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Truth bears no mask below 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 JESSIE 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 Desseaux." 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 resting 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 "Desseaux" 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 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 satin curtains, 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., 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 famed 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 Desseaux's walls,—nothing too costly, nothing too far away to be imported.

After the French court 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 Desseaux, and had been regaled with all those luxuries with which it abounds, 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 their royal highnesses, the Grand Dukes Czarovitch 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 Czarovitch, "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 my 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 stood at 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 Bussey, 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. Goulin. These, with a few other distinguished ladies and gentlemen, were company at table 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 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 polonaise, 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 clown, 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 tastefully 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, simon pure, with ruffled shirt, long swallow tailed coat, brass buttons, high hat, and turban 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 *tableau ensemble* of dazzling brilliancy and magnificent effects. Not a few of Russia's beautiful women composed the number. The Princess Boukoff, 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, but 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 Ksch, on the Grande Moskoi, 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 discerning 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, 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 Song 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. Shadows passed and rippled me, and was growing more and more dense and materialized, when at last I discerned the form of Catharine the Great, Empress of Russia; that wonderful woman who called herself "La grande Catherine 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 supreme tenderness and mellow coloring, only to be compared with the faucies 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 Eberstein, 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.

After a long experience as a musical medium (having been first developed some nine years ago as a Clairvoyant healer), I made the discovery that the greatest and most astonishing results were obtained over all kinds of nervous diseases by music combined with magnetism. I found that in many cases where nothing else would effect them, persons were cured outright by the music alone, acting on the nervous system and restoring the lost equilibrium of nerves, force and mental activity, and my Clairvoyance tells me that this is the long lost art or rather science of the Egyptians, who always "chased away diseases by music and magnetism."

In Russia, as in Germany, France and England, I found the same powerful effects produced, and many would attend the musical influence for the benefit they derived from the influence of the music. In Paris, the "music and magnetism" process was marked with such success, that I continued it in Baden Baden and London, and always had a few invalids to treat in private, or as many as I could well undertake while giving concert seances. I might name several cases, where the music had such an effect as to develop persons who knew nothing of poetry, into first class poets; one lady of high social position in London, being first cured, and afterwards developed to write poetry, which was accepted by the editor of a first class magazine in London, and spoken of as being "an exquisite composition of diction and sentiment." The lady still continues to write, and now commands a good price for her poems. Experience is one of the essentials to discovery, and research is the father of both.

Chicago, June 1st, 1875.

"We read in de good book," said a colored Baptist brother down South, "of John de Baptist—nabber of John de Methodist." And that, says a Garrison correspondent of the New York Observer, is the reason most of the colored Southern people are B-pists.

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

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 attained 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 its resting place, and as if in answer to 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 be 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 handcuffed.

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 crashed against each other, and seemingly endeavored with much noise to extricate

DARWINISM.

WHAT IT IS, AND THE PROOFS IN FAVOR OF IT.

Synopsis of a Lecture at City Hall, Oskaloosa, Iowa, Sunday, April 18th, 1875, by B. F. Underwood, of Boston, Mass.

I am glad to see a much larger audience assembled here than could have been expected under the circumstances. So I can say I am happily disappointed.

The subject, "Darwinism," is one in which the crowd is interested, and yet the crowd does not know what "Darwinism" is. When they hear the name they associate it with absurd notions. They have no distinct conception of anything that has been written by Darwin concerning it. I like occasionally to take up a theme like this, that is so significant and interesting for the cultivated and thinking mind.

Darwin has written a number of voluminous works. He has given us a large number of facts, and he has presented them in a manner that is not methodical, and as a writer he can not lay claim to anything like a complete system for the presentation of his subject. But, he has given us the facts, and we the right to use these, and present them in a systematic manner. Therefore, I am to correct some mistaken conceptions and give an outline of the subject, so that any person, who is disposed to think, shall see at once what "Darwinism" is. It is especially in the common mind that the notion prevails, that man came from the tadpole, or some other low creature which crawls or walks upon the earth; and he contrasts man with these low forms of life and regards Darwinism as a foolish theory. Darwinism and "Evolution" are sometimes confounded. "Evolution" is implied by "Darwinism," but "Darwinism" is not a necessary part of "Evolution," or rather "Darwinism" may be untrue in its distinct principles, yet "Evolution" is true. The theory that man has been differentiated in the world would be true, though "Darwinism" was to be disproven.

While in St. Louis a gentleman came up to me and said: "I have been through all that," referring to "Darwinism." I told him I was glad to hear that, as I found few that knew anything about it. He said:

"I have known all about it for the last twenty-five years."

Do you mean to say you understood "Darwinism" twenty-five years ago?—I began to have some doubts of his understanding it even then. Do you mean to tell me that you understood the theory of Natural Selection twenty-five years ago?

"What do you mean by Selection?"

This was sufficient evidence that he knew nothing about it. Perhaps he had some idea of Evolution. I remember when I was a boy I heard of this theory of development, though I never had an idea of it. I had an indistinct idea of the different species coming up from one another, but everything implied in Darwinism was absent from my mind. When a person says he understood Darwinism twenty-five years ago, it is plain that he does not understand it at all.

It is my aim this afternoon to offer the present fundamental principles of Darwinism. Some men's particular objections to Darwinism are all mixed up, that there is no such thing as regularity about it. For instance, you may expect at any time for one species to be derived from another. This is not true. We do not see for instance, an ox come from a horse, or any one species to be derived directly from another. Therefore, it has no foundation in fact. This shows how much ignorance there is concerning it.

The law of heredity is the first principle of Darwinism, that like produces like. Not only in regard to species; but in all peculiarities and idiosyncrasies. Not that the horse will come from the horse, simply but that all its peculiarities will be transmitted to its offspring. Mr. Darwin maintains that every species is derived from a like species. You do not expect the robin to come from the sparrow, or that a pig will come from a sheep. No one acquainted with the facts will expect this. According to the first principles of Darwinism, everything pertaining to the structure of the man will be transmitted to the child. If in marriage the father be very tall, the child will be tall also; if the father be very short, the child will correspond to him; if the mother be small and delicate, the child will be a medium between them. There are exceptions to this. For instance, an individual may resemble another of three or four generations back. Not only are the physical peculiarities transmitted, but also a tendency to live long or longevous; or, perhaps, if the father is not long-lived, the child will inherit a tendency to die while young. No man can live to the age of 100 whose ancestors never reached the age of sixty. I can tell within respectable limits the age a man will attain when I have known the age of his ancestors. There is nothing wonderful about it. It is not a matter of health. Healthy people often die young, while sickly people often live to an old age. Many people are strong and healthy while young, and we predict a long life; when they get to be twenty-five years old, we begin to see signs of decay, and a lack of physical power; and when they are fifty years old, they are ready for the grave. Other persons, sick from infancy, do not appear as though they would live to be thirty, but in many cases they live to be ninety or one hundred years of age. In the one case, we have long-lived stock, and in the other, we have short-lived stock.

