

# RELIGIO PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL

DEVOTED TO THE ARTS, SCIENCES, LITERATURE, 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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### EXPERIENCES IN HIGH LIFE IN RUSSIA.

The Royal Restaurant—A Grand Masked Ball—Farewell Concert—Music and Magnetism.

FOURTH ARTICLE.  
BY JESSE SHEPARD.

I had almost forgotten to mention some particulars that might prove interesting to the readers of the JOURNAL, because I know what I am going to describe, has never been written about by any writers or newspaper correspondents, and as Russian modes and manners are almost unknown in America, I intend to give a little description of the greatest restaurant in the world, and one in which the writer passed many happy hours, and many long winter evenings, and in the company of congenial people, and not only loyal but royal friends.

After remaining for nearly a week at the comfortable Hotel de la France, till I was fairly rested from the fatigue which the long journey from Paris occasioned, I made up my mind to present my first letter of introduction, which was the least important letter of any I had.

I had always found success and plenty of friends everywhere without "letters of introduction," but I felt sure that to come into the cold and fastidious capital of Russia without them, would be suicide. An introduction from foreign nobles of high authority was essential, and this I had; but I found myself in no great haste to present them immediately on my arrival, but waited, as I said before, and began with the most ordinary letters which I had in my possession—that to M. Hardy, proprietor of the famous "Restaurant Dousseaux." Why I chose this as my first visit I can not tell; perhaps more because I felt in no hurry to begin a life of excitement and fashion, which I would most surely be plunged into had I presented other important letters first. I had been reposing in my snug room one snowy afternoon, and at last began to feel more lively and animated, when I concluded to walk out and see what the streets looked like, in all the deep snow and Russian wintry garb. I had not gone far when I saw before me the name of "Dousseaux" in small gold letters, and nothing more, the house looked ordinary, and everything about it had an air of commonplace, every-day business and bustle. I could not believe that this was the place where the proud sons of the proudest royal family in Europe, were wont to sup so often in luxurious enjoyment and voluptuous repose. I could see nothing about the house, that I could call warmly inviting, but, however, I was impressed to mount the slippery icy steps, go in, present my letters, and see what the place was like, and who the people were. It was now late in the afternoon, and as I went in the gas was being lit, and all had an air of a Russian interior. On entering the double doors which kept out the intense cold, one is warmed through and through by the heat of the place, a good summer heat, which makes one forget all about the three feet of snow outside and think of the sunny South and bloom of roses.

I was shown into a back room. It was rather dark and gloomy, and there were sitting two men playing dominoes, and enjoying the same in their wild French abandon. One of them was M. Hardy, and I handed him my letter of introduction. Although he had never before heard my name mentioned, he received me like a brother. The letter was sufficient, coming as it did from a near relative in Paris, from whom the writer rented his apartments, and who made many Spiritualists of those in the house, and who spoke of the medium as an "honorable guest." It could not fail to be read with satisfaction by the polite Frenchman.

The lights were lit; supper was prepared and I was made easy and at home, as much so as if I were in Paris or London. During this time I wondered where the elegant rooms could be, I had heard so much about, for I yet saw nothing in the place that looked regal enough for a prince of the royal blood. I had not time to think much longer, when my host politely asked me to step up with him to the yellow room. We walked up a narrow iron stairway, near which was playing a beautiful fountain, with living fish swimming at the bottom and flowers blooming all around its base; then into a salon fit for a duchess of the most lavish notions. My eyes first met a full grand piano gracing a corner of the spacious supper room, and then the exquisite colors of the rich Persian carpets, and the Persian carpets of oriental taste, design and splendor, and the superb frescoing on the walls, enchanted the sight, while the perfume of rare southern flowers threw an atmosphere around one as of an enchanted dwelling—more than an ordinary house where common mortals dwell. This indeed was a salon fit for a palace; elegance, refinement and luxury were there; richness, splendor and comfort combined together to make it a model of a salon, and I could see nothing lacking. But this was only one room; there were twenty-five more. All colors were represented,—blue, green, crimson, purple, yellow, etc., etc., and each salon held a full concert grand piano; each salon differed in style as well as in color, and some cost fabulous sums.

It was there in those salons that the fiery blood of Russia's young nobles, was flamed with old wine and precious meats. It was there that the grand dukes of the royal family came to banish care and spend some hours of peaceful pleasure, away from the throes of state, and the agonies of society etiquette. It was there the spendthrift gave away all he

had to sip Spanish wine, and the glutton ruined himself in feasting on the dearest fat imported from foreign lands. It was there that the Materialist reveled in a sea of luxury and voluptuousness, and the conscience-stricken debauchee deadened his burning brain by repeated draughts of stupefying mixtures, and potent concoctions; in fine, all the meats of different climates; all the drinks, all the sweetmeats and all the fruits, were to be found inside Dousseaux's walls,—nothing too costly, nothing too far away to be imported.

After the French cook has been supplied with champagne, it was settled that this restaurant should have all the rest.

Any of these rooms, my kind host informed me, were at my disposal, and I was to play and sing with locked doors when I was inclined. I went when I chose, and did what I chose, and was indeed at home, although I much preferred living alone and in my own apartment, which I soon did. It is a difficult thing to install one's self into a first class *maison meuble* in St. Petersburg. I was aware of this, and therefore took advantage of the occasion which presented itself, when my friend, M. Hardy, introduced me to the polite and elegant proprietor of the most distinguished private hotel in Russia, M. Jules Faivre, a Frenchman like M. Hardy. I had been feted at the restaurant Dousseaux, and had been regaled with all those luxuries with which it abounded, including the almost daily presence of some of the royal family of grand dukes, until I thought I had had my share of conspicuous life, *a la royal restaurant*. However, before taking leave of my kind host, I had the honor of being present in the *salon bleu* (the blue room) on an occasion when the royal highnesses, the Grand Dukes Casarovich and Constantine were supping there. It was after the opera, and the Dukes with some of their army friends came to the restaurant late, for refreshments. I was invited to join the distinguished party, and did so, as I was anxious to know what the conversation would be. The salon was superbly dressed with flowers, and everything looked fresh and inviting. The richly carved and massive table held the meats and brands of the most costly import; rare fruits from the south of Europe gave a delicious fragrance, and the gold plate and the rare old China gave a charm to the general appearance. The gorgeous uniforms of the Dukes and their officer friends added to the brilliancy of the exquisite blue-room and made it appear more like a picture than a real meeting of guests.

The conversation, as I thought it would, commenced on music and what they had just heard at the Imperial Opera; but this did not last long, for after the first three bottles of fine champagne were drunk, it changed to a more lively tune, and much was said concerning America and the Americans, and of course, I was asked many questions. "I should like very much to visit your country," said the Grand Duke Casarovich, "but I am afraid the laws and customs would not suit me; but I know you are a great and powerful people, and I think will yet make yourself felt in Europe as a political and civil power." With this, one of the princes said, he would rather live in America, if he were obliged to live out of Russia, than any other country. The conversation lasted till a late hour, and the Grand Dukes and their friends seemed delighted to talk about America, her politics and her customs.

A few days later, and I was installed in my quarters for the winter, in the most elegant and private hotel in St. Petersburg. In this house none were admitted as a general rule, but those belonging to the embassies or members of the nobility; for the establishment was kept principally to accommodate this class of people and it is indeed a rare thing if one can find a small upper room vacant; the apartments being rented in suits, and by the quarter, and this at a very high figure. I was not expecting to find anything like this when I went to St. Petersburg. I expected to live at any hotel, just like other people, and in an ordinary way, and certainly I was thankful when I found myself in such a distinguished place, with so much comfort on every side, and with so much elegance combined with the spiritual aroma of the talented people who lived there. It was in the depth of winter, yet flowers were blooming as I entered the hall. Outside the thermometer stood at thirty degrees below zero; yet once the second door was closed and I found myself in an atmosphere of beautiful balmy summer. The house was massive and was five stories high, yet from top to bottom all was of an equilibrium of heat which surprised me. One might wear the lightest summer clothes all over the house and never feel chilled in the least.

Persian carpets made the grand stairway soft and easy for the feet, and these carpets were of the most delicate and complicated texture. Costly statuettes and busts adorned the top of each flight of steps, and gave an air of refined culture to the interior, which, added to the flowers and superb draperies, combined to make this house stand out alone from all others I had seen while in France and Germany. I had the honor of dining every day with that talented woman, the Countess du Bassoy, who dined at the private *table d'hôte*, with the proprietor; also the Countess Keller, one of the most beautiful women of Russia, and now famed for her brilliant and witty conversation, and the celebrated painter M. Gassin. These, with a few other distinguished ladies and gentlemen, were company at each day in the proprietor's private salon, and here I had a good opportunity of improving on my German and practicing my French, with now and then a word or two of Russian and Slavonic.

I had not been in my house long, when I received a note from a French gentleman

who occupied a suit of elegant rooms in the north wing of the house, stating that my friends in the house were going to give a ball in my honor. This I did not much like, as I never danced and cared nothing about such amusement, but I finally was obliged to let them have their own way and do as they pleased. It was a masked ball and a brilliant affair. About seventy select invitations were given, and it was managed so that one from almost every country should be invited. This made it extremely interesting for all concerned, and I began myself to look forward to it with some pleasure. On the evening appointed, guests began to arrive from all the principal societies and legations in St. Petersburg. There were Polish counts, dressed in the famous polonaises, and wearing caps and feathers and lace. There were Germans of the real Teutonic proclivities, and of the good old Baronic times, fat and inclined to Rhine wine and beer, with costumes of the days of Frederick the Great, flashy but effective. There were Muscovites in all the original peculiarities of the interior of Russia, and decked out in their own strange style; a little disguised, but not too much to be recognized by their friends; there were Frenchmen, sparkling, witty, light, gay and fantastic as they always are, showing the real glow, and the veritable mimic on such occasions, and giving a coloring of humor and levity to everybody around them; Italian, gorgeously bespangled in lights and shades, and plumes and feathers and scarlet, merry and full of their musical fun, and innocent jokes; Spanish, in all their beauty and elegance of form and grace and costume, giving illusion to everything, and making the inanimate speak by the power of their bewitching arts; Hungarians, wild looking and pastoral in their movements and gestures, but most fastidiously dressed and disguised; and the English John Bull, with his heavy ways and blunt manners, and not very elegant style; and last but not least, the Yankee, the veritable, simple pure, with ruffled shirt, long swallow-tailed coat, brass buttons, high hat, and turnip watch, who danced about in all the freedom of a Jonathan in his natural element.

All those and many more nations were represented, making a *culte ensemble* of dazzling brilliancy and magnificent effects. Not a few of Russia's beautiful women composed the number. The Princess Boulkoff, the Countess du Bussey, the Countess Popoff, and the Princess Conrado, charmed the company by their lively and versatile conversation, and their witticisms. It was a rare evening of mirth and enjoyment, not easily to be forgotten, and one that will live in my memory fresh for many long years to come.

It is not often that a stranger in a foreign land is called upon to witness such manifestations of courtesy and appreciation as was manifested on this occasion, and it made me the more grateful, and I fully realized its worth. Some months after this I was advised by my friends to commence preparations for my grand farewell concert. In Russia no person is allowed to give a concert before Lent, because the season of general amusements is then at its full, and in Lent the theatres have their turn and are closed, so as to give artists a chance of giving their concert. Each artist is allowed to give one concert, and to give that, you are obliged to obtain letters and seals and passports, and orders, and police requisitions, and all other kinds of papers, so as to clear you from any suspicion of the secret police authorities. It took me three weeks to obtain mine, and when I did, I was thankful enough to get clear of such bother and trouble, of which, only those who have passed through the ordeal can form an adequate idea. My programme was looked over by the secret police, so as to be sure there was nothing that would offend the Emperor or be distasteful to the loyal ears of a Russian audience. These proceedings were not a little funny to me, and I look upon all such as the remnants of barbaric ages. Finally I was pronounced clear from doubt and suspicion, and I went my way after having made twenty-five excursions to the police and other headquarters of these strange authorities. We had decided that the concert should be a private one, and that the tickets should be sold by private hands. This made it a kind of court concert, for it was to be patronized by one of the great women of the Russian Empire, a woman of great influence at the court and one of great ability. This lady was at the head of the concert, inasmuch as she influenced me in giving it, and disposed of nearly all the tickets at the high price of \$10 each.

Before the concert all the tickets were taken by members of Court and Nobility at this price. I had for assistance two artists justly celebrated for their talents as vocalists, and the concert was held in the elegant salon of Koch, on the Grande Moskoff, which is used only on occasions like this. At 8 o'clock the salon was filled with the elite of St. Petersburg. Diamonds and rare jewels flashed from the heads of Russian blondes, laces and satins and costly furs bedecked the forms of distinguished beauties, and the scene was regal to the eyes of the most unobserving, and callous. We were to exhibit before a critical house full of capricious women; before an audience composed of musicians, pianists, singers and artists from among the "fine flowers" of the nobility; yet we did not feel in the least nervous or excited for it was not the first ordeal of the kind from which we passed in triumphant victory. Our first piece was a symphony in two movements. At first the sceptical eyes of material critics frowned a little, till some of those combinations so peculiar and characteristic of Beethoven's psychologized them by the force of musical rhetoric, and compelled them to obey the royal command of harmonious combinations and melodious strains. It was the work of an instant. They came with their minds made up to find a flaw in the counterpoint, and detect errors in the method of our singing, but these critical notions were removed when the strains of Sontag fell on their ears, and harmonized them in a manner quite unknown in that region. For two hours the music went on in one continual stream of melody and scientific combination, until the listeners were wrapt in a flood of delicious effects produced by the inspiration of those high immortals, who once charmed earth's mediums in the flesh, and warbled forth their inspired notes of joy and gladness to the weary lover of the divine and the spiritual in song.

Great was our victory again on that memorable evening, and long to be remembered. Although this was my farewell concert, I did not leave Russia till many months after; in fact, my greatest success was had during the time which followed, for my visit to the palaces were not made till late in the summer. A short description of a vision which I had one day in the imperial Palace of Paul, will not be uninteresting here. We had been walking through some of those vast corridors of imperial ages, and were coming out into a council chamber of gorgeous design and great display of color and ground work, when I was attracted by an influence which seemed to lead me towards the throne room near by. Sadows passed and repassed me, and was growing more and more dense and materialized, when at last I discovered the form of Catharine the Great, Empress of Russia; that wonderful woman who called herself "*La grande Goussie du Nord*," (as in effect she was), standing in all the regal pomp of royal elegance and stately command in the door. I made haste to enter after her, and in a moment was before the throne, which just then wore a superb aspect of glimmering light and shade, which came through the stained glass windows at the side, and threw over the mosaic floor, a light of exquisite tenderness and mellow coloring, only to be compared with the fancies of oriental temples, or Egyptian palaces. Silence held unutterable control, and death seemed walking at my side. Memories of ancient days flitted through the mystified mind, mingled with splendors of past pageants and inscriptions written by the royal hands of fair queens, were held before me to decipher. I could feel the presence of a strange gathering, and was conscious of some powerful intent. The Great Empress spoke, and said:—"Lend thy hand to the spirits who are in confinement here, and give aid to those in trouble. The people have prophesied and the Priests have prayed, but of no avail." Then I wondered what would come next, when the Great Queen raised her hand and continued, "Go to the Palace where Paul was strangled and deliver those who pray there." In an instant I knew all. A flash of clairvoyance gave me an insight into all this manifestation. I was to go and raise the undeveloped spirits out of the darkness they were in, by assistance and spiritual aid, which they could not get from mediums in St. Petersburg. In some future article I shall give an account of what I did and saw at the Palace above mentioned, where the Emperor Paul was strangled with handkerchiefs, just before the reign of Catharine II. These visions and manifestations are but a few of the hundreds which I saw and experienced while abroad; those of the old castle of Hiberstein, in Baden Baden, of the castle at Heidelberg, and others throughout Germany and France, which I shall have occasion to mention when I come to those countries.

Physical Manifestation in Colorado.

