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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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RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION, PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

CHICAGO, DECEMBER 2, 1865.

VOL. 1.—NO. 10.

The Prayer of Jesus.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal. BY D. ANDRÉAS DAVIS. Prayed the Christ, when pale and dying...

Mocking lips his words derided, Heads were bowed in scornful pride; Jesus had betrayed his master...

Oh! my suffering fellow mortal, On the cross of earthly woe, Bearing chains, and whip and fetter...

Then, whose bruised and broken spirit, Stinketh 'neath continual strife; Thou, who faintest worn with suffering...

Canst thou know that thy oppressors, Are indeed the most oppressed; That they need thy kind compassion...

Yes, oh yes, dear blessed martyrs, Let the watchful angels see How you fight the battle Christ-like...

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 OF THE LIFE OF FERDINAND DE SOTO WITH AN ACCOUNT OF SOME OF HIS EXPERIENCES IN THE INNER LIFE.

BY HENRY T. CHILD, M. D., No. 624 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...

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...

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...

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

strength, and raise their drooping heads, and start 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...

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...

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.

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.

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...

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 fulfillment 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.

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

In his hand, and his brow is all radiant with light, 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 earnestly 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.

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 passport of entrance, and the animal propensities are the crew. The destiny 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 or 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.

The passport of entrance, as we have said, is to be made up from the daily reckoning and the log-book in which the conduct of the officers and crew is entered. 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 outdone many a storm, and know, 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 description: "The Sevillians are the prettiest type of Andalusian beauty. Deep blue black eyes, admirably sometimes, and at others full of lashes, each a pinulada; 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 manner of walking, 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 fables that fall from the pen of the gallant, rosy and strolling estudiante.

Seville is still the city of the pulquer, the fan, the song, and the fandango; the se-plata and se-sona of the majo and bull-fighter, of the gipsy and contrabandist; the rendezvous 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 other with the pajala 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. The town has preserved more of the character of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries than of the Moorish period, of which, however, many vestiges remain.

The people themselves seem to have lost that grave, solemn, stern and melancholy mood of the Spaniard of the fifteenth century which he inherited from the Moors, and to retain only that gay, brilliant and sparkling humor of the seventeenth century in Spain, coupled with the more sombre types of the inquisitorial and inquisition, 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 "Barbieri."

And look, there goes Almaviva on his prancing horse, gay and dashing, bow dressed in velvets and flange buttons, and moonshine in irrefragable and enamored, sending kisses to Eosina, who peeps at him behind her mirror. 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 gay, and Figaro is laughing, joking, running to and fro, all fuss and intrigue, all gossip and mirth, for his being raised to sereno dor y comador, 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 casquilla.

Basilio is also alive, and there we may see him, sneaking through the crowd, with his long barba, the shaped greasy hat, his worn-out solana, his bilious skin, his hypocritical eyes; nade retro! and would that thou wert but a spectre of bygone times, and not a sad reality of the present! The 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 young Sevillano, of Don Miguel de Manara, of Don Bustos Tavera, of La Estrella de Manila.

The houses are superior to those of the rest of Andalusian cities, in style and appearance; they are generally of two or three stories, gaily painted outside, with lofty towers, numerous balconies, charming patios, 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 gilded miradores, which, with their glass and flowers, look like conservatories suspended. A lengthened residence will be found more pleasant here than anywhere else in Spain.

Earthquakes and their Causes.

The soft air which fans the cheek of rosy beauty into bloom, 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 lurch. A light increase of the pressure would force it into the burning food, for the earth is molten within, and agitated as a huge furnace, and a trifling 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 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 in Chili, Peru, 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 heralded by several premonitory symptoms of an unmistakable character. The air appears to be affected with dizziness, the atmosphere often becomes hazy, and the sun seen through it, appears red and fiery. The weather suddenly changes, and mists appear in places unaccustomed to them. Before the shock is over, the air is generally still, and the surface of bodies of water considerably disturbed. —California 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 WRITER.

In the Paris correspondence of the London Times, we find the following notice of a valuable work: "Economie Politique du Moyen Age" is 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 particular 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 mankind.

