

# RELIGIOUS PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL

HARMONIAL PHILOSOPHY

THE ARTS AND 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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### THE WORLD OF SPIRITS. Astounding Wonders that Stagger Belief. The Marvelous Mediums of Chittenden- Spirits that Assume Tangible Forms, that Speak and are Felt—A Spirit with a Beat- ing Heart—Braising Water and a Spirit- ual Washerwoman—An Occult Power.

The scene of the objective phenomena known as the Eddy manifestations is a farm house on the turnpike that runs north from Rutland, through a valley skirted on both sides by ranges of the Green Mountains. The distance from Rutland is seven miles, and the nearest Post Office Chittenden, Rutland county. To reach it from New York one takes the New Haven and Hartford and Springfield Railroads to Springfield, and the Connecticut River and Vermont Central roads to Rutland, whence conveyance is by wagon to the Eddy homestead. The visitor can also reach Rutland by way of the Hudson river and Troy. The expense is \$10, besides meals—\$3 for a ticket from New York to Rutland, and \$2 for the wagon ride. The house was built nearly a century ago, stands close to the road, and is shaded by several trees, whose dense foliage, shutting out all sunlight, makes the dark brown structure appear more sombre and inhospitable. It is furnished in the plainest manner, the floors all bare, the chairs of wood, the dining tables of planed boards, knocked together like those commonly seen in picnics and camp meetings, the walls without decoration, and nowhere any evidences of luxury, barely of comfort. A wing at the back holds the dining-room, a small kitchen and pantry below, and overhead is the circle-room, or

Just as the Paris and Proctor girls went to sit with Tituba, in Salem, before the witchcraft tragedies were enacted, and they supposed that other persons than themselves were the mediums. But after awhile the same things occurred in their presence at home, and then followed the parental trouncings referred to. Until about a year ago the phenomena following them are said to have comprised only rappings, playing on instruments, bell ringing, the show of hands, the tying and untying of knotted cords and unlocking of hand-walls, mysterious voices, and the lifting of their bodies to the ceiling of the room or public hall in which they chanced to be exhibiting; but since then, at their own home and elsewhere, forms apparently of spirits, have been "materialized," like that of "Katie King," have walked, talked, produced spectral lights, and woven ghost-cloth in the presence of great numbers of people.

There is nothing about the Eddys or their surroundings to inspire confidence on first acquaintance. The brothers Horatio and William, who are the present mediums, are sensitive, distant, and curt to strangers, look more like hard working, rough farmers than prophets or priests of a new dispensation, have dark complexion, black hair and eyes, still joints, a clumsy carriage, shrink from advances, and make newcomers feel ill at ease and unwelcome. The house is dark, rough, and uninviting, the appurtenances of the rudest, the astounding stories of what the Eddys do excite suspicion and invite distrust, and it would not be strange if the majority of persons attending only one "seance" should leave, as did a gentleman who came here with me, persuaded that it was a colossal humbug. I thought about as much myself at first, and it was not until a second and third opportunity had been afforded me to enter the circle-room, to inspect the cabinet before and after the performances, and I had informed myself from perfectly trustworthy sources as to their antecedents, that I became willing to put my name to this tale and say that, whatever the source of the marvels may be, it is certainly not the chicanery or legerdemain of a pair of expert thaumaturgists. It suffices to leave each to form his own doctrine and join with Cicero, who in describing the different kinds of magic, says: "What we have to do with is the facts, since of the cause we know little. Neither are we to repudiate these phenomena, because we sometimes find them imperfect." Perhaps Mr. Varley or Prof. Crookes or some other savant may in time give us a name for the new force that is responsible for phenomena already proven not to be the results of either electricity or magnetism, singly or in combination. Perhaps the discovery of this occult power may help Prof. Tyndal out of the materialistic slough in which he seems to be floundering.

The visitors to the Eddy homestead during the past year exceed several hundred in number, and hail from every section of the country. A very rigid ordeal of scrutiny has to be undergone before admission to the house is obtained, more than forty persons having been rejected last week. The brothers say their choice is made under spirit impression, and that it is as easily and more satisfactorily made from a letter than from a sight of the applicant. They do not like the business of mediumship, are anxious to sell their farm and quit, do not want visitors, shrink from new acquaintances, and if "the spirits" would let them, would never hold another circle. It is sheer folly to come to their house on the chance of being admitted if time and money are any object, communication by letter being in all cases preferable. They can get no servants to live in the house, and so have to do all the house-work—cooking, washing, and everything—themselves, and as they charge nothing for seances, and but \$8 per week for board, there is small profit and much work in taking boarders. They say they sit for the pleasure of others, not for their own, and if people do not choose to comply with their rules they can stay away. They are at feud with some of their neighbors, and as a rule not liked either in Rutland or Chittenden. I am now satisfied, after a very careful sifting of the matter, that this hostility and the ugly stories told about them are the result of their repellent manners and the ill name that their ghost-room has gained; a simple-minded, prejudiced people, and not a very moral turpitude on their part. They are in fact under the ban of a public opinion that is not prepared or desirous to study the phenomena as either scientific marvels or revelations from another world.



The mediums of Chittenden are said to be shared by the whole family of Eddy children, originally twelve in number, but now reduced to five—three sons and two daughters. It will interest Dr. Eliam, Mr. Upham, Mr. Wallace, and other students of psychology and hereditary transmission of traits, to know that the great-grandmother on the female side was condemned to death at Salem in 1694, for "witchcraft." She escaped the gallows, however, by being rescued from the jail by her friends. As nearly as I can discover by inquiry from others than the parties interested themselves, the phenomena accompanied the children through their school days, and being misunderstood by their parents, were the occasion of their getting many sound whippings to "lick the devil out of them." The grandmother was a "foreseer," and the mother was also, like the Goethes, Pietro Allighieri (the son of Dante), Casotto, the Highland gude-wives, the Danish seers, and hosts of others in various parts of the world, subject to visionary warnings of events to come, and she ultimately became a believer in Spiritualism. But old Mr. Eddy, the father, was a tough knot, and complacently assigned a diabolical agency to whatever he could not pronounce humbug.

been witnessed by vast numbers who have attended the exhibitions of the Davenport brothers and other like mediums, and which the Eddys show both in dark and light circles in great perfection. After seeing what one sees here, the "hands" of the Davenports, the "masks" of Slade, the "busis" at Moravia, and the shadowy hands that so puzzled Lord Brougham and Sir David Brewster may be regarded as trivialities, worthy of no more than a passing mention in any future treatise on these mysteries of psychology.

The circles here begin at 8 o'clock P.M. every day but Sundays, when none are held. The visitors assemble in the room, which has been locked all day (another cause for suspicion to the skeptic, but accounted for by believers on the ground that each person sheds a certain magnetism, aura, or something about him which tends to pollute the electric atmosphere of a room, and that is prejudicial to the best exhibition of these phenomena), at half past seven, and spend a half hour in dancing, singing, or otherwise to promote something like harmony and cheerful feeling in all present. They are then invited to seat themselves on the benches, and William Eddy hangs a thick shawl over the door of the cabinet, which he enters, and sits on the chair. The lamp is turned down until only a dim light remains, the sitters in front join hands, and a violinist, placed at the extreme right of the row and nearest the platform, plays on his instrument. All is then anxious expectation. Presently the curtain rises, he pushes aside, and a form steps out and faces the audience. Seen in the obscurity, silent and motionless, appearing like the character of a visitor from beyond the grave, it is calculated to arouse the most intense feelings of awe and terror in the minds of the timid, but happily the idea is so incomprehensible, the suggestion so unaccountable, even absurd, that at first most people choose to unconsciously inspect the thing as a mesmerizing pleasantry on the part of the man they saw a moment before enter the cabinet. That the window of his closet is twenty feet from the ground; that no ladder can be found about the premises; that there is no nook or corner of the house where a large wardrobe can be stored without detection; that the medium totally differs in every material particular from the majority of the phantasms embodied; that the family are barely rich enough to provide themselves with the necessaries of life, let alone a multitude of costly theatrical properties avails nothing, although everybody can satisfy himself upon these points as I did. The first impression is that there is some trickery; for to think otherwise is to do violence to the world's traditions from the beginning until now. Besides which, the feeling of terror is lessened by the apparition being seen by each person in company with numerous other mortals like himself, and the locked hands and touching shoulders on each side soon beget confidence. If the shape is recognized it bows and retires, sometimes after addressing words in an audible whisper or a natural voice, as the case may be, to its friends, sometimes not.

After an interval of two or three minutes the curtain is again lifted, and another form, quite different in sex, gait, costume, complexion, length, and arrangement of hair, height and breadth of body, and apparent age, comes forth; to be followed in turn by others and others, until after an hour or so the season is brought to a close, and the medium reappears with baggy eyes and apparently much exhausted. In the three seances I have attended, I have seen shapes of Indian men and women, and white persons old and young, each in a different dress, to the number of thirty two; and I am told by respectable persons who have been here a long while, that the number averages twelve a night. The Eddys have sat continuously for nearly a year, and are wearied in body and mind by the incessant drain upon their vital force which is said to be inevitable in these phenomena. For want of a better explanation, I may as well state that they claim that the manifestations are produced by a band of spirits, organized with a special director, mistress of ceremonies, chemist, assistant chemist, and dark and light circle operators. The director is an unknown spirit of high intelligence; the mistress of ceremonies in William's circle, a Mrs. Eaton, who died about two years and a half ago in central New York; the chemist, a very good white woman, calling herself "The Witch of the Mountains"; the assistant chemist, an Indian girl named Honto; the light circle operator, a sailor, named George Dix; and the mistress of the dark circle, a little Italian maiden calling herself "Mayflower," who is assisted by Dix and a number of others. I saw of these, Mrs. Eaton, Honto, and the Witch of the Mountain, and heard them, and Dix and Mayflower also speak. The two last named did not appear to the eye, but spoke in a dark circle. Mrs. Eaton is a little old woman, dressed in a grayish calico dress (or some stuff that looked like that fabric), and a long check apron. Her voice is loud and strong, but more like a man's falsetto, and the first evening before I had seen her I fancied it was William Eddy himself, and was much annoyed at the apparent cheat. Honto is about five feet five inches high, a well-made, buxom girl, of dark copper complexion, and with long black hair. She is very agile and spry in gait, graceful in movement, and evidently a superior person of her class. At my second seance, she in my presence reached up to the bare white wall and pulled out a piece of gauzy fabric about four yards long, which parted from the plastering with a click, as if the end had been glued to it. She hung it over the railing to show us its texture, and then threw it into the cabinet. At either end

of the platform she plucked, as if from the air itself, knitted shawls, which she opened and shook, and passed behind the curtain. Then descending the steps to the floor of the room, she pulled another from under Horatio Eddy's chair, where I had seen nothing but the bare floor a moment before. Then returning to the platform, she danced to the accompaniment of the violin, after which she re-entered the cabinet and was gone. Let it be noticed that this creature had the shoulders, bust, and hips of a woman, a woman's hair, and feminine ways, and that she was at least four inches shorter than William Eddy, who measures five feet nine inches and weighs 154 pounds.

A very estimable old lady of the neighborhood, a Mrs. Cleveland, told me that one evening, some doubt being expressed as to Honto's sex, she beckoned my informant to the platform, opened her own dress, and caused her to place her hand upon the naked bosom, and feel the beating of her heart. Mrs. Cleveland testified that she is indeed a woman, and in the action of her heart, the inspiration and expiration of her lungs, and temperature of her skin as substantial and life-like as any woman she ever laid hand upon. It will also be recollected that Mrs. Florence Marryatt Ross Church was permitted to feel "Katie King's" body in like manner in London, and that her report corroborates Mrs. Cleveland's. At my third seance the same old lady being present, Honto called her up and instantly forming one of her shadowy shawls, pulled it apparently from the back of Mrs. Cleveland's neck. She also, it almost seemed as if to answer the doubt in my mind, stood beside that lady, who is of the average height of her sex, and showed that she (Honto) is just about five feet four or five inches high. Before retiring on this occasion, she danced with Mrs. Cleveland as partner. Little Mayflower, whom, as I said, I did not see, but whom I felt and heard talk and sing in a dark circle, favored me with her history. She says she has been dead about a century. She is of Italian parentage, her parents settling in the wilds of Canada, being murdered by Indians, and herself made captive and adopted into the tribe. She only lived to the age of eleven, and, therefore, according to the laws of spiritual intercourse, is obliged to appear as a child whenever she approaches us. I held quite a long discourse with this charming little creature, whose voice is sweet and sympathetic, who improvises verses upon any subject given on the spur of the moment, like an expert Italian improvisator, and who plays upon the mouth harmonicon in a truly ravishing manner. The child came and stood at my knee, talking to me the while, and playing upon a guitar that she rested upon my lap. I make this statement thus unqualifiedly because, although it was dark and I saw nothing, her presence was palpable to at least two of my senses, both at the time preternaturally acute. I can at least vouch that this phantom was neither of the Eddy brothers, if I doubted the genuineness of any of the rest, which I now do not.