I have lately had the satisfaction of attending several seances held by Mr. Peck, a former resident of Kansas. This gentleman had obtained considerable celebrity in his peculiar work. As this subject engrosses so much public attention at the present time, it may not be amiss to give a brief account of the facts that occurred in this case, and which were all perceived by a number of persons, many of them skeptics, who would have been only too glad to prove the whole affair a fraud. I will do so without offering any opinion as to the cause, which produced these effects. The best seances were not held before an audience where the medium was to be repaid with money and applause, but in a private dwelling, and were given merely for the accommodation of a few friends. Here a cabinet was erected in a large, unfurnished room, formerly used as a store-room, and all were permitted to examine the same and its surroundings. At the first seance, there were, perhaps, twenty persons present. A committee was appointed to secure the medium, chosen from among the most skeptical in the audience. These gentlemen hand-cuffed the medium, and proceeded to tie him with the ropes in a highly satisfactory manner. A circle was then formed and the lights turned down, leaving only sufficient light to enable all to discern objects in the room, and see clearly the opening in the cabinet. There was a short pause of anxious waiting, and then a hand appeared at the aperture, but so indistinct and shadowy that several declared they could not see it at all. Then attention was attracted by raps indicating that the spirit desired to write. A tablet was produced, and the hand, which gradually grew more distinct, wrote upon it. The message written was addressed to a gentleman in the room, and signed with the name of a person who died in Idaho, one year ago, and who has been the main control in the manifestations we have witnessed. The signature was declared by several parties to be in the handwriting of the person referred to; the words were, "Frank, I told you in Idaho that I would come back. Sedgewick."

The spokesman of the spirit band is an Indian who talks in broken English. He answers questions put by the audience, gives information respecting the light, and the wishes of the spirits. The instruments in the cabinet were passed out and taken in again by invisible hands; the drum being a useless instrument, was thrown spitefully out, but when a lively tune was played on the violin, the drumsticks beat perfect time on the wall of the cabinet. As a final test, each person thrust his hand through the aperture, and pressed it firmly on the medium's head. All were rewarded by a palpable touch of spirit hands, of which there were two pairs, one a man's, firm and solid; the other, small, delicate and extremely soft; this last I felt patting me lightly and lovingly, as the real hand of the dear child, to whom it was supposed to belong. The hands projected out, and were placed upon the heads and arms of persons at the aperture.

At the close of these demonstrations, the door of the cabinet was dashed open from within; the light was turned up instantly and the committee examined their man, and reported him bound hand and foot, precisely as they had left him.

A dark seance was then held. The medium was secured as before, placed in the centre of a circle, and the lights extinguished. A guitar and violin had been laid on the floor; scarcely did darkness reign, before they were lifted up, and began moving over our heads and were thrummed at the same time; they floated around for several minutes, rapped against the ceiling, and passed along giving each one a re-assuring pat upon the head. Spirit hands then rested upon our heads. I felt them several times as plainly as I ever felt a human hand—cool, moist, firm, not melting away instantly, but rubbing my face and arms as if determined to attract attention. A watch was conveyed from a gentleman who sat opposite, to the pocket of one who sat next to me. I heard the fumbling of the article trying to climb into my mental question concerning the agency that brought it thither. I felt a hand touch my face. Phosphorescent lights were seen to start through the darkness; voices whispered in our ears, and took up the refrain of the song we sang. After these performances had been carried on for some time, the Indian spoke and told us that the medium must be released. Immediately the ropes began to feel agitated, and came snapping around our feet. A light was struck as soon as possible, and revealed Mr. Peck sitting in a drooping, weary attitude with the ropes untied, and still hand-cuffed.

At another time, half a dozen persons formed the magic circle around a small table, the medium amongst them, his hands being held by two other persons. A slate was put beneath the table, and the scratching of the pencil was immediately heard. At the conclusion of its remarks the spirit rapped, and the slate was examined. This was repeated a number of times. The writing was legible enough, but the messages were short and not at all remarkable.

The table tipped from side to side, and the hands of those resting upon it, were swayed by an uncontrollable impulse, and used to rap out the communications of the spirits. It was next proposed that the spirits should place a chair upon the table. A chair was heard at once to move, but from the sound appeared to have become entangled with another. The two creaked against each other, and seemingly endeavored with much noise to extricate themselves. Concluded on page 109.

"We read in de good book," said a colored Baptist brother down South, "of John de Baptist—nigger of John de Methodist." And that, says a Charleston correspondent of the New York Observer, is the reason most of the colored Suisiana people are Baptists.

A certain young lady is so modest that she will not permit the *Christian Observer* to remain in her room over night.

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NO. 14.

Biography of Jonathan Koons.

[We propose to publish several articles and biographical sketches from the pen of Jonathan Koons, written in the early days of Spiritualism, and which first appeared in the Lockport (Pa.) Medium. Several of Mr. Koons' children were physical mediums, and the manifestations at his Spirit Rooms, in Ohio, were of the most striking character.—Editor Journal.]

EDITOR MEDIUM.—The receipt of several copies of the MEDIUM are hereby acknowledged, which contained my first letter to the same, in which I propose to offer a sketch of my life and experiences, etc., etc.

Without any further preliminary remarks I now proceed with a short biography of my physical and domestic career to this day. I was born in Bedford Co., Pa. My father's given name was Peter, my grandfather's name in the line of my father, was Henry, my grandmother's maiden name in the line of my father was Painter. My mother's maiden name was Snider, my grandmother's maiden name was on my mother's side was Ott. Thus you see I originated from Koons, Painter and Ott's, all of whom were emigrants from the German provinces. According to my father's family record, I was born on the 27th day of September, A. D. 1811. My father was a member of the old church Presbyterian church, and my mother a member of the Lutheran article of faith. My name stands recorded in the Presbyterian church register of Friends Cove, as a subject to the ordinances of Baptism, and John Teaser as my god-father; a god-father is one who assumes the spiritual guardianship of the infant Baptismal subject, and bears the child in his arms during the performance of the ceremonial rite of said ordinance.

My father was a farmer by occupation, and maintained a large family of children by the same, consisting of ten in number, five sons and five daughters—all of whom were carefully instructed in the practical use of the necessary implements of husbandry, and domestic economy, peculiar to a rural life. A proper use of these and honesty, became the motto of the family, and was faithfully enforced under a code of canonical precepts, by my parents, peculiar to the wife of faith to which they were subject. The effects of this order of family government, was duly realized if not appreciated by me, for I became early afflicted with rheumatic affections at an early age, by exposure and hard labor, which caused my entire limbs at times, to disobey the volition of mind in the discharge of their physical office. This in effect, filled the mind, and I could have no leisure cheerfully dispensed with my fraternal physical bark, and launched my mental existence upon the mysterious ocean of a future state, had it not been for the horrible scenes and penalties depicted upon my mind by the educated rule of faith of my parents, vowing to man's future existence. But I will notice this subject in another letter.

I continued with my father until I arrived in the 19th year of my age. I then resolved to leave home and engage in some other livelihood. I accordingly engaged myself as an apprentice of the carpenter and horse joining business, under the supervision of Elias Gump, of Reineburg, Bedford Co., Pa., under whom I served two and a half years. Until the date of my apprenticeship I was without a literary education—except that of an indifferent reader—the requirement of which I owed to a few quarters' tuition at a very early age, and to that of my own industry. The desire of an education gave me constant employment in meditation, reading and reflection—when not otherwise engaged. The love of music was also a prominent feature of my character, which led me into a practical performance of the same. It was not long until I acquired an admirable degree in the skill of its performance,—which became an agreeable source of recreation, and it also opened a channel through which I gained admission in social society and assemblies, that would have denied me admittance under any other qualification, except wealth and pomposity. The practice of instrumental and vocal music, in connection with my new occupation opened up to my benefit a vast plain of social relations, which ever since has been traversed and rammed, picking up here and there a precious jewel of scientific and other useful knowledge. These humble professions gained me admittance to military discipline, both theoretic and practical, as musician. In this rank and station I enjoyed the benefit of public orations, delivered by patriotic and able minds at military picnics, festivals and balls. They also opened my way into social family circles, private halls, singing parties, discussions, religious assemblies, weddings, huskings, raisins, theatrical performances, etc., etc. which were constant contributors to my little store of practical, experimental, explanatory, and theoretic knowledge. Scarcely an act or idea ever escaped my consideration, many of which will be noticed under another head.

During my apprenticeship, I became highly interested on the subject of religion. I communicated the fact to some of my associate acquaintances who advised me to become subject to the Presbyterian church discipline—my counselors being members of that denomination. This ordering being in accordance with my father's theological views, I, in honor to his judgment, enlisted, and entered my quarters under Rev. J. Dana, to receive instruction under his Reverendship, from his rule of faith. During the term of my theological tuition, not infrequently as I since discovered—I engaged in a careful reading of the "Holy Christian canon." This operation to me in effect was like passing from a sunny plain of healthy atmosphere, abounding with bright sparkling hills, birds and flowers, into a dark lonely valley of thorns, brambles, serpens, satyrs and wolves, pervaded with a fetid atmosphere, and filled with mysterious pits and lakes of a horrible character that threatened the wandering and disconsolate pilgrim with eternal woes and despair, every step he advanced. After groping my way through this horrible condition, until the day of sanctification and initiation into the church, seeking for deliverance and rest and finding none, arising as it were from a dream of despair, a soft and soothing voice seemed to come unto me saying, "Rise up and retrace your steps, why linger you here?" After communicating the condition of my mind to some of my fellow travelers under theological instruction, they kindly cautioned me against the temptations of Satan, but wait patiently until the day of consecration, and meritorious festival of bread and wine. Then, said my council, "the Holy Spirit will enable you to see the sunbeams of divine light." The day at length arrived, when the small assembly of pupils anxiously bowed themselves before the altar of our Reverend guide and teacher, for the purpose of receiving the "divine blessing." I must confess, however, my position was more like that of a spectator, than a partaker or participator.

Nevertheless, I subjected myself to the reception of the sacramental and ceremonious obligations of the church. When the ceremonies of the occasion were ended, I stepped forward and paid my quarters, and took my final leave from the dark and gloomy valley of church discipline, and entered my course for a more fair and happy land, under the compass and sail of individual sovereignty and self-preservation, so far as other controlling cir-

cumstances would admit—which course I have ever after pursued, against the wind and tide of all sectarian controversy. It is very true however, that this course—separated many warm hearts and affectionate minds, from my former associations—both corporate and mutual. But their relationship has nevertheless been supplied with far more bright and glorious fruits and flowers.

Soon after the expiration of my apprenticeship, I resolved to improve my education. I accordingly procured a small library of such books that I thought would offer me the greatest amount of useful knowledge. My library consisted of a carpenter's architecture, practical geometry, common arithmetic, measurement of solids, Comstock's natural philosophy, Guy's pocket Encyclopedia, Gall and Spurzheim's phrenology, Walker's dictionary, Brock's theological Dictionary, Josephus' history of the Jews, and a few others of less importance, and an old Bible, which I procured in exchange for little articles of traffic, when a little sportive lad at home. This arrangement was made at the close of the year 1833.

I employed the entire winter of 1833 in private study,—worked at my trade in the neighborhood of my father, the ensuing summer. On the 28th day of October, 1833, I entered on a journey to Ohio, via Pittsburgh, and Mercer, Pa. I traversed the State of Ohio, through the counties of Trumbull, Ashtabula, Stark, Columbiana, Wayne, Richland, Frederick, Holmes, Carroll, Coshocton, Muskingum, Perry, Athens and Washington, thence homeward up the Ohio. I enjoyed this trip very much,—scarcely a day passed by, but what I met with some friend or acquaintance from the place of my nativity. Many scenes were constantly presenting themselves to my observations and investigation, many of which gave rise to serious reflections; among which was the execution of Christian Bechtel, at Canton, Ohio, who was executed for the murder of his wife, Nov. 23d, 1833. Another was that of the meteoric shower, that took place on the morning of the 12th day of said month. The scene was astounding,—and to superstitious minds, most terrible; as was made manifest by the cries of some of the inhabitants of New Hartsville, Ohio, where I lodged the night.

At a o'clock in the morning of said day, while I was quietly in the arms of Morpheus, I was suddenly aroused by the sound of footsteps, mingled with male and female voices. I hastily sprang from my bed, and drew the curtains of a front window aside, so as to find me an opportunity to learn the cause of the alarm, when, to my astonishment, I was met with the glowing genius of the Incarnate elements that pervaded the plane. Another minute found me in the street, divested of all except shirt and pantaloons half buttoned. And if I was not amazed, you may strike that word out of your vocabulary. Some were praying, some laughing, some weeping, and others moping; while at the same time the surrounding elements seemed all upon fire. Think I, surely, Hughes and Miller are true prophets; and they may be a little mistaken in computing the time of the destruction of this world by fire. After witnessing the tumultuous scene for some time, I found my way into the sitting room, where several gentlemen were discussing the philosophy relating to the phenomena. This to me was of more interest than the tumultuous scene I had just witnessed. Here the force of education was practically illustrated. My host, Mr. Wolf, was infidel, and his wife "orthodox." Wolf himself was engaged in giving a philosophical illustration of the phenomena, while at the same time, his wife was engaged in the indulgence of prayer and tears, in a small back kitchen, as I learned from ocular demonstration. This contrast will enable the reader to judge the general character of the scene.

En route for home, I purchased the property upon which I now reside, without a dollar to advance upon the contract—save a rifle worth about seven dollars, which I had procured in exchange for an old silver watch, during my sojourn in Athens county. This exchange was made for the purpose of enabling me to sport amongst the Athen's hills the abounded with game at that time. I returned home in the month of April, 1834, to my place of nativity. I pursued my occupation of joining and carpentering, the ensuing winter of 1835 taught school. In the spring of the same year I located in Athens County, Ohio, where I continued my occupation and paid for my farm. In the summer of 1836, I was introduced to a young lady, daughter of Rev Samuel G. Bishop, a Calvinistic Baptist, late from the State of New Hampshire. The young lady was a member of the Episcopal Methodist church,—but liberal in her views, having been favored with facilities leading to higher views than those entertained by many of the same order. Her profession was that of a school teacher, which during her avocation, brought her in contact with many free thinkers, who inspired her with a desire to be also mentally free.

October 27th, 1836, I was married to said Miss Bishop. We located at Amesville, of this county, and I pursued my trade, until the ensuing month of June, 1838, at which time I located on my farm, where we have resided ever since. My farm was unimproved, and but one neighbor within two miles. My improvements at this time consist of about thirty acres cleared land, about five hundred bearing fruit trees—a cabin, barn and house, and other out-buildings and conveniences, exclusive of a large double barn, stowed with one entire year's crop, which had been set on fire, by some one or more, who wished to compel me to discontinue my investigation of Modern Spiritualism. But I must necessarily drop the subject here for the present, and speak of this again, as I have already exceeded my intended limits. Enough is said to show the reader that I had no time for "jugglery" as has been imputed.

JONATHAN KOONS.  
Milfield, Athens Co., O. Dec. 9th, 1856

Prenatal Influences.  
BRO. JONES.—In the JOURNAL, No. 10, 1875, I notice a paper from the pen of Mr. Gardner, under the caption "Prenatal Influences," in which, several instances of mysterious nature are mentioned, which, perhaps, can find an explanation of their causes only in a well studied, practical knowledge of the psychological law of our being. In one of these instances, we find, as a result of the prospective mother gazing upon the body of her murdered husband, the death of her two newly born infants, one of which bore all the fatal marks of the dead father, the other only the stamp of death.

In the second instance, the mother observing the dying struggles of an Alligator, shot by the husband, gave premature birth to her child, having through its body a bullet-hole in the very place where the alligator was shot. Case third tells of a husband smothering the head of a live raccoon and splitting its body full length, after the varment had inflicted upon itself flesh-wounds by making efforts to escape from its imprisonment. The expectant wife and mother looked upon the scene of this barbarous transaction until forced to retire from having swooned away at the sight. And in due time the affected mother gave birth to her child, whose skull bone was found to be in

several pieces, with eyes resembling those of the varment, body split, and steel trap scar upon one of its feet, resembling closely in every respect the scene or spectacle alluded to.

The writer of the article asks the following important questions: "Why were not the same wounds on both children? Why were not both of the children found with shot holes in the breast, arms and neck broken?" In second instance, he asks, "Why was not a bullet hole found in the heart or brain of the mother as well as her offspring?" And in case of the raccoon narrative, he inquires, "How came the mother to escape uninjured, while the offspring suffered so severely?"

