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

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For the Religio-Philosophical Journal. The Prayer of Jesus.

BY D. AMBROSE DAVIS. Prayed the Christ, when pale and dying, On the cruel cross he hung; When the temple vail was rended, And the night o'er day was flung; When the heartless soldiers' spear-point Pierced his anguish'd bosom through-Pather, Oh! forgive, forgive them, For they know not what they do."

Mocking lips his wore derided, Heads were bowed in scornful pride; Judas had betrayed his master, Peter thrice his Lord denied. Yet still prayed the Christ unceasing, While his gasping breath he drew-"Father, Oh! forgive, forgive them, For they know not what they do.'

Oh! my suffering fellow mortal, On the cross of earthly woe, Bearing chains, and whip and fetter, Angry words and cruel blow; Can you pray as did the Saviour, While his gasping breath he drew-Father, Oh! forgive, forgive them, For they know not what they do?"

Thou, whose bruised and broken spirit, Sinketh 'neath continual strife; Thou, who faintest worn with suffering, By the weary way of life; Can you say for those who crush you, When your friends are weak and few-" Father, Oh! forgive, forgive them, For they know not what they do?"

Canst thou know that thy oppressors, Are indeed the most oppressed; That they need thy kind compassion More, far more than all the rest; And, therefore, thou shouldst pray for them, Tho' they pierce thy vitals through-"Father, Oh! forgive, forgive them, For they know not what they do?"

Yes, oh yes, dear blessed martyrs, Let the watchful angels see How you fight the battle Christ-like, With your holy sympathy; How you pray for your oppressors, " Father, Oh! forgive, forgive them, For they know not what they do?"

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1865, by HENRY T. CHILD, M. D., In the Second or Eastern District of Pennsylvania.

NARRATIVE

LIFE OF FERDINAND DE SOT WITH AN ACCOUNT OF SOME OF HIS

EXPERIENCES IN THE INNER LIFE.

BY HENRY T. CHILD, M. D., No. 634 RACE STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

CHAPTER IV .- [CONTINUED.] The general law of spirit intercourse is this. All spirits, in the development of some points of character, are positive to, and have certain other spirits around them, and thus are circles formed, composed of varying numbers, and each human being has one or more guardian spirits, who bring to him not only their own influence but that of their circles, and this influence comes to and acts upon mortals just in proportion as their conditions of impressibility are more or less favorable to the reception of it. Within certain limits, every human being has the control of this matter, and may, by following a certain course and obeying certain laws, invite or repel the influence of the unseen world. We have yet to speak of the influences of mortals on spirits-under the same

First, of masses on masses; and here we need only remark that the influence of the masses on earth on the masses of spirits, is under the same law as that we spoke of as coming from spirits to mortals, except that that of the latter is not so positive and influential as the former. The same is true of the masses of mortals on single individuals, and in giving influence to particular movements.

The third head-the influence of individuals on the mortal plane on spirits-is more important.

Here each individual operates with more or less force, according to the activity and strength of his various powers on the physical, mental or moral plane, upon all who come within the reach of his spheres, both on earth and in the inner life. Strong physical men, champions of the ring, who devote their time, talents and energies to training and developing the physical system to the highest point, always attract around them strong physical spirits, and there is an interchange of power and influence between these. Men who indulge their appetites for stimulating food and drinks, attract to themselves spirits recently from similar scenes on earth, and they exercise upon each other a mutual influence, each strengthening the other in these habits, so is it equally of all the abuses and violations of the physical laws-they are not confined to either sphere. This is the dark side of the picture; there is another and a brighter one. Spirits prematurely thrown from earth life, and almost all are, and those whose physical systems have failed to furnish them with the proper elements for a wellformed spiritual body, must all return to earth, or rather remain there, for they do not go away, and draw from the magnetism, and the material elements, too, of the strong and vigorous dwellers of earth. Thus are they enabled to renew their

strength, and raise their drooping heads, and start | in his hand, and his brow is all radiant with light, onward in the new life. Few, indeed, are there who come from earth entirely prepared to leave it. The conditions and surroundings of life are such that man seldom completes a spiritual organism in all its parts before he is compelled to leave the outward form. Man on the physical plane of earth has vast powers to bless the unseen dwellers of the inner life, and these latter gather around those of earth who are strong and vigorous, and who are seeking to carry out the divine laws of physical health and development, and every human being is a centre around which spirits gather, not as vampyres, seeking to draw out the life, but as glad recipients of that superabundant life and those extra material elements which nature kindly furnishes to every well regulated organism. Let no one, therefore, despise the strength of the strong man, for it is a grand central source of power, not alone on earth, but reaching far out into the unseen depths of the

On the mental plane man is also a central fire, from whence emanates intellectual heat and light, which not only radiates around him on earth but far away into the inner spheres, lighting up the pathway of many a dark and benighted spirit, whose condition is only fitted to receive from this source that beginning that shall be a starting point to lead him into the beautiful paths of wisdom and knowl-

In the moral field, the labor of man is still more marked. Many spirits enter this sphere with their moral nature and faculties so perfectly benumbed that they can only be safely reached and gradually warmed into life, through moral influences coming from mortals.

When the philosophy of spiritual intercourse comes to be better understood, and mankind, by the purity of their lives, learn to throw only a divine and holy influence around this intercourse, the mutual influences of the two worlds will be grand and beautiful, and will result in a higher and better appreciation of each. The knowledge that will flow from this source will not only make earth rejoice, but will lead the angels to sound the tocsin of joy throughout the shores of the eternal world.

Children of earth, you do not appreciate the boon that lies at your very doors, bound up in the narrow circle of earth's cares and duties. You fail to look forth upon the waving fields of spiritual truth and light, which are already white unto harvest. You do not perceive the glorious sunlight that is streaming all around you.

Awaken, then, and turn your free thoughts and your noble aspirations toward this teeming and beautiful field, and you will find your reward to be ample-not only in the light that will shine over your own pathway and make it all bright and clear, but in that which shall be given you for others. Man is the universe in miniature—a microcosm; he is bound, not to this earth alone, but to all the countless orbs that make up the universe, and he can never isolate himself from a single one of these, nor will he ever feel a desire to. In his onward course his soul, grasping after that infinity which is stamped upon it, will lead him forth forever and forever into new fields of discovery, and to more grand and sublime realizations of the laws and principles which govern the realm of matter, of mind and of soul; searching ever after the Infinite, man shall go on and on forever, gathering to himself new powers and higher attributes, and yet he shall ever remain the same, ever-changing, yet unchanged, conscious I Am that first awakened to a sense of himself on the physical plane of earth, and though he may roam far away from the land of his birth and the home of his childhood, he will never lose the remembrance of these, but again and again turn fondly back to the scenes that marked this period of his career, and mingled their influences with the events of after life in giving shape to his destiny and form to his character.

CHAPTER V.

The later experiences of my life here are mainly an intensification of the pleasures which result from the study of the divine and eternal laws of nature, the association of the great and good in labors for the elevation and advancement of the race, and in social communion and intercourse with loved and loving ones. I shall leave it for my wife to relate to you our re-union here. I may sum up briefly thus. Each new truth that is revealed to us sheds a double lustre, first in the knowledge which it imparts, and second in the effulgence which it throws over that which has been acquired before. All our labors of love bring with them their reward in a geometrical proportion, for they are not only doing good to those around us, but are setting in motion a series of labors which will extend in every direction for the advancement and development of humanity.

A vision and a comparison, and I shall conclude for the present, returning to you my deepest and most sincere thanks for the aid you have given me in transmitting this narrative to the dwellers of your sphere. A link has been formed between us which shall grow brighter and stronger throughout all the coming future.

THE VISION.

I behold now spread out before me a vast ocean, and upon it thousands of human beings, and, as I gaze over this motley group, I perceive, rising up out of the waters, the form of a human being. He stands just above the level around him. Now I see that the people, in all directions, whose attention has been drawn to him, are rushing away from him in consternation. I see him holding a blazing torch

and his eyes are brilliant with a glare of intellectual lustre. He is a pioneer of truth to the world of humanity. Presently I see some rough looking men coming up toward him with clubs in their hands, and striking him, one here and another there, and all around they are crying, "Put out the light," "Destroy the torch," and on they rush toward him in wild tumult, and now he is overwhelmed and sinks away, and for a moment is lost to my view. But as I look carnestly at that spot, the torch is still blazing there as a beautiful pillar of fire, and I see those deluded ones, who hoped to put out the light by killing the man, are trying to extinguish this light, but everything they bring is so combustible that as soon as they approach the blaze with these they catch on fire, and instead of obscuring the light they are adding to its brightness. Thus is the blood of the martyr not only the seed of the church, but of light and truth to humanity.

THE COMPARISON. You have noticed that I have made several allusions and illustrations in the course of my narrative of a maritime character. The habit of earth life is thus carried on here, and I shall conclude with another. The journey of life is a voyage over the sea of time. The vessel, on which this journey is made, and which is freighted with a most valuable cargo, is man's physical body. He is his own underwriter, and if he loses the ship must bear the loss himself. The moral and intellectual faculties are the captain and officers, and the animal propensities are the crew. The desemy of the voyage is the shore of eternity. Every man is furnished with his clearance papers from the port whence he set sail, which are more less perfect according to the constitutional health he may have inherited. All have their passports and entrance papers, with blanks that they themselves must fill up on their journey, that will give them a proper entrance into port. God is over them, the Glorious Sun and Day Spring from on high, by whom they must calculate their reckoning of latitude and longitude by day. And the angel worlds are the stars that guide them by night; the fixed stars are those guardian spirits who have made the journey safely, and who are to light up their pathway in the night season. All around them on this ocean of time there are numerous craft, each freighted with a human being, and each bound to her own port. Mortal man's first duty then is to keep his ship in order, for without this he cannot make a safe journey, and though, if he be shipwrecked, his cargo will float to the shore of eternity, it will be more or less damaged, unless his vessel carries it safely there. No one can insure him a safe passage; it is his own, though he may be helped by others. It is a combination of the moral and intellectual faculties which alone is capable of making a proper staff of officers to command and direct the crew and the ship; and the animal propensities are the hands to keep the ship working, and to manage her under the direction of those officers, and they should ever be obedient and subservient to these, for where they rebel or mutiny, loss and suffering must follow. The crew, which are inherited, may be drilled and regulated by proper and judicious care so as to be much more valuable and reliable; but many are so frail as necessarily to abbreviate their short life journey, and land their officers and them-

The passport of entrance, as we have said, is to be made up from the daily reckoning and the logbook in which the conduct of the officers and crew

selves prematurely on the shore of eternity.

A few words to my readers and I have done. The storms of life are around you; you are surrounded by temptations of various kinds, especially to follow this craft or that, to attach your bark to some strong vessel that you fancy will draw you safely over the ocean. Let me counsel you, as an old mariner who has outrode many a storm, and known, too, what shipwreck was, never abandon your individuality, never give up your ship, if you can avoid it, until you have safely landed in the farthest port that your earthly powers will enable you to reach, for the longer a well spent life on earth shall carry you, the safer and better will be your landing on these shores. Instead of being obliged to take to your boats and seek the shore, or to leap into the ocean's strand and wade to it, your noble ship will be safely moored in the dock of death, and you will be able to step off upon the shore of eternity without a break, without a shock, and to take with you all your well assorted cargo, that belongs to the new country. Here you will be met by your friends and kindred, and you will be neither an alien nor a stranger, Farewell, then, reader, till we meet on these peaceful shores. And as I leave now, the prayer of my heart is: Oh, America! Land of my adoption, scene and witness of my life-struggles and their record! We look to thee as the last, best hope for the oppressed of all lands and all people, and we feel that thy destiny is in the hands of the Disposer of all events, of Him who holds the destinies of the universe, and though thine may seem now to be trembling, as in the balance, we know that the All-wise Disposer of events will not let this last hope of humanity die out, but thou shalt arise out of this dark and perilous condition, clothed with new beauty and majesty, as Queen of the World! Guardian of Liberty! Friend of Equality! and Protector of ALL thy children!

John Bright's appointment to a place in Lord Russell's new administration, with Lord Clarendon as foreign secretary, is urgently suggested by one of the liberal members of the House of Commons, who declares categorically in The London Star, that no cabinet will be satisfactory to his party that does not include that illustrious statesman,

Life in Spain.

SEVILLE AND ITS PEOPLE. In a "Guide to Spain," written by H. O'Shea, and recently published in England, occurs this

The Sevillanas are the prettiest type of Andalusian beauty. Deep blue black eyes, adormilados sometimes, and at others full of flashes, each a pundada: a small forehead, raven hair, long and silky, which they might almost turn by night into a balmy, soft pillow, and a long, flowing mantilla by day; a peculiar meneo, sal, and indescribable charm, naturalness, and grace in every movement, form, together with liveliness and repartee, the principal features of their appearance and character. Dress, the bull fight, Verdi's operas, and pelar la pava, are the objects of her existence; and she is worthy of all the flores that fall from the passer-by, of the gallant majo and strolling estudiente

"Seville is still the city of the guitar, the fan, the song, and the fandango; the ne plus ultra and zeviya mia of the majo and bull-fighter, of the gipsy and contrabandist; the rendezyous of the most picturesque blackguards in the south of Spain, whose beds are the steps of churches, who lounge and hang about the suburban tabernas, breakfast on a glass of water, and dine on an air on the guitar, argue among each other with the navaja and other such arguments of point; make love to their neighbors' pockets, and know of heaven what they see of it through the golden juice of an orange, as they lie on their backs in the cool shade, a picture of contentment and sweet nothing to do. preserved more of the character of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries than of the Moorish period, of which, however, many vestiges remain. This is evinced in the style of the private houses of the nobility, the general appearance of the edifices, etc., which all denote the influence of Italian taste,

"The people themselves seem to have lost that grave, solemn, stern and melancholy mood of the Spaniard of the fifteenth century which he luberited from the Moors, and to retain only that gay, bril liant capiy espada, devil-me-care humor of the seventeenth century in Spain, coupled with the more sombre types of the inquisitorial and inquisitioned, somewhat suspicious, spirit of Lope de Rueda, Calderon's and Vega's dramas. Seville is in many points the city of pleasure and love of Beaumarchais

and Rossini's 'Barbiere.'

"And look, there goes Almaviva on his prancing horse, gay and dashing, now dressed in velvets and filagree buttons, all sunshine and moonshine, invinci ble and enamerado, sending kisses to Eosina who peeps at him behind her mirador. He is always that personification of youth, love and summer; and Rosina is always as pretty under her black mantilla, though she now reads French novels, and knows the name of Lor Biron y Saspir; and Figaro is not the less gui, and Figaro la, laughing, joking, running to and fro, all fuss and intrigue, all gossip and mirth, for his being raised to sangrador y comadron, and other high offices within his calling: nay, Bartolo himself is not dead, only now he dresses like an undertaker, is a man del ano doce, wears a diamond pin in his shirt, and a wide gold ring on the forefinger, and looks as sharp as ever, whether Rosina is dropping a bouquet or picking up a scented esquelita, Basilio is also alive, and there we may see him,

sneaking through the crowd, with his long barco, tile shaped greasy hat, his worn-out solana, his bilious skin, his hypocritical eyes; vade retro ! and would that thou wert but a spectre of bygone times, and not a sad reality of the present! other types, may they always remain, natural and charming offspring of a land of sun and love; and all members of the immortal family of Mozart's and Byron's Don Juan, a pure Sevillano, of Don Miguel de Manaro, of Don Bustos Tavera, of La Estrella

"The houses are superior to those of the rest of Andalusian cities, in style and appearance; they are generally of two or three stories, gally painted outside, with lofty rooms, numerous rejas, charming patois, or inner courts, which, during the summer, are covered with an awning, and furnished with pianos, sofas, etc., for the evening tertulia, when the whole town is converted into a vast drawing room. They are, moreover, decorated with brightly painted and igilt miradores, which, with their glass and flowers, look like conservatories suspended. A lengthened residence will be found more pleasant here than anywhere

Earthquakes and their Causes.

The soft air which fans the cheek of rosy beauty into blushes, and bears to invigorated sense the refreshing perfume of summer flowers, is potent enough to press upon the earth at the rate of fifteen pounds to the square inch. It is this pressure which keeps our pie-crust down. A light increase of the pressure would force it into the burning flood, for the earth is molten within, and agitated as a huge furnace, and a triffing decrease of pressure would suffer the struggling forces to break through from below. Earthquakes invariably happen at a fall of the barometer; that is, when the air becomes slightly thinner, less heavy, and consequently less capable of treading down the crust upon the tops of the imprisoned flames. Over one hundred miles of country the removal of the atmospheric pressure will sometimes amount to nearly 2,000,000 of tons, which is a sufficient relaxation of force to permit the outbreak of an earthquake.

In every part of the world the surface is subject to be shaken at times by movements taking place in the interior, and transmitted something like a wave to distant regions. No country escapes these visitations; but in volcanic regions they occur more frequently than elsewhere; and commencing in these, they have been known to pass beneath sea and land, from one hemisphere to another, till full one-eighth of the entire surface of the globe has been more or less disturbed by the movement. Such was the great Lisbon earthquake. Some countries are so subject to these disturbances that the habitations of the people are built low, with broad bases and substantial walls, and with particular reference to their stability against shocks. This is the case throughout Central America, and in Chili, Peru, etc. Taking into account the whole surface of the earth, there is probably not a day that passes without the occurrence somewhere of a sensible disturbance of this kind, and hardly a month without one or more, worthy of note. This has been the case from remote periods. The approach of these phenomena is stated to be herakded by several premonitory symptoms of an unmistakable character. The air appears to be affected with dizziness, the atmosphere often becomes bary, and the sun seen through it, appears red and flery. The weather suddenly changes and rains appear in places unaccustomed to them. Before the shocks occur, the air is generally still, and the surface of bodies of water considerably disturbed. Chippenin Paper

Franklin was a journeyman printer, and son of a tallow chandler and soap-boiler.

The Plagues of the Middle Ages. INTERESTING HISTORICAL NOTES BY AN ITALIAN

In the Paris correspondence of the London Times, we find the following notice of a valuable work :

" Economic Politique du Moyen Age' le the title of a work which has appeared in Paris. It is a translation into French from the Italian of M. Louis Cibrario, who is said to rank among the most eminent of the patriots of Italy, as among her profound thinkers. Notwithstanding its title, it is less an essay on political economy, in the strict meaning of the term, than a complete exposition of the political, civil, economic, social, literary, and religious condition of the populations of Europe during the Middle Ages. It is indeed, an attractive narrative of their lives, from the humblest serf to the most powerful noble, during those centuries when the mass of mankind seemed to have lost all social energy or desire of progress. One subject of par ticular interest is treated, that of the plagues which ravaged Europe in those days when ignorance was general, when medical science was so low, and when those mysterious visitations which astonished and terrified Europe were attributed solely to the anger of Heaven at the vices and crimes of

'In 168 of the Christian era a frightful pestilence, which penetrated into every part of the known world, was accounted for by the transport to Rome of the statue of Apollo after the taking of Seleucia. It was remarked that, like the cholera in our days, the plague had always come from the East. That which devastated Rome in 589 spared no class of society. Pope Pelagius was one of the first who fell a victim to it. The year following (590) it penetrated into France by Marseilles, and King Gontran, in a general assembly of notables, ordered a general last to appease the anger of heaven, when the only barley bread and water. The successor of it Gregory the Great, ordered seven different cessions, composed of clerks, monks, religious cra ternities, married women, widows, and children.

Still the plague was not allayed, and during a pro-

eession which lasted one hour, eighty persons were

stricken down. "'One of the most cruel pestilences,' says M. Cibrario, 'was certainly that which, at the close of 1347 invaded Europe from the East, and in six years depopulated nearly the whole world. It was said to have been brought by Genoese ships into Sicily and thence to Genoa and Pisa. In this last city there were not less than 400 deaths daily, and it was related, though it seems incredible, that at Orvieto and Sienna, nine persons out of ten died. At Verona the twentieth part of the whole population was sweptaway, and in the other towns, one-tenth. It was related at Florence the number of deaths amounted to 60,000, and to 90,000 at Lubeck, where, in the space of 24 hours, 1,500 persons died. It was then that the fable became current about poisoners-the most terrible of all popular fallacies, because it arises in a moment when the law and the magistrates are almost forced to adopt them; and when, if they have power to mitigate their effects, they have none to effectually repress them. The Jews were accused of having propagated the pestilence by poisoning the foun-tains, and were massacred by a furious populace. At Angsburg and in Dauphine they were burned

"There were also some burned in Savoy, but under other circumstances. The Count of Savoy had given them shelter in his castle of Chambery; but the populace, exasperated and terror-stricken, attacked the castle, broke open the gates, and massacred many of those who had sought refuge within its walls. The Count, however, repulsed the mob, and hanged the ringleaders on the battlements. But even he soon adopted the popular prejudice against the Jews. He brought to trial those who had escaped being torn to pieces; they were condemned to death, and were burned in an old

"The plague was not the only visitation in those There was also leprosy, and M. Cibrarie's description of this hideous malady is painfully graphic. It also came from the East, like the plague, though, according to the writer, Pope Stephen II., desirous of promoting the marriage of Carloman with a daugher of Didier, King of the Lombards, called, in a letter which he wrote to his niece Bertha, the nation of the Lombards sordid and infected, and affirmed that the leprosy came

"In the early part of the fourteenth century the number infected with leprosy was considerable. They were driven out of every city, out of every monastery, as out of every land; now, the wretched outcasts wandered in bands through, the country. and sometimes encamped in the neighborhood of small towns. In 1921 the ramor spread on both banks of the Rhine, that these miserable creatures, inspired by the demon, through the agency of the Jews, imagined that if they could find the means of communicating to all their own horrible malady, they should have a share in the wealth and gran deur of mankind. To attain this object, they were said to have corrupted the water with certain poisoned powders, and forthwith they began to give each other the titles of Count and Baron, The populace rose and hunted them down; many were caught and burned alive, and others sentenced

THE LINCOLN MONUMENT .- The thirty arest reco iment of colored troops, stationed in Texas, has recently contributed upwards of five hundred dollars well worthy of emulation by all citizens desirous of honoring the memory of our martyr-President. It is all very well to say that he is sufficiently each rined in the American heart, and that no monumental stone is required to perpetuate his memory. Upon the same plea, all other duties of love and reverence might remain duried in the human heart, and the world with all its good intentions, would soon be come a barbarous wilderness. Affections are not worth anything unless embodied in deeds commensurate with the feeling by which they are prompted. Not that there is any danger of President Lincoln's memory ever being thrown into oblivion; but there is a danger in this national vallouspess in regard to the creetion of a monument at Springfield, where he spent most of his his, and where his mortal romains are enfombed.

A mounment is the most a aring way of proulaiming to all future gener Line the national grati-tude for the great savic of President Lincoln. There are still either ways to hanifest sympathy with his tragical end and his breaved family. But a menument is the most fitting public testimonial, and it would be disgrapeful for this wealthy and powerful nation, if the Springfield monument, for which only about \$50,000 is already collected, should not be completed, for the want of a half mil-Bon more.—Chingo Republican.

Kinabeth M. Cutter, of St. Louis, has translated into German Fr. Muench's admirable and instructive. work on American grape culture.

A Score of Years Ago,

Down by the breaking waves we stood,
Upon the rocky shore;
The brave waves whispered courage,
And idd, with friendly roar,
The fall ring words that told the tale
I dared not fall before,

I asked, if with the priceless gift,
flor love my He she'd bloss:
Was it her voice, or some fair wave—
Por sooth, I scarce may guess—
Some murmoring wave, or her sweet voice,
That liep'd so sweetly, "Yea."

And then, in happy ellence, too,
I clasp'd her fair, wee hand;
And long we stood there, cardensly,
While o'er the darkening land
The sun set, and the fishing boats
Were sailing from the strand.

It seemed not many days ago—
Like yesterday—no more,
Since thus we stood, my love and I,
Upon the rocky shore;
But I was four-and-twenty Gien,
And were I'm forty-four,

The Hily hand is thinner now,
And in her sunny hair
I see some silvery lines, and on
Her brow some lines of care;
But, wrinkled brow, or silver locks,
She's not one whit less fair.

The fishing-boats a score of years
Go salling from the strand;
The crimson sun a score of years
Sets o'er the darkening land;
And here to-night upon the cliff
We're standing hand in hand.

"My darling, there's our eldest girl,
Down on the rocks below!
What's Stanley doing by her elde!"
My wife says, "You should know:
He's telling her what you told me
A score of years ago."

AMERICA-HER DUTY AND DESTINY.

BY EDWARD D. BARER*, (Late of California.)

INTRODUCTION.

I was born amid obscurity and closely environed in the folds of that stern, but most efficient, mantle —poverty, which, while it crushes and depresses the dull and weak man, rouses the energies of the ambitious, and calls forth the strength and power of the strong, to do battle not only with this enemy, but with its allies—ignorance and superstition.

From my earliest recollection, I felt that all the obstacles that were around me were but so many stepping-stones leading up to that proud and lofty position, which my ambition pointed to me as the place I should one day occupy.

The angel of destiny seemed to open before my vision the gates of that future, and show me all that was to be mine in life, and I have blessed God again and again for the vision, for it not only fired my young spirit with ambition to labor for its attainment, but it was always before me, and in the trials and vicissitudes of life, it led me ever upward and onward. It was the star of hope on my pathway, the "pillar of cloud by day and of fire by night," and I never faltered—never turned back. It is not my purpose here to give a history of my life, its struggles and triumphs, its disappointments, and above all, its grand and beautiful realizations.

When the din of battle is over, and those noble veterans who are now suffering and dying for their country, shall behold, either from this shore, or from their peaceful homes to which they may have returned, the white winged dove of peace, with all her blessings floating over our whole land, and millions of freemen engaged everywhere in the peaceful pursuits of life, then, perchance, I may come and tell you the simple story of my life, and its labors, both on earth and here.

Now a nobler theme fires my bosom. It is my country and her destiny.

I knew when I crossed that river on the fatal day, that it was the river of death which separated me from life on earth and all its fond endearments, but I did not realize that it was to result in my promotion from an officer upon the gory field of battle to a high position in the inner life.

I can now look back calmly over my career on earth, and rejoice, that however I may have failed, whatever may have been my weaknesses, I never swerved from the path of rectitude or faltered in the line of duty. The grand and lofty purpose that I firmly resolved upon when I stood, a mere child, beside the coffin of my mother as it enclosed her fair form, was ever with me, and shielded me in the hours of trial and lifted me above temptation. My life on earth was happy, and my entrance here, even from the field of carnage and blood, was glorious and triumphant, and as I found my spirit borne away into the spheres by the loved ones here, it was still beneath the floating folds of that beautiful flag that I had lived to love and died to defend; but I must not pause here. I am nothing-the cause-the glorious cause of our country-its duty and destiny is everything-of that alone will I speak

CHAPTER I.

ON THE DUTY AND DESTINY OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

Sitting in the vast amphitheatre of humanity and gazing with inspired vision into the profound depths of the ancient Past, let us pause for a moment and contemplate man in the middle of the nineteenth century of the Christian era.

Standing upon the proud eminence which art, science, literature and human development have erected—controling many of the elements around him; rearing magnificent architectural structures, surpassing in beauty the sublime grandeur of the past, extending the arts and improvements of civilization and refinement to all parts of the habitable globe; laying his iron roads all over the land, and through the power of steam almost annihilating space, or with Briarian arms multiplying millions of hands—and by the telegraph harnessing the lightning and sending it forth on errands of love, of duty and of business.

While these thoughts crowd upon us, the curtain

rises, and a gorgeous scene lies before us.
"Time had reversed his muttered spell—his misty veil was

Ten thousand years seem but as an hour. On the canvass before us is portrayed the beautiful mountains and magnificent valleys of Central Asia. Bald and sterile are the snow capped peaks of the lofty mountains, while their sloping sides give us in beautiful order, as we descend, the climates and vegetation of the Arctic, the temperate and the tropical regions—a splendid miniature world.

As we gaze on this living picture, there stands before us a group of human beings. From the valley the dusky tive living upon the spontaneous productions of the with; perhaps an indolent and wandering Tartar, ut. spired by the beauty around, spending a life of libless indifference. A short distance up the mountain another native, more vigorous and active, obliged to procure subsistence by the mingled products of the trees, the chase and by plunder. Still higher up the mountain side, a

* Note.—In all his communications to me, through various mediums, and I have received many, the gallant and brave Colonel has invariably given this simple name, and he now requests me to add no prefix or title to it. H. T. C.

more vigorous looking class meets our eyes, driven by the rigors of the climate to seek protection either in caves or in rude hute of their own construction; a warlike race, living mainly upon animal food, the product of the chase, or of plunder from their less hardy neighbors. In the group, we may see those that, in more modern times, have been known as the Lesghians, the Georgians, the Ossetes, and several other families of man, and here among them the most strikingly heautiful of all these, and of all the types of humanity, the fair and beautiful Circassian, with pure white skin, rosy cheeks, fine dark hair, and dark eyes.