One of the most amazing sights I have beheld in this memorable vacation visit was the appearance of an aged lady, clad in white, who emerged from the cabinet, called her son to her, met him near the steps, put her arms about his neck, kissed him so audibly that everybody in the room could hear it, helped him across the platform to the chair H., one arm over his shoulder, and the other hand holding his hand, whispering some private matters into his ear, and again embracing him before retiring into the cabinet. The gentleman, a Mr. Pritchard of Albany, says he saw every wrinkle in his mother's face, the color and sparkle of her eye, the color of her complexion and hair, and every detail of her dress to the very ribbon in her old-fashioned cap. Fancy, for one moment, being witness to a meeting between a son and his mother, who comes from beyond the grave to see him after a lapse of several years! The same thing occurred to him before, and on that occasion his mother having apparently overstayed her time and exhausted the force, whatever it may be, that materializes her body, turned suddenly to leave him.

excited by the place and its surroundings, and the astounding claims put forth by the spiritual press as to the Eddy manifestations, I was on the alert to detect fraud and expose it. As each phantom came into view I observed its height against the door jamb, its probable weight, its movements, apparent age, style of wearing the hair, and beard if a man, the nature and elaborateness of its costume, and the external marks of sex, as regards form—all the while having in mind the square, Dutch build and heavy movements of William Eddy. I saw men, women, and children come one after another before me, and in no one instance detected the slightest evidence of trickery. Among the remarkable tests of identity coming under my notice was the appearance of a young soldier of about twenty years of age, the son of Judge Bacon of St. Johnsbury, Vt., whose death occurred under painful circumstances in the army, and whose name or existence even had not been mentioned by his father to any person about the place. The spirit was clothed in a dressing-gown, light trousers, and a white shirt with turn-down collar. He was instantly recognized. The night that Mr. Pritchard was sitting on the chair H., two of his nephews, dressed differently, wearing their beards in different ways, differing in height and appearance in a marked degree, stepped forward and shook hands with him. I sat within five yards of them and saw them with entire distinctness.

At my last seance the old "Witch of the Mountains," a withered old nig, with tottering gait and snow white locks, came out, sat in a chair, called up several of the audience to shake hands with her and receive other tokens of her friendliness, and after making Judge Bacon feel the length and silkiness of her hair, gave him leave to pull out a lock as a keepsake, which he did, and I saw the hair in his possession. This old woman is credited with the performance of a sort of miracle, of which I think I was almost the sole witness. William Eddy does most of the house-work about the place—even to the washing—and very frequently goes about chattering an Irish brogue, and acting like one of those model servant girls, who somebody describes as "steam engines in petticoats." At such times he is supposed to be obsessed by the ghost of a servant girl, one Ann Cuddy, an honest sort of creature, who departed this life at Cleveland some years since. Yesterday William was washing in the yard, the kettle for boiling the clothes hanging over a chip fire near by. For want of something better to do at the moment I gathered a few chips and was mending the fire, when William, or perhaps we might say "Ann," using his vocal organs, said to me: "Sure, any fool can make a fire with wood; 'T'll show yez how to make one burn with water!"—and dipping some water out of the horse trough close at hand, he flung it upon the flickering fire. Immediately the coalfire was enveloped in a great blaze as if he had poured alcohol or oil upon the embers, and every piece of fuel was kindled. Recovering from my surprise, I laughingly said that any fool could do that, and flung some of the self-same water upon the fire, effectually putting it out. I leave Mr. Plain, the water gas man, to explain how water poured upon a weak wood fire can be made to serve the purpose of kindling. I am told that the witch has frequently done this trick before, besides other things in the circle equally remarkable. She gave warning yesterday morning that at a certain hour and minute William's spirit would leave his body, go to the other world, and return in exactly thirty-two minutes. At the time prescribed, William sure enough went into a trance, his body became as cold as marble, the skin turned livid purple, his tongue black and protruding, his eyes glazed, and he presented every appearance of a corpse. But at the expiration of the allotted half hour he came to himself, and wept bitterly at being recalled from what he described as a scene of celestial joy. Of course this species of cataleptic vision is common enough, and I should not think it worth mentioning out for the pyrotechnic experiment of the ancient wizard, and her appearance is propria persona the same evening at the regular circle.

If your readers have not already had their fill of marvels, let me tell them a story that I had from Mrs. Cleveland's own mouth. Since I read the "Castle of Otranto" and Lewis' "Monk," I don't recall anything more uncanny. One evening the old lady was sitting in the house alone, reading, when there came a single loud rap on the door. She went and opened it, and saw a man standing there, dressed in dark clothes and a white hat, and carrying a small black box or trunk under his arm. Over his face he held a napkin, behind which he addressed Mrs. Cleveland, and asked a night's lodging. His mysterious behavior excited her suspicions that he was some escaped lunatic, or perhaps a tramp who might be disposed to rob her, so she refused his application, and he moved off toward the Eddy house, with the whining remark that it was too bad to turn a man away on such a winter night as that to perish. Presently, Horatio Eddy came running over to say that a man had walked into their house, scaring the family as they sat together in the living room by his abrupt appearance, and being refused shelter had passed on down the road. While the two were conversing, there came another loud rap at the door, and this time Horatio and Mrs. Cleveland went to see who it was, the former carrying a kerosene lamp. Upon opening, they saw the same person standing there, and as he was repeating his application for shelter, Horatio let the lamp-light shine

(Continued on 5th page)



Extracts from our Exchanges.

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

Memory: What it Teaches About the Future Life.

A LECTURE BY WILLIAM MITCHELL.

(From the Spiritual Bar.)

Man's privilege and responsibility it is, to have a three-fold experience. He lives in the Past by Memory, in the Present by Consciousness, in the Future by Foresight. He is a being of large discourse, looking before and behind him. His is a glorious responsibility, enclosed in no narrow life of the Present.

Memory, then, is the backward looking eye of the soul. It is the faculty by which we renew the past. It enables the individual to gain, not only by his own experience, but also to learn by the experience of the race.

Memory, then, is the backward looking eye of the soul. It is the faculty by which we renew the past. It enables the individual to gain, not only by his own experience, but also to learn by the experience of the race.

What is once in the memory is there forever—a most solemn and momentous fact to us human beings, who are, alas! too much given to be thoughtless and frivolous.

In addition to instances, like these, there is the fact of our remembering our dreams; and our own thoughts, purely mental and spiritual experiences.

but we know that the mind is acting, whether creatively or receptively, without apparently real objects being presented to the senses.

This seems to me to be the truth. Our good and our evil deeds are incorporated into our innermost nature, and there is no putting them away.

Thought or feeling, word or deed, Buried howsoever deep, What we sow, that shall we reap.

Thus do we learn that conscience would be deprived of its power, and that human progress would be all but impossible, if the mind were not a mirror—and not a living conscious force—in which objects were reflected only while they were actually present.

Be blown about in desert dust, Or sealed within the iron hills,

If each individual person is not to retain his consciousness, that I AM I, MYSELF. Personal identity will be preserved, or the immortal life may as well have no existence, so far as Moral Ends are concerned.

If all this be so, heaven and hell need not be places located in particular spots in space, but states and conditions of being. The abode in any place called heaven, however glorious in itself, with evil memories, would really be hell.

Well, now we have come to some conclusions with regard to the nature and office of Memory, in the spiritual world, whether here or over there, what will it be likely to do for us when we leave this world, and what will our experience be?

would interfere with our worldly interests—the truths we have secretly acknowledged and openly opposed, or even ignored; every one of our fellow-men whom we have wronged—all, all will be there, torturing us with the vengeful fury, and will not be put down till we have paid the utmost farthing of repentance, and just and loving restitution.

For guilt and penalty move hand in hand, Dumb Retribution dogs the steps of sin, While evermore the Parcae weave their webs, Not over but within.

Again, we have wonderful and weird superstitious traditions in some of our country villages—mythical stories of old houses on whose floors murder has stamped itself in blood, the marks of which cannot be washed out, planed away, or removed by any means which men have at their command.

Spiritual Grove-Meeting at Waverly Iowa.

Our Grove-meeting of the 6th and 6th inst., was a perfect success in every sense of the word. We met at Dean's Grove within the city limits.

A. J. CASE, Secy., Waverly, Ia., Sept. 7th, 1874.

THREE MONTHS 25-CENT TRIAL SUBSCRIPTIONS are always discontinued when the time is up, unless renewed under our very liberal offer to such subscribers.

monies of sweetest music. He was borne upward by beings with white, wide-spread, and shining wings. "And who are ye?" he asked of them as he passed upward into that Summerland of splendor and delight.

The eager spirit has darted from my hold, And with intemperate energy of love, Flies to the dear feet of Immanuel.

There, motionless and happy in my pain, Lone, not in sorrow, I sing my sad perpetual strain, Until the morn.

On recovering its consciousness, the soul sings a plaintive prayer song, to be taken away from the ravishing vision of God to a place of purification, until its spiritual life is made perfect.

That is the work of the noblest spirits here, and I am sure they will not be engaged in less holy and useful occupations in the Eternal World.

Could the whole orthodox world have listened to and understood the immortal truths as they fell from the lips of these earthly angels, your correspondent would have been satisfied.

D. J. WALLING, Pres't. Waverly, Ia., Sept. 7th, 1874.

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A CARD.

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The Dominic's Spiritual Visitor.

The London Spectator, in an article entitled, "The Deteriorated Breed of Ghosts," discusses in considerable length the latest phase of spiritual manifestations as compared with the "grand style" of the old-time ghosts of the ante-Spiritualistic epoch.

When I had performed about half my journey, as I was emerging from a wood situated at the commencement of a long, steep decline, I observed coming toward me a man on foot.

When I had ridden about half way down the hill I noticed something moving, and in the same direction as myself, on the other side of the large hedge, which ran nearly parallel with the road, and ultimately terminated at a gate through which I had to pass.

I did not then doubt for a moment but that he had resolved to attack—perhaps murder—me for the sake of my watch, and what money I might have about me.

The idea of risking a personal encounter could not be entertained for a moment, for what chance could I—weak and unarmed—have against a powerful man with a dangerous weapon in his hand?

At this juncture my horse, growing impatient at the delay, started off; I clutched the reins, which I had let fall on his neck, for the purpose of checking him, when, happening to turn my eyes, I saw to my utter astonishment that I was no longer alone.

I followed his gaze and saw the reaper emerge from his concealment and cut across a field to our left, resheathing his sickle as he hurried along.

Having watched the figure of the reaper disappear over the brow of a neighboring hill, I turned to my companion and said, "Can it for a moment be doubted that my prayer was heard, and that you were sent for my deliverance by the Lord?"

A National Religion Prophesied: [From the Common Sense] A few years prior to the late civil war, a singular prophecy was published in various papers of the United States, called "The Vision of Joseph Hoag."

And I saw them dividing in great heat. This division began in the Church on points of doctrine. It commenced in the Presbyterian Society and went through the various religious denominations, and in all its progress and close its effects were nearly the same.

Then it entered politics throughout the United States and produced a civil war, and abundance of human blood was shed in the combat. The southern states lost their power, and slavery was abolished.

This vision is yet for many years, but it became such a burden that for my own relief I have written it.

Mr. Hazard comments on this vision, saying that all of the events first pictured have actually occurred in this country, namely, the divisions among the Quakers, the Freemason excitement, growing out of the abduction of Morgan, the anti-slavery excitement and war, and concludes as follows:

Tens of thousands of mourners for their slaughtered dead still survive to testify to the truth of the prophet's prediction, made more than half a century before the events were accomplished, in regard to the "abundance of human blood that was shed in the combat" through which "the southern states lost their power and slavery was abolished."

All these predictions have now become stereotyped history to the very letter, and are recorded in exact order of time. But yet the people, so far from manifesting any signs of prudence by the severe inflictions, seem to be running with accelerated speed into every abomination and evil practice conceivable.

In connection with this singular prophecy, it may be worth while to notice there is a belief in the minds of many persons in Europe and America, and it is openly stated by many spirits, that the world is on the brink of the most terrible religious struggle it has ever seen.

Mr. Disraeli has now, for the third time, hinted at the probability of the troubles of Europe culminating in a general and terrific war. He thinks that the death of the Pope, now necessarily near at hand, will precipitate matters, and that the French, who never were so well prepared for war as now, will take advantage of the probably distracted state of Germany, in consequence of Catholic resistance to Bismarck's repressive measures, to strike for the recovery of Alsace and Lorraine, and of their lost power and prestige.

The civil war now raging in Spain, and as far from settlement as ever, is in fact a religious war, between the Progressives and the Catholics.

Mother Shipton, in her prophecy, made in the 15th Century—all other particulars of which have been fulfilled to the letter, puerile as it seems—speaks of 1881 "as the end of the world."

Professor Chaney, the astrologer, and English astrologers also, say that in 1881 the aspects of the planets forebode terrible and unheard of evils to the earth.

All fingers, (mortal and spiritual), prophetic and practical, seem just now to point to a rough time coming.

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CHICAGO, SATURDAY, SEPT. 26, 1874.

Items on Prayer, etc.