Suppose we take two beans, one, the common bush-bean, and the other, the pole-bean, and drop them in the ground together, the common bean will grow about one foot high, while the pole bean will clamber up as high as twenty feet. In this case the one is no more healthy than the other. It is the same way with people. One comes from healthy stock, thus having the capacity to be long-lived. Another one may have no more capacity to live long than a dog has, while an elephant or an eagle may attain to five times that longevity.

We will refer you to Switzerland, where people living in different cantons, having nothing to do with the health, have very different degrees of longevity.

It often occurs that a smart intellectual man has a child that is almost idiotic. Well we have to make some allowance for the interlocking influence. It is not uncommon for a smart man to marry a stupid woman, or for a smart woman to marry a weak and stupid man. Now if we expect the transmission of these qualities of mind, when there is so much to pull it down, we are going contrary to the first principle of heredity. There is also another consideration. Most great men have given a greater share of their time to the cultivation of their mind, and thereby greatly weakened the physical system. By confinement and mental exertion, their brain absorbs their vitality, and they become physically debilitated. It is a fact, that among the great men of all times, there has generally been a lack of off-

spring. The reason is obvious. We consider that a weakly parent has not the capacity to transmit health to the offspring. But notwithstanding we will find that mental strength is transmissible. When we see intelligent parents, we most generally find intelligent offspring. Sometimes, however, there is an exception.

This is according to the law of heredity, or the first principle of Darwinism. There is a certain family known in New England, of which it is said that the boys, almost from early infancy will catch chickens, disjoint their bones, and re-set them. They are called bone-setters. If in a family the same trade is followed for several generations, there is a strong tendency in the succeeding generations to take it up and follow it. And they will be more skillful, and will show more readiness than they would if their fathers had not been brought up to it.

Why is the Indian boy so much more skillful than the Caucasian, in the use of the bow? No person who has been out on the plains, but has seen Indian boys, almost as soon as they were able to walk, that could shoot with the bow. Indian boys, as a general thing, can shoot better than a Caucasian could if he should practice a life-time. This is another proof of the law of heredity, or the first principle of Darwinism. The second principle of Darwinism is called the law of variation. The question may be asked. What is meant by variation? I see before me many faces, all having the same general outline, but there is so much dissimilarity that I can distinguish them. If mankind started from Adam and Eve, who lived about six thousand years ago, it seems to me there must have been a wonderful change taken place in the features of individuals, to give such a variety as we see on earth to day.

Suppose we place here upon the stage, a representation of each of the distinct races of mankind; here would be the Caucasian, the Mongolian, the Malay, the African, and the Indian, all of whose features present a striking difference. For instance, contrast the Negro with the Caucasian, and see what a marked difference of appearance. This is an illustration of what we mean by variation. But I ask: What has produced this wonderful difference in the human features? Such a difference of features as we see in the low brutelike Negro and the highly developed Caucasian, such as Langfellow or a Webster, never could have taken place in the course of six thousand years. This great difference is something that men do not realize unless we present the extreme. But some change must have been in operation for a long time to produce such a wonderful difference.

Well, the Christian will say: This resulted from God having cursed Cain, or perhaps he will produce some other trivial reason for it. That the human race has undergone various changes by the influence of different climates, and that its present state, is about the way he reasons. On the contrary, it has taken many thousands of years to bring about such a wonderful change in the human race and produce the results which we now look upon.

Sometimes we say we do not see any change going on, we may look all our lives, and we do not see that there has been any change whatever. So, also, we may look at the dial of a clock, and the hands do not appear to move at all, but if we should leave the clock and not return until an hour had elapsed, we will find that the minute hand had made a whole revolution. The perpetual change that mankind is undergoing can not be noticed in the lifetime of any one man. But if we could look at it after a period of a thousand years, we could distinctly see its results. This is what Darwin calls variation. We see a great number of faces, but not two are exactly alike. The child is sometimes like the father, and sometimes it resembles the mother; but never is the precise image of either, always having some features or characteristics that are not found in either of his parents. Do not be impressed that there is anything wonderful connected with this.

This is what is called, "spontaneous variation." If we say "spontaneous" generation, we can understand it. But in reality there is no such thing as "spontaneity" in nature. When I was in Washington, I met a man whose son had six fingers on each hand, and six toes on each foot. No such a peculiarity had ever appeared in the family.

We call this spontaneous, because it is something we do not understand. But every individual that lives has some little variation that never appeared before in the family. It is this that distinguishes every one from some other one of the family. Detectives make use of this in finding their criminals. A description of the criminal is sent around to the detectives all over the country. This comes under the law of variation, or the second principle of Darwinism. If one of these variations had been shown in the family in some preceding generation, it would not come under the law of variation, but under the first principle of Darwinism. It often happens that a peculiarity can be seen in the child which has not been shown in the family for two or three generations.

When one of these little peculiarities make their appearance for the first time it comes under the law of "variation."

On the island of Malta there lived a man who had a son by the name of Gratio. This boy had six fingers and six toes. He grew up to manhood, and married such a girl as he could find,—he could not find one like himself in that respect. Here we see nature determined to perpetuate this peculiarity. And it made its appearance, but not until generations had passed.

Mr. Huxley says: Suppose all his children and his children's children had shown the same peculiarity, we would now have on the earth a race of men and women having six fingers and toes. Here we see an example of variation which comes under the law of heredity. Nature was so determined to perpetuate that peculiarity, that it appeared in the fifth generation. This shows that the variation comes under the law of heredity, the same as any other peculiarity of body or mind. From this we see that if a peculiarity is inherited it comes under the law of heredity, but if the peculiarity has never before been manifested in the family,—for every one has seen a peculiarity originate with itself,—it comes under the law of variation. There are two kinds of domestic pigeons, the pouter and the fantail. The first has the form suggested by the name which has been given it. So, also you may know the fantail by its name. There is more difference between these two kinds of pigeons than there is between many different species.