Now the curtain drops upon the scene for a few centuries. Let us not suppose that we have seen all the members of the human family that inhabit our globe in this era of its history. This beautiful green earth, with its broad plains, its fertile valles and rugged mountains had long been the home of millions of human beings, rude and barbarous, yet with the broad and illimitable destiny of humanity open to them, with all its grand, glorious promises and hopes.

Again the curtain rises, and the scene has moved a few degrees toward the setting sun. Babyionia's broad plains are before us; her beautiful cities of Babyion and Nineveh, with their magnificent buildings, their wonderful works of art; here we see a mingled multitude of humanity, strangers from various lands, and native Babyionians, each bringing some new treasure of human art and ingenuity, to aid in the movement of the race toward a higher state of development.

The curtain falls again for a brief period, and when it rises the scene is shifted a little farther to the West. The picture now is ancient Phænicis, with her vast cities of Tyre and Sidon, in which, added to the wealth and magnificence of the former cities, we have navigation and commerce, two grand civilizing forces; here other faces mingle with the former, and new combinations of thought are the result.

The curtain falls and for a moment let us contemplate the causes of human progress. A trinity of forces rise before us. First—War, with its red and desolating hand, rousing every faculty to its highest pitch. Second—Mingling of races and types of humanity; and, Third—Migration Westward! In the history of man, the influence of these forces has ever been marked and prominent.

The curtain ascends, and again looking toward the setting sun, Egypt's broad plains and fertile fields, watered by that wonderful river, the Nile, are spread out before us. Her magnificent architectural structures, excelling in splendor all the works of the past, and unrivaled by the present. Her vast pyramids, the works of centuries, her grand temples and the stately ruins of former grandeur—all conspire to awaken lofty feelings in the mind.

The eastern nations were astronomers and architects. The Phonicians were navigators, and all the knowledge that mankind had acquired was brought into Egypt, and that which seemed to be an evil in this land, led to the first knowledge of the beautiful science of geometry. We have spoken of the river Nile. By a singular meteorological condition, the land of Egypt is so situated that no genial shower ever waters its thirsty soil. To supply this singular defect, the Nile is subject to an annual rise, in which it overflows large districts of adjoining country. This inundation saturates the soil with moisture, at the same time that it deposits a slimy mud on the soil, which renders it very fertile, and causes it to produce abundant crops with very little cultivation. In this overflow of the Nile, all the landmarks were liable to be swept away, and hence the inhabitants were compelled, at an early age, to study geometry in order that they might lay the boundaries of their lands, and establish the division lines between the property of different individuals.

Considerable progress has been made by the race, and man has risen to a higher point of development and civilization.

The curtain falls again, and a few centuries later we see upon the foreground the ancient Grecian States in their pomp and pride. Some of the races that we have already seen are there, mingling with the native Greek.

The arts, sciences, and philosophy are cultivated. War, with its desolating hand, stimulates the ambition of the race. All that former ages had achieved became the property of this proud, conquering nation—while Literature and Poetry assume an ascendency that marks a new era in the race. Her poets sang pæans to the heroes of their land, which, while they celebrate these and their deeds of valor, make the land rich in that immortal literature, that ever lures the classic scholar into these broad and teeming fields. But even Greece, with all the splendor of her trophies and her achievements had her decline, and as the curtain falls, we pause to contemplate her ancient ruins.

Man had not yet unfolded those powers and faculties of his great nature, which alone can give permanency to the institutions that he erects.

Long ages of toil and suffering must be endured ere the race shall rise to that plane in which immortal and divine institutions shall spring up around man, as a beautiful outgrowth and expression of his own interior unfolding and development.

Again the curtain rises, and the scene has moved still Westward. The Mediterranean sea lies spread out before us, and to the South on the northermost shores of Africa, Carthage, queen city of the world, lies in the distance to the West, while in the foreground to the North we see Rome, proud mistress of the world. Let us pause a moment and contem-

Carthage, founded by an Eastern queen from Tyre, soon attracted men of genius and enterprise, and became the seat of commerce from that city and from other parts of the world. Peopled by a war-like and enterprising race, whose genius and industry gave them a distinguished reputation and marked an important era in the history of man, still her surroundings were not favorable to agriculture, which alone can give permanency to any nation or people, and her bright career was brief—her fall certain, and so complete as scarcely to leave a trace of her existence, or a single monument of

Now turn we to the other side of the picture, and behold green and classic Italy, with her genial climate; her peculiarly mild and cloudless sky. Here lies imperial Rome, "the Eternal City," nestled in her seven hills. What a crowd of thoughts arise as her emblazoned history spans the blue arch above her? A history of power and pride—of authority and abuse—of conquest and corruption, luxury and licentiousness—a history tinted all over with glory and shame.

But we can only pause in reviewing the history of these renowned cities to read the lesson of upward and onward progress as applied to the race. The deep, surging waves of humanity have rolled on through dark nights and bright days, through storm and sunshine, and we have seen continued evidences of the progress of the race as we have

traced its movement Westward.

Let us go back and contemplate the history of a

nation which has figured very prominently on the pages of the past,

The Leveliter, a barbarous nation, who, after struggling into existence as a people, were taken captive and carried into bondage in the land of Egypt, and who, after long years of oppression, were brought out of that land and led sudward into Palestine. Here they attained to very considerable intellectual development, had a fair share of warlike energy and prowess, and were especially favored with a class of gifted historians and seers, poets, and among the most sublime productions of the race. Yet how little progress has marked their career. To-day they are seeking to keep alive the old symbols and forms that their fathers established more than four thousand years ago, and they are scattered over all the world, a wandering people, distinct, and yet without a nation or home anywhere, And why? Because two of the great primary causes of human progress, namely, Westward migration, and the intermingting of different races and types, have not been permitted to act upon this people. It was among these that Christianity had its origin, but it was not long confined to them. It broke asunder the barriers of isolation, and in its early career it moved Westward, and its disciples mingled with and made converts among all the nations in that direction.

This system rose, meteor-like, and for a few centuries illumined the mental and moral horizon, but owing to the condition of humanity, it soon became clouded with obscurity and error. Then followed the dark ages, in which crime and corruption, bigotry and persecution, had their sway, and a dark pail hangs over the history of man; yet out of these years of anguish and suffering, there came a brighter era; the chains which had bound the race were drawn so firmly that they burst, and a few minds, gasping for freedom, uttered the great sentiments of Protestant Liberty and demanded, with but a faint idea of its extent and importance, the right of private judgment.

During these long ages, agriculture and commerce, manufactures and the fine arts—history and poetry had been more or less spread over Western Europe, although theological hierarchies had held the people in chains of superstition and fear. This hard school of oppression, through which the race had been passing, tended to develop some noble traits of endurance and fortitude, heroism and self-sacrifice, the results of which can never be lost upon the race.

Yet all the experiences of the past go to show that these schools have the singular effect of making persecutors of the persecuted whenever the weight of oppression is lifted from them. A single instance in illustration of this may be given, in the case of the Pilgrim Fathers, who escaped from the yoke of oppression in Europe, and had scarcely landed upon the free shores of America before they became in turn the persecutors of the Quakers, and of other dissenters from their peculiar belief.

Another important influence in addition to the three already enumerated, operated powerfully in Western Europe-that of extensive countries in the Temperate Zone. In Asia, although there are to be found all the varieties of climate common to this globe, and in Central Asia many of these in a very limited space, owing to the configuration of the continent, there is no large extent of country having the climate of the temperate zone, with its alternations of the seasons. The ridge of mountains which runs across Central Asia, like a spinal column for the continent, divides it into two sections-that of the south so protected and shut out from the winds of the north, that almost the entire country has a tropical character, except only the mountain sides-while on the north the reverse is the case, and the entire country is cold and cheerless, exposed to the Siberian blasts.

Hence, no large nation or people on this continent have had the advantages of a temperate climate, which has been long known to be very important in developing the highest forms of intellectual and moral character in the human species. One scene more before we leave the shores of the

Old Continent, and turn to our own loved America.

The curtain rises, and we see Genoa upon the one side of the picture, and on the other the broad Atlantic, with three small ships far out and alone amid the desert waste of waters, and we are now at the close of the fifteenth century. We must pause

a few moments, to contemplate the history of these. About the middle of the fifteenth century there was born, in Genoa, a small maritime city on the Mediterranean coast of Sardinia, a man, who, by his genius and achievements, not only gave imperishable honor to that city, but marked an era in the history of the world, such as no other man has done. Christopher Columbus, a man descended from the common people, without ancestral fame or titles of nobility, but as an eloquent modern writer has said, "an enthusiast, a dreamer, a believer in Marco Polo and Mandeville, and in all their gorgeous fables-the golden shores of Zipango, the spicy paradise of Cathay-had conceived the magnificent project of seeking out what proved to be an addition to the known world of

another hemisphere.

"He had gone begging from country to country, from monarch to monarch, for countenance and means. His proposals rejected by his native city, he had carried them to Spain, then governed by two of the ablest sovereigns she ever had. But there the usual fortune of the theorist seemed to pursue him.

* * * * * * * * * * *

"HIs scheme was pronounced by the learned magnates of the Salamanca Council, (for when was titled science ever a pioneer?) to be vain, impracticable and resting on ground too weak to merit the support of the government. He had scantily found at last, even in the enlightened and enterprising Isabella, tardy faith enough to adventure a sum that any lady of her court might have spent on a dlamond bracelet or a necklace of pearl."*

The expedition was fitted out-and now let us turn to the other picture. Far out on the broad, unknown expanse of waters, with three small vessels and a handful of men was this brave man, inspired by an irresistible and divine impulse which alone could sustain him on such a voyage, when from day to day the sun rose and set as it were from the depths of old ocean, and at night the mariners' friends, the beautiful and bright eyed stars, came out and looked down upon them as they had never before looked upon man. When clouds and storms and raging winds made terrible the scene of desolation, and added to all these the cold and fearful tones of mutiny which rose from the men, surely no human heroism could have stood firmly against all these, and yet how nobly, how earnestly and determinedly, did he conquer all these obstacles and stand firm as a rock until success crowned his labors; the Rubicon was passed, and America was discovered.

And now a new era opens upon us, when next the curtain rises, and when we gaze upon it nearly two centuries pass away in which much privation

* Footfalls on the boundary of another world, by R. D.

and soffering were endured by the brave and heroic ploneers of the newly discovered land.

Again two scenes are before as on the picture the one a dark, heavy built Dutch vessel, going into James river, in Virginia, freighted with sighs and tears and grouns—the first cargo of slaves from the burning shores of Africa, to this new, virgin soil.

Palestine. Here they attained to very considerable intellectual development, had a fair share of warlike energy and prowess, and were especially favored with a class of gifted historians and seers, poets, and prophets, whose literary works will ever rank among the most sublime productions of the race. Yet how little progress has marked their career. To-day they are seeking to keep alive the old sym-

The tide of Westward emigration in Europe, which had long been arrested in its course, now burst forth, like a mighty river, whose stream had been obstructed, and poured in upon the Colonies, who offered strong inducements inviting a mingled tide of population such as the world had never before witnessed. The free air and broad expanse of the new country inspired a love of liberty and hatred of tyranny that awakened a response in many noble hearts who had felt the yoke of oppression in the Old Countries. It was boldly proclaimed that America was the asylum for the oppressed of all nations.

Not only were the people of all the nations of the Old Continent thus brought together, but all classes, high and low, rich and poor, learned and unlearned, of all these countries, found attractions and inducements here that invited them to break up their old associations, leave their homes and mingle their lives and their fortunes with the mass who were peopling the New World.

Great Britain still claimed the right to govern these as her Colonies, but the young giant, like a wilful child, became restless under the restraint of the mother country. A spirit of independence had grown up which scorned the idea of European control; unwise threats and attempts on the part of the old government only tended to fan this flame until at last it burst forth in a Revolution, commencing with what has been facetiously termed "the Boston tea party."

This effort to throw off the authority of the mother country, produced the immortal Declaration of Independence, in which the divinely inspired statesmen uttered sentiments which were far in advance of the minds of the masses. These, however, formed a rallying point, around which the people concentrated their energies, and after a severe and bloody struggle, gained that independence which gave them a separate and distinct position among the nations of the earth.

Let us now look again at the character of those two cargoes which centuries since we saw landing upon the shores of America.

First, then, in Virginia, slaves were introduced and a system representing the two extremes of society in the Old World. The unpaid laborer, owned and held as property by the capitalist, who was a type of the aristocratic and fendal systems of Europe. The climate and soil of the South favored this condition of society and gave a direction to this class of emigrants, who are, however, of all others the least disposed to break up their old and time-honored associations, and leave the comfortable landed estates and homes where for many generations their ancestors have dwelt, in their peculiar modes and habits of life. Hence the emigration to this section has always been meagre and unimportant, except of the laboring class, who, in spite of the efforts of several civilized nations to suppress the African slave trade, continued to be introduced in considerable numbers, which with their natural increase, gave them a preponderance, while the increase of the white race was mainly among the natives and from intermarriage, either in European countries or in the North. In many instances, persons from this section became the most vindictive defenders of the peculiar institution upon which the character and condition of the South mainly depended.

Although there is a large middle class of "poor whites" in the South occupying a position between the two prominent classes, the slaveholders and their slaves, yet there have been few inducements for emigration into this class of society, and but limited means for their removal into other countries.

The education of the slaveholder was not calculated to foster the Democratic idea of the equality of rights according to capacity, or to give him any respect for the laborer or labor which is the basis of all true wealth, either in individuals or nations. The arbitrary disposition to govern in the family and on the plantation naturally led to a desire to take a prominent part in the government of the nation, and history shows that this result was attained, and during the last eighty years the principal offices of the government have been held by Southern men.

The Pilgrim Fathers, on the other hand, were a hard working people—Democratic in their ideas, all of them accustomed to labor, strict religionists, rather bigoted in their views, but warm friends of general education, planting in their little towns the church and the schoolhouse, side by side.

The emigration to this section was far more numerous and varied. The artizans and workmen, who had given wealth and prosperity to the old countries, found attractions here, and means of introducing the various forms of labor, whence spring wealth, comfort and luxury.

The climate and soil, especially of New England, was not highly favorable to agricultural pursuits, but her numerous streams and waterfalls offered inducements to commerce and manufactures, while the broad prairies and fertile plains of the West offered great facilities for agricultural pursuits.

Industry everywhere, under this free and enlightened government enabled the masses of the people easily to obtain a competency and the enjoyment of more comforts and luxuries than had ever been realized by so many persons in any other community.

Intimately associated with free labor was the introduction and general establishment of free schools, in which the children of all classes received the rudiments of a sound, practical education. Avenues were opened to genius such as the world had never before furnished. The child of the poor man could, and did frequently make his way up to the highest post of honor, politically, intellectually, scientifically and morally. Unexampled prosperity crowned this experiment of a free government, unparalelled wealth among the people, vast agricultural productions, and such a system of internal improvements all over the land, as was calculated to supply the necessities of trade and gratify the wants of a free and happy people.

The flag of the country—the Stars and Stripes—
the emblem and representative of the principles on and for which the government was founded, was held in very different estimation in these two sections of the country. In the South it was but lightly esteemed—education was limited to the wealthy classes—denied by circumstances to the poor whites, and by law and strong prejudices pro-

hibited as effectually as possible to the black race. In the North, the flag was everywhere respected, but the pursuits of industry, and the acquisition of wealth were prominent features. It only required that that flag should be attacked and insulted to rouse up the slumbering patriotism of the country, and the prompt and universal response of the entire North, was a speciacle such as the world has selden witnessed. There was a blaze of patriotic fire that swept over the land and sent its rays far, far into the land of spirits, where it met with a hearty response, and was fanned into a stronger and more enduring flame. The conflict once begun, has grown In form and character, to a fearful height, and the land now mourns for the dead and dying ones. We cannot now speak of this struggle, but must page on to consider the duty and destiny of this country. Our fathers had clear glimpses of the principles upon which alone a permanent and enduring form of government can be established. They embodied these in their immortal Declaration of Independence and the preamble to their Constitution, but there were those who had power and influence in the nation, who had not risen above the low plane of Compromise. They planted the fatal Upas tree in the midst of the beautiful garden of Republican Liberty, and year after year the deadly thing grev and assumed such gigantle proportions that it cast a dark shadow all over the land. Slavery, the mother of oppression and tyranny, the fountain of corrup. tion for all classes of society, was this tree, and now the great struggle is to aproot it and remove it baneful influence-to do this in the Providence of God, war, famine, and pestilence are sent upon the land. For a time these must be but the direct clouds which will be raised, and another era will dawn ere long. Let me present another pictore Again the curtain rises and before us is a magnificent railway, stretching far away in the distance. It is a beautiful road, broad and strong, with a gently sloping grade, upon which the ears are now ascent ing. There is a very long train, of which neither end can be discerned. In the distance, to the front the cars are much more splendid; they are brilliant and shining with light, and we see many happy, smiling faces in these, and every thing is attraction and beautiful. Immediately before us in the train, the cars 24

plainer and of more rude construction. You may discover on close examination, a broad distinction between the cars at one point near us, and yet then are all attached and move on together. The perpla in these first rude cars, are familiar looking; they are our countrymen. A few cars back, there is terrible confusion. The cars are off the track, but they cannot be stopped; the passengers are, many of them, in the wildest confusion; some of them are falling out. There are large masses of black and disgusting looking baggage, which has been in this part of the train, and the weight of it seems to have been the cause of the cars getting off the track These cars go bumping along over the sleepers and rough stones, and some of them are almost turned upon their sides; everywhere they are dropping of this horrible baggage, and their passengers, too; but on the ears move, their connection is firm, and earnot be broken; they seem to move more rapidly than the other parts of the train, and there is a terrible shaking. Some very good people in these cars are holding on to this fifthy haggage still, as if it were the most valuable thing in the world. It seems as if the ears would certainly be broken to pieces, but they are made of a very strong material that cannot be demolished. In the cars just behind these which are on the track, there are many persons who seem pleased with the trouble of the former, and they say to themselves, "You will have to get on the track behind us soon, if you ever get on-you will no longer take the lead of us." Still there appeared to be a great many in these back cars who had friends in the front ones, and ther were very anxious about these.

This scene, said my friend, represents humanity in both spheres and all countries. The front ears, that are so bright and beautiful, have the spirits in them God is the great constructor and superintendent of this road; mankind the engineers who aid in moving each part of the train, but being all connected it must move on together. The first of the rough cars is your own country; this disaster is now upon your nation, but the great train of Republican Govern ment, that constitutes the American Union, will never lose a car, be broken or thrown out of its place in the foremost rank of the train. The care and passengers will be all the better for this terribis ordeal through which they are passing. The evils and corruptions, represented by that black and loathsome baggage, will be much of it lost nov. and the desire to have all this removed, will grow and strengthen with the people. As we looked now upon the picture, a change came over the scene and every car was again on the track, and all the impen and disgusting baggage had either fallen off, or the passengers were making arrangements to throw h overboard, and over each car the Stars and Stries were waving in beauty and triumph, and happy and smiling faces were there.

This picture faded away and I saw anotherdissolving view. First, a grand temple was are sented, with magnificent proportions and splend outlines, standing on a lofty eminence. It was to admiration of the enlightened world-the terri of the American Union. I gazed for a few more on its grandeur and magnificence, its lofty and aspiring dome, surmounted by the emblem Liberty, which unfurled its starry face to all the world. All of a sudden there burst out upon the Southern side of this mighty temple, a great cores gration; all along that side the wreathing farm pour out from every window and door, curling and crackling up along the sides. I see many are see ing to burn down the entire temple, but far me have rushed to the rescue and are determined to out the flames. In the violent struggle, the ments and external coverings are all torn of less ing a blackened ruin of bare walls, with desplay all around-without and within. Still, these will stand up there, firm and upright as the everlest hills, each stone hewn square and laid in its rise according to the true principles of Masoury, eterright and justice, become now more solld and in movable than when first laid by the Master Brid -the Fathers of "76. And now, while we gaze to it, an effort is made to renew its beauty. The asful and the ornamental are now brought by willing hands, and soon again the old splender will sho out upon it again; far brighter and more bestift does it appear. Everything that is now added not be weighed in the balance of eternal purity in justice, and if it be not up to the standard, is rejected and cast aside. Thus is being erected a temple if rivaled in splendor and utility, by anything which the world has ever beheld; a temple in which all for every right, and from whose mighty dome shill ever peal out the glorious tones of liberty through out all the land, and to all the inhabitants there Now, he said to me, this war must soon end, and

Prom Once a Week.

A Score of Years Ago.

Upon the rocky shore;
The brave waves whispered courage,
And bid, with friendly mar,
The fair ring words that told the tale
I dared not fell before.

I asked, if with the pricetess gift,
Her love my tife she'd block;
Was it her voice, or some fair wave—
yor scoth, I scarce may guess
fome murmuring wave, or her sweet voice,
That lisp'd so sweetly, " Yes."

And then, in happy sitence, too,
I clasp'd her fair, wee hand;
And long we stood there, carelessly,
White o'er the darkening land
The sun set, and the fishing boats
Were sailing from the strand.

It seemed not many days ago-Like yesterday—no mure, Since thus we stood, my love and I, Upon the rocky shore; But I was four and twenty then, And sow I'm forty four.

The His hand is thinner now,
And in her sunny hair
I see some slivery lines, and on
Her brow some lines of care;
But, wrinkled brow, or silver locks,
She's not one whit less fair.

The fielding boats a score of years

the entling from the strand;
The crimson sun a score of years
Sots n'er the darkening land;
And here to night upon the cilif
We're standing hand in hand.

"My darling, there's our addest girl,
Down on the rocks below!

What's Stanley doing by her side?"
My wife says, "You should know:
He's telling her what you told me
A score of years agu."

AMERICA-HER DUTY AND DESTINY. BY EDWARD D. BARRER, (Late of California.)

INTRODUCTION.

I was born amid obscurity and closely environed in the folds of that stern, but most efficient, mantle—powerly, which, while it crushes and depresses the dull and weak man, rouses the energies of the ambitious, and calls forth the strength and power of the strong, to do battle not only with this enemy, but with its allies—ignorance and superstition.

From my earliest recollection, I felt that all the obstacles that were around me were but so many stepping-stones leading up to that proud and lofty position, which my ambition pointed to me as the place I should one day occupy.

The angel of destiny seemed to open before my vision the gates of that future, and show me all that was to be mine in life, and I have blessed God again and again for the vision, for it not only fired my young spirit with ambition to labor for its attainment, but it was always before me, and in the trials and vicissitudes of life, it led me ever upward and onward. It was the star of hope on my pathway, the "pillar of cloud by day and of fire by night," and I never faltered—never turned back. It is not my purpose here to give a history of my life, its struggles and triumphs, its disappointments, and above all, its grand and beautiful realizations.

When the din of battle is over, and those noble veterans who are now suffering and dying for their country, shall behold, either from this shore, or from their peaceful homes to which they may have returned, the white winged dove of peace, with all her blessings floating over our whole land, and millions of freemen engaged everywhere in the peaceful pursuits of life, then, perchance, I may come and tell you the simple story of my life, and its labors, both on earth and here.

Now a nobler theme fires my bosom. It is my country and her destiny.

I knew when I crossed that river on the fatal day, that it was the river of death which separated me from life on earth and all its fond endearments, but I did not realize that it was to result in my promotion from an officer upon the gory field of battle to a high position in the inner life.

I can now look back calmly over my career on earth, and rejoice, that however I may have failed, whatever may have been my weaknesses, I never swerved from the path of rectitude or faltered in the line of duty. The grand and lofty purpose that I firmly resolved upon when I stood, a mere child, beside the coffln of my mother as it enclosed her fair form, was ever with me, and shielded me in the hours of trial and lifted me above temptation. My life on earth was happy, and my entrance here, even from the field of carnage and blood, was glorious and triumphant, and as I found my spirit borne away into the spheres by the loved ones here, it was still beneath the floating folds of that beautiful flag that I had lived to love and died to defend; but I must not pause here. I am nothing-the eause-the glorious cause of our country-its duty and destiny is everything-of that alone will I speak

CHAPTER I.

ON THE DUTY AND DESTINY OF THE UNITED STATES

Sitting in the vast amphitheatre of humanity and gazing with inspired vision into the profound depths of the ancient Past, let us pause for a moment and contemplate man in the middle of the nineteenth century of the Christian era.

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Ten thousand years seem but as an hour. On the canvass before us is portrayed the beautiful mountains and magnificent valleys of Central Asia. Bald and sterile are the snow capped peaks of the lofty mountains, while their sloping sides give us in beautiful order, as we descend, the climates and vegetation of the Arctic, the temperate and the tropical regions—a splendid miniature world.

As we gaze on this living picture, there stands before us a group of human beings. From the valley the dusky it tive living upon the spontaneous productions of the ath; perhaps an indolent and wandering Tartar, un spired by the beauty around, spending a life of likeless indifference. A short distance up the mountain another native, more vigorous and active, obliged to procure subsistence by the mingled products of the trees, the chase and by plunder. Still higher up the mountain side, a

* Nore.—In all his communications to me, through various mediums, and I have received many, the gallant and brave Colonel has invariably given this simple name, and he now requests me to add no prefix or title to it. H. T. C.

more vigorous looking class meets our eyes, driven by the rigors of the climate to seek protection sither in caves or in rude lints of their own construction; a warlike race, living mainly upon snimal food, the product of the chase, or of plunder from their less hardy neighbors. In the group, we may see those that, in more modern times, have been known as the Lesghians, the Georgians, the Ossetes, and several other families of man, and here among them the most strikingly beautiful of all these, and of all the types of humanity, the fair and beautiful Circassian, with pure white skin, rosy cheeks, fine dark hair, and dark eyes.

Now the curtain drops upon the scene for a few centuries. Let us not suppose that we have seen all the members of the human family that inhabit our globe in this era of its history. This beautiful green earth, with its broad plains, its fertile valies and rugged mountains had long been the home of millions of human beings, rude and barbarous, yet with the broad and illimitable destiny of humanity open to them, with all its grand, glorious promises and hopes.

Again the curtain rises, and the scene has moved a few degrees toward the setting sun. Babylonia's broad plains are before us; her beautiful cities of Babylon and Nineveh, with their magnificent buildings, their wonderful works of art; here we see a mingled multitude of humanity, strangers from various lands, and native Babylonians, each bringing some new treasure of human art and ingenuity, to aid in the movement of the race toward a higher state of development.

The curtain falls again for a brief period, and when it rises the scene is shifted a little farther to the West. The pleture now is ancient Phonicis, with her vast cities of Tyre and Sidon, in which, added to the wealth and magnificence of the former cities, we have navigation and commerce, two grand civilizing forces; here other faces mingle with the former, and new combinations of thought are the result,

The curtain falls and for a moment let us contemplate the causes of human progress. A trinity of forces rise before us. First—War, with its red and desolating hand, rousing every faculty to its highest pitch. Second—Mingling of races and types of humanity; and, Third—Migration Westward! In the history of man, the influence of these forces has ever been marked and prominent.

The curtain ascends, and again looking toward the setting sun, Egypt's broad plains and fertile fields, watered by that wonderful river, the Nile, are spread out before us. Her magnificent architectural structures, excelling in splendor all the works of the past, and unrivaled by the present. Her vast pyramids, the works of centuries, her grand temples and the stately ruins of former grandeur—all conspire to awaken lofty feelings in the mind.

The eastern nations were astronomers and architects. The Phonicians were navigators, and all the knowledge that mankind had acquired was brought into Egypt, and that which seemed to be an evil in this land, led to the first knowledge of the beautiful science of geometry. We have spoken of the river Nile. By a singular meteorological condition, the land of Egypt is so situated that no genial shower ever waters its thirsty soil. To supply this singular defect, the Nile is subject to an annual rise, in which it overflows large districts of adjoining country. This inundation saturates the soil with moisture, at the same time that it deposits a slimy mud on the soil, which renders it very fertile, and causes it to produce abundant crops with very little cultivation. In this overflow of the Nile, all the landmarks were liable to be swept away, and hence the inhabitants were compelled, at an early age, to study geometry in order that they might lay the boundaries of their lands, and establish the division lines between the property of different individuals.

Considerable progress has been made by the race, and man has risen to a higher point of development and civilization.

The curtain falls again, and a few centuries later we see upon the foreground the ancient Grecian States in their pomp and pride. Some of the races that we have already seen are there, mingling with

the native Greek.

The arts, sciences, and philosophy are cultivated. War, with its desolating hand, stimulates the ambition of the race. All that former ages had achieved became the property of this proud, conquering nation—while Literature and Poetry assume an ascendency that marks a new era in the race. Her poets sang pæans to the heroes of their land, which, while they celebrate these and their deeds of valor, make the land rich in that immortal literature, that ever lures the classic scholar into these broad and teeming fields. But even Greece, with all the splendor of her trophies and her achievements had her decline, and as the curtain falls, we pause to contemplate her ancient ruins.

Man had not yet unfolded those powers and faculties of his great nature, which alone can give permanency to the institutions that he erects.

Long ages of toil and suffering must be endured ere the race shall rise to that plane in which immortal and divine institutions shall spring up around man, as a beautiful outgrowth and expression of his own interior unfolding and development.

