with the orthodox critics of history, and the force of intellect claimed for the advocates of "free ideas." The speaker referring to the "cropping out" of liberalism among the more modern masters of literature, presented ideas by "George Elliot," "George Sand," "Justin McCarthy," Bayard Taylor and Mrs. Stowe, from the realm of fiction. Among the humorists, Josh Billings and Mark Twain were quoted. The essayists Holmes, Higginson, and Emerson were offered as members of the great army of free thinkers. Walt Whitman, Hay, Harte, and Tennyson in poetry were cited as the exponents of liberalism in religion.

The growing opposition to the claims of the Bible to be a work of inspiration was proven by exhaustive arguments. The opinion of Bishop Colezay that the books of the Old Testament were unworthy of credence as the Word of God, also the paragraph from an article on modern skepticism in Scribner, in which Froude says: "The truth of the gospel history is now more widely doubted in Europe than at any time since the conversion of Constantine" were cited to illustrate the opposition of great minds against the claims of Bible inspiration. Mr. Underwood sketched the labors of free thinkers in the cause of the slave, temperance, the rights of women; also the results of liberalism in church reform. The intellectual and moral worth of the free religionist he remarked is now confessed, as exemplified in the case of Mill, Parker, Emerson, Higginson and many others.

History was appealed to and statements offered to establish the great modification of belief among the clergymen and the members of churches. Position after position is abandoned by the orthodox as untenable, falling before the sword of criticism and investigation in the hands of thinking men and women. The change in public sentiment was strikingly illustrated by citing the fact that Gerrit Smith, seventeen years ago was obliged to pay Mr. Greeley \$5,000 to secure the publication of a sermon in the *Tribune*. Mr. Greeley stated editorially that he published it as an advertisement and took pay, therefore, yet he lost thousands of subscribers. Now in contrast is the radical Field, the exponent of Herbert Spencer, publishing his sermons in the *World*, and full reports of liberal lectures made in the daily press. Seventeen years ago when the *Atlantic Monthly* was originated, its liberal tendencies were denounced and the "A. O. C. of the 'Breakfast Table,'" by Dr. Holmes first published in the *Atlantic*, condemned as infidelity. Now the *Harper's Magazine*, *Atlantic*, *Scribner*, and *Science Monthly* publish thoughts which would have caused banishment from the family to be the fate of these publications. Instead of men like Parker being forced into exile, Buchner, Tyndall and Bradlaugh are welcomed to promulgate their radical ideas on our shores. Anti-christian books are being constantly published, and the well defined tendency is to liberalism.

The injustice of permitting church property to go untaxed was severely commented upon. In St. Louis \$20,000,000 and in New York, within a radius of ten miles of the city hall \$80,000,000 of church property "goes free." By this legal exemption the infidel is indirectly compelled to support that to which he is opposed; also the weak church to help maintain a stronger. The marvelous growth of the Roman Catholic Church was exhibited, and the statement made that in view of the comparative increase of the Protestant, the great contest will soon be narrowed down between freethinkers and the Catholics. The free thinkers to be composed of the Protestants and the people now known as liberals. We append full notes of the speaker's statistics on the growth of Catholicism in the United States.

In 95 years the United States have increased from 13 States to 37, and 11 Territories. The Catholic Church has increased during a period of 81 years—1790 to 1871—from 1 bishopric to 54; 6 vicariates, and 4 mitred abbots. The total increase of general population was from 2,808,000 to about 40,000,000; total increase of Catholic population was from 25,000 to at least 5,500,000.

In 1790 the Catholic clergy were 21; in 1871 they numbered 4,800, having 4,250 churches and 1,700 chapels. Catholic writers vary considerably as to the number of the laity. The *Catholic World*, vol. 3, page 409, says that in 1871 the Catholic population was between 6,000,000 and 7,000,000.

In 1789, when the church was regularly established by the erection of an Episcopal See, at Baltimore, the Catholic population was 30,000.

In the *Catholic World*, vol. 1, page 1 to 8, says: "In 1808, Catholic population 100,000; general population 6,500,000. In 1830, Catholic population 450,000; general population 18,000,000. In 1840, Catholic population 900,000; general population 17,170,000. In 1850, Catholic population 2,500,000; general population 23,191,000. In 1860, Catholic population, 4,400,000; general population 31,000,000. Between 1840 and 1850, the ratio of Catholic increase was 125 per centum; that of general increase, 36 per centum. From 1850 to 1860 the ratio of Catholic increase was 109 per centum; that of general population, 35.59 per centum.

The *Catholic World* is contained a rule, according to which the Catholic population may be fairly estimated. The lowest estimate is that by Clarke—5,500,000; whilst McMaster, and others, claim 10,000,000. The rule is to allow 3,000 to every priest. There is without doubt 4,800 priests; hence results a population of 9,600,000. Catholic writers say 8,000,000 is a moderate estimate. It seems from the figures which I have quoted, that Catholics have more than doubled themselves in the three decades—1830 to 1860. Now suppose we allow 100 per centum increase from 1860 to 1870, we have 8,800,000. Suppose again that the Catholics maintain for thirty years to come—say to 1900, even half of the per-

cent ratio between 1860 and 1870, and it will not be difficult to estimate why Father Hecker, editor of *The Catholic World*, declares that Catholics ought to be able to elect the President of the United States by the year 1900 at farthest. If the increase of Catholics during the current decade shall be in a ratio corresponding to that from 1830 to 1870, the next census in 1880 will find them numbering 10,000,000, probably one-third of the whole population.

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PASSED TO SPIRIT LIFE.

Passed on to Spirit-life, from the residence of Dr. S. J. Avery, Chicago, March 15th, 1874, in the 23d year of her age, Miss Frances H. Kopp.

The subject of the above notice, was one whose sweet disposition and amiable character, was felt by all with whom she came in contact. She became a member of the children's Progressive Lyceum of Chicago, soon after its organization, where as leader, she found a large field for the exercise of those noble qualities of mind and heart which endeared her to all with whom she became acquainted. Having received a good education as could be obtained at our high schools, through which she passed with credit, she felt a desire to become self-sustaining, and had chosen the occupation of compositor, a business in which she had become thoroughly accomplished, when almost at the beginning of her business career, she was stricken down with typhoid fever, which with relentless grasp maintained its hold, until, after an illness of over seventeen weeks' duration, the spirit left its earthly form and passed on to the more genial spheres of the Summer-land.

A large circle of friends will miss the presence of the beloved sister, who, while so young, has been called to participate in the activities of the higher life. The large and beautiful donation of rare and fragrant flowers on the day of the funeral, gavestint testimony of the love and sympathy of the many friends who had left behind.

The funeral services were conducted at the residence of Dr. Avery, No. 328 Walnut street, by Dr. Taylor, who, after singing by the choir, read the following surpassingly beautiful poem, by Mrs. Sarah Broughton, entitled,

MOURN NOT FOR THE DEAD.

Mourn not for the dead; they have gained the bright shore,
Where the sorrows of earth can assail them no more!
They are roaming at will through the gardens of rest,
Where the bowers are in richest luxuriance dressed;
And they tune their glad lyres to the deep rolling song,
That echoes the arches of heaven along.

Mourn not for the dead; they have pass'd the dark vale,
That is ever resounding to grief's bitter wail.
How sweetly they sleep in those mansions of peace,
Where the grief-stricken bosom from sighing shall cease;
Though the heart-strings go oft with keen anguish have bled,
Now how softly they slumber; mourn not for the dead.

But mourn for the mourner who sorrowfuls,
And muses at eve o'er the bright moments gone;
Sweet seasons of joy 'neath the clustering spheres,
That smile in night's blue like the Seraphim's tears;
Ere the loved ones went down in their beauty to sleep,
Where the dark plun'd angel their slumbers doth keep.

When the footsteps of spring in the dark valleys appear,
And the flow'rets look up 'mid the moss brown and rare;
When the murmuring rivulets, freed from their chains,
Ring their silvery cadences o'er the bright plains,
The bereaved one will weep for the days that are fled,—
O mourn for the mourner, but not for the dead.

When the soft silken leaflets are trembling to hear,
The zephyr's light whispers so silvery and clear;
As the dew-drops of evening are falling around,
We will listen unconscious to catch the sweet sound
Of the tones that oft cheered us at twilight's loved hour,
Ere the spoiler had stricken our heart's cherished flower.

When morning, her banner of glory unfurls,
And the landscape is glistening with diamonds and pearls,
We will weep for the days when the loved one stood by,
With her soft shining hair, and her soul-beaming eye;
And our spirit will yearn for the sleeper's cold bed,—
O mourn for the mourner, but not for the dead.

Mr. Taylor offered a brief invocation, asking for spiritual blessings and angel benedictions on those who felt the sorrow of the occasion most keenly; and again the choir sang that beautiful song commencing, "Let the dead and the beautiful rest."

Dr. Taylor then read as a kind of text for the occasion, Longfellow's immortal hymn, entitled,

THE SPIRIT WORLD,
commencing,

"The spirit-world around this world of sense
Floats like an atmosphere, and everywhere
Waits through these earthly mists and vapors dense
A vital breath of more ethereal air."

The Doctor then proceeded to say that more had been said and written upon the subject of death, and its attendant circumstances, than upon any other subject in all the range of human thought. From the earliest time men of thoughtful minds had been asking, "If a man die shall he live again?" and had left the solemn and momentous question unanswered; but, thanks to God, and the angel world, this great question has been absolutely settled in the affirmative.

"We, that is, those of us," said the speaker, "who have, of later years, sought, have found that though a man die, yet shall he live again. The dark clouds that hitherto had settled down upon the portals of the grave, have been lifted asunder and through the rift we see the 'angels of God ascending and descending,' and catch the echoes of their Summer-land songs."

The speaker then referred to the fact that though he had been a Methodist clergyman for more than twenty years, yet had been all his life long tormented with many doubts, and fears, lest, after all, death might forever cover our fondest hopes of immortality. But by, and through a succession of wonderful phenomena, he had been brought out into the beautiful sunlight of the immortals.

It has been a question with many good and thoughtful people, which should be considered the occasion of the greater rejoicing, the day of one's birth or the day of one's death. If he were going to state an inquiry on the subject, it would be, which should be the occasion of the greater rejoicing, the day of one's first or second birth, for in nature, nothing dies. There is no death! That which is thus mis-called is

only life escaping from the chains that have so long enthralled it.

Death, so-called, is only change, matter is eternal. Nothing has ever been created, therefore nothing can ever be destroyed. Chemistry does its work upon our bodies, and instead of leaving "the human form divine," the gases and phosphates and fibrin, spring up in grass and flowers and fruits, or flaunt themselves floating in the form of vapor, upon the blue bosom of sea, or sparkling in the ores and gems of the mine. It is constant evolution. But this evolution of matter has evolved immortal mind—immortal consciousness. This immortal part, when the casnet falls, goes on to live in the higher and purer atmosphere of which Longfellow, the distinguished American Bard, has so beautifully spoken in the poem just read.

There is one passage of Scripture, among many others, that I never understood till I came to be a Spiritualist. It is found in John's Gospel, third chapter, where Jesus is reported to have said to Nicodemus, "The wind bloweth where it listeth and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh and whither it goeth, so is every one that is born of the spirit."

Theology has defined spiritual birth to mean conversion; but I find that converted men are very like unconverted men; as to their coming and going, there is no difference. One can be discerned just as readily as the other. But with the doctrine of the Harmonial Philosophy before the mind, the passage is plain enough. The transition from the physical world into the Spirit-world gives this change of character and condition. To be "born of the spirit" is to come and go like the wind,—as it "listeth," and we cannot tell "whence" or "whither," yet, by the effects produced, we can, and do know they have come and gone.

The services as a whole were very beautiful and impressive, the choir singing as a concluding hymn the lines following:

"Shall we know each other there?"

At the grave the Doctor simply returned thanks upon the part of the friends of the deceased, to the neighbors and friends who had shown so much kindness during the illness and death of the departed, and read the poem by Emma Tuttle, "Peace, Perfect Peace."