They have one at Saratoga who may be safely placed at the head of his class. A reporter remarks: "He glowingly portrayed the Christian racer as feathering his oar with precision, turning the stake-boat of life with all the resolution of faith, coming down the desperate course of the home-stretch with vigor, fixing his eyes on the heavenly referee, and taking a good care not to imitate the disciple Judas, and break his skull." And now comes the

PRAYER OF A GODLY TURFMAN.

He had experienced religion. His sinful heart had been changed, and his life became as serene as a midsummer's day. Accustomed to ask God to forgive his sins, to wash them away with the blood of Jesus, he finally commenced asking him to assist him in business transactions, which gradually extended to the domain of the turf, requesting him in humble adoration, to open his vision that he might discern the fastest horse. Why not ask God to assist him in a controversy with the ungodly—was such a request incompatible with his holiness and goodness? He did not consider it so, and therefore the evening before the races, just before retiring for the night, he humbly knelt down, and after some preliminary skirmishing with sundry evils and difficulties, he said: "And now, O Lord, having invoked Thy blessing on my family, and all other good people and good works everywhere, there is one thing more, O Lord, which is near to Thy servant's heart, in which he would humbly pray Thy assistance; if in Thine infinite wisdom and goodness it may seem fitting to thus favor Thy servant.

Thou knowest, O Lord, that on the morrow a trial of speed of fleet horses—most perfect specimens of Thy handiwork, O Lord—will take place; Thou further knowest, O Lord, Thou who knowest all things, that Thy servant hath it in his heart to attend this congregation together of swift steeds.

It will be a place, O Lord, where the godly and the ungodly will be brought face to face and will strive together.

And I would further state in this connection, O Lord, that most probably thousands of dollars will change hands during the exercises. Knowing, O Lord, that in times past it was Thy good pleasure to deliver the heathen and the ungodly into the hands of Thy chosen people as a prey and a spoil, Thy servant would most humbly ask, O Lord, that Thou be with him through the struggles of the morrow.

If Thou thinkest it be not too much to ask, O Lord, on a short acquaintance, Thy servant would desire that Thou wouldst open his eyes—even as Thou didst open the eyes of him that was blind—that he may see and rightly judge of the means and capabilities of the divers steeds arrayed over against one another, and that the treasures of the ungodly and such as revile Thy holy name may pass over into the hands of Thy loving servant; and Thine, O Lord, be the glory and the praise forever, and ever, world without end. Amen."

And now steps forward Mrs. Cynthia Leonard, who is devoting all her energies to reform fallen women, especially young ladies led astray—she considers that "work" is more effective than prayer, in accomplishing her mission. She presides over a society called THE GOOD SAMARITANS, and is the right woman in the right place. She is plucky, is keen in perception, and boldly faces those who rely on "prayer," instead of works, and she triumphs. The society over which she presides is devoted to redeeming erring women, and furnishing them honorable employment, and, of course, such a work as that should not be of a sectarian character. At one of the meetings, however, women, who have prayer on the brain, and who may be considered as belonging to a large society of religious impracticables, whose presence will generally prove a curse to such a noble enterprise as Mrs. Leonard is engaged in, presented themselves, and wanted to stick in their everlasting ding-dong prayers. This created a rumpus, for, while the Good Samaritans desired the co-operation of all respectable ladies, they wished their noble enterprise to be exclusively of a non-sectarian character. Finally they triumphed, resulting in the selection of Mrs. Leonard as presiding officers, who now comes out with the following letter of explanation:

SIR: I am sorry the public so misunderstand the "Good Samaritan" ladies as to suppose they quarrel among themselves. Not one of the praying women ever did a thing or brought a dollar into the Society except Mrs. Frankland and Mrs. McLain, and the latter is the only person whom we ever have paid for her work. The former has done nothing for more than a month. Those who do not work we do not call Samaritans. If we had failed, as did the Christian women who undertook it before us, these praying women would have boastfully said, "I told you so," but, since we have made ourselves a success in spite of our enemies, they call constantly for God's vengeance upon us miserable sinners. I do not blame them, "poor things;" if I prayed for my living, I, too, would probably crowd the market with prayers. I am afraid our market is overstocked, which is probably the reason God does not answer their prayers, and make an example of us.

When I was a child I attended school in a country village where the inhabitants were holding a revival meeting, during which time there was also a sleighing party and ball. A naughty uncle of mine rode with the party past the house of a Presbyterian Deacon where I happened to be, and was recognized "by us girls." Immediately the Deacon launched upon his knees with a bound like a coal-cart discharging his burden, and cried aloud for God's wrath to descend upon my devoted uncle's head: "Oh! God, visit him with Thy vengeance, I pray Thee. Make Thou an example of him; bring upon him, oh! God, blindness, or whatsoever Thou wilt, that such a wful sinner may see the error of their ways."

I was a very imaginative child, and pictured to myself a God with such a wrathful countenance as the old Deacon's, and nearly shed tears for the only son of my loved grandmother. The next day, when I heard my naughty uncle rollicking through the house, and saw his happy smiling face, I immediately thought of the old Deacon's God of yesterday, and of my grandmother's God of to-day, and I pictured to myself a pleasant-looking God with his legs comfortably crossed, smoking his cigar, and smiling contemptuously at the old Deacon who was a prayerful Christian man. His prayers were much in the same spirit as those of most of our "praying sisters."

Why should they hinder our work? Surely the field is large enough for both of us. We will never get one hindrance in their way. We will charge them with neither drunkenness nor profanity," but will cheerfully extend the right hand of fellowship to them, and if any of the poor girls who fall to our lot should be in need of prayers only, we will gladly send them to their Shelter. We expect to work hand in hand with the "Refugee ladies," they have really broken the ground for us all. In all these things we are experimenting. The Refugee ladies did what their hands found to do, and were successful. We have started out on a broader field, but with no antagonism towards them, and there is still a field open for the prayer-loving community, and I invite them to occupy that field. We do not need all prayers, but good works.

The most beautiful prayer to which I ever had the pleasure to listen was at "Unity Church" in this city. The pastor closed his eyes, and a peaceful smile was on his face. As he stood in the perfect silence, the organ began to breathe, as in the distance; it grew nearer and nearer, with its deep, solemn tones; now swelling, now diminishing; now surging and sobbing; now cooling and caressing, as though God's blessing was that moment descended upon our heads. My heart responded to that prayer. "This was surely the language of Heaven. Oh, it was more than earthly—it was of the grandest of eloquence!"

Women who make a business of praying, who, like the street organ grinder, force their noise upon us, are the ones whom Christ speaks of as "standing in the synagogues, and in the corners of the streets, that they may be seen of men." We do not wish their reward. We have no patience with women, who come into our business meetings and offer to turn them into prayer meetings when we have important business to transact for the poor unfortunate women under our care. When a woman, who ought to be doing by others as she is constantly asking others to do by her, tramps the streets with tears in her eyes, declaring "she works for Jesus, her blessed Jesus," I can not say that I have either respect for or patience with her. If these women would prove themselves as wise as "Balaam's ass" and speak, I would be satisfied, but no, they must "pray."

Friday's Tribune speaks of the "bitter, unreasonable, and intolerant expressions which some of the ladies were betrayed into using" at our meeting on Wednesday last. I wish to say that no bitter or uncharitable expression was made except by the so-called "Christian element," and in Saturday's correspondence the writer is shocked at a remark made by our youngest and most inexperienced member, who tried to be sarcastic; and if the whole of her remarks had been reported it would have sounded very differently.

We have not two "Homes." The Shelter is only an ante-room to the Home; no one remains more than a day or two there. I made the call for this society, and I called for a humanitarian society, entirely cosmopolitan and non-sectarian. These praying women can call a meeting, and I will do all I can to help them, but I can not join them if they are Christians. I prefer to be a "heathen."

CYNTHIA LEONARD.

In connection herewith, we desire to refer to the "Peculiar People," a sect in England who are at war with Doctors and medicinal Agents. They are the only consistent religionists in the world. Their life is characteristic of their principles. They believe in Prayer—even more so than Godly Turfman did—in fact, they are Bible Christians, illustrating its literal meaning in their daily walk. According to the London Times, Thomas Hines, one of those devoted to the letter of Divine law was brought before Baron Pigott of London on a charge of manslaughter, at the Central Criminal Court. The prisoner was accused of having caused the death of his child by neglecting to provide it with necessary medical attendance. It appears from the London Times that the "Peculiar People," have rendered themselves notorious on several occasions by their passive resistance to the prevailing custom of sending for doctors to visit and attend their sick. They interpret literally, the injunction of the Apostle James to call in the elders of the church to pray and to anoint with oil, and they not only interpret this injunction literally, but they regard it as containing their whole duty in the matter, and as excluding any resort to the aid of medicine. It was proved that the child, whose death was made the subject of the indictment was taken ill at the end of May, and that he died on the 6th of July following. No doctor was called to him, nor was any

medicine given; but he was watched and tended carefully, was anointed and prayed over, and was fed not only with ordinary food, but also with port-wine, brandy, arrowroot, milk, and tea. The reason why no medical advice was sought was that recourse to it is contrary to the faith of the sect, who in such cases "trust in the Lord." The medical evidence was to the effect the disease was of a nature to have been amenable to treatment, and that if a doctor had been called in, the chances of the child's recovery would have been increased. It was contended on the part of the prosecution, that medical attendance was a "necessary" which the parent of this child of tender age was bound to provide, and that there had been such criminal neglect on his part as would render him liable to legal penalties. The "criminal," however, was acquitted; the failure to secure the services of a physician, not being sufficient to sustain a charge of manslaughter. It is, however, refreshing to find a sect bold enough to rely exclusively on prayer; but the effects thereof, to those engaged therein, do not seem to prove successful.

Blood—The Insanity of Cain Established.

Cain, a man of venerable aspect, but rather genial demeanor, the fruit of a horrible curse ("in sorrow thou [Eve] shalt bring forth children"), once sought earnestly to propitiate God, and gain his good will by humbly presenting him various kinds of vegetables (see Genesis 4:3), consisting of onions, potatoes, squashes, pumpkins, radishes, beets, etc. Strange to say, Cain selected a time to offer his vegetables to God, when his nature was acrimonious, rendered so by his repeated altercations with the Serpent, and consequently he treated Cain, the venerable young man, with a great deal of disrespect—indeed, he gave him no praise whatever for his good intentions, but he foolishly petted Abel, a great, big, lubberly boy, who raised Alpine goats and Spanish Merino sheep, being too lazy to exercise himself sufficiently to pull the beets which Cain had successfully cultivated.

The partiality on the part of God, for this overgrown, pusillanimous Abel, of course greatly disturbed the equanimity of Cain's mind, and he became insane—emotionally insane—in fact, he became a confirmed hypochondriac, constantly dwelling on his misfortunes, and trying to account on some reasonable hypothesis why God should spurn his magnificent vegetables—his rose-colored pumpkins and Irish potatoes.

We always admired Cain; Yankee blood tingled in his veins, and a love of agriculture had given him a knowledge of nature which Abel, so obtuse in intellect, could never obtain. He was superior to Abel in all respects—more manly in his acts; more gentlemanly and kind in his intercourse with the world, and when he presented his mammoth vegetables, the fruit of the earth, to God, he did the very best he could under the circumstances; and when the Lord treated him in a supercilious manner—indeed with utter contempt, his great magnanimous heart immediately commenced a career of emotional insanity. Thereafter he neglected his potato crop; his onions were surrounded by vexatious weeds until the life was choked out of them; his pumpkins run to vines, and his farm bore the appearance of that which belonged to Farmer Spendthrift, who lived in Sleepy Hollow, N. Y.

Abel, the big blubberhead, petted by God, prospered the same as General Grant's relations do, and his means increased in like ratio, while Cain suffering from the effects of insanity, presented only a wreck of his former noble manhood. Had Cain lived in this day and age of the world, and been incarcerated in the lunatic asylum at Jacksonville, Illinois, he probably would have soon recovered, and not, therefore, had his hands stained with blood. It was his misfortune, however, to have been born too soon—too early in the world's history, when God had just commenced the business of world-making, man-making and woman-making, cursing, etc., and consequently he was not expected to know everything.

Now God does not cursing whatever. No one ever heard him say an unkind word to anybody. In fact, his intellectual acumen is far superior to what it was when he showed his back parts to Moses—under no consideration would he expose his person now—he has emerged from the semi-barbarous state in which he was then, and now is considered a first-class God, capable of conducting business without such a crash as occurred in the Garden of Eden. Inexperienced then, never having made a man or woman, he was perhaps too thoughtless, like Jay Cooke & Co., in investing in railroad bonds, and the consequence was a failure of business. This was a natural consequence of his inability and inexperience.

