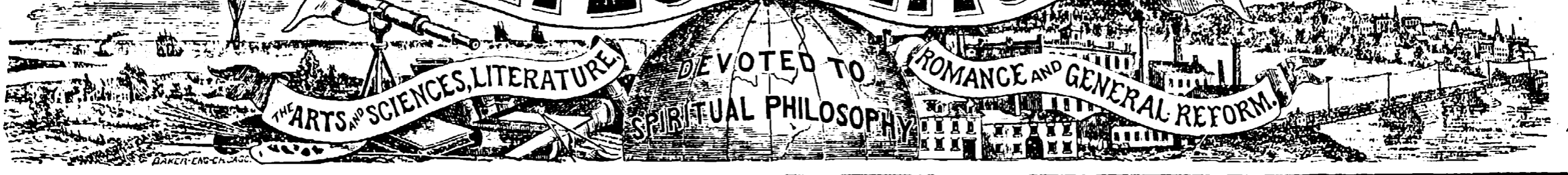


# RELIGIO PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL



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

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## The Encampment of Death. AN IMPROVISATION.

By MRS. CORA L. DANIELL.  
(Given at the close of a lecture in Washington, December, 1865.)

The autumn sunsets all are gone,  
The autumn leaves have one by one  
Fallen so silently;  
Their bright hues deck the earth no more,  
And thro' the sunset's golden door  
No crimson cloudlets fly.

The earth's full bloom, brown and bare,  
Receives each blast of wintry air,  
Cheerless, silent and cold:  
Low down the Southern sky, the sun  
Sits like a king whose race is run,  
Deersted, lonely, old.

Old Boreas, with trumpet shrill,  
Stations his guards upon each hill,  
And reteth far and near;  
While Death, his ally, bold and strong,  
Extends his lines the vales along,  
And lo! his tents appear.

O'er every city, hamlet, town,  
His ravages are spread;  
He strikes the proud and lowly down—  
Enrolls them with the dead;  
All join the cold and silent throng,  
And to his camp they march;  
While Winter chants a dirge-like song,  
They pass the wretched arch.

Before which stands a sentinel,  
Pale, cold and motionless his tread;  
His visage grim ye know full well,  
And his solemn voice ye dread;  
Forever walking to and fro,  
With footsteps measured, still and slow,  
He says, "All ye who enter here  
Shall come back overme,  
For Death, our Commander, is near,  
Enter the silent door."

There is a camp of Death  
Outside each city's gates;  
And one with icy breath  
Beside the entrance waits.  
The sad, funeral train,  
With sable plumes and pall,  
Doth follow once again  
The Conqueror of all.

"Make room, make room," the guard doth say,  
"For every hour and every day,  
The King, with icy spear and crown,  
Sweeps them down, sweeps them away!"

The mother brings her rosy boy,  
So pale and lifeless now,  
Her only life, her light, her joy,  
With death-damps on his brow.  
In her deep agony she cries,  
"O! my child, my life's star,  
Come back to me once more!"

"Who passeth here," the guard replies,  
"Returns not to time's shore."  
And the mother in her silent woe,  
Warily treads the earth below.

The gray-haired sire a daughter hath,  
As fair as Spring's first flower,  
Who cheers his dark and lonely path,  
And tints life's closing hour

With rosy hues; but Death's cold hand  
Touches her cheek, and lip, and form,  
Bids her pure brow with his cold band,  
And silences her pulses warm.

"My child, my blossom, my life's star,  
Come back to me once more!"  
"Nay," saith the guard, "she sleeps afar,  
Nor ever, thro' Death's door,  
Returns the loved ones of your soul—  
Oblivion's waves between you roll."

"The 'Camp of Death' is wheresoe'er  
Tombstones and churchyards stand;  
Cold sepulchres his temples are—  
He ruleth every land;  
The marble column in his pride,  
The little graves ranged side by side,  
The silent couch of the cold bride,  
All tell of his command!

"Tho' ye may plead, he heeds not—  
Tho' ye may weep, 'tis all in vain  
Your prayers and tears, he answers not,  
He smilth at the mother's pain,  
For who e'er passeth Death's dark door  
Cometh no more—ah, nevermore!"

The flowers fall above the graves,  
The leaves all fall in Autumn's breath—  
There is no hand which ever saves  
Food buds and blossoms from certain death.

But see! The Winter speeds away,  
Another warrior now appears,  
Bandaid with plumes of living day!  
These words of aid despair he hears.

And with a voice joyous and clear,  
Shouts glimly, "Life, not Death, is here!  
Lo! from the trees the green buds spring,  
And in their boughs the wild birds sing,  
From wintry graves the flowers bloom,  
And life is born above the tomb—  
Death is no monster of despair,  
But a crown'd angel, wondrous fair,  
Who soothes your babes and flowers to rest  
Upon fond Nature's loving breast,  
And spreads a snowy sheet above,  
That they may blossom into love."

Thus Death, transform'd to life, now sped  
Over each hill and plain;  
The earth's fair bosom thrilled again  
With Flora's magic tread;  
And from each sparkling rill,  
And from each vernal hill,  
And from the meadow's green,  
A thousand joys were seen,  
In flowers, and trees, and warbling birds,

In snowy flocks and lowing herds—  
For winter, death and woe, were gone,  
The dead no more were left alone!

The churchyard bloom'd with hues of life,  
The Sentinel had fled away;  
The loved ones from their homes above  
Scattered the stary flowers of May,  
No more the weeping mother moans,  
No more the gray-haired sire replies,  
The echo of those silver tones,  
Which with eternity combines,  
Is heard; and the enamor'd air  
Is fill'd with sound of unseen wings,  
The thoughts of beings pure and rare,  
Like waters from those crystal springs,  
Fall on the earth and bathe each soul,  
In fountains which forever roll  
From God's eternal goal!

Spirit of Life and Death divine,  
From whose bright soul all love doth shine,  
Among the ranks of fadless youth,  
Among the armies of thy truth,  
Unroll the souls of all;  
The world thy mandates will not spurn;  
The stars, thy campfires, eye shall burn;  
Each planet is a golden urn,  
Wherein thy gems shall fall;  
And thy Encampment still shall be  
The Universe—Eternity!

## THE PILGRIMAGE OF A SOUL IN SEARCH OF GOD.

TWO INSPIRATIONAL DISCOURSES BY THE SPIRIT OF  
A BOSTON MINISTER, DELIVERED THROUGH MISS  
EMMA HARDINGE, IN SANSON STREET HALL, PHILA-  
DELPHIA.

Second Lecture Delivered Sunday Evening,  
April 10th, 1865.  
THE SPHERES.

### INVOCATION.

Oh, Father! Lord of life and source of being,  
we rest, we trust in Thee. Behold us here assembled,  
seeking for light, searching for wisdom, asking  
for the revelation of Thy word, eternal truth.  
Accept this hour, which we dedicate to Thee, and  
in return for our hearts' devotion, king of light, and  
fount of inspiration, oh, strengthen our faltering  
purposes for good, and guide our steps aright.  
Illuminate our counsels and give us over "Light,  
more light."

Again the guardian spirits of your speaker resign  
her to the control of an individual soul; once more  
shall the veil which hid his struggles from the  
eye of mortal man be drawn; once more we'll  
trace the footprints of a pilgrim soul in search of  
God.

And behold, the Lord passed by, and a great and strong wind  
rent the mountains and brake in pieces the rocks before the  
Lord, but the Lord was not in the wind; and after the wind  
an earthquake, but the Lord was not in the earthquake; and  
after the earthquake a fire, but the Lord was not in the fire;  
and after the fire, a still, small voice.

I believe that every new-born soul realizes an ex-  
perience peculiar to itself, growing out of its own  
particular state, and that though the generalities of  
birth into spirit life are governed by one un-  
iversal and all prevailing law, its specialities are so  
individualized as to present in each case some vari-  
ety; and thus for me (unlike the recorded experi-  
ences of spirits generally) there was no upspring-  
ing into life and consciousness from the cold em-  
brace of mortality.

I slept the sleep of death. Life's conflict passed;  
my tired soul lay down beneath the memory of its  
burden, an unstrung harp, whose music all had died  
in the last tremendous crash of parting life. The  
gladiatorial fight was done, but victory and death  
were one and equal. Long, long I lay, the blessed  
stiffness of a death trance hushing my sobbing spirit.  
At length came memory, like a new day's dawning,  
stealing on me with its forms, and things, and  
scenes of long ago. Earth life in phantom process-  
ion passed in solemn, long review before me, and  
so clearly the shadows of my acts, words and  
thoughts, revealed themselves, that each motive  
stamped itself in noonday light upon my mind and  
about them all loomed up in gigantic fulness,  
chains of causation. My earthly pilgrimage, in  
clear analysis, stood out before me, the recording  
angel of my book of life; and amidst the trespass  
and mistake, which human souls must weave into  
the woof of destiny to make the night and day's  
experience complete, the one great struggle of my  
soul was ever prominent, an index finger pointing  
as the cause to all my life's effects.

From the deep quiet of the dream land in which I  
slept to lay, I looked back with pity for myself,  
on the dark tempestuous sea in which my barque  
had tossed. For ought I had done ams I knew no  
remorse; for folly now made evident, I felt no re-  
gret; but for the agony of fruitless effort, the wear  
and tear of other struggling minds, the hard cold  
pressure of an unthinking world, that rudely stepped  
upon sorrow on all, where they might have stepped  
aside a very little way and spared it, oh, I was sorry  
for the suffering self I had been! heart sick for the  
unconscious pilgrim who must follow me.  
I am now quite confident from this review alone,  
that man's worst crimes are children of false con-  
ditions. Sometimes across the torpor of my state,  
would steal the wish that man but knew the many  
wrongs he did in ignorance; the wretchedness his  
want of heed inflicted. I saw reformers laboring to  
bless the world with some specially directed effort;

I saw the world dying for the lack of that same  
reformer's blessing, but both jostled against each  
other on life's blindfold pathway, and never met,  
or meeting, never understood each other. The re-  
former perished of the world's ingratitude, and the  
world rejected its saviour as fanatic.

And still my wandering thought returned to  
center on my own life struggle. At first, the piteous  
sense of weariness for what was past, dispersed my  
faculties, and scattered the one great purpose of  
my life into atomic fragments; but soon they gravi-  
tated back again, until the one soul center gathered,  
formed, and filled my living being, with such  
gigantic prominence, that I was my old identity  
again, and bursting the bands of death-sleep, my  
soul sprang up, and poured out from my quivering  
lips, like floods of living waters, "My Father! oh,  
my Father, which art in Heaven, am I not near to  
Thee?" The last thought of my earth life, was  
the first of my spirit's waking. "God, still God,"  
was the concentrated word in which my individuality  
was represented. Not the passage of time's small-  
est sand grain elapsed, ere the answer came, in the  
realization of a presence I felt about me. It was  
not Him, the Infinite, for a finite form was near me.  
Sometimes it glimmered as a point of fire, a diamond  
spark almost invisible; and now, it loomed out in  
gigantic shape, whose vast proportions no eyes like  
mine could measure; but whether in its infinite  
size or littleness, I knew it was a living angel, in  
whose form was incarnated truth. As I looked  
upon the inconceivable brightness of this being,  
and felt the support of his mighty arm around me,  
every shade or memory of earth weakness vanished,  
and I felt the strength of truth, and the glory of  
immortality, thrilling throughout my radiant, new-  
born soul. Quickly answering his unspoken prayer  
the angel said, "Thou may'st not enter yet into  
thy rest, it is not thine to take, or mine to give, at  
least, until thou hast earned it; come first with me  
to earth, until thy mission there is all fulfilled, no  
place elsewhere is for thee."

Hitherto he had stood in a misty silvery light,  
which enclosed us, and seemed to draw a veil of sun-  
beams all around. Truth's angel moved, and the  
shadowy indistinctness vanished, and instantly I  
stood within my earth form's own death chamber.  
Around my lifeless clay were weeping those dear  
loved ones who yet remained on earth. I heard  
their sobs, marked their falling tears, saw the thin  
hairs stirred on the marble forehead of the dead by  
sighs upheaved above it. Strangely I gazed upon  
the broken bowl from which the waters of my life  
had been poured out. But, lo! I gazed upon my  
semblance, not myself. No more the silver ether cord  
tugged at my throbbing heart; 'twas loosed, broken,  
snapped in twain forever! Oh, I was glad 'twas  
so! But why did my dear ones weep, and look on  
the fading shadow, when the living essence was  
beside them? I cast my arms about my own heart's  
love; she heeded me not. I called her name; the  
heavy air of earth stirred not with my spirit's  
breathings. She could not hear me then. The angel  
met my look of grief, replying: "You have  
taught them to look for the soul within the form of  
clay; have you taught them to commune with the  
enchained spirit? or have you not denied its possi-  
bility? 'Tis harder to unlearn the lessons of habit  
and prejudice, than to receive the simple truth.  
They know but little of you, except as the tenant  
of your empty mansion; marvel not that there they  
still look for you." A pang of remorse shot through  
my soul, as I remembered how my whole life had  
been spent, groping for spirit in the outward world  
of forms. "In searching for the soul of the un-  
iverse in the fragments of man-made images," con-  
tinued the angel, "thou hast taught these mourn-  
ers to know only the character and attributes of  
soul, through its shadowy instrument, the body.  
They search for thee, as thou hast searched for God.  
Both look in vain afar, whilst the object sought is  
close beside them." They could not see me, then,  
with mortal eyes, through spirit's shining veil; but  
I was near them, saw and heard them, knew I held  
them in my clasp of love and influence, knew the  
discipline of sorrow would rend the veil that  
masked their eyes, so turned away in resignation,  
to wait my angel's bidding.

Again the shining misty air enclosed us. Through  
its undulating folds, I saw a spark of fire, first like  
a glowworm's lamp, then growing to a star, a sparkling  
planet, then looming up in solemn majesty  
before my eyes, my own beloved earth. As forms  
at last stood out in my spirit's steady gaze, the  
gemlike planet glowed with all its various beauties.  
Oh, how fair, how wonderful and lovely my earth  
looked then! The rainbow hues of gardens, the  
verdant meadows, the purple hillsides, and the glitter-  
ing crests of mountains, all, all were a glorious,  
many colored garment, earth's bridal robe, put on  
to meet the rejoicing bridegroom, Sun.

There lay, outstretched, the vast expanse of  
ocean, heaving its waves of light, and tossing its  
foamy billows like the folds of some glittering ser-  
pent. How dazzling shone the sun upon the ice-  
bergs, the Alpine peaks, and everlasting snow clad  
mountain tops, until they looked like embattled,  
many tinted cities, made of jewels; and far down  
in the forest depths, and peering the valley's thick  
shade, went slanting sunbeams, writing everlasting  
light in darkness, like God's own word, the two  
edged sword of truth; "or like His mercy rather,"  
spake the angel; "which earth for the least and  
lowest, as for the largest of His works." It was  
true, for I saw the very air was full of microscopic  
worlds, all bright and wonderful, and each one in  
its place, all full of life, and aceming beat and  
blessing. From the earth teeming with countless

forms of rejoicing life, my gaze soared upward  
through the rushing air, fastening at last upon the  
shining scroll of the firmament. As nature's grand  
arcana was thus outrolled before me, I saw how  
the wings of the wind king bore on their vast black  
plumets pestilence and miasma, sweeping the earth  
laden with impure exhalations from a thousand  
deaths, as it rushed along its surface.