S. J. AVERY, M. D.

THE RELIGIOUS CHARLATAN.—The business of the religious charlatan, to which he assiduously devotes his time and efforts, is to advertise himself. His life is passed in feeding his own vanity. He seizes every occasion to present himself to public attention, and metaphorically to stand on his head and dance the light rope for public applause. He is a harlequin, a clown, appearing in the most unexpected places. The moment you see his face peep out from a crowd, you expect to see him say, "Here we are again!" There is a circus atmosphere all around you. The throng is as eager for the expected excitement as an old park pit when the curtain was about to rise upon "Pina in Paul Fry or Fanny Elliker in the Cracovienne." Human genius would be unjust to itself and to the world if it did not expose this maker to the sober censure of mankind. For it is to prick such bubbles and scourge such charlatans with scorn that Providence vouchsafes the penetrating eye and the faithful hand to the poet and the story-teller. Their scorching touch avenges the wrong done by the religious charlatan both to Heaven and to human nature. And that no comedy may be wanting, as he writhes and withers under the consciousness of general contempt, he exclaims that to unmask him is to lay guilty hands upon the Lord's anointed.

This religious charlatan, of course, speaks with the authoritative air of one who has been admitted to the Divine secrets. He affects a familiarity with Providence, and, as if he had private celestial information, gravely announces that this or that is "God's purpose," and that "God means" so and so. A shallow coxcomb, whose sole object is to make some kind of impression upon the crowd before him, and who has evidently no fine spiritual sympathies or interests—who knows neither human life nor the wants of men and women, and to whom the ecstatic heights and awful depths of human experience are as unknown as the sublime secrets of science or the nobles aspirations of the soul—flippantly sets forth the Divine intentions to hearts smitten by unpeppable sorrow, or hungering and thirsting for the truth. And while he does this, wailing panted in ignorance and conceit, he calls himself the Lord's interpreter, the religious charlatan is furious with the Pope, for instance, for doing the same thing.

Does the gentle reader not know him? As he pursues his newspaper, which has now become the history of every day, Sundays not excepted, does he never recognize in the detailed report of speech, or sermon, or prayer the religious acrobat, thimble-ringer, charlatan? Is there no name—say, Mawworm, Peckaniff, Joseph Surface—which he often sees in his paper, and which suggests to him one thing only, and that thing humbug? Does he never find himself in a public meeting at which he hears a speech full of ignorance and denunciation atoning for its folly by its fury, and giving the quasi-sanction of religion to the absurd crudities and to suggestions equally sanguinary and silly? Does he not know that the orator really means nothing evil, means, indeed, nothing whatever except to make himself a little conspicuous, to produce momentary applause, to be mentioned in the morning papers—in a word, to advertise himself? And when the scientific satirists, Dickens or Thackeray, puts a pin through the flimsy babbling, and labels him religious charlatan, is the satirist blaspheming and sneering at religion? Or if the gentle reader strays into a church and finds a man in the pulpit evidently straining to say something either in prayer or sermon which will be odd enough, or grotesque enough, or startling enough to be seized by a sensational reporter to be printed in a newspaper, something which is plainly meant to give the speaker a little notoriety, does it never occur to him that he is listening to a religious charlatan?

When religious societies seek first for a preacher who will "draw," they promote charlatanism. The ground-and-lifty tumbler presents himself, and the crowd comes in to gaze and stare. The whole affair is no longer religious. Having built a costly church, the society must pay for it, and as the payment depends upon the crowd, and the crowd upon the attraction, there must be an attraction suitable to the taste of the crowd. Knowing that his "attractiveness" or power to "draw" is the real tenure of his position, why should the attraction be blamed is not a constant temptation to leap nigger and jump further? There is no prosperous religious charlatan at this moment who does not know that if he should stop his tricks to-morrow he would be thought to have become tame and commonplace, and he would feel that his position was in danger. Poor fellow! there is nothing for it but leaping higher and jumping further.

The moral effect of the religious charlatan is most depressing. The simple seeker who hears his stage founder, his flippant familiar-

ties with the Divine counsels, his unsparring denunciations of sinners, his delight in depicting a theatrical hell with all the approved "properties" and the eagerness with which he plunges others into it, while he assumed his own high favor with Heaven, inevitably asks, "What kind of heaven can it be of which this sanctimonious popinjay is an ambassador, and what Divine truth can be properly interpreted by such a harlequin?" The simple seeker measures the charlatan by the standard of the Master, and contrasts him with the lovely portrait of the true disciple in the *Deserted Village*. He thinks of John Wesley in the Foundry, of George Fox under the tree, of Roger Williams in his boat, of Dr. Channing in his pulpit, of George Whitefield upon the common; of the sublime heroism and self-sacrifice and suffering of the saints, young and old; of the simple fidelity and purity and earnestness and modesty of the Christian character and life in the new days as in the old, in the familiar circumstances of this time, as in the stranger setting of the past—and his contempt for the charlatan deepens into indignation as he thinks of the Christian. The clown in the circus is amusing, but the charlatan in the pulpit is repulsive. You can not dislike the clown, but the charlatan is a moral nuisance.—*Harper's Magazine.*

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GREAT EXCITEMENT
AT
JEFFERSON MILLS, NEW HAMPSHIRE.
THE BLIND SEE!
THE LAME WALK!
THE LEPER IS CLEANS!

JEFFERSON MILLS, N. H., March 21, 1873.—Prof. PAYTON SPENCER:

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

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

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Jane Worley was cured of Scrofula of 13 years standing with 4 Boxes of your Positive Powders. In three weeks having had five Doctors before. Her sides were swollen, and in running sores; in fact, it was all over her body.—(MARVIN WORLEY, New Petersburg, Ohio.)

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

The daughter of Henry E. Lepper was afflicted with Scrofulous Sore Eyes for several years. Much of the time she could not bear the light, and had to be shut up in a dark room. Krohn had taken 3 Boxes of your Positive Powders, her eyes, to all appearance, were well, and have remained so.—(ROBERT THOMAS, Osgood, Minn.)

I had running Scrofulous sores on me for 2 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, Bechtel, Mo.)

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

My mother had the Cancer on her head so bad that when lying down she could hear it drip, drip, or sringing. Your Positive Powders cured her. They have cured my Catarrh in the head also.—(MISS E. M. BURGESS, 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 Cancer in his stomach, but eyes, to all appearance, were well, and have remained so.—(G. W. HALL, New Haven, Ind.)

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OVER
Dyspepsia and Indigestion.

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

Four years ago I used half a Box of your Positive Powders, which took all the Dyspepsia out of me, and I was well.—(JOHN O. BRANNAN, Fort Leavenworth, Mo.)

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 eat but poor food, and of any kind; but now they agree with me as well as they ever did.—(E. P. MURPHY, E. M., Maple Springs, Wis.)

I have been a sufferer from Dyspepsia for near 50 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 hot meat, or anything that was seasoned with it, for many years. Three Boxes of the Positive Powders relieved me of all my symptoms of Dyspepsia. I now eat anything that is common without suffering any inconvenience whatever.—(REV. L. JUDAH, M.D., Bechtel, Mo.)

WHAT WOMEN SAY.

A woman in this place has used the Positive Powders for Falling of the Womb, and is high in praise of them.—(Miss J. GRAYSON, Fort Leavenworth, Mo.)

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

Your Positive Powders have cured me of Dropsy of the Womb of one year's standing. The tendency to Dropsy was inherited.—(Miss, Emma Miss, 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. HEAT, Sand Spring, Iowa.)

My wife is now all right in her monthly periods. As I said before, she had suffered a great deal from irregularity and Flooding. She had consulted with seven different Doctors, and seen their good effect, but there is nothing so good as your Powders.—(W. H. KEAR, Smith Creek, Mich.)

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

Miss Lena Austin was taken with Stoppage of the Periodicals, accompanied by great distress in the head, and coldness of the limbs. She was treated with your Positive Powders, and was entirely recovered.—(ROSA L. GINN, Fairview, Va.)

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I have been troubled with the Neuralgia for the last 15 years, and at times have been laid up for six weeks at a time. I have used your Positive Powders for Neuralgia and Stiff Headache.—(LINDA G. BARBER, White Hills, Ohio.)

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

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

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

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CHICAGO, SATURDAY, APRIL 11, 1874.

The Dark Side of Life; or What is Evil?
NUMBER FOUR.

In our preceding article, we alluded to the extreme suffering of the inhabitants of Bengal, and referred to the fact that less than a century ago, all of that vast multitude of throbbing life, was calmly sleeping in unconscious matter. No sorrow, no pain, no sensations of hunger, no agonizing scenes then greeted them! Peacefully unconscious, they had then no idea of the intense suffering that would be their lot. Without being consulted, without any knowledge of the fate that awaited them, they were created—ushered into life, to feel the excruciating torments of a famine, and to die of hunger.

There is a beautiful statue standing before us. How life-like, how exquisitely moulded! The eyes are brilliant with animation, and seem to express the divine lustre within. The countenance is tinged with the roses of health, and the features are wreathed with a joyous happy smile. In that statue are veins, arteries, nerves, and a brain,—in fact all the organs of the human body are beautifully represented, and all that is required now, is to animate the same with life! Calmly sleeping, unconscious of the working of the vast machinery of creation, who will touch the secret springs of that statue, and diffuse throughout each organ animated life, making thereof a human being, recognizing the fact that at once it will feel the pangs of hunger, suffer from pinching cold, be racked with pains, and finally die a most miserable death! Would you do it? Can you point to any one who would, if he had the power, resurrect from unconscious life, millions of human beings to suffer excruciating torments, year after year, and finally starve to death! That power which creates, can also sustain, and is it an evidence of divine wisdom to create a want without a supply? Is infinite mercy consulted when millions of human beings are brought forth to die of actual starvation? He who awakens dormant life, should also awaken means to sustain it? He who originates a want, should also originate a supply, or else he commits a grievous wrong! If a man had the power to originate a new passion in each human being, and did not originate a supply therefor, you would consider that he had made a mistake, and you would regard him in the light of a criminal.

The world to-day is anxious to know something of this other side of life, the dark, pestilential side; the starving side, the side of moans and sighs. Misers hoard their wealth, while the sighs of the poor and destitute beat against their crowded vaults, and receive nothing in return but a mocking response! Within those misers' souls is an arid desert where no flowers bloom, where the illuminating smiles of an angel are never seen. Ask them for alms, solicit from them a benevolent bequest, and the response sounds so sepulchral, that you start back in amazement! Within their huge iron vaults with their treasures, is their souls, their aspirations, and they resemble the fiends of pandemonium. There is William B. Astor, worth \$60,000,000! For three-score years he has walked Broadway, as dead to sympathy as the marble statue, and as unfeeling as a man of clay! If you wish to test his benevolence, to measure the extent of his generosity, call at the office in Prince street. It is well understood that charity is not tolerated there. Mr. Astor's property enabled him fifteen years ago to pay a tax of \$49,000, and at present he pays about \$65,000, which is a small sum in proportion to his immense estate. When he was a boy his father's property was worth about \$1,000,000. The old gentleman died in 1848, leaving \$20,000,000, and the estate has much more than doubled since that time. Six hundred houses acknowledge Astor as landlord, but with all his wealth, why, just try him for charity! Thirty thousand women have been driven by poverty into prostitution during the time that Astor's property has thus grown into a colossal pile, and now, while poverty grinds the masses

more bitterly than ever, the golden mountain increases still more rapidly under its owner's careful management.

William B. Astor encompassed with \$60,000,000,—trottering on the verge of the grave, trembling like a beggar yearning for a piece of bread, compare him with the prostitution, the poverty, the wretchedness, that exists in New York. While he grinds, and grinds and grinds, the means of suffering ones beat against his coffers, but the lids remain closed; the dollars he has are cold, selfish, and miserly as himself. Thousands of women are driven into the arms of prostitution from sheer desperation—want! In New York city a woman who can realize \$7 per week fares sumptuously. A New York reporter says that those next lower down average \$4 per week. These he describes as bright, active and industrious, and the most of them without parents on whom they can lean. He alludes to 185 of these poor unfortunate who were discharged in one day. \$4 per week, and board bill to pay, washing to have done, and clothes to buy! Imagine the fate of these poor girls. The maelstrom of licentiousness will receive most of them, and carry them still deeper into the vortex of the dark side of life. While favored with a position at \$4 per week, they club together, five or six of them, rent a dark, dismal, gloomy, half-furnished room, pay three dollars a week for their board, and have one dollar left to defray expenses of car fare, clothes, washing, and other incidental expenses. These girls have kind, sympathetic, humane feelings. Heaven is there if no where else in their lives. If one is taken sick, the others, out of their extra dollar, contribute to her support, or she is compelled to go to a public hospital. In the case of a widow with children the case is still harder. She rents a miserable room at \$1 per week, and with the remainder of her wages \$3, must purchase food, clothing, fuel, etc. Next lower down come the girls who strip tobacco. They average 25 cents a day, but have the encouragement of knowing that "smart girls can make 40 or 50 cents." The reporter saw one of these "smart girls" who makes \$3.50 a week, and on this pittance supports her sick father, a helpless mother, a crippled brother who is a grown man, and two little children. It is doubtful if Grace Darling was a greater heroine. This class of women do not live—they go half-naked and gradually starve.

