

RELIGIO PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL

HARMONIAL PHILOSOPHY

THE ARTS AND SCIENCES, LITERATURE

VOTED TO SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHY

ROMANCE AND GENERAL REFORM.

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

VOL. XVIII.

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NO. 5.

I. M. PEBBLES IN GROW'S OPERA HOUSE.

Death, and the Spirit-World.

Mourning and Funerals.

THE EMPLOYMENTS OF SPIRITS

Mr. Peebles lectures at Grow's Opera Hall, have attracted large and enthusiastic audiences, to listen to his burning words of eloquence. Indeed, it seemed, like old times, to witness such a large assemblage of Spiritualists. After reading, singing, and an invocation, the speaker announced the text—

"And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death."

—Rev. xxi: 4

It is no more certain that the term creation must give place to evolution, than that the word death must be superseded by birth—birth into the better land. Life and death are but links in the endless chain of being—musical ripples upon the measureless ocean of existence.

As effects do not exceed their causes, streams rise higher than their fountains, and "nothings" become "somethings," so conscious souls do not develop out of unconscious matter. From the isolated lesser, the greater does not ultimate. Souls, or atomic souls, germs are pre-existent and partitioned portions of God—the Infinite Over-Soul! Parents give the conditions for the incarnation. And accordingly this life is a temporary hotel wherein mortals tarry a little season for rudimentary experiences. Earthly furniture is not transferable to immortality. A superabundance of this world's goods proves a moral millstone in the future state of existence. Each individual should live in the physical organism long as possible for observation and experience, ripening through, toil and suffering.

Human beings die not because of Adam's sin, or Jonah's gourd; but because their bodies are mortal, and it is an inexorable law that all physically organized beings must in their time, and turn become disorganized. As the butterfly's folded wing in its rudimentary state, may be traced under the shell of the chrysalis, so the whole future resurrectional body is wrapped up within, permeating the material form. And death, so-called is the release, the separation of the physical and spiritual bodies. That is, as the physical birth of the infant is death to its placenta envelope, so birth into spirit-life is death to the physical casing; and as the process is natural and beautiful, it involves no disorganization of the spiritual body. Clairvoyants should be careful not to mistake the vapory cloud-like aural atmosphere around and above the dying and the already dead, for the spiritual body, *per se*, in a condition of fragmentary chaos, about to assume shape and consciousness. Both analogy and the testimony of spirits are against this notion. The soul as the divine magnet holds the spiritual body to itself in a continuous organized unity. Disorganizations and disintegrations pertain to the mortal, rather than spiritual bodies, or spiritual beings. Study nature.

In spring time the bird weaving a nest in the garden evergreen, deposits her eggs. As the embryo bird develops—expands, it becomes uneasy and restless. The shell is too small and the confined bird struggles for release. The hatching is the dying—death and disintegration to the shell—but birth and freedom to the bird.

THE PROCESS OF DYING,

especially in old age is natural and painless. The groans, throbs and spasms only index the struggling of the spiritual man to burst away from the mortal vesture. "Oh, that I had strength to hold a pen," said the eminent Wm. Hauser in his last hours, "I would write how easy, how delightful it is to die."

Those who have lived pure, truthful and charitable lives, do not lose their consciousness even for a moment during the transition. They pass from a shaded and darkened room of earth, to a brilliant illuminated mansion of the Father.

THE UNBORN INFANT IS IMMORTAL.

from the sacred moment of embryonic existence. In marital life when the positive and negative relational forces blend, then and there is deposited the soul-germ—the future man. Nature takes no retrogressive steps. If the bad is blessed and violently torn from the maternal tree of life, the criminals manifest. Dismembered abortions are murders! Physicians are often abettors in the criminality of feticide, and many parents will meet their murdered children in the land of compensative justice.

Philosophically speaking,

THERE ARE NO IDIOTS.

The so-called idiotic "blind Tom" excels in music, and has many rational conceptions of right and wrong. Visiting the "New York State Asylum for Idiots," at Syracuse, the speaker saw those originally called idiots, read, write and solve problems, as their gymnastic exercises, and heard them sing. To the spiritual vision there are no idiots. The God-soul—the divine soul-germ, centered in the brain, owing to some derangement, or malformation of the nerve-organization is unable to make normal manifestations. The idiotic—the weak-minded of earth, enter the spirit-world as infants, commencing the upward march in knowledge and wisdom. Death, is one step up higher, offering better facilities to all grades and all classes of humanity. And spirit life is an active life; a social life; a re-creative life; a constructive life and a progressive life. Reason and affection, conscience and

memory go with us into the future state of existence.

SECTARIAN CHURCHMEN ENTERTAIN THE MOST GLOOMY FOREBODINGS OF DEATH.

The Rev. J. G. Smith, Baptist clergyman of New York, published his doubts in these words, "Death chills every fiber of my being. I do not even see through a glass darkly. I have hope in Christ; but the future looks dark and I will not disguise the fact."

When Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe buried several years since, the form of a promising son, she wrote thus, "Who shall roll us the stone away from the door of the sepulchre? There it lies, cold, hard, and motionless, the stone of silence—since the beginning of the world, there it has been, no tears have melted it, no prayers pierced it. Nothing about the doom of death is so dreadful as this dead inflexible silence. Could there be after the passage of the river, one backward signal—one last word, the heart would be appeased."