I saw the rain drops fall like manna on the thirsty  
earth, while flower cups opened their perfumed  
lips to catch this wine of Heaven, and green Nature  
spread her lap in thankful gratitude to share the  
feast. I beheld, in mid air, God's wondrous labora-  
tory, where rain, and snow, and hail and rushing  
winds, were manufactured out of vapor, by the pre-  
siding chemist, Sun. I saw the use and meaning of  
each star beam and moon ray, for all combining in the  
crucible of air, outtought the colors of the flowers,  
and precious stones, the alternating changes of  
times, and tides, and seasons. I saw, too, that  
whilst the scintling caudron of the elements, in  
deep and awful stillness did its work, and poured  
out in beneficent tides its floods of life and blessing,  
the unconscious living creatures whom it nourished,  
murmured and writhed and supplicated the All  
Sustainer to change His laws, and break up the  
glory of His scheme Divine, to please their blind-  
fold passions. I saw the forefated and eternal laws  
still roll on, and the ever new and beautiful, spring  
like a Phoenix from the arms of corruption and  
decay. Far over earth I looked, until my admiring  
gaze fell on the interminable lines and meshes of  
galvanism, whose life currents, streaming through  
earth and water, rock and tree and flower, vibrated  
through each atom, the restless cause of motion,  
but all, at last, knit up in the strong, the wonder-  
ful, the unfathomable "wheel within a wheel,"  
which lives in yelled and awful majesty within the  
arctic and antarctic circles. I saw the gleaming  
lamps of these palaces of magnetism shoot forth in  
radiant Northern lights, streaming auroras and  
wildly flashing meteors. Following their fiery  
track, I saw them leave, behind faint threads of  
silver light, which gradually multiplied to such  
prodigious number, that the glittering air seemed  
crossed and lined with webs of living fire, enclosing  
our planet in its woof, and stretching its telegraphic  
lines on every side, to sister worlds and kindred  
satellites, until the whole system swam in space,  
one vast concentrated universe of worlds.

The glorious vision seemed to fill my brain with  
light, until my being seemed all eye, and space was  
dismantled of its robes of cloud and atmosphere,  
and gave up to my piercing gaze, the height,  
depth and breadth, of countless firmaments, stud-  
ded with star worlds. Sometimes they rose in tower-  
ing mountain walls, in which each stone was a sun,  
cemented thick with satellites. Sometimes a blazing  
wheel leapt up in ether, whirling around the immea-  
surable center, every spoke ten thousand million orbs,  
the rim eternal firmaments, thick set with stars.  
Along vast Milky ways, my telescopic glance dis-  
cerned the print of God's eternal footsteps, set in  
star dust, for every grain along this spangled high-  
way was a sun, itself a solar center, to the throng  
of sparkling systems, which the depths profound  
contained. Far, far beyond the shining belt which  
girdled round Orion away in distant skies, where  
never the beams of Pleiades could reach, my vision  
stretched away. Long had bright Sirius paled be-  
hind my eyebeam, the great and lesser Bears seemed  
left in eternity's oblivion, and wandering comets  
that had traveled millions of ages to reach our  
young earth's orbit, were all forgotten in the mighty  
far away my eye had reached, and still and still  
came more; on, they trooped, these skies and  
firmaments and systems, double and triple suns,  
and many colored rainbows, to which the dimly re-  
membered arch of my mortal sky seemed but a  
painted toy. Amidst the dance of worlds that  
spun around me, amidst the awful crashing of crea-  
tion's wheels, booming forth thunder peals of  
mighty joy bells, whilst chiming spheres boomed in  
my ears the anthem of eternity, and I, a speck less  
than a meteor's ray, stood in the midst of this In-  
finity. I felt that I was blindly staring in the eyes  
of God; that with vain, presumptuous glance of  
dust I had rent His veil eternal, and lest I should be  
lost, lost in the mad career of these, His subject  
worlds, "Back, back!" I cried; "Oh, back with  
me to earth. I cannot live, and look upon His  
majesty unveiled. My finite eyes can gaze no more  
on His Infinity." I was a spirit; ye are mortals.  
What a spirit looks on, feels in gazing, comprehends  
in soul, can never be translated in human speech;  
'twas enough that, my first lesson ended, I stood  
again in the silver shroud of mist on which my  
panting soul reclined, upborne in Truth's angel  
arms, and that I thought—oh, God! such thoughts  
of deep humility, and shame, and pity, that I and  
my fellow men should prate of Him, as *Brahma*,  
*Vishnu*, *Ostrie*, *Allah*; should match His awful power  
with angry men, and petty passions; should open  
and shut the gates of this His starry temple, with  
unuttered words and tinkling bells, and bits of  
bread and sprinklings; and oh, fantastic poor pre-  
sumptuous mortals! pretend to speak in His dread  
voice, and curse and bless each other in our rage  
or ignorance, and say, "Thus saith the Lord!"  
The best I now could murmur was, "Father, for-  
give them, they know not what they do." Then,  
once more turning to my angel guide, I said: "Show  
me no more, God of the telescope, nor let me feel  
the sting of shame, when measuring the petty  
infinite thoughts of men, on one poor spark of star  
life, with His plan throughout creation. Carry me,  
(if, indeed, my soul can bear thus much of know-  
ledge,) to where my little globe, or life upon it,

first began; I can bear no more of God, than be-  
longs to man." "The infinitely small," he said,  
"is adapted to thy now childlike spirit. Dost thou  
perceive how all yon stretching firmament of fire  
worlds subsides at last, yet still connects itself in  
the faint glimmer of the moonbeam, patterned in  
reflected stars upon earth's waters? See the lamp  
of yon twinkling fire-fly; 'tis light, still light, of  
the same kind, and shining through the same law,  
by which the outstretched chain of worlds through  
all eternity doth shine. Look deeper yet, for God  
is everywhere."

I obeyed, and found my eyes attracted to a little  
humble daisy. As I gazed within its white and  
golden cup, the flower shrank away, contracted,  
closed its petals, then its bud like head was lost in  
the slender stem; this, too, retreated, lower, lower  
yet, until it pierced the earth, and was lost beneath  
it, in a still contracting root, which soon shrank to  
a seed, and the seed to atoms. These were but  
microscopic dust, but bore the stamp of ages of  
transmutation. Now they were a substance half  
earth, half vegetable; now they were the fleshy  
leaves of some old parasite, that clung on rocks  
and through a thousand years appeared and dis-  
appeared, in rude rock moss and lichen. Then I  
traced them purely mineral; anon they sunk into  
the depth of ancient seas, and lay for countless  
ages changing there, to be upheaved at last, as dry  
land, and the sea's deposit in some volcanic island.  
Back rolled the canvass of time's endless panorama,  
and I saw these atoms all uncondensed, part of the  
fiery vapor that trailed its burning locks in the  
comet's orbit, ere our earth was yet a globe. I saw  
the shining tresses of the spectral star, once gleam-  
ing round the sun a blazing belt. I saw that belt  
burst from the central mass, thrown off by centri-  
fugal force from the great sun heart. Far in the  
waste of worlds, from which my dazzled soul had  
already been in mercy withdrawn, back to its own  
littleness, I knew some giant orb still turned upon  
its axis, from out whose gravitating arms our sun  
had sprung, and with it came my daisy; and in its  
humble petals, when I asked creation's birth, I read  
in God, its Maker's own handwriting: "Forever  
and forever!" "This knowledge is too vast for  
me," I murmured; "I can no more measure the  
ages of infinity, than I can compass the breadth of  
eternity. Tell me no more of this; show me alone  
His ways."

Again my pitying angel, velling my aching eyes  
from the awful skies, pointed down to the humble  
gospel of the daisy. "Scorn it not," he pleaded;  
"if Infinity was engaged in its production, the laws  
of eternity may be traced in its destiny." Fasten-  
ing my glance upon this little goldlike word in the  
altruistic lexicon, I perceived a single dewdrop  
trembling upon its center. My eye, now micro-  
scopic, beheld within that dewdrop, myriads of  
strange creatures, rioting with life; it was, in brief,  
a world of various shapes and forms and ornamented  
patterns. Some were beautiful, adorned with cur-  
ious stripes and variable colors, wonderful in in-  
finitesimal radiations, and admirable mechanism;  
others, prodigious in their ugliness, but all most  
admirably formed for life and varied action. Each  
fed upon its own peculiar aliment, in which my  
daisy played most numerous parts. Conducted by  
the liquid world in which they lived, I saw some  
live upon the air that stirred the flower; some on  
its yellow center, some on its pure white circum-  
ference; some inhaled and lived upon the tiny par-  
ticles, which made its fragrant breath; some on its  
sap; each life had varied points compounded in it,  
and each of these was life and aliment to one of the  
inhabitants of the dewdrop, all differed, and all  
died; and in their death their crystal forms became  
deposit on the flower, and crusted it over with the  
shining polish that gave its surface character and  
beauty; and thus the nourisher was fed, and by the  
law of divine compensation, the daisy lived to feed  
the insect, the insect died to feed the flower. The  
wind came sweeping low along the ground; the  
daisy's feeble stem could not resist it, the slender  
life thread snapped, and threw my little gospel on  
the earth; a crawling worm approached, it drank  
the flower's perfume, fed upon its beauty—another  
metamorphosis! I saw the blossom, as food, be-  
come the grub, the dewdrop world within, and  
the flower was now a portion of it. A young child  
now drew near; it stooped, and looked with quick  
intelligence upon the worm, gathered it up with  
care, spread out a leafy bed for its repose, and left  
it carefully concealed from sun and shade to die.  
Marvelling what use the child could see, where I,  
the man, beheld nought but a worm, I watched the  
creature spin its winding sheet, and lo! before my  
eyes grew up a pale golden tomb, in which the dead  
worm lay enclosed; a glittering ball of silk spun  
from a heart of soil; a sunlike spirit wove out of  
clay. Again the child approached, carefully un-  
wound the threads of silk like supple sunbeams,  
tied it up in skeins, then tendering it with other  
knots spun from grub hearts, flower leaves, and  
animalcule worlds, to those who best knew how to  
prize them, the little one received the garden, on  
which he and his hungry poor ones fed that night,  
in plenty and gratitude. To whom? the silk worm,  
daisy, animalcule dewdrop, or Him, the Maker of  
them all? He knoweth best. I knew it was His  
handiwork.  
"Follow thy gospel further yet," my angel cried.  
I looked, and saw the shining thread in which I  
knew my daisy, steeped in crimson dye, then woven  
by busy hands and whirling looms, into a gorgeous  
fabric; next it shone in the merchant's tempting  
warehouse; then it grew beneath the seamstress'  
fingers, into the folds of a lady's dainty robe.

Little they deemed, who gazed admiringly upon the form of beauty, how much of loveliness was due to the lustrous shrine which decked that form...

I asked for wisdom, and could all the earth's political economists equal this scheme of use, commencing in infinite littleness, and tracing the round of death and resurrection in so many varied forms...

I beheld a white-faced child, with precocious care and crime stamped on its tiny features, go forth from the jail, its birthplace, to the world, to beg or steal, or starve, as occasion willed it.

Habitats of earthly synagogue religion still pressed upon my spirit, and I longed to bend my knee before some sacred shrine, where with heart and voice I could proclaim my soul's acknowledgment of God.

Earth knows not the way, how could she teach her child? Look once again upon thy planet! - spoke the angel. I did, but ere I bent myself

learn another lesson, I strove to attune my struggling heart to prayer, and then it was that I remembered life's tempests, and how they all were past...

Back to the earth I sped, where still God's starving sheep were wandering. I saw an unsheltered homeless beggar, struggling in the tempest's blast. Myself a spirit could not touch nor aid the form of matter...

Rejoicing in the glorious privilege that spirit life imparts, to be His minister to suffering ones on earth, and by those laws eternal that unite spirit and matter...

The Bright Home Far Away.

To MY BROTHER ALBION: Often dream of the dear old home, And the blessed joys we knew, Where the grass sprang soft, and the flowers bloomed bright...

Letter to the Editor of the Journal.

A Monomer—Astounding facts, conceded by J. B. Clifton—The Logical Inferences.

BROTHER JONES—I have been a reader of your JOURNAL from its first number, and it appears to me that there is a great discrepancy between the title of the paper, and the leading articles in its columns...

It has appeared to me that the leading articles which have filled your columns have expressed the sentiments and been impregnated with more of the spirit of the writers for the partizan political press...

I would not be too positive in my position, but I would state that it appears to me, that, in order for the name of your beautiful periodical to correspond with the tone and character of its leading articles...

Here is an extract from J. B. Clifton's communication found on the eighth page of the JOURNAL of the 27th of January, to which I will add a few words by way of comment. In commenting on a statement made by Robert Dale Owen...

The points to which I desire to now call your attention, are some of the logical sequences of Mr. C.'s article, and of the facts conceded by him. His article admits the fact that the late war against the people of the Confederate States was carried on by the people of the Northern States without any constitutional guaranty...

Permit the mind to glance over some of the questions which will be debated by bloody strife when the issue is being tried; the constitutionality of the war; the right to take and expend the people's money without their lawful consent...

It is not difficult to see who will be parties to this issue when brought on, how arranged, and some of the arguments that will be used. On the one side will be the government, and the power behind the throne—the bondholders, the money lenders, and the commercial fraternity...

Roman tombs, more than 1,500 years old, containing hieroglyphs and fragments of pottery, have been excavated close to Queen Victoria's palace, at Windsor.

they never received an equivalent for. It is not hard to anticipate the answers which every liberty loving man would give. But I will drop this subject lest I too shall infringe the rule which should govern under the heading of your paper...

January, 1866.

ED. NOTE.—We have no desire to enter the arena with our brother in defence of J. B. Clifton, as we trust he is abundantly able to defend himself...

We have before said that we are not responsible for the views of our correspondents, an assertion which we repeat, and we would add that our editorial corps is somewhat numerous and no one writer assumes to be answerable for what others may write.

Mr. Jones does take the responsibility of allowing all phrases of supposed truth to have a hearing, not in a spirit of unkindness, but of brotherly love.

Our brother seems to take exceptions to our allowing articles partaking of a political character, a publication in the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL. We differ with him, if that be his opinion.

What we have said is in our own justification. We always consider ourselves equal to that task. Correspondents whose views are attacked will take care of themselves without our assistance.

Washington, D. C., January 24, 1866.

Letter from Laporte, Indiana.

DEAR EDITORS.—Please allow me to communicate the good news to your numerous readers, through the columns of your much esteemed and valuable paper, that we have a Newton and a Bryant in Laporte. Doctors S. A. Thomas and S. B. Collins, who are healing mediums, and possess great magnetic healing powers...

There has been no trance speaking here for a long time, nevertheless Spiritualism is still living and if not spreading by lecture influence, it is from necessity. Members of different branches of religious faith, first become deeply afflicted with disease, and after resorting to every available source for assistance...

God health all with his abounding love and mercy, and to imitate Him is indeed Godlike. Seek high and study God for His greatness and goodness, because He is the source of our existence. Study the spirit, because it is the ever living and immortal part of man.

Yours fraternally, A. S. Gilson, Laporte, Indiana, January 30, 1866.

Letter from Warren Chase.