Although these questions are submitted for explanation to some of our scientific men of Chicago, Philadelphia or New Orleans, I do not feel constrained to await their answer, but am willing to give my thoughts to the world, although I make no high claims to a scientist. If I miss the mark in my effort to solve those problems, I shall have but imitated many a one before; besides, my response may be the means of arousing those of deeper thought and broader mind, in which case, I will have gained a point. First, then, the eternal law of cause and effect is as ceaseless in its workings in our physical nature as in any other element of our being. Indeed, it is in this invisible, soul or spiritual realm of our being that all causes exist, and through their adapted agencies, stamp their effects upon visible matter. In the cases alluded to, there are three points that may be considered in solving the problem, why those scenes beheld by the mothers, should be degenerated upon their offspring. First, the mother may be regarded as the grand moving cause—the origin and source from whom sprang the results under consideration. In her being, from the moment of conception, is to be found the direct primary cause, the prototype of every lineament, feature and shade of appearance that go to make up the finished picture of her unborn child. Her spiritual being is the great battery, the positive center of a grand and mighty work that is going on in her system. The embryo in the matrix is the minor, negative center, a newly formed nucleus, around which gathers every element essential to its existence, evolution and further perfection. The positive center, its mother, is the source upon which it depends for all help and advancement. The mother, during her state of pregnancy, is, as it were, a real double, having two instead of one, to build up and sustain. Her every act, thought and emotion flow to the slumbering immortality by attraction or gravitation, through the voluntary and involuntary laws, and stamp their image upon the little sensitized plate, so to speak. These are the means used, and may be called the third or middle element in the trine labor of procreation. When all is harmonious, healthy and active, from the parental cause to the germinating seed, inclusive, the natural result is a well developed human offspring, physically and mentally. This same law operates uniformly throughout the broad realms of universal nature. Sometimes in the outward world, storms occur, sweep over earth with great fury, devastating the beautiful forest and vegetable scenery she so grandly developing, more or less, owing to the extent to which she was thrown out of balance or equilibrium. Similar incidents occur in the mental case; any scene, physical act or mental movement that disturbs the harmony, tranquility or equilibrium of the mind, throws it into a condition favorable for diurnal results—the disturbed equilibrium will find her equipose if she has to find it in death.

Remember, now, the embryo is a second center of the mother's life into which flow the elements, conditions and emotions of the maternal mind, leaving their impressions upon its being. If the physical disturbance is too great for the unborn child to resist, it will be still-born, while its mental being will wear the lineaments of the picture thus produced, perhaps, for many ages to come, depending upon the force and nature of their composition. In answer to the first inquiry,—"Why were not the same wounds on both children?" "Why were they not injured alike?" "Why not the shot holes appear on both, instead of one?" We will suggest this thought. The mother knew that there was developing in her system a child; but she may have not known there were two. The scene that disturbed in the flesh of thought, was transmitted to the embryo or fetus in harmony with her consciousness of the fact of there being one child; her whole thought being concentrated there on; the other receiving the results of the involuntary force or action in death, without the effects produced through the mother's knowledge as above expressed. The law of her duality as an individual, may, too, have had something to do in the matter. Our best minds of modern age, hold that each human being is dual; that their front and right sides are positive, while the back and left are negative. I find this to be true in the treatment of disease. The involuntary force resulting alike in death, may have caused its way to the twins unborn, through each of those physical channels; while the aura of the brain, with the impressions of the mind, coursed their way through a single path, being governed by maternal consciousness.

To inquiry second, in the alligator case, "Why was not a bullet hole found in the heart or brain of the mother, as well as her offspring?" We remark, that the scene of the alligator did not make the impression on the physical system of the mother, but on her mental; nor was it the wounded animal that stamped the impress or picture of itself on the infant that was thus affected. All this was done through the forces of the mother's mind by physical law upon the principle heretofore stated. To the third and last inquiry,—"How came the mother to escape uninjured, while the offspring so severely suffered?" We have but to say, the former arguments hold good. The scene with all its deleterious effects was carried through the mother's mind to the unborn infant, upon the principle that she is the positive center, while in this instance the embryonic child is the negative, receiving from its parental source that which it possesses, the only thing it can impart. Should these thoughts prove worthy of space in your invaluable JOURNAL, you will please give them publicity. I have made some considerable observation touching the important subject of maternal transmission to offspring, especially in its mental department, of which I may hereafter speak.

J. H. Mendenhall  
Corro Gordo, Ind.

A Woman Who Could not Live Dishonored.

New York, May 16.—A special from Wood-hull, Stenben county, says—Mrs. John Farris, daughter of Rev. Joseph Thomas of that place, was betrayed into marriage by John Farris, a notorious scoundrel and thief. He married Miss Thomas, and three days after told her she had married a bigamist and then deserted her. In consequence of his deception she committed suicide by throwing herself in front of a locomotive on the Northern Central Railroad. Farris is imprisoned.

The above dispatch informs us that the un-

fortunate lady committed suicide, and of course the coroner's jury returned in accordance (?) with the facts a verdict of suicide, whereas a verdict of willful murder would have been found had the verdict not conformed to the facts as stated in the dispatch. Murderer? By whom? Society. Our grand, virtuous (?) Society killed her, I say. Deliberately murdered her name, by affixing to her name an ineradicable stain; by placing upon her womanhood the deep, damning brand of its indignation, its unmerciful, uncharitable, unjust judgment. Is there any man who thinks for a moment that the poor, persecuted woman was in any sense or in any way "dishonored"? What is dishonor? Crime. And what is crime? The violation of conscience; nothing more or less. Now, as a logical sequence, she having in no particular violated her conscience she cannot have been guilty of any crime, and consequently was in no wise dishonored. Is one dishonored because one is deceived? Society says, "No, except when a woman is deceived in this particular." Poor woman! poor stricken girl! Who can comprehend the depths of the agony of soul with which she exclaimed with the "New Magdalen" "I can't get back! I can't get back!" And why could not she get back? No less pure, no less innocent than before she became entangled in the web of her villainy. Society, and particularly the female portion of society, forbids her ever again to cross the sacred threshold of its spotless (?) purity, its un sullied virtue; nay, forbids her again to hold up her head among honorable women. It says: "You shall not get back!" Even if she had sinned, repentance should redeem her; but that without sin eternal condemnation should be laid upon her, is neither just nor Christian.

In God's name, is there no modern Christ to rise up for the redemption of down trodden women. Ah, it is hard to realize that this is the 19th century of Christianity and not the dark ages of superstition and ignorance. And how dare the great journal from which we clip the item which heads this communication, feed the disease of the public mind, which is destroying humanity, body and soul! How dare it ignore the existence of the foul plague acknowledging that the woman was "dishonored" and hence could not bear to live! In the name of common sense, common justice, common humanity, let all who dare and are able, raise their voices in one grand clamor for the emancipation of woman from such soul-destroying, degrading, social chains, and let no man ever call himself a Christian who will not lend his aid to the reclamation of human beings socially damned.

Theological Queries in Rhyme.  
BY A. G. GARDNER.

If this life is to man a curse,  
And perhaps the next is worse,  
Who then to blame but the First Cause—  
Who made the man, ordained the laws,  
And then before his infant eyes,  
Got a dreadful tempting prize:  
And then put forth the dread command  
"Eat of this fruit and thou art damned!"

Why should this infinite first cause,  
Subject to such inhuman laws,  
A feeble finite worm like man  
The law to break and spoil the plan,  
That He in wisdom had devised,  
To people a new paradise,  
And then repent, as it is said,  
That He this couple ever made?

Why should this parent "wise and good,"  
Drive out this pair, his infant brood,  
In to the earth. Then for their sake,  
Profanely curses on it make?  
Experience so sad in view,  
Why did he not begin anew,  
And first in order, "Kill the Devil,"  
And that would prove his head was level?

Instead of seeking human blood  
By millions through a water flood,  
And leaving all the causes rife  
Requiring "God the sacrifice,"  
Still falling as he did before,  
Though using freely, "purple gore,"  
And still the Devil slyly laughs  
Because He gets the larger half!

If God is wise, and good, and just,  
As all admit He surely must,  
Could He repent of what he'd done,  
Or sacrificed an only son,  
Could innocence be made to share  
The penalties that guilt should bear?  
Is He so vain that He could prize  
So terrible a sacrifice?

But may there not still be a doubt  
How God creation brought about?  
May not progression be the right,  
And yet the law be infinite?  
May not this God so "just and good"  
Have done the very best he could;  
And may not all at last progress—  
To sin and suffer less and less?

A Card.  
EDITOR JOURNAL.—Permit me through your paper to say to the many parties who have written Mrs. C. M. Morrison, desiring her to visit their localities, that it will be impossible for her to do so at present, her time being fully occupied diagnosing and treating diseases at home.

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The Fall of Man,  
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Book Notices.

THE UNSEEN UNIVERSE or Physical Speculations on a Future State. New York: McMillan & Co. 1875. Pp. 212. 8vo.

Although this book is put forth by the publishers, anonymously, it is known to be the joint effort of Prof. P. Guthrie Tait, of Edinburgh, and Prof. Stewart, of Owens College, Manchester.

The object of the authors as set forth in the preface is "to endeavor to show that the presumed incompatibility of science and religion does not exist. This, indeed, ought to be self-evident to all who believe that the Creator of the universe is Himself the author of Revelation."

In the introduction the belief in immortality is briefly outlined as entertained by the ancients, Egyptians, Hebrews, Greeks, Romans, Aryans, Christ and his disciples, the later Christian sects, down to Swedenborg and Modern Spiritualism. The last has special interest to the readers of the JOURNAL.

Of Swedenborg's system it is said: "Unquestionably it is the system of a profound thinker, and many great men have not hesitated to express their admiration. Yet as he errs in some of his statements, it is said in conclusion, 'There is no reason to suppose that the speculations of Swedenborg were anything else than the product of his own mind, in the same sense in which the speculations of this volume may be regarded as the product of the minds of its authors.'"

One page dismisses Spiritualism. Its manifestations are unsatisfactory because they "take place as a rule in insufficient light, if not in total darkness, and in the presence of those who are in a state of mental excitement." Yet the authors add, "While we altogether deny the reality of these appearances, we think it likely that the Spiritualists have enlarged our knowledge of the power that one mind has in influencing another, which is in itself a valuable subject of inquiry."

Thus the only positive method of the investigation of the unseen universe is summarily discarded, and the known facts of material science are resorted to for the navigation of that unknown infinite which stretches from the shores of the atom to the throne of the absolute Cause. Thus limited, the authors display great erudition and skill in the management of their material.

The universe is a unit, and everything begun goes forward elementally in some form. The "unseen universe" is "continuity" of the seen. The world of spirit is an outgrowth of the world of matter. The correlation and conservation of energy, and the theory of evolution are accepted and clearly explained. They are the foundation of the theory of the "unseen."

The energy of the physical world is dissipating. Every wave of light, heat or magnetism which radiates from a pulsing center, its absolute loss, and the time will come when all will have vanished. The engine will have consumed its coal, its water and itself. All beings whatever their grade, evolved out of such an order, must necessarily partake of its character and with the final extinction of energy of the fountain, all its dependencies must likewise expire. The "unseen universe," with its intelligences evolved, or a "continuity" of this perishable one, will escape this fiat of oblivion, because no longer a part of it.

This bold theory is supported by texts of Bible, and shown to be in perfect harmony with religion. Learned, scholarly and able the book certainly is, and is one of the many efforts lately put forth to harmonize science with religion, which hourly grow antagonistic.

It attempts a task which from the standpoint of physical science as at present understood, is impossible, for that science has only half the truth. With all the assurances furnished, scientists are not satisfied. The demand for immortality is prominent in the human breast, and will not be satisfied with the prospect of annihilation. Hence as they inevitably drift toward that conclusion, they attempt to reconcile the grim teachings of their science with their spiritual nature.

"The Unseen Universe" is one of the latest attempts and one of the best, and those who desire to learn how much can be wrung from the generalizations of Evolution and Correlation and Conservation of Forces, and in favor of the future existence of man, will be deeply interested.

The reconciliation of science with revelation forms but a small portion of the book, and scarcely affects the current of its thought which strongly sets towards the more recently conquered realms of knowledge. The author remarks: "The great scientific principle which we have made use of, has been the law of continuity. This simply means that the universe is of a piece; that it is something which an intelligent being is capable of understanding, not completely, nor all at once, but better and better the more we study it."

"Death is not such a barrier (for development by study) whether we contemplate it in others, or whether we experience it in ourselves. This is purely the conception of Spiritualism, and although the book ignores that philosophy, it continually drifts in that direction. The thoughtful Spiritualist will find much in the book, which will be of great interest, as leading onward to a broad and scientific understanding of matter as a basis of the "unseen universe" of spirit.

"Spiritual Revival in Boston." B. S. JONES, Ed. JOURNAL, Dear Sir:—In your issue of the 29th May, appears the following:

"The first Sunday after Dr. T. closed the Music Hall course of lectures he moved the question of building a Spiritual temple in Boston. This movement is now abating everything, and is assuming proportions that are really very promising," etc.

Permit me to say that this present movement of building a Spiritual temple, was in progress many weeks before Dr. Taylor came to the city of Boston. Indeed it has been "talked" of for the past two years. A corporation was formed in 1873 but the panic suspended operations. The present "American Spiritual Institute" came into existence as follows: In the month of February, the result of a general conversation in January, twelve persons, representing the Boston Spiritualists' Union, the Children's Progressive Lyceum, and the Ladies' Aid Society, met and pledged themselves each to the other, to labor together until these three small societies were united. Many meetings were held and many attempts made to induce these societies to vote themselves into one, but the jealousy existing were powerful enough to prevent its accomplishment. Many in each society seemed favorable, and finally it was resolved to form a new organization to power the same ground. A call was published in the Spiritual Scientist, the Banner of Truth, and some daily papers, and was first read from the former at the Anniversary gathering, the 31st of March. Dr. Taylor was invited to speak on the subject, and he proposed as his plan a grand hotel, a sanitarium, etc., etc. The purpose of the "twelve apostles," as they have been called, was simply to have a large society, and to make it a basis for building a Spiritual temple. For the latter project, a corporation is to be organized under the Massachusetts State law.

The Society, "The American Spiritual Institute," has already chosen its officers and will commence its work immediately. The following is its list: President, H. S. Williams; Vice President, J. B. Hatch; Treasurer, Wm. H. Durell; Financial Secretary, M. T. Dole; Recording Secretary, F. J. Blank. Ten additional managers, who together with the above constitute a Board of Managers: Chas. Houghton, E. Gerry Brown, Dr. H. B. Sorer, S. A. Wing, Mrs. A. A. Woods, Mrs. M. L. Union, C. H. Union, H. D. Simonds, Stephen Webster, Geo. Woods.

The Institute numbers 340 persons, and is enlarging upon this number. It already has a fund of nearly \$400, and it is proposed to raise \$3,000 for the coming year; the proceeds of Lake Walden Camp Meeting are to be devoted to it also.

This afternoon the Boston Spiritualist Union which has done duty for four years, voted to dissolve and pass its funds to the "Spiritual Institute." H. S. Williams its president, is also president of the Institute. The Children's Progressive Lyceum will do the same. Its assistant conductor, J. B. Hatch, is vice president of the Institute.

I write you this in the interest of truth and all concerned; probably Dr. Taylor himself will regret that any admirer should have so far misrepresented him. Certainly the "twelve apostles" will endorse this statement of one of their number, and the correspondent of the Observer may glean a little knowledge by a casual study of the facts herein contained. I will send you other items relating to the corporation when formed.

ONE OF THE "TWELVE APOSTLES." Boston, Mass.

Dr. Samuel Watson in Texas.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—Doubtless your readers will be glad to learn that Dr. Watson is doing good service enlightening the people on the sublime truths of Spiritual Philosophy in this part of the country. He had an engagement for a series of lectures at Shreveport, and by invitation stopped over a day in this place, and regaled us with a soul-stirring lecture, Thursday night, May 6th. His understanding is was Ascension day with the Episcopals, and the Methodists had under way a revival meeting, and probably other churches something to do, there was a crowded house to hear him.