In 1665 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 Selencia. 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 fast to appease the anger of heaven, when the only nourishment allowed to be consumed was barley bread and water. The successor, Gregory the Great, ordered seven different processions, composed of clerks, monks, religious, virgins, married women, widows, and children. Still the plague was not allayed, and during a procession 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 Siena, nine persons out of ten died. At Orvieto the twentieth part of the whole population was swept away, 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 Lubec, 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 laws 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 fountains, and were massacred by a furious populace. At Augsburg and in Dauphine they were burned alive."

There were also some burned in Savoy, but under other circumstances. The Count of Savoy had given them shelter in his castle of Chambéry; 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 barn.

"The plague was not the only visitation in those times. There was also leprosy, and M. Cibrario'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 daughter of Didier, King of the Lombards, called in a letter which he wrote to his niece Bertina, the nation of the Lombards sordid and infected, and affirmed that the leprosy came from them.

"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 1321 the rumor spread on both banks of the Rhine, that the magistrates were almost 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 grandeur 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 to die of hunger."

THE LINCOLN MONUMENT.—The thirty-first regiment of colored troops, stationed in Texas, has recently contributed upwards of five hundred dollars toward the Lincoln monument. This is an example well worthy of emulation by all citizens desirous of honoring the memory of our martyred President. It is all very well to say that he is sufficiently honored 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 buried in the human heart, and the world with all its good intentions, would soon become 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 nation's callousness in regard to the erection of a monument at Springfield, where he spent most of his life, and where his mortal remains are entombed.

A monument is the most enduring way of proclaiming to all future generations the national gratitude for the great services of President Lincoln. There are still other ways of manifesting sympathy with his tragic end and his created family. But a monument is the most fitting public testimonial, and it would be disastrous for this wealthy and powerful nation, if the Springfield monument, for which only about \$80,000 is already collected, should not be completed, for the want of a half-million more.—Chicago Register.

Kilbuck M. Cutler, of St. Louis, has translated into German Fr. Menech's admirable and instructive work on American grape culture.

From Once a Week.

A Score of Years Ago.

Down by the breaking waves we stood, Upon the rocky shore...

I asked, if with the precious gift, Her love my life she'd bless...

And then, in happy silence, too, I clasp'd her fair, wee hand...

It seemed not many days ago— Like yesterday—no more...

The lily hand is thinner now, And in her sunny hair...

The fishing-boat a score of years ago sailing from the strand...

"My darling, there's our eldest girl, Down on the rocks below..."

AMERICA—HER DUTY AND DESTINY.

BY EDWARD D. BAKER, (Late of California).

INTRODUCTION.

I was born amid obscurity and closely environed in the folds of that stern, but most efficient, mantle—poverty...

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...

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 for I have blessed God again and again for the vision...

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...

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...

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 filtered in the line of duty.

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—controlling many of the elements around him; rearing magnificent architectural structures, surpassing in beauty the sublime grandeur of the past...

While these thoughts crowd upon us, the curtain rises, and a gorgeous scene lies before us.

Ten thousand years seem but as an hour. On the canvass before us is portrayed the beautiful mountains and magnificent valleys of Central Asia.

As we gaze on this living picture, there stands before us a group of human beings. From the valley the dusky native living upon the spontaneous productions of the earth; perhaps an indolent and wandering Tartar...

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.

more vigorous looking class meets our eyes, driven by the rigors of the climate to seek protection either in caves or in rude huts of their own construction...

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.

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...

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 Phœnicia, 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...

The curtain falls 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.

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.

The eastern nations were astronomers and architects. The Phœnicians 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.

The curtain falls again, and a few centuries later we see upon the foreground the ancient Grecian States in their pomp and pride.

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 ascendancy that marks a new era in the race.

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 northern 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.

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.

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.

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.

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 bondage in the land of Egypt, and who, after long years of oppression, were brought out of that land and led toward into Palestine.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

"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.

"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.

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.

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

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

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

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.

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 willful 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.

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.

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 emigration to this section was far more numerous and varied. The artisans 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.

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.

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.

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.

Immediately before us in the train, the cars are 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.

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.

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 moving each part of the train, but being all connected, it must move on together.

This picture faded away and I saw another—dissolving view. First, a grand temple was presented, with magnificent proportions and splendid outlines, standing on a lofty eminence. It was the admiration of the enlightened world—the temple of the American Union.

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From Once a Week.

A Score of Years Ago.

Down by the breaking waves we stood, Upon the rocky shore...

I asked, if with the precious gift, Her love my life she'd bless...