DEAR JOURNAL:—Last evening Major General Butler made an eloquent and forcible speech, in the hall of Representatives, before the National Union League of Soldiers and Sailors, on the results of the war and duties of the government. He showed clearly the duty of our government to equalize, as far as possible, the rewards for service to those who entered the army early, and before bounties were granted...

and received with much enthusiasm. It seemed good again to see the old hero looking as well and energetic as ever. No one can deny that Washington and Baltimore, if not the nation, owe their present existence to him; but an ungrateful country will not do him justice in his lifetime.

This evening General Banks is addressing the same and other auditors, from the same place, on the same subject. In spirit and feeling his speech was dry and husky, compared to the former, but it was logical, scholastic and statesmanlike, evincing much caution on questions now before Congress...

He was warmly applauded at the close, but not as General Butler was on his description of Lee and Davis, in the fates they deserve, instead of those they get. Just before General Banks closed, Senator Wilson of Massachusetts came in, and no sooner had the former taken his seat than the calls for the latter left him no chance for an excuse...

The business of the League being closed with the evening exercises, it adjourned, after effecting a national organization, very much the same as that of the Spiritualists, with provision for annual meetings. Some twenty-two States were represented; but all the great speeches which I heard were by Massachusetts men; their President was from Massachusetts, and Butler, Banks and Wilson; but the noble and patriotic old Bay State deserves all the honor she gets in every field of labor, for devotion to her principle.

Washington, D. C., January 24, 1866.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

R. D. Goodwin to the Original "Lord Dundreary," or Humbag on Spiritualism.

I have noticed what purports to be a letter written by Mr. E. A. Sothern, for the purpose of exposing the villany of E. A. Stuart as a trickster.

The author, in writing to a Glasgow paper says: "The actor named Stuart is now better known as 'the actor named Sothern,' and was only induced to resume his correct name by James Wallack of this city."

I am no advocate of necromancy, jugglery or free-love; but a defender of truth and justice. Your foolish letter is not alone an insult to all thinking men and women, but proves clearly that you are just the humbug which you say you were while trying to deceive your friends and visitors during two years in our city...

"Wicked servant, out of thine own mouth will I condemn thee." Intelligent people who read your letter will readily know where to place you. You have in "later days evidently given yourself up to seducing spirits and doctrines of devils, having your conscience seared with a hot iron."

It is not for pay. If it is not a pecuniary advantage, why do you refuse to explain the way you deceived the people? Why not atone for your acknowledged past misconduct by now disclosing to your dupes how "you were more than a match for all other mediums?"

Poor man, you are my brother, a child of God, but fourfold more the child of hell, in your present condition. I pray for your resurrection and life everlasting; do not give yourself up to lies and hypocrisy, but try to be true to your own being—then you will deal truthfully with your fellow man, and not before.

Your true friend, R. D. GOODWIN, Chairman of the Religio-Political Association, 814 Broadway, N. Y.

### For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

#### **Detroit Observatory, Ann Arbor, Mich.**

BY MRS. HARVEY A. JONES.

Down through the night, its lighthouse gleam  
Shines on the waves of Huron's stream;  
Up from their depths it flames, below  
Those hills with ice-crowned crowns of snow.

I can see to-night, though far away,  
The scene I loved best at the close of day,  
As the weeks and months of exile wane  
Till my Prairie State is my home again.

Night o'er the busy town, and night  
Veiling the college walls from sight;  
Each student's home fills with murmurs low,  
Of the present, years coming, and the long ago.

Ann Arbor town, your homes will hear  
That story repeated, from year to year,  
While hope, ambition and learning draw  
Votaries of Science, Medicine and Law.

Still from your heights gleams that light afar,  
Still points its keen vision to planet and star,  
With its guardian genius still tracks the plain  
Where sweeps the comet's resplendent train.

In years to come, I shall yet look out,  
In memory's watch, as the hills about  
Grow gray in the twilight, and like a dream,  
That light shines up from Huron's stream.

Sycamore, Ill.

### Educational Reform Movement.

**AT CROSBY'S HALL, ON SUNDAY, JAN. 28TH.**  
The friends of the Educational Reform convened pursuant to adjournment, elected Warwick Martin, Chairman, and O. S. Poston, Secretary.

The committee appointed at the last meeting, reported as follows:

#### REPORT.

The undersigned committee, appointed at the adjourned meeting of the friends of Educational Reform to report the programme of business proper for the further action of said meeting, respectfully report;

That they recommend that a committee be appointed to inquire and suggest what modifications of discipline, instructions, etc., will be most beneficial in the present common school district system.

That another committee be appointed to consider and report some plan for the organization of a self-sustaining system of education, combining with instruction, agricultural and mechanical occupations, so as to ensure the most perfect development of the physical, intellectual, moral and spiritual nature of man. And further, that said committee inquire and report some suitable locality for establishing said industrial college.

IRA PORTER,  
T. W. TAYLOR,  
MRS. J. S. FULLER,  
MRS. S. C. LOOMIS,  
O. S. POSTON.

This report was read and adopted, and Messrs. O. S. Poston, Messrs. Leavitt, Linus and Mrs. J. S. Fuller, and Mrs. S. C. Loomis, were appointed members of the first named committee.

Messrs. Ira Porter, T. W. Taylor, O. S. Poston, Tallmadge, and T. Tilley were appointed upon the last named committee.

After which, the meeting was occupied with sundry desultory remarks upon education, habits of life, etc., of which the Secretary has no full report except of the remarks of Mrs. S. C. Loomis upon the use of tobacco, which were substantially as follows:

Mrs. Loomis remarked in answer to Mr. Martin; that she considered it the privilege of all persons to enjoy themselves in their own way, promising that they do not intrude upon the rights of others. And there is not a person who makes use of tobacco, either in chewing or smoking, but who does intrude upon the rights of others. The smoker fills the air with a disgusting, loathsome, deleterious narcotic, culminating in nicotine, one of the most virulent of poisons; while his person is imbued constantly with the offensive emanations of tobacco smoke, annoying and disgusting every lover of temperance and purity whom he passes in the street, and especially those who are obliged to sit next him in a street car.

The man who chews tobacco is constantly spitting a filthy liquid, in the house, or on the street, in the car, lecture room, or church. It is disgusting and painfully disagreeable to those who sit near him; and his teeth and lips are stained with the filthy weed. His whole person becomes permeated by the disgusting poison. A man considers himself insulted to be called a slave, but every man who thinks he cannot live without tobacco, is *is veritas* slave. Cleanliness of person is the duty of all, not only as requisite to the enjoyment of health, but that we need not offend those with whom we associate; and cleanliness and tobacco in any form have not the least affinity. If those who use tobacco realized the injury they were inflicting upon their wives and children, and its disgusting effects upon society, their own consciousness would induce them to abandon it; and if they realized its poisonous effect upon themselves and the slow suicide they were surely committing, they would break off at once from their present disgusting habits. The pure atmosphere would no longer be filled with the disgusting emanations of tobacco, and health and cheerfulness would exchange places with disease and crime. A step would thus be taken in the right direction to secure the moral progress of the world.

Sunday, February 4th.

Meeting appointed Mr. Thirde Chairman, and O. S. Poston, Secretary.

O. S. Poston, in behalf of the committee to suggest improvements in our common school system of education, presented a somewhat elaborate report against corporal punishment, and suggested various reforms in teaching.

The following motion was finally made and carried; that this committee have further time to report, and that it be instructed to inquire whether there is or is not adequate instruction in our common schools in the department of morals; and if not, what further or different instruction is needed. The committee upon Industrial Education, through Ira Porter, its Chairman, reported progress and presented the result of its labors thus far, for the consideration of the meeting, and for the suggestion of such amendments as the meeting might propose.

The following report being then read, it was moved that it be printed in the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, and laid upon the table for future discussion and action.

#### REPORT.

Your committee respectfully recommends the organization of a society to be called the Educational Reform Union, and that any person, male or female, old or young, may become a member of

the Educational Reform Union by subscribing to the following articles:

We mutually and reciprocally pledge ourselves to each other, that we will endeavor to "do unto others as we would have others do unto us;" that we will patiently and candidly investigate all questions we are called upon to decide, and that we will form and express our opinions according to the truth as it shall appear to us; and that we will encourage and sustain all our associates in the same practice. Knowing that every member of human society should each bear his part of the labors necessary to human comfort, we will seek to train ourselves and those whose education is committed to our charge, into an appreciation and performance of that duty; and for the purpose of making those labors as light as possible for all, we will study, practice and teach a wise economy in the use of labor products; and that we will make the welfare and happiness of humanity the chief end and aim of all our efforts.

The committee also recommends that the foregoing shall be broadly circulated in all parts of these United States; and that all those who are willing to do so be invited to sign the same, and forward their names to the Secretary of a parent society, composed of such as shall sign the same in the city of Chicago.

Your committee is convinced that appropriate labor, study, recreation and rest, are the proper employments of humanity from childhood to old age; that society is a necessity to human development; that a true system of education requires that fathers and mothers, grandfathers and grandmothers, childhood and youth be engaged together, day by day through life, in such vocations as are needed to supply the necessities of life and also in the pursuit of knowledge, so that all may be perpetually learning of those who are able to teach them, and as perpetually instructing those whom they can teach; that for the purpose of promoting these ends the members of the Educational Reform Union, or so many of them as have it in their power to do so, are recommended to incorporate themselves into joint stock companies, and that such seek settlements in close proximity to each other, so that they can combine for the purpose of economizing the expenses of living, and to better aid each other in carrying into practical effect processes for the perfect development of themselves and those committed to their care.

We therefore respectfully recommend the purchase of a tract of land of several hundred acres in some locality where a community of small farmers, fruit growers, manufacturers and mechanics can find remunerative business and a pleasant home, and the subdivision of the tract so selected into parcels to be sold to individuals for stores, mechanic shops, manufactories, small farms, etc. Other parts to be held by the community for a unitary home, and for all public buildings, ornamental grounds, and to be used by pupils of the Union who are not able to purchase land which they would like to till.

We recommend, as the most economical and labor-saving mode of living, a Unitary home, made as nearly fireproof as possible, constructed upon the most approved principles of modern architecture, heated by hot air, hot water, or steam, so as to obviate the necessity of keeping fires in each apartment, and to be provided with all public rooms demanded by the objects of the association. This home is to be provided with every facility for doing the washing and cooking for the entire household as cheaply as possible, with an ample dining hall, containing numerous tables, so that those of kindred tastes and habits may select their table companions, and be conveniently supplied with such food as they shall demand. This unitary home should be under the supervision of a Steward employed by the Trustees of the company, said steward to be paid for his services by the inmates of the home, who are to receive their board upon the restaurant principles, each consumer being charged with the full cost of his food, and his proportionate share of all expenses incident to the complete management of the home. The Steward should also have charge of all the lands and personal property held by the company, managing the same solely or by the aid of others under the control of the President and Trustees of the Association.

The company should be invested with the power of levying a just and equitable tax upon the person and property of each member of the company to defray the cost of teachers, supply library, or such other instrumentalities of education as a majority of the company shall decide necessary for the highest good of the whole.

When the company proposed shall be duly organized, your committee expect there will be found in the country numbers of persons learned in the Natural Sciences, who are qualified to become teachers, who will be anxious to connect themselves with this important movement, who will purchase homes in the institution, identify themselves with it for life, and will therefore be at the same time, students, teachers and laborers, illustrating by precept and example the great truth that labor and study may be so combined in daily alternation as to secure the highest form of human development, and the largest conceivable sum of human happiness.

Your committee, on looking abroad upon the present systems of education, thinks that it clearly discovers that the processes of these systems have a tendency to produce the exact social conditions that we behold around us. Some members of society have a surfeiting and most mischievous abundance of worldly goods, producing pride, luxury and extravagance, tending to corrupt the youth who are educated under its influence with false ideas of human duty and destiny, imbuing them with supreme homage for wealth, and a sovereign contempt for useful labor and useful laborers, and filled with the hope of gaining an inheritance by losing an ancestor, and being thereby absolved from the necessity of all useful employment, except so much as is necessary to make the capital inherited an instrument of usury, speculation and fraud.

In the common parlance of society he has a very good education who is well learned in books, although he knows nothing of any one mode of useful industry, and is therefore utterly disqualified for obtaining an honest living; while on the contrary, he who can perform well his part in many departments of useful industry is spoken of as having no education or a poor education. We have need to revolutionize these ideas, and these forms of expression. We need less of books, more of practical knowledge—habits of thought and of close observation, rather than the habit of taking at second-hand the recorded observations of authors; but above all things, our youth should not be separated while their habits are forming, from those practical labors upon which all humanity is dependent for a supply of its daily wants.

Your committee also discovers that it is a manifest design of that Supreme Intelligence which decreed man's existence, that he should be urged into physical and mental activity by an army of

physical needs, and that instead of welcoming, as all should, the labor necessary for their supply, great multitudes are seeking to shirk that labor upon their fellows, and to live in ease and luxury upon the products of the toil of others. Hence despotism, demagoguism, force and fraud, war and slavery; hence the necessity of that great army of regulators of human society, governors, legislators, judges, sheriffs, policemen, jailors, hangmen, prelates, lawyers, and the whole rance who dress well, live high, and occupy commanding positions as the monitors and moral guardians of society.

In addition to this enormous army of drones who fill all the land, we have an inordinate army of commercial men, all actuated by the same motives. Watch them as they go up to the Board of Trade every day by hundreds. See how much of power, of human energy, of human craft, of educated corruption, is represented by that great body of men, whose standing and position in society is an object of envy and desire to many outside of their charmed circle, and who are striving at some future time to enter it. Go to the commercial colleges and you will find in this city regiments of young men, the most aspiring and ambitious of all the surrounding country, who are here acquainting themselves with all the formulas of non-producing commerce, so that they can hereafter figure on "Change, and thimble rig the producing classes, out of the products of their honest toil."

Some of these commercial men have a net income of a million and a half a year, and many of this city have reported for the last two years \$150,000 income each. These incomes enable them to build palaces, drive coaches, keep servants, and indulge in every kind of sensuality and vice. There are, however, amongst them a very respectable number noted for their virtues; who are professed followers of the meek and lowly Jesus, "who had not where to lay his head." These content themselves with living "in style," a *sober and Godlike life*, upon Union Park or Wahash avenue. Some of their wives and daughters, however, vie with the women of the town in sweeping the streets with long skirts of silk or satin.

This city of extravagance, of pride, pomp and luxury, of palaces and hovels, of costly houses for God, and cheap, wretched huts for humanity, with its hundreds tall steeples, and its five thousand low groggeries, is an outgrowth of our systems of education and the present condition of society will be as perpetual as the educational causes which have produced it.

With these convictions we see no way of improving the existing state of society, except by a system of education designed to teach every member that it is his or her duty and interest to produce, if possible, every commodity which he or she shall use, or a fair equivalent for it. When this moral obligation shall be fully recognized and faithfully discharged, then it will be discovered that many of our essential wants cannot be gratified, as they now are, by individual means and for private and exclusive use. To gratify these wants combinations will be necessary. These will be formed. Hence closer unions and a higher civilization; hence the necessity of that lightened sense of justice which is necessary to inspire mutual confidence, and which can never prevail until the moral sentiment shall receive a better education, and have better educators than society now supplies.