Now, when Cain brought his vegetables and placed them by the side of Abel's animals, the Alpine goats and Spanish Merino sheep, of course God, seeing their snowy whiteness, looked on them with a great deal of consideration, but never having read Graham's work on the advantage of a vegetable diet over that of an animal, as a natural consequence he decided in favor of Abel, not even giving Cain one glance of recognition, saying (Gen. 4:7), "Thou [Abel] shalt rule over him." Cain heard him distinctly when he said it, and it was then and there that the seeds of his emotional insanity were sown by God himself, and ever after, Cain was not responsible for his acts. Who would not have felt deeply injured, when doing his best, exerting every nerve and muscle to produce something desirable for God, and being contemptuously spurned, and placed under the control of an imbecile goat and sheep tender? Who would not on being treated in that supercilious manner, become eventually insane? Who would not declare war

on being treated thus, the same as our forefathers did, when they resented England's insult by throwing their favorite article, tea, into the sea? Who would submit to have a blubberhead of a brother, who only knew enough to herd sheep and goats, to take charge of you, when you had entered into honorable competition with him, simply because a beast of the field was considered superior to a magnificent pumpkin? Taking all things into consideration, we do not wonder that Cain became insane, and was actuated to kill his brother.

Oh! had Cain lived in these modern times, in the age of sharp lawyers and clear-headed judges, he could have had a fair trial, his insanity fully established, and himself acquitted! Our sympathies are with Cain! Being an agriculturist and living on the productions of the earth, he was by nature kind and magnanimous in spirit; so sensitive was he that it was easy to render him emotionally insane. Abel, on the contrary, was accustomed to a mutton diet almost exclusively; and as that diet will render a dog vicious and savage, we have a right to conclude that Abel was of that nature.

The first blood was shed by Cain. The first partial judge was God himself. This blood, too, that came forth in crimson hues from the veins of Abel and saturating the earth, it cried out (Gen. 4:10) to God, and he heard it. As we glance at the Bible, blood, blood, blood, constantly greets us. Innocent men are beheaded; innocent children are mercilessly butchered; married women are slaughtered by the hundreds, and scenes of carnage and bloodshed greet us everywhere. Such being the case, it is not strange that a religion has been inaugurated founded on blood. But thanks to the true God, blood is being utilized in this day and age of the world, and instead of being used for religious purposes, it is becoming one of the corner stones of medical science.

A Paris correspondent of the New York Times says, that a new remedy for consumption has been found—or at least, the doctors think so at this moment—in the transfusion of the blood of animals. In France, transfusion has always been performed from man to man, but, while it has been found easy to get men to give up their blood for money, while enjoying the eclat of an experiment in a crowded amphitheater, amid the applause of hundreds of students, good Samaritans are rare in private life. A medical man was unable to find any one ready to sell his life's blood to a young lady until he made a romantic appeal, and in the case of an aged man it was quite impossible. But Dr. O. Hesse, of St. Petersburg, says that human blood is not absolutely necessary. He has performed the operation of transfusion thirty-one times. In sixteen of his cases debilitated blood was employed—a practice generally condemned. In the remaining fifteen cases, the blood of sheep was used. There was one death; in three other cases there was no perceptible improvement; in the remaining eleven cases there was a marked improvement throughout, and in some cases perfect cures. Dr. Hesse hopes to prove that he can cure pulmonary phthisis in this way. Dr. Geddelices has tried the transfusion of sheep's blood in two cases. In one there was great improvement, and in the other a complete cure. Indeed, how much better it would be for the world, to ignore the use of blood as a plan of salvation, and transfer that plank over to medical science. Give us blood to cure diseases, but none to wash away sins!

That Free Love Concern.

As is well known, several Free-lovers of this city, desiring to be placed in a situation where they could come more closely in rapport with each other, have emigrated to Valcour Island in Lake Champlain, a short distance below Plattsburg. An exchange says: "At Valcour Island the Harmonical Fraternity will locate its principal buildings, which as the circular proudly announces, will include one calf-house and one hog-house, where calves and hogs will be bred and slaughtered in a strictly communistic way. Here the Brothers and Sisters will live in unity, and what the Oneida Community call a state of complex marriage. In other words, they will be practical free-lovers, and will neither deny their creed nor sit on the ragged edge of remorse to any great extent."

This concludes the free and easy characters, expect to build up a community as prosperous as the Oneida Community, N. Y. In that they will fail. The Oneida Community has prospered on account of the intelligence, sagacity and business tact of its leader, who has succeeded in enlisting the labor and capital of those whom he can control. There is not one among them, who if alone would fall to make a good living and, perhaps, accumulate wealth. He has never admitted to their ranks as a co-laborer, a dead beat, one who had not the ability to sustain himself. Several who have joined the Valcour Community, or went there to do so, seemed to have no correct idea of gaining a livelihood—in fact, they were incompetent to do so. Will such a combination prove progressive? Will a half dozen failures make one success? Can the inexperienced retrieve their fortunes by co-operation? "Free Love" is the bait with which they expect to invite capital. To render the bait more effective, they have several good looking young ladies, just the same as a house of prostitution would have, in order to prosper. Through their instrumentality they expect to "lure" into their folds some rich old fool, who will furnish them the means that their own intelligence or industry could never gain. They may be lucky enough to secure some masculine goose, who wishes to be fondled in his dotage, to assist them, but we think it doubtful. The inmates of this community are to be divided into affiliating groups. Now, sup-

pose you should go there with your wife, and and she is young and pretty. Nearly all the men would affiliate with her, while you, if a little ugly, would find only those of like appearance to take you to their arms. It is really strange how readily such a woman will find her affinities in this community, while the man will find it exceedingly difficult to secure any one to take him to her affectionate embrace.

The Daily (N. Y.) Graphic alludes to this Free Love community, as follows:

"The Oneida Community is really the only socialistic community which has achieved any success without making celibacy a condition of membership. Whatever the reason may be, the Oneida people have made money by trade, and have now some sixty communistic children, who would be wise indeed, if they could know their own fathers. The Valcour Island Community does not propose to enter into the trap business, but will undertake to live by agriculture. They expect to lure new members by the bait of free-love, and by advertising the fact that 'seven light-houses stud the near vision' of those who look out of the windows of the Harmonical Home on Valcour Island. Usually a light-house is not held to be particularly fascinating, and as most of our lake light-houses are about ten or twelve feet high, they are not imposing. However, the average Harmonical brother may take delight in the fact that so many light-houses 'stud' his vision. No man can predict what a communist will or will not like."

"The inmates of the house are to be divided by 'temperaments into groups and families, thus avoiding the combination of the discordant elements' in one family. Doubtless the red-haired men and women will constitute one group, and those with a fondness for 'gushing' another group. Those who have charge of the organization of these groups will, however, have a good time in finding out the proper place for every wild fanatic who may join the Harmonical Brotherhood."

"It is easy to foresee the end of the experiment. Not having a prophet like Noyes, of the Oneida Community, at their head, and not being actuated by the religious enthusiasm of the Oneidians, the Valcour Brethren will soon grow tired of agriculture and gazing at the seven light-houses, and will first quarrel and then separate. No such experiment has ever outlived a single generation, but I don't hesitate to say that long before 1884 there will not be a Harmonical Brother or Sister left on Valcour Island."

DEATH, or the Pathway from the Earth to the Spirit-world. Everybody should read it. Particulars soon.

Spiritual Meetings.

Spiritual meetings are being held in various parts of the country. The one at Elmira, N. Y., seemed to be a grand success. There were over 10,000 people present. Mr. John Radcliffe was the first speaker, followed by the eloquent and logical lecturer, Lyman C. Howe. He was followed by able addresses from Mrs. Robins of Philadelphia, and Dr. J. G. Fish, of Waverly, N. Y. The Gazette of Elmira says:

"At the third session Mr. Howe alone spoke. He addressed the people while in a trance state. His remarks were eloquent in the extreme. He spoke of the Garden of Eden and the fall of man, which was a step forward in the course of progress and not backward, and brought out a curse with it, but a blessing. To labor is divine; to work is to move forward with the car of progress, to keep step with step with the advancement of the world. Mr. Howe's burning words in the glorification of labor were worthy of Carlyle. 'Spiritualism is opposed to the theory that man was made by a special act of creation; it teaches the evolution theory. Man fell, the higher to rise in virtue by that fall.'"

I held with him who sings To one clear harp in divers tones That men may rise on stepping stones Of their dead selves, to higher things.

"Spiritualism teaches the old, the immortality of the soul beyond a doubt, and by it they can approach the melancholy flood without their aged steps tottering and their silvery heads bowed in fear. Spiritualism has penetrated the silent river, upon whose shores Confucius and Moses stood looking for light, whose flood Jesus Christ and Emanuel Swedenborg but partly explored. Spiritualism teaches us that we will be saved by knowledge and progress. The speaker closed with a burst of poetry that would have shamed an Italian improvisatore, entirely extemporaneous and bringing in allusion to the Park and lake in a most felicitous manner. The speech was delivered without hesitation and the poetry at the end in perfect rhythm."

At Terra Haute, Ind., the Spiritualists have been holding a meeting also. A large number were in attendance. The Journal of that city gives C. W. Stewart credit for making a sound speech on Free Love, claiming that Henry Ward Beecher was guilty of all that is charged by Tilton, and that his intimacy with Mrs. Tilton was perfectly right. That is good sound doctrine for those free-lovers who contemplate making a raid on their neighbor's family. The Terra Haute Journal says:

Owing to the rain and bad weather the evening meeting was changed from the Fair Ground to Pence's Hall, where something over a hundred attended. P. B. Randolph and another medium, a young man whose name we did not learn, gave the audience some pretty good characterizing, and, passing into the trance state, spoke as the spirits gave them utterance. The spirits of Daniel Webster, the poet Shelley, a Frenchman, an Indian chief and others, communicated through the medium. The young man especially was much affected, and had violent paroxysms before the conditions became just right. Mr. Randolph gave a mental picture of the death of a human being—the gradual sinking, the painless sleep, the congealing of the body, the tumbling of the limbs and the heart, the twitching of the eye-lids, and at last all is over; and then how the mysterious and invisible spirit slowly rises from the body, quivers, flickers, ascends like the permeating odor from a well saturated sponge, takes the semblance of the body, though invisible to mortal eye, and floats around at an angle with the body, to the head of which the head of the spirit is connected by a silver line of light like an umbilical cord. Then a faded spirit severs the connection and the freed spirit takes its flight upward, upward—rising, floating, circling, according to its abode.

Remarks were made upon the phenomena by Mr. Taylor and others. The choir rendered excellent music.

Speaking of the erratic genius Randolph, the Terra Haute Express says:



Mr. Randolph said, he would occupy the few moments before time to gather at the altar, the dinner table, where so many over worship.

DEATH, or the Pathway from the Earth to the Spirit-world. Everybody should read it. Particulars soon.

The Dark Chamber of Life.

Henry G. Atkinson, F.G.S., comes boldly forward in the Medium and Daybreak, and defends dark circles, as follows

Much suspicion has been cast upon Spiritualism on account of the dark scenes, but scientific men should know the value of special conditions better, and remember that experimentalists at the Royal Institution are often obliged to darken the theatre to show off their experiments.

The true nature of vision in a dark world has yet to be solved. This is how and why we perceive objects, and how far and in what the subjective corresponds with the objective.

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Katie King in Michigan.

Considerable excitement is being created in the village of Blissfield, near Adrian Mich., by the presence there of the Spiritualist-mediums, Mr. and Mrs. Holmes. These mediums have, for the past five months, been in Philadelphia, where they have been "materializing spirit forms."

A Man Frightened to Death by a Vision. According to the Corinth (Miss.) Occasional, a very strange and surprising incident occurred lately in the country some miles north of Co-

rinth. A Mr. Mangrum killed a young man during the war, and a few days since he was on a deer drive, and while at one of the stands he saw an object approaching him which so alarmed him that he raised his gun and fired at it.

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THE RULE OF RIGHT

BY MRS. TAPPAN

There came a voice from God to man, Upon Mount Sinai, Revealing there the wondrous plan Whereby his power from high Oulworks itself for human good.

DEATH, or the Pathway from the Earth to the Spirit-world. Everybody should read it. Particulars soon.

Fisher Doherty.

We are glad to learn that Fisher Doherty, a prominent Spiritualist, and formerly a resident of Crawfordsville, Indiana, and a most excellent spirit artist, has established a gallery in Chicago, where all can have an opportunity of obtaining likenesses of dear friends long since passed to spirit-life.

How is it Bro. WARREN? We are credibly informed that you in your free-love perambulations, to whistle up your own courage, are trying to make the people believe that the subscribers of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL are generally discontinuing the same.

The Moses-Woodhull shysters, for six months or more, flattered themselves that the subscribers to the JOURNAL were falling off, and that the paper would soon die for want of support, and now you take up the refrain. Alas, poor Warren!

Please continue the warfare, so long as you train in the Woodhull ranks, and see which, the JOURNAL or Warren, is a dead cock in the pit first.

Philadelphia Department

BY HENRY I. CHILD, M. D.

Let There Be Light.

There are few texts that have been more frequently quoted, and less clearly understood than this. It is supposed by many that, in what the Mosiac account calls "the beginning," and the church accepts it as such "After the creation of the earth, God created the sun and the moon and the stars."

The command, "let there be light," is a divine law which has been in existence through all eternity and will continue forever, expressing itself as best it can according to conditions.

This subject of light has an influence upon three conditions, the intellectual, the physical and the spiritual. Physically, or externally, light is essential to life, and the plants were the first to use it, and by a beautiful provision in the laws of nature, plants present their variegated colors.