And then, in happy silence, too, I clasp'd her form, and hand...

It seemed not many days ago— Like yesterday—no more...

The hills hand is thinner now, And in her sunny hair...

The falling hoar is a score of years— Its falling from the strand...

"My darling, there's our eldest girl, Down on the rocks below..."

more vigorous looking class meets our eyes, driven by the rigors of the climate to seek protection either in caves or in rude huts of their own construction...

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.

Again the curtain rises, and the scene has moved a few degrees toward the setting sun. Babylon's broad plains are before us; her beautiful cities of Babylon and Nineveh, with their magnificent buildings, their wonderful works of art...

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 Phœnicia, 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...

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.

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.

The eastern nations were astronomers and architects. The Phœnicians 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.

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 ascendancy that marks a new era in the race.

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 northernmost 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.

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.

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.

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 Israelites, 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 eastward into Palestine.

Now the curtain rises, and the scene has moved a few degrees toward the setting sun. Babylon'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 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.

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Let us go back and contemplate the history of a nation which has figured very prominently on the pages of the past.

and suffering were endured by the brave and heroic pioneers of the newly discovered lands.

Again two scenes are before us on the picture—the one a bark, heavy built Dutch vessel, sailing into James river, in Virginia, freighted with ships and leeches and gross—the first cargo of slaves from the burning shores of Africa, to this new, virgin soil.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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 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 artisans 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.

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.

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.

Immediately before us in the train, the cars are 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 a 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 off 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 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 Government, 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 cars and passengers will be all the better for this terrible ordeal through which they are passing. The evil 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 now upon the picture, a change came over the scene and every car was again on the track, and all the impure and disgusting baggage had either fallen off, or the passengers were making arrangements to throw it overboard, and over each car the Stars and Stripes were waving in beauty and triumph, and happy and smiling faces were there.

This picture faded away and I saw another—a dissolving view. First, a grand temple was presented, with magnificent proportions and splendid outlines, standing on a lofty eminence. It was the admiration of the enlightened world—the temple of the American Union.

I gazed for a few moments on its grandeur and magnificence, its lofty and aspiring dome, surmounted by the emblem of Liberty, which unfurled its stately face to all the world.

AMERICA—HER DUTY AND DESTINY.

BY EDWARD D. BARNHART, (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.

The eastern nations were astronomers and architects. The Phœnicians 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.

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 now.

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—controlling 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 rent."

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 native living upon the spontaneous productions of the earth; perhaps an indolent and wandering Tartar, inspired by the beauty around, spending a life of listless 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 my 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.

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 illumine 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 of 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 of righteousness and truth, he will find sooner or later, either on earth or in the spheres, that his building must be torn down, and a new and everlasting foundation laid, on which alone a permanent and enduring building can be erected.

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

One picture more, and we close our scene. It is the future of America. The curtain rises again, and before us lies outstretched the vast continent, extending far away to the north, amid the Alpine peaks, and snow-crowned plains, down to the tropics 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 valleys. All form one grand constellation of stately republics, dotted all over with happy homes of freemen; everywhere the busy hum of honest, earnest labor and industry, every where 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 hands.

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.

Landmarks of the Old Theologies—No. 8.

BY C. BARRING FERRISMAN.

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 unfold"—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 Holies 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 has 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 Masonic Freemasonry, for there were certain conditions in which the Lord had departed, as when the seat of the Lord, or foundation-stone, 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 soul 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 trilateral.

In this trilateral 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 bovium, or beef-tea, as a peristaltic persnader to the understanding of emboweled ghosts. 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 worshipped 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.

Says Rawlinson, writing in 1853, "On the clay tablets which we have found at Nineveh, and which now are to be counted by thousands, there are explanatory treatises on almost every subject 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 infidelity, and hence have failed 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 its peans to "the sum of all villainies;" and for the spilling of other men's families to the aggrandizement of their own, till even hell was full, and belched its treason and rebellion against the self-evident truth that wrought our own independence. Yet the South was very "pious, with plenty of ignorance, the mother of devils, so that its clergy in their statement to England, boasted that, though they had much drunkenness and other vices among their soldiers, 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-righteousness 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 HUI-SUI, 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 set 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 into the temple of Rimmon, then the Lord pardon thy servant in this thing.