A late New York *Observer* has this "Almost every one has at least one lock of hair cut from the head of one now dwelling in that silent land whence come no messages no letters, no tokens of any kind to tell of love or of remembrance." This is the status of the Christian world. If not "without hope and without God in the world," they are certainly without any knowledge of a future conscious existence; and may well sing with the Christian poet, Dr. Watts:

"The living know that they must die,
But all the dead forgotten lie,
Their memory and their sense are gone,
Alike unknowing and unknown."

Though orthodox theology will do in a measure to live by, it "will not do to die by." It fails in the dying hour. It remembers the biblical passage, perhaps, in the third Ecclasiastes: "That which befalleth the sons of man, befalleth the beasts. They have all one breath, so that a man hath no pre-eminence above a beast; all go unto one place." A young lady of the Episcopal church in Baltimore exclaimed, "I'll never love God any more, I never will, for he has taken away my dear papa." And when they put the ice around the corpse, she shrieked, "Don't, oh! don't put ice on my papa. You'll freeze him; you'll freeze him!" Such wild exclamations reveal the ignorance, as well as the weakness and wickedness of pulpit teachings. Wisely said Socrates, "The body is not the man."

MOURNING AND MARRIAGE,

In this age of sham and frivolous externalities, require enormous outlays. When the daughter of the famous ring politician, W. M. Tweed, New York, was married, the robe, veil, lace, and diamonds cost \$50,000. The magnificence was unparalleled, the presents amounting to over \$700,000. Mr. Tweed is now suffering the extreme penalty of the law! Funerals are nearly as extravagant as weddings. An elegant coffin with silver plating, to hold a putrid, cast-off shell, costs from \$500 to \$1,000. It is a useless expense. And when the rich mourning apparel becomes, especially to the poor, an unnecessary burden. The Chinese mourn in white; the Digger Indians of California plaster pitch and ashes on their heads and faces; while Christians drape themselves in black garments, symbols of despair. Crapes on the door, crapes on the arms, crapes on the hats; black gloves, black garments, black coffin, black hearse, black plumes—blackness of darkness! When Spiritualists put on mourning, and conduct funerals in this manner, they should close with the hymn—

"Hark from the Tombs a doleful sound,"

"I would see no mourning vestures worn, nor hear sad sepulchred-toned voices muttering over the crumbling forms of our loved. It should be considered a pleasant duty to consign dust to its dust. The funeral train should move off toward the cemetery in a lively manner. Let the steeds gallop if the day is cold and stormy. A band of music well becomes the souls march up the love-lands of immortality!

IN THE SPIRIT-LAND

are green meadows; deep, mossy banks; clear meandering streams; stars of diamond beauty; harps of coral gems; schools of lyceums; fields and fountains, gardens and massive libraries—everything to charm, educate, and unfold the soul.

Spirits, remembering their own lives on earth, cherish deep and holy sympathies for humanity. Love never forgets. In the morning-time and the gray of evening, down golden-tinted rivers sail these ministering spirits of God, to catch the incense of each soul-felt prayer. They come to impress and inspire. Their magnificence are baptisms, their words the spirit-echoes of eternal life.

We shall know and love each other there. Memory is the recording angel. Glorious will be the meeting of the loved in heaven, and grand the shout, "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?"

Beautiful and glorious are those homes of mutual love embowered in roses; those palaces of art tinged with electric light; those heavens of scientists, brotherhoods of philanthropists, and congresses of angels—all adding to the beatific glories of life in the republic of immortality.

The depraved, selfish and corrupt go at death Judas-like to their "own place"—the lower spheres. They gravitate thither by a fixed spiritual law. Terrible is the anguish that obtains in the winter-land—the diabolic-spheres of immortality. And yet, God is good. Angels minister to the lowest, and "upward all things tend." Progress over there is both possible and certain. In this and the future state of existence, salvation is a process—a soul

growth—a blossoming and ripening up of the spiritual nature. It comes through the *Tao* of the Chinese; the *Buddha* of the Orientals; the *Logos* of John, and the *Christ* of the New Testament—comes as vegetation, flowers, and golden harvests come through the warmth and light of the sun. This Christ-principle is the "savor of life unto life"—the "morning star" of the Apocalypse.

EMPLOYMENT IN HEAVEN

corresponds to soul desires. The future is largely the counterpart of this world only. More real and substantial poets court the muses there; astronomers measure unseen planets; reformers continue their self-sacrificing work. An intelligent spirit recently said through his medium, "Theodore Parker has drifted again onto the rostrum, and twice a week you may see the fair maidens and gallant swains of Spring Garden winding their way to his beautiful home and garden, in the suburbs, where, amid the flowers, he descants to them, in his eloquent way, on life and the attributes of the human soul, and also upon his earth-experiences."

That good practical man, J. J. Glover, of Massachusetts, returning and manifesting, said this of the Spirit-world—

"I am at present domiciled with my excellent friend, Abraham Lincoln, in the beautiful city of Spring Garden. The place contains between sixty and seventy thousand inhabitants, a majority of whom are engaged in literary and artistic pursuits. It might vie with ancient Athens for the wealth of mind which is concentrated within its precincts."

"Theodore Parker inhabits a villa in the suburbs of the city (Spring Garden) not large, but beautiful; and every day troops of happy spirits go out there to hear him discourse upon some subject, or to ask him to elucidate some question, or to hear from him some of the experiences of his earth life. He stands out upon his vine-clad balcony, with uncoveted head, and discourses there as he never did here, and yet you would know it was the plain Parson of your Music Hall."