The first animals that were evolved were very low in the scale, and did not require much light, their visual organs were not yet unfolded. Light not only gives color to plants and animals, but it is the means which, under divine law, evolves the eye.

The command, "let there be light," moved forward degree after degree until conditions of the earth were prepared for man. Thus down through countless ages, far beyond any computation that man has made, earthly conditions have been improving and with them man's physical condition, for they are closely allied to each other.

We have said that this command had also an intellectual and a spiritual application. Intellectually the command is applied to us individually, the light of science and truth shines undimmed forever, but it is measured to us by our capacities, and here the command let there be light means that we should unfold our intellectual natures; open the windows of our minds for the reception of all truth, and you will perceive that it will come to you and be received and appreciated in its grandeur and beauty, ever increasing, but never coming to an end.

We say to the young and the old, Let there be Light,—let no bigotry, no prejudice from false education or any other cause cast a cloud over your minds so that you may not perceive all the light that you are capable of receiving.

The same law is applicable to the spiritual plane of our being. The command is to us, not to the light, and we become responsible in proportion as we hear it. Man's spiritual unfoldment, like his intellectual, depends upon interior growth. His soul nature must be left free, it must expand, and its expansion is not only the result of the reception of light, but the means by which that reception is to be increased.

We are told that the same laws in regard to this beautiful and important command, extend into the spheres of interior life on the similar planes. That physical development there, as here, is dependent in some degree upon the external light of the sphere, while intellectual and spiritual unfoldment is still more beautifully advanced thereby through-out the endless cycles of eternity.

We have received a tract, issued by Hudson Tuttle, under the above title, and we are glad to know that a large number of these have been issued, both in this country and in Europe. We hope those who are interested in the spread of truth on this important subject will use their efforts to scatter these broadcast among the people as they are instructive and suggestive.

In truth, we sometimes expect too much from spirits returning to this world. Some of our newspaper critics, putting the *qui domo* question, appear to think that "Katie" ought to come out and give us a sermon. She seems, unlike many who do preach, to be conscious of her incapacity. She has demonstrated to us immortality: what earthly task is more important?

The Spirit World.

A DEPARTMENT FOR COMMUNICATIONS FROM THE SPIRIT-PLANES

For some time past my spirit friends have been urging me to add to the Philadelphia Department, one in which they may have the opportunity of sending their thoughts to the world.

A NARRATIVE Of the Spirits of Sir Henry Morgan and his Daughter Annie, usually known as John and Katie King, given by H. T. Child, M. D.

CHAPTER V THE MEDIUMS AT THE KOONS ROOMS CONTINUED.

The accounts given of our manifestations are in the main correct. We had through the mediumship of the Koons family, acquired the power of moving physical objects. We were able to write with considerable facility, and thus give directions as to what we wanted. It is true that we asked among other things for pistols, which we have frequently charged ourselves and fired over the heads of the audience, hitting given marks, in pitch darkness, with amazing precision.

From the combination of these two, namely, the emanations of the spirit and the medium, a third or composite is formed, which is affected by the atmosphere and human emanations. From the preponderance of the electric, magnetic or spiritual element, the laws of cohesion and gravitation can be overcome, and through this the spirits are enabled to dissolve and re-combine substances with great rapidity, heave up and carry material bodies through the air, and cause them to float or sink in proportion to the strength of the battery formed. It is this element which enables some spirits, highly charged with it, to come in contact with matter, and thus to use pencils, pens, etc., in writing, drawing, and playing on musical instruments.

Twenty years additional experience will enable us to explain some things more fully, but we have no change to suggest in this statement. We knew it could not be comprehended by many, and to-day there are but few who can accept this. We shall have many things to say through you, in these papers.

There is another communication published in Mrs. Brittain's work, "Modern American Spiritualism," page 313, which you may give here.

We teach that God is love, and has placed all men under the law of eternal progression, by which every living soul can become a participant of his divine glory, and they will do so, through constant efforts to live a life of use, good and purity. Also that death, which places the body in a condition to be dissolved, does not change the soul, which is the real man; hence it behooves man to purify and cleanse his soul here on earth, lest he should have to commence his progress, instead of continuing it, hereafter. Also, we teach that we have spiritual bodies within our natural, or material forms. That those carry the mind within them, and at death remain intact, separating from the earthly body, though retaining its form, and adhering to the spirit of whose tendencies and disposition it exhibits the actuality. This spiritual body, as well as the interior mind, are alike the subjects of eternal progression, yet at the moment of earthly dissolution, it exhibits all our vices and virtues, without palliation or concealment; and is gross or fine, dense or sublimated, bright as mid-day sunbeams or dark as Erebus—in exact correspondence with our real moral state."

For the best descriptions of our labors at this time and place, we refer the reader to the papers of the day, and, especially to the able compilation in the volume above alluded to.

A similar idea to that given to you by Katie in her first communication, was given at that time in these words, "The magnetism of the earthly medium shapes and limits the thought transmitted through it, even, where, as in the case of direct spirit writing, no exercise of the human faculties is called into play. We declared that the earthly aura that spirits use to inculcate their manifestations in material forms, was so thoroughly imbued with the individuality from whence it emanated, that every spiritual production received by mortals, would be inevitably shaped to the form of the organism and the tone of the medium's mind."

We continued with the Koons family and were enabled to do many things of which there is no record. We were gaining power all the time in the various manifestations. It requires an immense amount of practice to enable us, to accomplish the work which we have done, so we repeated our manifestations over and over until we acquired the ability to do them with great success. We shall refer to the manner in which all the various manifestations are performed, after we have completed the history of our labors here, and with the Davenport, and some others. We shall speak of these in our next chapter.

I was a believer in Spiritualism, and took great pleasure in receiving communications from those who had gone before, and whom I knew could return through natural laws, and speak to mortals.

I wish Sumner, my son, to remain with his mother and sister. I shall endeavor to impress him that his father loves him. I wish all my children to feel my presence. Say to my kind wife who so patiently took care of me in all the years of my suffering, it seems to me that I can never do enough for her. I have met her friends and mine in spirit-life, and it has been very pleasant for me to do so. I

would say to all, be faithful Spiritualists, and your reward will be sure in this life and in the life to come.

HENRY C. WRIGHT.

It seems like old times to return and shake hands with you. I endeavored to live up to the philosophy of Spiritualism when in the body, and I return to-day a firm believer in Spiritualism.

I thank God that I was used as an instrument in the hands of the Spirit World to give utterance to grand spiritual truths. There was great opposition when Spiritualism first came among us, and we had no idea that it would take such deep root in the minds of the people, but a little handful of pioneers were struggling nobly to clear away the rubbish, and cut down the trees so that a magnificent dwelling place might be built in which spirits could enter and preach the living gospel through their mediums. I rejoice to see that Spiritualism stands so nobly before the world to-day.

We rejoice to be able to give utterance to the progressive ideas that we know the world needs. We are glad to know that there are so many mediums being developed all over the world, it is not only a blessing to mankind but a very great advantage to the dwellers of the inner life. The more mediums, and the more perfect the communication between the two worlds, the better it will be for all.

We are working to produce harmony among Spiritualists and others, for this will enable us to do much more for you. We know that there are many people who say this is a beautiful philosophy if we could only know that it is true, to such we would say, investigate and you will soon know.

I have enjoyed myself very much since I entered spirit life, meeting the noble reformers of the past, and listening to the recital of their experiences, both on earth and in this life.

I would say to my brother and sister Spiritualists, go on in the great work in which you are engaged, and whether you live to see the work in which you are engaged fulfilled or not, you can certainly see it in spirit, and will look down as I do and thank God we stood boldly in the front ranks when the shafts were hurled against us.

I am pleased to see how rapidly our papers are gaining, and the literature of Spiritualism is being spread far and wide. Prejudice is passing away, and the name of Spiritualism is becoming better understood and appreciated. In this I am receiving my reward for my labors as a weary pilgrim traveling from place to place.

\$1.50 cents renews trial subscriptions one year.

She Saw Spirits.

MRS. A. H. ROBINSON, DEAR MADAM—I received your magnetized papers and prescriptions. I have been using the papers ever since I have had them. I see many spirits when I have them on my head. The second night I wore them, I saw a woman close to my bed. She had in one hand a paper-box about as large over as a teacup. My impression was that it meant medicine. Then she laid a blue paper on the box, then a straw-colored paper on the top of that. She soon passed away, and then I saw a man that I called the Doctor. He sat down and seemed to make himself at home. I should think he was about 60 years of age. His hair was light and so was his eyes. He had a white handkerchief on his neck; his vest was drab; his other clothes were dark. I saw many spirits for several nights. I do not see so many now. I thought I would write a few lines to you, to let you know how I am getting along.

Yours in truth, SUSANNAH BURCH.

DEATH, or the Pathway from the Earth to the Spirit-world. Everybody should read it. Particulars soon.

New Books.

BOOK ON MEDIUMS, OR GUIDE FOR MEDIUMS AND INVOCATORS. Containing the Special Instruction of the spirits on the theory of all kinds of Manifestations, the means of communicating with the Invisible World; the Development of Mediumship; the difficulties and dangers that are to be encountered in the practice of Spiritism. By Allan Kardec. Translated by Emma A. Wood. Boston: Colby and Rich, Publishers, 9 Montgomery Place.

This book, an emanation from the mind of Allan Kardec, will certainly attract a great deal of attention. The Old World can not boast of very many able works on the Harmonious Philosophy, and it is indeed refreshing to have one presented to us from the French, looking as fresh and beautiful as a rose just escaped from its expanding bud. It is pleasing and instructive, too, to peruse the views of a master mind, derived from experiences in France, and notice the conclusions at which he arrives. Two master minds have spoken on mediumship—Andrew Jackson Davis, of this country, and Allan Kardec, of France; of course, they treat the subject differently, and by reading the views of both, a clearer idea can be obtained. Those who are seeking to become mediums, who desire to become the agents of angelic visitants, need a guide to aid them in their unfoldment. The ideas presented by Allan Kardec will prove of great service to them, and aid them to avoid many stumbling-blocks which would otherwise obstruct their pathway. As the author well says, "All the systems we have passed in review, without excepting those in the negative, rest on some observation, though incomplete and badly interpreted. If a house is red on one side and white on the other, they who have seen only one side and will affirm that it is white or that it is red; and they will be wrong and right; but he who has seen it on both sides will say it is red and white, and he alone will be right. The same in regard to the opinion formed of Spiritism; it may be true in certain lights, and false if we generalize from partial knowledge—if we take for the whole what is only a part. This is what we say that whoever would seriously study this science should see much and for a long time; time alone will permit him to seize the details, to catch the delicate shades, to observe a multitude of characteristic facts, which will be as rays of light to him; but if he stops at the surface, he may carry away a premature, and consequently, an erroneous judgment." From this book the experiences of one who has an honest heart and clear mind, can be carefully examined, and the investigator, as well as the confirmed Spiritualist, greatly aided in coming to a correct conclusion in regard to questions of deep interest. Commencing with the "Action of Spirits on Matter," he ends in Chapter 29th on "Reunions and Spiritist Societies." Between the two extremes there is a vast fund of useful information, which will be of practical value to every Spiritualist.

\$1.50 cents renews trial subscriptions one year.



Decidedly Mixed.

BRO. JONES.—In the JOURNAL of Sept. 5th, Bro. Taylor says that he felt offended in spirit on reading a portion of my article headed Floodwood, of Aug. 22. Instead of being offended at Bro. Taylor's review, it has helped me digest a good dinner, in that it caused me a good hearty laugh, to see him labor to convince me that Free Agency was not true. Many of our reformed speakers scout the idea that the church has ever taught us that man is a free agent, etc. To this, Bro. Taylor says, "I was not aware before that anybody ever scouted, or in any sense or way denied that the churches taught Free Will." Here is where the mixing comes in. The church has ever said man's acts are free. Bro. Taylor says: "No, they are not, but man's love is free." Bro. Taylor is perfectly welcome to the twist he has given the above quotation. I propose to take mine well mixed with reason and good common sense. In his review Bro. Taylor says: "Now, just in proportion as I am influenced by another just in that exact proportion I am not free," etc. Now, Brother, will you please tell us just how far "a handsome, well-built horse, a valuable horse, a handsome and well-educated woman, a noble man of classic brow," influences you? then we can better judge of your freedom. Again give the hog, if you please, Bro. Taylor's organization and education, would be then pass through a garden of flowers "with only a grunt" I think not, proving again that the hog's lack of appreciativeness is wholly organic rather than the result of "free will." Let us invite Bro. Taylor to speak right here. "While no man can believe a thing to be true, simply because he wants to believe it true, and while no man can help believing a thing to be true, simply because he does not want it to be true, yet place him in a position where the laws of evidence are unobstructed, and if the evidence, which moves freely, that is, unconstrained, is sufficient, he can no more help his belief than he can pull the sun down over his head."