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 *ania*, wind, in Sanscrit, and *animos*, wind, in Greek. *Ghost*, the German *Geist*, is based on the same conception. It is connected with *geist*, 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 *soviata*, 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 Persens 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.

In the ancient way of personifying the various members of the human being, Philo Judeus 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 outlines 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 *sehnen*, 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; and 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 *serpa*, it is because it was conceived under the general idea of creeping, an idea expressed by the word *serpa*. \* \* \* The root is *ah* in Sanscrit, which means to press together, to choke, to throttle. \* \* \* It is a curious 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 Abraham 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.

The stone of Israel, or famed sapphire stone, 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 excreta of the external. The Bible in most of its aspects being hermetic or esoteric, 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 kaleidoscope 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. I 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 ever yet 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 pulled in.

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 poet 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 superstitions. J. H. LUTHER.

A writer in the *Atlantic Monthly* proves by statistics 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.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal. Signs of Progress.

The citizens of Minnesota are awakening to political action, and starting a question that must soon agitate the whole nation—the question of woman's civil 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 contest, 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 slavery willingly, if they could thereby have 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. e., 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 right of suffrage, under restrictions that shall bear equally on white and black. What next shall the progressive party demand more appropriately than the extension of civil and political rights to woman! As the old parties now have no names 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 did, 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 progress is the order of exercises in our country, religious 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 overboard its old falseness. Autocratic Western leaders are now ready to be gathered into a new progressive 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 Unitarian of Massachusetts, with some noble exceptions of individuals, H. W. Beecher, S. J. May, etc. It is interesting to watch the oscillating 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 important step of progress. Let us have a new DEMOCRATIC 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 a party that can and shall ensure our success from 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 woman in her true place? 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 seances, 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, 1865. E. GRAVES.

From the German of Anastasius Graen. The Ring.

BY MRS. S. E. SEWALL. I sat on the brow of a mountain, From my country far away; Beneath no mountain ranges, Green vales, and corn-fields lay. A ring from off my finger, In a quiet dream, I drew, A pledge of love from a dear one, Given at the last adieu. Before my eyes, 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 glittering frame contain. Here glimmering cottages gaily 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 its way, 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, Man and his fair domains, 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, if steadfastly 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 campaign, 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, New York.

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 tallsman uncloze, for him that would rise therefrom.

Would people be ever tedious if they could picture the minds of their doers? or would they ever be bored, if they could take a look out of themselves? An English paper contains an advertisement: "A piano 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 JOSE, CALIFORNIA, Oct. 13, 1865. How many joyous hours have we had together, while surrounded by the dear ones of the shadow-land, and how widely our feet have wandered since last we met.

My soul goes out in search of those who were wont to meet with me at our little gatherings, far away from this land of gold. I have wandered many miles since, and tonight, sitting in the twilight, 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 success; I have just returned from a two months' tour over the Sierra Nevada, where warm hearts and willing hands lightened my burdens and made my pathway easy and pleasant.

Sister, 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 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 cheek, 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" swayed 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 people.

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.

prominently entered, was the earnest prayer on viewing the R. P. JOURNAL for the first time, of LAURA DEFOUR GORDON. Houlton, Me., Oct., 1865. 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 fail, as my lungs tell me I shall, I fall in the vanguard of human progress. God help me! and bless us all! P. B. RANDOLPH. NEW ORLEANS, LA., Nov. 4, 1865.

Religio-Philosophical Journal CHICAGO, DECEMBER 2, 1865.

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

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Interesting Historical Notes.

CRUELTY 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; by 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.

COMMODOUS, 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 profligate 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 equalling 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 tiger.

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 Athenaeum 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 dismemberment of its incompatible and antagonistic elements, brutally seemed a necessary qualification to rule.

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 divine sage.

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. Fearing that his heart might become hardened, and his accustom to sights of blood, she removed to another house which was a slight distance. The relatives of those who were buried there, came often to weep on their graves, and make the customary libations; Mentius took pleasure in their ceremonies, and amused himself in imitating them. This was a new subject of amazement to his mother, Changshu. She feared her son might come to consider as a just 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, ceremonies which demand the most exact attention and respect. Again, therefore, she changed her dwelling, and went to live in the city, opposite 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 pig, he asked her why they did it—"to feed you," she replied; but reflecting that this would teach her son to lightly regard the truth, she procured some of the meat and gave him. Such is the story of Mentius. 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 capability. 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 eulogiums 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—Excellior 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 co-workers, 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 bless you;" but the owners of these human hearts offered a reward for the noble worker.

