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THE ARTS, SCIENCES, LITERATURE

DEVOTED TO SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHY

ROMANCE AND GENERAL REFORM.

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

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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 exalt, 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 it 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 religionist 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 upon 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 impulse 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 gaseo-ethereo-magneto-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 electrical shocks, 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 asked, very unsatisfactory answers 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 unremitting appeals to our faith and blind belief. Soon those of the inquirers possessed of a serious turn of mind, found themselves in a hopeless dilemma. On the one hand they were met by the scientists, 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 to-day 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 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 bromstone 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 went 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 two powerful holds 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 sleeve 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 rushed 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 the name, "Cadwalader." "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 not fail to 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, endorse 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 welcomed 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 acting 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 always 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 possibility 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 their 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 also; 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 heliotope, 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 bazy 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 sager searchers after every new revelation of the telescope, spectroscope, 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. Conclusions: 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 great time that we should ascertain it, in order to impaech 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 and every 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. 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

(Continued on 8th page.)

PASSED TO SPIRIT LIFE.

Passed on to Spirit-life, from the residence of Dr. S. J. Avery, Chicago, March 18th, 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 as good an 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.

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."

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.

He seizes every occasion to present himself to public attention, and metaphorically to stand on his head and dance the tight rope to public applause.

He is a harlequin, a clown, appearing in the most unexpected places. The moment you see his face you smell sawdust.

When he opens his mouth you expect the familiar salutation, "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 *Finn in Paul Pry* or *Fanny Elster in the Crucifixion*.

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 writes and welters 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 small 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 noblest aspirations of the soul—

happily sets forth the Divine intentions to hearts smitten by unspeakable sorrow, or hungering and thirsting for the truth.

And while he does this, wailing, paroled 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 scrota, thimbleborer, charlatan?

Is there no name—say, *Ma-worner*, *Pecksniff*, *Joseph Surface*—which he often sees in his paper, and that thing blundering? Does he never only, and that thing blundering? 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 absurdities 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 babbler, and labels him a 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-lofty tumblers presents himself, and the crowd comes in to gaze and stare. The whole affair is no longer religious. Having quit 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 if he tries constantly to leap higher 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 thunder, his flippant familiar-

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 having "the human form divine," the gases and phosphates and fibrin, spring up in grass and flowers and fruits, or flud 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 casket fails, 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.

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 Harmonical 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.

He seizes every occasion to present himself to public attention, and metaphorically to stand on his head and dance the tight rope to public applause.

He is a harlequin, a clown, appearing in the most unexpected places. The moment you see his face you smell sawdust.

When he opens his mouth you expect the familiar salutation, "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 *Finn in Paul Pry* or *Fanny Elster in the Crucifixion*.

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 writes and welters 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 small 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 noblest aspirations of the soul—

happily sets forth the Divine intentions to hearts smitten by unspeakable sorrow, or hungering and thirsting for the truth.

And while he does this, wailing, paroled 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 scrota, thimbleborer, charlatan?

Is there no name—say, *Ma-worner*, *Pecksniff*, *Joseph Surface*—which he often sees in his paper, and that thing blundering? Does he never only, and that thing blundering? 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 absurdities 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 babbler, and labels him a 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-lofty tumblers presents himself, and the crowd comes in to gaze and stare. The whole affair is no longer religious. Having quit 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 if he tries constantly to leap higher 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 thunder, his flippant familiar-

ties with the Divine counsels, his unsparing 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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My wife is now all right in her monthly periods.

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