In surveying the history of our civilization, your committee discovers that heretofore the human race have been indebted to superstition, to despotism or to fraud, for nearly every extraordinary production of human achievement which has adorned our planet, especially in the department of architecture. No man can build a palace by his own labor; therefore no man should have one for the private use of himself or of his household. But palaces may be built by the combined efforts of numbers; that will give to the builders convenient and perpetual homes for themselves and their heirs forever inalienably, except by the free action of such as may choose to sell out their interests.

The present conditions of society will be improved. Better systems of education will do the work. Nothing else can. Changes must be sought. Progressive minds must see where we are; where we would be, and how we shall get there. They must mark out the path and open it up. In God's good time the civilized world will travel it and bless the pioneers who discovered—pointed it out, and with appalling but resolute and glorious labor made it a fitting highway for the nations.

Your committee is unanimously in favor of entering at once upon that course of life "which shall best secure distributive justice, connect intelligence with labor—secure the utmost economy desirable in the use of labor products;" and by mutual aid, encouragement and example; convert this terrestrial life into an orderly and well kept school, from which its pupils may, at the appointed time, be honorably transferred into the higher schools of celestial life.

#### Spirit Communications.—No. 3.

DEAR DOCTOR: Absolute evil, *per se*, is necessarily the entire absence of all good, and cannot exist in a universe recognizing the omnipotence of its Creator, whose essential identity is goodness and love; for if we could conceive of a place or condition in which evil in this sense exists, then we could conceive of one where goodness was not present, and of course, where there was no God. Evil, then, can only be misdirected good, and all misdirection implies the absence of wisdom, or an undeveloped condition. It therefore follows that in every condition where wisdom is wanting, comparative evil must exist. Good being misdirected by its recipients, from a want of wisdom, produces misery instead of that happiness for which it was designed.

Take a few examples from your own earth sphere. See the golden waving grain, the juicy apple, the luscious grape. Can you mistake the object of its fruitful goodness in such gifts? What has been the result of their perverted uses? Let the withered intellect, the crushed parental hopes, the widow's sighs, and the tears of orphans be the answer.

Again, Infinite Wisdom, to soften the disappointment and instability of mundane enjoyments, by raising the hopes of the soul to lasting felicity beyond the grave, gave through chosen mediums a revelation of immortality, in an age when man's undeveloped condition created a necessity for types and shadows, figures and allegory.

Ignorance in the past has misdirected even this mercy, and converted it into a source of fire, faggot and sword, to those whose spiritual convictions happened to be at variance with the dogmas of its self-constituted expounders. And even now, in the light and development of the nineteenth century, ignorant arrogance, assuming the robe of priestly sanctity, claims to be the Omnipotent's keeper, and thunders forth the anathemas of a man-made Orthodoxy against all revelations which have not paid the license of pre-ment.

The silver shrines of the Goddess Diana constitute the spectacle through which the reverend gentle-

men have discovered this much to be dreaded scheme of darkness.\*

Are you wise? Then ply the ignorant, instruct the erring, raise the fallen, rescue the mercies of heaven from their misdirected channels, until one eternal day of light and harmony shall burst upon your earth!

ROBERT HARR.

#### Spiritualism.

### From our Regular New Orleans Colored Correspondent, P. B. Randolph—No. 8.

A LATTER DAY SERMON.

Text: "Old times," Place, Chicago. Time, A. D. 2866.

This morning, my hearers, I intend to discourse concerning events that happened just 1000 years ago, viz.: in 1868, long before the people of this continent had conquered the world, and before the foundation of the grand omnarchy. The people of those barbarous times lived to the astounding age of over forty years, and grew to the astonishing weight of over one hundred pounds, and if we are to believe ancient records, many of them were of gigantic stature, exceeding five feet in height. But these things were owing to the habits of the people and the roughness of the climate. In those savage days the only light the earth had was from the solar body and the first moon; while now we have four of the latter, and two magnificent boreal suns—one at either pole. On a recent occasion, on my return from the third moon, where I had gone botanicalizing, I stopped my car over SONOMIA, formerly called Nu Warlene, and visited the museum there, which contains a large number of the most wonderful relics of the remote days of 1866. Stepping into the library and picture gallery, I soon satisfied myself not only that the barbarians of that day were ignorant of VOLOSTATIC locomotion, or will-impelled machinery, but that they actually employed beasts to carry them from place to place. There were several sorts of animals, now extinct, kept for that purpose, one of which was called a Norse, and another a Nass. The first went on four legs, the latter on two. The first was dumb, but the latter had the power of speech, which it received from one Baalam, and besides being employed to carry burdens, was also used as a lecturer and Sabbath orator and thinker for the people, who fed it on pap, and led it out frequently into pretty little stalls, called Pull-Pits, where it capered and curvetted about in the most surprising manner, performing the most astonishing feats, to the huge delight of its numerous spectators.

Although the creature was not large, especially about the heart and brain region, yet its gullet was prodigious, for it would frequently strain at a gnat, and then swallow half a dozen camels, whole, and even raw; and the creature has been known to take down at one gulp, an entire whale, with a fisherman named John R. or Jonah; then to show off its fine points, would gobble up an ark or two; slay a thousand men with the jaw-bone of one of its own species, and top off with Mary McDaniel or Mag-Dallen, seven devils, a herd of swine, a lamb, lots of fire, and any amount of sulphur! It was a strange beast, but a very costly one, as it would eat any amount of gilded oats—as much as it could get. It had very large ears, and was remarkable for the promptitude with which it would listen to "calls" at so much oats a year—gilded, of course. My hearers, there were many strange things and strange habits, customs and animals in the barbarous age of which I am speaking—1866.

Among other curious facts was this: the greater part of the people were blind—they were also deaf, for they had eyes, yet saw not; ears, but heard not.

For instance; people often went on long pilgrimages in search of husbands and wives; they went courting as they called it, and in nine cases in ten made the most grotesque blunders in their marital selections; for it not seldom happened that a man married a woman 100 years older than himself, and *vice versa*—that is to say, an eighteenth century man, so far as development was concerned, would find himself mated with a woman fully up to the highest growth of the nineteenth century; the consequence of which was, that neither one of them saw a day's happiness from the altar to the grave.

In these days, as you all know, everybody instinctively knows his or her mate; and such a thing as quarreling, or badly organized children, is a thing unheard of. So of course there is no such thing as vice, crime, bloodshed, anger, war, adultery, or wrong in the universal world.

Another curious thing of those early days was, that a man's worth was decided not by his own merits, but depended solely on two things—the number of little bits of paper, called bank notes, that he owned, or its equivalent in gold or silver—the identical metals whereof our pots and kettles are made now, and with which many of our streets are paved; and secondly, the color of his skin. In those days there were two widely different human complexions (both unknown at present, for we are all concrete people in these days, with beautiful olive tinted complexion)—the white and the black; and if a man was known to have descended from parents of the latter race, no matter what might have been his personal worth, no matter if he had talents that would have adorned an angel, he was doomed to a living death, from his entry till his exit from the world. Indeed one of these races—which can easily be guessed—held the other in bondage, until some of our friends from Summer Land raised a war by inciting one Davis Jefferson to rebel in behalf of human liberty. He was a medium, and did his work remarkably well, at the expense of a few tons of gold and a half million of mortal lives, after which the black race became free, and gradually went out of existence, about the time that the Chinese, Tartars, Indians, lawyers, ministers and other queer sorts of people, retired from business and the world. At my recent visit to Nu Warlene I stepped into the National Museum and saw many curious relics of the olden days of 1866. On one shelf was an old book which historians tell us created more disturbance than any one thing under the sun, for the people called it the Bybul, and believed it to have been the word of the Great Supreme, when in fact it was mainly written by a society of ancient savans, known as the Venerable Brotherhood of Old Fogies; at whose sessions a great philosopher named Barr Num was president—the same man who wrote the famous treatise, "*AD-PEER UMMER-MADUM - ET WOOLEY-HORSE - UT-HOW-ARR-YOU GREENEY-AND-UM.*"

On another shelf was a specimen of the "mirey clay," from a bog over which convicts had to pass, on their road to a place called "Der Kingdom Kum." There was the shell, very hard, of an ancient animal of the love-feast genus; a portrait of a hero who, when he got his "chops" slapped, turned the other for a like salutation; a piece of the Rock of Ages; the tongue of an old lady named Mrs. Grundy, fourteen inches long and hung in the middle; the effigy of the man who, when a thief stole his coat, gave him his cloak also; a painting, a landscape, of the course of true love that actually ran smooth; statue of an honest alderman; portrait of the

black man who had rights a white man respected; another of the man whom people believed to be religious without his telling of it, of a preacher who cared less for dollars than souls; another of two pretty women who loved each other; a model of the "harp of a thousand strings," on which many strange tunes were played in y olden time; for instance, the "Hell-fire gallop," "The Judgment-day Polka," the "Regeneration Quadrille," "The Baptistical Promenade," and other awful funny tunes, now—alas! played out.

After a brief stroll through the Museum, I sallied out to hear the news, but on the way came across a queer contrivance called a Lo-co-motive, a machine that actually went with hot water, and used to go at the snail pace of only a hundred miles an hour! The people must have been very gross in those days, for now all we have to do is to step into one of our diamond-mounted Will-cars, and with a mere wish it rises and goes through the air at the rate of anywhere you like in five minutes. Accordingly I took it into my head to take a trip to Zenobia, formerly called Sahara, and which history says was once a barren waste, but which is now the garden of the world. While there I saw the grave of one Adam, formerly reputed to have been the father of all mankind, a notion that time has corrected, for we all know that that individual was a shoemaker at Damascus; that his fame arose from the sign over his door—A dam Strong, shoemaker; but the A having been placed a good way from the d, the sign read A dam Strong shoemaker, and of course he grew rich and famous; got to be called the father of all shoemakers, and finally of all mankind.

Another historical error has recently been corrected. It used to be believed that one David killed a giant named Goliath with a stone slung at him. Such was not the case, for we now know that David was an innkeeper; that he mixed a sling for the giant, wherewith Goliath got slewed. So much for history.

I also passed over the valley of Hinnoon, the original Gehenna or hell of old. How strange that people ever should have seriously entertained such a disgusting belief! for we of this age fully know that eternal damnation is eternal—nonsense. Amen.

The region of Syria is a storied section. Yonder is Joppa of old, whence sailed a hero named Jonah, famous for the size of his gourd, and for having swallowed a whale—said whale, Jonah and the gourd having in turn been swallowed by the men of 1866—*raw!* On the left I beheld the place where the first speaking medium gave tongue—Baalam's companion, when he saw the angel in the way! There, ahead of us, is the famous Jordan, reputed to have been a very hard road to travel; while yonder stood a little hill said to have been once a man's wife, thus transformed for disobedience; a story to be taken with many grains of salt.

My hearers, I will discourse again on the barbarous ages; but at present I want to join a party in an excursion to the planet Jupiter. I expect to remain three days, and shall be at my post next Sunday; meanwhile I advise you to change your linen and be as good as possible, till I get back. I will thank Brother Oscar to step over to Japan to get my umbrella, and uncle Edward will favor me by looking in at my groto under the Pacific Ocean, as I have a couple of pet whales there that need instruction, for only animals go to school nowadays—our children being born educated, because they are born right. So note it be!

New Orleans, Jan. 15th, 1866.

#### For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

### **Sarah Haviland and Martha Grinder.**

Sarah Haviland, goaded to desperation by a crushing sense of want, and to arrest the persistent growth of the beastly propensities inherited from their father, murders her three children. Mrs. Haviland is known as a Spiritualist, and forthwith Spiritualism is arraigned as a criminal, and declared answerable for the threefold murder.

Martha Grinder, with no wrongs to redress, and no apparent motive of gain to subserve, under the most aggravated evidences of criminality, and under guise of no palliating circumstances, institutes a system of wholesale poisoning. Mrs. Grinder is a Methodist. Whoever thought of holding the Methodist church responsible for the crime? He that would suggest it, is not worthy the name of Spiritualist. Why was not that "Modern Borgia" acquitted, and an effigy personating Methodism hung in her stead? Can those immaculated of the press and pulpit who have been loud-mouthed and clamorous for the conviction of Spiritualism answer?

I shall not rifle the Methodist creed in search of evidence by which to challenge the church for the crime or folly of its members. I do ask, in the name of consistency, what is there in the simple faith that "This mortal shall put on immortality," that "that which was sown in corruption shall be raised in corruption," that "if a man die he shall live again," that the stream of death is bridged by God's eternal love, and that the sainted dead—the guardian angels of the living—may pass over, carrying messages of good news and great joy—that is there in this simple, happy faith to stimulate its believers to crime?

"But hold, you say! "It is not the criminal's faith, but the fact that the spirits recommended the crime, that condemns Spiritualism!"

But you do not believe that the spirits did so, do you? Then you believe in spirit existence and spirit communion; and consequently you are a Spiritualist, and the ghostly instigator of the crime in question is as much a member of your family as of mine!

"But I do not believe in spirits, I believe it is all the work of the devil."

Oh, you do! Whose system of faith does his holiness adorn? The Spiritualists'? Not a bit of it! Indeed, that is about the only faith that gives His Excellency the cold shoulder. Then who are they who admit him into their household of faith? Catholics? Yes! Methodists? Yes! Sectarians of any other denomination? Yes, sectarians of all denominations! In short, to detract from the importance of his Satanic Majesty; to disbelieve that he is almost omnipotent, that he is continually "going about like a roaring lion seeking whom he may devour," to doubt that he was the accomplice of Mrs. Haviland, the confederate of Mrs. Grinder, and the original instigator of every crime; to deny all this is reckoned a heresy only second to that of Atheism, and is accepted as conclusive evidence of the depravity of the heart, and is regarded as apostasy from the true faith.

Is the Church, the Episcopal church, responsible for all the mischief committed on earth, just because it believes in the existence of a mischiefmaker? If crime has been committed, does that prove that no criminal exists? Those two unfortunate culprits belong to the human family; does that prove that there is no human race? Truly our accusers are purchasing the approbation of the ignorant at the

Religio-Philosophical Journal

CHICAGO, FEBRUARY 17, 1866. OFFICE, 84, 86 & 88 DEARBORN ST., 3d FLOOR. RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION, PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS. GEO. H. JONES, Secretary. S. S. JONES, President.

To Postmasters. All Postmasters in the United States and British Provinces are requested to act as Agents for this paper...

To Our Patrons. Persons sending post office orders, drafts, etc., are requested to make them payable to George H. Jones, Sec'y.

To Our Subscribers. We appeal to our present subscribers to exert themselves to extend the circulation of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.

Free Agency. Any agent or agency must have been made so by a power above him, or it; and in regard to man, he must be accountable to his principal, viz.: the power which appointed or made him such, and if accountable, is not free.

At the creation of all things, laws were made for the government of things and beings in all respects, and those laws must always remain under all circumstances, inflexible and unalterable, as long as the subjects of those laws are in existence.

So long then, as man lives under compulsory laws, that enforce their own penalties, he cannot be free. Another consideration is, that in all cases of agency, so far as we know, if the agent proves unfaithful or incompetent, the loss, if any, is generally suffered by the principal; and sometimes, more or less, by principal and agent both.

Salvation from what? From the effects of "Adam's fall." A circumstance that never happened. Such a mistake in the management of the Almighty in the outset of his creation, is too degrading to be entertained.

Notwithstanding the delegation of this "free agency" of will and power, does it not impose such accountability that if the power delegated is not exercised as intended, viz.: to obtain salvation, that the Almighty is not only justified, but bound by his promises, to "execute eternal vengeance, endless misery" on such hapless agent?