Again the curtain rises, and the scene has moved still Westward. The Mediterranean sea lies spread out before us, and to the South on the northermost shores of Africa, Carthage, queen city of the world, lies in the distance to the West, while in the foreground to the North we see Rome, proud mistress of the world. Let us pause a moment and contemplate these rival cities.

Carthage, founded by an Eastern queen from Tyre, soon attracted men of genius and enterprise, and became the seat of commerce from that city and from other parts of the world. Peopled by a war-like and enterprising race, whose genius and industry gave them a distinguished reputation and marked an important era in the history of man, still her surroundings were not favorable to agriculture, which alone can give permanency to any nation or people, and her bright career was brief—her fall certain, and so complete as scarcely to leave a trace of her existence, or a single monument of her greatness.

Now turn we to the other side of the picture, and behold green and classic Italy, with her genial climate; her peculiarly mild and cloudless sky. Here lies imperial Rome, "the Eternal City," nestled in her seven hills. What a crowd of thoughts arise as her emblazoned history spans the blue arch above her? A history of power and pride—of authority and abuse—of conquest and corruption, luxury and licentiousness—a history tinted all over with glory and shame.

But we can only pause in reviewing the history of these renowned cities to read the lesson of upward and onward progress as applied to the race. The deep, surging waves of humanity have rolled on through dark nights and bright days, through storm and sunshine, and we have seen continued evidences of the progress of the race as we have

traced its movement Westward.

Let us go back and contemplate the history of a Owen.

nation which has figured very prominently on the pages of the past.

The Israelites, a barbarous nation, who, after struggling into existence as a people, were taken captive and carried into hondage in the land of Egypt, and who, after long years of oppression, were brought out of that land and led eastward into Paleatine, Here they attained to very considerable Intellectual development, had a fair share of warlike energy and prowoss, and were especially favored with a class of gifted historians and seers, poets, and prophets, whose literary works will ever rank among the most sublime productions of the race. Yet how little progress has marked their career. To-day they are seeking to keep alive the old symbols and forms that their fathers established more than four thousand years ago, and they are scattered over all the world, a wandering people, distinet, and yet without a nation or home anywhere, And why? Because two of the great primary causes of human progress, namely, Westward migration, and the interminating of different races and types, have not been permitted to set upon this people. It was among these that Christianity had its origin, but it was not long confined to them. It broke asunder the barriers of isolation, and in its early career it moved Westward, and its disciples mingled with and made converts among all the nations in that direction.

This system rose, meteor-like, and for a few centuries illumined the mental and moral horizon, but owing to the condition of humanity, it soon became clouded with obscurity and error. Then followed the dark ages, in which crime and corruption, bigotry and persecution, had their sway, and a dark pail hangs over the history of man; yet out of these years of anguish and suffering, there came a brighter era; the chains which had bound the race were drawn so firmly that they burst, and a few minds, gasping for freedom, uttered the great sentiments of Protestant Liberty and demanded, with but a faint idea of its extent and importance, the right of private judgment.

During these long ages, agriculture and commerce, manufactures and the fine arts—history and poetry had been more or less spread over Western Europe, although theological hierarchies had held the people in chains of superstition and fear. This hard school of oppression, through which the race had been passing, tended to develop some noble traits of endurance and fortitude, heroism and self-sacrifice, the results of which can never be lost upon the race.

Yet all the experiences of the past go to show that these schools have the singular effect of making persecutors of the persecuted whenever the weight of oppression is lifted from them. A single instance in illustration of this may be given, in the case of the Pilgrim Fathers, who escaped from the yoke of oppression in Europe, and had scarcely landed upon the free shores of America before they became in turn the persecutors of the Quakers, and of other dissenters from their peculiar belief.

Another important influence in addition to the three already enumerated, operated powerfully in Western Europe-that of extensive countries in the Temperate Zone. In Asia, although there are to be found all the varieties of climate common to this globe, and in Central Asia many of these in a very limited space, owing to the configuration of the continent, there is no large extent of country having the climate of the temperate zone, with its alternations of the seasons. The ridge of mountains which runs across Central Asia, like a spinal column for the continent, divides it into two sections-that of the south so protected and shut out from the winds of the north, that almost the entire country has a tropical character, except only the mountain sides-while on the north the reverse is the case, and the entire country is cold and cheerless, exposed to the Siberian blasts.

Hence, no large nation or people on this continent have had the advantages of a temperate climate, which has been long known to be very important in developing the highest forms of intellectual and moral character in the human species.

One scene more before we leave the shores of the Old Continent, and turn to our own loved America. The curtain rises, and we see Genoa upon the one side of the picture, and on the other the broad Atlantic, with three small ships far out and alone amid the desert waste of waters, and we are now at

the close of the fifteenth century. We must pause a few moments, to contemplate the history of these. About the middle of the fifteenth century there was born, in Genoa, a small maritime city on the Mediterranean coast of Sardinia, a man, who, by his genius and achievements, not only gave imperishable honor to that city, but marked an era in the history of the world, such as no other man has done. Christopher Columbus, a man descended from the common people, without ancestral fame or titles of nobility, but as an eloquent modern writer has said, "an enthusiast, a dreamer, a believer in Marco Polo and Mandeville, and in all their gorgeous fables-the golden shores of Zipango, the spicy paradise of Cathay-had conceived the magnificent project of seeking out what proved to be an addition to the known world of another hemisphere.

"He had gone begging from country to country, from monarch to monarch, for countenance and means. His proposals rejected by his native city, he had carried them to Spain, then governed by two of the ablest sovereigns she ever had. But there the usual fortune of the theorist seemed to pursue him. * * * * * * * *

"His scheme was pronounced by the learned magnates of the Salamanca Council, (for when was titled science ever a pioneer?) to be vain, impracticable and resting on ground too weak to merit the support of the government. He had scantily found at last, even in the enlightened and enterprising Isabella, tardy faith enough to adventure a sum that any lady of her court might have spent on a diamond bracelet or a necklace of pearl."*

The expedition was fitted out-and now let us turn to the other picture. Far out on the broad, unknown expanse of waters, with three small vessels and a handful of men was this brave man, inspired by an irresistible and divine impulse which alone could sustain him on such a voyage, when from day to day the sun rose and set as it were from the depths of old ocean, and at night the mariners' friends, the beautiful and bright eyed stars, came out and looked down upon them as they had never before looked upon man. When clouds and storms and raging winds made terrible the scene of desolation, and added to all these the cold and fearful tones of mutiny which rose from the men, surely no human heroism could have stood firmly against all these, and yet how nobly, how earnestly and determinedly, did he conquer all these obstacles and stand firm as a rock until success crowned his labors; the Rubicon was passed, and America was discovered.

And now a new era opens upon us, when next the curtain rises, and when we gaze upon it nearly two centuries pass away in which much privation

* Footfalls on the boundary of another world, by R.

and suffering were endured by the brave and heroic plonners of the newly discovered land.

Again two scenes are before us on the picture—the one a durk, heavy built Dutch vessel, going into James river, in Virginia, freighted with sight and tears and grouns—the first cargo of slaves from the burning shores of Africa, to this new, virgin soil.

On the other side of the picture is the little May Flower just about to land, in the same year, her cargo of stern and stordy Pilgrims, upon old Plymouth Rock. How much of the history of this country was planted by these twin-cargoes? And to-day we are reaping the fruits of both. Let us trace a few of the events of history as we pass along.

The tide of Westward emigration in Europe, which had long been arrested in its course, now burst forth, like a mighty river, whose stream had been obstructed, and poured in upon the Colonies, who offered strong inducements inviting a mingled tide of population such as the world had never before witnessed. The free air and broad expanse of the new country inspired a love of liberty and hatred of tyranny that awakened a response in many noble hearts who had felt the yoke of oppression in the Old Countries. It was boildly proclaimed that America was the asylum for the oppressed of all nations.

Not only were the people of all the nations of the Old Continent thus brought together, but all classes, high and low, rich and poor, learned and unlearned, of all these countries, found attractions and inducements here that invited them to break up their old associations, leave their homes and mingle their lives and their fortunes with the mass who were peopling the New World.

Great Britain still claimed the right to govern these as her Colonies, but the young giant, like a wilful child, became restless under the restraint of the mother country. A spirit of independence had grown up which scorned the idea of European control; unwise threats and attempts on the part of the old government only tended to fan this flame until at last it burst forth in a Revolution, commencing with what has been facetiously termed "the Boston tea party."

This effort to throw off the authority of the mother country, produced the immortal Declaration of Independence, in which the divinely inspired statesmen attered sentiments which were far in advance of the minds of the masses. These, however, formed a rallying point, around which the people concentrated their energies, and after a severe and bloody struggle, gained that independence which gave them a separate and distinct position among the nations of the earth.

Let us now look again at the character of those two cargoes which centuries since we saw landing upon the shores of America.

First, then, in Virginia, slaves were introduced and a system representing the two extremes of society in the Old World. The unpaid laborer, owned and held as property by the capitalist, who was a type of the aristocratic and feudal systems of Europe. The climate and soil of the South favored this condition of society and gave a direction to this class of emigrants, who are, however, of all others the least disposed to break up their old and time-honored associations, and leave the comfortable landed estates and homes where for many generations their ancestors have dwelt, in their peculiar modes and habits of life. Hence the emigration to this section has always been meagre and unimportant, except of the laboring class, who, in spite of the efforts of several civilized nations to suppress the African slave trade, continued to be introduced in considerable numbers, which, with their natural increase, gave them a preponderance, while the increase of the white race was mainly among the natives and from intermarriage, either in European countries or in the North. In many instances, persons from this section became the most vindictive defenders of the peculiar institution upon which the character and condition of the South mainly depended.

Although there is a large middle class of "poor whites" in the South occupying a position between the two prominent classes, the slaveholders and their slaves, yet there have been few inducements for emigration into this class of society, and but limited means for their removal into other countries.

limited means for their removal into other countries.

The education of the slaveholder was not calculated to foster the Democratic idea of the equality of rights according to capacity, or to give him any respect for the laborer or labor which is the basis of all true wealth, either in individuals or nations. The arbitrary disposition to govern in the family and on the plantation naturally led to a desire to take a prominent part in the government of the nation, and history shows that this result was attained, and during the last eighty years the principal offices of the government have been held by

Southern men.

The Pilgrim Fathers, on the other hand, were a hard working people—Democratic in their ideas, all of them accustomed to labor, strict religionists, rather bigoted in their views, but warm friends of general education, planting in their little towns the church and the schoolhouse, side by side.

The emigration to this section was far more numerous and varied. The artizans and workmen, who had given wealth and prosperity to the old countries, found attractions here, and means of introducing the various forms of labor, whence spring wealth, comfort and luxury.

The climate and soil, especially of New England, was not highly favorable to agricultural pursuits, but her numerous streams and waterfalls offered inducements to commerce and manufactures, while the broad prairies and fertile plains of the West offered great facilities for agricultural pursuits.

Industry everywhere, under this free and enlightened government enabled the masses of the people easily to obtain a competency and the enjoyment of more comforts and luxuries than had ever been realized by so many persons in any other community.

Intimately associated with free labor was the introduction and general establishment of free schools, in which the children of all classes received the rudiments of a sound, practical education. Avenues were opened to genius such as the world had never before furnished. The child of the poor man could, and did frequently make his way up to the highest post of honor, politically, intellectually, scientifically and morally. Unexampled prosperity crowned this experiment of a free government, unparalelled wealth among the people, vast agricultural productions, and such a system of internal improvements all over the land, as was calculated to supply the necessities of trade and gratify the wants of a free and happy people.

The flag of the country—the Stars and Stripes—
the emblem and representative of the principles on and for which the government was founded, was held in very different estimation in these two sections of the country. In the South it was but lightly esteemed—education was limited to the wealthy classes—denied by circumstances to the poor whites, and by law and strong projudices pro-

hibited as effectually as possible to the black race In the North, the flag was everywhere respected but the pursuits of industry, and the acquisition of wealth were prominent features. It only required that that flag should be attacked and insulted to rouse up the alumbering patriotism of the country, and the prompt and universal response of the entire North, was a spectacle such as the world has seldon witnessed. There was a blaze of patriotic fire that swept over the land and sent its rays far, far into the land of spirits, where it met with a hearty response, and was fanned into a stronger and more enduring flame. The conflict once begun, has grown in form and character, to a fearful height, and the land now mourns for the dead and dying ones. Wa cannot now speak of this struggle, but must pass on to consider the duty and destiny of this country, Our fathers had clear glimpses of the principles upon which alone a permanent and enduring form of government can be established. They embodied these in their immortal Declaration of Independence and the preamble to their Constitution, but there were those who had power and influence in the nation, who had not risen above the low plane of Compromise. They planted the fatal Upas tree! the midst of the beautiful garden of Republica-Liberty, and year after year the deadly thing gree and assumed such gigantic proportions that it east a dark shadow all over the land. Slavery, the motheof oppression and tyranny, the fountain of correction for all classes of society, was this tree, and now the great struggle is to uproot it and remove it. baneful influence-to do this in the Providence of God, war, famine, and pestilence are sent upon the land. For a time these must be but the direct clouds which will be raised, and another era will dawn ere long. Let me present another picture Again the curtain rises and before us is a magnificent railway, stretching far away in the distance. It's a beautiful road, broad and strong, with a gently sloping grade, upon which the cars are now ascending. There is a very long train, of which neither end can be discerned. In the distance, to the front the cars are much more splendid; they are brilliant and shining with light, and we see many happy, smiling faces in these, and every thing is attractive and beautiful. Immediately before us in the train, the cars and

plainer and of more rude construction. You may discover on close examination, a broad distinction between the cars at one point near us, and yet they are all attached and move on together. The people in these first rude cars, are familiar looking; they are our countrymen. A few cars back, there is terrible confusion. The ears are off the track, but they cannot be stopped; the passengers are, many of them, in the wildest confusion; some of them are falling out. There are large masses of black and disgusting looking baggage, which has been in this part of the train, and the weight of it seems to have been the cause of the cars getting off the track. These cars go bumping along over the sleepers and rough stones, and some of them are almost turned upon their sides; everywhere they are dropping of this horrible baggage, and their passengers, too; but on the cars move, their connection is firm, and cannot be broken; they seem to move more rapidly than the other parts of the train, and there is a terrible shaking. Some very good people in these cars are holding on to this filthy baggage still, as if it were the most valuable thing in the world. It seems as if the cars would certainly be broken to pieces, but they are made of a very strong material that cannot be demolished. In the cars just behind these which are on the track, there are many persons who seem pleased with the trouble of the former, and they say to themselves, "You will have to get on the track behind us soon, if you ever get on-you will no longer take the lead of us." Still there appeared to be a great many in these back cars who had friends in the front ones, and they were very anxious about these.

This scene, said my friend, represents humanity in both spheres and all countries. The front cars, that are so bright and beautiful, have the spirits in them. God is the great constructor and superintendent of this road; mankind the engineers who aid in movine each part of the train, but being all connected it must move on together. The first of the rough cars is your own country; this disaster is now upon your nation, but the great train of Republican Govern ment, that constitutes the American Union, will never lose a car, be broken or thrown out of its place in the foremost rank of the train. The care and passengers will be all the better for this terribis ordeal through which they are passing. The evis and corruptions, represented by that black and loathsome baggage, will be much of it lost now and the desire to have all this removed, will grow and strengthen with the people. As we looked not upon the picture, a change came over the scene so every car was again on the track, and all the imperand disgusting baggage had either fallen of, or the passengers were making arrangements to three h overboard, and over each car the Stars and Stripe were waving in beauty and triumph, and happy and smiling faces were there.

This picture faded away and I saw another dissolving view. First, a grand temple was sented, with magnificent proportions and splendill outlines, standing on a lofty eminence. It was the admiration of the enlightened world-the terof the American Union. I gazed for a few mome on its grandeur and magnificence, its lofty and aspiring dome, surmounted by the embler Liberty, which unfurled its starry face to all by world. All of a sudden there burst out upon the Southern side of this mighty temple, a great cont gration; all along that side the wreathing have pour out from every window and door, carling and crackling up along the sides. I see many are sed ing to burn down the entire temple, but he are have rushed to the rescue and are determined to reout the flames. In the violent struggle, the arm ments and external coverings are all torn of hering a blackened ruin of bare walls, with desching all around-without and within. Still, there ve? stand up there, firm and upright as the everlastic hills, each stone hewn square and laid in its plan according to the true principles of Masoury, eters right and justice, become now more solld and in movable than when first laid by the Master Builde -the Fathers of "To. And now, while we gare up it, an effort is made to renew its beauty. The us ful and the ornamental are now brought by willing hands, and soon again the old splendor will ship out upon it again; far brighter and more besuti does it appear. Everything that is now added uns be weighed in the balance of eternal purity a justice, and if it be not up to the standard, is rejected and cast aside. Thus is being erected a temple as rivaled in splendor and utility, by anything which the world has ever beheld; a temple in which all humanity, high and low, shall find ample protection for every right, and from whose mighty dome shill ever peal out the glorious tones of liberty through out all the land, and to all the inhabitants thered Now, he said to me, this war must soon end, and

Says Rawlinson, writing in 1853, "On the clay

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Signs of Progress.

the right of suffrage, under restrictions that

shall bear equally on white and black. What next

shall the progressive party demand more appropri-

ately than the extension of civil and political rights

to woman! As the old parties now have no isms

except personal (granting the rights of suffrage as

secured) of course one of the parties, and that the

beaten and broken one must go to pieces, or furnish,

as the old broken Whig party dld, material for a

new one; and no doubt, as has been the history in

the past, a party in advance of the popular one in

power, and which at first only those who are willing

to wait for success and office can afford to join.

Already the friends in Minnesota have set the ball

in motion, and soon we can have woman's rights

the political issue in State elections, and by securing

it set our nation forward again by a more important

step than the abolition of slavery. Political pro-

gress is the order of exercises in our country, re-

ligious and social are of course involved, and equally

progressing. A close observer of the political

horizon of our nation, cannot fail to see the broken

fragments of the old Democratic party waiting in

groups and individuals to join in a new party

organization, with some issue of principle to

contend for. Of course no party can hold together

on mere personal issues for any length of time, and

the Democracy now have no other, and hardly

that, having abandoned, in recent struggles, all the

planks, except slavery and State rights. In the

struggle for national life or national destruction.

it lost both of them, the fragments of that once

progressive and mighty party having cast over-

board its old falseness. Autocratic Western leaders

are now ready to be gathered into a new pro-

gressive party, and again take the lead in great

National and State reforms. Equal rights to

woman being a cardinal principle of progress,

of course we shall have most of the churches

against it, from the Catholic of Rome to the Uni-

tarian of Massachusetts, with some noble excep-

tions of individuals, H. W. Beecher, S. J. May, etc.

It is interesting to watch the oscilating course of

leading politicians at this time; those who have

been held and swayed by a party and its platform

so long are now unable to swim without a plank,

and are at a loss to know which way to paddle-

where to strike, and with whom to join hands. Now

is the time to push out a plank, and Minnesota has

done it. I expected Vermont to do it first : but too

many of her enterprising, progressive minds have

gone to Minnesota, and there, in a new State, the

work begins. Shall we not take hold of this plank

and join with it some other good measures of

reform and progress-make up a new platform, and

go to the political and ballot battle on this issue?

My tongue and pen are ready for any good work

they can reach, to aid this great and most impor-

tant step of progress. Let us have a new Demo-

The eftizens of Minnesota are awakening to politi-

from the mountain peaks of spirit-life, from the land of beauty, there shall be poured upon the dwellers of your world a flood of light that shall Homine all the dark and mysterious paths of human life, and show to every one that there is but one foundation that standeth sure, either for individuals or nations, and that is the rock of eternal justice and truth, and that no effort, either of the individual or the nation to build upon any other foundation, will be successful and permanent.

Man may deceive his fellow-man, and appear to be what he is not, but if the foundation principles of his character be not laid to the line and plummet Trighteonsness and truth, he will find sooner or ster, either on earth or in the spheres, that his unding must be torn down, and a new and everseting foundation laid, on which alone a permanent and enduring building can be creeted.

The grand and beautiful temple of the government which our inthers built, will yet be laid upon such a formidation, and when we have thus fulfiled our daty, its destiny will be far more sublime than anything which has ever been realized by man.

One pictore more, and we close our scene. It is the future of America. The curtain rises again, and refere us lies outstretched the vast continent, extending far away to the north, amid the Alpine peaks, and snow-wreathed plains, down to the ropics where the blue waters of the gulf roll, from the Atlantic's shore to the Pacific's strand, a vast and mighty sweep of mountains, lakes and rivers, of broad prairies, and fertile vallies. All form one erand constellation of starry republies, dotted all over with happy homes of freemen; everywhere the boxy hum of honest, earnest labor and industry, everywhere peace and prosperity crowning the labors of a free and intelligent people, among whom science and religion are united; where philosophy and the fine arts are cultivated by loving hearts and willing

Such is to be the destiny of this great model Republic of the world; that grand Mecca, towards which the eyes of all the pilgrims of humanity, in all lands, are turned. It is coming, and oh, may God and all good angels and men speed the day and the hour when it shall be realized, and the bright dream of the poets and seers of all ages, as well as the reality of the dwellers of the higher spheres, shall come to be an accomplished fact-a substantial and enduring reality among the children of men.

> From the German of Anastasius Gruen. The Ring.

BY MRS. S. E. SKWALL. I sat on the brow of a mountain. From my country far away; Beneath me mountain ranges, Green vales, and corn-fields lay,

A ring from off my finger, In a quiet dream, I drew, pledge of love from a dear one, Given at the last adleu.

Before my eye, like a spy-glass, I held the golden wreath,
And peeped through the little circle
Down on the world beneath.

Oh! beautiful green mountains! And golden fields of grain! Well may so fair a picture Such fitting frame contain.

The slope of the mountain throng, There sickle and scythe are glancing The affluent stream along,

And beyond, the plain, where proudly The river rolls away, And far off the blue mountains With granite warders gray.

And cities with white spires, And forests green and grand, And clouds that, like my longing heart, Are drawn to a distant land.

The green earth and the Heavens, All these, encircling like a frame, My little ring contains.

Oh! a beautiful picture! To see the Heavens above, And all the land, thus fairly spanned, By the golden wing of Love.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal. Letter from A. J. Davis .- The Lyceum Herald.

NEW YORK, Nov. 18, 1865. DEAR JOURNAL :- Permit me, through your friendly columns to announce "to all whom it may concern," that the aggregate of all sums received up to this date, does not warrant the publication of another number of the little Herald, which, ifsteadily published and prosperous, would have been a sort of "campaign" advocate of the new forms and inspirations of Education and Philanthropy. But it is, perhaps, from two to three years before its time : therefore it will not be published, at least for the present. And I take this method of returning our grateful thanks to all who have so promptly and fraternally manifested their heartfelt interest in the noblest cause, and we hereby request all friends to withhold their "mites" and larger remittances for our proposed campaigner, and instead, to do all they consistently can, financially and otherwise, to sustain the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL of Chicago, and its elder brother, the Banner of Light of Boston, for these are established firmly, and are openly committed to the best interests of our common humanity.

The tract entitled "Death and the After-Life," promised in the Lyceum Herald, will be issued shortly and mailed to all who have ordered it. Also, further orders for it and for the Lyceum equipments will be attended to, and are hereby respectfully solicited. Address, as usual, at No. 274 Canal street,

The work in New York not now demanding my personal attention, I expect to pack up and "march" for a brief season, into the lecturing field. "The angel of the house" will not accompany me this time, but will remain to assist her daughter "Fannie," and her son "Charlie" in teaching classes in their successful gymnasium at Ebbitt Hall.

Let no mind construe our failure to publish the little Herald as an evidence of weakness or poverty on the part of Spiritualists. The meaning of it is: They have as yet no unity of purpose in the direction of strong public enterprises. We shall cheerfully work right onward, willing to wait a little longer. One of these days I hope to write you a more interesting letter.

Your Friend, A. J. DAVIS.

DEATH .- Death is the consoler of the lowly, the Nemesis of the mighty, the avenger of all wrongs Death robs the wicked of their prosperity and delivers the good from all evil. Death takes away the sting of poverty and the need of wealth. In the grave the poor shall possess what they desire, and the rich shall lose what they possess; the portion of both shall be rottenness and nothingness. The grave is a garment for the ragged Lazarus and nakedness for the purpled Dives. Death is the heir of all earthly sovereignty, and, in this world, the king that never dies. The grave is a fastness that a bare bodkin will open to him that would enter therein and no talisman unclose, for him that would Landmarks of the Old Theologies-No. 8. BY C. BARING PRCEITAM.

The ineffable Name in the high Masonic degrees comes to us from the remotest antiquity, when language was an organic and almost a living being-of germinal development-the Word "In the primitive germ as the petals of a flower exist in the bud before the mingled influences of the sun and air caused It to imfold "-or Father and Holy Ghost, including the Son of Man, "because," says Schlegel, "organic language or languages, with inflexions, include a living principle of development and increase, and alone possess, if I may so express myself, a fruitful and abundant vegetation." Muller demurs to this, though "It is still held by many with whom poetical phraseology takes the place of sound and severe reasoning." But it must be recollected that God's Word, in the sayings by them of old time, was draped

in this very "poetical phraseology," It was on this wise that the great "I AM" was symbolized in the Phallus, or, in the Indian mysteries, it was called the LINGAM, and was always found within the Holy of Holles of the temple. "It was held by the people in the greatest veneration, and the sight or mention of it produced in the minds of the ancients no impure or lascivious thoughts." It was the God, somewhat prone from His hidden wisdom and symbolic majesty, after whom the Israelites went astray under the name of Baalpeor, or Belphegor. Says Dr. Mackey, "the veneration of the Phallus, under different names, was common to all the nations of antiquity." It was the Biblical "root of the matter," and the point within a circle, with which Masonic emblem the Phallus has been identified by Dr. Oliver in an elaborate chapter in his "Signs and Symbols." In this aspect, it was enhanced by "the solar orb, or great principle of fecundity, and still retained by astronomers as the representation of the Sun."

Thus it was that the physiological kingdom on earth became, by interblending the astronomical and spiritual kingdom of heaven, "thy kingdom come, thy will be done, on earth, as it is in heaven ;" and when the seventh angel sounded in the degree of the Royal Arch, there were great voices in heaven, saying, "The kingdoms of this world are become of our Lord, and of his Christ-Light and Sun-and he shall reign forever. * * And the temple of God was opened in heaven, and there was seen in his temple the ark of his testament," where the Lord and his Christ would be symbolized as in the temple Ark of India by the Lingam and the Sun.