We will now examine the third principle of Darwinism, the law of Selection, this is the greatest principle of Darwinism. There is also what is called selection of the sexes, this we will not touch upon. What is meant by selection is nothing more than discrimination. For example, suppose there were a great variety of plants and flowers exposed to the cold. A person, though he may understand the nature of the different kinds of flowers and plants, in attempting to discriminate between the tender and hardy ones will many times make mistakes, but the frost will always destroy the tenderest first. The frost will discriminate be-

tween the tender and hardy plants with far more discrimination than any human being, but how is it enabled to do this? It has no knowledge of the various degrees of tenderness in the different plants by which it could be enabled to select and destroy the tender ones. As another example, suppose there were a great number of sheep in a place where the weather was very cold, those who had the thickest wool would live while the others would perish. The cold would exercise more distinction in this case than any man could. This is an illustration of what is called unconscious selection. There is also what is called conscious selection. For example, suppose we should have all the fine men and women unite in marriage, in order to have a race of beings more beautiful than any other, this would be called conscious selection. In a certain place in Prussia, there are living a large number of tall people. They are all tall, without scarcely an exception. This is an example of conscious selection, which can be seen everywhere. Some of you may have heard how the Saxons produced the kind of sheep they desired. They marked out the kind of sheep they wanted, and then would bring it into existence. They have even brought into existence, sheep of the exact size and shape, as best suited their fancy. They would mark out a model, and then make the sheep to correspond to it. The Merino sheep, one of the finest kind of sheep known, was started in a similar way. At one time there was in the flock of a man by the name of Wright, a sheep with long body and short legs. This man had good common sense. He wanted to produce a race of sheep like that one,—they would be profitable to him. Now he had to build a tall stone wall to enclose the others, which was a great deal of trouble. So he determined to bring into existence a race of sheep like the one described. He let this sheep run with the flock, and by keeping all others that were just like it, in twenty-five years he had a race of sheep having long bodies and short legs. It is this same principle our farmers make use of in improving their stock. This notion of getting fast trotters is comparatively late. The fastest racer can be traced back only about one hundred years, and we now have very fast horses. The best horses are taken and by pairing them, always have in view the quality of speed, they have at last brought about the results we see to day. Some have tried to prove by a mathematical calculation that it is impossible for a horse to trot any faster than they do to day. I believe the time is coming when a horse will trot twice as fast, as he does to day. These things are brought about under the law of unconscious selection. Such a thing is not known among the lower animals. There is, however, what is called the "struggle for life." This is the last principle of Darwinism.

Mr. Darwin found there was a principle behind these others, which accounts for all these wonderful changes. This is called the "struggle for life." Many suppose that nature is a great economist, that nothing is lost. But the reverse is true. Nature is a prodigal. Demonstrations of this can be seen every day. A codfish will lay millions of eggs in one year. If all these eggs produced fish, in a few years the ocean would be crowded with fish. But what would become of all these fish, if that excellent idea that nature is so economical, were carried out? I think that the result would be that we would have a good many more fish than we would care about eating. Suppose we drop a seed in the ground it comes up and produces fifty more, and these fifty seed fall into the ground, and the next year more just like it. If it should continue in this course for a short time, this particular kind of plant would cover the whole earth. There is but a small number of these seeds can ever amount to anything.

There must be a struggle for life among these seeds, and those that are perfect will live, while the others will perish. Out of the fifty, there are but very few that ever amount to anything, and these are the best of all. Those that are adapted to the soil and climate are the ones that will survive. In the next generation there must be a struggle for life in the same manner. And so before the plants that are best adapted to the soil and climate, will live while the others will die. In this case we see the plants struggling for life, and in so doing they adapt themselves to their condition. Here we see adaptation, not design. It is something that results from the necessity of the case. Now I can illustrate this by referring to the sheep again. In cold climates the sheep which have thick wool are the ones that live, while the others perish. Suppose, there should be a cold spell every year, the sheep having the thickest wool will survive, while the others having nothing to protect them will perish.

Then the theologians will say: "See how wise God is in clothing the sheep with thick wool, that they may not perish from cold." Then they will go to the warm countries, and say, see how God has arranged everything so that it may be most comfortable. In the cold countries he has given the sheep thick wool. In the warm countries he has given them thin wool. Everything is so fortunately arranged. Everything did not come by chance. God made everything to suit its condition. If you take the sheep having thin wool to the cold climates they will perish with cold. If the sheep having thick wool be taken to the warm climates they will perish with heat.

But if you take sheep with thick clothing to a warm climate their wool will diminish every generation in weight and quantity. And it will also grow light in quality. Perhaps you have seen the Mexican dogs, which have no hair on their backs. If you should take some of these to a cold climate, in a generation there would be considerable hair seen on their backs. If you should let them stay there a thousand years they would have as much hair as the New Foundland dog has to day. But carry a New Foundland to a warm climate, and in the same time it will become nearly destitute of hair. Now what is true of the covering, is true of everything else. Suppose you should place a large number of rabbits here in a grove, some dark colored and some white. Then suppose you should come back about twenty-five years from now, which kind do you suppose would be found in the greatest abundance, the dark colored or the white ones? Why, I can tell at once. These rabbits which are white, being exposed to their enemies, would be very scarce; while the dark colored rabbits, which can not be seen so easily, would be in abundance.

If we go into the cold regions among the icebergs and snow banks, we will find the animals have a color much like the snow and ice. According to Darwinism, there existed in those regions in time past, animals of a variety of colors. But those which were adapted to their condition, survived, while the others were destroyed. The animals whose color rendered them easy to be seen, were the first to be killed. It is for the same reason we have mice of an uncommonly dark color. But why dark instead of white? If they were of a light color, they would be seen more easily by their enemies, and therefore would be destroyed. The dark colored ones are the ones that survive, so now we have a race of dark colored mice.

All species are concerned in the struggle for life, or adaptation. What is true of color, is necessarily true of the other qualities. These

animals which have an acute sense of hearing, those who have the best sight, and most supple limbs, are the ones that survive the longest.

There is another principle called Correlation. If there is a change in any particular, by this principle, other changes are necessitated.

If you put an animal in some different climate, where some particular must undergo a change, that implies that other conditions are modified. For instance, the giraffe, is supposed to have come from the deer.