Q. "What are the decrees of God? A. "The decrees of God are his eternal purpose, according to the counsel of his own will. Where-

by for his own glory he hath foreordained whatsoever comes to pass. Q. Has "Adam's fall" come to pass? Has the crucifixion of Jesus Christ come to pass? "Adam's fall" is a circumstance that never happened.

Agency may involve or incur accountability, but "free agency" never. There can be no such thing or condition as "free agency" in the literal meaning of the term.

Some of the consequences of this absurd agency are, that it produces a mutual and harmonious action between the Lord and the Devil, the Lord sentencing the agent, the sinner, to endless punishment, and the devil carrying that sentence into execution.

Omnipotence. The highest, the most transcendent power, in the knowledge or belief of man, is the power he intends to worship, the power he calls God.

The great question is, what is the origin and cause of those laws, as the existence of laws admits and proves the existence of the lawmaker.

Signs of Progress. It is pleasant to recall the kindly words and friendly greetings with which from time to time we have been met.

Among the vices which have been charged to their account by their enemies, we do not remember to have ever seen gluttony included, and a drunken Spiritualist would be as great an anomaly as an unholy bishop.

But the signs around us indicate a radical change in public opinion. And we are sanguine enough to believe that the time is not far distant when it will be quite possible for a man or woman to be a conscientious Spiritualist without any danger of social ostracism.

One exception, indeed, there was to this rule of mildness, and that was probably owing to the fact that it was not the organ of a sect but of the church.

Were we disposed to follow the example of the Reverend gentleman, we need be at no loss for materials, for every issue of his paper is marked by a want of charity and a sectarian bigotry which simply is disgraceful in the nineteenth century.

Woman's Rights. A great many women have plead for their rights, and a great many are yet pleading. How long they will ask before they get them, the Lord alone knows.

Look at yourselves. You wear long skirts, and heaven only knows what else makes up your "form divine." We stronger men, dressed for action, and expecting to do some rough work in the world, find you ready bound for the sacrifice.

On the contrary, we should be happy to aid you in any strike you please to make. If you want to emigrate and exercise squatter sovereignty in the western forests, or run a steam plow on the prairies, why go in, we are with you.

Women's rights and men's rights are all one and the same. Each individual should work and act after the dictates of his or her own organization.

As mothers, the entire moulding of the rising generation is in your hands. Your sons are growing into just such men as your influence determines.

When we get married, we mean to carry into practice some favorite theories; we do not anticipate trouble, because we intend to let Betsy Ann do just as she is a mind to.

Betsy is bent on long skirts, and we are going to let her wear them. By help of pages, dress elevators, skirt supporters and heaven knows what, she certainly will look divine.

cost of appearing ridiculous in the eyes of a wiser generation. Finally, we would sum it all up by asking whether the devotees of a common faith are responsible collectively for the isolated act of a single member?

Letter from New York. New York, Jan. 23, 1866. DEAR JOURNAL: Bro. A. T. Foss, of New Hampshire, addressed us last Sunday morning and evening.

DEAR JOURNAL:—I received with pleasure the first number of your new JOURNAL, and can only wish you Godspeed in the great and good work of spreading before the people the truths and blessings of this new religion.

DEAR EDITOR:—Many thanks for the copies of the JOURNAL sent me at Burns, Wis., in place of the Progressive Age.

I met many on my route who promised to subscribe for the JOURNAL, if they liked it, after seeing a copy. So these were just in time, and I have mailed them to their respective destinations.

My experiments have been with the imponderables. What vast credit has been accorded to Van Riechenbach on his announcement of od force or odyle light as perceived by the clairvoyant?

For this day you, dear JOURNAL, are laboring, and I too will take my staff and travel on, "till I a better world do view."

Letter from F. A. Logan. DEAR JOURNAL:—Thou comest to me laden with divine inspiration, expressed in prose and rhyme, beautiful, outflowing from the deep interior souls of many of the world's earnest workers.

DEAR EDITOR:—I take great pleasure in informing you that the Spiritualists of this city have organized a Society, and have got it into working order. They have engaged Mrs. Allen for the first Sunday in February, and Mr. Peebles for April.

shot eyes which we meet as they come reeling out of almost every grocery and saloon, at every corner of the street, having had the idea of an eleventh hour conversion indelibly impressed upon their youthful minds.

Six millions of dollars are expended annually in this city to alleviate the sufferings of the poor or for benevolent purposes, and yet the law which gives a man license to traffic in that beverage which causes so much crime and misery, is upheld by the people.

DEAR EDITOR:—I lectured once in Plainview, and twice at Pawseellm, twice at Wabashaw, and twice at Minneka.

At the creation of all things, laws were made for the government of things and beings in all respects, and those laws must always remain under all circumstances, inflexible and unalterable, as long as the subjects of those laws are in existence.

So long then, as man lives under compulsory laws, that enforce their own penalties, he cannot be free. Another consideration is, that in all cases of agency, so far as we know, if the agent proves unfaithful or incompetent, the loss, if any, is generally suffered by the principal; and sometimes, more or less, by principal and agent both.

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Q. "What are the decrees of God? A. "The decrees of God are his eternal purpose, according to the counsel of his own will. Where-

speechless wonder, admiration and worship. We are, in fact, in just the condition to surrender everything demanded by the more exquisite sex, and if they watched their opportunity, and one by one obtained the mortgage when they discovered a poor soul in such a surrenderable condition, then would there be no need of any more lectures or papers devoted to the subject, but woman would rule the world just as she now does.

Sorrows of Life—Their Reward.

Passing along the street, a few days since, we met a pretty little girl of some ten summers crying piteously. She was neatly clad, and her distress moved us so that we stopped to ask what was its cause. Another girl, about the same age, was also seeking to know what ailed her. We listened and heard her story; she had lost her "monthly report of lessons and conduct at school," and she sobbed out "Oh, if I don't find it I will get a hundred bad marks!" There, thought we, it is the old story of trouble and disappointment; may be an older person has "lost his monthly record," and is getting bad marks.

We soon met a friend who had a very splendid country residence and all that affluence could bring to make him happy, but we saw a shadow was on his countenance, and he remarked that he had been very unfortunate—a valuable barn had been burned and seven fine horses destroyed in the flames.

Another friend had a claim of fifty thousand dollars against Government thrown out by an official, and he did not feel in the most amiable mood.

An old gentleman who has accumulated considerable property, and who is investing a portion of his income in government bonds every year, was deeply troubled about the price of provisions, and expressed his fears that if the taxes were raised much higher, he would be compelled to end his days in the poorhouse. In the evening we met a young lady who was very much "put out" because she could not go to a ball. Her dressmaker had disappointed her.

Feeling rather sad, we thought we would call upon a friend—a lady, who being left a widow, with two small children, was striving to keep starvation from them and herself, by dint of sewing. Ah, we thought, it is very hard to force the food of a family "through the eye of a needle." We found our friend very ill—overworked and close confinement had brought on fever. She was delirious. A kind neighbor, who had been watching by her, begged us to remain a few minutes while she went home to attend to her own family. In her delirium she was happy at times, all unconscious of the dreary life she led; then the picture would change, and with tears in her eyes, she spoke of the dress of the young lady to whom we have alluded. What a life, in which delirium was the only relief she could find. How fearfully had she stitched away her very existence till there was only a wreck left. Musing on these troubles, real and imaginary, we passed an old deserted building; hearing pleasant sounds, we stopped to listen. Some rude and ragged boys had met and were giving their experiences. We looked in, unobserved, and heard a little boy of about ten years talking and singing in great earnest. "Ha! ha!" said he, "I've had a good time this week. The best one I ever had in my life." "How so, Joe?" said another boy.

"Why, you see Monday it rained like pitchforks, and I did not have to go out to sell papers. Tuesday was a good day. I made forty-nine cents. We all had a big supper, and dad got drunk. Wednesday I didn't sell much, but as I was going home feeling kind of bad, I spied a V. Didn't I look it and run for home, and just afore I got there two great ugly fellows stole it from me."

"I cried, but it was no use—so I just thought I'd keep mum and go home. Pretty soon I sees a crowd going along with the police. I run round to see what was the muss, and sure enough it was the same two fellows, took up for passing counterfeit money. I'd passed the same money to them, but nary fellow could say I offered it. I looked in to the alderman's and when I sees them sent down below for trial I felt kind of happy. So I went home and had a good story to tell. So it goes every day when I don't sell nothing. Dad's better off, 'cause he will drink, and mam and I is worse off 'cos we don't git nothing much to eat. When I do sell good, then dad's worse off and we're better—so it goes."

In one day's experience we had seen several phases of human life, and the lessons from each and all proved that if we would be happy we must rise above the influences of many of our surroundings. It is not in human power to control all these things which produce so much trouble. Many of them, however, will by proper feelings on our part, cease to influence us very much, and over and out of all we may draw lessons of discipline that shall fit us for higher positions in life.

Trials are the rounds in the ladder of progression. We cannot ascend very comfortably on that ladder by our hands alone. It is not only painful thus to rise, but we need them to carry something up with us; but when we put our feet upon the rounds of this ladder we can mount readily, and carry all that we need with us. So, when we can put our troubles under our feet, we shall move onward and life's journey will be pleasant and happy. One thing is very certain; there can be no active condition of life without trials. Sleep and unconsciousness alone can enable us to escape these; and he is a poor soldier in the battle of life who is not ambitious for something higher than these. Let us then struggle on manfully, hopefully, endeavoring on the one hand to soften the trials incident to life, and on the other to strengthen each other to bear nobly our burdens in the heat of the day, knowing that as we toil on we shall be better able to bear life's burdens. Then shall we realize as all true men and women have, that its joys and happiness far transcend all its toils and cares.

Authors.

The following is a list of authors who have gone to the Morning Land the past year: Eliza W. Farnham, author of "Woman and Her Era" and "Ideal Attained." Thomas C. Halliburton, (Sam Slick.) Hannah F. Gould, poetess. Francis Wayland, moralist. Joseph B. Worcester, philologist. Mrs. J. E. Gaskell, novelist. M. Joseph Pierre Froudon, French political essayist. Leigh Ritchie, editor of Chambers Journal. Mrs. H. C. Conant, writer of sketches. Mary H. C. Booth, poetess. Lydia H. Signourney, poetess. Isaac Taylor, English literatureur. Richard Hildreth, historian. Professor Robert Aytoun, Scotch literatureur.

Mistakes.

Those who read a little article in our last week's Journal, entitled "Suicides," did not fail to see several odd mistakes. The poor printer, of course, was in fault. We never make mistakes, and then our orthography is faultless!

Artisan Well Ice.

We have just returned from a visit to the Artisan Well. We found over a hundred men as busy as bees in clover time. They are gathering and packing away the crystal ice from the well pond. We were delighted with the novel machine used for drawing in the ice. This machine consists of an endless chain, one hundred and fifty feet in length, armed with seven hooks of steel. This chain runs on a driving wheel located at the top of the building. It is propelled by steam power. As the chain passes around—the ice is fed into the run-way or slide—each hook catches five or six of the huge cakes of ice, and passing under a friction roller, completes the hold and carries them away up the ascent; from thence they glide to the place of deposit. The machine, though seemingly simple, is a perfect marvel. It gathers in one hundred and fifty tons per hour. The huge cakes are lifted and poured into the mammoth building with such rapidity that, with a slight stretch of the imagination, one could see it raining ice. The machine is the invention of Mr. W. T. B. Reed. As for the ice it is splendid—as pure as diamond. More than fifty thousand tons are yet waiting the workmen's hands.

Should the cholera visit our city, it will find us supplied with wholesome ice.

Is It Lawful?

The question has come before the Massachusetts House of Representatives, "Have women a right to solemnize marriage?" The general statutes provide that "marriage may be solemnized by any minister of the Gospel ordained according to the usage of his denomination," and continually makes use of the pronoun "he" whenever any reference is made to the word "minister." The Committee on the Judiciary was instructed to consider whether any legislation is necessary upon the subject. It has reported that no legislation is necessary, being unanimously of opinion that a woman regularly ordained can, under the statutes, legally solemnize marriage.

The same question has been agitated in this State, and public opinion has decided that if marriages are solemnized by ministers of the Gospel, it does not matter whether they be men or women.

Spirit Pictures.

Two or three weeks since we mentioned that a man by the name of Evans was holding forth, on Monroe street, as a spirit artist. He made great pretensions to honesty and willingness to have the matter sifted to the bottom. We made the attempt to ascertain whether he was a genuine medium, and whether he did really produce amorphous pictures in the manner he pretended—without camera or light. That investigation convinced us that the fellow is an arrant humbug. If he succeeds in convincing us to the contrary, we will tell our readers how he does it.

Dr. H. Slade.

Our city readers will remember that Dr. Slade paid us a short visit a few weeks since, and promised to visit us again. He now proposes to redeem his promise.

He will be at the Sherman House on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, the 20th, 21st and 22d insts.

He will prescribe for Invalids during the day, and hold evening circles. His circles are in the light. No one who visits his circles will charge him with deception.

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.

A Woman in Office.

Miss Stebbins, of Chickasaw county, Iowa, has received an appointment as Notary Public for that county. She is the first woman ever having received such a commission, and is represented as eminently competent for her position. We expect next to hear that Iowa has granted the franchise to the "better half" of her citizens.

Conference Meeting.

The Spiritualists of Chicago, who are friendly to the organization of a Social Conference, are hereby requested to meet, at 2 o'clock Sunday, (the 11th,) at Crosby's Hall.

Lyciums.

Let those interested in the organization of a Children's Lyceum, meet in the Opera House Music Hall next Sunday, at 2 o'clock.

Personal.

Mrs. Stephen A. Douglas was married recently to Major Robert Williams, U. S. A., at her residence in Washington. The ceremony was performed by Father Lynch, of the Catholic church, in the presence of a small and select circle of friends of both parties.

Fredericka Bremer, the well-known novelist, has recently died at Stockholm. She was born in Finland, but removed to Sweden at the age of three years. She received a careful education, and was for some time a teacher herself. Her novels, commencing with "The Neighbors," were translated into English by Mary Howitt. Many of them also have been translated into German, French and Dutch. Miss Bremer once visited the United States, where her books have been very popular, and where she made many warm personal friends. She was sixty-two years of age at her death.

C. A. Hayden continues to attract large congregations at Crosby's Music Hall. He goes from here to Davenport, Iowa.

Dr. J. P. Bryant is still preaching the gospel "Be ye healed," in his rooms, 153 Dearborn street. A young lady called upon the doctor the other day. One of her eyes was sightless. In five minutes she walked away perfectly restored.

N. Frank White is doing a missionary work in the West. He will speak, February 18th and 25th, in Fond du Lac, Wis. Those wishing his services week day evenings, will write him some time in advance, so he may know how to make his arrangements.

To Correspondents.

DR. SLADE.—Bring the picture. ELVIRA W.—Mr. B. will have a hearing. MISS M. A. T.—Our office is full. Contributors must be patient. K. ST. JAMES.—We have a child's paper in contemplation.

Our Thanks.

It is with great pleasure that we tender our thanks to many of our old subscribers and our duly authorized agents, for their earnest labors in widening the circulation of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.