Dr. A. P. Hooker said through Mrs. Conant of Boston—

"I never once supposed that in the other world I should meet with things as natural as here. I never once supposed there would be houses and buildings of houses; that there would be trees and flowers and fruit, and ground in which these things were to grow; that there would be sunshine and shade, and all the different varieties in nature, only in an intenser and more glorified sense; but so it is."

"Among other important things, see that you keep yourself free from all moral disease; don't do anything that you will be ashamed of in the other life. Don't shame the Christ principle of your own souls, for if you do you will pay the penalty there. Live as honest, as moral, as clean a life here as it is possible for you, if you wish to escape these Swedenborgian hells of the other life. Swedenborg, I think, had it right when he spoke of the hells of the future life. They are there, and the poor unfortunates are writhing in them."

Frankie C. Partridge, writing from his spirit-home—Paradise—to his parents says—

"Spirit-life is real; scenes corresponding to those of earth; mountains, valleys clothed in living verdure, lakes, rivers, grains, fruits, flowers, and all that give to life a charm, are here found. Here are halls of education and temples of inspiration, where philosophers and prophets entertain multitudes. Community life is the type of social existence in Paradise. 'Free to all' is the welcome extended to everyone who enters the social homes and gardens of Paradise. My studies thus far have been practical lessons of observation. Spirits in different spheres of use, invite me to travel with them to their fields of labor, and thus I gain knowledge and wisdom."

Spiritualism demonstrating a future conscious existence, and giving us a revised geography of the heavenly spheres,—to those who accept its divine principles, and live calm; beautiful, practical lives—"there is no death."

WONDERS OF THE EAST.

Various Kinds of Flowers brought into the Circle.

BY T. B. TAYLOR, M. D.

But why say, "Wonders of the East?" since there are wonders East and West, North and South. True, there are.

WONDERS EVERYWHERE

in the Spiritual realm now-days. But those I write about are such as have come under my own observation, and that the readers of the JOURNAL may enjoy a "feast of fat things," I will relate some of my wonderful experiences in New York and Boston.

Having made a pleasant visit of a month or so with my friends in New York City, I had a good opportunity to see and test a number of the celebrated mediums of Gotham; among them I must name, first and foremost, that strange and wonderfully endowed mortal

DR. HENRY SLADE.

I called to see him one evening, and had a materialization seance. Here I met Judge John Dean, of Germantown, Pa. He had just enjoyed a marvelous-manifestation, as, for example, writing on both sides of the slate

IN THE LIGHT

while he held the slate upon one end, upon his knee; and then full formed materialization, etc. But I must not speak of the experience of others, but rather of my own.

On taking my seat at the table, that

has been so often described, that I must not repeat it here, it was only a moment or two, till an object appeared at the aperture, that resembled a mass of sea foam. Soon it became more distinct and proved to be a gauzy-like handkerchief, which was waved to and fro towards me several times. It reminded me of the Scripture saying of olden times, "It was white as no fuller could whiten it." Presently

A FACE APPEARED.

a little indistinct at first, but it grew more and more distinct at every reappearance. I called over the names of a number of deceased relatives, and I got invariably a negative response. But soon the features of a dear friend, whom on earth I loved very much, came vividly before my mind's eye, accompanied by a strange magnetic thrill, or shudder, that can be known and appreciated fully by the mediumistic only.

Before leaving the seance room, Dr. S. was controlled by Owasso, and said, "You know that squaw?" "I guess so," I said, "but am not right sure. Who was it Owasso?"

"O! me no tell. You find out. She think lots of you. She come again. This first time she came to 'terialize. You come again to-morrow night, and she 'terialize better still, and you will know her."

"But," I said, "I am going away to New Haven to-morrow and can't be here again, so I wish you would tell me, that I might be sure who she was."

"Ah! me no see you leave city to-morrow. You no go New Haven to-morrow."

"But I expect to speak there next Sunday," I said.

"No; you not leave city this week. You can come again as well as no, and squaw say she do better next time. She like you first rate. Humph."

So Owasso was right. I did not go to New Haven till the next week, and went to Dr. Slade's to another seance on the next evening, and sure enough there was my little friend from the spirit side of life, full formed and glad to meet me there.

When the face first approached the aperture she held her left arm across her face to shield her eyes from the light. Dr. Slade asked if the light was too strong, and Owasso rapped, "No," very emphatically. So in a few moments I saw the face forming back from the aperture and then it approached gradually, and came clear through and within a few feet of my own face and eyes, stood a moment and then disappeared, but only for a moment, and then reappeared, still stronger, when Dr. S. brushed away the curtain altogether, and there, "without a veil between," I saw

FULL FORMED,

my little friend from the spirit world, as real as ever she was in the form.

Following this was a dark seance in which the spirits talked audibly and touch you sensibly.

These two seances are described in the following lines, that may interest the reader more than my prose description:

A NIGHT WITH THE SPIRITS.

'Twas on a Friday night in February,
Not the "fourteenth,"—yet our hearts were "merry";
Why should they be with gloom and sorrow
For 'twas our lot to spend this eve with Dr. Slade.

He is a chosen vessel of the gods
To prove our loved ones sleep not 'neath the clouds,
But that they truly live as in the days of yore;
As full of life, and love, and thought;—yes, more!

But how wondrous strange this power to mortals given!
To bring to us again,—our friends from their exalted heaven.
Yet, as sure as the gods do rule above,
Through him they come and plight to us anew their love.

Years in the past, it was my lot, to know
A poor, dear soul, bent down with suffering,
And with woe
And, maybe, her sorrow was so vast,
That into the river Styx, herself she cast.