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 broadcloth mob were making the holy night hideous with anathemas, and scourging him with mud and unmerchanted 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 prison-tomb. 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 prophecies fulfilled. 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

and anathemas are no longer stumbling blocks in his way. Boston glorifies the martyr she martyred; and the glad-hearted nation is waiting for him in immortalities.

William Lloyd Garrison is an old man now. He is looking beyond life's sunset. The bill tops of the Morning Land are in sight; the angels who sent him forth the bearer of warnings, love-letters, are waiting to crown him victor.

The Pulpit vs. the Stage.

Rev. R. M. Hatfield, of Chicago, delivered two sermons, on "The Theatre—Its History and Influence." The second sermon was delivered on Sunday, the 19th ult.

On the morning of the 20th ult., the city was pleased with the following notice: "McVICKER'S THEATRE.—This Monday evening, November 20th, 1865, the performance will commence with the sterling tragedy of 'Lauretta 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, "Lauretta Borgia," 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 "Lauretta 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 known by them."

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 profligates 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 innuendo. 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 to us and the reverend gentleman to the unsullied souls of Charlotte Cushman, Laura Keane, 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 wealthiest 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 Phariseism.

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 expecting 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 re-adjusted 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 JOURNAL, but for all kinds of work known to the art.

We command the best talent in the corroboratory schools of the age. Indeed, we are especially favored in every particular to produce just such a paper as Spiritualists and other reformers throughout the world are in need of, and most ardently desire.

A liberal patronage is respectfully solicited.

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 following paragraph, which is worthy of special attention:

"The first woman plucked the fruit of the tree of knowledge and gave it to the first man to eat, and thus brought death (a doubtful evil) into the world; erep, 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 fulfilled, through countless generations. The mission was and is, to raise 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 from the tree of knowledge—not from the tree of life. Babylonian clothes! Glorious sagacity of the divine spark to be transmitted to her race, and ever unapproachable to mortal eyes; 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 spirit of knowledge, is to be the interpreter of His oracles, to converse with Him daily, hourly, as both with unknown infinity. It is to read in the air, on the ocean, in the sky way above, in the unathomable earth beneath, in all things, from the wing of a grasshopper to the orb of the sun, the language, volumes written by the hand of Omnipotence, and intelligible only to those true Prometheuses, worthy descendants of the first sons of the 'embrace of angels' whose primal wisdom taught them to reject the tantalous fruit of mortal immortality."

The Chicago Weekly Tribune, in its issue of Tuesday, November 21st, publishes Mrs. Cowell's reply 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 shipwreck.

In the attack of the Rev. Mr. Hatfield, only 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, persecutors, and God's outlaws, the former at liberty to say and do anything—to impugn motives, to malign characters 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 ostensible 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 damaging 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 unblinking 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 rottrum 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 transcend 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 these acts. Lo! these are strange times upon which we are fallen, and "straws show which way the wind is blowing."

Chicago and the Cholera.

We make no pretensions for the cleanliness of our city, but presume that it is no worse than many other lake ports. This we claim, however, that it will endure more uncleanness than any other, and at the same time, show a better sanitary state. Its 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 "limitable" prairie. Hence it is like a city in the middle of an ocean. The winds blow constantly, sometimes tremendously, and in consequence every nook and crevice, every lane and alley, are thoroughly ventilated, and the air is kept pure and wholesome.

It is on this account, notwithstanding our own remissness, that no city in the length and breadth of the country is more healthy.

Thanksgiving Jubilee.

The Spiritualists of Adrian cordially invite 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, Tuesday, December 7. House open at 10 A. M. Basket Dinner at 2 P. M. Speaking, music, dancing and social converse, to comprise the day and evening's entertainment. You and family are respectfully invited to attend.

Responsibility.

The editors of THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL 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 aid 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 NAZARETH: A True History of the Man called Jesus Christ. Given through the Mediumship of Alexander Smith. Philadelphia, Penn. The book is bound in cloth, of good paper, 319 pages...

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 authentic, nevertheless. The author, in his preface, says:

"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 mental 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 clairaudient communications and mental visions through the medium and author."

"THE HISTORY OF MOSES AND THE ISRAELITES," by Merrill 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 examining the work in the sheet, and, from a careful perusal, 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 present.