That is true, Bro. Taylor! Where is your free agency in that? Waits, or some other man, once said, "Let dogs delight to bark and bite, for 'tis their nature so," and we will add, let hogs grunt and root, and we will let Bro. Taylor exclaim, "How wonderful are thy works, O God," for he has a nature that can appreciate the beautiful in nature. Bro. Taylor says I insinuate that he is in harmony with the views of free lusters. I deny it. I made no such insinuation. No one that wishes to deal fairly with another's ideas, would so construe the words. Turn back and read. Hear T. B. Taylor define his position upon free-love. "All love is free; that is not forced, nor compulsory. No one can be compelled or forced to love another." Can a young gentleman or lady love where there is nothing lovable? One can not love what is not lovable, nor can he help loving that which is lovable, if he has the ability to appreciate the lovable. My reply was, "I fall to see where the freedom comes in such statements as the above." To say that I insinuate in the above that Bro. Taylor is a free luster, shows jealousy, at least on the part of the accuser. But one will ask why did you coat him if you did not class him with the rest? Simply, because he contradicts himself, look at the statement, "All love is free that is not forced, nor compulsory." Contrast the next with this just above, "No one can be compelled or forced to love another." Here you have it. You can force love in the first instance, and in the second it can not be forced. Come, Bro. Taylor, face the music and do not try to throw theological dirt in my eyes, for I shall not be blinded with any such stuff. Can you see where the mixture comes in, and why you was classed under the head of Floodwood? Please don't say that you are innocent until you have been accused. "Humph! I don't see anything to hinder the water from pouring over" do you? I am for open and free investigation of all subjects, but am not a free agent or a freeloaver, either.

Respectfully, J. L. POTTER.

Twenty Reasons for not Embracing the Popular Religion of this Country.

BY J. A. SPEAR.

- 1. It is not the religion that Jesus taught, but Pharisaism patched up.
2. It denies Christ in spirit and in principle but with mere lip-service worships him in person.
3. It fails to comfort the mourner or give hope to the dying, or save its devotees from sin, and does not make those that embrace it, either better or happier, neither does it make them more kind and merciful, but creates within them the spirit of persecution.
4. It is, and ever has been, opposed to reform, was the founder and nursery of chattel slavery, makes a great ado about what it calls justice, but is a stranger to mercy.
5. It promises heaven by faith alone, sets good works aside as being of no consequence, sends the greatest sinners to the highest heaven, and consigns the good and just ones of earth to the lowest hell.
6. It gives the lie direct to Jesus when it says offerings and sacrifices are of more importance than love, for he taught that love to God and the neighbor, were more than all whole burnt offerings and sacrifices.
7. It belittles God by personating him, and belittles the soul by confining it to narrow creeds, while it contains the spiritual elements of persecution, division and party strife, and its legitimate fruit is infidelity to the living spiritual Christ.
8. It honors faith, and disrespects goodness.
9. It leads to the persecution of those good, kind and faithful friends, who seek for a purer, better and a more consistent and reasonable religion than that which is most popular.
10. It denies the right of free thought and free speech.
11. It dispenses reason and feasts on follies and vanities.
12. It is demoralizing in its tendency, a hindrance to real Christianity, and denounces the spirit of goodness as being the spirit of the Devil.
13. It is destitute of true love inasmuch as it loves none but its own, and persecutes others.
14. It condemns the innocent, and honors and justifies the guilty, and is not yet free from the innocent blood it has shed.
15. It is sin allowing, and permits sin in its worst forms, if the sinner will repent just before death.
16. It detrones reason, and its devotees worship they know not what.
17. It promises salvation, not as a reward or natural consequence of goodness, but on the merit of another.
18. It denies the faith once delivered to the saints, by which the sick were healed and devils were cast out, and accepts of nothing but cold and lifeless forms of godliness.
19. It denies Christ, when he comes with his saints and loving benighted spirits to instruct the erring ones of earth, and comfort those that mourn.
20. It makes faith, even without works the test point of fellowship, which is in direct op-

position to the test point by which Jesus knew his brethren, which was love and doing the will of God, the great fountain of love.

The Duality of Jesus.

BY B. K. SAGE.

Considering the great difficulty under which the life and teachings of Jesus have been transmitted to us—written from oral statements made half a century after they had transpired, and how much that was relevant and essential to a perfect understanding of those teachings may have been forgotten in the life of the witness, or lost to the world through their death, and consequently the equivocal character of our own religious education,—it may not be strange, that so many who speak or write upon the subject of "New Testament Spiritualism," fall into the error of confounding the medium Jesus, with the controlling spirit Christ.
If the fact could be fully comprehended and accepted that Jesus and Christ are two distinct personages speaking and acting at different times through the same organism, what an amount of brain labor would be saved in the vain endeavor to reconcile apparent contradictions and obvious paradoxes. To my understanding of the scriptures, Jesus, per se, never claimed to be more than the son of man, and of the seed of David. That he was susceptible to spirit impressions from his childhood, as all great mediums have been, there is little doubt, but he was never Christ until after his baptism by John, when he became clairvoyant and clairaudient, both seeing and hearing the divine spirit that was to possess and control him. During the subsequent forty days, by fasting and prayer, he overcame the evil spirit—which it seems entered him by the same law with the good—was fully developed as a grand healer, with the power to cast out devils or evil spirits, and also became an impressional or trance speaker, for when he appeared among them as a teacher, "They were astonished at his doctrine, for he taught them as one having authority, and not as the Scribes."
They evidently understood his mediumship, but had no conception of the magnitude of the controlling spirit. They were looking for a fulfillment of the promised Messiah, but did not expect him through so humble a channel as a poor mechanic, who had been reared in their own country. Peter was the first to whom the divine truth was revealed. "When Jesus came into the coast of Caesarea and Phillipi, he asked his disciples, whom do men say that I the son of man am?" "Please note the significance of the reply: "Some say that thou art John the Baptist, some Elias, and others that thou art one of the prophets." (They were willing to concede him one of these spirits). "But whom think ye that I am?" And Simon Peter answered and said "unto him, "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God." Then Jesus perceived that Peter was clairvoyant and enthusiastically exclaimed, "Blessed art thou, Simon Barjonas, for flesh and blood hath not revealed it unto thee, but my father which is in heaven, and I say unto thee that thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my church and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it."

He spoke confidently because he saw that his disciples possessed the elements of mediumship of which Peter was the first fruits and he felt that through them he should be able to build a spiritual church that no evil influence could subvert. "And he charged them that they should tell no man that he was the Christ." Luke says at the time of his baptism, "Jesus began to be about thirty years of age, being (as was supposed) the son of Joseph," which was doubtless true, since Mary his mother, who should know, called Joseph his father, "Thy father and I have sought thee." So then when he affirms, "I can of myself do nothing," etc., it is Jesus the son of man, but when he prays, "Father glorify thou me with the glory I had with thee before the world," it is Christ the son of the living God. Again when accused of casting out devils, through Beelzebub, the prince of Devils, he replies, "Whosoever speaketh a word against the son of man, it shall be forgiven him; but whosoever speaketh against the Holy Ghost, it shall not be forgiven him in this world nor in the world to come. Could he more clearly express his duality? Say what you like against the medium, but don't dare to attack the pure spirit that controls him! I have great faith in Bible Spiritualism. The very fact that these phenomena exist to-day, is proof positive to me that they did exist eighteen hundred years ago, and the marvel is, that all christendom does not perceive the analogy; but Jesus said to his disciples, "I would not have you ignorant, brethren, that this blindness has happened unto the Jews in part, that the Gentiles might be brought in." Is it not thus at the present time? May not this blindness have happened unto the churches in part, that Materialists, Skeptics and Infidels might be brought in? I am not impatient concerning the churches, since they dare not consider the admonition of Gamaliel, a learned doctor of laws, a Pharisee, which was, "Refrain from these men and let them alone, for if this work be of men it will come to nought, but if it be of God, ye can not overthrow it, lest haply ye be found to fight against God."

Salt Lake City, Utah.
"Career of Religious Ideas."
Those who look to men as helpers—not as masters, and to books as suggestive not authoritative, will not fail heartily to thank Hudson Tuttle for the publication of his work entitled "Career of Religious Ideas." One can not fall of reading it with both pleasure and profit. He carries the mind with him without fatigue, so condensing the thoughts presented so to give much in few words. Few persons have time and opportunity to read those voluminous works, from which we can gather a conception of the oneness of the devotional element in all ages, and the lineal descent of religious ideas and ceremonies; but in this work Mr. Tuttle has amply traced this relationship, and leaves us assured that Emerson was right in saying that "Modern Theology is ancient Mythology gone to seed."
What the world now most needs, is not bigoted devotees of any particular faith—even of Spiritualism, the latest revelation in the chain of progressive unfoldment—but conscientious and fearless doubters, scientific investigators who shall help discover, and having discovered shall faithfully proclaim the missing links of knowledge which shall enable men to be true to the mental, moral and physical laws of their organization. It is to this "ultimate" in the career of religious ideas that Mr. Tuttle points as the "Religion of Science," styling it a " ceaseless effort for purity and integrity of being, and harmony with the order of the world."

The reading of this volume, unavoidably strengthens the conclusions that all past and present religions are but fragmentary and imperfect expressions of truth; while, by recording the relative proportions, or growth of thought, it points to a future immeasurably

greater than the present attainments of humanity.

The unscientific, unphilosophical mind, whether of the past or present, views the different religions as separate and distinct entities, giving the appellation of "absurdities" to all beliefs except his own. Whoever points out a continuous line of closely related but constantly changing religious beliefs and observances stretching through all the past of human life, helps towards a scientific agency of the origin, the truthfulness, and the potency for good of the so-called "Divine Revelations," and the "holy religions of the present day."

Following the line of Mr. Tuttle's suggestions, probably no well informed person would be unwilling to admit that entire truth and ultimate perfection, can not reasonably be claimed by any sect of religionists or school of philosophers; but with a gentle hand and prophetic vision, he guides the mind past those marshy low lands of opinion, where our humanity is begrimed with total depravity and insulted with vicarious atonements, to the higher table-lands of gradual development and divine possibilities, where the gushing springs of higher and holier impulses assert the nobler destiny of a growing humanity.

One moral that this work may teach us, is that while we may not with blind bigotry hold fast and worship the idols of past ignorance, we must not be so intent on their demolition as to forget that the good we now have is but a higher, stronger and fuller expression of the perceptions and yearnings of the human soul. SUSAN C. WATERS.

Bordentown, N. J.

Letter from C. H. Stillman.

BRO. S. S. JONES.—Permit me sufficient space in your valuable columns to thank you for the independent position you have taken against the sexual promiscuity that lurks under the name of 'social freedom.' Theories are useless unless put into practice, and the theories of Woodhull, Moses Hill and others, carried out in social life, would utterly destroy the marriage institution, make orphans of children, and society a wreck.

That marriage laws in some states should be modified is admitted; that woman is the equal of man and should surrender no personal right in marriage is not denied. These principles, as well as the right of suffrage, etc., have been and are advocated by Lucretia Mott, E. Cady Stanton, M. A. Livermore, Julia Ward Howe, Mary F. Davis, and other true and noble women.

These do not advocate the right of "promiscuity," nor pronounce the "sexual act their religion." Woodhull Spiritualism is severely afflicted just now with the galloping consumption. It must die!

In the second place I want to thank you for exposing in your columns fraudulent mediums—mediums that have frequently been caught in trickery. Among these, H. Melville Fay is one who has several times been exposed in Spiritualist journals. Before he went to Europe, a few months since, he was traveling with Mrs. Annie Fay, as a physical medium. This H. Melville Fay and Mrs. Fay are now in England holding seances; so says the last number of the Medium and Daybreak, published by James Burns.

Several years since, at my father's residence (L. Stillman), in Brockport, N. Y., this H. Melville Fay was thoroughly exposed. While the musical instruments purported to be floating by spirit power, over our heads, a gentleman present flashed upon him the light of a dark lantern, and lo! said H. Melville Fay was seen standing in the center of the room in his stocking feet, floating the instruments with his own hands.

Every person present was disgusted with the fraud. Such mediums, too lazy to obtain an honest, manly livelihood, have too long been a scourge and a curse to Spiritualism; and what is equally sorrowful, it operates against all true and genuine mediums. Because of your independent, outspoken course as a Spiritualist Journalist, we admire the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL in New York and Michigan.

Success to you and our glorious cause. Albion, Mich.

THE FREE-LOVE CONVENTION.

The Camp-meeting at Massabesic—French Pool and Transcendentalism—Notes Taken on the Ground—Strange Mixture of the Spiritual and Carnal—The Natural Conclusion of the Matter—Who is to Blame?—We are!

The gathering, as is well known, was called a Spiritualist's camp meeting, though why it was christened with any such appellation by its projectors is one of those things "no fellow can find out." As far as we could ascertain, the doctrines promulgated and the practices indulged in were of a carnal, rather than of a spiritual nature, and such as are not generally supposed to interest the ethereal inhabitants of the "undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveler return." As for the camp-meeting, there is less room for cavil, for it was doubtless that in literal sense.