The Biblical Church have charged upon the heathen the worship of the organs of Genesis, when the same is in all the Biblical mysteries or wisdom of God, draped in "poetical phraseology." It is not to be supposed that the Freemasons worship these symbols more than others because initiated into their true meaning among the ancients. Though we may learn, at the same time, why women are excluded from examining candidates who aspire to "enter into the congregation of the Lord," according to the ritual of Mosaic Freemasonry, for there were certain conditions in which the Lord had departed, as when the seat of the Lord, or foundationstone, had been undermined; nor would Paul suffer a woman to teach in the churches, as not knowing the wisdom of God in a mystery; and it must be confessed that a modern lady lecturer rattled off a discourse on the virtues of the triangle which must have sounded marvelous to one versed in the ancient mysteries, or to a free and accepted Mason of the ineffable degrees. We should decide, however, that physiological truths are as proper to be known to woman as to man, and we rejoice to know that she is finding her way into medical colleges, and into other spheres of usefulness too long and outrageously usurped by man. We shall have less superstition in medicine and religion when the full Sun may be permitted to beam into woman's soul. We do but perpetuate the death of body and soal so long as we decide that the light shall not shine in full to woman as to man. To have noble men, we must have noble women. There should be for woman the full world in all the rights of labor, with the fulness of remuneration, as much as if done by man, and every department of mental work should be equally open to her from which to enlarge her sphere in the direction she may choose, as free and just conditions are necessary for all healthy development. A full, broad soul would have larger happiness than in trailing serpent skirts

through slime. Passing from this short episode on woman, who is always the polar star of the greater and lesser bears, we recur again to that ancient civilization whose "history has been written from the archives of language, stretching back to times far beyond the reach of any documentary history," in that esoteric, or symbolic Word of the Lord, that before Abraham was I Am. In that civilization of the wise men of the East, "if they had a root expressive of light and splendor, that root might have formed the predicate in the name of the Sun, and moon, and stars, and heaven, day, morning, dawn, spring, gladness, joy, beauty, majesty, love, friend, gold, riches," etc. Thus we read the general outpouring of the Spirit through all the relations of life, and "what applies to the Sanscrit and the Aryan family applies to the whole realm of human speech." Every language, without a single exception, that has yet been cast into the crucible of comparative grammar, has been found to contain these two substantial elements, predicative and demonstrative roots. In the Semitic family, these two constituent elements are even more palpable than in Sanscrit and Greek. Even before the discovery of Sanscrit, and the rise of comparative philology, Semitic scholars had successfully traced the whole dictionary of Hebrew and Arabic to a small number of roots; and every root in these languages has sometimes been called by

the name of triliteral. In this triliteral mode of the Word, we may find the root of the Trinity, as symbolized in the cross mark, or seal, of Ezekiel and St. John; and the Pope's Bull against the Freemasons would seem to be a big scare to the faithful to prevent their looking into the Ark of the Covenant, or the wisdom of God in a mystery, lest the Lord break forth upon them with a heavy hand as he did upon them at Ashdod and Bethshemish, (house of the Sun,) when he smote them in the secret parts and slew fifty thousand for looking into the Ark or "peering round dark corners, and disemboweling sacred mysteries," as per Dr. Hodge. The Pope's Bull may be as potent against Freemasons as the old bull against the comet. When Aaron proclaimed a feast to the Jehovah Bull, or Golden Calf, Moses ground him to powder, and made the children of Israel drink the jus bovinum, or beef-tea, as a peristaltic persuader to the understanding of emboweled mysteries. This Meribah tea, or bitter waters, would seem to have been as potent as the waters of jealousy in causing "the belly to swell and the thigh to rot" for "the Lord plagued the people because they worshiped

the calf which Aaron made." Those who, by creed, make the Bible the measure of civilization, might go beyond its pasteboard barriers, and find instruction upon the plains of Assyria.

tablets which we have found at Nineyels, and which now are to be counted by thousands, there are explanatory treatises on almost every ambiect under the sun; the art of writing grammars and dictionaries, notation, weights and measures, divisions of time, chronology, astronomy, geography, history, mythology, geology, botany," etc. True, above all this was one to be able to lay hold of the spiritual principle, and find an inflexible moral purpose in the government of the world; but all nations have been very much alike in this respect, and according to physical and intellectual development, so has been the varying pattern of religious unfolding. Our nineteenth century of churches and creeds have adjusted themselves to the plane of infernaldom, and hence have falled to carry the American nation to the greater light. While the South delighted in the murkiest hell, and quoted Scripture for its darkness, there was not wanting the sonorous amen, rung out from Northern churches with Io peans to "the sum of all villanies," and for the spoiling of other men's families to the aggrandizement of their own, till even hell was full, and belehed its treason and rebellion against the salf-evident truth that wrought our own independence. Yet the South was very plous, with plenty of ignorance, the mother of devotion, so that its clergy in their statement to England, boasted that, though they had much drunkenness and other vices among their soldiery, yet that they were not wanting in that religion that bowed to the formulas. In the Northern States, it is the most orthodox in self-righteonsness who are the hardest of heart; and the loudest in crying Lord! Lord! are the most averse to doing justly, loving mercy, and walking humbly with the down-trodden, as per M. D. C., in the Commonwealth, who instances the hitherto dark States of New Jersey and Connecticut, to say nothing of the Philadelphia Episcopal Convention. What matter, then, whether we find God in the person or in the personification? It is an everlasting truth, that inasmuch as we do wrong unto the least, we do it unto the Most High. The highest God we may know is God incarnated in humanity. It does not matter that in the ancient "Secrets of the Sun and Moon" we may find the Son of Man and the Virgin Mother. It does not matter that God is past finding out, as per Paul, if by his fruits we may know him "precious fruits by the Sun and alike precious by the Moon," as per Moses: or that in the ineffable name of HE-SHE, we live, move, and have our being, as per Paul, quoting from the heathen. Be it so that the Lord is our shepherd, or pastor, who pastures the heavenly hosts, and is sometimes transmuted into the bellwether of the flock. "Languages," says Max Muller, "so intimately related as Greek and Latin, have fixed on different expressions for son, daughter, brother, woman, sky, earth, moon, hand, mouth, tree, bird, etc. That is to say, out of a large number of synonyms which were supplied by the numerous dialects of the Aryan family, the Greeks perpetuated one, the Romans another. It is clear that when this principle of natural selection is allowed to extend more widely, languages, though proceeding from the same source, may in time acquire a totally different nomenclature for the commonest objects." Thus we must seek to find the ineffable Word through all its phases, and we find the little joker in the mysteries to have been se forth with the finger of God, and you put your hand on him, and like the flea, he isn't there, or is something else in a God newly up-then we have become initiated into the degree of Isaac or Laughter. 'The playfulness of Sydney Smith in handling serious and sacred subjects has, of late, been found fault with by many; but humor is a safer sign of strong convictions and perfect safety, than guarded solemnity." We fully agree with Muller in this; hence, whatever we conceive by the Holy Ghost, we speak right out in meeting, and this joy, Paul tells us, "is the fruit of the Spirit, as well as love, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, meekness, temperance; against such there is no law." To all this we subscribe most heartily; and if we sometimes appear to be a wandering star, looking too much

Says Muller: "Analyze any word you like, and you will find that it expresses a general idea peculiar to the individual to which the name belongs. What is the meaning of the Moon?-the Measure. What is the meaning of the Sun ?- the Begetter. What is the meaning of the Earth?-the Plowed. The old name given to animals, such as cows and sheep, was pasir, the Latin pecus, which means feeders. Animal itself is a later name, and derived from anima-soul. This anima again meant, originally, blowing, or breathing, like spirit from spirare, and was derived from a root, an, which gives us anila, wind, in Sanscrit, and animos, wind, in Greek. Ghost, the German Geist, is based on the same conception. It is connected with gust, with yeast, and even with the hissing and boiling geysers of Iceland." Thus we see how the Holy Ghost could come upon the Apostles like a mighty rushing wind, and how a little yeast, or leaven, could leaven the whole lump, and also how "the Lord shall hiss for the fly that is in the uttermost parts of Egypt, and for the bee that is in Assyria, besides moving in the mulberry trees for David." The Gothic termination of the same Word may also account for the hissing of many waters. "The soul being called saivala, we see that it was originally conceived by the Teutonic nations as a sea within, heaving up and down with every breath, and reflecting heaven and earth on the mirror of the deep." Thus, too, in the secret things which belong to God, we may see how his respiration in the Sun and Moon caused the tide, as well as some other risings and fallings in Israel, referred to the King and Queen of Heaven, the Holy One of Israel, and the Queen of Sheba, or Seven, or the more expansive blue-eyed Maid who nursed alike the children of the Sun-the heliades or sons and daughters of God-sometimes the heavenly Venus, or vesper daughter, as when "sunset draws his drapery round, and pins it with a single star," with curtains free as Nora's gown to rise and fall as heaven pleases. The starry daughters arrayed in gowns of the golden fleece, in the pattern of Nora Creina, and in pure linen, clean and white, not of the earth, earthy, in the long and foul skirts, were far more healthy and beautiful than in the compression of heaven by corsets or stays. No less as a matter of taste than of health, need we wonder that Perseus hastened to liberate the beautiful Andromeda from such bonds that the oppressed might go free, to be wafted in the fuller glory of the inspiring zephyr.

into the temple of Rimmon, then the Lord pardon

thy servant in this thing.

In the ancient way of personifying the various members of the human being, Philo Judæus declares that the Hebrew Scriptures are wrought from the same allegorical mode of being. Of the Levitical priesthood, it may be supposed that he knew somewhat of the ontlines of the more ancient Hebrew hermetic philosophy, or the hidden wisdom of God in a mystery. In some of the aspects of the Word, he gives us to understand how the woman and serpent "point the moral and adorn the tale." But where is the original of the Eden story in the Bible, and who does it belong to? Again, India would

appear to have the prior claim. Says Muller; "the name for love is smara; it is derived from smar, to recollect; and the same root has supplied the German selmerz, pain, and the English smart." Well, it must be confessed that love, even in English, is often a smart-weed of terrible potency, even though God is love; but the course of God in love so seldom runs smooth, on this side of the Jordan, that there is often a sad rending of the ways, except in the higher spiritual sense, or of charity, which is always sweet and glorious. "If the serpent," continues Muller, "is called in Sanscrit sarpy, it is because it was conceived under the general idea of creeping, an idea expressed by the word srip, * * The root is ah in Sanscrit, which means to press together, to choke, to throttle. * * It is a curlous root this, and lives in several modern words. * But in Sanscrit, it was chosen with great truth. as the proper name of sin," etc. Now, if we are curious to trace this most ancient root up through the tree and "fruit which brought death into the world, and all our woe, with loss of Eden," we must include the scope of esoteric physiology, as well as esoteric astronomy, the Typhon of Egypt, and other mystical serpent symbols, as well as the snakes of Moses. According to Philo, to go into Egypt is to take the way of the Word in that symbol which corresponds to the delta of the Nile. The black apron may also symbolize the way to Egypt as well as the Mosaic darkness which was over all that land. It is curious, likewise, to trace in the hermetic mysteries, or Word, how "the Lord made a covenant with Abram, saying, unto thy seed have I given this land, from the river of Egypt unto the great river, the river Euphrates." There is the female Egypt in mutual interflow with the Abrahamic river of life, or great river Euphrates; and thus the seed given to this Egyptian land should come forth like the sprouts from John Anderson, my Jo, and company, hence out of Egypt have I called my son. This seed, besides being translated to the heavens to become as numerous as the stars, and as of sands on the seashore, was also of that kind in the kingdom of heaven which a husbandman sowed in his field, and the woman hid in three measures of meal.

thus studded with the starry people, and very much cattle, is the stone of stumbling against which Bishop Colenso has dashed his foot, for the angels would not bear him up while so much under the dominion of the letter. It is the same letter which has killed and bruised all our churches in the uttermost excretia of the external. The Bible in most of its aspects being hermetic or esoterie, the Word is not to be seen and read of all men, but only by the initiated, or the students of the ancient divinity, such as have ears to hear, and eyes to see into the understanding of a parable, the words of the wise and their dark sayings. In the kaleideoscope aspect of the old theologies, "the Sun might be called the bright, the warm, the golden, the preserver, the destroyer, the wolf, the lion, the heavenly eye, the father of light and life." Hence that superabundance of synonyms where God, the sign, or symbol, or Word, masculine, and feminine, blending through every variety of shade, and what modern philosophy does not know, the ancient poets did know. 'The Logos had its meaning in reason." The Word is the thought incarnate, and to know how the ancients incarnated the Word in these mysteries, we must find the keys to the same. Adjusting these to their respective wards, we may open into the secret chambers where the clouded canopy of the heavens has its correspondence in the clouded canopy of the earth-where "the kingdoms of this world open into the kingdoms of one Lord and his Christ," and where the "sign" for one may interchangeably be used for the other from Genesis to the uttermost parts of the house that John built, which he measured with "a reed like unto a rod," till the "temple of God was opened in heaven," according to the measure of discovery on earth; hence it was the kingdom coming and the day of Jubilee to all who should ascend in the mysteries, through wise-seeking and well-doing.

Letter from Mr. J. H. Luther.

CROWN POINT, LAKE CO., IND., Nov. 13, 1865. DEAR JOURNAL :- I have received your welcome tidings from the commencement of your publication, and write simply to acknowledge my gratitude. suppose I am receiving the balance of my subscription to brother Hull's paper, and I shall be careful about renewing so as not to lose a single number of the "John in the Wilderness," as a friend of mine terms you. I do not fail to recommend your paper to the few friends in this region. I am now building, and will soon have in readiness a hall to accommodate Spiritualist and other reform lecturers that are not allowed the use of the churches. We should be happy to receive calls from lecturers, and I can say that none have everyet visited us without receiving at least a moderate compensation. We are on the line of the Chicago and Great Eastern Railway, 40 miles from Chicago. A comfortable "Bus" is at every train, which will take passengers to any place in town, and my "latch strings" have never been

I sent a number of the JOURNAL to a friend of mine-Joseph Piersons-in the army at Indianola, Texas, which delighted him so much, and called forth such peert remarks that I am induced to quote -he says, "Glory to God, Brother, what a power that (the JOURNAL) is to be! It fills the bill. Talk about steps in the right direction, this is a step right into the arena, with keen weapons and a well adjusted armor. The gladiator throws the gauntlet into the very face of all the old imps that have been sucking the life blood of Father God's down-trodden children. Long may it send its shot, shells, grapes and canister into the citadels of the opposers to the regeneration of man." He further says, "I have subscribed for the Journal, and obtained one other subscriber and mean to try hard for twenty more. I will take one share of stock every year if need be, although it is sunk, and what choice minds I will be enabled to commune with, away down here in my little tent. Hermit like, I will greedily devour the good things and tell them to the colored men, (he is band master in a Negro regiment) call them into my tent and read to them. I will also force them upon the Great big Heathen in my own jacket-he too, must learn from this John in the Wilderness. I cannot forsake the good old Banner; it too, carries a two-edged sword and deals killing blows upon old musty J. H. LUTHER.

A writer in the Atlantic Monthly proves by statisties that a man's longevity is in exact proportion to his educational attainments, provided his health has not been injured by over mental exertion. It seems that increasing intelligence and decreasing war have prolonged the average length of life in Europe from twenty-five years in the seventeenth century, to thirty-five in the eighteenth, and to forty-five in the nineteenth. The best educated communities are the longest lived, and the best educated soldiers live amazingly longer than the more ignorant, and seem to wear a charmed life, not so much against bullet and bayonet, as against the effects of disease, privation, and even severe wounds, on their constitutions and lives.

cal action, and starting a question that must soon agitate the whole nation-the question of woman's givil and political rights. For nearly twenty years the great question that has formed the dividing line between political parties, and which led at last to the contact and conflict of arms, and has been thereby settled, was the question of negro slavery, involving its legal, moral and social status in our nation. The defenders of the institution had, to a great extent, become barbarians in feeling, even though educated and refined in intellect, as the history of the war will prove. When their cause became desperate in political struggles, they did not hesitate to plunge our nation into a most horrible and destructive war, and to make the most reckless and desperate efforts to destroy our national existence, rather than give up the institution of Slavery. So bitter and vindictive were the leaders, that they would at last have given up alayery willingly, if they could thereby baye destroyed the nation, and taken their chances for conquest and glory in the general destruction and separation. But they were defeated at arms as at the polls, and at last the old political party that sustained them and gave them strength and credit, has succumbed, even in New Jersey, the last, most conservative and ignorant of the Free States, to the march of national progress. The last and finishing stroke of policy, i. c., to put the negro on an equal footing, and even race with the white citizen, will no doubt soon be accomplished by extending to him

The stone of Israel, or famed sapphire stone,

CRATIC party, that shall be more than a name, and collect the friends of progress from all parties and no parties, and joining our scattered forces, make

woman in her true place?

the same cause-Justice-that secured the success of the anti-slavery party, by and through the Republican and Union parties. Now is the day and

now is the hour. Shall we arise to action and put

a party that can and shall ensure our success from

WARREN CHASE. Vineland, N. J., Nov. 15th, 1865.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal. A New "Spiritual Text Book."

Several calls were published in the Banner some time since for a new "Spiritual Text Book"-a work (a sort of manual as I understand it) that shall comprise a full but brief exhibition of that wide range of facts and phenomena of Spiritualism which have been showered upon the country within the last few years, as found in numerous reported scances, witnessed by well-known responsible individuals and companies, and on which is predicated a belief in the reality of Spiritual intercourse. Of course, such a work should also contain a brief exposition of the philosophy of Spiritualism, and answers to the most current objections. Such a work, if restricted within such brief limits as to bring it within the reach of the million, and circulated through the country, at a nominal price, would most certainly achieve a vast influence, and accomplish much for the advancement of the cause. And I have long watched for some good brother or sister to respond to these calls; but as no one has yet announced such a work, or the intention to furnish it, I propose, with the aid and encouragement of the friends of the cause, some of whom have solicited me to do so, to enter upon the task myself, and desire all friendly to such an undertaking, who may be in possession of any important, well-attested facts, bearing upon the subject, to furnish them without delay-whether they are comprised in manuscripts, pamphlets or books; and for such favor they shall be supplied with a copy of the work as soon as it appears, without charge. Desiring the installation of every movement which can advance the cause, I am yours for Truth,

Harveysburg, Ohio, Nov. 15, 1885. K. GRAVES.

Would people be ever tedious if they could picture the minds of their hearers? or would they ever be bores, if they could take a look out of themselves ?

An English paper contains an advertisement: "A plane for sale by a young lady about to cross the channel in an oak case with carved legs." Lies, artifices and tricks are as sure a mark of a low and poor spirit, as the passing of false money is of a poor, low purse.

Extracts from Private Letters.

SAN JOHR. CALMFORNIA, Oct. 18, 1865. How many joyons hours have we had together, While surrounded by the dear once of the shadowland, and how widely our feet have wandered since last we met. You have, with your strong love for your fellow-men invored in the field of reform planting with mothing energy, seed that shall spring up and root out the weeds which have so long defaced the fields of earth, and I believe you will live to see the frait of your labor.

My soul goes out in search of those who were went to meet with me at our little gatherings, far away from this land of gold. I have wandered many rolles since, and to night, sitting in the twillight. looking back over the past, I feel that, although I have labored long, my work is not finished.

I came not here in search of gold, but of that priceless boon-health, and have partially gained it. I have been speaking here and in San Francisco. during the past season with good specess; I have just returned from a two months' tour over the Slergs Nevadas, where warm hearts and willing hands lightened my burdens and made my pathway easy and pleasant.

Sister, you who have traveled a stranger in a strange land, feeling that none but the invisible Searcher of hearts knew of the loneliness of your own-while the tear trembled and quivered in the eye, forbidden to fall, can appreciate the blessing of kindly greetings, and the welcome which can only spring from kindred spirits.

I am trying in my humble way to sow the good seed in this land of gold, and believe my labors are not in vain

The R. P. Journal, which you so kindly sent me, cannot be otherwise than a success. I accept the agency and will cheerfully do all I can to give it a wide circulation, that the great truths it so nobly advocates may bring "glad tidings of great joy to all people." I have had time to circulate it a little, and have the promise of several subscribers. I hall its advent from the livest of all live cities, with joy. I have been a constant reader of the Banner and Herald, and I have not forgotten the dear little Tide and its brave editress, sister Daniels -may the good angels bless her.

I read the notice of the death of my cousin, Harry Martin, and also his father's letter, and I felt glad, even while the tears bedewed my check, that the loved are mourned not as those without hope.

I remember him with his bright and sparkling eyes, his noble brow and clustering hair, as last I saw him in earth life. While his parents may mourn the loss of so good a son, they may rejoice that his goodness will attract around him and into their presence good angels to cheer them down the declivity of earth life.

California, as you have been made aware by the telegraph, ere this, was visited with a severe earthquake, on Sunday, the 8th inst. Much damage was done to brick buildings. This coast, for hundreds of miles, rocked like a ship upon a rough sea. There was first a violent shock, then a rumbling sensation, of perhaps five seconds, then a severer shock, and a swaying to and fro, or rocking motion of the earth for fifteen seconds. It was with great difficulty that persons could keep upon their feet. It is said, by those who witnessed it that the "tallest steeple" swaved to and fro out of a perpendicular line, fifteen feet. An old Spanish settler says there was an earthquake in 1814, which shook down every building in this valley-the buildings were built of adobes. People here feel a little skittish about the future. Should a little harder shock come, and in the night, it would kill hundreds of thousands of

Yours in love and truth, C. M. STOWE.

For I look to the R. P. JOURNAL to become a potent means of grace to save human beings from that theology which so foully belies and abuses them, and which so impudently and arrogantly insults the Good Father, and outrages his children, and from that philosophy that so persistently ignores the self-evident truths and facts of our nature.

I send you a copy of "Living Present and Dead Past." I direct it to the JOURNAL. I design it for you. Read it, and if you deem it best, notice it in the JOURNAL. My life, my destiny, my God, my heaven, my whole soul, mind and thought, are in this book, the one thought of my life for forty years -is there, f. c. MAN, SACRED and INVIOLABLE! Let man and woman be tenderly loved and worshiped; let all recognize it as a living truth, that man-male and female-is the image of God, and God made manifest; let man and woman be held as sacred as God is ; and let all religions and governments, all dogmas and decrees of courts and councils, be tested by their tendency to inspire man with a tender, loving reverence for man-and the one end of my life will be attained. HUMAN NATURE-in and out of the body-is one. One in origin, one in essence, one in its demands, one in supplies, one before God, one in destiny. It is first and above all. All else, in affection and interest is secondary and subservient to it. This thought and feeling I have tried to put into the "Living Present and the Dead Past."

HENRY C. WRIGHT. Boston, Mass.

I thank you kindly for several copies of your glorious paper just received. I awaited its first appearance with no little anxiety, having been warned of its coming, and wondered whether the JOURNAL would supply the demand which the people of liberal views all through the country had made, for another channel through which to express their honest, heartfelt sentiments with fearlessness, and from which to receive the living waters of inspiration to refresh the weary, thirsting spirit.

The need of just such a paper as you have sent forth to the world, has long been felt by the people of the great West, and now that the want is supplied in the R. P. JOURNAL, my earnest wish is that it may be generously sustained, and become one of the lofty pillars in the temple of truth which the mighty architect, Progress, is designing, and the ceaseless workers, Development and Reform are rapidly building. Your gem-laden folds, dear Jour-NAL, are flung to the breeze at a most auspicious moment, for

"We are living, we are dwelling, In a grand, eventful time,"

and while the most important questions of the age, at least to the people of our one country," are up for consideration, it is most propitious that the power of the pen should be wielded by able hands, to stimulate the people to noble action.

The national question of reconstruction will scarcely be disposed of, ere the already disintegrating elements of society will call for reformation and reconstruction upon a true basis, in lieu of the false one, now rapidly falling to decay; then the spacious field of Spiritual Liberty will call for the brave and true to enter the arena of intellectual and religious freedom, and wage the world's first great war of thought and principle against tradition and profession. May God and the angels aid you in the great and glorious work upon which you have so

promisingly entered, was the earnest prayer (on viewing the R. P. Jounnay, for the first time of LAURA DEFORCE GORDON. Houlton, Ma., Oct., 1888.

I am shortly off for Texas to open schools on the borders of the wilderness, and though I have received many invitations to go West and lecture, and although I can quadruple my present income by so doing; yet, being troubled with education on the brain, I prefer starvation and duty to fame and plenty. I have just sent in my resignation as teacher at \$125 a month, and accepted a place with no salary, but plenty of work-in a good cause. If I fall, as my lungs tell me I shall, I fall in the cangoard of human progress. God help me! and bless P. B. RANDOLPH.

NEW ORLEANS, LA., Nov. 4, 1865.

Religio-Philosophical Journal

OHIOAGO, DECEMBER 2, 1805.

OFFICE, 84, 86 & 88 DEARBORN ST., 3d FLOOR.

RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION. PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS. GEO. H. JONES, Secretary. S. S. JONES, President.

\$5 For terms of subscription sex Prospectus on eighth page. "The Pen is mightier than the Sword."

To Postmasters. All Postmasters in the United States and British Provinces are requested to act as Agents for this paper to receive and remit subscriptions, for which they will be entitled to retain FORTY CENTS of each \$3.00 subscription, and TWENTY CENTS of each \$1.50 (half-year's) subscription.

To Our Patrons,

All persons sending money orders, drafts, etc., are requested make them payable to the order of the Secretary, George Subscribers who wish their papers changed, should be par-ticular to state the name of the office to which they have

een sent, as well as the office to which they now wish them On subscribing for the Journal, state the number of the paper at which you wish to commence

Interesting Historical Notes.

CRURLTY OF CARRACALLA. - Every province of the empire, in turn, felt the cruelty of Carracalla. He was the sworn enemy of mankind. Elected by his father, Severus, to the joint administration of the empire with his brother, Geta, he had the latter assassinated in the presence of their mother, who vainly strove to shield him with her arms, and was covered with his blood. That horrid fratricide began a series of crimes of unparalleled atrocity. He left the capital in the first year of his reign, and never again returning to it, he traveled the vast provinces of the Roman world, stretching from the frozen regions of Scandinavia, to the burning sands of Sahara; from the pillars of Hercules to the Euphrates, carrying his entire court and all his Senators. He exhausted his ingenuity in devising methods of extortion, and production of misery.

While at Alexandria, in Egypt, in time of general peace, without the slightest provocation, he gave orders for a general massacre, and from the secure height in the Temple of Serapis, gave the orders, and watched the progress of the cold-blooded murder of several thousand citizens and strangers, without distinction of sex, age or rank.

COMMODUS, from infancy, showed an aversion to everything good and ennobling, and was fond only of the base amusements of the vulgar. He prided himself in the skill with which he threw the javelin, and steadiness of hand in aiming the arrow. He left the cares of government in the hands of profiigate ministers, and resigned himself to the pleasures of a seraglio, filled with beautiful women taken by force from the various provinces of his empire.

He was ambitious of equaling Hercules, and the wilds of every clime were searched for wild beasts, to be fought by the hand of the emperor of the world, in the arena at Rome.

Here, degrading himself to the rank of a gladiator, he amused and was scorned by assembled thousands. A hundred lions sprang from their dens at once, and a hundred darts from his unerring hand silenced their rage. He attacked the impenetrable rhinoceros and huge elephant, with equal success, and seven hundred and thirty-five times fought with trained antagonists, often inflicting the death wound. He loved blood with the insatiate thirst of a hungry

Sapor, the renowned Persian monarch, defeated the Roman Emperor Valerian, and investing him with the royal purple, and chains, exposed him to the audacity of the multitude, and whenever the haughty Persian mounted his horse, he stepped on the neck of the Emperor of Rome. When the latter sank, broken-hearted under the terrific reverse of fortune, Sapor had his skin stuffed with straw into an exact image of him when living, and set up in a celebrated temple, where it remained for ages, a more barbarous but as enviable a trophy as those of marble and brass erected by the Romans. It was the practice of Sapor to comfort the families of deceased satraps, or governors, by sending them as presents the heads of the guards and officers who had not fallen by their master's side.

In the Boston Athaneum are busts of a score or more of the emperors succeeding Augustus, culled as it were from the most depraved epoch of the empire. They are undoubtedly truthful, and the observer, as he surveys the semicircle of heads, feels a creeping fear, as if in the presence of wild and ferocious beasts. The low and retreating foreheads, thick heads, heavy jaws and coarse features, express ferocity, cunning, brutality, but not a gleam of refined emotion or spirituality. There are exceptions. Many noble heads are interspersed in that circle, but I noticed they were among the short lived rulers. In those turbulent times, when the Roman world was undergoing a separation, a dis. memberment of its incompatible and antagonistic elements, brutality seemed a necessary qualifica-

The view of them is of itself worth visiting that consecrated gallery of art. Human tigers, lions and hyenas scowl from their pedestals! Such men once governed the Roman World! The fate of millions was held in their hands, and they used their unlimited power to rend and lacerate. History is not false in her terrible statements of the cruelty and brutality of these men. She cannot overstate their atrocity.

But in these random notings from history, it is not my design to present only cheerless and brutal pictures of the reckless passions of man. Let us look at one drawn from the history of China.

MENTIUS, born 400 B. C., was the expounder and interpreter of the great Confucius, and has been for more than 2,000 years revered by the Chinese as a

To his mother, as do most great men, he owed all his glory. Her prudent and attentive care is cited by his countrymen as a model for all virtuous parents. The house she occupied was near that of a butcher; she observed that at the first cry of the animals that were being slaughtered, her little son ran to be present at the sight, and on his return he

sought to imitate what he had seen. Fearfirt that his heart might become hardened, and he accuse tomed to eights of blood, she pemoved to another house which was in sight of a cometery. The relations of those who were buried there, came often to weep on their graves, and make the sistemary Bhatlons; Mentius soon took pleasure in their ceremonies. and amused himself in imitating them. This was a new subject of unsusiness to his mother, Changelre. She feared her son might come to consider as a jest what is of all things the most serious, and that he might acquire a habit of performing with levity, and as a matter of routine merely, ceremonles which demand the most exact attention and respect, Again, therefore, she changed her dwelling, and went to five in the city, apposite to a school, where her son found examples most worthy of imitation, and soon began to profit by them,

So truthful was she to him, that observing some men slaughtering a ply, he asked her why they did the"to feed you," she replied; but reflecting that this would teach her son to lightly regard the truth, she procured some of the ment and gave bim.

Such is the story of Remnsat. Many a mother might be taught a lesson of conduct to her children by this Chinese matron, who lived four centuries before Christ. She understood the duties of maternity, and cheerfully accepted them, and to her they became a radiant crown of stars. She said her first and paramount duty was to guide her son in the right path, so that he would become a manly man: Well did she succeed, and countless millions have blessed her name, and that of her divine son,

But every mother of a child has the charge of just such a boundless espability. Confucius or Mentius, or Jesus, are not exceptions of divinity. Every child is divine, and capable of infinite mental and spiritual expansion, and much depends on the mother. Her care is that of the tender plastic germ, and one word, one act, may blight or ennoble.

Then and Now.

William Lloyd Garrison has been in Chicago. He spoke before the Young Men's Association. Rev. Robert Collyer, introduced the speaker. He was received with approbation-with applause, by a large and intelligent audience. The lecture was on the "Past, Present and Future of our Country."

We were reminded, while listening to the encomiums justly rendered to the man and to his measures, of the battles he has fought without applause, of the mighty victories he has won over demagogism and misrule, amid the jeers of men in high places. We turned to the past, and seemed to see a pale, fair child, bending over the awl and last. The slender fingers toiled, but the brave heart rebelled against the inquisitorial bench-Excelsior was the boy's motto. The word was talismanic. On he went from the shoe shop to the wood-saw, from the saw to the cabinet shop, thence to the printing office. There we find him, a tall, handsome youth, picking up bits of metal, and putting them into such words as Emancipation, Abolition, Rebellion, Reconstruction, wondering, meantime, at their strange import. But he somehow felt that these mysterious words contained mighty problems and that to him would be given the solution.