Yet found "the boatman" of that stream hardby,
Who piled the frail barque to yonder shore without a sigh,
Although he might have wished, as does her friend,
That her sad life had found a different end.

But having paid the debt that all of us must pay,
Now she passes on her holier, happier way.
And in those higher, purer, still divinest spheres
She knows naught of sorrow, grief, or tears.

So to me she came last night in beautiful form
And smiled a happy smile, as tho' no storm
Had ever swept that beautiful coast
From which she comes, a pure and holy ghost.

And then again, within those precincts, bright,
I saw this eve a still more beautiful sight.
It was my little friend—full formed, and glad
To meet me once again; for this is what she said.

So out, full formed, she stood
A bright and happy soul, both pure and good.
I sat entranced; it was a beautiful scene,
And well I asked my soul—why these things mean?

When back the answer came from out the viewless air
"My friend, I surely am alive, and in this world so fair,
The loves that truly in your world had birth,
And borne as trophies from your fields of earth,
To bloom and blossom ever more in heaven.
And now my friend, farewell, blessings on you ever;
Fear not the hour of death, 'tis but the gateway
Into this bright world of everlasting day."

Then came in voice most loud and stern
The name of one, the world and sin could never turn
From his great purpose, to blow aloud
The gospel trumpet—and warn the foolish and the proud.

It was the name of Dow, the great and mighty preacher,
Who ne'er was charged with crime like those of Mr. Beecher.
But, from place to place he went as with a flaming torch,
Assuring all great sinners "there are hells, that really scorch."

To me he said, "My brother, I'm glad to meet you here,
And have this privilege, and this one thing to you declare.
And in this I must assure you I take a little pride."
"What's that?" I said. "I am your spirit guide!"

So after many words of kindness and of love
From those two denizens of the bright world above,
They said to me—most lovingly—"good night!"
My brother, press ever forward in your might.

So, if I were a poet, and understood their art,
I'd like to print this story, to cheer the sad of heart.
But as I'm not, and can not be, I've only said
I spent a pleasant eve at the house of Dr. Slade.

Having closed my engagement in New York City, I went down to the Anniversary of the Free Lecture Association, at New Haven, and thence on to the "Hub." I had not been in the city a great while till I was invited to a seance at the stately residence of Mr. John Hardy, whose wife is a very fine medium for the materialization of hands that are connected with an intelligence back of them, and that intelligence is not

MRS. JOHN HARDY,
nor any other mortal. Here a large number of first class tests were given to different parties, and to me among the rest.

A hand appeared at the aperture, and we all asked around, "Is it for me?" "Is it for me?" When we came to the right one, the hand would strike on the cabinet three times, or make three motions. The second one that appeared was for me. The alphabet was called out as in other instances, the name slowly spelled out. For me the letters, H-O-W-A-R-D, were given. That was the name of my spirit friend that I saw at Dr. Slade's. Nearly every one present got a test. Among the number present was Rev. somebody, Wiggings, I believe, who clandestinely, had slipped in, and a hand appeared for him, and spelled out the name Mary, but he was so dull or near-sighted that he could not make any sense out of the spirit, nor the spirit out of him.

Mrs. Hardy is a charming medium and a most agreeable lady. She has submitted to the most absolute and crucial test conditions that could be imagined. I and my friend Mr. Morse, and indeed all the others for that matter, examined the table and helped to put it together; and then her feet were encased in a pinow slip, so as to answer fools that said, "she manipulated the hands by wires fastened to her feet." Full forms will soon materialize in her presence. But, reader; of all the strange, God-defying, devil-denyng, science-trying, and panacea-pay-whipping manifestations that I ever witnessed in my life, are given in the presence of a

MRS. THAYER.

FLOWER AND BIRD MEDIUM.

I attended a seance at her house last night. Was appointed to examine the room, fasten the doors, secure the windows, etc., which I did critically by searching into every nook and corner for trap doors, false cupboards, recesses, niches, cracks and crevices, where an accomplice or a flower or bird could be hid, and found nothing but an ordinary parlor, carpeted and furnished in the ordinary way. After the company was seated, I locked all the doors and put the keys in my pocket. I then took common pins and stuck them in the doors and windows, so that had they been moved the least the pins would have dropped out. After the seance was over, I found my pins and lock intact, just as they were left. Not a pin had been disturbed, nor a lock changed.

Well, what took place under such test conditions? The reader anxiously inquires. Hold your breath and don't be a fool, but a philosopher like Wendell Phillips. He says: "I don't disbelieve anything, for the reason that I do not know all law."

Well, as we sat around a common dining-table, with hands joined, or touching each other, it was not two minutes until a large

BRANCH OF THE ORANGE PLANT,

with leaves and flowers, fell on my hands and was then shown in under my hands, as much as to say, "There, sir, that is for you, for

(Continued on 8th page)

Dr. Carpenter on Spiritualism.

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

Dr. W. B. Carpenter has written a book. Not that writing a book is a new thing for him; it is not. He has written a library of books on physiology, human and comparative; books, good as compilations of what others have written, but singularly deficient in originality of thought.

wonderful phenomena that occur in the presence of D. D. Home, the answering of sealed letters, the transmission of intelligence across wide spaces, the illuminative seers, the materializations, attested by Prof. Crookes, the crucial experiments of the latter, or the astonishing results of spirit-photography. The admirable "Defense" of Wallace, the Report of the Dialectic Society, the Essays of Prof. Crookes, are to him unknown. All these evidences are disposed of as fraud or self-deception.

tipede of this method—yet many who boast of its "training" have fallen into what may be called scientific scholasticism, and mistake the flippant use of technical terms—truly what Victor Hugo would call scientific argot—for infallible demonstration. We feel as we read that the author is disturbed by the new doctrine. It overthrows all the theories he has devoted his life to promulgate. If there is an immortal spirit, intellect is not transmuted motion, and genius is not another form of animal heat.