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 Hgial, in the land of Canaan. It is a searching 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 deformity—tyrannical, 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, etc. By K. Graves, author of "Christianity Before Christ; or, the World's Sixteen Crucified Saviors." 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 be unsafe to write his epitaph. The book is for sale at this office. Price (postage paid), 50 cents.

THE GIFT 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," etc., etc.

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 wrath 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 interest.

Notice of Meetings.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—The Association of Spiritualists of Washington hold meetings and have lectures every Sunday, at 11 A. M. and 7 1/2 P. M., in Seaton Hall, corner of Ninth and D Streets, near Pennsylvania 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 Vineland, 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 December.

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 University.

They are delightfully situated, being part of the property formerly owned by the late Senator Douglas; and are very accessible, as the horse cars, and the Hyde Park 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 Avenue 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.

PALEMATOR & 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.

DE SOTO 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 Dr. Child.

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 and usefulness.

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 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. FOPKINS.

HON. S. S. JONES.

LYCUM 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 very acceptable.

"W. C. H."—Your "Lines" lack rhythm. 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 us 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, OCT. 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 fruiting 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 wanting 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. Hatterson, M. D., Connecticut; Cora L. V. Scott, New York; Mrs. C. A. K. Poore, New Jersey; Isaac Rehn, Pennsylvania; Lizzie 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, the 17th day of October, 1865, declare as follows, viz:

1st. That the Spiritual Movement is predicated on the fact of the continued existence of man beyond 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 believing, as we do, in the possibility of indefinite progress, we regard all the avenues of knowledge and usefulness as the inalienable 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, and the conditions of freedom from all authority, 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 inalienable responsibility 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 by 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 inalienable 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 Industrial 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 Vineland, New Jersey.

Mrs. M. L. Baldwin, appointed to fill vacancy at the Grand Banquet, also, also, also.

Mrs. Sophia L. Chappell, New York.

Peter C. Tompson, 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, Chicago.

A. Ortmyer, substitute for T. J. Avery, Chicago, Warwick, Mass., 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, especially all who are dependent for their support upon the labor of the 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. Dwyer, 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 unanimously

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 autograph 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 Convention.

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 ordeal, in which there has been an amount of human suffering and loss of life and property, and the national glory unparalleled in the history of the world, for the maintenance and higher unfoldment of the principles and the exaltation of the human character. And

Very humble offers—"she hath done what she could," "He bore 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, I have omitted your convenience and comfort by casting upon your Vice-Presidents, whose executive ability you have seen so strikingly contrasted with my own.

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 before the world with our "Address" to it. Sooner or 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 in the grand, 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 theories 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 open to the skies, Clain 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 inattention 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." "In my age," cannot reckon with much confidence upon my presence at your next Convention as a delegate, yet, I hope to be in attendance as an amateur.

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, also, all kinds of Spiritual and other Reformatory Books can be found.

L. L. FARNSWORTH, medium for answering sealed letters. Address P. O. Box 282, Chicago, Ill. Residence, 214 North Carpenter street. Persons enclosing 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. 802 Wabash avenue, between the hours of 9 A. M. and 4 P. M. Persons wishing 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. 10-1f

Mrs. C. M. JORDAN, Writing and Prophetic Medium, 73 North Dearborn street, Chicago. 10-1f

A NEW BOOK—Just published by the "Religio-Philosophical Association," entitled, "The Biography of Satan," or a historical exposition of the Devil and his Dominions; including 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—Chloe 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 with 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 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 respecting "The Fall of Man." 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. BRANT 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 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 opportunity, of a very favorable kind, of judging of it, 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, devoted philanthropist, yearning for the power to assuage the sufferings of his fellow men; in thousands of instances shedding

beams 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 the man.

Second, as to the philosophy. Many persons are ignorant from the possession, in their minds, of a fixed idea that they are dying. 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 result of disordered nervous forces, are cured by movements and manipulations calculated to restore the impeded forces to their normal or harmonious 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 multitudes of cures by similar means, by men possessing the requisite gifts of mental, moral and spiritual 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 has, 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, Coldwater, Mich., Nov. 25, 1865, remaining there till December 10.