Such is the other side of life. Humanity may shudder, the blood may congeal in their veins as they think of the sorrowing ones of earth, and they should inquire who is responsible therefor. Something seems radically wrong somewhere! The very air savors of sorrow borne to our ears from the destitute ones.
William B. Astor is worth \$60,000,000, while he is surrounded with the wretched half-starved ones of earth; but there is one whom we have heard of, who is worth still more than he. He lives in a fairer clime, and is the chief ruler there. In his kingdom the breezes ever bear upon them the aromatic hues of health; each rain-drop sparkles with health-giving properties; the sky is studded with beautiful gems of light, and the fields are ornamented with the rarest flowers. Birds with gaudy-colored feathers, and with throats attuned to angelic melodies, gladden the passer-by with their presence. The streets are said to be paved with gold, and each fountain is studded with costly diamonds. The very air is fragrant with incense, and the earth echoes sweet music as you walk along. Angels with wide-spread wings and golden harps are there, as servants to this Prince. He is represented as being pure, noble, merciful, and it is even said that no sparrow can fall to the ground without his notice.

TO BE CONTINUED.

"This Is Not True."

The above heading is the language of E. V. Wilson and O. J. Howard (the latter is the man whose soul is so absolutely enrapport with the Moses-Woodhull theories that he votes for her after she is elected, and the former is the man who so pressingly coaxed and implored Mrs. Woodhull to attend his meeting, with an assurance of tender regards, and a safe personal escort), in their postal card circular. They say that it is not true that it is [to be] a Woodhull convention.

"Our convention is composed of Spiritualists and Liberalists of every kind, embracing the most, if not all, the respectable Spiritualists of Northern Illinois and Southern Wisconsin."

Now that convention is passed, and our readers know of whom it was composed. Not a public lecturer was in attendance who is not fully in sympathy with Moses-Woodhullism. Moses and Severance dictated terms and Wilson tremblingly did their bidding.

Moses and Wilson embraced, kissed and lovingly entered into an alliance (with the consent and approval of Mrs. Severance), for the future management of the Northern Illinois Association of Spiritualists.

Now, let us analyze the language of the postal card circular. They say "It is not true that it is a Woodhull convention."

The proceedings of the meeting show that statement to be false. Why did they deny their true colors? Because the doctrine is so pernicious that they know that unless they decieve the true Spiritualists, that they (the true Spiritualists) would shun them as they would any other cesspool of vice.

The JOURNAL exposed the falsity of the circular and the people kept away from the disgraceful meeting, and now bless us and the JOURNAL for our bold exposure of the infamous objects of its leaders.

"Our convention is composed of Spiritualists and Liberalists of every kind."
If that is true, why is it called the "Northern Illinois Association of Spiritualists?"
Infidels do not claim to be Spiritualists, but

they do claim to be Liberalists. They would scout the idea of being called Spiritualists; neither do they in the least favor "Moses-Woodhullism." Nor would they listen to the commands of E. V. Wilson as Orderly Sergeant in the execution of the commands of the practical "sexual freedomite," Mrs. Capt. Severance.

Where are the Liberalists of any kind to be found who participated in, or now approve of the late Chicago meeting? No where! Then the lying postal card circular was issued to deceive, gull and induce Spiritualists to attend the Moses-Woodhull meeting, to give character to it.

The Spiritualists of Northern Illinois saw through the transparent fraud attempted to be practiced upon them, and kept clear of it. No Spiritualist in America is now so obtuse as not to see that those Moses-Woodhullites are crawling out of Spiritualism as fast as possible. The shameless pretenders see that they can not take the helm and steer the good ship, Spiritualism; so they are now fitting up a new craft, which they claim is to take Spiritualists and all phases of Liberalism on board, to be commanded by Moses-Woodhullites and called into the foul waters of Sensualism.

If there are any other Spiritualists than those who have already prominently allied themselves with that craft, after knowing all the facts, who wish to go on board, we hope that they will at once define their position. If not, then we say to all Spiritualists, this is the hour of peril, of our heaven born Philosophy. Let every man and woman speak, and in such emphatic language, that none of your neighbors will harbor a thought that you favor Sensualism.

Let no speaker receive the least support at your hands, who advocates "Sexual freedom." Let those speakers who discountenance so called Moses-Woodhullism, and keep clear of all of those meetings, receive your hearty support.

The lines of separation are now so fully defined between Spiritualism and the infamous doctrine of promiscuity, that no man or woman need longer be deceived. Let Spiritualists speak in a voice not to be misunderstood upon the subject. Millions of new investigators, have just entered the field, and will aid in supporting true Spiritualism, provided it holds no fellowship with Sensualism.

Why this catering to "Liberalists of every kind?" The Red Republicans of France, the Internationalists everywhere and thousands of *hobbyists*, profess to be "Liberalists," and yet repudiate and denounce Spiritualism.

Why, we say, and by what authority did Wilson and Howard say that the Northern Illinois Association of Spiritualists "is composed of Spiritualists and Liberalists of every kind?" Such a declaration is a gross imposition upon Spiritualism.

They further say that that society "embraces the most, if not all, the respectable Spiritualists of Northern Illinois and Southern Wisconsin." The Spiritualists of Northern Illinois and Southern Wisconsin spurn the vile falsehood as worthy only the source from whence it came.

A better class of people are not to be found anywhere in the civilized world, than the true Spiritualists of Northern Illinois and Southern Wisconsin, and not one of them came to this infamous convention, nor would they give the least countenance to it, after they knew it was to be held in the interest of "sexual freedom."

Furthermore, the "Northern Illinois Association of Spiritualists" does not contemplate membership from Wisconsin. It is a vile fabrication of false pretenses to so publish, and was only done as an excuse for bringing Mrs. Severance, Moses Hull and their followers into the convention.

In conclusion, we say to our readers everywhere, beware of all who with flattering lips and lying tongues, attempt to foist upon you lectures, and milk and water resolutions, half and half sexual freedom and Spiritualism. As Spiritualists, give no quarters to a doctrine fraught with the seeds of sensualism in your code of moral ethics.

A Delightful Occasion.

We are in receipt of a report of the protracted meeting at Odell, Ill., conducted by Prof. Taylor of this city, who filled the appointments made there by E. V. Wilson. The Odell Weekly says: "Dr. Taylor of Chicago, a man of no small talent, and a Spiritualist, has been lecturing to crowded houses this week (four nights) upon Spiritualism. The Doctor has filled Wilson's appointments at this place. His lectures have been of a very pleasing nature, * * * but to our mind objectional, * * * as we are not a believer. It is a very pleasing picture to look at."
On Monday night the Congregational Church was well filled, and on Tuesday evening crowded. On Wednesday night it rained, and was very muddy, yet a fair audience of earnest inquirers greeted the lecturer, and on Thursday evening a splendid audience listened to the Doctor's closing lecture. "Qui Dono" was the subject, handled in a masterly manner in an hour and a-half lecture. At the close of the lecture resolutions of a highly complimentary nature were passed.

What was remarkable, is, on Tuesday evening, the evening for prayer-meeting in all the churches, one of the preachers and many of the members were at the lecture. But the Doctor's work was not yet done in Odell. At the close of the last lecture he was invited to stay over another evening and form a "circle" for development and investigation. He did so with the most wonderful results immediately following. Dr. Taylor will select a dozen persons from a promiscuous audience, and arrange them in a circle, and results of an astonishing character will follow, often immediately. It was so at Odell. The circle was

chosen from the very best citizens of Odell—at least many of them; as for example—Capt. Nichols, three of the Wrights, the father and two sons, one a leading and prominent lawyer, thoroughly educated, the other a Justice of the Peace; Mr. Wilson, editor of the Odell Weekly; Walden, a leading and successful physician; and others of like good name and character.

After forming the circle, the Doctor gave a lecture on mediumship, forming and conducting circles. In a little while the table began to vibrate and throb like a thing of life, when presently it rose up from one side and gave evidence of a controlling influence, indicating intelligence, and two hours were spent in communion with the saints in light.

This circle was formed of Episcopalian, Congregationalists, Universalists, Swedenborgians and Spiritualists. All was harmony and peace.

There are many choice spirits at Odell, among whom may be mentioned Messrs. Leathers, Peruet, Wright and Sons, Nichols and Wilson, the last of whom is a member of the Episcopal Church, and editor of the paper published there, and yet an earnest inquirer after the truth of our philosophy.

Mrs. E. A. Blair, the Spirit Artist.

The above named most wonderful medium, of whom we have often spoken at length, may be addressed until notice to the contrary, at Norwalk, Ohio, care of Ira Lake, Esq. She will probably remain there during the ensuing Summer.

We have so often reported to the public her peculiar phases of mediumship that it may seem unnecessary to say more about it. But inasmuch as we have about twenty thousand more readers now than when we last spoke about her, we can not forbear to relate that which we have often before said in the columns of the JOURNAL, she is a most wonderful artist while thoroughly blindfolded and in an unconscious trance.

We have a standing offer of One Thousand Dollars to any living artist who will execute, with his eyes open, a painting such as we have in our reception room, in the same space of time and under the same circumstances, except that Mrs. Blair's eyes were blindfolded, while the artist who accepts this proposition, shall have the full benefit of his eyesight, and a well lighted room.

Our Reception Room is open at all reasonable hours, where the paintings referred to can be seen, free of charge, at any time, by any one who may be pleased to call.

Mrs. Blair's paintings are symbolic—every flower and combination of flowers, is potent with meaning.

She will sit with the mother of a family, all of whom are entire strangers to her, and yet her hand will be controlled, without a word being uttered to give information in regard to the family, and execute a most beautiful family chart in symbolic flowers and combination of flowers, representing every member of the family of the lady sitting—her father's family, her husband's father's family, and the families of their respective children. We have one of this kind, our wife having set for it, and gave the medium no clue whatever to a single member of our family, her father's family or our father's family; and yet, every member, both in this and in spirit-life, are delineated.

She, in such charts, delineates all who have previously passed to spirit-life, as well as those who have not, by appropriate symbols. And not only that, but every one who passed to spirit-life without ever having been born into mortal life is delineated. And what is further remarkable, while her hand is thus controlled to paint, her organs of speech are controlled by a spirit thus delegated, to tell their respective ages at death, length of time since death, and names. Our family chart executed by her can be seen at our home in St. Charles at any time.

We advise all who can do so, to avail themselves of the benefit of Sister Blair's mediumship.

Swindlers.

The Chicago Tribune says "We regret to notice that some of our religious contemporaries are systematically swindling the Post-Office Department. A writer in the March number of the Postal Record says that the Independent is sending out papers broadcast marked 'specimen copies,' without paying the postage on them, and that the Northwestern Christian Advocate sends a mail-sack full to Denver every week, while it has not one actual subscriber within the delivery of that office, and that 'half the parties to whom they are addressed refuse postage on them.' Of course the mail-clerks in the Chicago Post-Office have no means of knowing what papers are going to regular subscribers from whom postage can be collected, and what are not. Perhaps the publishers think that, if they can afford to give away their papers for nothing, the Government can afford to carry them for nothing. The law, however, does not make provision for the free transportation of dead-head copies of religious newspapers, and this the publishers very well know. The writer in the Record thinks that no honest publisher would thus abuse the confidence thus reposed in him by the Government."

It is not at all strange that religious papers should swindle the government. They are true to the origin of their religion when they violate every principle of honor and integrity. A miserable sneak-thief assisted in arranging their plan of salvation, by betraying Jesus, and the world has no right to expect good results from such pernicious seeds.

Not only do religious papers systematically swindle the Government by sending specimen copies without pre-paying postage, but they publish disreputable advertisements and thereby enable sharpers to swindle the people.

Prof. T. B. Taylor.

The gentleman named above was for twenty years prior to 1871, a minister in high standing in the M. E. Church. He has during that period filled leading pulpits in some of the largest cities, and professorship in some of the leading institutions of learning controlled by that denomination. He is a man of superior ability, a ripe scholar and fine orator.