Mr. Darwin supposes that there were deer in a country where there was a drought, and the animals that had the longest necks would live by getting leaves from the trees. In this way, part would live, while the rest would perish. Now suppose that the drought had been repeated. Mr. Darwin supposes that in a few hundred or a thousand years, there would be produced a race of animals having long necks. Now if the neck underwent such a change, the body must necessarily have undergone considerable change. Also there must have been a general change in the formation of the animal. There are many changes that can be accounted for in this way. All changes that do not come under the law of selection, must necessarily come under the principle of Correlation. Some may say, does this prove that the species have been changed? I say, no. Then I ask, could the race have undergone such a change as we see to day in six thousand years? I ask, could such a variety of appearances as we see in the several races to day have been brought about in six thousand years? I say, it would have taken nearer six millions of years to have accomplished this. Again I ask what is meant by "species?" Animals having a common species, or the same species, are not recognized. The word "species" does not imply that some certain class of animals, in its color characteristic, is distinct from any other. Many animals of the same species are more different in their chief characteristics than others of different species. The greyhound and the New Foundland dog are more unlike in their anatomical structure than many species that can be named. It is not denied that both kinds came from the same pair. There is no limit that can be given to the dissimilarity that can be brought about under the principle of heredity, variation, selection, the struggle for life, and correlation.

If a person would understand these principles, he must study them. Let him study the facts of embryology. Let him study the animals that are in the fossil state. Then let him study the animals that are in the living state. Let him go through all these departments of the theory, and it seems to me he must be driven to the conclusion that Darwinism is true. There are some objections offered. Most of these arise from the superficial acquaintance with the subject.

Mr. Darwin has himself presented the only objections that are worthy of notice, and he has examined these and answered these like a philosopher. Most of the objections that have been offered, are of the most frivolous kind, are only calculated to influence popular ignorance.

Spiritualism in Boston.

Great attention is being given to the subject of Spiritualism all over the city. It is preached in about a dozen different places besides public seances in great numbers, some of them genuine and some we fear are not. Since I have been here it has been my good fortune to listen to Brothers I. P. Greenleaf, Seaver and Cook. I. P. Greenleaf spoke at Paine's Memorial Hall, and took for the subject the following: "Can ye not discern the signs of the times?" Bro. Greenleaf is a man that speaks sound, common sense, carrying conviction to the hearts of his listeners. He was of the opinion that there was intelligence enough in the world to save it from eternal smash and ruin without the bible. Bro. Seaver took for the subject of his remarks, "The attitude of Theology in regard to free thought." He is a firm, graceful, and impassioned lecturer, a little inclined to mirthfulness, just enough to keep his audience interested and in good humor. He told his hearers that his idea of theology was about the same as the definition, which Daniel Webster once gave it—viz: "The art of talking about something which nobody knows." Although perhaps a little more interesting for the time being than Bro. Greenleaf, his words do not have that lasting impression which characterize those of the former. Yet we can assure all whose privilege it may be to listen to either of these expounders of the Spiritual Philosophy that it will be a rare treat.

On Sunday last, accompanied by a friend, I attended services at Lurline Hall, No. 3 Winter street, and listened to Thomas Cook for about half an hour, after which Mrs. Young gave her wonderful manifestations on the piano. As the medium sang and played the piano would keep time to the music. At length six men got upon the instrument and it seemed to rise and fall with as much ease as before.

In the evening we attended a seance at Madame Lillie's, No. 527 Washington street. The company numbering upwards of forty, assembled at 8 o'clock in a small room, packing the apartment completely full, leaving only a small space in front of the cabinet. At 8 o'clock, Madame Lillie took her place in the cabinet after a committee had been chosen to investigate and found everything all in order. In the cabinet were six or eight bells and a guitar. Soon after seating herself she was led securely by what claimed to be spirit power, and soon the instruments began to play and the bells were thrown through the aperture into the room. By turn each one was called into the cabinet and remained with the medium during some of the manifestations. Your correspondent went in, examined the ropes and was requested to place his hands on the medium's head, but nothing occurred with the exception of once feeling a soft pat on my hand. My friend, Mrs. Morgan, went into the cabinet, and the bells rang and the guitar was placed across her arms, which she brought out and showed to the audience. Mrs. Morgan says the guitar was first placed in her arms bottom side up, then floated away and came back as the audience seen it. One lady said her daughter came and talked with her, told her name, her mother's name, how she took cold and the disease she died with, all in the most correct form, and many others received good tests. Madame Lillie's sack was put on and taken off while she was alone and securely bound. A reporter after coming out found a large iron ring around his neck, which he said he knew nothing about until coming into the light and seeing it; also one over both wrists which he said he felt pulled. The medium then told him to look in his case, he did so, and found a "treasure center" missing; this was subsequently found in the cabinet.

To close, Madam Lillie came out and sat down at the piano and succeeded in raising it two or three times.

We also listened to Mrs. Mattie Sawyer who spoke for the free platform at Lurline Hall. Her discourse was impassioned and given with much feeling. Although it was not marred by free love, it was plain to see which way she

leaned. She spoke of the good work she and "Moses" were going to do in the wickedest man's house in New York, whether they are both gone. And so the wheels roll on. W. H. Wilkins.

Boston, Mass.

To a Friend on the Decease of his Wife.

BY WILLIAM BRUNTON.

'Twere ill to say, dear friend, to grief like thine,
"Be still, be calm, and trust that all is well!"
The heart must something of its sorrow tell,
And for the vanished sun with pain repine!

And this thy loss is great and must be felt;
Thy heart in her fair beams did breathe and bask,
Thy soul alone for her delight did ask,
And for her beauty daily thankful knelt.

And though the years brought care and sickness sore,
Yet still on thee and thine, her beauty shone;
As stars in darkness all their brightness own,
So did she glow to make you love her more!

And death in kindness came to take her home,
And give release from earthly ill and care;
He came to make her life more sweet and fair,
And give her rest in Heaven's expansive dome.

Yet death is sad, the sting will pain and fret,
For this our love makes it all sad and drear;
'Tis hard to lose the love we cherished dear,
'Tis something we forever must regret!

But this thou hast in full to bless thy mind,
Remembrance fair of her unfailing trust,
And hope and faith that dust may go to dust,
While she her happy home in Heaven shall find!

"Her angel name" shall be as dear as thine,
For we "shall know each other there" the same,
As wife, as mother, shall you call her name,
And think of her with fond enlarging bliss.

And she in spirit oft shall be thy guide,
And strew thy way with flowers that may not fade;
She is not dead to thee, be not afraid,
With thee her presence must in love abide!

God bless thy soul in this the darksome hour,
God comfort thee with blessedness and peace,
God give thee faith and all its large increase,
And manifest to thee His grace and power.

And may thy tears be wiped with love away,
Thy vision cleared to see the far before,
Where she awaits thee on the golden shore,
To greet thy soul at last in endless Day!

"Gone to the Evergreen Shore."