By the courtesy of one of our merchants, Mr. Lyon, an honest and earnest investigator, Dr. W. was comfortably provided for as his guest. During the evening Rev. Mr. Harpell, pastor of the Methodist Church, called on him, as an old acquaintance and former co-laborer in the ministry, and they had a long and pleasant conversation. Our Mayor and other distinguished gentlemen availed themselves of an opportunity of making his personal acquaintance, and were entranced with his relation of thrilling experiences with the people of the other world.

I must relate to you an incident connected with the Doctor's visit to our city, which I think is too good to be lost. Possibly it will by this means, fall under the eye of the compiler of "Anecdotes of Great Men and Women," in time for the next edition of that work.

Dr. Watson arrived by the train at 12:45 P. M., and found a friend in waiting to convey him to quarters. Dinner being over he took a little rest. Then followed a pleasant hour with the Methodist minister, in which the new philosophy and the wonderful facts of Spiritualism formed a considerable part of the topics of conversation. "And do you really think you have seen spiritual beings?" asked the preacher. "No, sir, I don't think anything about it. I know it, if my senses can be trusted for any knowledge whatever," replied the Doctor. "But this is not the anecdote. The preacher had left, cordially inviting the Doctor to call and see him during his stay. The best of feeling prevailed all round. Doctor W. was now left with Mrs. L. and a few lady friends who were in a most agreeable chat in the sitting room.

Enter Mrs. S., about 3:30 P. M., at a red heat, fanning furiously. Mrs. L. arose and introduced her to Dr. Watson. This increased her embarrassment and mental agitation, for she had not expected to meet the distinguished gentleman who was announced to lecture at night. So without ceremony, and not waiting to be seated, she at once opened on the subject of her mission. (Let it be understood that both these ladies are members of the Methodist Church, and most noble women.) "Sister L., it was a very great cross to me to come here this evening."

"Well, then, Sister S., you ought not to have come, if it is so unpleasant a visit."

"Oh! but I felt it my duty. Are you going to church to night?"

"No, I thought I would go and hear Bro. Watson's lecture."

"And that is just what I have come for, to get you to go to church and not go to the lecture. The Lord has sent me here for this purpose. This Spiritualism is all of the Devil; it is Free-loveism; it is abomination in the sight of God, and all who have anything to do with it will certainly be lost." \* \* \* A slight pause ensued.

"Madam, perhaps you do not read your Bible," mildly spoke he Doctor, who had been quietly listening, and contemplating the picture as serene as a sun flower looks upon a Touch-me-not at its feet.

"Yes I do. I read it every day."

"But perhaps not understandingly," and the Doctor proceeded to administer a few Scriptural quotations.

"Don't talk to me, I don't want to hear you. It is carrying a people to ruin. There is Bro. P. I once thought he was a smart man and a good man, but he has gone to Spiritualism."

Again the Doctor tried to answer pleasantly a mischievous smile now twinkling in his eye. "You need not talk to me. If I had known you were here I would not have come. I know I am not smart enough to argue the question. But I would like to hear a smart man argue with you."

"My good Madam," thought the doctor, "when the Lord sent prophet and messengers in olden time to accomplish his purposes, he burdened them with words and arguments, but I perceive he has left you destitute. Now did they hesitate to go anywhere or meet any body regardless of circumstances?"

The good sister retired, bathed in tears for the deluded subjects of Spiritualism, meeting as she passed out some of our most intelligent citizens, who had come to make the acquaintance of this distinguished visitor, and respectfully hear his views and enjoy his conversation.

Dr. Watson says that in all his twenty years experience of various phenomena of Spiritualism, he has never before met with a demonstration like this one. He has seen communications from many kinds of spirits, but the one that controlled Sister S., exhibited a degree of dogmatical ignorance and fanatical piety that it has been his good fortune to escape in a long life time of intercourse with spirits in the flesh and out of the flesh. It is his opinion that Sister S. would be a remarkably impressive medium, with a little cultivation in practice in a good circle, when a higher order of spirits would doubtless influence her.

While I send you the above as a good joke on the Doctor, I must add that I regard Sister S., as one of the best of women, the wife of one of our merchants, a pious, devoted member of the church, having a zeal unsurpassed, (yet not altogether according to knowledge) It shows that Spiritualism has not absorbed all the fanaticism of the world, and that Spiritual influences are various in the church as well as out of it. Mrs. L., of course, went to the lecture.

F. J. PATILLO, Jefferson, Texas. P. S. We would like to have a good materializing medium visit this place. The people are anxious to see something.

My Platform for Organization. BY PROF. J. EDWIN CHURCHILL.

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2d. Our motto will be free and unrestrained inquiry.

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6th. That we as individuals will do all we can to forward the cause of truth, and combat error when in our power.

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8th. That we will meet every first day of the week, (Sunday) at our house, at ten o'clock to transact such business as may come before us. Hold a conference at 12 o'clock, entertain strangers at one, take refreshments, and at two hear a lecture.

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CHICAGO, WEDNESDAY, JUNE 19, 1875.

"A Tempest in a Teapot."

This was not exactly a tempest in a teapot, but it was one generated through the thrilling eloquence of Miss Anna Dickenson, at a late temperance meeting or convention in this city. It appears from the Tribune, that when she came forward on the platform to speak, she elicited great applause. She began by beating around the bush in stereotyped female fashion, but as she proceeded, her ideas became more definite, and her expressions more masculine.

At this juncture a lady of uncertain age, dressed in gray, uttered a war-whoop, and rushed to the front of the platform. The Chair, however, recognized a solemn-looking woman on the floor. The latter proved to be Mrs. Burr, of New York. She said that her ears were shocked by what had just been said relative to prayer. Never before had she heard prayer so degraded as to be brought on a level with politics.

Miss Dickenson has taken hold of the right horn of the dilemma, and proposes the right means to eradicate intemperance from the land. She was compelled, however, to face

a bevy of impracticables, who would like to connect God with all reformatory measures, and ascribe to him the honor of success, but to mortals the blame of failure. If we take the Bible, his "holy word," as a guide to action, we can not decide whether he is in favor of temperance or not. It says, "Take a little for the stomach's sake." Noah, one of his favorites, got beastly drunk. Christ turned water into wine, showing conclusively that he did not believe in total abstinence.

Indeed, it would be a difficult task to decide from a Bible standpoint, whether God is in favor of temperance or not. Under these circumstances it would be far better for the temperance advocates to ignore prayer altogether, and go to work systematically to suppress the use of liquor. God did not reprimand Noah or David for their intemperate habits, therefore we do not think any number of prayers could induce him to interfere in this struggle.

We think that Miss Dickenson manifested a good deal of genuine bravery in boldly speaking in the presence of so many impracticables, who would have God visit the low brothels, and tinker away at reforming the nature of pug-nosed inebriates. He will do no such thing; but you who can resist temptations, will be held rigidly responsible for your conduct on earth, and it is your duty to aid in reforming and assisting those who are too weak to stand alone.

People are asking God to do too many things. One wants him to engage in the temperance cause; another to take charge of politics; another to cure the infirm, while another would have him become a scavenger, and remove the debris from our streets to prevent epidemic diseases.

We hope the day is not far distant when temperance, honesty, morality and virtue will reign supreme, and that man will become so perfect in body and mind, that he will require no law to compel him to do his duty. Then, of course, the millennium will be ushered in.

"Religious Parasites."

The Northwestern Christian Advocate is the leading paper in this country devoted to Methodism. It teaches, however, some very strange doctrines, and assumes occasionally the most ridiculous positions. In a late article on "Religious Parasites," it presents the sorry picture of a pious philosopher standing on his head, or endeavoring to balance himself on trapeze bars.

A "religious parasite" is beyond our comprehension. The Northwestern prefaces its position by apt illustrations, referring to botany as revealing the existence of a large number of plants which do not draw sustenance by their roots from the soil, but derive their nourishment from other plants to which they attach themselves, and whose juices they absorb.

The Northwestern then assumes that there are parasitical phenomena also in the religious world, in which a not very noble kind of growth is secured in a second-hand way. It does not refer to individual cases resembling the political loafers, in which men or women fasten upon churches or benevolent societies for purposes of their own, drawing out the life blood for their nourishment.

themselves. It claims further that the name, "parasite, given to the plants and animals which gain their living at second-hand, is derived from human habits. The word parasite is from the Greek, and, though originally having a better use, came to mean one accustomed to dine out, and to find his enjoyment and daily food at the tables of the rich. He was a marked specimen of the non-producing class, his forte being consumption. It was a social condition of wealth and luxury which developed the parasites. In the primitive experiences of poverty and labor, or of scant means and economic practice, there was no opportunity for such a class.

We are frank to admit that a "religious parasite" is just as much beyond our comprehension as an honest rogue, or a pure adulterer. The religious world, however indulges in metaphors or hyperbole, to that extent that no one can understand what is intended to be conveyed, even the speaker himself who indulges in them, could not interpret them. The poet has said: "All matter is God's tongue, And from its motions God's thoughts are sung. The realms of space Are the octave bars And the music notes 'Are the sun and stars."

Now, if all matter is God's tongue, we would like to see it wag; we would be delighted to hear it speak. Such an extravagant assertion is like the "large and respectable audience." If all matter belongs to God in the capacity of a tongue, we would like to know what belongs to the calves of his legs, and other portions of his body. This post was too hyperbolic; his license to write rhyme should be taken from him at once, and he should be consigned to a hole in the ground, where he could hold communion constantly with God's tongue.

We regard the editor of the Northwestern as partially insane, or at least a near relative of the above hyperbolic poet. His "religious parasite" is an honest fraud, or a "religious parasite," is no doubt able to feed a "large and respectable" audience with five loaves and two fishes.

Jim Fenton on the Parable of the Talents.

"I don't know nothin' 'bout it," said Jim, at the conclusion, "but it seems to me the man was a little rough on the feller with one talent. 'Twas a mighty small capital to start with, an' he didn't give 'im any chance to try it over; but what bothers me the most is about the man's trav'lin' into a fur country. They hadn't no chance to talk with 'im about it, and git his notions. It stan's to reason that the feller with one talent would think his master was stingy, and be riled over it."

"You must remember, Jim, that all he needed was to ask for wisdom in order to receive it," said Mr. Benedict. "No; the man that traveled into a fur country stan's for the Almighty, and he'd got out o' the way. He'd jest gin these fellers his capital, and quit, and let 'em to go it alone. They couldn't go arter 'im, and he couldn't 'a' heard a word they said. He did what he thought was all right, and didn't want to be bothered. I never think about prayin' till I git into a tight place. It stan's to reason that the Lord don't want people comin' to him to do things that they can do themselves. I shouldn't pray for breath, I sh'd jest h'ist the winder. If I wanted a bucket o' water, I sh'd go for it. If a man's got common sense, and a pair o' hands, he hain't no business to be botherin' other folks till he gets into what he can't git out of. When he's squeezed, then in course he'll equal. It seems to me that it makes a sort of a spoony of a man to be always askin' for what he can git if he tries. If the feller that only had one talent had brushed round, he could 'a' made a spec on it, an' had somethin' to show fur it, but he jest hid it. I don't stan' up for 'im. I think he was meaner nor p'ny not to make the best o' it, but he didn't need to pray for sense, for the man didn't want 'im to use no more nor his natural stock, an' he knowed if he used that he'd be all right."

"But we are told to pray, Jim," said Mr. Balfour, "and assured that it is pleasant to the Lord to receive our petitions. We are even told to pray for our daily bread."

"Well, it can't mean jest that, fur the feller that don't work for't don't git it, an' he hadn't oughter git it. If he don't lift his hands, but jest sets with his mouth open, he gits mostly flies. The old birds, with a nest full o' howl-in' young ones, might go on, I s'pose, pickin' up grasshoppers till the cows come home, an' feedin' 'em, but they don't. They jest poke 'em out o' the nest, an' larn 'em to fly an' pick up their own livin'; an' that's what makes birds o' 'em. They pray mighty hard for their daily bread, I tell ye, and the way the old birds never is jest to poke 'em out, and let 'em slide. I don't see many prayin' folks, an' I don't see many folks any way; but I have a conceit that a feller can pray so much an' do so little, that he won't be nobody. He'll jest grow weaker an' weaker all the time."

pen of that erudite scholar and caustic writer, Dr. Holland, in Scribner's Magazine. A hundred years ago, he who would have been bold enough to unfold such a lesson to the breeze, would have been regarded as fit only for the company of devils. The Orthodox churches have a miserable conception of Dilly, yet they find adherents on all sides. The Roman Catholics seize upon the plastic mind of the young, impress thereon their foolish vagaries and religious platitudes so thoroughly that they become willing tools in the hands of the priest. So ardent are they in their propagation of their peculiar tenets, that they associate religious teachings with instructions in Arithmetic, Geography, Algebra, etc., and if they allow their children to attend the schools established and maintained by law, they do so under protest. Ostracized in Germany, without honor or credit in Italy, they look to our free country in which to plant their Upas tree, and raise with defiant hand a bone of contention. The poor Pope, no longer in favor at Rome, turns his longing eyes towards this country, appoints a cardinal here, and secretly arranges for future action.

When Mary Dyer was hung on Boston Common, the act was considered justifiable, and the perpetrators of the horrid deed were not molested, but since then the world has progressed somewhat, and now, when a man like Kluge, the "religious demon," who beat his little daughter to death in a most brutal manner in the presence of her mother, because she could not get her Sabbath school lesson, was sentenced to the penitentiary for life. It is said that he is now "dying of remorse." Oh! how that father must feel behind the bars of a gloomy prison in Iowa.

"God pity the wretched prisoner In his lonely cell to-day, Whatever the sins that tripped him God pity him still I pray. With only a strip of sunshine, Clad by rusty bars, With only a patch of azure, Only a cluster of stars."

When he meets his little daughter, whom he cruelly murdered, because she could not commit to memory her Bible lesson, he will no doubt humbly bow down before her and ask her forgiveness. He is now dying of remorse by inches, and paying the penalty of his horrid brutal action. Prayers can avail him nothing! God is not a murderer, as some chaplains would have him become, nor is he a scavenger to remove the foul debris that causes epidemics, nor is he around pardoning those who deliberately kill a little girl. It is a good indication—this remorse—on the part of Kluge. He will eventually rise up through the dark cloud enveloping him, into the bright realms of the Spirit-world, and when he sees the shining raiments of his little girl, gazed at her features illuminated with a forgiving spirit, he will strive to make amends for his cruel conduct, by devoting his time to counteract the influence of a religion, which causes nearly all the trouble there is in the world.

Dr. Holland was right in burlesquing prayer, as practiced by the members of the various churches. The world is beginning to realize the fact that prayer can avail nothing in removing evils, only so far as it can influence the aid of spirits, and stimulate the one who utters it to energetic exertion.

The Open Polar Sea.

There seems to be a determination among the various nations of the globe, to eventually discover what is termed the Open Polar Sea, or North Pole. The evidence that such an unexplored field exists, is far more convincing and overwhelming than that possessed by the indefatigable Columbus, that this continent had an existence at the time that he launched his three frail barks on a perilous voyage of discovery. He based his belief simply on the "nature of things." He sat down as a fundamental axiom, that the earth was a terraqueous sphere or globe, the circumference of which from East to West at the equator, be divided into 24 hours of 15 degrees each, making 360. Comparing the globe of Ptolemy with the earliest maps of Marinus of Tyre, he wisely concluded that 15 hours had been known to the ancients, extending from the Canary islands to the city of Thina in Asia, and that the Portuguese had advanced the western frontier one hour more, by the discovery of the Azores and the Cape Verd island, leaving 8 hours, or one-third of the circumference of the globe unknown or unexplored. Besides various indications of land in the West had been found. Specimens of curiously carved wood taken from the water of the ocean, came of tropical growth had been washed on the Madelras, huge pines on the Azores, and two drowned men in appearance unlike Europeans had been found on the Island of Flores—all from the West. With only this data to stimulate him, Columbus persevered until success finally crowned his efforts.