Three years ago a volume of sermons preached by him in his pulpit as a Methodist pastor, was published under the title of "Lectures on the Resurrection," etc.

In this work the old dogma of a physical resurrection was exploded, and the Spiritual Philosophy clearly and ably defended. He was tried on the heresy of this work, and expelled from the ministry of the M. E. Church. After this his publishers changed the title of the work to "Old Theology Turned Upside-down."

Prof. Taylor's occupation as a preacher is gone, but his usefulness is just fairly beginning. He is open for engagement as a lecturer, and Spiritual societies, Free Religious Associations, and Liberal churches, will find him a drawing card, if they choose to give him a call.

His lectures in Chicago have drawn large audiences, and were reported for the leading daily papers, and read with favor by thousands.

His address is 845 Tyler St., Chicago.

Let It Go into History, to be Read by Future Generations.

Prof. (?) S. S. Baldwin is now engaged in the laudable business of showing that Spiritualism is an imposition and fraud. The following card with the preacher's names attached is published and circulated in papers, posters and handbills. We advise the people everywhere, who may come into possession of these missiles, to preserve them for future reference. They have put themselves fairly and voluntarily upon the record. There let them stand before the world.

Infidels will assuredly say that if Spiritualism is thus overthrown, the evidence is potent in overthrowing the so-called miracles of Christ—the raising the dead, the turning of water into wine, the healing of the sick, and the making the dumb to speak; and the blind to see!

Mr. Baldwin, that the Reverend gentlemen exhibit over and recommend as having done so great a work, goes so far that he entirely covers, not only Modern Spiritualism, but all so-called miracles of the past, and shows them to be simple tricks, if he is to be believed, as the priests seem to desire him to be.

Hold the Reverend gentlemen to their own record—preserve their circulars.

The following is what they say:
CARD FROM THE PASTORS OF PROMINENT CHURCHES IN TERRA HAUTE, IND.

To all whom it may concern: We, the undersigned, pastors of the several churches in this city, having witnessed the recent exposures of so-called Spiritualism in our city, by Prof. S. S. Baldwin and Miss Sallie Cooper, desire to bear testimony to the fact that Prof. B.'s exposure was fair, thorough, complete and most satisfactory. His work here has been of great service to the interests of truth, morality and religion in our midst, and will be in any community, and we commend them to the confidence and patronage of all with whom they may have to do. (Signed),

- N. L. BRAKEMAN,
Pastor Centenary M. E. Church.
 - A. STREETER,
Pastor First Presbyterian Church.
 - C. R. HENDERSON,
Pastor First Baptist Church.
 - J. C. REED,
Pastor Asbury M. E. Church.
 - E. FRANK HOWE,
Pastor Congregational Church.
- And every other pastor in Terra Haute.
February 19th, 1874.

Captain Winslow.

The Caledonia (Minn.) Journal speaks as follows of Capt. Winslow:

Capt. W. is what is called a seer, and test medium, and is one of the best clairvoyants known. His power is simply wonderful. He described incidents in the life of some of our townspeople known only to themselves, that were true to the letter, even to the very age when they transpired. He describes the spirits of the departed very minutely. At one of his lectures he described the spirit of a lady who was well known here, one who resided here for years but who has been dead some ten years. The description was so perfect, even to the initials of her name, that all who knew her in life recognized her at once.

Capt. Winslow is a Spiritualist, but he shows conclusively that true Spiritualism has no affinity with license or lewdness. His countenance bespeaks a man of fine moral perceptions and high aspirations. His language is pure and chaste and he is a fluent and graceful speaker. In his rendering of Poe's Raven, he claims to be controlled by J. B. Booth, and one is almost forced to believe him when they listen to the matchless pathos, and the agonizing despair, that only a Booth could portray; this recitation alone, is worth more than an ordinary lecture.

Capt. W. is lecturing through the southern part of Minnesota during the present month, and we advise all to hear him who can.

Day, Colchester's Fund.

All money donated to the above-named fund is to aid Bro. Leaster 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 Leaster Day, 865 Niagara St., Buffalo, N. Y.

Amount previously reported, \$285 86
H. O. Goodale, East Lawas, Iowa, 5 00
Thos. Wardale, St. Charles, Iowa, 5 00

And books noticed by us can be ordered from the office of this paper.

GROW'S OPERA HALL

Questions and Answers at the Spiritual Meetings—Dr. Samuel Maxwell, Speaker and Medium.

What is the difference between Spiritual sight and clairvoyance, if any, and if any, what is the law that underlies clairvoyance? A—Spiritual sight, my friend, is but a part of the phenomena of clairvoyance. Clairvoyance is the illumination, so to speak, of a portion of man's brain.

Now, let that illumination rise one degree higher; let the individual have his whole front brain illumined with the clairvoyant power, and he can then not only perceive external existences, relations and histories, but will perceive the Spiritual world, with its laws and conditions, more or less perfectly.

Does not Andrew J. Davis combine these qualities of clairvoyance to a very large extent? A—Andrew J. Davis, at first, was illumined in his preceptives only; very soon afterwards he was highly illumined in all philosophic ranges of thought, that which lies immediately upon the perceptive; soon after that in the superior or human perceptive portion, and to-day he is illumined through all his front brain.

Have you ever met that spirit, Christ? A—I have never met Christ personally, because he is one of the grand old spirits, who has range of all the Spiritual worlds in space, having ascended through all to the supernal Spirit-worlds, those which are located in the interstellar spaces.

Do the followers of Jesus usually meet him personally? A—Jesus, that beautiful soul has passed on from the first Spirit-world. They do not ever meet him, because all persons when they first escape from the material body, must first come to this nearest Spiritual belt, or of one which surrounds the planet, but can only rise through each one, as they are prepared by growth.

There is, my friend, a great want of expression—the Father and Mother, two principles united in oneness. The divine life is both Father and Mother, balanced precisely throughout infinite space.

Those who have so kindly secured trial subscribers, will very much oblige by securing as many renewals of that class of subscriptions as they can under our very liberal propositions for such renewals. Prompt and energetic action will cause a renewal of nearly every one.

LOOK TO YOUR ACCOUNTS. They go to You Every Week Claiming Attention. All who owe for one year and upwards and do not pay up arrearsages for this paper, on or before the first day of April next, will find their accounts left in the hands of a collecting attorney, in their respective counties, with directions to proceed to enforce payment at the regular delinquent price of \$3.50 a year.

The Howard-Wilson Postal-Card Circular.

Bro S. S. Jones—I also received a postal-card circular, signed, O. J. Howard, M. D., President, and E. Y. Wilson, Secretary, inviting me to be present and help to maintain the truth, free speech, and free platform.

Give me the man and woman who can stand up before the scrutiny of a thousand Gods, with a guiltless conscience.

We thought slavery was the blackest crime we had to deal with. We have dealt with that; now let us attack this worse than slavery, with the determination to kill the hydra-headed monster, so that there will be no chance for resurrection.

De Kalb, Ill.

NEW BOOKS RECEIVED. The Martyrdom of Man, a resume of Universal History, by Whitwood Reade—price \$8.00—New York, A. K. Butts.

Mrs. M. S. Townsend is at present at Stoneham, Mass. Mrs. Whittier contemplates visiting New England, and would like to make arrangements for lecturing anywhere East.

Mary Louise Farnow has recently been speaking, with good success, in Groton, Pepperell, Townsend, Abby and Ipswich, Massachusetts, and in Brookline and Nashua, N. H.

WHAT the Memphis Daily Register thinks of us—"To all persons seeking information on the subject of Spiritualism, we commend the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, published by S. S. Jones, corner of Adams street and Fifth avenue, Chicago. It is an ably conducted journal which expounds the views of intelligent Spiritualists, but holds no fellowship with what is called 'social freedom'.

BASTIAN AND TAYLOR thank the friends throughout the west for the kind invitations to visit their homes on their way to Louisiana, Mo., but owing to Mr. Bastian's physical condition they will have to decline all such for the present; their trip to Missouri being one of recuperation and rest, more than business.

Please Attend To It. Those who have so kindly secured trial subscribers, will very much oblige by securing as many renewals of that class of subscriptions as they can under our very liberal propositions for such renewals.

LOOK TO YOUR ACCOUNTS. They go to You Every Week Claiming Attention. All who owe for one year and upwards and do not pay up arrearsages for this paper, on or before the first day of April next, will find their accounts left in the hands of a collecting attorney, in their respective counties, with directions to proceed to enforce payment at the regular delinquent price of \$3.50 a year.

Dr. Dako. The many friends of Dr. Dako will be glad to know that on April 10th, he will open a Healing Institute and Gymnasium at 314 Wabash avenue, Chicago. Dr. Dako has for years been an indefatigable worker, and his efforts Herculean in his arduous duties as a physician.

Philadelphia Department

HENRY T. CHILD, M. D. Subscriptions will be received and papers may be obtained, at wholesale or retail, at 634 Race St., Philadelphia.

IN MEMORIAM. Christian Sharps.

Passed on to the higher life, from his residence at Vernon, Conn., on Thursday the 13th of March, 1874, CAMMIAN SHARPS, in the 63rd year of his age.

As one of the old and substantial pillars of Spiritualism, Bro. Sharps' merits more than passing notice. As an inventor he ranked high, being the author of many improvements in various kinds of machinery.

Mr. Sharps has been with Modern Spiritualism ever since its advent, and in all the relations of life he made his Spiritualism known to those with whom he associated. He was peculiarly genial and pleasant in his method of presenting this. He was earnest and practical in his efforts to sustain our meetings, and was especially interested in the welfare of mediums, many of whom have been blessed by his liberality.

Throughout Mr. Sharps' life Spiritualism was ever a beacon light; amid all the storms that came upon him he ever turned to this in trust and confidence, knowing that the loved ones would never fail to minister to him, and when the final hour came, it was like the morning star lighting up his pathway to the beautiful shore, where he was met and kindly greeted by the loved ones who had gone on before.

The First Association of Spiritualists of Philadelphia, of which Mr. Sharps was an active member for several years, held memorial services at Lincoln Hall, on Thursday the 19th ult., on which occasion the following addresses were delivered:

L. Judd Pardee entranced Mrs. Robinson and said, "How important it is that the Spiritualists should be united, like a band of brothers and sisters. Our philosophy teaches us that we should love one another, and it is time that we, as mediums, should understand one another better. We should learn to work with, and for one another, in order that we may bring a holy inspiration that shall bless and unfold mankind. We know that God is love, and that it is his wish that all his children, should love everything beneath the sun, as well as in the celestial spheres of immortal beauty.

I wish now to describe the reception of our brother in Spirit-life. His children, Aleo and Sefdis, with his relatives and many friends, met and greeted him on the shore. I was permitted to stand by his side and lead the procession, for as soon as he saw me he knew at once where he was. The struggle of the last hour was soon forgotten, and a sweet smile lighted up his face, as he saw our smiling countenances, beaming with a welcome, such as earth's children may not know until they come to Spirit-life.

I was by his side with his beautiful children, until he awakened from a sweet repose. He rested with us through Friday, Saturday and Sunday. Then he was taken to his own home here, where his mother and his children received him with all the honor that a true Spiritual man should receive in Spirit-life. On Tuesday he was brought to his funeral, and permitted to gaze upon the old form with its smile of sweet peace.

He was not able to control this medium at this time, and he said it was his wish that I should do so. He had lived as a Spiritualist, and died as a Spiritualist, and now he desired that the beloved brother and friends who had spoken over the form of his little Aleo, should speak through this medium over his form.

At the close of these remarks, Mrs. Wilson said she had seen brothers Pardee and Sharps come in a beautiful boat, and step upon upon the platform, and stand beside the medium. Mr. Holmes recited a poem entitled "Outward Bound."

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Dr. H. T. Child said, "Friends, we have met on this occasion, not to weep over the departure of a brother, with saddened hearts, but to commemorate the birth of a spirit into the life beyond. The time is passed when on occasions like this, we should drape ourselves in mourning, because a brother has graduated to the higher school of life. We are all here as students, and how beautiful is the thought, that among men, after a student has burned the midnight oil, and pursued his toilsome studies through long years, there comes a time when he is prepared to graduate, and how significant is the term 'commencement.'"

"When we thus understand the true aim and mission of life and of death, the latter become to us one of the most important and practical lessons of the former. May we then come into a full and perfect realization of the grand fact that, There is a land that is fairer than day, And by faith we may see it afar, For the angels wait over the way, To prepare us a dwelling place there.