Special Notices.

Attention Opium Eaters!

Mrs. A. H. Robinson has just been furnished with a sure and harmless specific for curing the appetite for opium and all other narcotics, by the Board of Chemists, in spirit-life, who have heretofore given her the necessary antidote for curing the appetite for tobacco, and the proper ingredients for restoring hair to all bald heads, no matter of how long standing.

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What, and Whence are Ideas?

BY H. WINDER.

In early life, I had a literary friend, an honored member of the medical faculty of Maryland, who, for some reason unknown to me, manifested much interest in my intellectual development...

The importance of the foregoing lesson to me, in the investigation of religious and philosophic questions, can be appreciated only by those who have learned that no religious or philosophic idea has ever existed in the world, without having its foundation in some fact...

If it be true, then, that we can not originate an idea, whence has the world derived the idea of a self-existent God, or creator of the universe? That this idea exists among all nations, savage and civilized, history amply proves...

But the days of miracles are past. The human mind, in its progress, has reached the grand truth, that nothing occurs contrary to natural laws. The human race has also discovered that phenomena must always antecede, and be the expositors of the laws that produce them...

The foregoing remarks are also applicable to the doctrine of idea incarnation. This doctrine, in one modification or another, can be traced back through the history of the ages, until a knowledge of the human race is lost in the mazes of antiquity...

My reader should bear in mind that we live in an age characterized by the extremes of Materialism. And while I admit the predominance of superstition among the ancients, by which truth was mutilated and deformed...

It is not a philosophic idea. He asks, as I do, "Whence, then, is this idea derived?" To dogmatize on this subject would justify all claims to the respect of the wise and intelligent. Turn which way we will, we find ourselves in an inextricable dilemma...

My reader should bear in mind that we live in an age characterized by the extremes of Materialism. And while I admit the predominance of superstition among the ancients, by which truth was mutilated and deformed, I insist that there is a golden mean somewhere between the superstition of the ancient nations, and modern Materialism...

ed as a superstition, while the temporary incarnation of other spirits is believed in as philosophic fact. That this doctrine was taught by Jesus, and believed in by his apostles, is too patent to be denied, or need special proof here...

The foregoing remarks will apply with equal force to the mediatorial idea, or medium ship.

Brother Hudson Tuttle, in his work on the "Christ Idea in History," has demonstrated that the mediatorial idea is as old as history itself. Like the idea of a God and incarnation, it is common to all religions, ancient and modern...

We have already seen that the revelations of Modern Spiritualism demonstrate the possibility of incarnation; and they demonstrate the mediatorial idea as verifiable fact. Indeed, that idea is one of the corner stones of Spiritual Philosophy.

The progress of science requires that many terms and phrases in conventional use should be abandoned, modified, or defined to harmonize with newly discovered truth. The words, "miracle" and "supernatural" have ceased to be appropriate in communicating scientific thoughts...

But the days of miracles are past. The human mind, in its progress, has reached the grand truth, that nothing occurs contrary to natural laws. The human race has also discovered that phenomena must always antecede, and be the expositors of the laws that produce them...

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Twenty-Seventh Anniversary of Modern Spiritualism.

CELEBRATION IN PHILADELPHIA, MARCH 31

John M. Spear was called to the chair. He referred to Andrew Jackson Davis as one of the pioneers, and one who had done more with his pen than any other person to spread the gospel of Spiritualism.

Friends, it is with unfeigned pleasure that I am permitted again to meet with you on this twenty seventh birthday of Modern Spiritualism.

Modern Spiritualism, then, is not new, yet it has its distinctive characteristics, one of which is that it is based upon intelligence.

I see before me some who, with myself, entered the Spiritual ranks at the time of its birth, and who have continued their researches patiently and earnestly during these years.

The question is often asked, What is Spiritualism? It is the knowledge that man is a spirit now and here; that this spirit always realizes a resurrection when it leaves the body at the change called death.

Nearly every person who notices the above heading will be personally interested in the two column advertisement of Dr. Karsner's Catarrh Treatment.

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A few brief years and all of us shall have exchanged these mutable shores for the land where our loved ones have gone.

our fellow men. Let us make our Spiritualism a practical religion.

(Continued next week)

Passed to Spirit Life.

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

Passed to Spirit Life, from Atlanta, Ga., on the 25th of March, 1875, Dr. C. H. BERNARD in his 52 year.

Funeral services on 27th inst. at the residence of the deceased, Rev. J. S. Thompson, of Birmingham, delivered by Rev. J. S. Thompson, of Birmingham, on the occasion.

Passed to Spirit Life, March 26th, from Spirit World, I. H. HARRIS, in his 74th year.

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Business Notices.

Postage on Third Class Matter.

Our readers will please bear in mind that the important law doubling the postage on third class matter is now in force.

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J. C. TILTON, Proprietor, PITTSBURGH, PA.

New York Department.

BY R. D. BABBITT, D. M. Subscriptions and Advertisements for this paper received at the New York Magnetic Cure, 232 East 32nd street, by Dr. Babbitt.