A little later in life, he solved the mystery that these few words contained. He clearly saw the wrong doings of the nation; he felt that the wrongs which were inflicted upon millions of American citizens in consequence of their color, was an outrage upon justice and mercy. As one in olden time prophesied the destruction of Jerusalem and wept over her prospective doom; so this modern prophet foresaw and foretold the reign of terror-the battle for freedom-which has scourged our fair country. Like the other missioned emancipator, he read the handwriting of the Eternal in the book of Time. and went forth consecrated by heaven to warn, to plead, to save, if possible, the nation from the outpouring of the last vial in the Apocalypse. Mr. Garrison knew no sect or country, his motto was and is, "My country is the world, my countrymen are all mankind," For the universal Man he worked, while he urged, insisted, that justice be done the outlawed-the human merchandise. He loved the oppressor, and for that love's sake, told him his sins. A few heard, heeded, and made haste to expiate the wrongs inflicted upon the slave by giving him back to liberty-to himself. Others less guilty, perhaps, linked with Mr. Garrison helping hands, in the mighty work of emancipation. These coworkers, however, were but as units among thousands. The slaves in the cotton fields, in the rice swamps, and those who had fled to the mountain fastnesses, heard the echo of his mighty words and sent back a "Lor bress you;" but the owners of these human hearts offered a reward for the noble

N. P. Rogers, said Mr. Garrison, is another Columbus in search of the land of Liberty; South-Side Adams said, "the man is a death deserving traitor, George Thompson and Victor Hugo sent 'God prosper you!" " across the sphere. Those brave words fell upon Mr. Garrison's ears while the Boston broadclothed mob were making the holy night hideous with anathemas, and scourging him with mud and unmerchantable eggs. Boston opened her prison to protect Garrison from the desperadoes who were allowed the freedom of the city. This was a dark night in the life-history of a man without money, without the prestige of name-dark indeed; for some who had openly espoused the Garrison cause, followed afar off, or, like Peter at the betrayal, knew not the man. A few staunch souls followed this modern martyr with hosannas, to the prisontomb. There and then he, in the glory of his manhood, strong of heart, honest and earnest in his work, consecrated his powers, his energy, his life, his all, upon Freedom's sacred shrine. He came forth from his asylum like one purified, glorified. He had passed deep waters unharmed. He had mingled with the corruption of the Puritan city, but

held his divine soul aloof from contamination. Mr. Garrison denounced the slave trade; he denounced it in the name of our common humanity. For this righteous act he was imprisoned in the Baltimore jail forty-nine days, when Arthur Tappan of New York, a noble co-worker in the same cause, paid his fine, and he was set at liberty. These days have ended, their like the world will never know again. The visions of the seer have been realized; the prophesies fulfiled. The freedom battle has been fought, the cloud of cannon smoke has passed away. The chastised nation has risen from her baptism of blood, and has put on the garments of rejoicing. In this New Age, Mr. Garrison sees himself like one risen from the dead. Men everywhere greet him as friend. The pulpit no longer denounces him; if it will not applaud, it is wisely silent. Baltimore has opened wide her gates to give her prisoner greeting. They who clamored for his head, ask reverently now, for his heart, and they would hold themselves ennobled by the crossing of palms,

Once-not long ago-he held his life too sacred to be risked in our National capital. That city of chains and of churches had no welcome for him. Now the city gives him a joyous greeting; chains A liberal patronage is respectfully solicited.

and anetter placks are no longer stambling blocks in his way, floating gloriday the martyr sice mobbed and the glad-hearted nation is twining for him im-

William Lloyd Garrison is an old man now. He is broking heyond life's squase. The fell tops of the Marning Land are in stant; the angels who sent him forth the hearer of warnings, love lader, are westing to erown him yletor.

The Pulpit vs. the Stage.

Rev. R. M. Hattleld, of Chicago, delivered two sermons, on "The Theatre-Its History and Inflaence,"

The second sermon was delivered on Sunday, the 19th oft

On the morning of the 20th ait., the city was placarded with the following notice :

'MCVICKER'S THEATER .- This Monday evening, November 20th, 1865, the performance will commence with the sterling tragedy of 'Lucretta Borgia.' After the play Mrs. Cowell will reply to the Rev. R. M. Hatfield's attack on the stage, written by an eminent scholar of this city."

This novel announcement called together a very large and respectable audience. Not because that fearful tragedy, "Lucretia Borgis," was to be repeated; but a woman-an actress-was to pick up the gauntlet thrown at her feet by a popular doctor of divinity.

We did not admire "Lucretia Borgia." We were shocked by the too truthful rendering of that wicked woman's life; but "Genarro," the soldier, the hero, redeemed the fearful tragedy. But of the sermon we were writing. At the last rising of the curtain, Mrs. Cowell, in the true character of woman, walked to the footlights amid the cheers of the waiting multitude. She plead grandly, proudly, for the members of her profession. Not for herself did she demand justice, but for the great army of true, noble men and women who, through toil and triumph, have graced the profession, and whose untarnished lives have done honor to our humanity.

In one respect we were disappointed in Mrs. Cowell's reply to Dr. Hatfield. He said, in his attack upon the stage: "Is there a man who is an actor and has a respectable character? Who is there in this house who would not sooner see his daughter in the grave than married to an actor?"

He "did not intend to speak bitterly of those following the profession of actors and actresses, but he knew that those following that profession were among the worst people in the community. Asking a gentleman one day, who had been for many years intimately acquainted with the theatre, who had attended it regularly four or five times a week, and who had admission to the green room, whether there were really pure women that he knew, on the stage, any that were perfectly above suspicion; he was answered no. Appealing to the young men present he asked them if they would like to see their sisters actresses, married to an actor, or even

No wonder the person to whom Mr. Hatfield refers has never known actresses who are above suspicion, when from the pulpit he hears them denounced and shockingly traduced.

"The theatre was," he said, "an Augean stable. The accumulated filth, the moral filth of ages had gathered in them. No Hercules was strong enough to turn through it a stream sufficiently great to purify it. Efforts had been made in this direction, again and again."

We wondered that Mrs. Cowell did not remind the reverend gentleman that those who have been behind other curtains, have hinted that all profilgates are not actors and actresses. True, sinners have preached morality in plays-so they have from pulpits. Vice and crime are quite as ready to borrow clerical as theatrical robes.

Dr. Hatfield said: "The first reason why the theatres could not be reformed was, that they were frequented by persons who are in quest of that kind of excitement and ready to pay for it. There was a strange fascination which urged people, generally virtuous, to get clear out at the verge of rectitude. They seemed to have an ambition to go as near as possible to sin, and flit between virtue and vice. It was the theatre that pandered to these people. It was because the theatre ministered to these unholy passions, that it was supported."

That was a wicked inuendo. But a little woman has called the doctor to judgment, so we will let him pass. But we are not quite satisfied that Mrs. Cowell did not refer us and the reverend gentleman to the unsullied souls of Charlotte Cushman, Laura Keene, Frances Kemble Butler and Anna Cora Mowatt. Has the world known worthier women? Lives there a man of soul who would not speak reverently their names? Is there a woman, worthy the blessed names, wife and mother, who does not thank God for incarnating so many womanly virtues in their hearts? And, then, hasn't the Rev. Mr. Hatfield insulted one of the worthiest of Chicago women-Mrs. Marble-in his wholesale denunciation of the profession?

We publish the lecture entire. It is a splendid vindication of the stage, and a righteous rebuke of Pharisceism.

To Our Patrons.

We refer especially to our subscribers whom we have been furnishing on account of " The Progressive Age," (Moses Hull's paper.) Knowing that Mr. Hull's subscribers are expect-

ing us to make up the deficiency on their subscriptions, we are doing so at a very great loss, with no other compensation than the expectation that those friends will renew their subscriptions so soon as their time expires for the Age, at an equitable equation of time, which will be found duly estimated and printed on the margin of each of those subscribers' papers.

We hope our friends will renew these subscriptions before the expiration of the time thus noted on the margin of their paper.

We keep no other accounts with subscribers, consequently it is at considerable expense that we distribute the type and re-arrange the same for a subscriber who does not renew his subscription until after his old one expires.

It would be manifestly unjust for these subscribers to wait until we had distributed the type and readjusted our mailing apparatus before sending in their money for the renewal of their subscriptions.

There are several whose time has passed, for renewal, but we have continued their names on our mailing machine, and sent them the JOURNAL, in hopes they would soon send in their subscriptions. We aim to publish a newspaper, in every point of

view, unsurpassed in any part of the world. Our machinery is abundantly competent to the task-not only for the mechanical part of our Jours

NAL, but for all kinds of work known to the art. We command the best talent in the reformatory schools of the age. Indeed, we are especially shrered in every particular to province just such a paper as Spiritualists and other restrains throughout the

world are in need of and most ardently desire.

Splendid and most Significant Paragraph

In Mrs. Cowell's reply to the Rev. R. M. Hatfield D.D., of the Methodist Church, is contained the folowing paragraph, which is worthy of special at-

"The first woman plucked the fruit of the tree or knowledge and gave it to the first man to eat, and thus brought death (a doubtful evil) into the world . eran, woman ought to be abolished. But I, a woman uphold and glory in the deed of the Ard of my see, in that act, woman began the mission she has since fulfilled, through countless generations. The mission was and is, to rouse man from sensual torpor; stimulate him to herois ambition, to divine aspirations, to urge him ever to a nobler, lottler plateau of existence, mental, moral and material. Woman plocked from the tree of knowledge-wa from the tree of life. Sublime choice! Glorious anyony of the divine spark to be transmitted to her race, and ever nequenchable to remotest agen; for what is knowledge but to approach the creative throne; to lift the mystic well and behold with holy avand fearless wonder the might and majority of the God. To be the priest of knowledge, is to be the interpreter of His oracles, to converse with Him daily, hourly, as flesh with suknown inficity. It is to read in the sir, on the ocean, in the skier rac. above, in the unfathomable earth beweath, in all things, from the wing of a grasshopper to the for tebras of a megatherium, volumes written by the handlof Omnipotence, and intelligible only to these true Prometheans, worthy descendants of the fore sons of the 'embrace of angele,' whose place wisdom taught them to reject the tasteless from or mortal immortality."

The Chicago Weekly Tribune, in its issue of Tox day, November 21st, publishes Mrs. Cowell's reper entire.

It is well for us as we proceed in the voyage of human civilization, to take our bearings often, and to make an accurate calculation of our latitude and longitude-to calculate where we are, which way we are tending, and to assure ourselves whether we are nearing a harbor or a slapwreck,

In the attack of the Rev. Mr. Hatfield, day elected, authorized and appointed attorney of the Lord, upon theatres, and the moral character of all men and women connected therewith, we have a profitable memorial of the present existence of that system of theology which divides the human family into castes, saints, and sinners, gods, prosecutors and God's outlaws, the former at liberty to say and do anything-to impugn motives, to malign charac ters of entire classes and occupations of men and women, "to do unto others" just what no other would have done unto him, and all in the name of the Lord and by divine authority, with the oster sible justification that the assailants are the friends of the Lord, and the assailed his enemies.

We have also evidence that there is a strange not to say dangerous decline in the influence which these duly appointed agents of God are exercising upon society. Mr. Hatfield, so far from damsging the theatre, has only weakened the pulpit. The smoke of this tremendous explosion directed against theatres is clearing away, and lo ! who is damaged? Not the managers or actors of the theatres, but the managers and actors of the pulpit. This pulpit ordinance is far more dangerous to those at the breach than to those at the muzzle.

It is also remarkable that the Chicago Tribune should publish the defence of the theatre with all of its strange impudence and unbiushing heresy. without one word of rebuke.

It is passing strange that a theatre, dependent upon public favor for its revenues, should venture to damn with deeper desecration its infamous rostrum by words like these: "But I, a woman, uphold and glory in the deed of the first of my sex !" Strange blasphemy, that! openly uttered in the year 1865, before a crowded house-McVicker's theatre, in the city of Chicago. Strange, that a frail woman should thus hurl defiance at the popular religion and the popular priests, at their favorite dogmas, and then wind up with such sublime sentiments of devotion toward that Omnipotence which controls the universe, as transcends in the sublimity of its language, and the grandeur of its conception, the highest effusions of the pulpit.

But what is stranger than all is, that if God drove the first woman out of Eden for the act referred to that He should have restrained His vengeance toward this woman who publicly glories in the acts. Lo! these are strange times upon which we are fallen, and "straws show which way the wine

Chicago and the Cholera.

We make no pretensions for the cleanlines of our city, but presume that it is no worse than many other lake ports. This we claim, however, that it will endure more uncleanliness than any other, and at the same time, show a better sanitary state. In situation in one respect is unfavorable, being so low and nearly on a level with the lake, but in another it is highly favored. To the North and East extends a broad lake, to the South and West, the ble" prairie. Hence it is like a city in the middle of an ocean. The winds blow constantly, some times tremendously, and in consequence nook and crevice, every lane and siley and thoroughly ventilated, and the air is kept pure of

It is on this account, notwithstanding our parremissness, that no city in the length and breakly of the country is more healthful.

Thanksgiving Jubilee.

The Spiritualists of Adrian cordially inche the friends of Spiritualism, and all others who may wish to participate in the festivities of a day appointed for "thanks and rejoicing in the triumph of right over wrong," to meet in Odd Fellows' Hall, Trusday, December 7. House open at 10 a. x. Rasht Dinner at 3 r. m. Speaking, music, dancing, and social converse, to comprise the day and evening) entertainment. You and family are respectfully invited to attend.

Responsibility.

The editors of The Extremo-Prilosophical JOURNAL do not hold themselves responsible for the sentiments expressed by correspondents. Believing in freedom of thought and the right of expression for ourselves, we would not deny the same right to others.

We only ask correspondents to base their thoughts upon principles that will be of benefit to the reader; to write clearly, pointedly, well.

Text Book.

Read Mr. Graves' call, upon the third page, for ald in publishing a text book.

Miss Gardner, a beautiful young Boston lady, died recently, of cholera, at Lausanne, after having been taken away from Paris by her father, Mr. John L. Gardner, in the hope of escaping from the pestilence.

Book Notices,

JESUS OF NAZABETH: A True History of the Mancalled Jesus Christ. Given through the Medium-ship of Alexander Smyth. Philadelphia, Penn. The book is bound in cloth, of good paper, 319 pages minion type, 30 lines in a page, at \$2.00 per copy. For sale by the author.

This is, in some respects, a very remarkable book. It conflicts somewhat with the accounts given by other historians of the Nazarene; but it may be quite as anthontic, nevertheless. The author, in his

"Under a sense of duty which I owe to mankind, and especially to all those of the various Christian denominations, I feel myself impelled to issue this extraordinary book to the world. It purports to be THE TRUE HISTORY OF JESUS OF NAZARETH; being the first and only work in which is portrayed the true character and works of that much esteemed and beloved individual. In it, he is divested of all the mythical and mystical surroundings and fabulous origin, as represented in all others. He is presented to the montal view of the present age as a natural man, whose traits of character were amiability, justice, truthfulness and benevolence; who finally became a martyr to his love and good intentions towards mankind. The numerous incidents and startling facts pertaining to this history are given on Spiritual authority, by a series of clairanlent communications and mental visions through the medium and author."

" THE HISTORY OF MOSES AND THE ISRAELITES," by Merritt Munson, is the title of a book published in this office. It is now in the hands of the binder, and will be ready for sale in a few days. We have been permitted the pleasure of perusing the work in the sheet, and, from a careful examination, have no hesitation in recommending it to our readers as a treasure which they should lose no time in securing.

In the preparation of the work, the author writes independently of all isms, though he, evidently, occupies one of the many Spiritualistic standpoints. His book shows him to have been entirely regardless of all theological authorities in its preparation. He is not a slave to the popular religious creeds of the past; neither is he bound by any of the creeds of

The work is a brief, consecutive history of Jacob and his descendants, from the period of his going down into Egypt to that of the encampment of the Israelites at Gilgal, in the land of Canaan. It is a scarching review of those parts of the alleged writings of Moses found in Exodus and Deuteronomy. The fabulous narratives contained in these books, are, by the author, scathingly, yet candidly and justly criticised. The unreliability of that history is so clearly demonstrated, and its impeachment so ably sustained, that all the artifices which old theology can bring into the field to bolster it up, cannot conceal from the mind of the honest and candid reader, its apocryphal character. The frauds which Moses and his accomplices practised upon the people; the deceptions which he palmed off on his followers, are brought boldly out, and exposed so clearly that their perfect comprehension is rendered easy to the dullest reader. The character of Moses is, also, faithfully delineated in the pages of this work, the outlines for which are furnished by his own personal record. The man, Moses, is stripped of all the gorgeous artificial robes with which he is invested by popular theology; he stands forth in the pages of this book in all his moral deformitytyrannical, vindictive-a seeker for wealth, power and position.

The book will contain some three hundred and seventy duodecimo pages; well bound in cloth, and handsomely printed on good paper. Retail price,* bound in cloth, \$1.50. The author's advertisement will appear in our advertising columns in our next issue. In the meantime, send for the work to this office, or to Tallmadge & Co., No. 101 Monroe street. Chicago, Ill., or to the author, Geneseo, Henry county, Illinois.

We again bespeak for the work the attention of the public. Send in your orders.

THE BIOGRAPHY OF SATAN; or, a Historical Exposition of the Devil and his Fiery Dominions, Disclosing the Oriental Origin of a Belief in a Devil and Future Endless Punishment; also, the Pagan Origin of the Scriptural Terms "Bottomless Pit," "Lake of Fire and Brimstone," "Keys of Hell,"
"Chains of Darkness," "Everlasting Punishment," "Casting out Devils," etc., etc., with an Explanation of the Meaning and Origin of the Traditions respecting the Dragon Chasing the Woman, (see Rev.,), the Woman Clothed with the Sun, a Crown of Twelve Stars on her Head, ctc. By K. Graves, author of "Christianity Before Christ; or, the World's Sixteen Crucified Saviours." Chicago: Published by the Religio-Philosophical Association.

Mr. Graves has dealt rather roughly with old Mr. Satan; in fact, he has so nearly annihilated the creature, it would not be unsafe to write his epitaph. The book is for sale at this office. Price (postage

THE GIST OF SPIRITUALISM. A very neatly printed volume, comprising one hundred and eighteen pages, titled. By Warren Chase. Price 50 cents.

A course of five lectures delivered by him in Washington last January, embracing a concise and condensed review of the Philosophy and Destiny of Spiritualism, viewed separately in its relations to science, to philosophy, to religion, to government, and its social life. These lectures are sharp in their criticisms, pointed in their comparisons, and clear in their statements. The strong, rational grounds assumed, will particularly interest the thinking and intellectual reader, and are well calculated to fill a place in Spiritual Literature heretofore not filled.

Sir Copp: A Poem on the Times. By Thomas Clarke, author of "A Day in May," "Donna Rosa," "The Silent Village," "Life in the West,"

A portraiture of the late rebellion and four years' civil war in the United States-a caricature of traitors and treason-and a patriotic commendation and praise of loyalty and good faith and integrity, for freedom and the Union.

On these several topics the author appears wide awake, and in his aptness of rhyme and spirit of expression, he administers plenty of wormwood and gall and wordy hemp for the deserved elevation of both armed and unarmed traitors. He also essays to do full justice to the patriotism of the President of the United States, to the government, the army, and the loyal people. The poem will be read with

Notice of Meetings.

WASHINGTON, D. C .- The Association of Spiriualists of Washington hold meetings and have lecturesevery Sunday, at 11 A. M. and 71/2 P. M., in Seaton Hall, corner of Ninth and D Streets, near Pennsyl-Vania Avenue. Cora L. V. Scott lectures during November and December. Communications on business connected with the Association, should be addressed to the Secretary, Dr. J. A. Rowland, Attorney General's Office.

WARREN CHASE lectures during November in Vine land, N. J. During December, in New York and Brooklyn. Address for December, 274 Canal Street, N. Y. During January, in Washington, D. C. During March, in Philadelphia. Will come to Ohio in April, and spend next summer mostly in Illinois.

Mrs. A. A. CURRIER will speak in Smith & Nixon's Hall, in this city, the Sundays of November and

Editorial Items.

TO ALL WHO ARE SEEKING HOMES .-- We would direct our readers' attention to the fact that Messrs. Clarke, Layton & Co., 128 Washington street, corner. of Exchange Court, advertise a number of splendid residence lots for sale, near the Chicago Uni-

They are delightfully situated, being part of the property formerly owned by the late Senator Douglas; and are yery accessible, as the horse cars, and the Hyde P of train run by these lots. The location is also the healthiest in Chicago; as it is high land, and is blessed by the purifying breezes from off Lake Michigan.

Messrs, Clarke, Layton & Co. also state that they have several lots on the Avenues in the southern portion of the city, to dispose of. We can assure all who wish to purchase homes (and who does not?) in this pleasant vicinity, that now is a fine chance for procuring them at a moderate price, and reasonable terms. All who invest with these gentlemen, will not only be suited in reference to the price and quality of the lots, but will find them courteous and upright in all their transactions.

TARDMADOR & Co. have for sale a large lot of envelopes at the old prices. Harper's, the Atlantic, the daily papers and the R. P. JOURNAL are for sale at the same place.

DESOTO is finished. It is a good story, well told. In our next number we commence the publication of "Maria De Soto," through the mediumship of

LETTER FROM EUROPE was crowded out. It will appear next week.

WILLIE AND PET ANDERSON .- We learn that Bro. W. P. Anderson, the Spirit Artist, and his amiable companion, little Pet, have returned to New York City, and may be addressed P. O. Box, 2521.

We are glad to learn that they are both recovering from their late illness, and that there are strong hopes of both being restored to their former health

SPIRIT COMMUNICATION VERIFIED .- In number two of our Journal, there was a communication from Elisha Bingham, of Concord, N. H. Soon after the publication of the message, we received the following note from a prominent citizen of Batavia:

BATAVIA, KANE CO., ILL., Oct. 11, 1865. DEAR SIR :- Some time during the summer of 1864, I saw in Concord, N. H., a man who was pointed out to me, as being the Rev. Elisha Bingham. At that time I resided in Manchester, N. H., only sixteen miles from Concord. During the spring or summer last passed, I recollect of reading a notice of the death of said Bingham, in the Mirror and American, a daily paper published in Manchester. I never was personally acquainted with him, but distinctly remember all I have above set forth.

Respectfully, etc., H. F. HOPKINS.

HON. S. S. JONES. LYCRUM HERALD .- We learn with regret that Mr. Davis decides not to continue the publication of his paper. No paper is needed more, none more deserving public patronage. Our intention has been and still is to commence a child's paper, just so soon as circumstances will warrant the undertaking. We now hope to supply the place of the little Herald.

To Correspondents.

N. FRANK WHITE .- Your "Sketches" will be

"W. C. H."-Your "Lines" lack rythm. No one should attempt to write verses who does not fully understand poetic rules. We often accept very defective prose articles; but when poems are wanting in measure and music, we are compelled to let them go into the waste basket.

I. Rehn.-Thanks for the photograph. It seems a little lonely. Will our contributors and speakers send its companions?

The Address to the World.

Is now in type, and will be ready to be transmitted by mail to the subscribers, as soon as all who subscribed, while at the National Convention, make their payments. Most have already done so. Those who have not are respectfully requested to remit immediately to Dr. H. T. Child, No. 634 Race street, Philadelphia, Pa., Chairman of the Committee on Publication.

> [OFFICIAL.] Reported by H. T. CHILD, M. D., Secretary.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE SECOND

National Convention of Spiritualists

HELD AT CONCERT HALL, PHILADELPHIA,

Ост. 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 1865.

SATURDAY, Oct. 21, 1865. Benjamin Todd replied to Mrs. C. L. V. Scott's speech of the previous session. He said, I have been bitterly opposed to all forms of organization. I went to Chicago last year to oppose it, and I did oppose to the extent of my power. As that was a mass convention, it would have been usurpation to have then and there effected an organization for the whole country. But now I am in favor of it; for we have a delegated convention, representing the Spiritualist societies from various parts of the country.

Mrs. Scott is opposed, he continued, to all forms of organization, and in her speech referred to the rose. Now, this is one of the most beautiful illustrations of the law and fact of organization. The swelling of the bud, under the influence of sun and rain, dew and the fructifying earth, until the opening leaves reveal the concealed beauty and fragrance of the lovely flower, is in accordance with an eternally operative law of organization. The necessity and fact of organization shows itself in every part of our being, and in every department of the vast universe-from sidereal systems to microscopic atoms. I am bitterly opposed to religious organizations of every kind-to anything that fetters and binds the human mind. Some are afraid that organizations will injure them. Now, it is not organization that has done any harm. Religious institutions, of themselves, have never done harm. That has come from the false ideas, and heartless bigotry which have been taught by the Christian Church. I don't believe in Christianity. I am a Spiritualist on the infidel side, and I don't care who knows it. How could you manage an army of five hundred thousand men without some system of organization? A few hundred disciplined men would disperse them in a very short time. It was organization which gave Methodism all its power, and it is waning as Spiritualism is coming to the world with a better and holier faith.

On call, by Judge Carter, the delegations from the several States reported the following persons as the committee to prepare an address to the world:

Newman Weeks, Vermont: J. S. Loveland, Massachusetts; L. K. Joslin, Rhode Island; Jos. J. Hatlinger, M. D., Connecticut; Cora L. V. Scott, New York; Mrs. C. A. K. Poore, New Jersey; Isaac Rehn, Pennsylvania; Lizzle Doten, for Delaware; Judge A. G. W. Carter, of Ohio; Hon. S. S. Jones, Illinois; H. S. Brown, M. D., Wisconsin; Wm. A. Baldwin, Michigan; Jos. L. Taylor, Kentucky; Hon. J. C. Smith, D. C.

Mr. Isaac Rehn presented and read the following statements of principles and purposes: Inasmuch as, in the opinion of this Convention, a due regard to the duties we owe to ourselves, as well as to the world at large, requires at our hands a just and candid exposition of the position we occupy, and a statement of the purposes we have

in view, as well as what we have to offer for the

consideration of our fellow men, we, therefore, the majority of the Convention of Spiritualists of the United States, assembled in Philadelphia, this 17th day of October, 1865, declare as follows, viz.

Ist. That the Spiritual Movement is predicated

on the fact of the continued existence of man be-

yond the grave, and the power of those thus disembodied to still hold intercourse with those on earth. 2d. That we have no creed to offer, and none to enforce; but belleving, as we do, in the possibility of indefinite progress, we regard all the avenues of knowledge and usefulness as the inallenable right of the race; and therefore, ask the counsel, wisdom and co-operation of all, in every department of human interest and pursuit.

3d. That the conditions of improvement and success in all things, material, intellectual and spiritual, are the conditions of freedom from all authority as such, and the practical assertion of the Protestant doctrine of the right of private judgment, with all the legitimate fruits that grow out of it. 4th. That in view of man's inevitable responsi-

billty to the divine laws, as these are made evident in matter and spirit, he should be the sole practical judge of what he shall believe or do in all things, so long as he may not trespass upon the person or property of his neighbor.

5th. That in view of the foregoing self-evident

truths, we do not regard it as our duty or privilege to dictate what ought, or ought not to be believed ny our associates, or the world at large; whilst we cheerfully offer that which we have, and the evidences of it, to the judgment and reason of all who may desire them.

6th. That neither this Convention, Spiritual Associations, or individuals are regarded as being responsible for anything written, said or done in the name of the Spiritual Movement, unless that responsibility is voluntarily assumed; but that on the contrary, the sole responsibility is to be attributed to

those who write, speak, or act.
7th. That, therefore, the legitimate purpose of the Spiritual Movement, as we understand it, is not to set forth points of doctrine, or prescribe lines of conduct, but the determined vindication of man's indefeasible right to march his own way in his own time onward to the kingdom, if he wishes to go, or to stay, if he prefers it. And as we, as individuals, have so determined for ourselves, so do we maintain the right of all to the same liberty, believing that in the end Truth and Justice will always triumph, and the Divine laws always secure their beneficent end. Mr. Rehn's paper was accepted, and laid upon the

table for future consideration and action. Mr. Wadsworth presented the resignation of Mrs.

Dinsmore in writing.
On motion of Mr. Belrose, it was resolved to accept the same without comment. Rev. J. G. Fish offered the following resolution,

which was passed unanimously. Resolved, That the organization of male and female Indus-

trial Colleges is one of the great demands of the age in furnishing facilities for a thorough, practical education for both sexes, where study, labor and amusement can be so combined as to instruct the pupils and make improvement a pleasure, instead of a task. On motion of Warren Chase, it was resolved that the committee on the address be continued

until the next general Convention. The Committee on Credentials presented the following list of delegates and substitutes, which, with those previously reported, forms the entire list of members of this Convention.

Mr. Morrill, substituted for Hosea Allen, of Vincland, New Jersey.

Mrs. Mary L. Baldwin, appointed to fill vacancy at Battle Creek, Michigan.