BY MRS. EVA EDGEMONDSON.

In the holy hush of midnight,
When the moonlight's silvery sheen
Gilded all the snowy landscape,
Lovely as an angel's dream,
When the starlight shimmered softly
Through the rifts of white and blue,
Opened wide the gates of heaven,
For an angel to pass through.

And down its radiant pathway,
And in gleaming robes of white,
Came to bear a soul to heaven,
To the realms of love and light.
But we dreaded sore, its coming,
Its import we knew full well,
And with aching hearts, we waited
In the cottage on the hill.

Slowly faded stars and moonlight,
Garish dawn crept o'er space,
And dawn, was written plainly
On each woe and anxious face.
Still he lingered, suffering, weary,
And we fancied, overhead
We could hear the angel's pinions
Flutter near his dying bed.

And when noon thro' dial counted,
Noon of day, and of his life,
He had left all pain behind him,
Closed his eyes on earthly strife.
And we're lonely, sad and lonely,
How we miss him, none can tell,
Still we feel that he is happy,
That in Heaven he doth dwell.

But our loss, the wife and mother,
Thinks the light of earth has fled,
And the feeble aged father
Bows in woe, his hoary head.
Sisters grieve, an only brother
Mourns his best and earliest friend,
And the children—I my brother—
Grief is ours 'till life shall end.

For our lives with his were blended,
And our hearts are sore with pain,
For that loved face, calm and tender,
We shall never see again.
Until o'er the Leathan river
The pale boatman pilots the oar,
And we go to meet our father,
Who is waiting by the shore.

And she knows, our blessed mother,
Though she's lost her dearest friend,
That the love of her two children
Abides with her to the end.
So we're waiting for the tidings,
Which shall bear us to his breast,
When we reach the shining city,
And we enter into rest.

Danby, Vermont, April 17th, 1875.

THE Rev. T. M. Dawson, who used to be a Presbyterian pastor in New York City and in Brooklyn, and afterward parted with his wife and accepted a call from a San Francisco church, has got into serious trouble. He is a graduate of the New York Theological Seminary, and is noted for personal beauty and pulpit eloquence, but seems to be lacking in moral rectitude. In San Francisco he became popular among the clergymen as well as with his congregation. Several pastors regarded him as a good financier, and responsive to his suggestions, entrusted him with money for speculation in stocks. The Rev. Dr. Fish and Poor let him have \$3,000 each, and he also induced many poor acquaintances to deposit small sums with him, promising in every instance large profits from mining stock investments. Two weeks ago he fled to Nevada, leaving a few books and some furniture as assets against several thousand dollars as liabilities.

R. G. Boudin, who has been laboring efficiently in the west for some time, gave us a call last week, on his way to Ohio.

Biography of Jonathan Koops.

[We propose to publish several articles and biographical sketches from the pen of Jonathan Koops, written in the early days of spiritualism, and which first appeared in the Lockport (Pa.) Medium. Federal of Mr. Koops's 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 Silder, my grandmother's maiden name on my mother's side was Ott. Thus you see I originated from Koops, 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 school 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 Peaser 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 rule 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 sorely afflicted with rheumatic affections at an early age, by exposure and hard labor, which caused my aching limbs at times, to disobey the will of mind in the discharge of their physical office. This in effect, still ceded the mind also, and I would have oftentimes cheerfully dispensed with my frail 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, relating to man's future existence. But I will not 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 at the carpenter and house joining business, under the supervision of Elias Gump, of Reinsburg, 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 acquirement 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 rambled, 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 musketry. 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, raisings, theatrical performances, etc., etc., which were constant contributors to my little store of practical, experimental, exemplary, and theoretical knowledge. Scarcely an act or idea ever escapes 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 order 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 inattention 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 rills, birds, brambles, sermons, psalms 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 woe 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." This 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 sanctimonious 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, mensuration of solids, Comstock's natural philosophy, Guy's pocket Encyclopedia, Gall and Spurzheim's phrenology, Walker's dictionary, Buck'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 Pittsburg, and Mercer, Pa. I traversed the State of Ohio, through the counties of Trumbull, Ashtabula, Stark, Columbiana, Wayne, Richland, Frederick, Holmes, Carroll, Cuyahoga, 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 observation 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,—and was made manifest by the cries of some of the inhabitants of New Harrisburg, Ohio, where I lodged the night. At 4 o'clock in the morning of said day while reposing 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 afford me an opportunity to learn the cause of the alarm, when, to my astonishment, I met with the glowing scene of the ignominious elements that pervaded the place. 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 mocking; while at the same time the surrounding elements seemed all upon fire. Think I, surely, Hughes and Miller are true prophets; and they only made a slight mistake 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 a dollar 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 that 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 joinery that summer. The ensuing winter of 1835 I 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 sixty 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 KOOPS, 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.

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 unharmed, 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 these problems, I shall have but imitated many a one before; besides, my response may be the means of arousing those 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 duplicated 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 triune 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 was 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 sea; any scene, physical act or mental movement that disturbs the harmony, tranquility or equilibrium of the mind, throws it into a condition favorable for direful results—the disturbed equilibrium will find her equipage 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 commotion. 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; or, her whole thought being concentrated there; or, 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 coursed 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 inquire 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, in which the raccoon is connected, viz:—"How came the mother to escape unharmed, 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, Cerro Gordo, Ind.

A Woman Who Could not live Dishonored.

New York, May 16.—A special from Wood-hull, Steubenville 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 but conformed to the facts as stated in the dispatch. Murderer? By whom? Society. Our grand, virtuous (?) society killed her, I say. Deliberately murdered her; and how? By visiting to her name an inextinguishable stain; by placing upon her womanhood the deep, damning brand of its indignation. Its unmerciful, uncharitable, unjust judgment. In these 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 his villainy. Society, and particularly the female portion of society, forbids her ever again to cross the sacred threshold of its spotless (?) purity, its unassailed 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's then to blame but the First Cause— Who made the man, ordained the laws, And then before his infant eyes, Set 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 snake 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 elly 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 be "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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Book Notices.

THE UNSEEN UNIVERSE or Physical Speculations on a Future State. New York: McMillan & Co. 1875. Pp. 312. 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 ancient Egyptians, Hebrews, Greeks, Romans, Aryans, Christ and his disciples, the later Christian sects, down to Swedenborg and Modern Spiritualism. The last has especial 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 he goes forward elementally in some form. The "unseen universe" is a "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 its pulsating centers, is absolute loss, and the time will come when all will have vanished. The engine will have consumed its coal, its water and itself. All belongs 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."