Expeditions have heretofore failed, but the experiences of each succeeding one, has been of great advantage to those that followed, and we confidently believe the day is not far distant, when the object so diligently sought for, will be obtained.

The evidence of clairvoyants, in regard to this question, are too conflicting to be of any real value. Dr. M. L. Sherman, author of the "Hollow Globe," claims that the earth is hollow, and admirably adapted for the habitation of man; that great quantities of fish inhabit its rivers, and millions of fine cattle roam over its beautiful fields, luxuriate in its balmy atmosphere, and drink its invigorating waters. Another medium claims that the atmosphere around the North Pole is far more spiritual than here, and that persons of a gross nature can not live there. He describes the scenery as superbly grand; the flowers of rare beauty; the

air as impregnated with the perfumes of thousands of flowers, while mines of precious metal exist in abundance. Mr. Conant, however, says that the earth extends millions of miles beyond the North Pole, and from her description we are led to infer that it "runs out" like a rolling pin, or tapers off like one's little finger.

From these conflicting statements, which amount to comparatively nothing, and which are of no practical value in aiding us in prosecuting our researches in those regions, we go forth into the realms of actual observation. These clairvoyant visions are very peculiar; sometimes they are reliable, at other times they appear ridiculous and absurd. Although clairvoyance has developed but few facts, if any, that can aid the sailor, the sight of the natural eyes and observations of the mind in its normal condition, have been of inestimable value, and we believe the time is not far distant when success will crown the efforts of the daring navigator.

The simple fact that the whole world, as it were, are turning their attention towards the polar regions, and believe that there is a fine country there, is evidence that there is an unseen power at work prompting these various expeditions. England now takes the lead. Animated by discoveries that have recently been made, and stimulated by faith infiltrated from above into the minds of the people,—she has fitted out two ships, the Alert and the Discovery, under the respective commands of Capt. Nares and Stephenson. Equipped at an expense of nearly half a million of dollars, the reader can readily judge that nothing has been left undone to render the crew comfortable or the expedition a success. Lady Franklin, animated with high resolves, and ever thinking of her husband who was consigned, no doubt, to an icy tomb, has been instrumental in fitting out at private expense, the Pandora, under the command of efficient officers, which will accompany the Alert and Discovery, on their perilous trip.

It appears from government papers on the subject, that the emigration of birds, furnishes conclusive evidence that beyond the present explored regions there is a country favored with a mild climate. There is a bird called the knot, a species "between the snipe and the plover," which flies northward during certain seasons of the year seeking a warmer climate. Dr. Kane killed birds with rice in their crops, flying from the North, when he was prosecuting his remarkable voyage. Immense shoals of herring, in good condition, come down from the Polar seas, and are never known to return. According to Symmes they make the current of the globe annually.

From the vast amount of evidence accumulated on this subject, there can not be a particle of doubt but that there exists an Open Polar Sea, a warm climate, and land favored with various tropical productions. We shall watch the return of this last expedition with great interest. In case success accompanies it, it will be a grand victory for Spiritualism.

A. A. WHEELLOCK has been lecturing in this city.

JESSE SHEPARD, the musical medium, gave one of his classical concerts at Sycamore, Ill., Thursday evening, June 3d.

Mrs. AMANDA HARTMAN, M. D., clairvoyant, assisted by Mrs. A. A. Smith, has opened an office in Cleveland, Ohio.

Dr. J. K. BAILEY is lecturing in Western Iowa. He has lately had engagements at Alton and Decatur City.

Dr. D. C. DAVIS gave us a call this week on his way to fill engagements at Elgin, Rockford and other places which are in his circuit.

The friends of Liberal Faith will hold a conference meeting June 25th, 26th and 27th, at Porter's Picnic Grounds, Geneva Lake, Wis.

Dr. CHADWYCK BARNES, the eccentric medium, is at the Nevada Hotel in this city. He calls himself the "American Prophet."

BAERTIN and TAYLOR are now at home, at North Boston, Erie Co., N. Y. They have a host of warm friends in this country who will be glad to meet them again.

The notice of the Picnic of the Children's Progressive Lyceum, of New York, at Christ's Park, June 9th, came too late for insertion in last week's JOURNAL.

M. ELLA WHEELER, somewhat distinguished for her versatility as a writer, is about to publish a volume entitled "Gems of Truth and Drops of Water."

JESSE SHEPARD and E. Lightstone, who are now traveling, propose to devote their time to healing, giving tests, and holding seances for musical and physical manifestations. Permanent address in care of this office.

R. G. KOOLAS has appointments at the following places: Thompson's Ledge, Farrington, Mesopotamia, Alliance, New Philadelphia, and Leesburgh, Ohio; Linaeville and Blooming Valley, Pa.; and Clay, N. Y.

Mrs. C. C. VAN DUZER is about to visit Jefferson and St. Lawrence counties in New York, and will serve those who may desire her services as a lecturer and test medium. Address her at 411 North Sixth St., Camden, N. J.; after that date Gouverneur, St. Lawrence Co., New York.

THE OHIO UNIVERSALIST, discovering that the Roman Catholic Church is bending her mighty energies to the destruction of the free-school system in America, have resolved that it is the duty of every religious denomination, excepting the Catholics, to rally to the rescue of the imperiled educational interests of the nation.

THE UNSEEN UNIVERSE, a review of which appears in another column can be had at the office of this paper. Price \$1.00; postage 15 cents.

Philadelphia Department

BY HENRY T. CHILD, M. D.

Subscriptions will be received and papers may be obtained, at wholesale or retail, at 624 Race St., Philadelphia.

The Spirit World.

A DEPARTMENT FOR COMMUNICATIONS FROM THE INNER-LIFE.

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

Spirits have expressed a desire that I should not only send forth the communications which they are able from time to time to give through my organism, but select some that may report as given through other mediums, whose names will be given with their communications.

H. T. C.

If Thou dost Well, Shalt Thou not be Accepted?

This is one of the oldest sermons which was evolved from the inner consciousness of primal man, and doubtless had been handed down by tradition through many generations before it was recorded by Moses. It was among the earlier intuitions and experiences of those rude dwellers of the forest who began to feel something of the interior power that was struggling for expression through the hard crust of the undeveloped conditions of that period. The thought struggled long for expression before there was any language capable of portraying it; it was the divine voice speaking through the animal in man, feebly and imperfectly, but still a prophecy of that higher expression that was to come when reason outlined it into a more perfect form. Intellect realizes the truth of this, but as the moral perceptions and intuitions are awakened, and inspirations from the higher conditions of life reach us, this thought finds a more practical and living expression. It is the basis of all reform—everything relating to man's progress is pointed out in this brief sermon. On the physical plane it is the foundation on which true temperance alone can be built, whether it refer to eating or drinking, or exercise or putting on of apparel. It is the means by which we can realize the harmony of health. We have seen that the religion of Spiritualism begins upon the physical plane, and this is its sermon ringing through all the corridors of our being,—calling for us to do well in each department. If from this hour forward a power could be brought to set upon all humanity that would cause them "to cease to do evil, and learn to do well" on the physical plane of being, we should soon have such marvelous changes in society as would bring about a new state of things; even the material world around us would feel the glorious change, and send up anthems of praise in commemoration of the good time come. Intellectually, man would rise to a plane on which he would have clearer perceptions of truth—grandier ideas of all the beautiful realities around him. Spiritually and intuitively, man would stand far above his present position, and in the realization of those truths which would be revealed, he would find new incentives to higher and holier acts. We should wonder that we had so long groped in the darkness which resulted from our conditions, and had failed to come up higher.

Spiritualism, by its revelations, is opening the avenues for light, and though there may be those who love darkness rather than light, the reason remains to be the same as in former times. Let us then remember this short sermon, and seek to give it a practical bearing in our lives, and thus profit by it. To accomplish this, requires positive exertion on the part of each individual, a thorough search and careful watch over the entire field of life, and while we may help each other and strengthen each other, we must remember that the main work is our own, as well as the compensation. It is very certain that however often we may fail, we shall yet attain the desired point, and in proportion to the earnestness of our efforts will be the result. Angels in the firmament and out of it, are our helpers, and the smiles of heaven light up our pathway more and more beautifully as we go on and on towards the attainment of the desired end.

Communications Through Katie E. Robinson, of 2128 Bradywine Street, Philadelphia.

SUSAN BILES, OF BRISTOL, PA., TO HER CHILDREN AND FRIENDS.

Will these please say that Aunt Susan wishes to send a few words to her friends and the children who she knows think of her, and will never forget mother. Please tell them I have returned in spirit, but a few times because I wished to rest and enjoy the beautiful influence of that spirit home that is mine since I met my husband and his son here. Say to the girls that mother is in a world of peace now, but she does not forget the old home. I loved that home, and with my children around me I passed pleasantly the last years of my life. I knew something about communications from spirits, and I received some words from those that were dear to me. I would have these say to my sons that their mother lives, and remembers them, and will strive to guide them. I want them all to be united, and as father and I have talked upon these things, we want them to assist each other. Tell the girls to remain in the dear old home, and if possible, I will come with father and they will feel our presence. It seems like a dream when I think that I have left, and I sometimes waken up in this beautiful world of peace, and fancy that I am at home, and I call for each one of the children. I had lived a good while and was satisfied my work on earth was done. I had good children, no mother had better. I know they loved me, and I feel that they miss the presence of one that was dear to them, but when they know that I am with father and friends gone before, they will know that I am resting in a world where there comes no more storms, and where they too will find the dear ones waiting for them in a home prepared for them. In this life all seems to be settled; there is no changing from place to place. If we do that which is right, we find plenty to help us. I would have my children know that it is far beyond anything that I comprehended in life. When I would sit quietly in the friend's meeting, waiting for the spirit to move, I frequently felt that the house was full of departed spirits, and I know that friends are often impressed by spirits though they may not know anything about it. I know this will bring cheer to my children, and they will feel happy when they know dear mother still lives and can return. I hope all my children will be prepared to see it life and not death in a home of love forever more. This will gladden the hearts of my children as they go about the old home. Tell them mother sends love to all, hopes they will be kind and good to Sarah, for she misses mother and needs more sympathy. I will bid you all farewell now, and send much love to

all my friends at home and in this city, and hope we shall meet again.

JENNIE BOWKER, OF HARRISBURG, PA.

I did not know much of your philosophy, and I am afraid I shall make blunders in trying to control the medium, but I know my husband is interested in Spiritualism, and I have no doubt it will make him feel happy. If he realizes that I have tried to send him a message through strangers, I have been brought here by some friends. I would like to say to him that I am very happy with the change that has placed me in a letter world, but no mother can ever feel what you call truly happy away from her children, and no true wife can be entirely happy away from her husband, and it will be a long time ere I shall be reconciled to the change.

I feel an interest in my family, and I feel sad for the change, but we must all bow to the power that is greater than life. After I left them I felt very sad, and would come back and look at our dear children. We had two sweet little girls, and it seemed to me I must stay with them all the time. I was pleased to know that my husband was interested in this matter, and was attending the circles. I want him to bring my children up with the idea that I am not laid away in the lonely grave yard, but that I am near them, and will watch over them with a mother's care and love. I see he has done the best he could. I want to prove to them that I still live, and feel an interest in their welfare. I want him to go on in the investigation of this subject, attend the circles where they are trying to materialize, but I do not know that I shall be able to show myself. Tell mother that I should be happy if she fully realized that I live. My spirit knows that my darlings will come to me, and in the future I shall be able to give greater proofs that I am near you. I want to tell you how beautiful this world is. When I can thus return it makes me better reconciled, and I feel that I can be a great comfort to the dear ones I have left. If they will form a circle I will be able to prove that I still live. I have left one who is good and kind to all, but I feel that all was done for the best. I passed through many changes in your world, and while I am passing through many changes in this world of light, I shall never forget, but shall always come to help those that I loved in life.

[Continued from First Page.]

themselves. The light was then turned lower and lower in an effort to give the spirits more power, and finally extinguished. Then came one more jerk, and silence of several minutes followed. Some one suggested that the lamp be lighted. It was done, and revealed the chair standing on the table. It was taken for granted that the same power that had placed it there would remove it, so the lights were turned down again. Then came a crash and a cry from the medium. His spirit friends not being strong enough to carry the chair past him, had permitted it to strike him a severe blow on the temple, and then fall to the floor.

This latter seance took place in the family sitting-room, where there was no possible chance for deception, and the medium could not have moved hand or foot without detection.

E. V. K.

Georgetown, Col.

Take Notice.

The Rev. Samuel Watson, of Memphis, Tenn., author of "Clock Struck One," editor of the "Spiritual Magazine," etc., etc., has consented to be present at a meeting of the "Liberal" friends, at Porter's Picnic Grounds, Geneva Lake, to be held June 25th to 27th inclusive, and represent the spiritual place of the "Liberal Faith."

M. D. COWDESBY, one of the Committees of Arrangements.

Geneva, Wis., June 7th, '75.

A Card.

DEAR FRIENDS:—It being known quite well that there is at this time, throughout this country, a great waste in spiritual manifestations, being frequently exhibited before illiterate and unappreciative audiences, the Spiritualists of this city, desiring to make the most of these God-given truths, in a moral and intellectual way, have, after due notice, elected a standing committee to receive and introduce genuine mediums to their society, to assist them at their public seances by preserving order and applying necessary tests against imposture.

We, the committee, therefore send forth this invitation to mediums, who desire to entertain and instruct the people with either physical or intellectual manifestations, to meet with our societies in this city, and they shall be provided with halls, cabinets, and such other things as may be necessary for their illustration of spirit power.

J. B. NEWBROUGH, Chairman, 128 West Thirty-fourth Street.  
E. D. CURVER, Secretary, 114 Nassau Street.  
H. J. NEWTON, 128 West Forty-third Street.  
E. P. MILLER, 41 West Twenty-sixth Street.  
MRS. JEWETT,  
MRS. LANE, and others all of New York.

Grand Camp Meeting at Dubuque, Iowa.

TO SPIRITUALISTS AND PROGRESSIONISTS:

The Spiritualists of Iowa, Illinois and Wisconsin will hold one of the largest Camp Meetings ever held in the West, commencing on the 29th day of June, and continuing over the 4th of July, 1875, in a beautiful grove on the bluff, one-half mile from the business center of the city.

In order to make this meeting one of the grandest successes of the age, it is necessary that all who are friendly to our cause should interest themselves in the matter earnestly, and by coming together on that occasion show the world that we prize the Truth as the angels have taught us, and the interest we feel in maintaining its principles.

We expect a grand jubilee, and hope all the friends in these States and elsewhere, who can do so, will meet with us. We have held one such Camp Meeting in Iowa, and it was a grand success, and we expect this to rival that in numbers and interest.

No pains will be spared by the local committee in preparing the grounds and furnishing the facilities for comfort, pleasure and intellectual enjoyment.

You will see by large posters, and also by the press, that we are to have first-class speakers and test mediums on the occasion.

The railroads will carry passengers at one and one-half rates, some of them half fare. Certificates will be issued at the camp grounds for return tickets.

There will be a boarding house to supply visitors with food at reasonable rates.

There will be a platform for dancing, music, etc.

Friends, let us meet on a fraternal and exalted plane asking more light on this all-important question; let us have a glorious time, long to be remembered as an honor to our cause. "A feast of reason and flow of soul." To this end and for the triumph of so good a cause, let us meet and mutually work.

Yours, for truth,  
DR. S. P. SANFORD, Iowa City.  
W. CHANDLER, Dubuque, Managers.

Conventional.

The Vermont State Spiritualist Association will hold its next Annual Convention at the Wilder House, in Plymouth, on the 11th, 12th and 13th of June, 1875. A large hall and ample accommodation furnished by the proprietor. Board \$1.00 per day.

This being the convention for the choice of officers for the ensuing year, a full attendance is desired.

The usual courtesy of return checks over the Railroads will doubtless be extended. Stages will be in readiness at Woodstock and Ludlow on the arrival of trains to carry passengers to the Convention.

A cordial invitation extended to all.

PER ORDER COMM  
A. E. STANLEY, Sec'y.

Leicester, V., May 13, '75.

Notice.

On Thursday, the 10th of June, there will be an Anniversary meeting in Milders's Hall, Plymouth, Vt. This, in connection with the Convention to be held the three following days, will offer to the friends of progress a series of pleasant and profitable meetings. Let there be a full attendance.