Mrs. Sophia L. Chappell, New York.

Peter C. Tomson, Pennsylvania.

Emmet Dinsmore, to fill vacancy at Corry, Pa.
Daniel C. Ripley, substitute for Henry Beck of
Cincinnati; Dr. Chaffin of Cincinnati, and Dr. Newcomer, of Meadville. Edson Foster and Mrs. Mary Foster, Chicago.

Jared D. Gage, Waukegan, Ill. J. H. Williamson, substitute for L. W. Taylor,

A. Ortmayer, substitute for T. J. Avery, Chicago, Warwick Martin, Chicago. On motion of Dr. White, it was

Resolved, That this Convention sympathizes with all efforts to harmonize the relations of capital and labor, and with every effort for improving the condition of humanity, espe-cially all who are dependent for their support upon the labor of their hands and heads.

Hon. S. S. Jones moved that the Committee on Finance be authorized to attend to the collection and disbursement of funds and report to the next Convention. That Committee is

M. B. DYOTT, Philadelphia. H. S. Brown, M.D., Wisconsin. L. B. WILSON, Boston. J. L. TAYLOR, Cincinnati. Mrs. NELLIE L. WILTSIE, Wis.

On motion of Wm. H. Johnston, it was unani-Resolved, That, inasmuch as government without representation is tyranny-therefore we advocate universal suffrage without regard to sect, sex, color or condition, and with no other restriction than infancy or incompetency.

Mr. Chase offered the following: Resolved, That the Secretary be directed to procure a suitable book in which to record the proceedings of this Convention, and that each delegate be requested to send their autographs and Post office address to the Secretary at 634

Race street, Philadelphia. On motion of Mrs. Mary F. Davis, it was Resolved, That we return our sincere thanks to the Spiritualists of Philadelphia, who have so generously extended the hospitality of their homes to the members of this Con-

Hon S. S. Jones presented the following preamble

and resolutions on the state of the country, which were unanimously adopted: WHEREAS, This nation has just passed through a trying

WHEREAS, This nation has just passed through a trying ordeal, in which there has been an amount of human suffering and free expenditure from the national treasury unparalleled in the history of the world, for the maintenance and higher unfoldment of the principles and the exaltation of the human character. And

WHEREAS, We, the Spiritualists and other progressive reformers, in National Convention assembled, look upon the

passing away of the old and ushering in of this New Dispensation, fraught with such terrible mental and physical suffering, as a matter of absolute necessity. And
WHEREAS, Without which, the old forms, customs,

opinions and errors of the early inhabitants of the earth, transmitted from generation to generation, through institutions long since, in spirit obsolete, but the dead carcass of which has continued, like an incubus, to hold the human mind in bondage, could not have been abrogated, and but for which the New Dispensation, for which we have labored and which we hail with unspeakable joy, could not have been ushered in, and so firmly instituted in place of the dead past.

WHEREAS, We recognize in this moving of the spirit of Infinite Wisdom, as inspiring, not only great and grand men and women in earth life, but we recognize the spirits of the patriots and lovers of humanity and universal freedom, who have passed to the higher life, as humble instruments through which the masses have been aroused to action, and through which action, the world is about to be disenthraled from the shadows of the dead past, and a new light is to be ushered upon the world which shall eventuate in individual freedom, and the world's redemption from the errors of ignorance and superstition. Therefore

Resolved, That we feel deeply impressed that it is the duty

of humanity, to strive to live up to their highest inspirations of right, and boldly speak words of truth; and it is especially the duty of reformers to persevere in the great and grand work in which they have been engaged, and which is now being crowned with such ample fruits as an earnest of their

Resolved, That we most sincerely sympathize with the bereaved families of those whose earthly stays and supports have been taken from them in subduing the late unholy rebellion, and it is and shall ever be our especial duty to visit them with continued kindness, and so far as it is in our power, we will continue to contribute to the relief of their material

Resolved, That we hail with unspeakable joy the dawning of general prosperity, and the sunny smile of happiness, as the result of the restoration of peace, and the ushering in of the New Dispensation, which promises universal freedom, equal privileges, and equal rights, without distinction of nationality, race or sex.

On motion of Mr. Belrose, it was Resolved, That the thanks of this Convention be pre-

sented to its officers for the able and impartial manner in which they have conducted the business of this meeting and especially to the venerable gentleman who has presided with so much dignity over the several sittings of this Convention. In response to which, the President said:

Brethren and Sisters of the Convention-In response to the resolution that you have just so charitably passed, I heartily thank you for your acknowledgment of fidelity on my part in the discharge of the duties of the position to which I still think you very unwisely called me- On taking this chair, I frankly and honestly told you that I was not fit for it—that four score years had rendered my eyes so dim, and my cars so dull of hearing—though I hoped they had left my brain steady, and knew that my heart was right—that I was, by reason of those infirmities, unable properly to preside over and direct your

deliberations. Yielding, however, to your urgency, I have done my best, poor as that has been. When the Great Teacher, the great medium of communications from the spiritual to a sensual world-said of a woman who had shown her attachment to His cause, by a

very humble office—"she hath done what she could," He hore the highest possible testimony in her favor. This testimony I will not affect to deny that I have deserved at your hands. I thank you for it, remembering at the same time, that the greater part of the duty which it was my province to discharge have consulted your convenience and comfort by casting upon your Vice-Presidents, whose executive ability you have seen so strikingly contrasted with

I congratulate you upon your doings as a whole, and upon the unanimity with which, as a National Spiritual Convention, or I should rather say, National Convention of Spiritualists, we go out beor later, it will attract the world's attention, and the world, whether a friend to us or a foe, will find that it cannot push us off from our ground, nor take it from under us-the ground, namely, of established fact. A faith resting upon this basis can be swept away by no wind of doctrine, can be shaken by no earthquake. And, "God who, at sundry times and in divers manners spake to the fathers of Israel by his prophets," is in these, our days, in manner still more diverse, and in voices quite as distinct, speaking to us, of things pertaining to the life and condition of the spirit of man, after it leaves its earthly tenement, is giving us knowledge of things that lie behind the curtain that Death drops between us and our departed friends, knowledge-

"Which kings and prophets waited for, But died without the sight."

Our faith in Spiritualism rests not on speculative treatises or on traditions, not on fancies, but on facts, as well established as are any facts of history, profane or sacred.

And facts that lie all open to the sides, Claim and will have a hearing from the wise.

Possibly the doings of this Convention may be of some use to the world in drawing the attention of thoughtful men to these facts. I commend them to the attention of such, merely reminding them that their mattention will not affect the facts.

Brethren and Sisters of the Convention-More than thirty years ago, Dr. Spurzheim, in his lectures on phrenology, in Boston, treating on the organ of Destructiveness, related the case of a man in whom that organ was largely developed, and who was observed to be always in attendance whenever there was a hanging within his reach. One of the guards one day, seeing him elbowing his way toward the gallows, said, "Make way, gentlemen, let this man pass—he is an amateur f" At my age, I cannot reckon with much confidence upon being present at your next Convention as a delegate, yet, if the Convention should be held within my reach, I hope to be in attendance as an amaleur.

Wishing you all a prosperous return to your several homes, I bid you a respectful farewell. There being no further business, the President pronounced the Convention adjourned sine die.

Business Matters.

MRS. A. H. ROBINSON'S SEANCES .- Mrs. A. H. Robinson, the medium, through whom the communications are given, found upon the sixth page of this paper, will be found at the reception room, (No. 87) of the Religio-Philosophical Publishing Association, Lombard Block, (first building west of the Post Office, Chicago,) from 2 to 4 o'clock, P. M. and from 7 to 9 evenings, Saturdays, Sundays and Mondays, excepted.

Admission tickets can be procured at Tallmadge's Book Store, on the left hand of the front entrance to Lombard Block. At which place, also, all kinds of Spiritual and other Reformatory Books can be

L. L. FARNSWORTH, medium for answering sealed letters. Address P. O. Box 282, Chicago, III. Resiclosing three dollars, and six three cent stamps, will receive a prompt reply.

CHURCH'S SEANCES.-Mr. W. T. Church, physical and test medium, having located permanently in this city, may be consulted at his residence, No. 862 Wabash avenue, between the hours of 9 A.M. and 4 P.M. Persons wishing to attend either the seances or developing circles, will find it to their interest to call upon him at their earliest convenience, and procure tickets to the same.

Chicago, Nov. 17, 1865. MRS. C. M. JORDAN, Writing and Prophetic Medium, 78 North Dearborn street, Chicago. 10-tf.

A New Book.—Just published by the "Religio-Philosophical Association," entitled "The Biogra-phy of Satan," or a historical exposition of the Devil and his Dominions; disclosing the Oriental origin of the belief in a Devil and future endless punishment. Also, the Pagan origin of the scriptural terms, "Bottomless Pit," "Lake of Fire and Brimstone," "Keys of Hell," "Chains of Darkness," "Everlasting Punishment," "Casting out Devils," etc., etc. With an explanation of the meaning and origin of the traditions respecting the Dragon chasing the woman—"The Woman clothed with the Sun," etc., By K. Graves, author of Christianity before Christ, or, The World's Sixteen Crucified Saviors. (Fear hath torment.) Read! Read! Read!

'something new and something true," and be saved from (the fear of) endless damnation. The "Biography of Satan" will be found to be a work of rare novelty, curiosity and value to the general reader, and of the most intense and momentous interest to the fear-bound professor of religion, of every name and nation in the world. It contains a very extensive, rare and compact collection of historical facts upon the several points treated on. The following list of its contents will furnish some idea. of the work, viz. : " Address to the Reader. Chapter 1st. Evils and demoralizing effects of the doctrine of endless punishment. Chapter 2d. Ancient traditions respecting the origin of Evil and the Devil. Chapter 3d. A wicked Devil and an endless Hell, not taught in the Jewish Scriptures. Chapter 4th, Explanation of the words Devil and Hell in the Old Testament. Chapter 5th. God (and not the Devil) the author of evil according to the Christian Bible. Chapter 6th. God and the Devil originally twin brothers and known by the same title. Chapter 7th. Origin of the terms "Kingdom of Heaven, and Gates of Hell," also of the traditions respecting the dragon chasing the woman—the woman clothed with the Sun, etc. Chapter 8th. Hell first instituted in the skies; its origin and descent from above. Chapter 9th. Origin of the tradition respecting the "Bottomless pit." Chapter 10th. Origin of the belief in "A Lake of Fire and Brimstone. Chapter 11th. Where is Hell? Tradition respecting its character and origin. Chapter 12th. Origin of the notion of man's evil thoughts and actions being prompted by a Devil. Chapter 13th. The Christian Devil-whence imported or borrowed. Chapter 14th. The various retributive terms of the Bible of Oriental origin. Chapter 15th. The doctrine of future punishment, of Heathen and priestly origin, invented by Pagan priests. Conclusion: 163 questions addressed to believers in post mortem punishment. Appendix: Origin of the traditions respect-ing "The War in Heaven." Fallen angels being transformed into Devils, and an explanation of the terms Hell, Hades, Gehenna, Tartarus, Valley of Hinnom, The worm that never dies, etc. Concluding Remarks.

For sale at this office. Price 50 cts.

DR. BRYANT AT KALAMAZOO, MICH.-We copy the following from the Kalamazoo Gazette, of November 17, 1865:

DR. J. P. BRYANT-THE MODUS OPERANDI AND PHILOSOPHY OF HIS MODE OF TREATMENT .- The fact that thousands have been cured of a certain class of disorders, mostly those of functional derangement, by simple manipulation, by Dr. Bryant, has been testified to by hundreds of disinterested persons, including, as well, shrewd, practical men of business, as the most educated and enlightened among scholars, editors, clergymen, professors, etc., that the truth of his wonderful success cannot now be a matter of doubt.

The rationale of his method, therefore, must possess peculiar interest; and from a personal oppor-tunity, of a very favorable kind, of judging of this, we think it can be very clearly presented in a few simple statements:

First, as to the man himself. He owes his power

to his peculiar personal constitution; of highly refined, nervous organization, with strong will-power, and great muscular energy, (although small and slender in person,) he possesses a wonderful development of the moral faculties, and a peculiar psychological faculty of blending with the mental atmosphere of those whom he approaches. Therefore, as soon as seen, he has your confidence. He stands before you no humbug, no charlatan, no mercenary, only intent on your money, but a sympathizing, benevolent and devoted philanthropist. yearning for the power to assuage the sufferings of his fellow men; in thousands of instances shedding

tears of joy over the relief that he has brought to some poor sufferer, whose only compensation to their benefactor was, not money, but a faltering tongue and an overflowing heart. Thus much as to

Second, as to the philosophy. Many persons are inwalld from the presention, in their minds, of a fixed idea that they are soling. These are cured by removing that idea or impression. This is achieved by a peculiar psychological influence, and the results are generally instantaneous. Chronic cases, where there is no organic disease, but simply functional derangement, being the reams of disordered nervous forces, are cared by movements and manipulations calculated to restore the deracted forces to their normal or harmonloss action. In many cases of this kind, the results are immediate; in others, time and continued treatment are required. Organic troubles are healed, or not, according to their condition and extent. Each case is necessarily decided on its own standing. There are cases, of course, beyond the reach of human aid; and the Doctor can do no more than alleviate suffering or palliate the condition of the patient.

The whole process is a work in accordance with fixed laws. The early Christian writers record mul titudes of cures by similar means, by men possessing the requisite gifts of mental, moral and spiritna organization. The most successful in modern times are those who, to the required organic qualifications unite a high sense of the momentous power they possess, and a true, deep sympathy with suffering humanity, and a desire to give relief, if need be, without any other reward than the thankful heart, and the evidence of fellow men being freed from pain, and restored to usefulness. To this class all who come in contact with Dr. Bryant, will feel at once his title to belong; and to the fact that he does so, in a manner peculiarly conspicuous, is owing to his astonishing success wherever he has put in practice his strange and wonderful power over the mysteries of the human organism.

Dr. Bryant will commence practice at Southern Michigan House, Coldicater, Michigan, Nov. 25, 1865, remaining there till December 10.

DR. PERSONS, "THE HEALER."—We copy the following from the Milwaukee Daily News of Novem-

WONDERFUL CURES AT THE DYNAMIC INSTITUTE IN THIS CITY. - The attention of the public here and elsewhere has been called at different times to notice the wonderful gifts some individuals possess in the bealing of disease, and the press has been called upon to give publicity to their deeds. Eastern operators have been here and in Chicago, and crowds have called to be relieved. We desire to say that we have one of these noted doctors in our midst-Dr. Persons; one of the proprietors of the above named Institute whose cures place him in the front rank of all the operators who have as yet presented themselves to the public. If you visit his office you find in one corner a pile of canes and crutches taken from those who were obliged to use them from five to twenty years, all cured in from five to twenty minutes. Stepping to his desk, he will hand you more certificates of cures than you would find time to peruse. He gave us a few copies of some performed within a few days, and for the benefit of the afflicted, we publish them. We are satisfied from what we saw that the doctor takes no certificates without the cure is certain. Read the

For the benefit of afflicted humanity, I desire to state that my wife, Mrs. A. B. Thomas, has been a sufferer from Prolapsus Uteri, or falling of the womb, and spinal affection with general prostration of the nervous system, at times unable to feed herself. This has been her condition for the last six years, for five years wholly unable to walk, having to be drawn about the house in a chair. I brought her to the Dynamic Institute, Oct. 9, ten minutes' treatment by Dr. Persons, she arose from her bed and walked off without help. She has regained her health rapidly, and now takes lengthy walks, free from any difficulty. Her speedy recovery has gladdened the hearts of her many friends, and we cannot refrain from advising all sufferers to go to the Dynamic Institute and get healed. CYRUS B. THOMAS.

Westfield, Marquette Co., Wis., Nov. 1, 1865. A remarkable case of deafness cured. I hereby certify that my wife, Elizabeth, 26 years of age, has been deaf from her earliest recollection, so much so

as to be unable to hear ordinary conversation, always suffered from running sores in her ears. In this condition she came to the Dynamic Institute, and in one treatment of a few minutes by Dr. Persons, could hear very well and after the second treatment her hearing was perfectly restored.
R. G. SAWYER, 201 Spring St.

Milwaukee, Oct. 28, 1865. I hereby certify that my son Rudolphus A. Smith, has been afflicted with nervous spasms for the last five years, having as many as twenty spasms daily,

rendering him insensible five minutes at a time, and

never free from them for a single day. He came to

the Dynamic Institute, Nov. 13th, 1865, and in one treatment by Dr. Persons, he was entirely relieved. My post office address is Chicaktue, Door County, JOSEPHINE B. SMITH.

The above Institution is located on Marshall st., No. 587, and within 200 feet of the street railroad.

SPEAKERS' REGISTER.

SPEAKERS for whom we advertise are solicited to act as agents for the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL. W. P. Anderson, Spirit Artist. Address P. O. Box 2521

Mrs. H. F. M. Brown's post office address is drawer 6325, MRS AUGUSTA A. CURRIER will lecture in Chicago, III.,

during December. Will answer calls to lecture in the Westthrough the Winter. Address box 815, Lowell, Mass., or HENRY T. CHILD, M. D., 634 Race street, Philadelphia, Pa. DR. JAMES COOPER, Bellefontaine, O.

L. K. COONLET, a Trance Speaker and Clairvoyant will lecture and heal, in Marshall, Bureau county, until further notice. WARREN CHASE will lecture in New York and Brooklyn during December; during January and February next in Washington, D. C.; during March in Philadelphia, and will spend next summer in the West.

REV. JAMES FRANCIS Will lecture in Southern Illinois, Northern Missouri, and as far north as Minnesota for several months. Address, Warren, Ill., care of Dr. H. H. Way, till farther notice.

J. G. Fish will speak in Providence, R. I., during December and February; in Lowell, Mass., during January. Address, Hammonton, N. J.

S. J. FINNEY'S post office address is Ann Arbor, Mich.

L. P. Griggs, Magnetic Physician, will answer calls to lecture and heal the sick. Address, Evansville, Wis. J. B. HARRISON, formerly midister of the Methodist Protestant Church, Kendallville, Noble Co., Ind. D. H. HAMILTON will answer calls to lecture on Reconstruc-

tion and the True Mode of Communitary Life. Address,

Dr. Jos. J. HATLINGER, Trance Speaker, will answer calls to lecture on Sundays, or to organized circles during week day evenings, in any part of this country. Will also organize Lyce-ums, and speak, either entranced or in his normal condition. Can be addressed at 25 Court street, New Haven, Conn.

MRS. SUSIE A. HUTCHINSON will speak in Stafford Springs. Conn., during December. Address as above, or 39 Grape St., Syracuse, N. Y.

ANNA M. MIDDLEBROOK, Box 778, Bridgeport, Conn.

J. M. PEEBLES, of Battle Creek, Mich., will lecture in Providence, R. L., during October; in Lowell, Mass, during No-

L. JUDD PARDER, Somerset, Somerset Co., Pa. J. L. POTTER, Trance Speaket, will make engagements throughout the West to speak where the friends may desire. Address Cedar Falls, Iowa, P. O. Box 170, until further notice. J. T. Rouse may be addressed P. O. Box 305, Elkhart, Ind.

CORA L. V. SCOTT will lecture in Washington, D. C., during November and December. Address to care of Dr. J. A. Rowland, Attorney General's office. BENJAMIN TODD, Normal Speaker, will lecture in New York during September; in Charlestown, Mass., during December; in Washington, D. C., in March. He is ready to answer calls

to lecture in the New England and Middle States. Address = above, or care Banner of Light office.

HUDSON AND EMMA TUTTLE, Berlin Heights, Chia. F. L. WADSWORTH lectures in Sturgls, Mich., Sunday more ing and evening, until further notice. Address according? MRS. LOIS WAISBROOKER may be addressed at Liverpool O.

N. FRANK WRITE will lecture in Battle Creek, Mich. Dec. 3d, 10th and 17th; Dewitt, Mich., Dec. Sist; Milwankes Wis., through January. Applications for week evenings and anea-gaged Sundays for the rest of the winter and spring will be responded to. Apply immediately.

Mrs. A. Wilner, M. D., would nearly the driends of Western Illinois, Southern Jown, and Northern Missouri, that she can be addressed care of Jax Thompson, Ecz ISS, Davenport, Iowa, until further notice.

ELLIAN WOLLOWERS, Impirational Speaker. Address, Leelie, Ingham Ch. Mich.

E. V. Wilson, will lecture in Evansville, Ind., during Neventher; in Leuisville, Kv., during December. Will answer calls to lecture week nights, within fifty miles of either of three places.

COMMUNICATIONS FROM THE INNER LIFE.

"He shall give His angels charge concarning thee," All communications under this head are given through Mrs. A. H. Robinson.

A well-developed trance medium, and may be implicitly relied apon as coming from the source they purport to-the spirit

NOVEMBER 20. INVOCATION

Thou Spirit of Truth, we feel to call upon Thee in this hour. May the thoughts which we shall give utterance to, be clothed with Thy mantle, and may they be received in Thy light, in Thy truthfulness, in Thy sincerity of purpose; and may they accomplish the end desired, in the spirit in which they

Oh, Thou Spirit of Truth, we would be guided by Thee, in the thorough investigation of ourselves, that we may be slow to condemn that in others which we, upon thorough examination, may find within ourselves.

We feel that it is not in accordance with the laws governing our beings to accuse ourselves, and as we would shrink from self-condemnation, may we also refrain from inflicting repreach upon our brothers and sisters.

As the mineral and vegetable kingdoms are governed by Thy laws, and are in harmony with their various unfoldments, may we, in like manner, be governed by Thee, and be in accord with each

May each and every soul be filled with Thy spirit, and may we feel that our pure aspirations have not

Be with us at all times, and with Thy spirit beaming upon us, we will ever thank and praise Thee, as the Spirit of Truth.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

Q. Is there a spirit sphere or place of abode for spirits surrounding each planet in our solar system? A. There is a spiritual sphere surrounding each and every planet. Each one corresponds with its own planet, and is adapted to the development and unfoldment of its inhabitants. All are inhabited by human beings, so far as my knowledge extends.

Q. Do the spirits whose material plane of existence was on the earth, ever-visit other planets, and if so, how long does it take them to pass from the earth sphere or Mars or either of the other planets in our solar system?

A. I cannot reply to that question from experience. I will answer from information derived from others.

There are spirits whose material plane of existence was on the earth who have the power to, and do visit other spiritual spheres surrounding other planets. It has been told and published in the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL that spirits could go from one point to another at will, and without apparently consuming time. But as every thought occupies a sufficient length of time to impress itself upon the tablet of your memory, so, of necessity, it requires time to visit different planets; but we do not mark time in spirit life as you do on the material plane. Yet those who have recently left the material sphere, or are en rapport with the dwellers on the material plane of life, mark the time of those with whom they are in sympathy.

ERASTUS ERWIN.

Well, now, that is a d-l of a pretty idea that we have no way of marking time! Do you see that? [Holding up two of the medium's fingers.] Twice one makes two. [Then holding up two more fingers.] Two more makes four, and twice four makes eight. [Holding up seven fingers, one down.] That is subtracting one and leaving seven. You see I can mark time. Seven days in a week-four weeks in a month, are there not? Fifty-two weeks in a year-twelve months in a year, too, by George! You see I can count time. Sixteen months, or one year and four months. You see I have got time, don't you? and I have not forgotten it either. One year and four months since I died; since I took up my abode in the land of spirits-land of spirits! Don't forget that. I am content, too; I am content, without visiting any of the planets you have been talking to that other spirit about. Everything has time. Don't you know it? [Yes, to our senses it requires what we call time to do anything.] Your senses are just as good after death as before. Yes,

When you are happy, time passes quickly, don't it? [Yes.] Sometimes when you are hard at work, desirous of accomplishing any piece of work speedily, time flies rapidly. Then you can say you scarcely marked time, can't you? You had no idea of its going so fast. [Yes.] Time is time. While it is passing rapidly with you, it may be passing slowly with another, who impatiently notes its flight. [Thus time is simply a matter connected with individuals, and depends upon their condition, does it not?] Yes, about its passing rapidly or slowly; yet time is time, I tell you. [True, but in a strict sense is there any such thing as past or future time? Is it not all now or present time, in a strict philosophical sense in the spirit life ?] Well, now, you are going to question me; but I can tell you-past time makes its impression. We do not realize past time in the same sense as we do the present, yet we comprehend the past, realize the present, and anticipate the future.

The organ of time with you is small, I guess. You could hardly tell the difference between a sixteenth and a whole note, could you? [No, I am no musician.] The organ of time is largely developed in some, while in others it is small. Some are adepts where time is required, and excel in a certain kind of business, while they would be good for nothing at any other occupation. I never saw anything more clearly demonstrated, that each one reasons from his own stand-point, than this. The organ of time is small in you, because it has never been cultivated, therefore you think spirits do not reckon time. [I simply spoke of it in a strict sense, and not in a relative one.] And yet you made the sense, did you not? [I meant in the sense of Infinite Wisdom to that degree which comprehends the past and present, and with a clairvoyant or prophetic eye looks at that which is yet to be unfolded; is not that unfoldment a real, existing conditionnow? Well, sir, I never thought of that in the sense you have expressed it. I rather think it is a real existing condition, now. Yet it will require time for us to get to that condition. I have been thinking while you were writing that down. All the little streams of water have an existence now, and when we construct bridges to cross them it don't change the condition of the stream any, does it? No, not a whit. It merely shows that you have the power within you to overcome, and as the bridge is above the stream, to rise above conditions, and conquer them. The stream had an existence before you saw it, and before you erected the bridge, and is in no wise changed by your seeing or bridging it. That is a pretty good thought! The bridging appertains and is incident to the individuals, and not to the stream, and is for their convenience. The stream is continuous, and in no manner affected by

the bridge or the individuals who bridged it.

Now for the application. Time has an existence to-day, ever has had, and ever will have. We can only understand it as we are brought to make use

To us it is divided into longer or shorter periods, is it not, while, in fact, like the stream, it is ever continuous, ever present? Like the stream it is ever present to itself. [Well, to carry out your illustration of the bridge over the stream, and the individuals who build and use it; time is only past or future, in reference to individuals and objects, is it?] I think that is so. I found this opportunity to control the medium when you was talking with the other spirit about time, and it appeared so curious to me that I took control, and have said what I have.

Now, I wish to say I did not come to talk because I care anything about my folks. Another thing I believe in, and that is, that all persons should prepare their own pills and make them easy to swallow or not, just as they choose. I would give them the material to make them of, and they might do what they were a mind to with it. It will have a better effect than to urge or compel people to swallow them,

If they are prepared by others they are so mild in their effect that they scarcely realize it.

My home was formerly in Charleston, in your State, (Illinois,) and for reasons peculiar to myself I left there with a desire that I might never see it again. That feeling is so firmly impressed upon my mind that I have not visited that place, even since I have had it in my power to do so at will. I don't want to go there.

My name is Erastus Erwin. Do you feel as though I have intruded? [Oh, no. Glad you came. We have got some thoughts thereby, which we might not otherwise have gained.] Good-bye to you,

NOVEMBER 22.

MINNIE HALE, of SARATOGA, N. Y. You are told by many that all they have to do is to desire anything, and they are immediately in possession of it. I don't find it so. I have desired, with all earnestness, to know why I was taken away from earth so soon. I loved the earth and I loved what was on it. Do you suppose you can tell me why I was taken away so early? [To a lady present. The lady referred to, being a seeing medium, said, "Are you a short, red-haired, blue-eyed man named Joseph, killed at Pea Ridge?"] No, you see a man that is waiting to control when I get through. He will tell you all about himself. You are right-that is a part of his name, which is Joseph Ellis, and it is his description.

I want to talk to my mother. I believe she will be able to tell me that which I desire to know, and in such a way that I will be satisfied. I know she always told me the truth while I lived on earth, and I believe she will now. I know she will not forget me. She often looks at my picture, and weeps because she can't see me. She will never forget her Minnie. My name is Minnie E. Hale. I was fifteen years old when I died. You know where Saratoga in New York is, don't you? [Yes.] It was there I died. I want to tell my mother that Uncle George is here. He used to live with us. He is perfectly happy, too; yet he is never still any more than he was before he died. He is always busy. He is studying about a drill for drilling rocks, that he was trying to get up before he dled. Mother will want to know what he is doing. He don't get out of patience as he used to.

There are plenty of things here for me to be happy with, if I had only wanted to come here; but I did not-I preferred to stay with my parents. I never had anything to trouble me before I died. I was just as happy as I wanted to be. I don't cry about it, though.

My mother's name is Rebecca Hale. My father's name is Harris Hale. I have got one brother; his name is Willie. I have two sisters; one is called Rebecca, the other, Aurora. I died ten months ago. Good bye.

JOSEPH ELLIS.