CLAIRVOYANT—MRS. A. PHELPS WILL diagnose diseases clairvoyantly, and send prescriptions from eminent physicians, who have gone to Spirit-world by her aid, and enclosing Two Dollars, will send cure for Cancer without pain or loss of blood for \$5. Address, Mrs. A. PHELPS, care Dr. Phelps & Co., Chicago, Ill.

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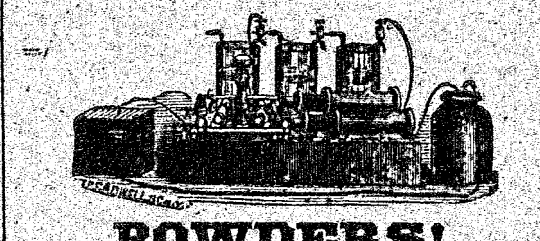
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CATARH cured. Mr. John W. Shaw, of National Soldier's Home, Dayton, Ohio, cured of Catarrh in the worst form, a severe case of 16 years' standing, using Magenta Powder 1 month.

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Moses-Woodhullism in a Nut Shell. Read! Read! Read! The above is the title of a 16 page pamphlet, gotten up by the New Hampshire Association of Spiritualists, under the supervision of Victoria G. Woodhull, and containing her own writings, just what "Sexual Freedom" is, and to which is appended the protest of John Holbrook and others of Chicago, and the resolutions of protest of the New Hampshire Association of Spiritualists.

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HELL SNUFFED OUT!

The Sulphurous Region Falling into Disrepute among the Methodists.

We rejoice to know that the Methodist Church begin to doubt the existence of a "brimstone hell" where it was supposed that a horned Devil with a cloven foot, paid particular attention to keeping his cauldrons of red-hot lava in good condition to inflict punishment. Rev. Dr. H. W. Thomas, pastor of the first Episcopal church of this city, plants himself squarely on among those who believe that such a locality has never been discovered. He says in a sermon he lately delivered:

In considering the questions of the destiny of mankind, we have looked at the change which we call dying, or death; we have sought to prove the conscious existence of the soul after death, and have dwelt upon the peculiar form of life or being called "intermediate state," and have asked our views of the resurrection and of the judgment day. There remains just two things more to consider, namely, the after-death condition of the good and the bad, or the final issue of the problems of good and evil. I have assigned this hour to the consideration of the condition of the not good, or the wicked, in the world to come.

Glady would I pass by this subject in silence, but I dare not. I come to it with pain. Every feeling of my nature turns from the sight or thought of suffering that may not be relieved, but it is better to suffer in our feelings than that the truth suffer.

Nothing is more apparent than that the pulpit has undergone a great change on this subject in the last 25 or 30 years. Formerly it was used to form no small part of preaching; but of late years very little is said about it. The reason is to be found partly in the genius of our times, which looks to love rather than to fear, to hope rather than to dread, to reform men, and partly—possibly more largely—from the fact that a change has come over the beliefs of thoughtful men, so that they cannot conscientiously preach the doctrine as it was once preached, and rather than seem to in any sense modify it, they say little or nothing about it. But it must be remembered that our opinions have no power to change the facts of the case. They remain the same, whether we believe or deny, and that what was true in references to hell a hundred years ago is equally true now, and the dangers to which men are exposed now are just as great, and the duty to warn them just as imperative, now as then. I have no doubt but that the doctrine has been grossly misconceived and overstated in the past, and perhaps too much dwelt upon. No one, I think, can now believe in such awful descriptions as were common a few centuries ago—such representations as Michael Angelo gives in his "Last Judgment," or as we find in Dante or Milton. I most fully believe in the infinite love of God, and discard entirely all such ideas as wrathful punishment, and a literal lake of sulphurous flame; yet any conception of God's government that leaves out the idea of justice or of penalty, or limits them to this life alone, is not only false in fact, but pernicious in its influence upon men. It is the peculiarity of our Savior's teachings that, striking through all outward forms of piety, they go to the very heart, and, lifting the mind above the thought of mere earthly consequences, they convey it away to the solemn relations of the future with its judgment day, its heaven and its hell. There is nothing in all literature at all comparable with the scene of his teachings, standing as it were on the shores of time and lifting the veil to a vision of the hereafter, and evermore hearing the double message of the tender love and pity of God, and of the dreadful doom and danger of sin. And wherever these teachings are read and heard, men are brought in some way to stand thus in the light of responsibility of both worlds. And there is no standpoint where every power and possibility of our whole being is wrought upon, so touched on every side, and realized, as this. There is no question on which men have thought more in the past, or are thinking so much in the present, as the fact of a future state, and no fact is so hard to solve as the final issue of evil. Compared with this, all the other questions in theology are as nothing. What will be the future destiny of the ungodly? Is it to-day the deep, unanswered question of the age. It is not only a question that troubles the mind, but an agony that wrings the heart. It has cost me more mental and heart anguish than all other questions put together. For years it took the jobs of life away, and now when I look out on the millions of my fellow-beings so far from God, pressing into the eternal world without apparent preparation, I am filled with sorrow inexpressible.

It is also a fact that mankind differ in character in this world, and that the good and the bad all going into the future, as far as we can see, is only the carrying over of the present; there is no break or gap in our being, but a continuance. And so there will be the same laws—virtue will be the same, vice the same, God the same. These things should be taken into the account as a basis of reasoning.

It is not strange that on a subject so confessedly mysterious, and so awful in its consequences, there have been different and conflicting opinions. Some have maintained that the bible—especially our Savior—teaches eternal punishment, but deny that it is an inspired truth, and we are not to accept this as the final statement. This was Theodore Parker's view. Others hold to the idea that what is meant by eternal punishment is that the law that punishes vice and rewards virtue is eternal, and that under this law there will possibly always be suffering in the universe, but that the same beings will not suffer eternally. As far back as Greek philosophy, what is called the doctrine of the "spheres" was held, or the doctrine of the transmigration of souls through different bodies for purification. Dr. Edward Beecher holds this doctrine in the form, that we all had a previous existence in virtue, and are sent into this bodily life for correction. That we are here having a second probation. The Spiritualists and some others hold the same doctrine of more than one probation, but make its beginning in this world and carry it forward into the future, when there is still another chance to improve or retrograde. Still another, and in our time numerous, class of thinkers, maintain that the soul is not naturally and necessarily immortal, but that it only becomes immortal by coming in contact with the good, by partaking of the new life, or "regeneration," and that all who fail to reach this point, all who die without this new birth, perish. That is, not having become immortal by becoming good, they pass into no existence. And they claim that there is no reason why God should continue them in being where there is no chance to become better, and no hope to escape suffering.

I cannot believe that a merciful God will permit a condition of unmitigated suffering. And yet I can see how the laws of being may carry with them the most fearful consequences into the life beyond, and that in contrast with

the endless possibilities and joys of heaven, hell may be infinitely awful. I do not know where hell is—it may be partly here now; indeed, the beginning of both hell and heaven is all about us in this world. What are its sufferings, or what the final end, I do not know, and I am very certain that no one else knows. This we do know: That sin and suffering go hand in hand here, and that a fearful background of darkness and misery are set over against sin in the hereafter. On this the thinkers of the age are substantially agreed, and beyond this we may not certainly go. The sufferings of this world are heart-rending enough, and the possibility of their being endless fills me with inexpressible pain. From this possibility, and from the sin that alone makes it possible, we entreat all souls to flee. "The wages of sin is death," but the "Gift of God is eternal life, through our Lord Jesus Christ." Not only from sin and death do we entreat you to flee, but to the sweetest hope of the better life do we in Christ's name bid you come.

Letter from a Convict.

ANOTHER VOICE FROM PRISON.

S. S. JONES, —DEAR SIR:—I have for some time been desirous of writing to you on a matter of some importance to me, but could not, until the present, summon sufficient courage to do so; but now, however, I will hazard an intrusion and say by way of preface, that nine years ago, being then in my twenty-first year, I was convicted of a capital offense in Chicago, and sentenced to thirty years in this prison. Of the justice of that sentence I will say nothing; for were I to inveigh against it, it would be taken as a matter of course; and further, were I to aver my innocence, but few would give credence thereto. Hence, seeing that the specific gravity of words is equivalent to nothing, I have come to the conclusion to say nothing on the subject, but will leave it for adjudication to a higher tribunal over which, according to the orthodox, presides a Judge from whom we may expect to have it measured out to us according to our deserts. As to whether there is such a personal Judge, I must admit that my belief is unstable; but to discard Him wholly, would, I think, reduce the world to chaos—that is the Christian world.

Indeed, it is no easy matter for one to reject that which he was taught from a youth to regard as truth, especially when he reflects that his mind in its endeavor to comprehend the intangible is more liable to err than when employed in the investigation of a palpable entity. Impressed with this belief, he is very cautious in his acceptations of anything avowing of heterodoxy, fearing that a false step, an error of judgment, would precipitate him into that delightful abode of sulphur and smoke. Now this, in a measure, was my case, until chance put a stray number of your JOURNAL in my possession, when lo! the sinner's paradise, with its peculiar adjunct, began to recede; and as it became beautifully less, I had ample time to contemplate its sublimity. It is said that the awful is sublime. If the object just spoken of falls under that head, then I say with sincerity let me view all such at a distance.

I have read scattering numbers of the JOURNAL for over a year, and was highly pleased with it,—not so much with it as with its chief to whom the thanks of the unfortunate of this and other prisons are due for his disinterested advocacy in their behalf; but now as the person from whom I was wont to borrow it is at large, I am necessitated to come to you in the garb of a mendicant, and ask you to send me the JOURNAL, for it has done me good morally and mentally.

Should I be in a position at any time to return its equivalent, be assured that I shall not neglect the opportunity. Should any of your readers have any old BANNERS of LIGHT or other reading matter of that nature, and have no objection to send them to me, they shall be received with gratitude, and the donors held in grateful remembrance. DANIEL WAID, Joliet, Ill., Penitentiary, 2378.

REMARKS.—Will all humanitarians, who would aid in reforming the fallen, come to the rescue by sending us to send the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL free, to the thousands who are now awakening from mental and moral darkness.

Remember, friends, that we, too, might have fallen like them, had not the kind and loving mothers, or other good friends taught us in our childhood days, to shun the paths of vice and sensualism.

Remember, too, that there are none so low in morals and intellect, that true patience, perseverance and love, may not elevate to the angelic spheres of wisdom and purity. Will you aid in the noble work? If so, help to replenish the "Prisoner's and Orphan's Fund" for sending the JOURNAL and LITTLE BOUQUET free.

Dr. W. L. Jack in Haverhill, Mass.

At a special meeting in Harmony Circle Room, Bradford, Mass., at the house of Mr. John Davis, we had the pleasure of spending the evening of March 6th, with Dr. W. L. Jack, the former medium at "Circle of Light, Phila," who I am pleased to say has located permanently in our city. Our little party on this occasion, consisted of eight persons, Mr. and Mrs. John Davis, Miss. May Robinson, Dr. S. K. Rich, of Phila., Dr. W. L. Jack, medium, Mrs. E. L. Currier, Miss. Mary E. Currier, Musical medium, and the writer.

Before speaking of this circle, I wish to refer to one or two incidents that led to it. Mr. John Davis has for the past eight years, been a regular member of Miss. Mary E. Currier's private circle, and an acquaintance has been formed between Mr. Davis and my family, and the control of Miss. Currier, that makes him seem like one of the family.

May flower, one of the leading spirits in the musical manifestations of Miss Currier, wished to make a donation of some spiritual, token to Mr. Davis' Circle Room, and had selected for the occasion a pure white dove, which had been quietly suspended in a position, overlooking the circle while in session, and in a descending position, holding by a blue ribbon a white sealed envelope in its beak, supposed to contain messages from the Spirit-world; also a little basket made of smilax, (by Dr. W. L. Jack) attached to its feet.

At half past seven we entered the Circle Room, Mayflower having the control of Miss. Currier, and conducting Mr. Davis to a point where he for the first time beholds this beautiful emblem. In astonishment and joy, he in gesture first manifests his feelings, then in a few appropriate words thanked Mayflower for the beautiful token. At the close of his remarks, Mayflower spoke of the spacious room Mr. Davis had so tastefully arranged and dedicated to the Spirit-world, and trusted that before the séance closed one or more of the messages brought by the white dove, would be read to him and all present.