A. E. STANLEY.

Quarterly Meeting.

To the Spiritualists, Liberalists and Free Thinkers of Wisconsin: The Northern Wisconsin Spiritualist's Conference will hold its Ninth Quarterly Meeting (for the election of officers and other business) in Spiritualist's Hall in Omro, on the 25th, 26th and 27th of June, 1875. Shall we the friends of free thought succeed in making this the grandest meeting ever held in Wisconsin? Let each one ask himself or herself the above question and act accordingly. We maintain a free platform in Omro. Every effort will be made to entertain (free) all who may attend. Reduced rates at hotel for those who choose to stop there. Good speakers engaged for the occasion. Efforts are being made to secure the attendance of good test mediums. Let there be a grand rally.

DR. J. C. PHILLIPS, Pres't.

Grove Meeting.

There will be a grove meeting at Montgomery, Hillsdale Co., Mich., June 11th, 12th and 13th, 1875. This same society last year was run by Benj. Todd and Lois Washbroke; both gone to parts unknown. Well, we are gaining ground after a hard struggle of three years, and the smoke is clearing away, and Spiritualism is reviving once more in Michigan. All were well nigh unto death spiritually in the whole nation, but thanks to the angel world who have saved us from destruction. What next may come upon us from Catholics or Protestants we know not, but there is hope in our cause, and the very gates of Hell shall not prevail against us always.

ED. F. H. STEWART.

Kendallville, Ind.

Passage to Spirit Life.

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

Passed to Spirit Life, from Pelmyra, Me., Mr OLIVER CLEMENS, aged 63 years.

Mr. CLEMENS had long been a believer in Spiritualism and lived up to its teachings, and when the change came, departed, triumphant in that faith. He leaves a large circle of friends to mourn their loss.

M. J. W.

Released from the afflictions of earth at the residence of her son, Abner Bisson, on the third day of March, 1875, Mrs. ANNESS BISSON, aged 78 years.

Although somewhat advanced in life at the time when the Spiritual Philosophy arrested her attention, yet she desired to investigate its claims and accept its glorious truths, and up to the time of her last sickness was among the foremost to mingle with us in our Spiritual circles.

Distress and afflictions are past. Disease can not reach her again. Her trials are ended at last. And death with its sorrows and pains. Our mother has gone to her rest.

Her voice with ours mingles no more. But she joins in the songs of the blest. In the bowers of eternity's shore.

Passed to Spirit Life, on the 5th day of March, 1875, at his residence in Casey, Iowa, Wm. R. GROW, aged 69 years.

Bro. GROW was an unflinching advocate of Spiritualism and an ardent worker in the cause. Before his removal we conveyed to the tomb, he controlled the organism of Mrs. A. E. BISSON, and gave convincing proof to his family that he still lived. Brother J. P. Davis, of Des Moines, spoke to his interested audience at the funeral.

One more laborer's works are ended. Earthly conflicts now are o'er. But the voice which truth defined. Speaks to us from yonder shore.

A. S.

Business Notices.

We have ourselves tried Dobbin's Electric Soap, (made by Ogrin & Co., Phil.) and find it the best, purest and most economical soap we have ever seen. Too much can not be said in its favor. Try it.

Miserroneous articles of all kinds are sure to command a ready sale. The masses appreciate merit alone. West's Pulmonary Balsam owes its great sale to merit. A few years ago this balsam was put upon the market, and with very little advertising it has outstripped all other remedies of the kind, and to-day it is regarded as the people's remedy for coughs, colds, hoarseness, bronchitis, whooping cough, and all throat and lung diseases. Sold by all druggists. Trial bottles 25 and 50 cents. Large bottles \$1.00.

The Wonderful Healer and Clairvoyant—Mrs. C. M. MORRISON.

This celebrated Medium is the instrument or organism used by the invisibles for the benefit of humanity. The placing of her name before the public is by request of her Controlling Band. They, through her organism, treat all diseases and cure in every instance where the vital organs necessary to continue life are not destroyed. Mrs. Morrison is an UNCONSCIOUS TRANCE MEDIUM, CLAIRVOYANT AND CLAIRAUDIENT.

From the very beginning, hers is marked as a most remarkable career of success, such as has seldom if ever fallen to the lot of any person. No disease seems too invidious to remove, nor patient too far gone to be restored.

Band, and taken down by her Secretary. The original manuscript is sent to the Correspondent.

When Medicines are ordered, the case is submitted to Mrs. Morrison's Medical Band, who give a prescription suited to the case. Her Medical Band use vegetable remedies, (which they magnetize), combined with a scientific application of the magnetic healing power.

Diagnosing diseases by lock of hair, \$1.00. (Give age and sex). Remedies sent by mail prepaid.

APPLICABLE FOR EPILEPSY AND NEURALGIA. Address Mrs. C. M. MORRISON, Boston, Mass., No. 102 Westminister St., Box 2519, v18n1213.

A Case of General Debility Cured by Spirit Prescription.

Mrs. ROBINSON, HEALING MEDIUM, Chicago, Dear Friend:—I am once more obliged to write to you to remember that you diagnosed my case and sent me a prescription two years ago, which I must say was correct, and your treatment did me more good than any medicine I ever took in my life. I have been rather poorly since last summer. My greatest trouble now is in my back, and general weakness, I hardly know how to describe it; my back troubles me a great deal. I was 31 years old last Oct. 4th. Hoping to hear from you soon, I remain, your sincere friend,

Mrs. C. H. COLBURN. Waterford, Erie County, Pa., April 24th, 1875.

Mrs. A. H. ROBINSON, My Dear Sister:—I am very happy to say that I feel much better than before I commenced taking your medicine. I could not get the prescription filled here, consequently had to wait until I could send to Erie. My back is a good deal better and I am in hopes to be all right again soon. Do you think it would be a benefit to wean my baby?

Hoping to hear from you soon, and with my best wishes, I remain, yours, etc.

Mrs. C. H. COLBURN. Waterford, Pa., May 23d, 1875.

A Spirit Physician Materializes and Cures His Sick Patient.

Mrs. A. H. ROBINSON, Medium, Chicago:—Will you please send me some magnetized papers. I had them once before and they acted like a charm. They seemed to retain their power until they were worn in pieces. There was a very large, tall, broad-shouldered Indian with me all the time I wore them. I was impressed that he was one of, and sent by, your band. One night when I was in fearful distress he commanded me to lie down on the bed. I was walking the floor and thought I could not, but when I could resist no longer, I threw myself on to the bed. He knelt on the floor beside me and looked me straight in the eyes. I closed my eyes, and in an instant I was totally unconscious. The next morning when I awoke I was lying flat upon my back (in position I never take in sleeping), the clothes drawn nicely and smoothly over me. I thought first I had awakened in the Spirit-world, I was so free of pain.

Yours respectfully, Mrs. S. I. PACE. Topeka, Kan., April 12th, '75. Box 651.

Mrs. Robinson's Tobacco Antidote.

The above named sure remedy for the appetite to tobacco in all its forms, for sale at this office. Sent to any part of the country by mail, on receipt of \$2.00. It is warranted to cure the most inveterate user of the weed, when the directions on each box are followed. Newspapers and quacks will tell you that this antidote is made from gentian root. It is false. Gentian root is no remedy for the appetite for tobacco, but it is injurious to health to use it. Mrs. Robinson's Tobacco Antidote tones up the system and restores it to its normal condition, as it was before indulging the baneful desire for a poisonous weed. It is a remedy presented by a band of chemists long in spirit-life, and is warranted to be perfectly harmless.

This House will pay any chemist one thousand dollars who will analyze this remedy, and find any particle of gentian root, or any other poisonous drug in it.

Address: Mrs. Robinson's Dispensary, Adams Street and Fifth Avenue, Chicago, Ill. Orders for wholesale orders, single boxes or local agencies.

TESTIMONIALS.

Mrs. A. H. Robinson's Tobacco Antidote. One box of Mrs. A. H. Robinson's Tobacco Antidote cured me from the use of tobacco, and I heartily recommend it to any and all who desire to be cured. Thank God I am now free after using the weed over thirty years.

I hereby certify that I have used tobacco over twenty years. One box of Mrs. A. H. Robinson's Tobacco Antidote has effectually destroyed my appetite or desire for tobacco.

DAVID O'HARA. I have used tobacco between fourteen and fifteen years. About two months since, I procured a box of Mrs. A. H. Robinson's Tobacco Antidote. It has cured me, and I feel perfectly free from its use. Have no desire for it.

F. H. SPANES. I have used tobacco, both chewing and smoking, about twelve years. One box of Mrs. A. H. Robinson's Tobacco Antidote has cured me and left me free; with no desire or hankering for it.

G. A. BARBER. Oswego, N. Y.

Mr. R. T. Wyman, of Waukegan, informs me that he has used one box of Mrs. A. H. Robinson's Tobacco Antidote, and that he is entirely cured of all desire for the weed. Inclosed find two dollars. Please send me a box.

D. H. FORBES. For sale at this office, \$2.00 per box. Sent free of postage by mail. Address Religio-Philosophical Publishing House, Adams and Fifth Avenue, Chicago.

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Will read to Contributors: Col. H. B. Olcott, author "People from the Other World"; Prof. S. B. Britton; Prof. J. R. Buchanan; Gen. F. J. Lippitt; Emma Har-Clare Britton; Emma Wood; Asa Coffin and Wagon; of Russia; G. O'Brien and M. A. (Oxon) of London; Fitzman, of Liverpool; Flammarion, of France; and other prominent writers.

Address: SPIRITUAL SCIENTIST, Boston, Mass. Specimen Copies sent.

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Best in the world. Warranted to bore anything steel will cut, while it is unequalled in sinking wells through bodies of quicksand and gravel. Wells 10 feet deep sunk in four hours. Can bore 500 feet if necessary. \$20 to \$50 per day can be made boring wells with this machine. Three men is all the power necessary to operate it. Sent for our illustrated catalogue.

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Victorious.

DEAR JOURNAL.—It is with great pleasure and sincere gratitude to all powers concerned, that I am able to report our recent triumph in this place. When I came here in March, everything seemed cold with skepticism and indifference, or presented a fossilized bitterness which has been more than usually intensified in this Territory, ever since the Holmes and Vail tragedies. The low lived epithets which always betray a gross, unrefined nature, such as "Free-lover, Woodhullite, etc.," were at first freely hurled upon my devoted head with a sort of generosity that was ludicrous in the extreme. The Calvinistic gun, planted by Rev. Thompson, was filled with soft-shell paragraphs from Elder Miles Grant's renowned four lectures, on the diabolism of Spiritualism; and for three Sundays we heard a noise, but no one got hurt except the preacher himself. An amusing remark was made concerning the matter, which is too good to be lost, said a gentleman, commenting on the course of Rev. T.—"It is like the Italian's thermometer: Remarking on the wrong cold weather. Said Pat, "An faith in the wrong cold weather, but the thermometer only been longer!" But having used up Elder Grant's pamphlet, Rev. T. very prudently retired from his most unfortunate attempt. The first discourse was published in the locals as "a very learned and able discourse," which certainly betrayed the fact that the Editors were not posted in Elder Grant's famous "fallen angel" theory; or if so, were willing to shield Rev. T. in his plagiarism. It so happened that some who heard him were familiar with the four sermons, and after that the tract was carried into the church, where it was held during the entire discourse, and thus it was perfectly proven that word for word, with only short interpolations, the discourse was boldly cut out, and presented as original; at least the first Sunday. Then, finding he was discovered, he made a lame attempt to varnish the matter over by admitting that he was somewhat indebted to the work. I can testify that on the occasion of my being present, I had the book, and followed him over whole pages entire, and with only very short additions or a brief change; it was simply Elder Grant in a very poor Edition indeed, after so long and signal a failure as the work has met for the last half dozen years, we had a right to expect some improvement. In one extract from the Detroit Free Press, he inserts a false clause, "under the influence of spirits," which betrayed his lack of truthfulness in a pitiful degree. But enough of this—we will pray for him, that he may be wiser and better in the future.

Our meetings have been well attended, and a much more friendly feeling prevails among the citizens than when I came. The crowning triumph of the hour, however, has been wrought through the remarkable seances of Brothas Wm. F. Peck, who has just left us for Cheyenne. No more honorable, fruitful, or successful medium can be found than is our Brother F. His remarkable powers became apparent only last Fall, and since that he has steadily and rapidly unfolded in various gifts, bidding fair at present, to reach the very highest perfection of mediumship. Last evening Col. Sedgwick, one of his controlling bands, presented his face distinctly at the cabinet window, one peculiarity in his identity being a heavy flowing beard, which he wore parted across his shirt bosom, and as in life here, the habit of stroking it on either side. He has been fully recognized by his old friends in the Territory, and came to Mr. Peck early in his recent development; as a powerful spirit. He certainly looks a noble soul, and one whose guardianship must be a priceless gift. Mr. Peck's custom is first to hold a cabinet seance. In this the spirits produce rappings, spelling by the alphabet, writing on a slate or paper the hand being in full view at the window, or very often so; the drum is beat with a perfect martial enthusiasm, the guitar is thrummed with the same positive energy, and a fageolet plays in wonderful sweetness, "Home, Sweet Home," and other plaintive tunes, and all these things intermixed and occurring at the same time, while the medium sits hand-cuffed and securely bound; often permitting an examination, to remove all doubt of genuineness.

After the cabinet seance, he comes out into the room, and sits in the centre of the circle. Now provided the circle is quiet and harmonious, comes the grand pentecost. The room is totally dark, and usual conditions observed, the guitar, the drum, the fageolet, the trumpet, and the soft waltz, hands seen all to join in such a combination of power as I have never before witnessed. A most wonderful performance is that through the trumpet. Spirit-voices join in singing—it goes around giving to dear ones the names of their departed distinctness. One evening it went to one Mr. Salomon, a merchant of this place, and held a quite lengthy conversation in German, seeming to find in the gentleman, who is a new investigator, some great attraction. I observe that when they find a friendly, cordial reception by their earthly friends, they love to reward them for it, and invariably do. If possible, one feat of theirs is playing little amusing tricks, like bumping the heads of all present; and it proves a stunner with the "hard-shell" kind! A watch was unfettersed from the vest of a young friend, quite mediumistic, and after being carried to different faces, was brought and laid in my lap. A cord was brought and put upon my neck, with a partial tie. Mr. Peck is also developing into the slate writing phase, and has given thus to a lady here, a long communication from her mother, with her name and familiar items. Truly, I can say he has left the place victorious, and with strong friends to welcome him back.