New subscribers are coming in every week, mainly through their efforts, in a manner which greatly strengthens our hands and gladdens our hearts. Every reader of our paper can speak with the utmost confidence of its great worth, as an advocate of our beautiful philosophy. Our contributors are among the very best writers of the present age. The photographic reports of lectures from highly inspirational and trance speakers, which we from week to week publish, are not excelled, if indeed they are equalled, by any other paper.

A continued effort on the part of those who have already done so nobly for us, is urgently asked. Our patrons who have not already sent us the names of new subscribers will receive our warmest gratitude for any efforts they may be pleased to make in behalf of the JOURNAL, besides being entitled to the reward offered them for such new subscribers. We really hope all Spiritualists and friends of the great reforms of the age, will come to our assistance, by sending in a sufficient number of new names to increase our list, so that we may be well sustained in our ardent efforts to make the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL what we set out to make it—the best paper in the world!

New Sunday Paper.

We are happy to announce to our readers that Chicago is about to be blessed with a new Sunday paper.

Sunday publications are now as much a necessity as a Sunday breakfast. Food for the mind is quite as essential as food for the body.

That two political parties are necessary, no clear thinker will deny. Nothing is more natural than for any political party when it remains long in the ascendancy to become intolerant, corrupt and oppressive. Such a party is held in check by the vigilance of the opposition press. Therefore we rejoice that a Democratic Sunday Paper is about to be established. We are not only glad that it is about to be issued, but we rejoice also at the bold and independent position the editor takes in regard to the propriety of issuing a Sunday edition.

The hypocritical cant of the Chicago Tribune is boldly assailed and shown up in no very enviable light in the following article, which we clip from the Daily Times of February 5th. We abhor above all other things hypocrisy in a public journal that professes to be in the vanguard of the great cause of human emancipation. While we believe in the emancipation of the African from physical slavery, we equally believe in the emancipation of the human mind from the slavery of ignorance, superstition, theological dogmas, and every kind of religious intolerance:

A SUNDAY NEWSPAPER.

The effort required by one person to sit, at the same time, upon two stools, placed some distance apart, is not, without reason, considered difficult, if not wholly impossible. It is, however, amusing to witness the attempt on the part of others, for the effort is almost always sure to result in a ludicrous tumble. An illustration of this feat may be seen in the attempt of the senior abolition newspaper of Chicago to sit down at the same moment upon what may be called the pecuniary stool and the religious stool. That sheet publishes the letter list on Sunday morning, and thus sells a large, but otherwise worthless edition; and this is the pecuniary stool. The same sheet, however, is anxious to secure the influence and patronage of the church going element, and this element, or the blinder portion of it, objects to a Sunday newspaper. This is the religious stool, and although some distance from the other stool, the sheet in question is making a desperate effort to get upon it at the same time it gets upon the other.

The main argument of the newspaper in question for the publication of its Sunday edition, is that were that edition discontinued, some other moral publication might take its place. Beautiful philanthropy! How willingly this sheet willfully violates the Sabbath to prevent its violation by somebody else. Such vicarious sinning and such vicarious risks of damnation whatever they may seem to be, are, in reality, founded upon the logic of the thief who steals something, and comforts himself with the reflection that if he did not steal it somebody else would.

If the intolerant religious sentiment of Chicago is galled by the explanations of the senior abolition newspaper, it is its own fault. That newspaper is published on Sunday solely because it pays. If it were a losing concern, it would be discontinued instantly, despite the cant concerning the desire to keep out other publications. Take away the letter list from that sheet, and thus deprive the public of their only motive in buying it, and we should see how long the publication of the Sunday issue would continue.

The Times has too much self-respect, and too high an opinion of the common sense of the community, to even attempt the justification of the publication of a Sunday issue upon any such grounds. It has the honesty to avow what the senior abolition concern has the cowardice to conceal, that it publishes a Sunday issue because it pays to do it. This thing of paying is the leading motive in the publication of all newspapers everywhere, upon all days of the week.

Co-existent with this motive, is the belief, on the part of the Times, that a Sunday newspaper can be made a powerful adjunct in the labor of developing the morality and intelligence of the people. It ranks in influence with the pulpit and the Sunday school; and it is responsible at the bar of public opinion, should this influence be misdirected. It is a fratricide missionary in the field of social reform; and as such it should be cultivated, assisted and strengthened by all good men. Argument in the matter is superfluous; it is an insult to the intelligence of reasonable men, and a base pandering to the lowest instincts of sectarianism, to essay to prove by laborious logic that there is any day upon which the powerful influence of the press should be waived. As well attempt to prove that there are days upon which the sun should not gladden the earth, or the gentle rain moisten the lips of flowers, or the twittering birds cease their vivacious chorals.

As the Almighty does not frown on each recurring Sabbath, nor hang his heavens in black, nor anywhere, either by command or symbol, teach that the soul should, on periodical occasions, cease its growth and hang itself about with sackcloth, the Times believes that the labor of making men happier, of widening their mental horizons, of instructing them by original teachings, and spreading before them the fruitful examples arising from human actions, should never be discontinued. Like the operations of nature, these labors should be unceasing, knowing neither day, nor night, nor Sunday, century, nor cycle. When heaven bids its forces cease their workings during any special period, then will men have a warrant for cessations and observances which they now deduce only from barbarous traditions and misconstrued teachings of good men.

The Sunday Times, which will make its first appearance on Sunday next, will be a zealous co-worker in ministering to the happiness and instruction of society. It will be a powerful agent in the dissemination of what is good, and the repression of what is bad. It will not come before the public with an humble, sneaking apology for its appearance; but it will come as good men and good enterprises are ushered before the world, whose intent forbids the necessity of apology, evasion, or of deprecation with reference to any class or interests.

BUSINESS MATTERS.

EMMA HARDING'S LECTURES ON THEOLOGY AND NATURE.—This book contains six lectures given through that highly developed and well-known trance medium, Miss Emma Hardinge, besides much other very interesting matter.

The following subjects are treated of in a masterly manner, viz: 1. Astronomical Religion. 2. Religion of Nature. 3. The Creator and His Attributes. 4. Spirit—Its Origin and Destiny. 5. Mind and Deity. 6. Hades, the Land of the Dead.

Together with the outline of a plan for human enterprise and an Autobiographical Introduction with an Appendix containing the sayings and sentiments of many well-known Spiritualists and other records of their seances.

This volume also contains a fine steel engraving likeness of the author, by Donnelly. For sale at the office of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL Publishing Association. Post Office Drawer 6325, Chicago. Price 75 cents. Forwarded by mail on receipt of the price, free of postage.

CHURCH SERVICES.—Mr. W. T. Church, physical and test medium, having located permanently in this city, may be consulted at his residence, No. 842 Wabash avenue, between the hours of 9 A. M. and 4 P. M. Persons wishing to attend either the seances or developing circles, will find it to their interest to call upon him at his earliest convenience, and procure tickets to the same. Chicago, Nov. 17, 1865. 10-1f

Mrs. C. M. Jordan, Writing and Prophetic Medium, 78 North Dearborn street, Chicago. 10-1f

MEDICAL NOTICE.—Dr. Henry Slade, Clairvoyant Physician, will examine the sick in person, or by proxy, in his office, Merriam Block, Jackson, Mich. every Friday and Saturday. Terms for examination \$2. The money should accompany orders. [15-1f

DR. PRINSON'S "THE HEALER."—We copy the following from the Milwaukee Daily News of November 10th: 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 publicity to their deeds. Eastern operators have been here and in Chicago, and crowds have been called to be relieved. We desire to say that we have one of these noted doctors in our midst—Dr. Prinson; 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 Prolapsus Uteri, or falling of the womb, and spinal affection with general prostration of the nervous system, at times unable to feed her child, and unable to attend to her domestic duties 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. Prinson, she arose from her bed and walked off without help. She has regained her health rapidly, and now takes lengthy walks, free from any difficulty. Her speedy recovery has gladdened the hearts of her many friends, and we cannot refrain from advising all sufferers to go to the Dynamic Institute and get healed.

CYRUS B. THOMAS, Westfield, Marquette Co., Wis., Nov. 1, 1865.

A remarkable case of deafness cured. I hereby certify that my wife, Elizabeth, 26 years of age, has been deaf from her earliest recollection, so much so as to be unable to hear ordinary conversation, always suffered from running sores in her ears. In this condition she came to the Dynamic Institute, and in one treatment of a few minutes by Dr. Prinson, could hear very well and after the second treatment her hearing was perfectly restored. R. G. SAWYER, 201 Spring St. Milwaukee, Oct. 28, 1865.

I hereby certify that my son Rudolphus A. Smith, has been afflicted with nervous spasms for the last five years, having as many as twenty spasms daily, rendering him insensible five minutes at a time, and never free from them for a single day. He came to the Dynamic Institute, Nov. 13th, 1865, and in one treatment by Dr. Prinson, he was entirely relieved. My post office address is Chicago, Door County, Wis. JOSEPHINE B. SMITH.

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

NOTICE OF MEETINGS.

MEETINGS AT CHICAGO.—Regular morning and evening meetings are held by the First Society of Spiritualists in Chicago, every Sunday, at Crosby's Opera House Hall—entrance on State street. Charles A. Hayden is employed as speaker until the first of March. Hours of meeting at 10 1/2 A. M., and 7 1/2 P. M.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—The Association of Spiritualists of Washington hold meetings and have lectures every Sunday at 11 A. M., in Seaton Hall, corner of Ninth and D streets, near Pennsylvania avenue. Communications on business connected with the Association, should be addressed to the Secretary, Dr. J. A. Rowland, Attorney General's Office.

PROGRESSIVE MEETINGS IN NEW YORK.—The Society of Progressive Spiritualists hold meetings every Sunday morning and evening, in Ebbitt Hall, No. 55 West 33d street, near Broadway.

MR. J. G. FISH is the speaker for March. The Children's Progressive Lyceum, a new and very attractive Sunday school, meets at the same hall every Sunday afternoon at 2 1/2 o'clock.

Stocks and engagements to lecture in Ebbitt Hall, should address P. R. Farnsworth, Secretary, P. O. Box 6676, New York.

TEMPLE OF TRUTH.—Meetings at the "Temple of Truth," 814 Broadway, New York. Lectures and discussions every Sunday at 10 1/2, 3 and 7 1/2 o'clock. The hall and rooms are open every day in the week as a Spiritualist's depot for information, medium's home, etc. All are invited to come, and make themselves at home.

SPEAKERS' REGISTER.

SPEAKERS for whom we advertise are solicited to act as agents of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL. Mr. and Mrs. J. Madison Allen, Rockland, Me. W. P. Anderson, Spirit Artist. Address P. O. Box 2521 New York City. Mrs. N. K. Androm, Makanda, Jackson Co., Ill. Rev. Adm. Ballou, Hopedale, Mass. S. M. Beck, inspirational and normal speaker, will receive calls to lecture on the Harmonical Philosophy. Please address him at Rochester, Olmsted county, N. Y. L. V. Beeson, trance speaker, North Ridgville, Ohio, will respond to calls. Mrs. E. Bell, inspirational speaker, will speak in Middle Granville, N. Y., the first and third Sundays in each month, and in Kingsbury, N. Y., the second and fourth, up to July. Will answer calls to lecture evenings during the week, and attend funerals. Address Middle Granville or Smith's Basin, New York. G. C. Blake, of New York City, will answer calls to lecture in different parts of the West upon Greelan and Roman Spiritualism, as compared with modern. Address, until further notice, Dahlgreen, Wapello Co., Iowa. Mrs. E. A. Blinn, of Springfield, Mass., will speak in Worcester, Mass., Jan. 7 and 14; in Haverhill during March. Address accordingly. Mrs. A. P. Brown, St. Johnsbury Centre, Vt. Mrs. M. A. C. Brown, West Brattleboro, Vt. Mrs. H. F. M. Brown's post office address is drawer 6328 Chicago, Ill. Albert E. Carpenter will answer calls to lecture. Address, Pleasant, Ill. Mrs. Rophia L. Chappell will answer calls to lecture. Address Forestport, Onondaga Co., N. Y., care of Horace Farley. Henry T. Child, M. D., 634 Race street, Philadelphia, Pa. Dr. L. K. Couley will lecture in Vineland, N. J., the first, third and fourth Sundays of February, in Wilmington, Del., the first and second Sundays of March. Will hold in these places as may be desired. Will take subscriptions for the Religio-Philosophical Journal, and act as agent for the sale of spiritual and reform books. Address L. K. Couley, Vineland, N. J. Vincend Clark, inspirational speaker, will answer calls to lecture. Address Rutland, Vt., P. O. Box 110. Mrs. Joannette J. Clark, trance speaker, will answer calls, when properly made, to lecture on Sundays in any of the following places: Will also attend funerals. Address, Fair Haven, Conn. Dr. James Cooper, Bellefontaine, O. Mrs. Laura Cuppy's address is San Francisco, Cal.

Warren Chase will lecture during January in Washington, D. C.; first Sunday in February in Wilmington, Del.; second Sunday in Vineland, N. J.; third Sunday of February in Newark, N. J.; during March in Philadelphia, and will spend next summer in the West.

Mrs. Augusta A. Currier will lecture in St. Louis, Mo., during January. Will answer calls to lecture in the West through the Winter. Address box 815, Lowell, Mass., or as above.

Lea Curtis speaks upon questions of government. Address, Hartford, Conn. Andrew Jackson Davis can be addressed, as usual, at 274 Canal street, New York. Mrs. Laura De Force Gordon, Houlton, Me., care of C. E. Gilman, Exr.

Dr. E. C. Dunn, P. O. Address, Rockford, Ill. Rev. James Francis will answer calls to lecture, after the spring opens. Address, Marlboro, Mass. Mrs. H. French, inspirational medium, will answer calls to lecture or attend circles. Free circles Wednesday evenings. Address, Washington Village, South Boston.

J. O. Fish will speak in Providence, R. I., during December and February; in Lowell, Mass., during January. Address, Hampton, N. J. C. Augusta Fish, trance speaker, box 1835, Chicago, Ill.

Dr. Wm. Fitzgerald, in the West Coast Central American traveler and lecturer in the West. Lectures on "Ancient and Modern" of that country, will answer calls to lecture through Pennsylvania and the Western and Southwestern States on the science of Human Electricity, as connected with the Physical functions of the Spiritual Philosophy, and will illustrate his lectures through the mediumship of Miss Ella Vanwinkle and others. Address, for the present at Wilmington, Delaware.

E. J. Finney's post office address is Ann Arbor, Mich. Mrs. Dr. D. A. Gallion will answer calls to lecture, under special control, upon disease of the senses, and other special subjects. Address Dr. J. Gallion, Healing Institute, Keokuk, Iowa.

N. S. Greenleaf will speak in Haverhill during December; in Plymouth, Feb. 11 and 18. Address as above, or Lowell, Mass. Isaac P. Greenleaf will make engagements in Maine, Massachusetts, or elsewhere for the fall and winter lecturing season. Address Exeter, N. H.

L. P. Griggs, Magnetic Physician, will answer calls to lecture and heal the sick. Address, Evansville, Ind. D. H. Hamilton will answer calls to lecture on Reconstruction and the True Mode of Communitarian Life. Address, Hampton, N. J.

J. B. Harrison, formerly minister of the Methodist Protestant Church, Kenosha, Wis., Noble Co., Ind., will answer calls to lecture on Sundays at organized circles during week day evenings, in any part of this country. Will also organize Lyceum, and speak, either entranced or in his normal condition. Can be addressed at 25 Court street, New Haven, Conn.