Concerning the theory or the phenomena of Spiritualism we do not propose to, provoke a discussion, neither does such a discussion appear pertinent to the subject under consideration. Concerning, however, the theory of "free-love" as promulgated at the Massabesic camp meeting by Moses Hill, Laura Cuppy Smith, Anthony Higgins, and other lesser lights, and the attendant incidents and practices, which appeared to spring up in this non-descript gathering as naturally as mushrooms grow from a manure heap, we propose to speak, unreservedly. There is in the theory, of course, much that is plausible when presented by able speakers, as was the case at Massabesic, and for this reason is it all the more dangerous. The arch fiend or the evil genius of man, or whatever the power that controls such matters, is always sharp enough to steal some parts of the livery of truth, in order the more effectually to accomplish its purpose; but after all attempts to evade the conclusion, the "free-love" of Woodhull and her disciples, Hull, Smith & Co., amounts, practically, to nothing more nor less than free lust, and utter disregard of almost every law which holds the baser passions of imperfect human nature in check. If the world was pure, there might be no necessity for a legal protection of the marriage relation; neither would the criminal code be required for the protection of society; but, alas! this only premise upon which an argument can be founded, to all appearance, lies ages in the future.

Plymouth B'ch; a city surrounded by the loud and long vaunted a theical New England civilization, there is convened, on the long and deeply revered New England Sabbath, a congregation of nearly 3000 people to listen to the expounding of these doctrines, and to amuse themselves in every way that thought or opportunity might suggest. Nor was this crowd made up entirely of the baser elements of society, although the sporting fraternity, the demi made and the roughs, were liberally represented, but many of our leading citizens were there—prominent merchants, bankers, members of the learned professions, ladies of the best society, and worst of all, youths and children, on whose plastic minds the scenes of that day can not fail to leave an indelible stain. All day long the speakers from the stand indulged in a tirade of invectives against the institutions, the customs and the laws which control and restrain society, so far as it is controlled and restrained. All day long the ribald jest, the impure suggestion, and the driveling profanity of the drunkard circled through the crowd. All day long a bevy of eager gamblers hung around a booth where French pool was presided over by a notorious race-course "sport," a Boston courtesan, and a would-be member of the New Hampshire bar, the son of an ex-Senator and a member of one of the F. F. M.—Manchester, (N. H.) Dispatch.

Voices from the People.

MANKATO, MINN.—C. H. Andrus writes.—Keep on in the way you are going, and I know the good angels will help you and bless you.

ERVIN, IND.—I. W. Martin, M. D. writes.—If the JOURNAL continues its present policy many trial subscribers will remain with you. I like the way it denounces free-love.

ALLEGAN, MICH.—J. G. Weeks, M. D. writes.—Enclosed please find fifty cents, for which send me your paper on trial. I am one of the "old war horses," but am not able to ride two horses at the same time.

In other words, our correspondent don't see like the "gentle," that Moses Woodhullism "is germain to Spiritualism"—Ed. JOURNAL.

E. ST. LOUIS, ILL.—B. B. George writes.—I have been a subscriber for your paper for the past three years and am very much pleased with it, and think I shall be a subscriber for life. There are a number of quiet investigators in our little city, and some bold enough to let the world know it.

CHARLESTON, S. C.—Samuel Clogston writes.—I have been speaking for the friends and Spiritualism for the last few months, and am in demand where known; would like to be better known if thereby I can benefit mankind. Am willing to speak if I can do so without material injury to myself or family.

ALGONA, MICH.—J. W. Gear writes.—This is a place where Spiritualism is quite unfashionable. Prof. Graham of Toledo Medical Institute has been here examining a goodly number clairvoyantly, and prescribing for them. He is to lecture in Algona to-night. Permit me, with those kind of others, to thank you for the glorious stand you have taken against the social infamy.

E. WALLINGFORD, VT.—A. Nicholson writes.—Spiritualism must not be spoken of only derision here, and of course no one but independent minds will risk his or her reputation to examine so unpopular a doctrine, although they hasten to hear it over and over again from that book that has been read and preached from nearly two thousand years.

SILVER CITY, COL.—William Garlick writes.—It is no wonder that Spiritualism is very little read about or understood here, as nearly all are believers (or think they are) in the Bible, hence the bigotry. One of the leaders in orthodox here not long since, said that Mr. Bennett, editor of the Truth Seeker, ought to be burnt, and no doubt he would furnish the wood and light the fire. Far that purpose if he could do so without danger to himself.

CUBBERD, OHIO.—Mrs. Wm. Brisbane writes.—At one time, five years ago, I was folded in the arms of a courtier who passed to spirit-life from Andersonville Prison. Four years ago I saw and talked with my spirit daughter, now near 22 years old, who passed to the higher life at the age of four years. She was a young lady of 15 years when I saw and conversed with her, in all the flush of health and womanhood. I have seen and conversed with my late husband's first wife, Elizabeth, as well as to me as when she wore the physical form. She spoke of the manner in which she passed out of the form; said she was very happy.

PLUM HOLLOW, IOWA.—John S. Shirley writes.—I wish to say through the JOURNAL that we of this place have had the pleasure of listening to two very interesting lectures by Dr. C. O. Thomas, a clairvoyant speaker, who hails from Minneapolis, Minn. The subject chosen by the audience the first evening, was imbedded in the question, "From what did man originate?" It was discussed to the satisfaction of all present. The subject of the second lecture was "Man's future destiny." It was handled well. The Doctor gave on each occasion readings of character, described incidents in the life of various individuals correctly. His lectures have developed a deep interest in the people, and they now desire to learn more of the mysteries of Spiritualism. We now want to secure the services of Dr. C. F. Sanford, of Eureka, Ore. or both, to give this people more light upon the subject. We are as yet unorganized as a society of Spiritualists, but there is quite a sum guaranteed to me by friends of the cause of Liberalism to pay some good lecturer to come and give us two or three lectures. If Bro. Sanford will communicate with me his terms for three lectures, I will try to secure him during September, or as early as convenient. I am still laboring for the extension of the circulation of the good old JOURNAL, believing that nearly all who read it three months will continue to read it, as it is plain that it is the champion paper of its kind in the United States.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.—Dr. Franklin writes.—It has been some time since reporting from this part of the country, where the JOURNAL is becoming more and more popular every day, especially the pure unalloyed doctrine of true Spiritualism. We have been favored this season with a goodly number of lectures. Our good cause is gaining ground, and gradually but surely, drawing to its support the good will and admiration of an intelligent community. Mr. William Denton paid us a visit, and delivered two courses of lectures. He gave some of our old tight-laced orthodox churchmen an eye-opener—a spiritual one; some accepted it with a spirit of kindness. Those of a more listless "priest-confiding" disposition thought Denton's "masked batteries" should have been allowed before he discharged his "spiritual grapes" into the ranks of the faithful. He did give them spiritual thunder. Commencing from the foundation, leading them down through the corridors of all time, he very graciously dropped Modern Spiritualism upon them, and with a very good effect. Mr. Denton did a good work here. You know that is about the only way that some old theological tacticians can be reached. Mr. Denton's first subject was the "Origin and future destiny of man." Now the cause of the Methodist God had been assailed. Mr. Denton had said many naughty things, and somebody must volunteer in this "forlorn hope," and close up the breach in the orthodox lines, caused by that heavy Denton's artillery. Priest craft had received the enkindling fire from the gun of Modern Science, and now comes out the little Rev. Mr. C., who runs the M. E. C. S. of this city of the Angels, and champions the cause and conditions, traditions and superstitions of eighteen hundred years ago, and virtually taught, that if he believed the doctrine that Mr. Denton taught, he (Mr. C.) would engage in all manner of vice and crime, would take his fill of sin, etc., etc. Think of this, a teacher of morals in an intelligent, civilized community! We pity the poor silly dogmatist of any denomination. Now this teacher who it seems to us, rather sacrifice

conscience, do harm to his fellow man, if he was satisfied that no literal hell would mete out punishment hereafter, than to believe in eternal progression for all God's children beyond the grave. Would he not do right from principle? Who is it that would indiscriminately murder his brother man? Not the man of conscience and piety, but he who is without conscience and regards not the great law of retribution, from whose law binding upon all His children alike. Then Mr. C. goes for Mr. Denton; but he takes the necessary precaution not to throw down the gauntlet until Denton is out of the country. After all, this is only a little difference of two opinions, so let us be charitable, which covers up a mountain of egotism and as well as sin.

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(Continued from First page.)
full on his face, now uncovered, which was hardly larger than a large man's fist. Being again refused admittance, he flung the little trunk up in the air and caught it, and walked off rapidly toward the Eddys again. Horatio followed him up, saw him enter, go into the sitting room, put his hand on his sister's shoulder, causing her to scream, and then, moving toward the back door, suddenly sank through the floor! It was a materialized spirit, and his appearance attested by several witnesses, shows that a diabolical atmosphere apparently surrounds the family and household.

THE AIR FULL OF THEM.
A person visiting here feels the whole air alive with phantoms, and he can neither walk the road straight, nor retire to his room without feeling the possibility that some horrid shape may leap from the ground before him and address him in sepulchral tones. The story goes that one night last winter, after every one had retired, a band of spooks amused themselves by taking the musical instruments from the circle room and serenading each sleeper in turn. A pleasant house, truly, for a strange family to move into!

MR. FRITCHARD'S EXPERIENCES.
The gentleman of whom mention has been previously made is Mr. E. V. Fritchard of Albany, a retired merchant, whose credibility must be well known in that city at least. He came to the Eddys in May, expecting to remain only a few days, but his experiences have been so satisfactory that he is still here. He first saw the spirit of his brother's son, who was killed in the army, and afterward his mother, his sister's husband, two of her sons and one son-in-law, and his brother's son. He has seen four or five female spirits carrying children in their arms, and setting them on the floor, lead them about by the hand. He has seen the children in some cases clasp their arms about their mother's neck. Once an Indian woman brought in her papoose, swaddled in the Indian fashion, and he heard it cry. An Indian girl brought in a robin perched on her finger, which hopped and chirped as natural as life.

(Readers of history will recollect that one of the principal evidences of witchcraft alleged against poor Mrs. Nourse, and others of the Salem victims, was the declaration of Tituba, Abigail Williams, Ann Putnam, and other "Afflicted Children," that the prisoners had birds perched upon their fingers, or sitting on their shoulders and whispering in their ears. In fact, the similarity between the occult occurrences of 1694 and those of our own time is very remarkable and suggestive.)
Mr. P. saw a mother spirit walk to the front of the platform and hold her baby over the railing toward the audience so that they could see it kick its little legs, move its arms, and hear it cry. Again, on another evening three little girls, apparently four, six and eight years of age respectively, stood side by side in the door of the cabinet, and the eldest calling to her mother in the audience, spoke her own name "Minnie." No William Eddy in this instance, surely. Mr. Fritchard has heard the spectres speak in all voices, from the faintest whisper to a full natural voice. As regards costumes, he has seen the forms clothed in what appeared to be silk, cotton, merino, and tarian, soldiers in uniform, one navy captain in full uniform and wearing his side arms, women in plain robes and richly embroidered, Indian warriors in a great variety of costumes, some barefoot and others shod in moccasins. Once a pipe was lighted and handed to Honto who walked about smoking it, and at each whiff her bronze face was illuminated so that every lineament was shown. She came and smoked in his very face to give him a perfect view of her own.

STATEMENT OF JUDGE BACON.
Out of the mass of testimony I have noted in my memorandum I will only quote in addition what Mr. Bacon says, as this, added to what has preceded, should suffice to at least clear William Eddy from the suspicion of producing the phantom shapes by change of voice and dress. John Bacon 2d of St. Johnsbury, Vt., is an associate Justice of the county court of Caledonia County. He came here Aug. 23d, to see the phenomena. The first evening he saw the spirit of his father, who died forty eight years ago. Recognizing him by his shape. The form was dressed in dark clothes, with a standing shirt collar and white shirt. He was bare-headed. Standing erect, he towered to the height of six feet one inch, and called his son by his Christian name, speaking in his familiar tones. His breathing was distinctly perceived in the act of speaking. Besides him the Judge has seen one sister, fifty three years of age at the time of her decease, and another of only three years; his wife's father and mother (the latter was a light dress and a white cap; she is a very short woman, not above five feet in height); and finally his own son, whose death has elsewhere been alluded to. By actual count kept he has seen sixty six different spirits to date.

The reader will not fail to perceive that beside the deluge at this Vermont house of wonders, the narrative of "Katie King," about which two hemispheres have been set agog, appears quite tame and uninteresting. Here, in this spot of the way-road in the Green Mountains, in the house of plain farmers, unprovided with machinery, chemical or other apparatus, or costumes, not less than two entire regiments of shadowy forms have come back from the Valley of the Shadow of Death to strut their brief while before the view of mortals, and hundreds of families admit having received tokens of the departed. After this the demon of Socrates, the Imp of Wesley, the spectral visitors of the bookseller Nicolai, the banshees which follow certain houses, the prank-playing poltergeists of Germany, seem worthy of more respectful attention than we have been willing hitherto to accord them. Who shall now pronounce impossible of realization the prophecy said to have been made through raps long since, that in time the spirits will materialize themselves so as to be able to address audiences from the public rostrum, as though they had never tasted death? With "Katie King" standing for her photograph, and the Chittenden ghost walking the highway with his box under his arm, it does seem as if the gap remaining is not too wide to be spanned in our day.