I did not expect any one was going to announce my coming, but it was done. Do you remember what she says my name is? [Yes, the lady said it was Joseph that she saw, and the little girl, then controling, said it was Joseph Ellis.] Yes, Joseph Ellis is my name, and I was shot at Pea Ridge. [Did the lady who described your personal appearance do so correctly?] Yes, she said I was short, thick-set, with red hair and blue eyes. That is

Of course when we went away we did not expect we should all come home. I rather thought I should, however. I thought I should come out all right. I should have gone, though, if I had known just how it was going to turn out. I believe every man when he put his name down thought, "If I can live and get out of it, all right; but if I do not, I shall die in a good cause." I suffered a good deal after I was shot, before I died, but that is all well

I see trouble ahead-greater bloodshed is to follow-greater than there was during the civil war just closed. And this has been one of the greatest, I think I may say the greatest, war ever known in the history of civilization; but the one to come will be looked upon with greater horror. The course that the American people are pursuing is kindling the fire which will eventually burst forth to envelop your country in its flames. It will seem almost impossible that the two classes that are now so bitterly arrayed against each other shall eventually unite their forces, for the purpose of overthrowing the

Do you understand whom I refer to? [I am not certain that I do.] I mean the Catholics and the negroes. I feel greatly depressed-a great load seems to rest upon me. [A deep sigh.] Both parties will feel that they have rights and privileges not granted them in your Constitution, under the reconstruction of your government, as it will be formed, to obtain which they will set themselves to work unitedly, and then the great struggle will ensue. Equal rights, without regard to sex or color, would prevent this. I am not philosopher enough but that I regret to see your people walk in the light of the noonday sun into the flames which will nearly consume them !

I gave my life and all happiness upon the material plane of existence, for freedom. I do not regret that. I would not have my friends think that I lament the course I took. It is not from a desire particularly to communicate to them that I come, for I could wait patiently until they came to dwell with me. They, with the same consistency, could

wait without hearing from me. I suppose, if I desire, I can come again, can I not? [Yes, when you please.] Thank you. I will not detain you longer this time.

I thank you very much.

MARTHA WHITE. I am nobody but a woman; but I will say here that woman has not been looked upon in the past with that respect which she deserves, still she is looked upon by men as rather a necessary appendage to their happiness.

I feel that it is from the restraint that has been imposed upon her that she has not dared to set out her true womanly nature; fearing, if she does, hor motives will be misunderstood.

I do not think it is any fault of hers that she dares not manifest that sympathy which the world seems to need-that sympathy which men need from women to contribute to their happiness. Men talk much about noble qualities, noble traits of character among themselves-their own sex-and sometimes admit that those traits are possessed by some women. I see many minds that are disposed to give due credit to every woman for any production of her free mind; yet I find very few who will admit that she possesses those powers equal to man, I often wonder that they will admit the fact that they were born of woman; that it is to her that they owe their existence. No one pretends to deny that, I believe. Then may it not be possible for them to acquire some of the noble traits that men boast so much of, from woman?

I rather like the idea that men should think of these things now and then. It may be that in time, men will be willing to place her upon an equality with themselves.

When she performs the same amount of mental labor, they will be willing to reward her accordingly, and as they would be rewarded themselves. As I said, in the first place, if men do not receive that aid and sympathy from their mothers, sisters and wives, that they feel to demand of them, they must not blame them for it, but rather look upon themselves as the cause, Perhaps you think I talk plain. [That is your privilege. We recognize freedom of thought and expression thereof.] Then I will say when men look upon woman as their equal instead of a dependent, they will receive more soul sympathy, which they so much desire, and every one will be happier therefor.

My name is Martha White, of Eric, Pennsylvania. I think there are plenty who will know me. I have not been in the spirit world very long, but I find everything adapted to our happiness and unfoldment, and I would not go back to earth life to stay, if I could, by a simple turn of my hand.

QUESTIONS BY A GENTLEMAN PRESENT. How can I be used as a medium? [Taking the gentleman by the hand.] You are a good test medium. [Gentleman said: "Yes, I have been used for that."] You will be used for that again. I think the spirits will use you again, if you will submit yourself to their control. You ought to sit either alone or with others, and be passive. You could be developed, and become yourself a developing me-

[The spirit controling then described a friend of the gentleman's, in spirit life, minutely. The gentleman said it was his brother, Samuel Kelly, who died in St. Louis. He recognized him fully from the

[Gentleman said, "Do you perceive a spirit hand on my head ?"] Yes, I do, and it is a lady's hand. She is a friend of yours; she can influence you. She calls you her son, and yet she is not your mother. [Gentleman said: "She has been in the spirit world a good while."] Yes, she has, and she is often with you, and exercises an influence over you. She says you must remember the adage, "Patience is a virtue seldom found in woman, but never in man." This is as the lady gives it. I should change it. The lady says you must wait patiently at the golden gate. You can't see that, can you? [Gentleman said: "No, I cannot, but I wish I could."] The lady friend says to you, wait patiently, and in time you will be used for a purpose superior to that you now think of. Everything is working for your good. Be patient and attend to your business, but as often as convenient, sit for your own development. Make conditions as favorable as you can for your own benefit.

Affection.

How much more we might make of our family ife, if our friendship, if every secret thought of love ossomed into a deed! We are not speaking merely of personal caresses. These may or may not be the best language of affection. Many are endowed with a delicacy, a fastidiousness of physical organization, which shrinks away from too much of this, repelled and overpowered. But there are words and looks, and little observances, thoughtfulness, watchful little attentions, which speak of love. which make it manifest, and there is scarcely a family that might not be richer in heart-wealth for more of them. It is a mistake to suppose that relations must, of course, love each other, because they are relations. Love must be cultivated, and can be increased by judicious culture, as wild fruits may double their bearings under the hands of a gardener; and love can dwindle and die, out of neglect, as choice flower-seeds, planted in poor soil, dwindle and grow single. Two causes, in our Anglo-Saxon nature, prevent this easy faculty and flow of expression which strikes one so pleasantly in the Italian or French life-the dread of flattery, and a constitutional shyness. "I perfectly longed to tell So-andso how I admired her, the other day," said Miss X "Then why in the world didn't you tell her?" 'Oh, it would seem like flattery, you know." Now, what is flattery? Flattery is insincere praise, given from interested motives, but not the sincere utterance to a friend of what we deem good and lovely in him. And so, for fear of flattering, these dreadfully sincere people go on, side by side, with those they love and admire, giving them, all the time, the impression of utter indifference. Parents are so afraid of exciting pride and vanity in their children. by the expression of their love and approbation, that a child sometimes goes sad and discouraged by their side, and learns, with surprise, in some chance way, that they are proud and fond of him. There are times when an open expression of a father's love would be worth more than church or sermon to a boy; and his father cannot utter it-will not show The other thing that represses the utterance of love is the characteristic shyness of the Anglo-Saxon blood. Oddly enough, a race born of two demonstrative, outspoken persons-the German and the French-has an habitual reserve that is like neither. There is a powerlessness of utterance in our blood that we should fight against and struggle outward toward expression. We can educate ourselves to it f we know and feel the necessity; we can make it a Christian duty, not to love, but to be loving-not only to be true friends, but to show ourselves friendly. We can make ourselves say the kind things that rise in our hearts and tremble back on our lips-do the gentle and hopeful deeds which we long to do and shrink back from, and little by little it will grow easier—the love spoken will bring back the answer of love—the kind deed will bring back a kind deed in return-till the hearts in the family circle, instead of being so many frozen, icy islands, shall be full of warm airs and echoing bird-voices, answering back and forth with a constant melody

RATHER FOOLISH IN SAMSON .- The Coos Republican says an amusing incident occurred in a church there recently, during the progress of one of those "Sabbath School Concerts," so interesting to adults, as well as to children. The subject was the history of Samson, and the question, "What foolish thing did Samson once do?" Expectation was on the tiptoe to ascertain his peculiar weakness, when from the front seat came the reply, given with sol-"He went down among the Philistines and got a wife!" The mystery was out-the weakness revealed. A broad smile was unavoidable, and was very generally indulged in before the questioning proceeded further.

He eats an elephant, and is suffocated by a gnat .-Arabian Proverb.

Lay the foundations of your character, like your house, solid.

Letter from Mr. John Wetherbee. To the Editors of the Religio-Philosophical Journal !

You will please find enclosed the sum of three dollars-subscription to your valued paper for one year. I am rather inclined to put my name among the subscribers of any respectably conducted paper, favoring or espousing Spiritualism, Harmonial Philosophy, or promulgating progressive ideas, and I should have responded earlier to the hint that a first number bears with it, but for the fact that I thought the arrangement of the articles, in egunection with the name of the JOURNAL, and the conguta generally, that your Society proposed " to be wiser in its generation than the children of light," and to be as near a Spiritualist paper as possible, without publicly being one. Being rather a square individual, I concluded to withhold my mite, though you might gain the mites of outsiders. I am a Spiritualist, clear through; my hope of immortality comes wholly through that portal, and I hope to see and have faith to believe that the beautifully expressive word "Spiritualism" or "Spiritualist," will yet express respectability, and in that form will yet be "a thing of beauty and a joy forever."

I have just returned from a tedious but pleasant trip to the Mountains of Colorado, and find among the accumulations waiting my arrival, several numbers of your Journal, marked "Wetherbee J., 2 Dec., 65," these cabalistic letters meaning, I suppose, that I am to be favored with it till that date; the contents of this letter will make it twelve months instead; reading over these several issues, I see it is in the line of my thought-Spiritualistic in nature, if not in name; so it has my God-speed to it, and trust that it will aid with kindred efforts in spreading light in the dark places of the earth.

I am glad it radiates from Chicago, a place as large as is this good city, though only about the age of modern Spiritualism, while the "Hub" is 235 years old. The growth of Chicago, so suddenly (for a city,) famous, is suggestive of our philosophy, so lately born-dating at Rochester-and yet numbering more adherents than Christianity had in ten generations. Of course, I am not unmindful that the ethics of the golden rule were not with Jesus in Bethlehem, nor Spiritualism with the Fox girls, but one immortal truth is as old as the laws of nature, the other is as old as man; but we delight in birthdays and epochs, and so date from especial manifestations, and the first attraction becomes the manger where the young child was laid. I feel sure Chicago, by its location, by its back country, filled with food for a world, will continue to grow and be one of the commercial stars of the first magnitude. I feel equally sure its counterpart-Spiritualism-will grow, with its back country filled with food for a world, soul food for the soul of a world all hungry for it, dyspeptic with the bitter acorns and herbs palmed off by the pulpit generally, for real manna,

I am happy to say, that in the journey referred to among the Rocky Mountains, and among ranges beyond the plains, and in the various spots I visited between the golden regions and the more ancient aggregations of humanity, where I am wont to dwell, I find much to satisfy me in the interest I find manifested in spiritual and rational ideas. I found several in Denver and Central City, who are inspired, draw brave impressions and get light from the angel world, and one of the most original and one of the smartest men I met, looking rough, like a dead log, astonished me with his words of wisdom, his advanced ideas, his radical tendencies, his progressive notions, but it was all explained-he was a Spiritualist and took the Banner. If I write to him, I shall tell him to take your Chicago Light, also. I found our Brother Denton there also, looking with a Tuttle's eye, not on planetary orbs or stellar spaces, but on vales, guiches, mountains, canons, streams, and delighted with the mineral resources he saw, as none but a Spiritualistic man can be. He is lecturing geologically to large audiences, proving in his happy efforts the truth of what Ralph Waldo Emerson said, viz. : "There is a crack in everything that God has made, and the light of heaven shines through the crevice." The light of heaven, the angel world, as well as science, shone through him-shone through the mountain scenery, shines in your paper, shines in the Bible, often where the minister don't see it, shines, I hope, in and through your humble servant,

J. WETHERDER. Boston, Mass., Nov. 11, 1865.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal. Is Suffering the Result of Crime?

The Bible teaches that in consequence of the fall of Adam suffering was introduced into the world, and that it was in consequence of his disobedience of the law of God, and ever since it has been held up as a principle that all suffering is the result of sin; but when we come to examine into the condition of things as they exist, we find that suffering is the result of ignorance and misconception, for when we learn the law that governs us, and indeed all things, we will cease to suffer, at least in mind.

But to return. Suffering is the result of ignorance or misconception, and not of sin, for the reason that a person may labor under an apprehension that a certain act is a sin when it is no sin at all, but conceived to be so through defective education or otherwise, and yet the mind of that person may be racked to an extent that language cannot express. Who has not been placed in circumstances of awful suspense, where the soul was well nigh wrung out of the body, and yet under circumstances where not only no crime could be imputed to any one, but where the most unselfish desires or aims had placed the sufferer in the unfortunate position?

Again, if a person undertakes a journey, and, through ignorance, takes the wrong road, he mayhap land at the bottom of some pltfall or precipice, and thereby suffer, yet he only committed the sin of ignorance. And who does not know that not unfrequently the most unselfish noble souls the world ever saw, are the greatest sufferers.

But it may be said, "Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth," which may be true, but in answer to which we will merely say, in passing, that if it is so, He has a poor way of showing it. If it be urged that man is punished on account of his, or original sin, we will cite to them a case where a man, just and perfect in all his ways, according to God's own statement, was caused to suffer all the horrors known to humanity. Such was the case with Job, and all for what? Why, to prove to the devil that he, Job, was a good man.

It is high time that we cease to regard ourselves as doomed and damned, scarce daring to raise our eyes heavenward, lest swift punishment overtake us for the breaking of some imaginary law.

"Wake thou that sleepest." Let man assert his rights as the head, the spex of all created things, and instead of bowing his head in terror to every passing storm, let him study Nature's laws, and learn to govern the elements rather than be governed by them. When that is accomplished, and only then, will he have attained the high position assigned him in the economy of Nature, Suffering will then have well nigh disappeared from the earth. J. B. CLIFTON.

Phantom Flowers.

They are spirits of flowers that blossomed and died Long since in the garden—its beauty and pride; Yet they rise from corruption, in robes new and bright, As vision-like phantoms, all spotless and white.

Gay bodies we knew have gone down to decay: With the Winter's first breath they have withered away: But a change has come o'er them, and dream-like and fair The features that marked them they once again wear,

The same wondrous tissue, the outline and grace Of each tiny leaflet and biossom we trace; True type of ourselves, whose poor bodies shall rise From the grave of corruption, the heirs of the skies.

Dear sign of our hope, of salvation the key, The purest of offerings thy chaplet shall be; Of blossoms unfading, from heavenly bowers, We twine round the Cross, phantom leaflets and flowers.

Sonnet.

SUGGRESTED BY THE INSCRIPTION ON THE BELL OF THE HALL OF INDEPENDENCE, PHILADELPHIA. Proclaim Liberty throughout all the land, unto all the

BY ANNE WARREN WESTON. Not to this land alone; to every clime Those tones of hope and prophecy were borne; Forerunners of the sure, if distant morn That yet shall break as in that earlier prime By angels greeted. Not less sweet the chime When every cliff shall ecko back the lays Of Slaves made Freemen. On what shore shall blaze. The first effulgence of that light sublime? Oh, land from whence this beacon fire should shine.

Land hallowed by the trend of Filgrim feet, Land sanctified by prayers, made dear by graves Of Freedom's martyrs, rouse in strength, divine, And in true pentioner these tones repeat! The Old World's despots vanish with thy Slaves [Liberty Bell for 1851.

From the Chicago Republican.

Mrs. Anna Cowell's Reply to Rev. Dr. Hatfield.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: I come before you this evening in an entirely new character. I appear as counsel for the defence in the case of the Rev Dr. R. M. Hatfield versus the stage, and the entire theatrical profession of Europe and America. My opponent in the cause occupies the duplex position of plaintiff and counsel for the persecution. His plea has been heard in his court, a silent one in its decrees, whether damnatory or otherwise, I appea to this court before me, which is not a stient one. which does not, Rhadamanthus like, condemn and execute first, then try the culprits afterwards appeal to this court, which does not submit mutel to the dictatorship of any one man's mind, -to the court which has a voice, the vez populi, vez De appear before this court on behalf of my professions brothers and sisters, to plead the cause of inteller and art, against bigotry and intolerance. I have plead to you on these boards as Portis in the Merchant of Venice" against Shylock, the Shakspearean incarnation of cruel, unrelenting bigotry. That was a mimic trial; now I stand is to urge a serious plea, - a plea against the Shylock that would thank God that our argosics were wrecked, all our ventures lost; that would make us bankrupts in public estimation, and then would cut "the forfeit" nearest our hearts. For what he nearer the heart than good name in man or

In dealing with the sermon of Rev. Dr. Hatfield while it will be my task to refute his arguments, to denounce his sentiments, and confute his authorities. I shall not fall to exercise towards him, through out, the courtesy and respect due to his sacreoffice. I shall not take it for granted that the reverend gentleman has been actuated by any malicious feeling in his attack upon the stage. am rather disposed to assume that he is laboring under that peculiar morbid antipathy, which designated by medical men as an idiosyncrasy Brave and renowned men have exhibited extraordi nary antipathies. Henry the Third, of France, had a horror of a cat; Marshal d'Albert trembied at a sucking pig; Ladislans, king of Poland, could not endure the sight of apples; Erasmus collapsed at the smell of fish; Scaliger went into a fit at the ght of water-cresses; Tycho Brahe, the great astronomer, lost the use of his limbs at the sight of a hare; the immortal Lord Bacon swooned at an eclipse of the moon; and another man of genius the late John Leech, the illustrator of The Londo Punch, fell into frightful nervous paroxysms at the sound of a street organ. Evidently, Dr. Hatfield also has an idiosyncrasy, and his idiosyncrasy is the theatre. The very name of the theatre seems to throw him into a frenzy that would be Pythonic, but that the doctor is unfortunately not inspired.

I shall now proceed to take up the doctor's arguments seriation, and in advance, I request my hearers to observe that he—a dergyman—cites none but Pagan authorities. When he refers to modern authors, he speaks of them thus vaguely: "One writer says," "a caustic writer observes," "another writer observes," and so on; but in no instance does he give up the names of said "writers." The men he quotes wrote in Latin or Greek. Their works are inaccessible to the vast majority of even scholars; consequently, the audience he addressed must necessarily have taken his quotations entirely on trust. I propose to show that he (of course unintentionally) misquotes, perverts (by unly quoting such parts as served his purpose), and otherwise utterly misrepresents the authors he

The reverend doctor commences thus: "I begin

with Plato, a man who speaks so grandly that he has been called Moses by the philosophers, and that it has been thought that he had access to parts, at least, of the inspired Scriptures. Plate said that plays raised the passions and perverted them, and consequently are dangerous to public morality." Plato said no such thing, at least not in direct terms, as here represented, and I challenge my reverend opponent to produce the passage in which the sage of Academus so expressed himself. The truth is, that Plato, in a work known as the "Republic," and in which he prescribed a constitution, laws, etc., to a visionary government, decided not to include the drama in his plan. But he also decided, (and this I wish you to particularly observe the reverend gentleman keeps back)—he also decided to exclude from his ideal of a republic painting and music, as injurious to society, and consequents painters and musicians as unworthy to be admitted into his fantastic social scheme. Now, ladies and gentlemen, Dr. Hatfield is between the horns of a dilemma. As he condemns the drama and wishes to abolish the stage, confessedly because that great man, Plato, condemned and rejected them, he can not fairly, honestly, or logically stop at that point If Plato's authority against the stage is infallible as he maintains, it must be equally infallible and operate with the same powerful effect against the kindred arts. Therefore the doctor must enber abjure Plato, and give up the argument is disting or he must, in consistency, follow his Pagan Moses to the ultima thule, and declare war against music and painting likewise. His next mission, therefore must be, after he has done with the actors, to make a raid upon the painters and musicians. If he doe not wish to be accused of malignant prejudice and unscrupulous partiality, he must at once "put with a heavy hand, the sublime orstories of Handel, Hayden, Mozart and Beethoven. All the famous galleries of paintings must be "put down" by being burned up; all the painters in Crosby's-Healy, Drury, Rawson, Ford, Reed, Antrobas, hoc genus omne, -must not only be "put down" and swept off the third floor of the Opera House, but swept off the face of creation, as fearfully and worderfully dangerous desperadoes against public morality. Why does Dr. Hatfield quote Plato against the theatre, and avoid all mention of Socrates, whose pupil Plato was for ten years! Socrates lived 500 years before Christ, and exercised an influence which, in some respects, is felt to our own times. He insisted in an age of Pantheism, upon the unity of the Deity and the immortality of the soul, and died a martyr to the truth. He was the first man who inaugurated an age of faith. The reverend gentleman tell us that Plato was called "Moses" by philosophers. Profound thinkers and truly pious men have not hesitated to compare the life and doctrines of Socrates with those of the Redeemer; yet this same Socrates attended the Athenseum theatre, and, we are informed, sat there on one occasion, and calmly witnessed himself travestied in the representation of a comedy called

Would this great moralist have sanctioned the theatre by his presence if, as the doctor says, "it produced the extravagance and debanchery of the age in which he lived?" Undoubtedly not. In a court of justice it is customary to test the credibility of a witness by testing his character. I have given you the character of Socrates, I will now give you the character of Plato. Plato quarreled with most of his fellow-disciples, and it is said never during his life had a single friend. The eminent American philosophic historian, Dr. Draper, says of

"The Cloud," by his cotemporary, Aristophanes.

Plato: "He lived to 89 years, and as might be anticipated from the venerable age to which he attained, his opinions were often very contradictory, and his philosophy exhibited many variations."

Hence, we may charitably presume that his extreme age affected the correctness of his opinions on the frame as vitally as it did his opinions in thilosophy Be ides, if the reverend gentleman adopts the dictum of Piato concerning the stage, he must also inferentially sanction, if not adopt, his doctrines in theolo-If the doctor maintains him to be irrefutable mem the one subject, he cannot, with a good grace, of without good reason, repudiate him totally on

the other. I will give you a brief summary of the religious doctrines of Plato-the doctor's second Moses. He target that departed sonls hover around their graves, and when they find a vacant body, whether a man or beast, they dark into it, and make their dwelling there; that the righteous souls go into a star; that the less pure souls have a second birth under the form of a woman—you see he had quite as I ad an opinion of the ladies as he had of the stage; that the frivolous souls went into birds, and the ignorant into fishes. So that, ladies and gentlemen, you do not know but that you may be eating a defunct ancestor in a prairie chicken, or a smoked Fin and haddle. Such were the theological teachings of the "second Moses." His social and moral destrines were, that children did not belong to their parents; that women should be regarded as public property; and that deformed and sickly children should be thrown out and left to perish. And this is the "second Moses!" This is the respectable, moral, religious authority upon which Mr. Hatfield, a doctor of Christian divinity, denounces the public norsuit of an art, and defames the private character. of the artists, -not only as artists, but as men and women, husbands and wives, as fathers and mothers, as friends and citizens. And this monstrous injustice is not committed in the Dark Ages by some shaven monk in the gloom of an Italian clotster; no! It is done in the broad sanlight of freedom, religious and political, in the year of our Lord 1865, by a Christian minister-by a Christian minister in the great, enlightened, liberal and progressive city of Chleago.

The next authority he resurrects is some one he calls "Tully," by whom I presume he means Cicero, the great Roman erator and metaphysician. Cheero was an admirer of the tragedian Roseins, and was sufficiently interested in the stage to give directions to actors in a portion of his works called Paradoxes. The last classical authority the doctor brings forward against the stage is the Roman stoic Seneca. Again, as in the case of Plato, I have to express my astonishment that a gospel preacher should have recourse to such an anthority for aid and comfort; for Seneca, although he enforced the cultivation of good morals, was a bitter and violent opponent of religion, its observances and requirements. Now, if Dr. Hatfield relies upon Seneca's opinions adverse to the theatres as infallible, he must, as a logical sequence, likewise accept his other opinions, adverse to religion. This is the predicament in which the reverend gentleman has placed himself, and it is impossible for him by any quibbling tortuosity to escape. I don't think, ladies and gentlemen, that an authority like Seneca, who, while he merely censures the stage, flagrantly abuses religion, can be very damaging to the profession of which I am a member.

The doctor has only quoted from classical authorities against the theatre, and those incorrectly. I could, were time and place fitting, summon a score of ancient authorities in its landation; and as for the modern anthors who have written in support of the drama and the stage, their name is

Having exhausted his authorities, the doctor as with the imsupported assertion that the theatre was in very bad repute, and that the actors heid, socially and politically, as low a status as the Spartan helots at "one period in Roman history." When that period was he does not condescend to Inform us. Since the doctor is so mysterious in his chronology, I will select a period for him, by which the status of the drama in Rome may be fairly estimated. I select the era of Julias Cæsar, which was on the threshold of the Augustan age-the most brilliant epoch in Roman history, as regards poetry, oratory, philosophy, and the fine arts. In that era flourished Roscius, the actor, the friend of Casar and Cicero, the latter of whom was greatly indebted to the tragedian for the grace of his gestures and the effectiveness of his elecution. So highly was Roscius esteemed that he was made a Roman knight, and received for his dramatic performances 500 sestertia, or about \$20,182 per annum. To such a state of perfection had the dramatic art attained at that time, and so severely, nay, mercilessly critical, were the Roman audiences, that Cicero tells us: "Histrio et paulo movit extra numerum aut se versus pronunciatus est sylaba una brevior aut longier exsibilatur et exploditur. Cæsar had strong personal regard for a provincial comedian named Laberius. He invited him to Rome by large offers of money, placed him in competition with the people's favorite, Publius Syrus, attended his thestrical personations, and used his influence to promote the "poor player's" success and advance his fortunes. Thus, you perceive, ladies and gentlemen, thet Cæsar highly valued the drama and upheld the theatre; Cæsar aided, encouraged and respected actors—he, Julius Cæsar, "the foremost man of all the world."

Dr. Hatfield now leaves the shores of Greece and Latium, and goes to England for materials to reprobate the stage; and he could not possibly have selected a more unfortunate period for his purpose than the one he has chosen. He says: "In England, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, many of her subjects petitioned for the suppression of the thea-tre." Many of her subjects! How many consti-tutes "many"? This vague and important "many" puts me in mind of the three tailors of Tamworth, who drew up a petition to the English Parliament commencing, "We, the people of England." The intention of the sentence I have just quoted is to convey the impression that the theatre at that period was in bad repute with the respectable portion of the community. Every schoolboy knows to the contrary, knows that at that period the drams had reached such an eminence as not only to be esteemed as a popular intellectual art, but actually to be identical with English nationality. It was the golden age of the stage. The galaxy of genius that then shone and shone only for the theatre, that made the stage a star-paved Valhalla and dwelling of the gods, after the lapse of 300 years still remains unparalleled in brilliancy. Nearly all the great dramatists of our language flourished in the Elizabethan age. Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, Beaumont, and Fletcher, Ford, Massinger, Webster, Marlowe, and a host of other writers, whose works are now English classics. The stage was patronized by royalty and nobility. At whatsoever nobleman's seat the queen became a guest, masques and plays almost invariably formed a part of the enter-tainment. It was at Elizabeth's express command that Shakespeare wrote "The Merry Wives of Windsor." In proof of the position actors held, and the influence they exercised on society at that time, I need only cite the speech of Hamlet to Polonius: "They are the abstracts and brief chronicles of the time; after your death you were better have a bad epitaph than their ill-report while you live." So much, ladies and gentlemen, for the learned doctor's erudition upon the drama in the Elizabethan age!

Dr. Hatfield then goes on to say that, "to this day actors are debarred from good society." This is an utter misstatement. The mere fact of being an actor never, from the days of Shakespeare to the present hour, placed any man in a degraded position, nor kept him there. His want of talent, energy and character may do so, as in any other pursuit; but his profession, never. Garrick, Foote, Cibber, all the Kembles, Munden, Dowton, Quick, Bannisor lights of their day mixed in the best society, both in London and in the then fashionable city of Bath. In our times, Charles Kean has been received for years at Victoria's palaces, as familiarly as the queen's lord chamberlain. The bent of Macready lay toward literary rather than courtly society; and who are or were his intimate friends and associates? Such men as Bulwer, Dickens, Foster, Thackeray, Talfourd, Douglas Jerrold -poets, painters, statesmen, historians, scientific philosophers, men who constitute the intellectual motive power of their country-men who, in their land's language, have raised up to themselves "a monument more durable than brass!" Are the doors of good society closed against Mr. Hackett. the American comedian? Did not the lamented Abraham Lincoln receive him at the Executive mausion as a friend, and correspond with him upon the subjects of Shakespeare and the stage? Does our reverend assailant mean to assert that the late President of the United States was not what he calls good society? Is James E. Murdoch, the American actor, who might have realized thousands of dollars by pursuing his profession during the war, but who devoted his talents to the service of his country, and

to the aid of our sick and wounded heroes, -is he, I ask, a pariab, an ontcast, banned and excommunicated from "good society?" Are the hosts of actors who rushed to the standard of the Union, when the first gan was fired at Fort Sumter, and who, now that our arms are crowned with a victorious peace, have returned to the stage-are they, too, all outcasts, like poor Tom o' Bedlam, "to be whipped from tything to tything,"-to be banned, barred and branded, "cabined, cribbed, confined," by the Rev. Doctor from "good society?"