Dr. W. L. Jack, medium, was then con-

trolled, and asked for the old tune "Bethany," "Nearer my God to thee," which was sung with fine effect, all joining in the song, while Miss Currier presided at the piano. Dr. Jack under control then arose and for an hour and a quarter spoke upon the eternal truths of Spiritualism. A verbatim report of the Doctor's remarks would trespass upon your space.

He spoke of the emblematical purity of the beautiful, graceful white dove, and of the language of the falling Autumn leaves, that had been so appropriately woven together into letters, forming the word Harmony and encircling the two sides and one end of the room. In verse he referred to the emblems that adorned the walls of the room, and enjoined upon all present, faithfulness and strict justice in all the walks of life.

Advancing from one end of the room to the other, he took from the mantelpiece two vases of elegant flowers (presented by Drs. S. K. Rich and W. L. Jack) and turning to Mr. and Mrs. Davis, he said, "Father and Mother, these flowers are presented you by one that lives in spirit; although you do not see her moving in the material form, yet she lives in thought, word and deed, among all the beautiful flowers and lilies as she used to when here with you. Yes, Lizzie is not dead, but here, and will to the utmost of her ability strew your paths with the lilies of truth and happiness, until you shall both join her in the world of mind, there to realize the fullness of life.

This evening proved to be (spiritually) a harvest of good things to all present. W. W. CURRIER, Haverhill, Mass.

Voices from the People.

ST. JOSEPH, MO.—Paul Dejarley writes.—We have organized a Liberal League here and opened quite successfully.

WILKESVILLE, O.—S. H. Davis writes.—We prize your paper as one of great value to the cause of truth and right.

CHITTENDEN, VT.—A. J. Sargent writes.—I don't see how I could get along without the JOURNAL, for it is the life of home.

NAPONEE, NEB.—O. O. Reed writes.—We congratulate you for the bold position you have taken against free-just.

EAST RUPELT, VT.—G. Reed writes.—I am glad to see you draw your sword and charge on the enemy so manfully—against the Woodhull infamy, you have done well.

BUFFALO, N. Y.—Mrs. Marvin writes.—I would take half a dozen RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNALS rather than have the publisher crippled in means to continue the paper.

ZONESBORO, IND.—R. H. Leavell writes.—My wishes are that the dear old JOURNAL may long live to batter down the old forts of Ignorance, and the Woodhull infamy.

HARVEL, ILL.—A. May writes.—Woodhullites have no advocates here, and the way you handle them in the JOURNAL, they must hunt some other locality to get a hearing.

CANTON, DAKOTA TERR.—James Simpson writes.—I think a good test medium and lecturer would be greeted with good audiences in our little town. There has never been any here.

LONE TREE, NEB.—J. B. Sagerly writes.—I have read your paper for some time and think it is one of the best. I like the stand it has taken against the free-love element, that is ruining thousands of noble men and women.

FARAGUS, N. Y.—C. L. Pierce writes.—The JOURNAL comes like a heavenly messenger, bringing tidings of great joy from those that are safely landed on the shining shore. I should be lone some without it.

AMERICUS, GA.—J. R. Simmons writes.—Your paper has been a source of great comfort and light to us, and just so long as it stands out in defense of progress and the Harmonical Philosophy, you may consider us life-long subscribers.

CELINA, O.—M. Ella Parrott writes.—I feel that half of life's pleasures would be lost if deprived of the dear old JOURNAL. Standing alone in the midst of Methodism, you will readily see how much I have need of a Richardson helper.

NEHALEM, OR.—C. Richardson writes.—Go on with the good work, in shaking off the Hull and Woodhull infamy, for which you have the thanks of all the Spiritualists in this part of the Pacific Coast.

CLAYTON, MICH.—Dr. E. Lapham writes.—We may cordially thank the free-lovers, as well as you, for delivering us from that stinking carcass, which the orthodox clergy have so sneeringly imposed upon us from the superabundance of silt oozing from their own ranks.

MIFFLIN, WIS.—W. H. Bickford writes.—The JOURNAL is a welcome visitor to me. I feel that I am on the road of progression, and the JOURNAL cheers me on the road to happiness which gets brighter and plainer every day.

GOVERNEUR, N. Y.—E. S. Smith writes.—I am very much pleased with the JOURNAL and the position you take in regard to the social question. If Spiritualism has got to have prominence for its chief cornerstone, I would not advocate Spiritualism one minute.

NEW DUNDEE, C. W.—T. Sheard writes.—I admire the noble effort you are making to spread the glad tidings of Spiritualism broadcast through-out the land, and the bold stand you have made against social freedom, which I hope has forever taken itself out of Spiritualism.

UNION LAKES, MINN.—Mrs. M. Camp writes.—I have been a reader of the Woodhull kind, but have been a reader of your most worthy paper for over four years, and think it the very best that my eyes ever rested on.

BETHEL, O.—Mrs. D. L. Hubble writes.—I wish your paper success. It is a good one. You have done your duty in the Woodhull case and purified the host of calumny and misrepresentation even in this village, and to that end I have distributed the papers among the citizens.

WILCOX, PA.—I. Schultz writes.—Enclosed find list of some of my friends that I wish to have read your paper under the terms you propose, three months for twenty five cents. I have already directed quite a number, and in this way, I pay my indebtedness to my orthodox friends, who used to deluge me with tracts, after I left their fold.

LAINGSBURG, MICH.—H. Levanway writes.—I don't seem as though I could do without the JOURNAL, for it is all the food I have for the soul, and the stand you have taken on the free-just question, agrees with my mind to a dot. I shall continue to work to increase the circulation of the JOURNAL in this vicinity.

BOULDER, COL.—Mrs. Louise McMin writes.—We can not do without the dear JOURNAL; it is food for the soul which no other paper has supplied. We have had the pleasure of listening to the lectures of Mrs. M. J. Wilcoxon, and they are truly a feast to the soul. She is making many converts to the new faith.

STOCKTON, WIS.—J. T. Pierce writes.—Go on and give those Woodhullites the just dues, and the angels of light will reward and bless you for it. Moses claims to have a big head, but thanks to Mother Nature, I can boast of mine being one-half inch larger than his, and I never had occasion to practice "social freedom," but have ever regarded the marriage relations as sacred. I am over sixty years of age, I am a wife, and have lived together thirty-five years, and raised one son and one daughter; and I can tell the whole tribe of free-justers, that I believe we have had more happiness in that time than they can in practicing free-just through all the ages of eternity.

EMPORIA, KAN.—Mrs. J. H. Stocum writes.—Last month Victoria Woodhull honored Kansas with her presence. The ladies here turned out en masse, and staid at home. Only four went to hear her, about forty men, mostly young, completely her audience. At Lawrence in this State so few came to hear her, the youngest returned the money, and announced no lecture.

FORT SCOTT, KA.—L. Grasmuck, M. D., writes.—Enclosed please find names and money for four more subscribers, twelve in all, for the glorious old JOURNAL. Pursuing the course you are, you must succeed. You don't know how proud I am of the JOURNAL and its honorable and upright course. It is an honor to our cause, and every lover of liberty and progress ought to sustain it.

NEWBURN, IA.—J. W. Whitlock writes.—Mrs. H. Morse delivered four lectures here this winter, the first ever delivered in this place. She created a stir among the dead-head drivers, and has started a spirit of inquiry and investigation, which may result in some good to your cause. She induced me to try the JOURNAL three months and I am well pleased with it so far.

WAYNESVILLE, ILL.—A. H. Darrow writes.—The cause is prospering here. I have been holding a discussion in an exclusively orthodox community, with a couple of Second Adventists, on the "Immortality of the Soul, Ancient and Modern Spiritualism." The favor with which what was surplused me.

LINCOLN, NEB.—W. B. Combs writes.—Our town was met with discomfort by a visit from Mrs. Woodhull, and one other little Hull. The pure in soul felt no fellowship for her theories of darkness and barbarism; but endorse your course of exposing all such relics of the undeveloped past. May ministering angels help you to clean out, root and branch, free loveism and all its concomitants.

NORFOLK, VA.—W. L. Kent writes.—Our heaven-born philosophy is making some progress in this vicinity. Some of the first citizens of the city are now subscribers in earnest into its mysteries. We are holding public seances twice a week, and our medium, Mrs. Annie Summers, is doing a noble work for our cause. Moses-Woodhullism is at a discount here, though I am sorry to say it has a few adherents.

ATHENS, ILL.—M. L. Saunders writes.—I have received the book you called the "Biography of Satan," and will in reply say that it is a gem in its cause, and a bold and fearless book which will banish from the mind the thoughts of a future punishment of all that read it. I feel an interest in its progress, and wish it could be placed in the hands of every thoughtful person in the country.

ALBANY, WIS.—L. H. Warren writes.—Since our friend H. Vauvart put quite a large number of your papers, the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL into circulation, and Mrs. Hayes, of Madison, Wis., gave us some very good lectures, there has been quite an effort with the Methodists and Baptists of this vicinity to put down such a view for the future. I am holding protracted meetings for a number of weeks with very little success, their few converts being mostly young girls.

ASHLEVILLE, KAN.—S. Engle writes.—The noble and dignified stand that you have taken in behalf of justice, purity and progress, to the leveling of all that is base and soul-polluting, justly entitles thee to the above address from our heart. We recite the noble words of purity, we call thee the true light, and established thee at the helm of the good old ship, the blessed JOURNAL, to watch with vigilance the mighty breakers that would otherwise overthrow it, if possible.

BUFFALO, N. Y.—Mrs. M. A. Swain writes.—The question has been asked, how shall we celebrate the annual anniversary of Modern Spiritualism. A spirit says, "Club together, all over the land, and by a donation of one dime each, or more, if any wish, raise a fund to purchase a table-set of plates or some other fit memorial as a presentation to Bro. Day for his private use for the occasion." Colchester in saying him from prison when deserted by all, except by guardian angels. What say you, shall mediums be protected?

NEW HUDSON, N. Y.—Mary E. B. Rose writes.—Some days since a gentleman living in Albion, in this State, sent a copy of your RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL to a friend of mine in this town, who knowing me to be a Spiritualist, sent it to me. I was charmed by its worth and purity of doctrine, and seeing your proposition to send it three months for fifty-five cents, to new subscribers, I immediately resolved to subscribe to introduce it by that means, and accordingly I send you six names.

MT. VERNON, ALA.—J. C. Irwin writes.—Spiritualism is spreading rapidly in this out-of-the-way place, mainly through the introduction of the JOURNAL. We lend every copy that comes here, and then send them abroad. A young girl, in the pine woods in the vicinity of this place, is starting the citizens of the neighborhood, by the strange pranks she makes an ordinary table cut. Of course the Devil got the benefit of all her things! the JOURNAL stepped in and relieved him of a portion of it.

NEW SHARON, IA.—C. W. Adams writes.—We hail with delight each Saturday evening mail, as it brings to us the good old JOURNAL, freighted with intelligence of a high order, and principles of truth, love and justice to all earth's children, condemning the sentiments of free-justianity advocated by Moses-Woodhull & Co. Sister H. Morse has been lecturing for us with telling effect for two days, and has certainly one of the best speakers in the field; also a good test medium. Her terms for lectures are reasonable, and she certainly should be kept at work.

ALMONT, MICH.—J. H. Andrus writes.—How much good might be done if all, after reading the JOURNAL, would circulate it among their neighbors, and each one get a few new subscribers. Probably it would be the means of awakening thousands to a realizing sense of the inconsistent, ridiculous, unreasonable, idolatrous, paganish, barbarous, blasphemous, absurd, selfish, cowardly, false and pernicious teachings of Priestcraft, and that Woodhullism, or foul free-loveism as practiced by some of the ministers, lecturers, doctors and others, is a legitimate fruit of such teachings, and causing them to open their eyes with wonder and astonishment at the present development of scientific and spiritual phenomena, and with admiration for the loving messages conveyed from, and the elevated standard of morality, purity and truthfulness advocated by the higher intelligences who are now doubly our friends and witness all our acts. This, surely, would be an incentive for every one to try to do better and come up higher.

WEST LAPAYETTE, O.—J. Burr writes.—I am an old Mesmerist, and quite prone to account for all I can, on mundane principles. Spiritualists call me an "honest skeptic." I do not hold circles in my office, and seldom fail to have strong physical demonstrations. For want of better material for circles, I gather up the riff-raff boys of the street, from two to twenty at a sitting, and you would be amused to know the reports which go out of the "awful things which take place at Dr. Burr's office." Thus it is, Mr. Jones, if foreign Spiritualists will not aid, we can go to work amongst ourselves and manufacture the thing unless indeed spiritual entities from another sphere of being are doing the work, using us as instruments. Two years ago Spiritualism was unknown here, no lectures, mediums or the like, having ever put in an appearance, though often solicited to do so.