Charles A. Hayden will speak in Chicago, during January, at the first sessions of the Spiritualist's Association, and will illustrate his lectures through the mediumship of Miss Ella Vanwinkle and others. Address his care of the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Mrs. Lovina Heath, trance speaker, Lockport, N. Y. Mrs. E. A. Horton, Rutland, Vt.

M. H. Houghton will answer calls to lecture in any of the Eastern or Middle States the remaining fall and coming winter months; will also answer calls to speak week evenings at the first sessions of the Spiritualist's Association, and will apply immediately. Address West Paris, Me., care Col. M. H. Houghton. Miss Emma Houston will lecture in Elkhart, Ind., during December and January. Would be happy to make further engagements in the West.

Moses Hall will speak in Grand Rapids, Mich., during December and January. Will answer calls to lecture the remainder of the year. W. A. D. Home, Cleveland, O.

Mrs. Susie A. Hutchinson will speak in Stafford Springs, Conn., during December. Address as above, or 39 Grape St., Syracuse, N. Y. Mrs. F. O. Hyzer, 60 South Green street, Baltimore, Md. W. F. Jamieson, inspirational speaker, Decatur, Mich. Miss Susie M. Johnson will speak in Haverhill, Mass., during January.

Miss Sophia Kendrick, trance speaker, will answer calls to lecture Sundays, week evenings, or attend funerals. Address Lebanon, N. H. George P. Kittridge, will answer calls to attend public circles, and lecture on Spiritualism, in Northern Michigan. Grand Rapids, box 692.

Mrs. E. E. Ladd, No. 140 Court street, Boston, Mass., will answer calls to lecture. Dr. B. M. Lawrence will answer calls to lecture. Address, 12 Lincoln street, Boston, Mass. J. R. Loveland will answer calls to lecture, and will pay especial attention to the establishment of Children's Lyceum. Address, Banner of Light office, Boston.

Mrs. Elizabeth Marquand, inspirational and trance speaker, 79 Walnut street, Newark, N. J., will answer calls to lecture Anna M. Middlebrook, Box 775, Bridgeport, Conn. Leo Miller will speak in Richmond, Ind., through February, at the first sessions, through March, in St. Louis, Mo., during April. Address as above, or 22 Market street, Chicago, Ill.

Mrs. Mary A. Mitchell will answer calls to lecture upon Spiritualism Sundays and week-day evenings in Western New York, Ohio, Michigan and Indiana. Would like calls to lecture along the direct railroad route to Chicago. Address Westbury, Lockport, Niagara Co., N. Y. Dr. James Morrison, lecturer, McHenry, Ill.

A. L. K. Nash, will answer calls to lecture and attend funerals in Western New York. Address Rochester, N. Y. Miss Sarah A. Nutt will speak in Stafford Springs, Conn., during February. Address as above, or Claremont, N. H. J. L. Judd Pardee. Address care Thomas Rathbone, box 1251, Buffalo, N. Y.

Mrs. Lydia Ann Peckham, inspirational speaker, Disco, Mich. J. M. Peckham, Battle Creek, Mich. George A. Peirce, Auburn, Me., will answer calls to speak upon the Sabbath, week day evenings, and to attend funerals. Miss C. C. Pelton, Woodstock, Vt.

J. L. Potter, Trance Speaker, will make engagements throughout the West to speak where the friends may desire. Address Cedar Falls, Iowa, P. O. Box 170, until further notice. G. W. Rice, trance speaking medium, will answer calls to lecture. Address, Broadhead, Oregon county, Wis. W. K. Ripley will speak and heal in Plymouth, Mass., from Dec. 24 to Jan. 1; in Essex from Jan. 2 to 11.

A. C. Robinson, 15 Hawthorne street, Salem, Mass., will answer calls to lecture. J. T. Rouse may be addressed P. O. Box 305, Elkhart, Ind. Miss Belle Scougal, inspirational speaker, Rockford, Ill.

Austin E. Simmons will speak in Woodstock, Vt., on the first Sunday, in Bridgewater on the second Sunday, and in East Bethel on the fourth Sunday of every month during the coming year. Address, Woodstock, Vt. Mrs. Susan E. Slight, trance speaking and singing medium, will answer calls to lecture wherever the friends may desire. Address, Portland, Me.

Mrs. Fannie Davis Smith, Milford, Mass. Mrs. Mary Louisa Smith, trance speaker, Toledo, O. Mrs. H. T. Stearns, Permanent address, South Exeter, Me. H. B. Storrs, Brooklyn, N. Y. Mrs. C. M. Stone will answer calls to lecture in the Pacific States and Territories. Address San Jose, Cal.

Miss Martha S. Sturtevant, trance speaker, 12 Warren street, Boston. Elijah R. Swackhammer will answer calls to lecture on Communitarian Life, the Commonwealth of the New Dispensation, Spiritualism, and kindred subjects. Address, 97 Walnut street, Newark, N. J.

Mrs. Sarah M. Thompson, inspirational speaker, 36 Ban street, Cincinnati, O. Benjamin Todd, Normal Speaker, will lecture in Charleston, Mass., during December; in Washington, D. C., in March. He is ready to answer calls to lecture in the New England and Middle States. Address as above, or care of Banner of Light office.

Mrs. M. E. Townsend will speak in Worcester, Feb. 18 and 25; in Troy, N. Y., during March; in Philadelphia, Pa., during April. Hudson Tuttle, Berlin Heights, Ohio.

COMMUNICATIONS FROM THE INNER LIFE.

"He shall give His angels charge concerning thee," All communications under this head are given through MRS. A. H. ROBINSON, A well-developed trance medium, and may be implicitly relied upon as coming from the source they purport to—the spirit world.

JANUARY 30. INVOCATION.

Unto Thee, Thou spirit that governs, permeates and pervades all things—Thou that art ever present within and around us—Thou that breathest upon us eternal truth—Thou that art manifest in the radiance of the sun—Thou that we can see in the stars by night—Thou that doth exist in the rose and the perfume thereof—Thou that dwellest within all mineral, vegetable and animal life—unto Thee we would approach, as we realize that Thou doth exist. We would call for a more perfect understanding of our own individual selves; we would learn of Thee to be wise for all time; we would prepare ourselves, oh spirit of truth, for a more entire reception of Thee into our interior natures; we would bring all to realize that which they aspire for to-day, has its existence, and that by a proper investigation and preparation of themselves they can receive Thy light and Thy understanding, so that they may be enabled to drink in of the life, the purity and the love that exists on every plane of life. We would have the children of earth realize that although we have passed from their plane of existence, yet we have aspirations within our souls for a higher and more perfect development of the interior germ of life.

We would go on with the investigation of ourselves, and as we receive more light we would impart it to them. At the same time we would call their attention to their own interior convictions of truth and right—to a thorough understanding of that which is within, as well as that by which they are surrounded. We would call upon Thee that Thou mayst bring us all to that perfect understanding that we shall be enabled to see Thee in every form and manifestation of life, and also to realize that all is in accordance with the will and design of the great creative Principle—God. Unto Thee we would offer praise and thanksgiving, our Father.

JANUARY 31. WILLIAM BAILEY.

If you will just be kind enough to say that William Bailey is exceedingly anxious to communicate with his friends, you will much oblige me. I was thirty-one years of age the March before my death in August, 1863. I would like to say a great many things, but I do not feel at liberty at this time. I wish to inform them that I can return. Then I think they will give me a chance to talk by making conditions right. I believe there are mediums that I could influence better than this one. However, I do not wish to complain of what I find, but I shall try and find one that is more susceptible to my influence, through whom I can converse with my friends freely. You may send this to Arthur Bailey, Springfield, Mass.

LOUIS ROGERS, OF LITTLE ROCK, ARK.

I think it is a very good idea to make the best of what you can find. [To a gentleman present.] Don't you? That spirit said he could do better with another medium. Well, my folks; all of you know one thing in particular about me; you always gave me the credit of being on hand like some—we always had a plenty of sense in the house—I have not got over that yet. I want to give you a little bit of an idea of where I am, and how I get along—who I see, and all about it. Now, as to where I am. I suppose you would call it heaven. But I call it a world. It is just as much of a world as the place where you are. I believe there is pretty nearly everything here that you have there. But we have got the best of everything. We have the cream, while you have the skimming milk. As for employment and enjoyment, you can have anything that you desire. There is the best sort of a chance for an education, for unfolding and developing the interior nature, the man and woman part. Then we have a chance of talking to you, which is better than singing one eternal psalm tune.

Had we as great a heaven as you ever pictured, and as I ever dreamed of—streets all paved with gold, white stoness, beautiful mosaic work and sweet strains of music floating abroad—this place would be better than that. It seems to me, my friends, that you have not really waked up. Now I wish to wake you out of that condition. I will not forget to tell you where I died, and where I was sick. Oh, no, I never forget the essentials. If I tell you where to send this, will you send it? [Yes.] I think you may send it to Cornelius Rogers, Little Rock, Arkansas. I did not commence very affectionately, neither am I going to close up very affectionately. I do not feel like expressing myself very sympathetically, because when I leave the medium I shall not feel as though I was going away. I don't believe in shedding tears at all. I want you to consider well all that I have said to you. You need not ask me to come again through this medium, because you can just as well give me a chance at home. I see that you want me to be particular and give my name. It is Louis Rogers, of Little Rock, Arkansas.

LOUISA A. LINDSAY.

I died in Westfield, New York. My friends are there, and if you will send to them the few remarks I shall make, I shall be very glad indeed.

Some spirits, I am aware, seem to think because they have strong powers of manifesting themselves, others would of necessity have the same. I have not that power to a great degree. It is by the aid of those who attend these occasions that I am enabled to say what I do. This is the first time I ever influenced any one. Perhaps I may do better another time. I want to say that I am happy. My happiness consists in the happiness of others who are dear to me. I know that it will be a great happiness to you to feel confident that I have the power to manifest myself and converse with you. I was eighteen years old at the time of my death. I died of quick consumption. Send this message to Martin Lindsay, Westfield, New York. My name is Louisa A. Lindsay.

EMILY.

Dear Father, I felt that you would recognize me from my message given a short time since through the columns of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL; and it gives me pleasure to be thus enabled to express to you my ideas, and simply give one name, and then have you recognize me from that. How dear the thought, you said, is it to our souls, that you impart life have the power within and around you of conversing with us, and although separated by the band of death, that you can greet us who are yet in the material form. Then grieve not, nor mourn for the early departed; rather rejoice that they are free from all cares and anxieties to which the children of earth are subjected,

who remain upon it for any considerable length of time. You desire names, that you may satisfy others, but not yourself, of my identity. In order to gratify you more thoroughly, I will give you your initials—nothing but your initials—P. B. R. My initial after marriage was F. My husband is with me. All the dear ones who passed to this beautiful plane of life before I did, are with me. The dear ones all send love to you, and bid you be happy and cheerful; for ere long a bright morning shall shed its light upon you.

FEBRUARY 1. WILLIAM DAILESMAN.

[Spirit arranging the medium's shawl, said:] I want to get everything right. Then I shall be ready to go right straight along. This is a strange way of doing business. I do not know whether I shall get everything fixed just as I want it, or not. I am going to try, however. The truth of the business is I want to say so many things that I hardly know what to say first. I want to say that which will be received well, so that I will feel satisfied when I go away from here. I declare it is so strange, so different from anything that I expected, that I am quite taken aback. [Lifting the medium's arm, and opening and shutting her hand.] Just think of what I am doing. I know that this is not my hand and arm, but it seems as though it was mine. It is strange how on earth I use this medium. [Question by gentleman present—"We would very much like to have you explain the manner in which you control the medium." I am not capable of that. I do not understand it myself. I had a desire to say something to my friends; and seeing others giving messages, I concluded to try and see if I had sufficient power. I cannot tell how it is that I do it. Does it seem to be by an exercise of your will power? I cannot say; I know that I have a strong desire to control. [Do you at this moment seem to be clothed with a physical form?] This body seems to be mine. I feel interiorly that it is mine; yet when I consider, I know that it is not mine. My senses tell me that it is not, yet my feelings would lead me to think otherwise.

Now, I will speak to my father, mother and sisters. I care more about talking to them than I do about the manner of controlling. It is enough for me that it is true—that I can come back. It is true that I have passed over the hard road of death and gone to heaven, and now over that same road I have come back again, and found this person, whom I can make subservient to my will. I shall not say everything that I would like, because it would not be agreeable to you to see it in print. You do not like others to see the letters you receive and send away. Now understand this, that William Dailesmann has access to the mode of manifesting himself to you one and all, after what we always called death. [A spirit by the name of William E. Dailesmann communicated here once before, was it you?] No, it was not me. It is death to the old body, but not death to that which moves the body. A wagon is of no use, unless you have something by which to draw it. It is just the same with the body—it is of no use after death. I did not die. It was only my body, that you were accustomed to see, that is dead—that has gone to its mother earth. Remember, my spirit lives on, not clothed with flesh and blood like yours, nevertheless it is a body that corresponds to the body that I had when I was with you. I am not two persons. I know that I am right here—that my spiritual body is right here. Whatever I should choose to do with the body of this medium, I could, with the permission of those persons that have greater power than I. Should I attempt to do that which would be injurious to the medium that I now have possession of, I should be removed by her guides. In this way they would make me subservient to them, precisely upon the same principle that I make the medium subservient to me. It is well that it is so, or perhaps in my anxiety to come to you, I might bring such strong powers to bear that I would take the medium and go to you regardless of consequences. I am very anxious to converse with you just as I did before my death. It is not strange after an absence of fourteen years, that I should desire to do this. I fear I am occupying too much time. I am but one of thousands who are ready and anxious to send messages. Therefore, inasmuch as I have taken up considerable time, and told enough for you to get an idea of my feelings, I will say but a word or two more in order that you may be satisfied that it is me. I was twenty-four years old when I died. Please send this to my mother, Mrs. Abigail Dailesmann, Georgetown, D. C.

ELIZA.

I do not wish to complain, but I really do not think that it is quite right for my brother to take up so much time. He remarked that a great many were waiting. I do not wish to be selfish and envy any one their chance of talking to their friends. I want to say a few words, just sufficient for my folks to know me. I died of chills and fever. [The medium shook like one having an ague fit. A shawl was placed over her shoulders, and the spirit drew it closely around her, thanking us kindly.] I shall not be cold after leaving the medium. We only feel cold as we approach a body that is subject to the cold. [Do you have a return of the same feelings that you had before your death?] I seem to. I feel chilly. [Is it not a psychological condition, induced by your recollection of your condition in the last days of your earth life?] I am not able to tell. I know but very little about this way of conversing. It is my first effort. [Do you now while controlling feel as though you were living upon the earth plane?] Yes, sir, I do. My father, two sisters and one brother are with me here, dear mother, and you feel alone. I do not wonder at it, we were all taken from you so suddenly—all within the short space of four years. I want you to realize that although our bodies are laid in the grave, our spirits are with you—some one of us constantly. We do not feel willing to leave you alone. Perhaps the time will come when you will see and believe, and have no doubt in regard to the power that we possess of talking to you. We will not blame you, dear mother, yet it would give us pleasure to have you listen to us, and let us talk to you from time to time. Certainly it would be a great comfort and consolation to you if you could feel our presence and our nearness to you—then you would not feel so much alone, nor would you feel that all you have been taken away. Sometimes you feel almost crushed to the earth, and can hardly realize that God is a God of justice—that He was loving and kind, when you was so suddenly deprived of so many of your family. But let me say, dear mother, that although by disease we were compelled to leave our bodies, we have not left you. Perhaps it was for some wise purpose that we were taken. Do not complain, but have confidence in the future—believe that all will yet be well. The same God that rules all children of earth, is with me now.