And now, friends, whoever you are, who may in the future have the pleasure of meeting our faithful Brother, I appeal to you in a matter that has caused me great sorrow and perplexity; and it is a protracted experience, a long observation, which has at last compelled me to make this appeal. Being also, very often, solicited by friends to obtain for them a good test medium, I am thus drawn into a trust and responsibility of a most sacred character, and often the precipitate action of friends, in applying tests on the first onset, is a source of great pain and suffering to me. First of all things, I do not mean to bring before the community soliciting me, an unreliable or doubtful medium. Next to this, I insist that such mediums, going into a new place, with new conditions, has a new reputation to make in that community; and we should never, for the first experiments, be thrust into the hands of hard skeptical persons, but should be left quietly and cheerfully to such conditions as have been fully tested and found most favorable. Let him alone, at least till well introduced; for if you pounce upon him as a person who is suspected, spend the precious time in petty annoyances and suffocate the medium in a close cabinet, which thus becomes permeated with a sort of pentecostal or auto da fe magnetism, you most surely drive back the influences; and the result is inevitable a partial failure. The skeptic goes away sneering; the friends are sorely hurt; the angels may pity, but doubtless feel the disappointment more keenly than mortals; for their medium has been foolishly crucified, he has lost his means for feeding his

absent wife and precious children, and to add to all this, he has a double burden to bear in that it is his first introduction in a place, and his first seance is the important pivot upon which his first reputation there rests. The skeptic, if permitted, exacts his own capricious plans without any consideration of the law involved, or any care concerning pecuniary loss to the medium. The medium, plucky and brave, refuses to exact the admission fee, but arranges for all the circle to come again; thus his entire wages for the evening is rudely, and often most unfeelingly torn from him. What skeptic stops to think of this? And yet he must impose his own thumb-screw system, or he "will not be convinced." Now I would heartily suggest that such arbitrary persons be made to wait their proper place or time. I would further suggest, that in case of unreasoning interference, the interfering party be required to foot the bills of loss to the medium. This matter has for a long time needed ventilating. The skeptic says, "Do you allow that new methods of confining the medium may be tried?" I answer, "O yes, I suppose; it has been done often." But Mr. Skeptic, I expect you have enough of natural courtesy and self-low feeling, to meet the medium as a man,—as an honorable man—as one entitled to a polite and friendly reception. I expect thus, that you will first seek a fitting opportunity, and not rush upon him before he has had one fair trial, by which he may secure a standing among friends. Would it not be perfectly appropriate, should a minister come into the place and be immediately met with the same implied suspicions, that common decency of behavior was at a discount? But I know that, often, no harm is meant, and probably so in the great majority of cases. There is simply a lack of consideration, and really no unworthiness of feeling; rather, in fact, as recently under my observation, it comes from an educational bias, and ignorance of the finer points involved. Still, there is too much of the popular hostility against us involved in this putting skeptics as "committee men" over our mediums, and first of all, we must exercise a healthful legitimate self-protection. "God helps those who help themselves." Then let us see that our operations always go to help, rather than hinder. In conclusion, let me say that Mr. Peck has submitted to all manner of test-conditions which have been required, and never refuses it after personal acquaintance; but there is no sense in exacting it for the sole benefit of one or two individuals, when all the rest in the circle are to lose certain opportunities which may never come to them again in a life time. Mr. Peck's mode of fastening ought to satisfy any rational mind, besides, if any cavilling mind can tell us how one man, with one pair of hands can set a whole band of musical instruments playing in exact time and tune, while they rush like lightning over the heads of the audience and around the circle, while hands pat you and the trumpet speaks, let him make his little speech! Allowing the medium his perfect liberty, these wonderful physical and mental manifestations, all combined, are perfectly overwhelming. As Mr. Peck is soon to move on to California, I take great pleasure in preparing the friends there and everywhere for his valuable services.

Truly Yours,  
Mrs. M. J. WILCOXSON,  
Greeley, Col.

Second Letter from an Investigator.

MR. JONES.—The use in my first letter of the words "fortunate division" are applicable to the subject discussed. The division and subdivision of the numberless so-called, religious sects in the world, is the great lever of human progress. These divisions are the work of the divinity that stirs within us, and urges us on to the investigation and discovery of truth in religion, science and philosophy. Without investigation, man would yet have been a savage and yet dogmatic Orthodox, Hebrew, Pagan and Christian, have fought to retard human progress with untiring zeal. As the Society of Friends is the subject of this letter, let me tell the story of my ex-communication. Soon after the division I married a very estimable young Hicksite woman, whose goodness, virtue and love, kept me from the practice of many follies, and whose industry and economy enabled us to do well enough pecuniarily. For being married by a Justice of the Peace, both the Orthodox and the Hicksite churches ex-communicated us. But had we told a falsehood by saying that we were sorry to have broken the church rules, we might have retained our birth-right membership in two religious societies. Nor do I think we lost our moral standing, or failed to perform our duties to God and our fellow beings, by ceasing to be church members.

The Society of Friends, at the time of the division, had reached the acme of its usefulness, and like all other sects in the march of human progress had become effete. It had run into formality, and in a great measure lost the noble spirit of its infancy, which had endowed it with the power to exhibit to humanity a higher stand-point in its ever onward progress towards the perfection of the Deity. This Society, whose members in England, were fined and imprisoned for preaching the doctrine of "peace on earth and good will to men," and in wars were hung and whipped through the streets at the tail of a cart by Orthodox Puritans, was the pioneer association of men and women, who led the van of human progress. This Society taught the sublime doctrine that God, the same yesterday, today and forever, was the universal father of humanity, whose tender mercies were over all his works. It ignored the heaven-daring doctrine that the universal father of humanity, "Who is Love," was the changeable, insatiable and carnage-loving "God of Hosts" whose highest glory in barbarous ages, was to lead the armies of those who modestly claimed to be his peculiar people, to the utter extermination, regardless of age, sex or condition, of the people whose professions they coveted, and thus finally attained.

This Society has done more than all others to exalt humanity to that high state of moral perfection in which "man in every situation will become the friend of man." Its church government is pre-eminently Republican. Both sexes are equal in its ministry and government, in which no measure is adopted without the consent of all the adult members. This society is the foe to a union of church and state, because such a union infringes on popular rights. It is the foe of a hireling Priesthood, either Catholic or Protestant, because it is a privileged class distinct from, and above the masses of the people, whose progress it always opposes as dangerous to the pecuniary interests of the craft, as well as to its power. In fact a hireling Priesthood is a curse to humanity. An objector may ask for the reason. The reason is obvious. The Priesthood ignores Jesus' anti-war sermon on the Mount, and clings to and defends the righteousness of the exterminating wars described in the Old Testament. And while this doctrine is preached from the pulpit, and believed by the people, "peace on earth and good will to men" will be an impossibility, in so-called, civilization, even more hopelessly so than in the heathen nations to whom we teach the science of war. The hireling Priesthood, who, in the 17th

and 18th centuries, persecuted the Quakers for advancing human progress, have to-day, a more herculean task to stem the impetuous torrent of spiritual philosophy, which is true, as I hope it may be, will do more for the peace, happiness and elevation of humanity, than all the churches and "isms" of the past.  
Rural, Ill.

Voices from the People.

DES MOINES, IOWA.—W. A. Fox writes.—Enclosed please find remittance to open subscription to the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, discontinued on account of a financial pinch, but must have the JOURNAL, the best paper on the continent.

HINGHAM, WIS.—William and Mary Potter writes.—Please find enclosed remittance to pay for the renewal of the dear old RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL. We can't do without it.

SPRINGFIELD, MO.—E. K. Eversoll writes.—I see by the little monitor on the margin of my paper that the time paid for has expired, so you find enclosed a money order for three dollars for a continuance of the JOURNAL. I have been with it for six years, and I intend to remain with it so long as I stay on this plane.

CLEVELAND, O.—L. Graves writes.—I see by the little tag on the JOURNAL another year has past, with its lights and shades, which seem to be necessary for our growth. Twenty-five years since I stepped out and away from orthodox rules and teaching, and endeavored to think for myself, and through the assistance of my angel friends, I feel as though I had succeeded beyond my expectation, so much so that I have never felt for a moment like faltering, but daily grow stronger and stronger in (I will not say faith) knowledge of a continued life and the laws that govern our being. I have not a thought of holding. I could not if I would. I must grow up into something, and consequently must have food that is adapted for that growth, therefore you will please find enclosed another year's subscription for the dear old JOURNAL.

SPRINGVILLE, N. Y.—Sylvester Barnhart writes.—I wish you to continue sending your JOURNAL to Brocton, N. Y., as usual, as that place is my headquarters. I allow my books, papers, etc., to be read by the people, that they may reap the advantages arising from the study of the scriptures which have been required, and never refuse it after personal acquaintance; but there is no sense in exacting it for the sole benefit of one or two individuals, when all the rest in the circle are to lose certain opportunities which may never come to them again in a life time. Mr. Peck's mode of fastening ought to satisfy any rational mind, besides, if any cavilling mind can tell us how one man, with one pair of hands can set a whole band of musical instruments playing in exact time and tune, while they rush like lightning over the heads of the audience and around the circle, while hands pat you and the trumpet speaks, let him make his little speech! Allowing the medium his perfect liberty, these wonderful physical and mental manifestations, all combined, are perfectly overwhelming. As Mr. Peck is soon to move on to California, I take great pleasure in preparing the friends there and everywhere for his valuable services.

Truly Yours,  
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DOUGLAS GROVE, NEB.—E. W. Denton writes.—Though only one copy of your valuable paper is perused at this place, before it completely disappears it is very much appreciated. This is the extreme frontier settlement, and the pioneers, in grasshopper times, must leave off all but the requisite, which keeps the spirit and body together, in order to subsist. I have, for two or three months, been a beggar of the soul-choering food found in the JOURNAL columns; but hope before long to be numbered among them. The extreme frontier settlement, and the pioneers, in grasshopper times, must leave off all but the requisite, which keeps the spirit and body together, in order to subsist. I have, for two or three months, been a beggar of the soul-choering food found in the JOURNAL columns; but hope before long to be numbered among them. The extreme frontier settlement, and the pioneers, in grasshopper times, must leave off all but the requisite, which keeps the spirit and body together, in order to subsist. I have, for two or three months, been a beggar of the soul-choering food found in the JOURNAL columns; but hope before long to be numbered among them.

COMMENTS OF THE PRESS ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS.  
BOSTON, MASS.—The Journal of that city says.—It is said that at one of the receptions given to his Eminence, Cardinal McCloskey, in New York, at which many of the leading spirits of the Jews, whether truthful or mythological, certainly served to illustrate in the strongest possible manner, an occurrence that is still fresh to the readers of the Tribune, namely, the \$50,000 challenge to the theologians and scholars of Chicago to show that the sacred writings of the Jews and Christians were of any more importance as truthful and reliable history than any other writings known as sacred writings. Upon inquiry at the office of the Tribune, the strange and most important fact is developed that the gentleman who made the offer has found in Chicago no foeman worthy of his steel. In the case of David and Goliath, the awfully strong and boasting Philistine who had been so long fighting over God's chosen people, was struck dead at the first blow by a stripling who went up against him with the truth upon his side and "in the name of the Lord God of Hosts." The theologians of Chicago and of the country have apparently fallen as suddenly at the first blow as did the huge Philistine.

DUBUQUE, IOWA.—The Herald says.—There are many festivities and gatherings booked for June, which are already attracting public attention, but it is interesting to our Spiritualist friends to learn that the event par excellence is to be a grand camp meeting of the followers of that faith, who will congregate from Illinois, Wisconsin and all portions of Iowa, on the last day of June, and pitching their tents in one of our beautiful groves, will dwell with us for one week, enjoying the substantial pleasures of earth and the more ethereal joys that will be contributed from the Spirit-Land. Arrangements have been made with all the principal railroad companies to bring those attending the convocation over the various lines at reduced rates, and preparations are rapidly going forward to ensure the pleasure and convenience of guests. There is no doubt but that an instructive and entertaining time may be expected. The best orators and lecturers on the long agitated subject of Spiritualism have signified their intention to attend the meeting, and nothing will be left undone for the comfort and entertainment of all, mentally and physically. But of this subject we have more to say when the project is more fully developed, and we are further informed.

MRS. MAUD LORD.—The Boston Herald writes.—A few evenings ago Mrs. Maud E. Lord satisfied a number of her friends and her party, at Hanson street, by a "materialization" seance. The atmosphere was darkened and used as a cabinet. Between that and the front room, which was occupied by the spectators, was suspended a curtain, with an aperture over which fell some dark drapery. "The workshop of the spirits" was examined and searched again and again, when Mrs. Lord, with her hands tied behind her, entered the dark apartment. The door was scarcely closed upon her before hands were thrust through the aperture in the curtain, and a few moments later two well defined faces—one having a moustache and the other a beard—also appeared. Some conversation ensued, and Mrs. Lord, who had been through a tin trumpet and then it into the room occupied by the spectators. A rose was also taken from the dress of the medium and thrown into the lap of a lady in the front row. During these manifestations the medium was in her normal condition and conversing with her friends on the other side of the curtain. While thus engaged she remarked that the spirits were dissatisfied with the imperfect manner in which she was tied, whereupon the cords were removed and as the medium solemnly avowed, securely replaced by the spirits. Before the close of the seance the medium called for a copper wire, which, being brought, was taken by some viewless hands and fastened to the chandelier. Then followed the noise of busy work within, accompanied by the sound of a hammer driving nails; and when, at the close of the seance, a light was let into the room, the wire was found attached to the chandelier, and fastened by nails to various points along the walls, as though an attempt had been made to strengthen the manifestations by means of an electrical circuit. At this time the medium was alone in the room, with her hands tightly secured by cords.

another of the congregation rose, until at last all was standing except the British sailor. "Don't you want to go to heaven?" inquired Mr. Moody. "Certainly," replied Jack. "Then why don't you stand up?" asked Mr. M. "Cos I ain't going to heaven with such a crew as this, Skipper!" said the sailor, looking with undisguised contempt on those around him.

GALESBURGH, ILL.—Rev. S. A. Gardner, a Universalist minister, says.—At this late day there are pretenders of religion who would have us believe that Thomas Paine died in great agony of soul, renounced his belief, or that he finally surrendered wholly to most brutal instincts. Nothing could be farther from the truth. Walter Morton, who was with him in his last hours, says of him: "In his religious opinions he continued as steadfast and tenacious as any sectarian to the definition of his own creed. He never, indeed broached the subject first, but to intrusive and inquisitive visitors who came to try him on that point, his general answer was to this effect:—'My opinions are now before the world, and all have an opportunity to refute them if they can. I believe them unchangeable truths, and that I have done great service to mankind in boldly putting them forth.'"

LONDON, ENG.—Charles Bradlaugh's paper, the National Reformer, contains these comments by Mrs. Besant on Mr. Thorne's expulsion from the House of Commons: "It is very painful to hear such news from 'Free America' and to learn that a Theist was expelled from the House of Representatives of one of the States, because he did not hold all the Christian superstitions. We are bad enough in England, but we are not as bad as this. We regret also to see that it was a colored member who brought forward such a resolution. A man who had but lately won freedom, and who had, with his whole race, been kept in bondage by a Christian people, who padlocked the fetters on his limbs with iron wrought in Bible smithies, ought surely to have learned that Christianity was his greatest foe, and ought to have been the last to use it as an engine of persecution against his neighbors. But it is the old story; an oppressed class always become oppressors if they get into power. And Mr. Harrison Hughes' fanatical bigotry is scarcely to be wondered at, however much it may be contemned."

MR. J. WILLIAM THORNE.—The Boston Globe says.—We are glad to learn that Mr. J. William Thorne, whose expulsion from his seat in the North Carolina Legislature we referred to some time ago, is sure of being returned by an overwhelming majority of his constituents. Mr. Thorne, it will be remembered, was the victim of an error of judgment that ought to be accounted a purpose of ousting an enemy of trickery and corruption by falsely representing him as denying the existence of a God. This use of a religious clause in the Constitution to accomplish partisan purposes has been almost unanimously condemned by the press of the country, and the result is seen in the fact that the same clause is now being used for the lesson of this whole business is the danger of having a religious test incorporated in a political constitution, and North Carolina should profit by it to expunge the clause which has been the means of doing an injustice which now bids fair to be remedied through the potent influence of the press upon public opinion.

BOSTON, MASS.—The Pilot speaks as follows of the ceremony which made McCloskey a Cardinal.—Cardinal McCloskey was the noteworthy figure. He wore a light purple or mauve cassock, a white surplice and a velvet masticated of deep purple. About his neck was a gold chain, from which was suspended a ponderous cross, blazoned with magnificent gems. On his head was a black beretta, which, upon removal, showed beneath it a small scarlet skull cap, called a berrettina. . . . Seldom have our people seen anything which so filled the eye as it was filled by the picture now present on the platform of the sanctuary. All the splendor of the altar, the silver and gold vessels of gold and silver, and gilded and jeweled, in various colors; the Cardinal tranquilly seated on his throne; the gigantic guard at his left; Archbishop Bayley on the throne beyond the blazing altar, whose wealth of flowers and their tender hues was quite lost in the dazzle and blaze of the firmament of candles; the solemn yet magnificent decorations of the altar and the whole sanctuary.

Such a gorgeous display is simply damnable, so long as destitution and misery exists in the world.