MILFORD, MICH.—Francis Browning writes.—I have noticed several articles in your JOURNAL written by different individuals under the caption: "Is the last judgment preserved, and is there a middle ground in heaven?" It is needless for me to say that I love the Philosophy of Spiritualism, and am doing all I can to demonstrate its phenomena, and yet I can not ignore logic nor good common sense before I am fully convinced of the truthfulness of Spiritual phenomena. Now I ask if spirits communicate to those of earth, as you claim, they do, why the last judgment is preserved, and is there a middle ground in heaven? It is needless for me to say that I love the Philosophy of Spiritualism, and am doing all I can to demonstrate its phenomena, and yet I can not ignore logic nor good common sense before I am fully convinced of the truthfulness of Spiritual phenomena. 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New York Department.

E. D. BABBITT, D. M.
Subscriptions and Advertisements for this paper received at the New York Magnetic Cure, 427 Fourth Avenue, by Dr. Babbitt.

Beecher and the Congregationalists.

As I write the Congregational National Council is meeting in the city of Brooklyn to try Beecher, or at least ostensibly his church on the pretense that by their dropping Theodore Tilton's name they endangered and interfered with the Congregational polity. The truth is, however, that they have repeatedly done the same thing themselves. The *Sun*, of March 24th has a scathing article on the operations of the churches of Drs. Storrs and Buddington, showing how the pastors of these churches tried to rule their people and the *Express* means which were taken to shut off opposition. I will quote a little from this paper: "Dr. Buddington's own church has repeatedly dropped members under circumstances similar to those under which Mr. Tilton was dropped from Plymouth Church; and other Congregational churches have done the same thing, and no harm has ever thereby come to Congregationalism. And if Plymouth Church had dropped John Jenkins, or anybody except Mr. Tilton, it might have dropped other churches, or might have dropped over so far, and fallen over so heavily without the concession provoking the slightest discussion of his case. It is pretty generally believed, therefore, that the Storrs and Buddington Council has been called for the purpose of making an organized onset upon the gifted pastor of Plymouth Church, whose overshadowing fame and intolerable success have long been hard to bear by some of the less famous and less successful, but more concealed and ambitious of his clerical brethren in Brooklyn."

The Church of Dr. Buddington proceeded so unfairly that a portion of its members drew up a protest, a part of which I quote, as this case is to be an important one in the religious world.—"We protest because the committee was not appointed by the church; because its action has never been approved by the church; because the substance and form of the documents it has prepared have not been authorized by the instructions given at irregular and invalid gatherings, until it was too late to offer criticism or objection; because these documents, neither authorized in advance, nor subsequently approved by this church, have apparently committed it to an attitude, and pledged it in advance to acts of antagonism and censure toward a near and beloved sister church, never contemplated or desired, still less resolved upon by this church; because the question of discipline, originally raised as a matter of controversy, is one upon which the record of this church is such as to make it especially necessary that we should proceed with great circumspection, when seeking to advise or censure other churches—it being our own practice to drop members for offenses, without censure, at every annual meeting (Manual, sec. 4, art. 2), and the practices having extended in the past, as we are informed, to members at the time currently reported to be under grave charges." The protest also says: "The whole management of this case has misrepresented the spirit of this church, defeated its just right of self-government, suppressed the honest and free expression of individual opinion, and tended to subject the church to the control of a few members, without regard to the convictions of the remainder;" and it winds up as follows: "We therefore pronounce the action of the committee as a dangerous attack upon Christian liberty and Congregational polity; and we declare it to be, and to have been from the beginning, null and void."

SKELETONS IN CHURCH CLOSETS.

The *Sun* continues as follows: Dr. Storrs is reported to have a regular nightmare case in his church, wherein a lady member who is a near relative of his own holds the leading role. Dr. Scudder's church has a case on its record where a member who deserted his family to run away with a teacher in the Sunday School, and wrote to his scandalized brethren that they might "do what they damned please with him," and afterward came back leaving his victim in the West, was given a letter, certifying his Christian standing, to another church. As to Dr. Buddington's church, the testimony is rather unanimous that it has many cases on its records that would not bear investigation. The fear is on the part of the timid ones that if the National Council once gets at work there will have to be such a house-cleaning in the Congregational churches of Brooklyn as has not been seen during the present century. But a powerful section of Congregationalists say, "Let it come; let us have the facts all round, and then we shall see what churches can show a clear record. The work of inquisition and purification promises to be an exciting piece of business."

These are a few facts, it seems, with reference to some of these church members who are so swift to throw stones at Spiritualists, charging free-love upon them. If all the facts about even church members, such as physicians know, could be developed to the public eye, what an amazement there would be in Zion.

Wednesday, March 25th, the delegates of the National Convention are mostly present, and include some of their ablest men, such as Dr. Leonard Bacon, of Yale College, one of the old war horses; Dr. Woolsey, ex-president of Yale College; Rev. Wm. A. Stearns, D. D., President of Amherst College; Rev. Egbert C. Smith, D. D., Prof. in Andover Theological Seminary; Rev. Wm. Patton, D. D., Chicago, and many others. Dr. Storrs is perhaps the most cultured and one of the most majestic speakers among all the American Clergy, but has no such electrical power over an audience, or such breadth of worldly knowledge as Beecher.

The Convention last night invited the Plymouth Church to be present, and there will be some epicy talk I think. Beecher's church I believe, next to Spurgeon's of London, is the largest one in Protestant Christendom, having over 3,000 members, and to bring so famous a body to trial, especially one having such a Bonaevoe for a pastor, is quite an event in the religious world, and I shall take some pains to report something of their action in my next.

THE HEALTHY GUIDE.
Ready at last after many hindrances, can be obtained at the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL Publishing House, of E. D. Babbitt, D. M., 427 4th Ave., New York.

BABBITT'S HEALTHY GUIDE now ready for sale at the office of this paper; price \$1.00.

We have received a few copies of that much sought for book, "The Progressive Songster." Those wishing it should order at once. Price 50 cents by mail.

PAUL and JUDE'S history of Jesus given through Alexander Smyth, continues to attract much attention.

Wonderful Spirit Pictures.

Bro. S. S. Jones.—A few months ago you published an article from a San Francisco paper, relative to some strange pictures which were claimed to be of spirit origin, and as that article was an attempt to burlesque the finest specimens of art the world has ever probably seen, I ask you for space to give a short synoptical sketch of the origin of this gallery, that is designed to open the eyes of the most skeptical in spiritual matters, and give old Orthodoxy, with its idea of the creation of man, its heaviest blow.

About four years ago, Gen. J. Winchester, (then of New York,) wrote me, enclosing a piece of rock from a mine he was interested in, requesting a psychometric examination of the same. After I had examined it and was writing out my impressions, a spirit of oriental description, presented himself and requested me to describe him in the letter I was writing, which I did minutely, and mailed the letter next morning.

About a week after the General received my letter (he having made no mention of the spirit I had described, to any one but his wife), he and Mrs. W. called on Wells Anderson and wife to spend the evening, Anderson then being a resident of New York.

The two gentlemen and their ladies were seated around the fire, when Mr. Anderson remarked that he was very strongly impressed to give the General a sitting that evening, though contrary to his custom to sit for pictures after sundown. Gen. W. was anxious to have the sitting, for he supposed that conditions were favorable for his first wife to give him her picture, he having had two sittings for her picture before, without success.

Mr. A. then procured a blank sheet of drawing paper, and gave it to the General to hold a few moments, to impart his magnetism to it. He (Anderson) then retired to his dark drawing-room, and in twenty minutes, returned with the picture of an ancient individual which corresponded, in every particular, with the description I had given. Some time after this, Gen. W. removed to San Francisco, and a few months later, Anderson and wife were impelled to go to that city, ostensibly for the benefit of his wife's health, Gen. W. knowing nothing of their coming until he met Anderson on the streets in that city.

About this time other ancient spirits commenced presenting themselves to me, with the request that I would write out their descriptions and send them to Gen. W., which I did, and now comes the most singular part of this history: While my description of Adeli (an East Indian of 8,000 years ago) was on the way, Anderson was controlled to draw the picture, so that when my letter was received, and the description compared with the picture, they corresponded exactly.

Again, while my letter containing the description of Arbaces, the Egyptian, was on the way, Anderson produced the picture, giving another grand test on it.

So was it with others, but I do not wish to lengthen this communication by particularizing further, but will say a few words relative to the history and object of this "Band," which is composed of twenty-four members and three leaders, Yermah, Adeli and Arbaces, making twenty-eight in all, with many helpers who are not members.

Yermah claims that he was an inhabitant of an Island Continent that once existed nearly midway between our western coast and the eastern coast of Asia; and that they were highly civilized, having a written language, and being well up in the arts and sciences, using hardened copper for their warlike implements, tools, etc., instead of iron, with which they were acquainted, but seldom used; also, that they gave Asia its civilization, and coming to America, they mined gold, silver and copper, shipping it to the mother country. But, about 16,000 years ago, while Yermah and Orvado with several hundred workmen, were on our Continent, there occurred terrific convulsions of nature that sunk Atlantis and materially changed the character of America.

Being cut off from home supplies, Yermah and Atyarrah advised Orvado and his fellows to intermarry with the aborigines and establish their civilization here, which was done, the Aztecs, Zoltecs and others being the tribes. Yermah and Atyarrah, belonging to the first class, were forbidden by their law, to marry outside of that class, but they, being learned men, instructed the others in the sciences and gave their assistance where they could.

These people were the fathers of the "Mound-Builders," and have promised to give a history, in detail, much matter for which has already been supplied. The object of this "Band" is to do all they possibly can toward educating the people out of their old superstitious ideas and establish religion on a scientific basis, doing away, as far as possible, with the silly forms and ceremonies now in use, and teach the human family that every individual must be his own savior; also, that it is the duty of the strong to lend of their strength to the weak—of the good to endeavor to elevate the bad, and lastly, there is but one God, who is Father of all and works only in accordance with law.

The following are the names and countries and age, of the members of this band:

1. *Yermah, Atlantian, age 16,000.
 2. *Adeli, East Indian, age 8,000.
 3. *Arbaces, Egyptian, age 3,500.
 4. *Atyarrah, Atlantian, age 10,000.
 5. *Orvado, Atlantian, age 16,000.
 6. *Rajah, Bedar, India 3,500.
 7. *Magaleel, of the Magi, Nineveh's palting days.
 8. *Jannee, Egyptian, age 3,874.
 9. *Hassam Al Meschid, Persian king age 2,500.
 10. *Psammetoche, East Indian, age 8,000.
 11. *Abd el Kader I, direct descendant of Abraham's son, Ismael.
 12. *Basl Bolair, Ninevite priest, philosopher, etc., age 4,000.
 13. *Gautama, father of Buddhism, East India, age 3,674.
 14. *Catullus, Roman of Nero's time.
 15. *Hiram Abiff, Grand Master of Masonry, of Solomon's time.
 16. *Pythagoras, Sage of Samos, age 2,874.
 17. *Copernicus, the astronomer.
 18. *Kon-fu-si (Confucius) China, philosopher, age 2,474.
 19. *Pope Gregory I.
 20. *Attila, king of the Huns, conqueror of the Roman Empire.
 21. *Peter the Hermit, author of the Crusades.
 22. *Pietro Vecchia, a Venetian ruler of the 5th century.
 23. *Omar I, successor of Mahomet, conqueror of Egypt, etc.
 24. *Peter Korzakief, a learned Pole.
 25. *Henri de Briauville, a knight and soldier of fortune of the time of Charles I, of England.
 26. *Cranmer, Archbishop of Canterbury, burned at the stake by order of Bloody Mary.
 27. *Ayothe, a French artist and scholar of 300 years ago.
 28. *Ajella, wife of Yermah, the chief of the "Band."
- Those marked with (*) are executed, together with the pictures of the following hereafter: The poet Pindar, ancient Greek; Plutarch, Greek historian and philosopher; John

Giocondo, called Jocondus, of the 15th century; Abelard, French scholar of the 11th century; those sorrowful story nearly all have read; Heloise, mistress and wife of Abelard; Alfred the Great of England, Saxon king, 10th century; Philip Quinault, French poet and lyrical dramatist, 16th century; Lord Bacon, English Chancellor, scientist and philosopher; Vandylke, the artist; "Dawn," a female spirit. Beautiful photographs, of cabinet and card size, of these grand pictures, have been made, an advertisement of which will appear in the JOURNAL soon, and when arrangements now in progress are completed, the gallery will be brought East and exhibited by the "Pacific Art Union," the company that owns the pictures, and no Spiritualist or lover of art, should fail to see these grand works of the old masters, or, at least, secure a set of the photographs, which are got up in the best style, a short descriptive catalogue, with brief biographies accompanying them. A large catalogue will soon be published, containing more extended biographies, as soon as the matter composing them can be arranged, and lastly, a history of Atlantis and its people, including the "Mound Builders," their rise and decline, will be given to the world as soon as the receipts from the exhibition and sale of photographs will justify.