DR. PERSONS, "THE HEALER."—We copy the following from the Milwaukee Daily News of November 16th:

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 healing of disease, and the press has been called upon to give publicly to their deeds. Eastern operators have been here and in Chicago, and crowds have called to witness them. We desire to say that we have one of these noted doctors in the last six months—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 following:

For the benefit of afflicted humanity, I desire to state that my wife, Mrs. A. B. Thomas, has been a sufferer from Frolicpus 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, 1865, and in 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 be healed.

CURTIS B. THOMAS.

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. Oct. 25, 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 Chickadee, Door County, Wis.

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 New York City.

Mrs. H. F. M. BROWN's post office address is drawer 6225, Chicago, Ill.

Mrs. AUGUSTA A. CURRIER will lecture in Chicago, Ill., during December. Will answer calls to lecture in the West through the Winter. Address box 815, Lowell, Mass., or as above.

HENRY T. CHILD, M. D., 634 Race street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Dr.



Plato: "He lived to 83 years, and as might be expected from the venerable age to which he attained, his opinions were often very contradictory, and his philosophy exhibited many variations."

I will give you a brief summary of the religious doctrines of Plato—the doctor's second Moses. He taught that departed souls hover around their graves, and when they find a vacant body, whether a man or beast, they dart 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 a different opinion of the ladies as he had of the stage; that the four elements are birds, and the ignorant men fishes. So that, ladies and gentlemen, you do not know but that you may be eating a duck's nestor in a prairie chicken, or a smoked fish and haddock. Such were the theological teachings of the "second Moses."

And this monstrous injustice is not committed in the Dark Ages by some shaven monk in the gloom of an Italian convent. It is done in the broad sunlight of freedom, religion, and political, in the year of our Lord 1865, by a Christian minister—a Christian minister in the great, enlightened, liberal and progressive city of Chicago.

The next authority he resorts to is some one he calls "Tully," by whom I presume he means Cicero, the great Roman orator and metaphysician. Cicero was an admirer of the tragedian Roscius, and was sufficiently interested in the stage to give directions to actors in a portion of his works called Paradoxes. The last of these authorities 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 authority 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 theatre as infallible, he must also accept of Seneca's views upon the 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 authors who have written in support of the drama and the stage, their name is legion. Having exhausted his authorities, the doctor proceeds with the unsupported assertion that the theatre was in very bad repute, and that the actors held, 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 Julius Caesar, 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. It was at this time that the actor, the friend of Caesar and Cicero, the latter of whom was greatly indebted to the tragedian for the grace of his gestures and the effectiveness of his elocution. So highly was Roscius esteemed that he was made a Roman knight, and received for his dramatic performances 500 sesteria, or about \$20,182 per annum. To such a state of perfection had the dramatic art attained at that time, and so severely, nay, mercifully critical, were the Roman audiences, that Cicero tells us: "His praeconiis extra numerum aut se verius pronuntiavit et praeconiis et longior exarbitratur et exploitatur." Caesar 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 theatrical performances, and used his influence to promote the "poor player's" success and advance his fortunes. Thus, you perceive, ladies and gentlemen, that Caesar highly valued the drama and upheld the theatre; Caesar aided, encouraged and respected actors; Julius Caesar, "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 theatre." Many of her subjects! How many constitutions "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 drama 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 entertainment. 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 their ill-report while you live." So that, ladies and gentlemen, for the learned doctor's erudition upon the drama in the Elizabethan age!

Dr. Hatfield then goes on to say that, "This is a day actors are debared 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, Giber, all the Kembles, Munden, Dowton, Quick, Bannister, and many minor lights of their day mixed in the best society both in London and in the theatrical city of Bath. In our times, Charles Keen has been received for an honorary member of the American Academy as the queen's lord chamberlain. The best 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 mansion 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. McCombe not the American actor who might have realized thousands of dollars by purloining the position 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 pariah, an outcast, banished and excommunicated from "good society"? Are the hosts of actors who rushed to the standard of the Union, when the first gun 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, "cabin'd, cribb'd, confin'd," 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 excluded from Christian communion while living, and Christian rites of burial when deceased. In the Men of the highest position in England, and in this country, have married actresses. Three of the most celebrated actresses of their day, Miss Follen, Miss Stephens, and the great tragedienne, Miss O'Neill, were 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 pious, 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 arthritic an airing. The sovereign of an empire upon which the sun never sets did not disdain to walk the pillow of the dying actress at rest. Was the Rev. Dr. Hatfield as a man? The mother of Manning, 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. Hatfield represents as out of the pale of the church.