CHICAGO, ILL.—The Tribune says.—The story of David and Goliath in the sacred writings of the Jews, whether truthful or mythological, certainly serves to illustrate in the strongest possible manner, an occurrence that is still fresh to the readers of the Tribune, namely, the \$50,000 challenge to the theologians and scholars of Chicago to show that the sacred writings of the Jews and Christians were of any more importance as truthful and reliable history than any other writings known as sacred writings. Upon inquiry at the office of the Tribune, the strange and most important fact is developed that the gentleman who made the offer has found in Chicago no foeman worthy of his steel. In the case of David and Goliath, the awfully strong and boasting Philistine who had been so long fighting over God's chosen people, was struck dead at the first blow by a stripling who went up against him with the truth upon his side and "in the name of the Lord God of Hosts." The theologians of Chicago and of the country have apparently fallen as suddenly at the first blow as did the huge Philistine.

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Perfectly Restored to Health by Spirit Power.

MANSTON, March 23d, 1875.  
MRS. A. H. ROBINSON.  
MY DEAR FRIEND AND SISTER:—You may perhaps remember I wrote you last September in regard to my own health. I am happy to inform you that through your aid and that of your guides I have entirely recovered my lost health. I do sincerely think that I should now be in Spirit-life, only for you. Your raising me to health is what induces a friend of mine to send to you now. She is a poor woman and can only send you two dollars at this time, but says she will try and send you more as soon as she can. Her family are all Seven-day Adventists, and are bitterly opposed to our beautiful faith, hence her getting me to write for her. She also desires you to send the prescriptions in my name or to me. I want you to do the very best you can, for she has been to several physicians here without receiving any benefit whatever, and her family being so opposed to Spiritualism, I want you to show them a little what the spirits can do. [Then followed a description of her case.]  
I will inclose an order of two dollars and a lock of her hair. I have become partially developed within a few weeks, and have been thinking that it might help me if I were to send to you for some more of your magnetized papers. Please let me hear from you as soon as possible, as my friend will wait anxiously for a letter. Direct to Mrs. M. A. Leonard, Manston, Wisconsin. Gratefully yours,  
M. A. LEONARD.

A CASE OF CHRONIC INFLAMMATION OF THE STOMACH CURED.  
PRAIRIE CITY, Jasper Co., Iowa,  
March 25th, 1875.

MRS. ROBINSON, Chicago, Ill., DEAR SISTER:—Your letter dated the 15th of this month, with magnetized papers, is at hand. My wife is now well, and the remedies she takes will last about two days more. She thinks that she will get along without taking any more. Inclosed you will find a post-office order for \$3.00. Please accept this with best thanks. I remain yours in truth,  
EDWARD SCHULZBERG.

NO MORE FALLING OFF OF HIS HAIR.

MRS. A. H. ROBINSON, CHICAGO, DEAR SISTER:—I do not know as it is necessary for me to send for new magnetized papers. Since I began to use your remedies my hair has quit coming out. You have done me more good than all other doctors I have ever tried, and they are many. May you continue to be successful in your noble work. If you think that I should wear new magnetized papers longer I shall do so. Yours truly,  
PETER MAJERRE.

510 North Lee St., Bloomington, Ill., March 26th, 1875.

ONE BOX CURED HIM, AND HE WANTS IT TO BE SOLD.  
TAMA CITY, TAMA Co., Iowa,  
March 14th, 1875.

MRS. A. H. ROBINSON.—I sent to the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSES, Chicago, in February, for a box of your tobacco antidote, which came in due time. I followed the directions on the box, and it has cured the hankering desire for tobacco on me. I would say, tobacco chawers, try it. It will cure you. I want the agency of Tama County, Iowa, to sell your tobacco antidote. I think I can sell a good deal of it this coming year. I shall make a business of selling it. How much will it cost me a dozen boxes?  
Hoping to hear from you soon, I remain,  
W. F. BURLBY.

Reply. You can have them at wholesale rates—\$12 per dozen, and order one-half dozen at a time, if you wish to do so.  
Mrs. A. H. ROBINSON,  
Chicago, April 12th, 1875.

MRS. A. H. ROBINSON, Healing Psychometric & Business Medium.

CORNER ADAMS ST., & 5TH AVE., CHICAGO.

MRS. ROBINSON, while under spirit control, on receiving a lock of hair of a sick patient, will diagnose the disease most perfectly, and prescribe the proper remedy. Yet, as the most speedy cure is the essential object in view, rather than to gratify idle curiosity, the better practice is to send along with a lock of hair a brief statement of the sex, age, leading symptoms, and the length of time the patient has been sick; when she will, without delay, return a most potent prescription, and remedy for eradicating the disease, and permanently curing all curable cases.

Of herself she claims no knowledge of the healing art, when her spirit-guides, who control her, present the disease most perfectly, and prescribe the proper remedy. Yet, as the most speedy cure is the essential object in view, rather than to gratify idle curiosity, the better practice is to send along with a lock of hair a brief statement of the sex, age, leading symptoms, and the length of time the patient has been sick; when she will, without delay, return a most potent prescription, and remedy for eradicating the disease, and permanently curing all curable cases.

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Turkish, Electric and Vapor BATH INSTITUTE,

FOR THE TREATMENT OF DISEASE, Grand Pacific Hotel, PRIVATE ENTRANCE ON JACOBSON STREET, NEAR LA SALLE, CHICAGO.

The ELECTRICAL DEPARTMENT of this Institute is equipped in this country. Electricity is applied in all its forms, with and without the Bath.

OPEN FOR LADIES AND GENTLEMEN From 7 a. m. to 9 p. m.

The Ladies Department is under the personal supervision of M. G. SOMERS.

DE. C. G. SOMERS, Proprietor.

Newspapers and Magazines

For sale at the Office of this Paper: Banner of Light. Boston. 8 " " " Spiritual Magazine. Memphis. 15 " " " \$1.65 cents renews trial subscriptions one year.

CATALOGUE OF BOOKS FOR SALE BY THE Religio-Philosophical Publishing House.

All orders with the price of books desired, and the additional amount mentioned for postage, will meet with prompt attention.

Table listing various books such as 'An Hour with the Angels', 'Astronomical Origin of Jehovah-God', 'A Discourse between Mr. & W. Wilson', etc., with prices.

Table listing various books such as 'Korea, with explanatory notes', 'Why I Was Excommunicated from the Presby-terian Church', 'Woman and the Divine Republic', etc., with prices.

Why I Was Excommunicated from the Presby-terian Church. Prof. H. Barnard. 20 14

WE ARE PREPARED TO FURNISH MISCELLANEOUS BOOKS OF ANY KIND published at regular rates, and on receipt of the money, will send them by mail or express, as may be desired.

Woman and the Divine Republic. BY LEO NIELLE. The author says, in his preface: "This work is not an essay on what is technically understood as Woman's Rights."

W. H. Mueller, SPIRIT PHOTOGRAPHS. Mr. Mueller is constantly in receipt of letters from persons desiring to have pictures taken, and although he is about to engage in other business, he has, at their earnest solicitation, concluded to take pictures for a few months longer.

STRANGE VISITORS: A Series of Original Papers, LITERARY, PHILOSOPHY, SCIENCE, GOVERNMENT, RELIGION, POETRY, ART, FICTION, SATIRE, HUMOR, NARRATIVE, AND PROSE.

Mrs. Maria M. King's Works. THE PRINCIPLES OF NATURE, as discovered in the Development and structure of the Universe; the Solar System, laws and methods of its development; Earth, History of its development; Exposition of the Spiritual Universe. Price, \$1.75; postage, 24 cents.

Flashes of Light From the Spirit-Land, Through the Mediumship of Mrs. J. H. Conant, Compiled and arranged by Allen Putnam.

THE ORIGIN OF MAN, AND THE DESTINY OF THE RACE, As treated from the several standpoints which the FREEDOM FROM ARTIFICIAL CONSTRAINT AND THE ADDED LIGHT OF THE SPIRIT-WORLD render inevitable to the reflecting soul entering it in obedience to the fiat of

NATURAL LAW. The book is composed of extracts from answers to some of the most important questions proposed at the Banner of Light Free Circles, and will meet the desire of multitudes of Spiritualists all over the country.

ORDERED BY THE SPIRITUALISTS OF NEW HAMPSHIRE. Containing Reviews of "Social Freedom," by Mrs. E. J. Wilcoxson and Warren Harris. Also an Exposition of the True Character of Woodhull, Claflin, and Blood, by Dr. Joseph Treat.

Hudson Tuttle's Works. ARCANUM OF SPIRITUALISM. A MANUAL OF SPIRITUAL SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY. With a portrait of the author. Price, \$2.00; postage 24 cents.

MOSES-WOODHULLISM IN A NUTSHELL. BY THE SPIRITUALISTS OF NEW HAMPSHIRE. WITH AN APPENDIX. Containing Reviews of "Social Freedom," by Mrs. E. J. Wilcoxson and Warren Harris.

FOOTFALLS ON THE BOUNDARY OF ANOTHER WORLD, With Narrative Illustrations, BY ROBERT DALE OWEN.

EXETER HALL. HAVE YOU READ EXETER HALL? THE FOLLOWING ARE EXTRACTS FROM A FEW OF THE NOTICES OF EXETER HALL, THE THEOLOGICAL ROMANCE.

PLANCHETTE. OR THE Despair of Science; BEING A FULL ACCOUNT OF MODERN SPIRITUALISM, ITS PHENOMENA, AND THE VARIOUS THEORIES REGARDING IT, WITH A SURVEY OF FRENCH SPIRITISM.

THE ELEPHANT. OR OF Spiritualism, "Social Freedom," on Trial! The author of Vital Magnetic Cure and Nature's Laws in Human Life, has just issued a pamphlet of about 70 pages, the title of which is an Exposition of "Social Freedom," etc.

SEVEN HOUR System of Grammar. BY PROF. D. P. HOWE. The author has demonstrated repeatedly that a person of average ability can learn to read and write, copy, and calculate to do much good, his Christianity, and claims to be practical in its suggestions.

CHRISTIANITY AND MATERIALISM. BY E. F. UNDERWOOD. This pamphlet of 33 pages, printed in fine style on heavy tinted paper, embodies matter used by Mr. Underwood in some of his best lectures.

NATURAL LAW. The book is composed of extracts from answers to some of the most important questions proposed at the Banner of Light Free Circles, and will meet the desire of multitudes of Spiritualists all over the country.

ORDERED BY THE SPIRITUALISTS OF NEW HAMPSHIRE. Containing Reviews of "Social Freedom," by Mrs. E. J. Wilcoxson and Warren Harris.

Commercial Hotel, 7th St. bet. Robert & Jackson, ST. PAUL, MINNESOTA. Fare, \$3 per day. This house is new and fully equal to any two dollar a day house in the State.

THE DEBATABLE LAND. THIS WORLD AND THE NEXT. WITH ILLUSTRATIVE NARRATIONS BY ROBERT DALE OWEN. Author of Foot-falls on the Boundary of Another World, "Beyond the Brethren," etc.

BECKWITH'S PORTABLE SEWING MACHINE. \$20. BECKWITH'S M. C. S. M. C. S. NEW YORK & CHICAGO.

HOW I MADE \$70. The first week, and am now averaging \$35 in a week's business. Any man or woman who is active and hard working for about six years had tried almost everything that I could hear recommended, and finally believed that nothing could restore my hair.

A Good Head of Hair Restored by a Spirit Prescription. A GOOD HEAD OF HAIR RESTORED BY A SPIRIT PRESCRIPTION. THE FIRST WEEK, AND AM NOW AVERAGING \$35 IN A WEEK'S BUSINESS.

THE GENESIS AND ETHICS OF CONJUGAL LOVE. By Andrew Jackson Davis. We have the pleasure to announce the recent publication of a fresh, new book of peculiar interest to all men and women, by this well-known and widely read author.

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THE ROSTRUM.

Lecture by Thomas Paine, through the Mediumship of Mrs. Colby.

Mrs. Colby, the renowned inspirational speaker, delivered an address Sunday, May 31st, at Grew's hall, under the influence of the spirit of Thomas Paine.

The speaker said he was glad to be able to make an appeal this morning to an intellectual class of men and women—a class which represented the reason and intellect of this great city.

This morning he was not going to give them a lecture, but a conversation; and that conversation would be novel in some respects, and very strange in others.

He was glad to have the opportunity. But, of course, if circumstances and conditions could be better it would be more pleasant both for him who spoke and those who heard.

By the permission of angels who surrounded him, he came in contact with the last services held over his mortal remains.

He had lived in this quiet condition, never reading, never doing anything, only resting, regenerating, and purifying his nature.

He had thought until he was compelled to go down into the reservoir of his own selfhood, and had thought deeply, and had thought much, and it was impossible for him to come out before the world, for there was much more radicalism in his heart than had appeared upon the surface, and which had been presented to humanity.

He felt that they would ask him to tell them very much of this world. He would tell them as much as was possible, but he had something of greater importance to tell them, so he would merely tell them when he came to consciousness what he saw.

He had passed away during a condition of illness. This illness had not been so severe as it had been often before.

here called letters. Something came to him of exactly the same import as it would be for any of them to receive a written communication in their own land.

On being introduced he had felt very small; he felt very unworthy and insignificant in the presence of him who had lived centuries before; he had felt that he knew much more than that it was possible for him to know.

It was made known to him the object for which they were called together. It was to consult and lay plans, and to find out the best means, and how those means could best be adapted to reach man in the mortal life and to demonstrate to him tangibly through the infection of natural law the phenomenon and philosophy of spiritual existence.

When he had come into that congress and heard these things discussed, he had felt that there was no way by which he could help a word. He had felt that he had no thought, no words, no feelings, no feelings, no feelings.

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MOTT'S SEANCES.

A Party of Quincy, Ills., People Visit the Distinguished Materializer.

PLAIN, STRAIGHTFORWARD STATEMENT OF HIS WONDERFUL PERFORMANCES.

MEMPHIS, May 13.—We left Quincy, Ills., on the 10th, for the purpose of visiting the renowned Spiritualist and Materializer, Mott.

On the 10th, for the purpose of visiting the renowned Spiritualist and Materializer, Mott.

LIGHTS TURNED DOWN to a subdued light, or what might be termed a twilight, although sufficiently light to readily distinguish objects and persons across the room.

APPEARANCE CALLED FOR MR. SMITH, and proved to be his brother. As in the case of Mr. Porter, business and family matters were freely discussed, thoroughly convincing him beyond all doubt.

APPEARED SO NATURAL AND LIFE-LIKE that Mr. J. involuntarily held out his hand to clasp him. The tests and proofs in this instance were so astonishing that the circle were all deeply affected.

Mr. Lawton's brother called for him and held a lengthy conversation. He referred to a great many incidents that Mr. L. had entirely forgotten, and talked freely of home and business matters.

THE CONTROLLING SPIRIT OF MOTT.

Mr. Mott came out of the cabinet very much prostrated, and it took him some time to recover his strength.

Mr. Mott came out of the cabinet very much prostrated, and it took him some time to recover his strength.

ON. BLEDSOE MADE HIS APPEARANCE, and, as on the first evening, talked with all who desired to converse with him.

This note was intended for Mayor Smith, and he instantly recognized the writing of his brother.

LASTED UNTIL ALMOST MIDNIGHT, each one feeling too much interested to willingly adjourn even then.

ROBBERY OF THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK and the bonds he had stolen at that time. Hivins told him the bonds had been destroyed; gave him the number of the bonds he had taken, and the exact number on each one, just as they appear on his own memorandum.

A BAPTIST congregation in Brownville, Tenn., quarreled about the control of its church. One faction got possession after a bitter contest, and on the same night the building was set on fire and destroyed.

"Tax World's Sixteen Crucified Saviors" by K. Graves, price \$2.00, postage 20 cents, is for sale at the office of this paper.

Would You Know Yourself? CONSULT WITH A. B. SEVERANCE, THE WELL-KNOWN Psychometrist and Clairvoyant.

Comes in person, or send by letter a lock of your Hair, or Handwriting, or a Photograph; he will give you a correct delineation of Character, giving instructions for self-improvement, by telling what faculties to cultivate and what to restrain, giving present Physical, Mental and Spiritual condition, giving past and future events.

Full Delineation, \$1.00; Full and Complete Delineation, \$2.00; Diagnosis and Prescription, \$1.00; Full and Complete Delineation with Diagnosis and Prescription, \$3.00.

Address: A. B. SEVERANCE, 417 MILWAUKEE-ST., MILWAUKEE, WIS.

\$1.65 cents renews trial subscription one year.