WHAT ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS SAYS.
Before leaving town to come on this journey, I thought it well to ascertain the views of the Head Centre of Modern Spiritualism as to these objective phenomena. I found that gentleman in his cosy book store, at 24 East Fourth street, and a conversation ensued, in the course of which he expressed himself in substance as follows: So far as he, Mr. Davis, is personally concerned, he takes no more interest in these physical manifestations than a benevolent desire that his fellow men should be convinced of the fact of a future state. He regards them all, including these "materializations," as feats of jugglery by expert spirits, numbers of whom are deeply versed in chemistry and the other natural sciences. The phenomena he regards as necessary to convince nine-tenths of the world's people that "death does not kill a man," and he finds no fault with the Apostle Thomas for wanting

to see and feel the wounds on Christ's body before he would believe him arisen from the dead. He considers "Katie King" and the Eddy ghosts as of no importance as individual identifications, but simply as establishing the general doctrine of immortality. Whoever these shapes may be they are a hard nut for the Positivists to crack. They insist upon the sensuous demonstration of the doctrine of immortality, and here they have it. The world of stars was once further from our comprehension than the world of spirits is now, and before long the laws of the latter will be equally well understood as those of the former. He says that there is always great necessity for caution in believing what one sees and hears in spiritual manifestations. Each phenomenon should be carefully and boldly scrutinized. There are impostors among mediums and among the spirits controlling them. Most of the former are found among the fortune-telling class, who see the way to the Spiritualists to entrap the unwary. He divides mediums into three classes: 1, the fortune-tellers; 2, the medical class; and 3, the materializers. The medical ones are almost invariably controlled by Indian medicine men, who show a strange pertinacity in haunting the earth. They are as a rule much more expert in diagnosing diseases than in prescribing remedies. The materializers are honest in prescribing conditions in forming their classes such as the choice of persons to sit, the places they should occupy, and the regulations of light and heat in the chamber. Spirit forms can no more be produced without observance of conditions than the shadow of a human being can be fixed on the photograph plate without an apparatus to collect and regulate the actinic rays and a developing room to bring out the image. In both instances the effect is a chemical one, not mechanical. Spirit forms are produced by collecting subtle atoms from the atmosphere and combining them into the desired shape by the aid of potential forces, the nature of which is at present undiscovered by our scientific men.

A MYSTERY.
In reply to my question how he could account for the impartation of life to these temporary organisms, so that the heart can be felt to beat and the other physical operations to be carried on, he said he had no explanations to offer, and left the riddles for the disciples of Comte and Tyndall to solve. Varley, the English electrician, wrote him recently to inquire where was the connecting link between matter and spirit. He replied that it was just upon the plane of these materializations, where spirit descended toward matter, and matter ascended toward spirit, the point of contact would be found. There are: 1, solids; 2, fluids; 3, atmospheres; 4, ethers; 5, essences (the imperceptible distilled out of the whole universe of matter.) Matter is at its climax of progress there. Then takes place the alliance of spirit, and at this sensitive place occur these apparitions. At spirit lifts matters up to this point, and by reducing its temperature and motion he evolves the apparition. The reversal of this action produces the vanishment of the shape. All forms and potencies exist in the atmosphere, and by the action of spirit upon them all these and any other desired results are attained.

The conversation thus meagerly reported occurred some time before the account of Prof. Tyndall's Belfast address before the British Association was received in this country; and being read in connection with that, it possesses a definite value as suggesting a possible solution of the enigmas propounded by that eminent man, of "the issue of consciousness from the clash of atoms." One of these Chittenden ghosts told me that there are three qualities of electricity, of which our present scientific tests take cognizance of only the coarsest. Let us hope that by the time we catch the other two, we may be far on our road toward an explanation of the marvels that I have herein imperfectly described. HENRY S. OLcott.

DEATH, or the Pathway from the Earth to the Spirit-world. Everybody should read it. Particulars soon.

A Seance with Messrs. Bastian and Taylor.

The Spiritualist, of London, alludes to the above named mediums as follows:

It is generally conceded that our transatlantic brethren stand pre eminent in all matters pertaining to Spiritualism, but I question whether two mediums of greater scope and power than Messrs. Bastian and Taylor have done us the honor of a visit, of course excepting Mr. D. D. Home. It was, therefore, with considerable pleasure that I accepted an invitation to a seance at their rooms, 36 Keppel street, Russell Square, on Monday evening last. I may premise that I found both these gentlemen kind and courteous in the extreme, and strikingly different in manner and bearing to some so-called "American mediums."

The special phase of Mr. Bastian's mediumship appears to be physical—that of Mr. Taylor's, clairvoyant, and each carrying out his own specialty, the seance became one pregnant with interest of no ordinary character. There were present four ladies and nine gentlemen, sufficient to form a small but compact circle. The doors were securely locked, and the keys retained by myself. Window curtains, and every imaginary place of concealment were carefully searched by one of the sitters. A guitar, music box, and speaking trumpet were placed on the floor. Mr. Bastian then sat within the circle, and Mr. Taylor between two of the visitors; the gas was then turned off, and so harmonize the circle an American piece was sung, but before the conclusion of singing the guitar began to play an accompaniment, and afterwards to do a trifle on its own account, in such a strain as to elicit the hearty approbation of every one present, and a strong desire being expressed for a little more, a continuance of the melody ensued, recalling Glendower's words:—

"Those musicians that shall play to you Hang in the air a thousand leagues from hence, Yet straight they shall be here; sit and attend."

The melodious strains swept loud and clear over the heads of the sitters, and finally culminated in a grand imitation of a peal of church bells; the instrument was then deposited in the lap of one of the sisters. I can safely aver that I never have heard the guitar handled in such a masterly manner. During the whole of this time Mr. Bastian was clapping his hands, and occasionally talking with different members of the circle, and Mr. Taylor, whom I lightly held by the hand, described the various spirit forms surrounded the various sitters in such a clear and lucid manner that exclamations of surprise and astonishment were heard at the faithful and accurate description of departed relatives and friends. This clairvoyant faculty, I may mention, is exercised by Mr. Taylor in his normal state.

George Fox, May, Ambo, and Harry, were the spirits in charge of the circle. Rings, ear-rings, flowers, etc., were taken from one part of the circle to another. Spirit hands and voices, during the whole of the sitting,

were felt and heard; the marks of affection on the part of George and May to particular members of the circle was exceedingly gratifying. I had almost omitted to state that one of the gentlemen composing the circle placed his legs across Mr. Bastian in such a way as to preclude the slightest movement on the part of the medium without detection. A pocket handkerchief, borrowed from a lady by Ambo was found, at the conclusion of the sitting, up the trousers leg of one of the circle, to the no small astonishment of the recipient, and the amusement of the friends assembled.

It having been intimated that sufficient power remained for a light seance, the gas was relighted and chairs rearranged. Not having a cabinet, Mr. Bastian was fain to press into requisition a table-cover, and with this a slight screen was made in one corner of the room. Behind this screen sat the medium, with his hands tightly held by a lady, but in such a position that the upper portion of their bodies were distinctly visible to the circle. This cover was pinned, and the gaslight increased, the guitar and musical box began to play, and there could be distinctly seen spirit hands dithering between the hand of the medium and his fair companion, sometimes on one side, and sometimes on the other. One of the hands was small, white, and delicate, such as would belong to a girl of seven or eight years of age—another, apparently the hand of a female, was rather of a copper color hue, and others, of the masculine type, large and bony, and as dusky as Otello's skin. The speaking-tube was dropped over the edge of the screen in such a manner, that the hand grasping the tube could be seen by every one present for two or three seconds—in fact, for that period it was stationary. I need hardly say that this last manifestation gave the greatest possible satisfaction to every one present.

To all who desire to witness the mediumship of these gentlemen, I would say, "Stay not upon the order of your god, but go at once," as I believe they shortly return to Chicago.

Camberwell.
\$1.50 pays for this paper one year, to new trial subscribers.

The Letter from Mrs. Tappan's Guides.

Mrs. Tappan, who is still in England, has written, or her guide rather, a letter to the Bolton News, wherein she spells diligent with two "ll's," and transposes the vowels in "chief," whereupon the editor of that sheet holds up his hands in holy horror, being shockingly offended at the inordinate use of the letter "l," and the misplacement of "i" and "e." He must be an extraordinary nice gentleman, a sort of fastidious Pecksniff, who would compel a man to eat his pie with a fork, or call him vulgar. The man who will point to such a trifling mistake, has but little important business to engage his attention, hence has time to carefully watch the orthography of spirits, not having sense enough to comprehend their meaning.

Prof. Huxley on Mesmerism.
In the course of one of his lectures, Prof. Huxley mentioned a case which appeared in the Journal des Debats, of a French soldier who was wounded at the battle of Bazelles. He was shot in the left parietal bone; he recovered, and it was found that he was paralyzed on the opposite side of the body—that is to say, his right arm and right leg were completely paralyzed. He led two lives—a normal and abnormal life. In his normal he was an exceedingly honest, well-conducted man; but in his abnormal life he was an inveterate thief.

DR. N. LITTLE, who is located at 113 23d street, Chicago, is a most excellent medium. He is controlled by an ancient spirit, who has a vast fund of useful knowledge to impart to the world. He is, too, a medium for independent slate writing; names in red-lead letters appear on his person also. He is engaged in assisting Fisher Doherty in his gallery for taking spirit pictures, at 113, 23d street.

\$1.50 pays for this paper one year, to new trial subscribers.

Extraordinary Prophecy.

Some time ago, we published the following prophecy, translated from the German, by a gentleman, residing in Brooklyn, N. Y. Here is the first item:

1874. Strengthening of the Spanish Republic. Dissatisfaction in France. General armament in Italy. A new chief of government in France. Death of Pius IX.

So far as the Spanish Republic and France are concerned, it has proved true to the letter. Before the year has expired, we look for a fulfillment of the remainder of the prophecy.

DEATH, or the Pathway from the Earth to the Spirit-world. Everybody should read it. Particulars soon.

The Little Bouquet Orphan's Fund.

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

P. S. Jackson, Winnebago, Ill. 50
Who will next be inspired to a similar deed of noble charity? We shall report.

Day, Colchester's Fund.

All money donated to the above-named fund is to aid Bro. Lester Day for his loss in paying Bro. Charles Colchester's fine for not procuring a license as a Medium. Bro. Colchester is now deceased, and Bro. Day is an old man, in destitute circumstances. Send him anywhere from a dime to such a number of dollars as your ability and judgment dictate, and angels will bless you for it. Direct to Lester Day, 305 Main St., second floor, room 1, Buffalo, N. Y.

Mrs. Elizabeth Young, Champlain, Ill. \$2 00

DEATH, or the Pathway from the Earth to the Spirit-world. Everybody should read it. Particulars soon.

An Honest Poor Man is a Nobleman.

Such a man died a short time since, and many friends in the Spirit World received him with welcome greetings.

He was sick a long time before his death, and received the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL on credit.

"A friend" of his sends us nine dollars in payment, and says "he was sick with consumption, and he prized your paper very much. He earnestly desired 'a friend' to send you the money due, which I do."

It is a pleasure to give credit to appreciative souls; and we know that they in spirit-life will bless us and help to crown our efforts with success.

Letters of Fellowship.

The RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY on the 6th of September 1874, granted letters of fellowship to Brothers John P. Hobbs of Correctionville, Iowa, and Solon P. Best of Granger, Dunn Co., Wisconsin, authorizing them to solemnize marriages in accordance with law.

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Passed to spirit-life, at 6 o'clock, Aug. 10th, 1874, from Adair county, Mo., Mr. ANTHONY TITTLE, in the 66th year of his earth life, respected by all. Mother, mourn not after dear father. Remember he is with you yet. He never died, only passed to that beautiful Summer land where his toils are ended; he lives near you. DAVID TITTLE.

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

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

- CONTENTS. Preface. Introduction. CHAPTER I.—Reviews and Replies.—Letter to "Times." 2.—"Daily Freeman"—Lord Brougham.—Letters and Testimony.—Dr. Elliotson.—Prophecy of Incidents. 3.—Expulsion from Rome.—Discussion in House of Commons. 4.—Chicago, the Medium.—Mr. Robert Browning.—Fancy Portraits. 5.—Nice, America, Russia.—The Double Seances in London. 6.—Lectures.—Notice in "Star"—Falsehoods in "All the Year Round." 7.—Spiritual Athenaeum.—Identity.—Guardians of Strength.—Mesmerism. 8.—New Manifestations.—Elongation.—Tides.—Phenomena. 9.—Elongation and Compression.—Handling of Mrs. CHAMBERS'S CURT.—Mrs. Lyon's Affidavit in support of my Answer to the Suit. CHAP. X.—M. M. Wilkinson's Answer to the Suit. Price \$1.50, postage 10 cents. For sale wholesale and retail by the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, Adams Street and Fifth Ave., Chicago.