S. S. JONES, ED. JOURNAL, Dear Sir:—In your issue of the 25th 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 absorbing 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 jealousies 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 cover the same ground. A call was published in the Spiritual Scientist the BANNER OF LIGHT, and some daily papers, and was first read from the former at the Anniversary gathering the 21st 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 laws.

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. Storer, S. A. Wing, Mrs. A. A. Woods, Mrs. M. L. Union, O. H. Union, H. D. Simonds, Stephen Webster, Geo. Woods.

The Institute numbers 340 persons, and is catering 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 Waukena 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 careful 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 to give 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 Episcopalian, 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. Harslip, 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 any thing 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. B. 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 the Doctor, who had been quietly listening, and contemplating the picture as serene as a sun flower looks upon a Trench-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 could 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 prophets 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 circum-stances?"

The good sister retired, bathed in tears for the deluded sinners 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 platy 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 wigner 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.

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

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BY PROF. J. EDWIN CHURCHILL.

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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.
- 7th. That the poor, the needy, the widow and the orphan, shall claim our special attention and care. And our first duty will have been discharged by ministering to their necessities, either physical, mental or moral.
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- 9th. Our leaders shall be President, Secretary, Treasurer and Instructor, whose duty it shall be to transact all business of the society subject to our decision, holding its property in trust, according to the laws of each state.
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CHICAGO, SATURDAY, 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. What had experience taught all parties she asked. That reform could only be accomplished by political action, not by prayer. [Applause and some sensation.] What were they laboring for? For temperance reform, by political action. Then anything that would tend to aid in procuring that reform was proper to introduce, and, if right, was fitted to that platform. [Applause and some disapprobation.] They might pray—all the women of the land—until the crack of doom; but there would hardly be a drunkard the less. They might invoke the throne of God—they might do all that religion could do in sublimity matters, but she would tell them that God never interfered in the affairs of this world except by human agency. [Great applause, cries of "Oh," and some confusion.] Last night, when they considered the subject of prohibition, they voted to send prohibitory men into office. They did not vote to storm the drunkard's stronghold by the instrumentality of prayer, but by the operations of the ballot. [Rebused cheering.] That, then, was a confession of their faith—that this movement must be worked out by mortal means, and women were mortal and could vote, if men would let them. [Great laughter, cheering, and applause.] When women had the ballot temperance reform would surely come. If a woman's husband were threatening her life, or his own, she could enjoin the gunmaker or the cutler from selling him a deadly weapon. Why should she not have the privilege of voting to enjoin saloon-keepers from selling to men a weapon more deadly than rifle, sword, knife, or bludgeon. [Applause and confusion.] Therefore, women should have the ballot, as a measure of self-defense, as well as reform. Miss Dickenson concluded by saying that women loved men better than themselves, and knew what was good for them. [Cheers and laughter.] She would further say, as a kind of gracious admission, that the men loved the women better than they loved themselves, selfish as they undeniably were. [Laughter and great noise, amid which Miss Dickenson retreated to the rear of the platform.]

At this juncture a lady of uncertain age, dressed in grey, 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. Bart, 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. [Horrible confusion.] The lady concluded by praying God to soften the heart of Sister Dickenson. [Loud cries of "amen" and "hallelujah."]

Mrs. Fuller, of Coldwater, Mich., the lady in grey, was terribly put out by the expressions of Anna Dickenson. Never in her life had she heard anything so impious. She was a Christian woman, and believed in prayer. It was the greatest of all reformers. If it had not been for the prayers of the holy women of the land, would Anna Dickenson have been upon that platform? [Loud cries of "No!" "Never!" and applause.]

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 bestly drunk. Christ turned water into wine, showing conclusively that he did not believe in total abstinence. Melchizedek, King of Salem, was a wine bibber, and a priest of the most high. (Gen. 14: 18) "And he dealt to every one a loaf of bread, and a good piece of flesh, and flagon of wine." (I Chron. 16: 3) David, one of God's favorites, got bestly drunk, (II Sam. 6: 20). Even God himself held in his hand a wine cup (Psalm 75: 8).

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. Why not pray to him to create each one with a repugnance in his nature against wine and evil? Would he be likely to make a change in the nature of an individual in compliance with prayer? Why did he not make all with organisms perfectly adapted to this life? If God is in favor of temperance, why did he select a bestial inebriate to take charge of the ark?

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 vigit the low broths, 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 disease. 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 Methodistism. 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 an anomaly, and would be a most extraordinary curiosity, exciting as much attention as the bearded woman, or the double-headed calf. A religious parasite is probably a brother of the godly adulterer, honest thief, pure villain, and noble slanderer.

In this day and age of the world, we are not, however, surprised at any thing. The more one knows the less he knows, is sometimes capable of demonstration. The reporter when giving an account of a meeting, said the audience was "large and respectable" although there were only two present. When reprimanded for his misstatements, he naively defended himself by declaring that he was correct in his conclusions, as he was respectable, and the man who accompanied him was very large, constituting a "large and respectable" audience. Thus we find that we can read an article, and the more we criticize it, and carefully examine it, the less we know about it. The probability is that Christ fed the multitude with five loaves and two fishes, each one present being equivalent to 1000 men. Perhaps, on that occasion Christ had a "large and respectable" audience, and was enabled to appease its hunger with a very small supply of food.

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. They thus live at the expense of their neighbors, and being weak, thrive upon the resources of the strong. The mistletoe is a well-known illustration. Zoology makes a similar revelation with respect to animals. There are external parasites, and internal parasites, such as intestinal worms, which prey upon living organizations to which they obtain access. They feed upon the tissues and suck the blood of others. No naturalist considers them a very high order of beings, and one thinks of them with a shudder.

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. It reverts rather to classes of religionists who do business largely on borrowed capital, and draw their life, not directly from the soil, as it were, but from previous growths, to which they affix

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 parasite. In the primitive experiences of poverty and labor, or of scant means and economic practice, there was no opportunity for such a class. Every man depended upon his own hands, and sat at his own table. It was in the increase of riches and the multiplication of feasts that men learned how to live by their wits instead of by their hands, and to provide a seat for themselves at other men's boards. And so the seeds of parasitical plants are carried by birds and winds to vigorous trees, full of sap, in whose bark they root themselves; while the eggs of parasitical insects are deposited in the well fleshed bodies of animals on which they are to feed."

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 indulgent 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 suns 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 poet 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. Then he makes music notes of the suns and stars! Who would ever think of striking notes as high as they are?