The following article was forwarded to the "Golden Age," but that paper though striking some masterly blows against orthodox absurdities is evidently timid about stating any strong facts in favor of Spiritualism, and refuses to publish it. It often gives items about Spiritualism, but generally deems it prudent to hit it a little rap in some way, and at the same time caresses it a little; so as not to get entirely out with either class of its readers. Its Editor, the Rev. W. T. Clarke, however, strikes keenly for the truth, and makes a noble paper, though not quite daring enough for Spiritualists.

The Sublimity of Truth.

BY R. D. BABBITT, D. M.

A venerable old philosopher with silver locks and flowing beard, sufficiently long to protect both his back head and face in imitation of such old heroes as Bryant, Longfellow and Tennyson, was seated by the side of his son, an ardent active youth of about twenty summers, who had been absent from home taking a course of study at a college. Like many another student just graduated, he felt that he had taken in pretty much the whole horizon of truth, and was ready to give his father a few lessons. He had been denouncing in unmeasured terms some supposed heresy or humbug when his father called his attention thus:

"My boy, have you investigated this whole matter which you are condemning so fiercely?" "Not but common sense settles the thing." "And you could swear to it that you are right?" "Yes, father, I could swear to it! You may shoot me if I don't turn out to be right." "And yet you haven't investigated the subject at all, to speak of?" "No, and it don't need investigation. Its falsity is patent on the face of it."

"Now, my dear son, there is a passage from Lord Bulwer Lytton, which I would be exceedingly glad to have you engrave on the tablet of your mind, and it is this: 'One of the sublimest things in this world is plain truth.' "Father," said the son with flushed face, "I know that perfectly well. I love truth supremely!" "And yet, my dear boy, you run the risk of propagating a great falsehood, and falsely denouncing many noble people as humbings, simpletons, etc., before you examine the question to know the truth or falsity of what you affirm."

"But my intuitions prove me to be right!" "Intuition is a grand faculty, my son, but reason and perception are necessary also if you would reach the truth. When Harvey discovered the circulation of the blood, or Galileo made his wonderful astronomical discoveries, nearly the whole world denounced them as you are denouncing this matter."

"But, father, do you suppose I would be so bigoted as the old lunatics of that day? If any such grand discoveries were made, don't you think I would open both hands to receive them?" "I fear not, my dear boy, for here are the subjects of Mesmerism and Clairvoyance."

"Arrant humbings, father! Will you compare such things with the great discoveries of the past?" "My son, if these are true, they reveal spiritual laws which are grander than those of the material world."

"But it seems to me they are too foolish to spend much time or thought about." "And yet the Committee of the French Academy spent five years in investigating these very subjects, and finally pronounced in their favor, and many great physicians and scientists have declared them true."

"Father, you should have heard our college president and some of our professors explain away these Mesmeric ideas, and show how they were mere effects of imagination and belief, mere ignis fatui of the brain, or at most only somnambulic manifestations."

"I have heard these supposed arguments ad nauseam, but they seem as light as chaff to me who have seen a hundred facts which show that mesmeric and psychological conditions can exist wholly aside from imagination."

Crookes, the eminent chemist, and many other great minds investigated the subject for years, and then became champions of the cause. Is it possible that my son loves truth supremely, and yet is ready to toss this momentous question of human immortality away to the winds and trample it under his feet just because prejudiced newspapers, which are ever sitting at the popular favor, pronounce against it?"

"The self-sufficient son saw that his father had made a pretty severe point against him, and exclaimed impulsively: "Well, father, suppose it is true, what's the use of it? What's the tremendous good that is to come of it? What has it ever accomplished for the world? Come, now, father, I challenge you to tell!"

"I accept the gauntlet. Take a pencil and jot down some points which I will give you. I will not give you all the proof of these points now, but shall endeavor to state no point which can not be fully proved."

1. "Spiritualism contributes a vast variety of phenomena in proof of the immortality of the soul. Facts, not assertions, or traditions, or prejudices, will satisfy the scientific mind of to-day."

2. "It destroys the dread of death by showing the glories beyond, and Spiritualists meet the great transition joyfully."

3. "It gives consolation to bereaved friends, multitudes of whom are led to realize the sweet influences of the departed."

4. "It takes away a world of superstitious dread of the future, and shows that all suffering or punishment here and hereafter is simply remedial, not vindictive, and that the hell of the future last no longer than will suffice to purify the soul and lead it to work out its own salvation."

5. "It takes away the blasphemous idea that God is a being of vengeance, ready to condemn a majority of his own dear children to endless torment, however much they may wish to repent hereafter."

6. "It encourages humanity to action and aspiration, instead of discouraging them with theories of depravity, inability, endless punishment, etc. Spiritualists and other liberals, whatever may be their faults, are rarely ever seen in our States' prisons, although scores even of clergymen are sometimes found there."

7. "Spiritualists are not a set of lunatics, as some would call them, but have shown a singular power of healing lunacy. Statistics show that only one per cent. of our lunatic asylums are Spiritualists, while 26 per cent. are church members."

8. "Spiritual and magnetic physicians are healing thousands of cases where other means fail, often rivaling the supposed miracles of Bible times. They are much better informed about the subtle soul forces and how to wield them than ordinary physicians."

cal issues, and as such should enlist the sympathies alike of moralists, philosophers and politicians, and of all who have at heart the elevation of society and the permanent elevation of human nature."