JAMES COOPER, M. D.
Bellefontaine, Ohio.

Spirit Physicians Materialize and Heal the Sick through Mrs. A. H. Robinson's Mediumship.

Mrs. Robinson, Chicago, Ill.:—Your letter came to hand Friday 6th. I commenced taking medicine and wearing your magnetized papers Saturday night. My faith and experience impresses me I shall continue your treatment. I feel very grateful to the dear good spirits. I can feel them touch my forehead when in bed at night. I sleep alone as you directed. Yours in love and truth,
N. P. DANA.

Mason and 10th st., Springfield, Ill., March 16th, 1874.

Mrs. A. H. Robinson, Dear Madam:—Your papers and medicine seem to have a good effect upon Bro. Smith. He is looking better; says he began to feel better after wearing them twenty-four hours. He does not cough as much as before—coughs less when lying upon left side than otherwise. Has a good appetite, and rides out when pleasant. I enclose lock of hair and P. O. order for \$2. Several of our mediums have seen a fine-looking spirit, doctor, whom they fancy is one of your band. I am yours,
ASA SMITH.

Norwich, N. Y., March 17th, 1874.

Mrs. A. H. Robinson, Chicago, Ill., Dear Sister:—Your prescriptions came to hand on the 6th ult. I commenced using the magnetized papers that night; next day, began to use the other articles prescribed. I have been using according to directions. I think the medicine is doing me good. I wish you to send me more magnetized papers. I have a bed for myself and baby, and can feel the effects of the papers as soon as I put them on, but can not feel it so strong when the baby is brought to bed as I do when by myself. The day before I got the papers, I was not able to be up, but by using them alone, before I got the medicine, I was able to get around the next day. I have inclosed a lock of hair.

Yours truly,
JOSEPHINE B. LEMMON.
Laur, Ill., March 10th, 1874.

MY DEAR Mrs. ROBINSON:—With deep gratitude, I now report to you in accordance with your direction. I am a great deal better than when I wrote you. I have felt spirit touches, like some one passing their hand lightly over my limbs, and a hand placed on my head.
Yours thankfully and Truly,
Mrs. M. L. WARE.
Stockbridge, Calumette Co., Wis.

Mrs. Robinson:—Your diagnosis of my case is correct in every particular. If you can make a perfect cure as you have diagnosis, I think all will be well. My friends think I look much better, and my husband (who is a retired physician), thinks I am improving. I want you to do all you can in my case. I regret very much that I did not call on you last fall while in Chicago. The first papers seemed to do more good than either of the others. I have not been able to see spirits, but my impressions are that some one is standing at the foot of my bed, quite a large man, and another at my head, they seem to be bending over me. They both come together and go at the same time. I do not know what it is, but it makes me feel quite strange. I sometimes get quite out of patience and think I am not doing as well as I should. I read of such quick cures being performed by you, that I thought I should be cured in a few days.
The Hotel where we were boarding was burned the next morning after I wrote to you, and my medicine was destroyed, and I could not get more for some days. Next week we will move to our country home, where I think I may do better and be more quiet. I send you another lock of hair so you may see what I am doing, and send papers if needed. Enclosed find two dollars.

N. V. THORNTON.
Kansas City, Mo.

The Little Bouquet Orphan's Fund.
This fund we propose to use for sending the little gem of beauty to orphan as in many different families as the donations will pay for.
Amount previously acknowledged.....\$35 92
Weldon Smith, Denver, Col..... 25
Who will next be inspired to a similar deed of noble charity. We shall report.

Salem, Ohio.

Spiritualism, like heaven, is bound to work through the whole lump.
Brother D. Bonnell, a Quaker, writes that Spiritualism is on the advance in and around Salem. The Methodist minister there gave out notice that he would speak on that subject one Sunday. The house was crowded. He came out plainly, and said, "I am a Spiritualist."

Quarterly Meeting.

The Northern Wisconsin Association of Spiritualists will hold their Quarterly Convention at Berlin, Wis., the 10th, 11th and 12th of April, 1874. The best speakers and physical mediums that could be obtained are engaged for the meeting. A cordial invitation is extended to all.

(Continued from First page.)

truths is, that every one of us is the proprietor of some pet theory, some philosophical reformatory scheme, which he knows to embody "great truths" and whose adoption by man would bring the millennium to pass. These little theories and systems are sometimes, it is true, the result of earnest thought, and these accounts for the great love we have for them. Secondly, they give us a good deal of satisfaction, for people often admire them, and as we can defend them triumphantly against those that have studied them less than we have done, we feel a good deal of pride in them. As a natural consequence, we try to strengthen these little theories and systems by all the arguments furnished by our daily readings and studies, paying little attention to any thoughts seemingly opposed to their doctrines, no matter how much truth these thoughts may contain. Thus, slowly, step by step, our formed opinions and systems become our creeds, and one day we, so-called "Free Religionists," find ourselves completely hemmed in, and as narrow, as exclusive and non-progressive, as any regular old stock brimstone Presbyterians well can be.

From the foregoing reasons it is easy to foresee that the discovery of any new truths destined to interfere with our pre-established and well-guarded opinions will always be an unwelcome visitor, whom we will not receive as long as it will be in any way possible for us to do so. This is a painful statement to make, gentlemen, but you all know that it is true. We talk a good deal against his holiness, the Pope of Rome, and his assumed infallibility, but we search sincerely within ourselves in our "sinister sanctuaries," we will surely find there a dimmutive infallibility. Some people are possessed of small popes, others enormous giants. These popes grow in size and infallibility, in accordance with the amount of intellectual labor their creation has required. Most all of our scientific men carry god-sized popes, for they take great pains in forming them, hence their great infallibility.

Our scientists, as well as our theologians, are most always found ready to fight any truth not discovered by themselves. The first mean to control nature, the latter God, and any new-truth coming to the world must needs come through their official channel, and get licensed, lest it be called contraband, and as such confiscated. At present their bulls are directed against the phenomena of Spiritism, and I would not wonder if they should communicate Dr. Crookes, as they did Prof. Hare.

Still, gentlemen, if you read the latest works of our savants, you will find plenty of evidence that they are wide awake as regards the workings of nature's occult forces. Buckle tells you that it is a fact that climate, and especially the relative height of man's abode above the level of the sea, have a great influence upon his development. He shows that the religious or spiritual nature of man unfolds almost naturally upon high and dry plains, and that the animal nature thrives in low and marshy regions. Look at the natural propensities of the mountain shepherds, and at those of the underground miners. The varied observations of Humboldt, during his travels among the wild tribes of the world, harmonize perfectly with the deductions of Draper. In our own country we know that the descendants of the Plymouth Rock pilgrims have considerably elongated, so much so that a competent European physician has predicted that the American race would die out, killed by consumption, as the chests were getting too narrow for the lungs.

The Belgian women are growing in width, and so much so, that they will soon overpower the real "woman's sphere," while the Yankee will stand the noble representative of the exclamation point (!). What occult forces are at work to produce such diversified results, nobody knows as yet, but their existence seems to be admitted beyond question.

Notwithstanding the great necessity and desire of scientists to understand the workings of nature's occult forces, Prof. Faraday, Tyndall, Brewster, and ever so many other infallibles have declined continually to investigate the phenomena of spiritism, deciding *a priori*, that their existence is impossible, as being contrary to natural law. Now, gentlemen, this scientific papacy, this "omniscience" ought to cease. We have almost reached the last quarter of the nineteenth century and by this time we ought to be fully aware that in science, as well as in theology, we have to re-examine the lessons over again, and start at the A. B. C. of things. Certainly if we look in the past, even only as far back as 25 years, we have every reason to be proud over the achievements of science; but when we look ahead, we must confess to almost total darkness in regard to the past, the present, the future, the nature, the composition, the use, and the destiny of things. As to ourselves, as to our own bodies, no part of science is better known and has more faithfully been studied than the anatomy of man. We know the functions of almost every organ in the human body, and are aware of their co-relations; but what do we know about the forces that keep them in motion, in operation? What do we know about the spleen, the nerves, the nerve force, the spinal cord, the brain, the gastric juice? So much stress is laid upon our five senses, that nothing should be taken into consideration, except it comes to us through their channel; can anybody tell me through what medium they act? Does mesmerical clairvoyance not show us a sixth sense? Can anybody explain for certain what the functions are of the gray and white matter in the nerves, spine and brain? What forces or what organs produce the instinct, the mind, or the soul? What signify these microscopic hooks, links, ladders, musical instruments, and thousands of other mysterious forms we find in the interior of man's brain? Why is the intelligence of man developed in direct ratio with the number and depth of the convolutions of his brain? What of vital force? All these questions, are, as yet, deep mysteries to us; but these hidden causes are the real energies of nature, the cause of causes. The trees, the flowers, the rocks, the minerals, the earths, which we perceive in our daily walks, are only the external effects of nature's real potentialities, and science, seemingly, is only dealing with those external effects, and knows nothing, seems not to be very anxious, to learn anything about these mysterious potentialities. Still, it is these forces that actuate our brain and create the human mind; it is these forces that throw a person into a magnetic condition, which develop in him, so to say, new senses; it is these forces that direct the atoms in the chemical crystallizations; that form the particles of chloride of sodium, our kitchen salt, into a frustum of a pyramid; it is these forces that send the heavenly bodies on their eternal journey, cause our earth to turn, our sun to shine, our grass to grow. It is these forces that form the heads, seen and felt by Prof. Crookes; that lift D. D. Home into the air, that move the chairs and tables, that cause the accordion to float around the room, that form the cloud that picks and carries the spig from the heliostep—all these internal energies, these limitless potentialities are completely unknown to us. Ignorance is all around us. Proctor, even, the great

scientist, told us the other day that amidst the countless millions of stars with which the unbounded universe is populated, we know for certain the distance from us of "only one." We know almost nothing of what is going on above us; we know nothing of what is going on below us lower than a few thousand feet, and with all this ignorance around us, with all this darkness enveloping us on every side, without shame, without a blush on our cheeks, often without remorse of conscience, we assume the garb of "omniscience," play pope, and put on "infallibility!" Oh! gentlemen, this is really a painful sight to the true philosopher, to the humble searcher after truth itself, who seeks truth, not to build up systems or theories with which to astonish the world, but for self-instruction, for self-elevation, to arrive by degrees at a full understanding of these beautiful harmonies, these astounding adaptations and perfections, which pervade the whole universe.

Passes to Spirit Life.

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

Passed to spirit-life, from near St. Marys, Ohio, March 6th, 1874, Anos Barron, aged 70 years, less 7 days, of partial paralysis of the lower extremities, followed by erysipelas of the face with delirium. Duration of sickness, 8 days.

Mr. Barron was a farmer by profession, and a confirmed Spiritualist, a good man and good neighbor, who had a large circle of friends and many mourners. We will not meet him again with that smile and extended hand on earth, but have no assurance from the many witnesses now on the stand, that though a man died, yet he still lives, and we shall again join hands with him, on the other shore, where sickness, sorrow and parting of friends are not known.

Passed to spirit-life, very suddenly, on Monday, March 16th, Elias Wizen, of Medina, N. Y., at the age of 69 years.

For many years he had been known as an ardent Spiritualist, and he was highly esteemed for his many noble qualities. He was a thoroughly honest man, an exemplary citizen and as devoid of pretense as a child. Funeral services were held at the Universalist church at Ridgeway, Wednesday afternoon, and were conducted by Rev. Mr. Howell, Mrs. Woodruff and myself. Mr. Howell is a Universalist of liberal mind, and was called upon at a late hour in the fear that we should not arrive.

A. C. W.

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