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 evidence of that fact. He who can make 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 of the way. He'd jest g'n these fellers his capital, and quit, and left 'em to go 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'tit the wonder. 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 gits into what he can't git out of. When he's squeezed, then in course he'll squeal. It seems to me that it makes a sort of a spoonery 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 for it, but he jest hid it. I don't stan' 'up for 'im. I think he was meaner nor pusy hot to make the best on't, 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' howlin' young ones, might go on, I 'spose, 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 answer 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 consait 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."

The above scintillating narration is from the

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 Deity, 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 Upar 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, Cleft 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 garments of his little girl, gases 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 barlequing 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 fundy mental 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 Thim 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 3 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, canes 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 fire 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 cross-nature can not live there. He describes the scenery as superbly grand; the flowers of rare beauty; the

air as impregnated with the perfume 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 sea, 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.

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

DR. J. K. BAILLY is lecturing in Western Iowa. He has lately had engagements at Afton and Decatur City.

DR. D. C. DAVIS gave us a call this week on his way to fill engagements at Egin, 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. CHAUNCEY BARNES, the eccentric medium, is at the Nevada Hotel in this city. He calls himself the "American Prophet."

BARTMAN 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. EOLINS has appointments at the following places: "Thompson's Ledge, Farmington, Mesopotamia, Alliance, New Philadelphia, and Leesburgh, Ohio; Linesville and Blooming Valley, Pa.; and Clay, N. Y."

MRS. C. C. VAN DUSEN 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 Universalists, 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 URBAN UNIVERSAL, a review of which appears in another column can be had at the office of this paper. Price \$1.00; postage 12 cents.

Philadelphia Department

BY HENRY T. CHILD, M. D.

Subscriptions will be received and papers may be obtained, at wholesale or retail, at 434 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 extended circulation 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 I may report as given through other mediums, whose names will be given with their communications.

If Thou doest Well, Shalt Thou not be Accepted?

This is one of the oldest sermons which was evolved from the inner consciousness of primeval 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. Intelligent realization of the truth of this, but in 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—grander 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 fall, we shall yet attain the desired point, and in proportion to the earnestness of our efforts will be the result. Angels in the form 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 B. Robinson, of 2123 Brandywine Street, Philadelphia.

SUSAN HILES, OF BRISTOL, PA. & 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 influences 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 the 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 they 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 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 their 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 pleased 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 the dear ones who come to help those 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 a silence of several minutes followed. Some one suggested that the lamp be re-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.

Georgetown, Col. E. V. K.

Take Notice.

The Rev. Samuel Watson, of Memphis, Tenn., author of "Clock Struck One," editor of the "Spiritual Magazine," 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 phase of the "Liberal Faith."

M. D. COWDERT, one of the Committee 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 the 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 illustrations of spirit power.

J. B. NEWBROOK, Chairman, 128 West Thirty-fourth Street. E. D. CULVER, 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. F. BARBER, Iowa City. W. CRANDLER, 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 accommodations 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 COM 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 Spiritualists 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 Berj Todd and Lois Waibroker; 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.

ELD. T. H. STEWART, Kendallville, Ind.

Passed 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 Peimysa Me., Mr. OLIVER CLEWANT, aged 60 years.

Mr. CLEWANT 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 Nelson, on the third day of March, 1875, Mrs. ANNEBEE NELSON, aged 73 years.

Although some what advanced in life at the time when the Spiritual Philosophy arrested her attention, yet she dared 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.

Dietary and afflictions are past. Disease can not reach her again. Her trials are ended at last. And with a will it is ours and pains. Our mother has gone to her rest. Her voice with ours might as to more. But she joins in the song of the blest. In the bowers on 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 active worker in the cause. Before his remains were conveyed to the tomb, he controlled the organization of Mrs. A. H. Nelson, and gave convincing proof to his family that he still lived. Brother J. F. Davis, of Des Moines, spoke to an interested audience at the funeral.

One more laborer's work is ended. Burying on the 22nd day of March. But the voice which truth demanded. Speaks to us from yonder shore. A. S.

Business Notices.

We have ourselves tried Dobbins' Electric Soap, (made by Cragin & 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.

Meritorious 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 FRANGE MEDIUM, CLAIRVOYANT AND CLAIRAUDIBENT. 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 insidious to remove, nor patient too far gone to be restored. Mrs. Morrison, becoming entranced, the lock of hair is submitted to her control. The diagnosis is given through her lips by the

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

SPECIFIC FOR EPILEPSY AND NEURALGIA. Address Mrs. C. M. MORRISON, Boston, Mass., No. 102 Westminster St., Box 2519. v1812113

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; you 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 wear 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 (a 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. PECK, Topeka, Kan., April 23th, '75. Box 651.

Mrs. Robinson's Tobacco Antidote.

The above named cure remedy for the appetite for tobacco in all its forms, is for sale at this office. Sent to any part of the country by mail, on receipt of \$2.00. It is guaranteed 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 imbibing the baneful desire for a potent and 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, upon analyzing this remedy, find one particle of gentian root, or any other poisonous drug in it. Address: ROBINSON'S TOBACCO ANTIDOTE, Adams Street and Fifth Avenue, Chicago, Ill., either to 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. LORENZO MERRILL.

I hereby certify that I have used tobacco over twenty years. One box of Mrs. A. H. Robinson's Tobacco Antidote has effectively 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. SPARKS.

I have used tobacco, both chewing and smoking, about five 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. C. 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.

Oakbrook, Wis. For sale at this office. \$1.00 per box. Sent free of postage by mail. Address: Religio-Philosophical Publishing House, Adams and Fifth Avenue, Chicago. Agents wanted, to whom it is supplied for twelve cents per dozen, but the cash must accompany each order.

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Illustrated with some Sixty Engravings, Consisting of Portraits, Groups, Landscapes, Interiors Diagrams, Fac-Similes, &c., all of which add greatly to the interest of the text. The style is animated, frank, engaging; and a cumulative dramatic interest is given to the narrative of events by the literary skill manifest in the preparation. Still there is no attempt at sensationalism. A reason is given for everything; and even the stories of their past lives, got from the Eddy family, though necessarily such as the author could not verify, have their fit place and bearing in the general narrative, and afford interesting matter for psychological speculation. The Work is Highly Illustrated. In fine English Cloth, tastefully bound. 60.00 gilt edge. 6.00 Half Turkey Morocco. 4.00 POSTAGE FREE. For sale wholesale and retail at the office of this paper.