"Such, my son, are the words of a great thinker, and I have presented them, together with a few out of many pointed in favor of a cause which you have condemned without investigation, and which, like all other new truths, must be denounced by people generally until they can emerge from the psychological spell of old opinion. I would have you feel that all truth is sublime, and especially that which relates to the invisible and the spiritual, which strikes the key note of all causes and all effects in this universe."

232 East Twenty-third St., N. Y.

HOW SATAN SEES IT!

"The Devil went out on his annual inspection, To see to his cause and give full directions, So his regions might prosper, and hell live and thrive, During the year. Our Lord eighteen seventy-five. His visits at first were at places much older, But he finally brought up in the city of Boulder."

He wandered about with a business like air, A smile on his brow, which betokened all fair. The ladies who saw him exclaimed, What a stunner! But the business men said, He looks like a drummer. From Chicago or St. Louis, they couldn't tell which, For his airs were so pompous, and his apparel so rich."

And his breath had such a sulphurous smell, It wasn't plain to detect whether 'twas bourbon or hell. He wandered about in a way so mysterious, That it became at last to be a matter quite serious. What the mission of this stranger could be, And the whole town, in fact, was on the qui vive."

To have it explained by the learned teachers, And to this day, if it hadn't been for the preachers, His errand would have been a secret profound. But in his perambulations his car caught a sound, That startled the Devil, himself, and led him to shake. For fear of his safety, and this inquiry make: "What noise is this I hear? It is doleful rather, Oh! I see, it is Jack A., my Presbyterian brother."

No rumpus among Tunkers ever raised such a clatter, I'll stop for a minute and see what's the matter— 'Tis a quarrel among preachers over their creeds; They are charging a brother with not sowing good seeds. There is my friend, P., of the new faith Episcopal, With his eyes turned to heaven in shape quite elliptical."

His wise oldling look makes it clear as a prism, That this little fledgling is bent on an schism; He's just turned his back on the Church of his training, And now he is seeking, and all of his aiming Is by some hook or crook to gain notoriety, And work himself into some Christian society. Over there in the corner I observe three others, Not very noisy, that's strange, for they are Methodist brothers."

If they were really in earnest at this effort of routing, They'd be giving it force by a terrible shouting. They say, 'Tha true brother T. is not exactly in 'tis, He's not quite up to our standard of salvation by grace, And can't see, what to us is a matter so plain, That salvation is a commercial transaction—solely of gain; But in the main it seems to be his effort and strife, To lead mankind to a higher and holier life."

But brothers A. and P., with Pharisaical cant, Gave themselves vent in a terrible rant, Without reason or sense in all of their sayings, It was a forcible reminder of a species of brayings. That brought Sancho to grief in Quixotic days, And led him forever to shun such ways. They said, We can give Mr. T. no Christian greeting, Nor with him fellowship in the ministers' meeting. He's heterodox, and believes that God has given free will, To save man from damnation and eternal ill; That religion is naught but God's perfect love, Extended towards man to lead him above, While we know he is grossly in error— There's nothing in love, but all lays in terror; That man's nature is such he'll never do well, Unless he's constantly reminded of hell, And led away from his downward career, By the Calvinistic rod, of salvation through fear."

How little we'd do in our holy vocation, If we had to preach love instead of damnation. It's the duty of all the sound orthodox, On every occasion to give him such knocks As will teach him we have the will, and all that we lack. To bring him to repentance, by way of the rack, Is the power so unjustly withheld in our nation, From preachers like us—its wicked negation. Thus the confab extended, and the Devil felt well. And on his return to the regions of hell, He soliloquized thus: There's nothing so good to prosper my cause, And destroy Christ's kingdom, and the force of His laws, As a fight among preachers over their creeds; And as long as religion is sowing such seeds, What need I to give any orders? My mission is at home, extending my borders.

Boulder (Col.) News. An Interesting Church-Meeting. There were some very exciting occurrences at a religious service held near Big Spring, Ind., on a recent Sunday evening. The exercises had just begun, when some one announced that the horses of the worshippers; which were supposed to be safely tied outside of the building, had been cut loose. A general scramble ensued, but after the horses had been caught and hitched again, quiet was restored. Then one of the congregation missed his pocketbook, and announced the fact aloud. A second period of excitement followed. The door was locked, and everyone in the room was called on to submit to an investigation. One young man present was just enough intoxicated to be quarrelsome, and refused to let any one search him. The rest of the party insisted on their right, however, and, after examining every pocket in his coat, vest, and pantaloons, punished him for his resistance to authority by pitching him rather rudely out of doors. The youth immediately hunted up

some boon companions, and led them to an assault upon the sanctuary. A great many hard words passed between the congregation and the mob, the former being armed with billets of stove-wood and other improvised weapons, and the latter with pistols. After numerous threats had been exchanged, and a great deal of bad blood roused, the clergyman succeeded in procuring a truce to hostilities, and the services were concluded in due form. As a sequel to the whole affair—and one which may not be without its moral—the person who missed his pocketbook found it, when he returned home, in his barn, where it had been lying all the time.

Voices from the People.

WINTHROP, IOWA.—E. Gleason writes—I have taken the JOURNAL three months on trial and like the bold stand it takes in advocating the truths of the Harmonical Philosophy and dealing heavy blows at superstition and bigotry.

MOUND CITY, ILL.—Thomas J. Smith writes.—The cause is progressing in Southern Illinois. Don't give up any more quarters; drive them if possible out of our ranks. They, together with the impostors, are our only stumbling blocks.

GLENN, KAN.—Mrs. M. A. Brewer writes.—Oh! what suffering in Kansas. Horses and boys are starving to death, and many people, too, are on the verge of starvation. The winter has been long and severe, and the promise to "temper the wind to the shorn lamb" seems to have been forgotten.