Ladies and gentlemen, you have answered my questions. I wish your answer could reach to Wabash avenue! The ladies of our profession next come in for a share of the doctor's good offices. He refers to the dark days in the early history of the church, to support his enlightened opinion, that any man who marries an actress deserves to be excladed from Christian communion while living, and Christian rites of bell and burial when deceased, Men of the highest position in England, and in this country, have married actresses. Three of the most colebrated actresses of their day, Miss Farren, Miss Stephens, and the great tragedienne, Miss O'Neil, became respectively Countess of Derby, Countess of Essex, and Lady Rickson Beecher. They adorned the station to which they attained, and lived honored, respected, and beloved by all who knew them. Queen Victoria every one admits to be a plous, virtuous woman. When Mrs. Warner, the actress, was in her last sickness. Victoria visited her, supplied her with funds and delicacies, and sent her own private carriage daily to give the suffering artiste an airing. The sovereign of an empire upon which the sun never sets did not disdain to smooth the pillow of the dying actress. Would the Rev. Dr. Hatfield do as much? The mother of Canning, the renowned statesman, was an actress. Sheridan who ran "thro' each mood of the lyre and was master of all," of whom Byron wrote that,

" Nature made but one such man, And broke the die in moulding Sheridan."-

His mother was also an actress, one of that class whom Dr. Hatdeld represents as out of the pale of

"O shame, where is thy blush? Rebellious hell, Canst thou thus mutiny in a parson's bones ?"

So far I have met all the reverend vituperator's false statements with truths, and his sophisms with arguments; but now I am about to read you two sentences, which it would be as weak in me to stoop to answer as it was wicked in him to stoop to utter them. Dr. Hatfield asks:

" Is there a man who is an actor, and has a respectable character? Who is there in this house who would not sooner see his daughter in her grave than married to

an actor !"

When I read these lines, I am lost in indignation and amazement that any sane man could have been found fanatical enough to place the professors of an intellectual art on the same level with traitors, burglars, and murderers-to represent them as moral crelins and lepers, unfit by their leathsome impurity to fulfil the sacred duties of a husband and a father ! Ladies and gentlemen, this is a dastardly outrage upon the actor; but it is something more than that. It is also a most foul and deliberate insult to youto you the people, who have elected John Rice, a retired actor, to the high office of Mayor of Chicago, the proudest city of the West! To sum up, when the reverend gentleman's attempts at logic do not degenerate into senseless and almost maniacal abuse, his style of reasoning throughout is after this fashion; either a condition of things, or a thing itself has been found on one or more occasions to be hurtful, ergo such a condition or thing must be at once abolished and demolished. As thus: One of the kings of England died of eating stewed lampreys, the Duke of Wellington died of eating venison steaks, and Pius Antonius died of eating Alpine cheese; ergo, stewed lampreys, venison steaks, and Switzer kaese must be abolished, but not demolished. To follow up the same style of argument. The first woman plucked the fruit of the tree of knowledge, and gave of it to the first man to eat, and thus brought death (a doubtful evil) into the world; ergo, woman ought to be abolished. But I, a woman, uphold and glory in the deed of the first of my sex! In that act woman began the mission she has since fulfiled through countless generations. That mission was and is, to rouse man from sensual torpor; stimulate him to heroic ambition, to divine aspirations; to urge him ever to a nobler, loftier plateau of existence, mental, moral, and material. Woman plucked the fruit from the tree of knowledge, not from the tree of life. Sublime choice! Glorious augury of the divine spark to be transmitted to her race, and ever unquenchable to remotest ages! For what is knowledge but to approach the creative throne; to lift the mystic veil and behold with holy awe and fearless wonder, the might and majesty of the God! To be the priest of knowledge is to be the interpreter of his oracles-to converse with him daily, hourly, as flesh with unknown infinity. It is to read in the air, on the ocean, in the skiey vast above, in the bowels of the unfathomable earth beneath-in all things from the wing of the grasshopper to the vertebra of a megatherium-volumes written by the hand of Omnipotence, intelligible only to those true Prometheans, worthy descendants of the giant sons of the embrace of angels, whose primal wisdom taught them to reject the tasteless fruit of mortal immortality.

I shall now conclude with the admonition of the Duke in a measure which, if the Rev. Dr. Hatfield can but seriously take to heart, it will not be the worse for him as a man, a Christian, and a clergy-

"He who the sword of Heaven will bear, Should be as holy as severe; Pattern in himself to know; Grace to stand and virtue go; More nor less to others paying Than by self-offences weighing."

QUEER EPITAPH .- While some philosophers seek information in the far West, and others in the not much nearer East; one perchance reducing eccentric arrow-heads to a civilized alphabet, another metamorphosing emblematic pitchforks, tom-eats, etc., of 2000 A.M., into sensation novels of the period a third studying the customs and annals of pre-historic America, by the aid of Aztec pots and pipkins—it has been the happy lot of the undersigned, with no greater effort than a short railway journey and a pleasant walk, to light upon a treasure of antiquity, which may not be without interest to some of your readers. The internal evidence of the following lines is sufficient to show what they purport to be, viz.: the epitaph of an accomplished parish officer at Crayford, in Kent. They run as follows: Here lieth the body of

Peter Isnell. (30 years clerk of this parish.)

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The life of this Clerk was just threescore and ten, Nearly half of which time he had sung out Amen; In his youth he was married, like other young men, But his wife died one day, so he chanted Amen. A second he took, she departed, what then ? He married and buried a third with Amen. Thus his joys and his sorrows were Trebled, but then His Voice was deep Bass as he sung out Amen. On the horn he could blow as well as most men, So his horn was exalted in blowing Amen: But he lost all his Wind after threescore and ten, And here with three Wives he waits till again The Trumpet shall rouse him to sing Amen.

Lest I should be suspected of any unworthy motive, either the love of trickery, or the desire of gain, I beg leave to state, first, that I actually copied this inscription a few days ago from a tombstone in Crayford church-yard; secondly, that I am not interested in any railway that it can benefit by the unprecedented rush of visitors which so remarkable a discovery must occasion.—London Atheneum.

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as the chemist agitates the elements in his crucible, or as the geologist studies the granite foundations of the world.

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For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

THE COMING TIME. BY BLANCHE.

> CHAPTER II. WHAT BECAME OF BEN'S SLED.

"It is Bennie's turn to go ahead." This was said by Bertie Grandy, the rich merchant's son, His word was law, so all the boys fell back, and Bennie-how much there was in that additional syllable-placed his sled on the brow of the hill, and took his seat upon it with all the dignity of a newly promoted official, and led off the fleet of steds that charged down upon the ravine below. Bertie, (whose sled was steel-shod,) being a born gentleman, deferred starting until Bennie had gained sufficient advantage in distance to make up for the want of shoes on his,-then, with a hearty shout for their leader, spurred on, as he termed it, in order to reach the ravine in regular file.

Bertie's father counted his wealth by thousands, but was only plain Mr. Grundy until that winter; now, having been elected to the Legislature, he was greeted as the Hon. J. S. Grundy. To the boy of eight winters it was quite as great a stride on the highway to honor to be called "Bennle" instead of Ben, as it it was for the newly elected Senator to be greeted Hon. J. S. Grundy, instead of Mr.

The latter, by virtue of his pecuniary consequence, had attained his honorable title; while the former, in consequence of having become possessed of a sled, had been promoted in the opinion of his playmates to a pet name that implied-well, no matter what it implied; no title, from that of County Justice to "His Imperial Majesty," ever conveyed more positive gratification than did that simple affix to Bennie Bateman.

"The boys are beginning to love me," he said to himself; "nobody but dear mamma ever called me so before."

Just then he perceived how much he was in advance of Bertie's steel-shod sled that outwent every other boy's-he verily thought his sled had improved with his feelings, so exquisitely did he enjoy the triumph.

But one of the boys, who was thoughtless, or not quite as polite as Bertie, began to exclaim against the start he had had, when Bertie stopped him by crying out, loud enough for all to hear, "Bennie's a brave, clever fellow to make his own sled, while we, great boys, almost twice as old, had ours bought

If Bennie was gratified before, he was doubly so now, as the shout went up from every boy-" Hur-

The next week-it was nobody's fault, but a providential accident-whew! who ever heard of a providential misfortune?-well, let it be assumed as such. The next week Bennie's sled broke down on the steepest part of the hill, and he was tumbled head first into a ditch, and broke his arm just below

Poor Bennie! Bertie Grundy was first on the spot. Taking him up tenderly in his arms, he put him on his own sled, and drew him to his mother's.

All the boys followed except Tommy Garner, the doctor's son, who ran straight for his father.

The doctor being at home, arrived at Mrs. Bateman's door just as she was carrying Bennie into the

"O, mamma," Bennie cried, regardless of his sufferings, "Who'll do the chores?" so thoughtful was he of his dear mother.

"I'll do 'em," Bertie answered. "So will I," "So will I," "So will I," cried a half dozen boys at once.

"It is only a slight fracture of one of the bones," the doctor said. He soon had it adjusted, and nicely bandaged; then assisted his mother in undressing him. "You'll be able to attend school again in a few days," the doctor assured him, as he lifted him kindly and gently into bed.

"I will sew for your family, Dr. Gardner, but I have no money to pay you," Mrs. Bateman said, as

"You are perfectly welcome to my services," he replied. "I will call to-morrow evening, and if he has no fever then, he will need no further attention -only he must be careful not to slide down hill under one month."

The boys all wanted to cut Mrs. Bateman's wood, but there was none to cut. Bennie had picked it up about the saw-mill since the miller had given him leave to take all the chips and bark he wished. His sled had done good service in that capacity, while it lasted.

On learning this, all the boys volunteered, and soon there was enough at the door to last a month.

Then, after bidding Bennie and his mother good night, with her "God bless you all" ringing in their ears, each, with his sled, started for home. Their little hearts were both sorry and glad, -sorry for Bennie, and glad they had done him service. They were more than paid.

Bertie, being older than the others, had taken more notice of their condition, and was thinking all the way home what he should tell his mother. Now everybody thinks Mrs. Grundy is a most heartless woman, wholly given up to pride, to fashionable pleasure, and to every kind of selfish indulgence. It is no such thing. She has a most excellent heart, full of all good impulses, only there had never been found a key fitted to its intricate windings. Some ingenious mechanic has invented a key that has to be turned first one way, and then another, as it is pushed into the lock; then a half hitch this way, and a whole hitch another way, before it can reach the bolt. Some such a key was required that could make its way in and around all the artificialities of life that had so long barred the egress of all those good qualities.

There were still traces of sympathetic tears on Bertie's face, as he came into his mother's elegant sitting-room. Going up, and putting his arms lovingly about her neck, he whispered the story of Bennie's misfortune. "His mother has no candles. I heard her ask Bennie if he had any coppers to buy one, and he answered, 'no,' and cried to think they must stay in the dark, when his arm pained

him so badly. "Mayn't I carry them one, and earry him a part of my supper? O, mamma, they are so dreadful poor, and the tears were all the time dropping down over his mother's cheeks." Here Bertie laid his head on his mother's shoulder, and sobbed as if

his heart was breaking. It was the right key. Back went the rusty bolt ! that years of indifference to human misery had almost cemented in its socket, and Mrs. Grundy's heart was unlocked.

"I will go with you," she said. So, while her liusband was helping to make laws to govern the country, she went with her angel boy to administer. the law of love, the mightlest power in the universe. "And a little child shall lead them," even the Mrs. Grundies.

Two dozen candles, several pounds of butter, crackers, meat, etc., etc., etc., were that night transferred from her ample stores to Mrs. Bateman's

"My mother, Mrs. Bateman," said Bertle, and his face fairly shone with joy, as he introduced them by firelight.

Mrs. Bateman was no stranger to polite society, and being still young and handsome, they had a very agreeable that after the candles were Ilt.

Bennie had grown to love Bertle as he had never thought of loving any one except his mother, and almost forgot the pain of his broken arm, so delighted was he to have his new found friend

Mrs. Grundy alipped a five dollar note into Mrs. Bateman's hand as she left the house, and promised to call the next day.

That night Mrs. Grundy, instead of thinking until her head ached from nervousness, what kind of a dress she would appear in at the next party, was trying in vain to make out what made her heart feel so unusually light, when all at once Bertie calls out: "O, mamma, I'm so happy I can't sleep, to think you gave those things to Mrs. Bateman. and made her and Bennie cry for joy,"

There were answering tears on Mrs. Grundy's cheeks, that proved she at last understood the reward of true benevolence,

The doctor enlisted his wife's sympathies, So the next day she called on Mrs. Bateman, and was delighted to find her a very highly cultivated woman. On inquiry, she ascertained they were both from the same county, and although strangers, personally, their families associated intimately.

Mrs. Bateman had married against the wishes of her friends, which accounted both for her poverty and her desire not to be recognized by Mrs. Garner. All was understood when they parted. "I shall claim you henceforth as an old friend," said Mrs. Garner, as she kissed her and Bennie-"good

Whoever was a friend to Mrs. Garner, was necessarily so to Mrs. Grundy. That night was the beginning of a friendship between the three that never changed in its unselfish purity, until Mrs. Grundy passed on to her angel home, and Mrs. Garner and Mrs. Bateman gave her their last kiss when they had shrouded her for the grave.

The next day Bennie kept his bed, and learned his first lesson in geometry, by tracing lines and angles on the ceiling and walls. The making of his sled, or rather the embodiment of the idea of a sled in material form, was a practical lesson in metaphysics; while the results of his success and mishap were illustrated lessons in moral science. Collegiate studies-all three of them, and Bennie

In "The Coming Time," when educators learn that ideas are inherent in the soul, (the realm of thought) and that they are quickened into thoughtlife by the suggestive influence of correspondent embodiments in external life, and then, after due maturing in the mind, are born into the realms of existent being, they will no longer attempt to transfer them from dead letters into the living

Then the order of teaching will be reversed: the first will be last, and the last first.

Philosophy, the mother of all science, with its inseparable logic, is naturally the first branch or leaflet, and like the first existent manifestation of vegetable life, must take precedence of all others.

Bennie, like every other child, despite the abnormal methods of usual teaching, was somewhat versed in these, or he could never have passed on to the next in order.

(To be Continued.)

Written for the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

California Sketches .- No. 3.

Should you ever pack your trunks for a journey to our beautiful California, do not forget, with all your niceties, little comforts and keepsakes, to take along the most useful, amusing and instructive of all articles-the Novelty Microscope. You will find it a very agreeable traveling companion at the tropical towns where you will stop on the way, for you will find insects, grasses, mosses, flowers, pebbles and shells quite new to you, and on your arrival here, you will see birds of brilliant plumage. Each bit of down from their handsome feathers would be a lesson. Foreign and native plants with each leaf and flower disclose a world of beauty and the infinite skill and wisdom of their Maker.

But I intend to show you some portions of this famous city and leave you to study the minute particles at your leisure, in your own parlors and nurseries. First then we will, if you please, take a seat in a street car for a visit to

LONE MOUNTAIN.

The name has a solemn sound, and may seem sadder still, when I tell you it is the burial place of our sacred dead, the mountain of rest of our earthweary friends. As we ride along you will observe in every direction, high hills of sand entirely destitute of vegetation, only on a few may be seen scrubby oaks and the hardy sage brush. And you may well wonder how all those gardens in San Francisco have been so successfully cultivated with such an unpromising soil to work upon. Not a tree is to be seen on the hills or plains, except those planted by the hand of man; but all along our route are magnificent dwelling houses, each with a most luxuriant garden; beautifully laid out and well kept. After a ride of three miles, we reach our destination-Lone Mountain Cemetery.

As we enter the enclosure, we see spread out before us two hundred and twenty acres of land covered with trees from foreign countries, flowers of every kind and color, both native and foreign; grass of velvet softness, vines clustering profuselyplanted by loving friends, in memory of the the buried dead. Most expensive and elaborate tombs, monuments and grave stones have been erected, which, viewed through the wilderness of green, have an effect far from sorrowful. The most expensive and conspicuous monument is that of Senator Broderick, who was killed in a duel a few years ago. It stands upon the most elevated portion of the grounds, and though unfinished, is still

a piece of work of great taste and beauty. The Chinese have a tomb built in their own peculiar style of architecture, where they deposit their own dead. In front of it you may usually see tapers burning or remnants of them; red papers with Chinese characters on them, half consumed, and food which they carry to the tomb to feast the spirits of the dead upon. They preserve their own customs unmolested, and the manner in which they ! perform their funeral services, is one of the oddest of

The view from Lone Monatain is unsurpassed. In full view is the Pacific Ocean, spread out thousands of miles farther than the eye can reach, bearing on its waters ships from every nation, and the Golden Gate, that mysterious passage through which they must all pass to enter our harbor. The Bay of San Francisco, covered with steam and sail ships, their lofty masts giving to the breeze the flags of all countries; the Farallone Islands, those "solliary sentinels of the sea;" the city of San Francisco with her bustle and din of business, and towering ranges of mountains, kissing the sky, complete the view and render this consecrated spot one of the most soul-inspiring of which the most imaginative

No frosts discolor the richness of the flowers or fade the perpetual greenness of the trees and grass. Snow and ice never come to chil the warm sun that hovers over these mountain graves. The spirits of those whose remains repose in these vaults and mounds can but delight to visit this spot and cheer the hearts of the diligent workers who have transformed this barren soil to a garden of beauty.

The Germans have a romantic vein of poetry in their natures. They love their children fondly and strive to make them happy, and this trait exhibits itself around the graves of their buried little ones. The playthings which amused their childish fancies, are arranged in their sacred enclosures. Very prettily suggestive that babies may have toys in the spirit land. Riding horses, as little Willie last harnessed them; dolls as Kitty and Mary last dressed them, in white frocks and pink ribbons, hoops and balls, baskets and vases, cups and picture books, make the sad souls of parents happier by a visit to the nursery of their lost treasures.

Adleu, mountain of the dead-hope and beauty shed a halo of light around thy summit, and point with unerring finger to the mountain of life in the home of souls, F. M. K.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

"Sunshine."

By the use of this term we do not mean merely sunlight, but the direct rays or shine of the sun. Mankind is dying for the want of it. We build our houses, to be sure, with a world of windows, but they are chiefly put in to make a handsome display outside. We are careful to curtain them inside, and blind them outside, so as to shut out the precious rays of the sun. It is a good argument in favor of curtains and blinds, that if the light be let in too strongly, it will fade the carpets. So far as the carpets are concerned this is true, as they are generally made, but can we have no colors in carpets which the light will not seriously affect? If carpets fade by letting the light in, there is another thing that fades by keeping the light out, viz., the human being. On the shady side of the street, the hospital and prison, cholera, scrofula, billous complaints, and nervous diseases, are more frequent and fatal than on the sunny We advise everybody to live on the sunny side of their houses. The room in which the family spends most of its time, should be on the side where the sun can find its way into it. Let the parlor, if it be seldom used, be on the shady side. We observe that there is not a cottager so ignorant who will not set her plants, if she ha taste enough to grow them, in the east window in the morning, and at noon carry them to a south window, and in the afternoon put them in a west window. But perhaps she is careful to keep her children in the shade, and her precious self, so far as possible, out of the rays of the sun. The plants, in obedience to natural laws, are kept healthy, while the children and mother being kept in the shade, suffer in conse-

Light is beginning to be considered a great curative agent, and we apprehend that the time is not far distant when there will be sun-baths, corridors with glass roofs will be so adjusted that persons can properly remove their clothing and take a bath in the sun for an hour or two, much to the improvement of their heath. The chief advantage of going to the country is to get into the sunshine, and to be in the pure breezes. If we desired merely to keep cool, we should stay in the shady city. People talk of "hot walls" and "burning pavements;" it is much hotter in the country, for the breeze that plays there in mid-day brings only heated air in from out-doors. But in the city the breeze brings air in from the shady side of the street, and the lower rooms of a city house are consequently much cooler in mid-day than the exposed houses of the

Our soldiers, who were able to bear the labor and fatigue of war, were invigorated by the out-door life they lived. We know a young man in New York who came back from the war and resumed his former occupation of bookkeeping, and lost thirty pounds weight in six weeks. It would do him good to be a farmer.

Parents can do nothing better for their puny, sick boys, than to put them on a farm for three or four summers, and let the sun bathe them the liveong day. They will, by such a life, grow rapidly, and become tough, brawny and broad. We have seen this tried to the highest advantage in more than one instance under our advice.

Our attention has recently been called to this subject by a series of articles in the New Jerusalem Messenger, by Dr. John Ellis. We commend the subject to other physicians, to preachers, teachers, and parents. Be not afraid of sunshine.

A Grand Thought.

Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, in a late sermon preached upon the occasion of the death of Col. Iric Dahlgren, concludes his remarks by the following impressive and spiritual words: And so his life ended; nay, so his life begun. The body was slain, the spirit was emancipated. His hands could do no more for his country; but his example would call a thousand hands to do more

than he had ever done. No more was his slender form to be seen in the charge of battle; but his name was inspiration to unnumbered youths. His life multiplied itself upon every generous youth who, by his example, learned "not to count his ife dear to himself." Dead! He was never so rovally living! We are looking upon the place where he once was; not upon him. This is but the souvenir, the remembrance of him; not the man,

nor the hero. Once he lived subject to the need of

a fleshy body; but now his example walks the earth

with tireless feet, and needs no ministration of food Once he dwelt in a house made with hands, and only once: but now he dwells in thrice ten thousand. Wherever children are reared to Deity and heroism, there his example lives. Where men glow with patriotism and kindle with gratitude to those who saved this land to liberty and law, there is he who gave his life for his native land. In cities and in villages, on solitary farms and in the lumberman's forest, upon the shore and in the ship, among lowsmen and among mountaineers-from the shores of the Atlantic, across the great rivers and

shall show men how to lose their lives, and gain them Dahlgren! The name aforetime was strange to English lips, and of sound foreign to English ears. But now it is no longer your land from which it came! It is ours; it is American. Our children shall wear it; and, as long as our history lasts, Dahlgren shall mean truth, honor, bravery, and heroic sacrifice.

lakes, across the mountains to the Pacific ocean-

his spirit shall brood upon the young, his example

Precious dead! Dust, thou needest no pity or sympathy of us! Is the eye sunken? Who of us beholds as thou dost from the spheres above? Is thy hand powerless? What hand or sceptre on earth is like thine for influence? Is thy heart pulseless? Nay, that surely is not dead that stirs thousands of hearts with joy and gratitude! How glorious is this deathless life, this living in death! Bear ye to its rest this precious trust. Him ye do not bring-only the shackles that confined his spirit! Above you, around you, with you, goes this ransomed spirit! His sufferings are ended, but not his work. Noiseless and tireless worker, as long as the sea beats the shore, or the sun warms the soil, thou shalt live and labor in thy Master's

A NATIONAL THANKSGIVING.

THE PIRST THURSDAY OF DECEMBER. By the President of the United States of America.

A PROCLAMATION.

Whereas, It has pleased Almighty God, during he year which is now coming to an end, to relieve our beloved country from the fearful scourge of civil war, and to permit us to secure the blessings of peace, unity and harmony, with a great enlargement of civil liberty; and

Whereas, Our Heavenly Father has also, during the year, graciously averted from us the calamities of foreign war, pestilence and famine, while our granaries are full of the fruits of an abundant enson; and

Whereas, Righteousness exalteth a nation, while

sin is a reproach to any people:
Now, therefore, I, Andrew Johnson, President of the United States, do hereby recommend to the people thereof, that they do set apart and observe the first Thursday of December next, as a day of national thanksgiving to the Creator of the Universe for these deliverances and blessings and I do further recommend that, on that occasion, the whole people make confession of our national sins against His infinite goodness, and with one heart and one mind, implore the Divine guidance in the ways of national virtue and

In testimony whereof, I have hereunto set my hand, and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed. Done at the city of Washington, this 28th day of October, in the year of our Lord 1866, and of the independence of the

United States, the 90th. [Signed] By the President. ANDREW JOHNSON.

Secretary of State. HEALING WITHOUT MEDICINE. - REMARKABLE CURES OF CHRONIC DISEASE,-We are decidedly

WILLIAM H. SEWARD,

averse to giving credit to statements that are in direct opposition to the general experience, and especially touching the matter of healing the sick, where the field for humbug and imposition is so wide, and where such sad consequences are likely to result from the employing of ignorant and reckless quacks in the treatment of diseases that are threatening to destroy life. But it is incumbent on us to give the strictest heed to the facts that are passing, that we may be able to determine what is the true system of healing the sick and to distinguish who are the quacks and who are real physi-

In accordance with these considerations we visited the rooms of Dr. Higgins, at the Huntington House, during the past week, observed his method of treating diseases without the use of medicines, and we must acknowledge that we were decidedly astonshed at what we there witnessed. A young man came in from Darke county, Ohio, who had lost the use of his leg, from the hip down, some four years ago, the flesh being almost entirely shrunk away, leaving the limbwery little larger than the bone itself. In other respects the young man was apparently in perfect health. But he was totally unable to lift his left foot off the floor. He submitted to Dr. Higgins' treatment, in our presence, which lasted probably twenty minutes, and at the end of that time the patient was able to lift his foot into a chair, with apparently little difficulty.

Another still more remarkable cure was performed by Dr. H., in the case of Mr. John Eiderkin, a man seventy-seven years of age, and who is well known by every resident of this city. Mr. Elderkin has suffered constantly for many years with a peculiar disease of the bladder which compelled him to rise from his bed twenty or thirty times during the night and even in the day time, the difficulty from this cause was not less annoying. He had tried the medicines of many of the best physicians, without obtaining relief. When Dr. Higgins came to this city two weeks since, he determined to seek a cure at his hands. The result was, he obtained immediate and perfect relief. He now sleeps soundly, is able to attend to his business-that of drayman-as well as he ever did in his life, and in a conversation with him, in our office yesterday, he said he felt every way as strong and active as at any time during the last twenty-five years. It must be acknowledged that this is an extraordinary cure, especially when we consider the age of the patient. Dr. Higgins has treated many other cases, since

his sojourn in this city, with as remarkable success as either of the two cases we have mentioned; but our space forbids reference to them at this time. We believe that to-day concludes the Doctor's visit to this city.—Richmond Telegram, Oct. 28, 1865.

Raffroad Time-Table,

CHICAGO AND NORTHWESTERN-DEPOT COR. WEST WATER AND KINZIE STS. *9.00 a. m. *8.30 p. m. ≈5.00 s. m. *4.30 p. m. Janesville Accommodation #2.15 p. m. e6.00 p. m. *10.00 a. m. Woodstock Accommodation, #3.00 p. m. GALENA DIVISION. Fulton and Cedar Rapids,.... 8.20 a. m. 5.00 a. m. Fulton and Iowa ... 48.15 p. m. Freeport and Dunleith, 4.40 a. m. 9.00 a. m. Freeport and Dunleith, ... 10.20 p.m. 3.45 p.m. Rockford and Fox River,..... 11.10 a. m. 4.00 p. m. 4.00 p.m. 11.10 a. m. 8.40 a. m. 5.30 p.m. MICHIGAN CENTRAL. *†6.00 a. m. 6.00 p. m. *12.30 p. m. Detroit Express,. .+#10.00 p. m. (TRAINS FOR CINCINNATI AND LOUISVILLE.) *6.00 a. m. *11.00 p. m. Morning Express,.... Night Express, †6.00 p. m. ‡ 8.30 p. m. MICHIGAN SOUTHERN-DEPOT COR. VAN BUREN AND SHER-*6.00 a. m. *11.00 p. m. Day Express,..... *5.30 p. m. *16.00 a. m. ...*†10.05 p. m. †12.30 p. m. Evening Express,..... Night Express,..... Express, via Adrian... †5.30 p.m. ***11.00 p.m. Night Express, via Adrian,....

8.20 p. m. 5.30 p. m. 11.00 p. m. 10.00 p.m. CHICAGO AND GREAT EASTERN RAILWAY. (Late Cincinnati and Chicago Air-Line Railroad.) *6.00 a. m. *10.00 p. m. 17.40 a. m. †8.45 p. m. (FOR CINCINNATI, INDIANAPOLIS AND LOUISVILLE.) Mail Express,.... *6.00 a. m. 10.00 p. m Mail Express,..... †8.45 p. m. ILLINOIS CENTRAL. *9.55 p.m. *9.30 a. m. *7.00 a. m. Night Passenger,... Kankakee Accommodation,. *4.45 p. m. Hyde Park Train,..... *6.25 a. m. *1.45 p. m. *12.10 p. m. *5.25 p. m. #7.10 p.m. ... \$5.50 p. m. do CHICAGO, BURLINGTON AND QUINCY. Day Express and Mail,..... 8.20 a. m. 12.00 p. m. 5.00 a. m. Night Express Mendota Accommodation,...... 4.30 p. m. 5.30 p. m. CHICAGO AND ST. LOUIS. Night Express,..... 5.00 a. m.

PITTSBURG, FT. WAYNE AND CHICAGO.

6.00 a. m.

12.30 p. m.

Joliet and Wilmington Accomodat'n, 4.00 p. m. CHICAGO AND ROCK ISLAND. Night Express, †9.00 p. m. Joliet Accommodation, 4.45 p. m. \$5,00 a. m. .. 4.45 p. m. 9,50 a. m. CHICAGO AND MILWAUKEE. St. Paul Express,.... *11.30 a. D. S.45 a. m. Night Accommodation,...... 11.30 p. m. Evanston. 2.00 p. m. 4.00 p. m. *Sundays except'd. †Saturdays except'd. †Mondays except'd

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