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Table listing various books for sale, including titles like 'An Hour with the Angels', 'Astrological Origin of Jehovah-God', and 'The Disembodied Minds of Theodore Parker'.

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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 Grow'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.

In the age in which he lived, investigation was considered a crime, particularly if one came in contact, in that investigation, with any line pertaining to theology or religious theories.

He, like all other individuals, must be acted on by law, both intellectually, physically, and morally. As his spirit became weakened in the capacity of administering itself, his physical form became reduced with care, with anxiety, with constant toil and struggle.

Before he had passed away from mortal life his conditions were such as shocked extremely his sensitive nature. He had to pass on. He had been laboring much, but laboring in spirit.

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.

illness. This illness had not been so severe as it had been often before. Many times he had suffered more than at that time. He had passed from the physical form without any knowledge of it.

He had felt, from many things that had occurred in his mortal life, that very likely he should live in the future, and believing that, he was satisfied that he should retain much of his identity, and looking upon nature as being just, he had felt that nothing could be just to him only to allow him the privilege of living and being identical to his own self.

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 him in the mortal life and to demonstrate to him tangibly through the inflection 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 slip a word. He had felt that he had no thought to express on the subject. He had felt it was impossible for him to come in contact with these great minds, and therefore he had sat there silent.

During those three years nothing of very much importance to those here occurred. He had the rest and the repose he so much needed. In order to become strong; in order to destroy much of the impression that had been left in his spiritual nature, he had been conveyed to apartments prepared expressly for him, beautiful in the extreme.

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. That communication asked him to attend a spiritual congress to be held not very far from the city of Washington—in the magnetic circle surrounding Washington as the capital of the United States of America.

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 it was possible for him to know.

While in mortal life he would have been willing to have laid down his life a thousand times would it have done any good, or to have been bound at the stake could it have struck the shackles from the American people and have destroyed this slavery, not only of the black man, but of the white man.

From his earliest days he had looked upon the liberty and freedom of man as the blessing that was the greatest and the best that could be bestowed on him, and the only one by which he could come to grow to understand the real nature of things.

When he had come into that congress and heard these things discussed, he had felt that there was no way by which he could slip a word. He had felt that he had no thought to express on the subject. He had felt it was impossible for him to come in contact with these great minds, and therefore he had sat there silent.

The teachings of the past had been, to him, very incorrect. His reason, when applied to them, could not admit of them in the least. The Bible, to him, was a very incorrect book, when taken as the priesthood demanded it should be taken.

lous creeds would change. When you bind their religious natures down, and when you wind around them the unyielding influences of priests and hard religions, they were bound down and oppressed in every other part of their natures.

Now, then, he asked for the privilege of uniting himself to the committee investigating the conditions of Spirit-life. That was what he wished to know. He knew nothing of these things. He had known of crime and intemperance, and sin, and adultery, and licentiousness, from the experience he had had in earth-life.

This subject would be pursued in the evening. Many things he had passed through he could relate, but it would not be proper, and it would be taxing their credulity to such an extent that they would not believe that a man of '76 was speaking to them.

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 ult., for the purpose of visiting the renowned Spiritualist and Materializer, Mott. Our party was increased at Kirksville by six prominent citizens; had a pleasant trip and arrived at Memphis, about 11 o'clock.

Our party proceeded to the residence of H. G. Pitkins, a prominent banker, where Mr. Porter had made arrangements for us to remain during our visit. During the day, previous to our quiet seance, met the veritable Mott himself.

He was held about 8 o'clock in the evening, the circle, consisting of His Honor, Mayor Smith, Thomas Jasper, A. Lawton and E. W. Gaty, of Quincy; Mrs. Jones, of Jacksonville; Mr. Packard, of Mo; Mrs. Block, of St. Louis; Mr. Cummings, of Iowa; Mr. J. H. Ivie and Mrs. J. L. Porter, of Kirksville.

Before witnessing any manifestations we made a careful examination of the room and cabinet to assure ourselves that no outside assistance or connivance could possibly take place. After being fully satisfied on this point, the medium took his position in the cabinet, reclining in a rocking chair, the

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. The circle began singing for the purpose of producing concord and harmony, and in a few moments Gen. Bledsoe, one of the spirits controlling Mott, manifested his appearance at the aperture of the cabinet.

Mr. Jasper's friends were present. The reply was in the affirmative, and presently a spirit appeared and expressed a wish to see him. Mr. Jasper instantly recognized his wife. As he came here a perfect skeptic, it so amazed and bewildered him that it was some time before he could compose himself sufficiently to speak.

informed us that the doctor sees him at every seance, feels his pulse, cautions him as to diet, exercise, etc., and exerts an influence which he says is benefitting him greatly, and that he feels better than he has for years.

Mr. Mott came out of the cabinet very much prostrated, and it took him some time to recover his strength. The second seance, the following night, consisted of the same persons as the first ones, with the addition of several new arrivals, being Dr. Steel, E. B. Bremlington, W. Giel and Rev. J. R. Baker, of Kirksville; I. R. Whedden, of Sumner, and Miss Holt, daughter of mine host.

and, as on the first evening, talked with all who desired to converse with him. Those who were present at the first seance saw and conversed with their friends again. Mr. Gill recognized his mother and a friend; held a lengthy conversation with both, and feels positive no deception could have been practiced on him.

A spirit called for E. W. Gaty, but the features were so indistinct that he failed to recognize it, and asked, "Who are you?" The reply came, "Your friend and fellow prospector; don't you remember me?" As the voice seemed to grow weaker and unintelligible, it was very mystifying and unsatisfactory to him.

DEAR BROTHER JACOB:—Thank God, we live after this life. Give my love to mother and father.

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

LATER, UNTIL ALMOST MIDNIGHT, each one feeling too much interested to willingly adjourn even then. At our third and last seance, the next evening, the manifestations were more startling and mystifying than ever; the spirits appearing more substantial and life-like, a number shaking hands with their friends and expressing their willingness to come into the room, providing they could get power enough from the medium to do so.

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.

I have tried to give a faithful, vivid description of what we saw and heard, feeling assured that unless I did so you would neither appreciate nor credit them, being somewhat skeptical. But to fully appreciate and be convinced that this is no optical illusion, mind reading or anything of that sort, you must see and hear for yourself, as the statements of others seem so almost impossible and beyond our comprehension that the sense of hearing, seeing and feeling must be satisfied before being convinced that our spirit friends have the power under certain conditions of communion, calling with us. We leave for home happy in the thought that we have seen and conversed with loved ones; that they are constantly with us, seeing our every act and almost divining our wishes.

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.

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

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