DUBOISTOWN, PA.—George Faulkrod writes.—We all like the JOURNAL, and would feel lost without it. Mediums and lecturers traveling through this section of country will find a home at my house in Duboistown, Lycoming Co., Pa., two miles above Williamsport, on the opposite side of the river.

SUMMERFIELD, ILL.—O. R. North writes.—I was at Jonathan Koons, in Franklin County, Ill., one year since. The old gentleman showed me five maps of the spirit spheres, drawn (he states) by spirits. It was a noble exhibition. Then he has manuscripts by ancient spirits, enough, I think he said, to make a book of 2,000 pages, and much of it is deep matter.

WELLINGTON, KAN.—J. S. Weeks writes—I knew but little of the doctrine of Spiritualists, and therefore supposed they were a deluded people, but as I am not afraid of anything—not even of the Satan's Majesty, I have investigated the Harmonical Philosophy, as represented by Prof. A. D. Gray, of this City, and am now preparing to accompany him on a lecturing tour, and allow me to say that we will do all in our power to establish the truths of the Harmonical Philosophy.

CHELSEA, MICH.—W. L. Thacher writes.—I read you \$1.05 to renew a trial subscription for the JOURNAL. We prefer it to any other paper. We have faith, and would have still more, if some of the clairvoyants would find Charlie Rosa. There have been 500,000 persons engaged in the search. I don't see why the Spiritualists can not find him. They would have both the credit and the reward. As a sign of the times, I see that Ned Buntline has begun his last novel with the abduction of a child and the appearance of a spirit.

FARMINGTON, MINN.—S. Jenkins writes.—My interest in our cause and the success of the JOURNAL is sufficient reason for me to do all I can for the spread of truth, and the elevation of humanity. The No. 21 JOURNAL is circulated in the village of Farmington, where three months ago there were but one, so I think we have cause for rejoicing. Brother J. L. Potter is State Missionary, and he is a bright and shining light; is honest and truthful. He does not affiliate with anything which is degrading to the cause of Spiritualism.

EAST WESTMORELAND, N. H.—Eliot Wyman writes.—After reading my last JOURNAL, I feel in duty bound to thank you for the additional evidence of the honesty and candor of its editor in publishing the exposure of "impostures" when proved to be such, and for your good counsel to Spiritualists to reserve such notices or evidences of fraud, when fully proved, so as in future to discontinue them, and be more thorough in our test investigations, and your closing remarks should be copied by every Spiritualist.—To expose impostures is to sustain genuine mediums; that the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL is in duty bound to do.

NEW YORK.—E. C. Leonard writes.—I attended a seance last evening at the private parlor of Mrs. D. G. Taylor, of 433 Street, New York, where there was an extraordinary medium for materialization, Mrs. Wilson, of Grand Street, New York. She was veiled with ropes to her seat, and arched her waist, with knots by an expert, and the knots were over-entwined and tied by small cord, and her hands were then enclosed in dark colored leather mittens sewed tight around and to the cuffs of the medium's dress at the wrist, and not permitted to expand in the least; then her mouth was firmly covered with five thicknesses of court-plaster, so that it was impossible for her to utter one word or make any noise thereby. She then entered a small portable cabinet for the occasion, and then we were entertained by the spirits for over two hours in pleasant conversation, singing, whistling tunes, and showing hands and faces. At the conclusion the spirits released the medium, and the doors being thrown open, there she sat in a trance, as one dead; with the court-plaster still over her mouth, as when first she entered the cabinet, and strange to say, the ropes were thrown out of the cabinet with all the knots still tied, and secured by the same small cord over the knots, and the first knots were to tie it around her neck, and then tied around the arms and body at the elbows, and then drawn behind to the seat, and tied out of her reach.

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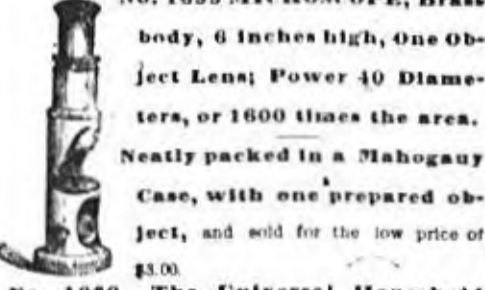
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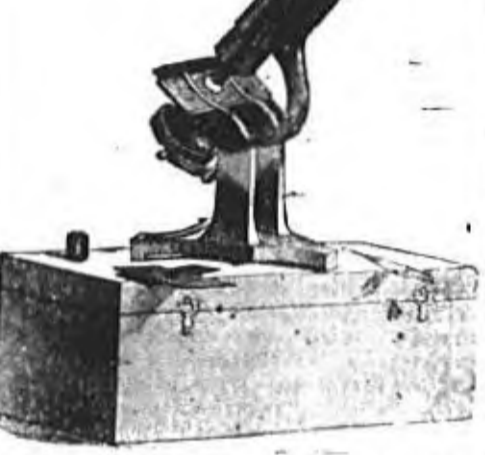
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I can fully substantiate the foregoing by 10,000 witnesses, if necessary, and will answer correspondents if desired. H. K. SMITH, Springfield, Mo.

Don't forget to send a letter stamp to pay the postage on the answer desired.

Mr. Smith enclosed a lock of his hair along with the above letter. It is about one inch in length, and of a dark brown color, soft and lively as that of a young man of twenty.