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

So far I have met all the reverend vituperator's false statements with truth, 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 foolish enough to place the professors of an intellectual art on the same level with traitors, burglars, and murderers—to represent them as moral cretins and lepers, unfit by their loathsome 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 you—to you the people, who have elected John Rice, a respectable actor, to the high office of Mayor of Chicago, the proudest city in the West. I to sum up, when the reverend gentleman's attempt at logic do not degenerate into senseless and almost marvellous 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 lamproys, the Duke of Wellington died of eating venison steaks, and Pius Antonius died of eating Alpine cheese; ergo, stewed lamproys, venison steaks, and Swiss cheese 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 fulfilled through countless generations. That mission was to be, to rouse man from sensual torpor; to 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 leaf 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 sky 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 clergyman.

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

QUEER EPIGRAPH.—While some philosophers seek information in the far West, and others in the not much nearer East; one perchance reducing eccentric arch-headers to a civilized alphabet, another metamorphosing emblematic pitchforks, tom-cats, 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 pictographs, and picking the fruit from 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 Innell,  
(30 years clerk of this parish.)  
He lived respected as a pious and faithful man, and died on his way to church to assist at a Wedding, on the 31st day of March, 1811; aged 70 years.  
The inhabitants of Crayford have raised this stone to his cheerful memory and as a tribute to his long and faithful services.  
The life of this Clerk was just threescore and ten,  
Nearly half of which time he had spent out among men.  
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 life was his sorrow over-doubled, 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 come him to sing Amen.

Let 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 Athenaeum.

Mlle. Lucca, the most celebrated prima donna of the present day, is the daughter of a poor Viennese Jew, named Kasch. She was singing in the streets of Vienna about twenty years ago, when her remarkable voice attracted the attention of Karl Formes, the renowned basso, and at his suggestion, Count Balff caused a musical education to be given to her. She is rather petite, but remarkably beautiful, and her eyes are distinguished for their great brilliancy. She was one of the most admired performers at a concert recently given by the Dowager Empress of Austria, at the palace of Ischl, that most selected and aristocratic of European watering places.

A toast at an Irish Society's dinner was: "Here's to the President of our Society, Patrick O'Rafferty; may he live to eat the hen that scratches over his grave."

An exchange describing a celebration, says: "The procession was very fine and nearly two miles in length as was also the prayer of Dr. Perry the chaplain."

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Our Children.

"A child is born in sorrow like the dove and make it... Of knowledge, and the light of virtue, wake it...

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

THE COMING TIME.

BY BLANCHIE.

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...

Bennie had grown to love Bertie as he had never thought of loving any one except his mother...

The doctor enlisted his wife's sympathies. So the next day she called on Mrs. Bateman...

Whoever was a friend to Mrs. Garner, was necessarily so to Mrs. Grandy. That night was the beginning of a friendship between the three...

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

"Poor Bennie! Bertie Grandy 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."

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

"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 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."

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.

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. Grandy 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.

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.

"Mamma? I carry them one, and carry 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."

It was the right key. Back went the rusty bolt that years of indifference to human misery had almost cemented in its socket.

perform their funeral services, is one of the oddest of them. The view from Lone Mountain is unsurpassed. In full view is the Pacific Ocean, spread out thousands of miles further than the eye can reach.

No frosts discolored the richness of the flowers or faded the perpetual greenness of the trees and grass. Snow and ice never come to chill the warm sun that hovers over these mountain graves.

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.

"Sunshine." By the use of this term we do not mean merely sunlight, but the direct ray of the sun.

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 health.

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.

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.

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 earth-weary friends.

Wherever children are reared to Deity and heroism, there their example lives. Where men glow with patriotism and kindle with gratitude to those who saved this land to liberty and law.

Dahlgren! The name aforesaid was strange to English lips, and of sound foreign to English ears. But now it is no longer your land from which it came.

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?

Robbins, M. D. of Charleston, the discoverer of "New C." Remedies for Epilepsy, Fits, St. Vitus' and other Nervous and Convulsive Diseases.

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A NATIONAL THANKSGIVING. THE FIRST THURSDAY OF DECEMBER. By the President of the United States of America.

Whereas, It has pleased Almighty God, during the 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 and unity and harmony, with a great enlargement of civil liberty.

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