I fear I shall talk too long, like my brother, who preceded me. It is now two years since I was taken

from you. I was the last to go, dear mother. I was pained at the thought of leaving you, when your heart was nearly broken by parting with so many. My mother's name is Martha E. Moore, Muscatine, Iowa. We were living there six years before my death. Now dear mother, grieve not, but feel the Divine assurance that all will be well. Dear father, your husband, and all of your children will be with you often—some one of us all the time. Your affectionate and loving daughter, Eliza.

QUESTION BY ELIJAH POUND.

Q. Is spirit immaterial? A. There is no such thing as immateriality. That which is immaterial is not findable. Inasmuch as you can find that which is seemingly immaterial, it proves conclusively that there is no such thing as immateriality.

QUESTIONS BY L. M. PARSONS.

Q. Is not the race in all its characteristics recent in every birth—or, in other words, is not birth an extension of the race, its history and memories, instead of a new beginning? A. It is a new beginning to the spirit, from the fact that it is placed upon a material plane, where it takes cognizance of everything by which it is surrounded. Most certainly it is an extension of the race, and makes a part of its history; but not until it becomes familiar with the past, does it take cognizance of the past, nor is it benefited by it any farther than its surroundings are made better from the conditions and improvements of that past. I do not see that it is recent. I do not feel it to be so. Yet it is a beginning to the spirit that is born and clothed with the material. It is in accordance with the laws of nature that all immortal spirits should be first clothed with the material, when born upon the material plane.

[Question by a lady present.] Does not the question mean that the history of the past is written upon the soul of every subsequent birth?

A. Things of the past could not make an impression upon the tablet of the memory, until that tablet is established and you become an individualized immortal soul. I cannot see the impression of the past made upon the brain, or upon the soul, until after the organization of that brain or soul. I know that it is claimed by many that they have a clear conception of the past. I have nothing to prove that to me, neither do I feel it to be in accordance with natural laws. Before you can make an impression, you must have something to make the impression upon. We are a part of God. When we speak of God, we speak of the living principle of the whole universe. When you come to divide that, you do not expect one part to possess the intelligence of the whole?

Q. Is not nature individualized by an organic economy, intellectualized by functional experience and spiritualized by intuitional communion?

A. Individuals do become intellectualized by experience. Spirit or spirituality exists in the germ; it is the living principle in the human soul. It is spiritual from its birth, therefore it does not become spiritual or spiritualized by communion with spiritual bodies. The spirit is the life principle of all nature.

Q. Is not the understanding functional, and the instinct inspirational?

A. I consider them both as one, and these manifestations are in accordance with natural laws, or the laws inherent within each individualized being, and conditions by which it is surrounded. The instinct is not inspirational, and I do not see anything functional about the understanding. The understanding and instinct are two different names for one and the same thing. I see no nice distinction between the two. Instinct is knowledge in a germinal condition.

Q. Is not education simply teaching the understanding what the instinct knows?

A. I cannot make that nice distinction between the understanding and the instinct.

Q. Is not instinct knowledge equal to the wants of physical and spiritual life?

A. I shall most certainly say so, because if you say that instinct knowledge is sufficient, whence the necessity of our understanding? Look at the inconsistency of the thing. If that were the case it would do away with education and everything of the kind. I say that it is not.

Q. Is not instinct knowledge the "holy writ" of our understanding—the inspiration of our senses?

A. I shall again say that I do not conceive it to be so. By one question of our friend we are led to suppose that he held that instinct was all that was necessary for the understanding and the growth and development of the human soul. In another he seems to separate instinct from reason, and cultivate reason by instinct or surroundings.

Q. Are not all sacred writings instinct efforts to teach the understanding?

A. I know of no sacred writings. It may be that that remark will disturb some one, but I cannot help it. The writing of a truth does not make it sacred. Because a person has come to a realization of any truth, it does not make that truth any more sacred. The intention of each writer was for the sacred good of the individual self. I hold that it is sacred thus far and no farther. This idea of sacred writings or sacred books is in accordance with the teachings of old theology, and not with reason and the philosophical ideas of to-day. Hence I say that I cannot conceive of any sacred writings. All are good in their place as histories to refer to. All truths contained in the Bible are good, but no better because they have been long venerated by a certain class of individuals.

Q. Does not instinct perception overlap birth and death, and the logic of our understanding, and gather supplies from the vast area of our immortality?

A. That is quite a question! You are inclined to look upon that in a serious manner. My friend would read from the tablet of memory before he ever had a tablet—he would read from something where there is nothing—would read the impression upon the tablet of the memory after death, when the impression has not been made. I cannot see the point he tries to make by such a question.

Q. Is not the attribute of creation an instinct power and ever used to supply its wants?

A. I wish my brother could be present to propound his mighty questions; I would like to talk with him. Some of his ideas are pretty good, but on the whole he is rather loquacious. He is going to make instinct God after all. I think, in common parlance, my brother has based upon the brain. We cannot conceive of impressions being truly termed instinct; neither can we conceive of a want in the creative power, or of instinct being its attribute. That is, we cannot conceive of the creative power having wants. We would speak of natural instinct as properly belonging to the animal kingdom, and of reason as belonging to man.

Q. Is not everything endowed with all the attributes of power, and instinct knowledge of its use, within the premises of its sphere, which we attribute to God in the universe of spheres?

A. We believe each to be a part of one universal whole, and that within each is the germ to be unfolded which will enable it to receive all that is necessary for its growth and happiness. Strange as it may seem sometimes get diamonds out of the mire; but I cannot see the diamond in that question.

Q. Is not premature death, in reference to spirit life, like unto premature birth in reference to earth life?

A. We cannot admit there is premature death. We hold that all things are in accordance with the desire and will of the pervading power that governs all; and not seeing or knowing everything that is necessary for the development of the life principle of each human soul, it is not well to say that its death is premature. The condition in the spirit world may be better for it than longer continuance on the material plane of life.

QUESTIONS BY ELIJAH POUND.

Q. Why is it darkest just before day? A. The setting of the stars is like the setting of the sun, and the morning light approaching dims the shining stars, consequently it must be darkest just before day. [ED. QUINCY.—Is it darkest just before day?]

Q. Why is it that Ben Franklin, and other celebrities, purport to influence so many mediums? A. A vast number of spirits wishing to communicate, assume such names, hoping thereby to gain attention. Many spirits at the present time assume the name of Abraham Lincoln, and ere long his name will be as common as Ben Franklin's. Many spirits think their communications will be more satisfactory with a distinguished name attached to them.

FEBRUARY 6. PUTMAN, OF JAMESTOWN, N. Y.

I see just exactly how you are fixed. I see how little impression I can make upon you, too; but that little will set you thinking, and perhaps after a while you will be brought out of those old stereotyped ideas. I have come to the conclusion that what constitutes death is the laying aside of that which is false, and taking on that which is true. Now I do wish you would set yourselves thinking a little, and give attention to what I want to say to you. Do not limit the powers of the great Creator, and deem it impossible for me to come back and talk to you. I hardly know what to say to you. I want you to become more familiar with matters and things here. I want you to have a little better idea of what death is—of what it is constituted. I do not suppose it is of much use to urge you. You will believe just as fast as you can understand. [The spirit thus far had spoken in a very feeble tone of voice, but now gave utterance in a clear, forcible tone, when the reporter inquired if another spirit had not taken control of the medium.] The spirit said, No; I seem stronger to you because I have received help from other spirits.

I stand on earth long enough to have a clear idea of matters; and I have been here long enough to have an idea of how things are here. My name is Putman, of Jamestown, N. Y.

ELLEN FLEMING.

Poor old gentleman, he was a little confused—could not talk as he thought he could before he got possession of the medium. I think he will be enabled to do better in future. I think if his friends could see the effort that he made to say what he did, they would surely appreciate what few remarks he made.

I desire that you should send what I have to say to my husband, William Fleming, St. Louis. That is not the place where I died, but he is there at present, and I cannot rest even in heaven, without talking to him—bidding him beware of the course he is pursuing. My husband, you feel remorse. You feel as though you could not do differently from the way you are doing. If you will believe that I am with you, I will strengthen you in your efforts to forsake the course that you are now pursuing. I want you to be a true and noble man; you can be one if you will only exercise the talents that you are possessed of in the right direction. It is sad, sad, that you should devote so much of your life to that which is worthless to you, and of no possible use to any one else. I wish I could bring you to realize that I know your course—to realize that I am often with you, and can see your mind vacillate, scarce knowing what to do. At such times I would that I had the power of one of the Apostles of old, and could strengthen you and give you nobler aims. I would lead you into that path of life that should bring joy to you in the present existence and the future state to which you are hastening. I am with you every night. I see your hours of restlessness—I see the condition of your brain at the time. My dear husband, as you value my happiness, leave your present course, and endeavor to be brave, noble and true.

Our babe is with me. Could I have known what I have since my death, I should not have grieved so much when she was taken away from us. I now see that it was for the best. She is a lovely, bright little creature, and inasmuch as you desire to be with us both after death, you must refrain from the life that you are now leading, so that you may be enabled to enjoy all that we now enjoy, and more than all else, have a clear conscience. If you will visit some reliable medium, I will talk with you. Your loving wife, Ellen. [To the reporter.] I thank you for your kindness. Good bye.

ALL FOR LOVE.—This is not a bad story of what happened to an English traveler in the Crimea. It is French of course, and is told by M. Louis Noel. It appears that the Englishman was madly in love with a Scotch vivandiere at Balaklava, and bored her with his addresses. The young woman, no longer able to endure the annoyance, forbade him the door. After many vain attempts to overrule her objections, the tourist finally determined to commit suicide, but in presence of the great events which were being played out, in no paltry manner. Having first procured a hole to be dug, in which he placed twenty pounds of powder, over this excavation a slab was laid, and upon it the rejected one, cigar in mouth, took his seat. He tranquilly finished his pipe, with no doubt a good one, and not really perturbed with, and then applied the exploding element to the magazine below. "Explosion et tout," and two minutes later a charred mass descending from heaven, fell into the port—a man which astonished British seamen recognized as a human body, and proceeded to fall from the water. There was a general cry of "a man from heaven." Some declared he had been kicked out of heaven, others that he was an angel come to grief. It proved to be the Englishman, who soon recovered his consciousness, and the vivandiere, touched by this proof of affection, capitulated. The blowing up was not so extraordinary as some may fancy, for, adds M. Louis Noel, "I was found sitting in a hundred yards off, wondering what in the devil had happened, and not the least bit hurt."

The original will of George Washington has been once more placed in the archives of the State of Virginia, after escaping the vicissitudes of the last four years. It is in Washington's clear and distinct handwriting, and the signature is attached to every page.

From the New York Citizen. A Woman's Conclusions, BY FRANCES CART.

I said, if I might get back again To the very hour and place of my birth; Might have my life whatever I chose, And live it in any part of the earth;

Put perfect sunshine into my sky, Banish the shadows of sorrow and doubt; Let all my happiness multiplied, And all my suffering stricken out;

If I could have known in the years now gone The best that a woman comes to know; Could have had whatever will make her bliss, Or whatever she thinks will make her joy;

Have gained the highest and purest bliss That the bright wreath and ring enclose; And could count in my prayers, for a reward, That I might, or could, or would have chosen;

And if this had been, and I stood to-night By my children, lying asleep in their beds; And could count in my prayers, for a reward, The shining robes of their golden heads;

You! I said, if a miracle such as this Could be wrought for me, at my bidding—still I would choose to have a greater sin, And to let my future come as it will!

I would not make the path I have trod More pleasant or even, more straight or wide; Nor change my course the breadth of a hair, This way or that, to either side.

My past is mine, and I take it all, Its weakness—its folly, if you please; May, even my sin, if you come to that, May have been my help, not hindrance!

If I saved my body from the flames Because that once I had burned my hand; Or kept myself from a greater sin By doing a less—you will understand—

It was better I suffered a little pain, Better I sinned for a little time, If the smarting warmth I met back from the death, And the sting of sin withheld from crime.

Who knows its strength, by trial, will know What strength must be set against a sin; And how temptation is overcome. It has been learned, who has felt its power withal!

And who knows how a life at the last may show? Why, look at the moon from where we stand! Opaque—unclear you say; yet it shines, A luminous sphere, complete and grand!

So let my past stand, just as it stands, And let me now, as I may, grow old; I am what I am, and my life for me, Is the best—or it had not been, I hold!

Letter from New York.

DEAR EDITOR:—I have been a constant and careful reader of your most excellent JOURNAL from the first number, and have derived unspeakable satisfaction in its perusal; and my earnest desire and prayer is that its light may never be less. If all Spiritualists, liberal and free-minded men and women in our land will join me in the same prayer, and in the same effectual manner, by putting their hands into their pockets to contribute to its material aid, according to its high deserts, the glorious light it now reflects will increase in power and volume until there is not a dark spot upon God's green earth. To let the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL and the Banner of Light go down, or even languish for proper support, would be such a shame and disgrace to us all, as could find no parallel amongst men. If these two newspapers were sustained according to the ability of their professed friends, even in Spiritualistic ranks, the power they would wield in the land would be a thousand times greater in liberalizing and Christianizing the minds and hearts of the people, than the combined opposition of all the so-called religious and secular papers of our country, whose united efforts are mainly directed to the conservation of dark, mysterious, improbable and impossible myths of the long past ages, dead as Julius Cæsar.

Let us all, therefore, make it a paramount, not duty, but a delicious pleasure, to set aside every soul or whole year a sum sufficient to pay the subscription to one or both of these gloriously spreading lights of the angelic spheres.

Miss Lizette Doten is doing a great work here. Her discourses during her present engagement at Hope Chapel and at Ebbitt's Hall, have steadily increased in power and interest with the crowds who flock to hear, and who hang breathless upon her divinely-inspired utterances, as given from time to time by her. Miss Doten is one of the most effective speakers it has ever been my privilege to hear. Her statements are clearly made and argued with a logic and fervor that never fails to carry conviction to her listeners. She rests her transcendentalisms (if, indeed, she ever indulges in them,) upon solid earth. She stands upon the known, and goes out as far as she can convey her audience with her, into the unknown. It is next to the miraculous that such a petite, fragile body can stand a strain fit for a giant. For one, I feel a regret words cannot express, that she is about to leave us for a time, and I believe I but speak the sentiments of all here who have been favored, as I have been, in hearing her. However, it is a comfort to know that if our loss is great, you of the great West are to be gainers, as it is understood, I believe, that she next ministers to the people of St. Louis. Wherever she goes, may God bless her, and may His best-beloved angels have charge over her—comfort, sustain and uphold her at all times and in all places.

Mrs. Emma Jay Bullene, who has alternated with Miss Doten, between Hope Chapel and Ebbitt's Hall, for the past two or three months, is also doing a noble work for humanity in this awful modern Rodom. Mrs. B. is a most pleasing and powerful speaker. To say that she is barely inferior to Miss Doten is no invidious comparison, but commendation that any one could be proud of. In the sphere of question answering she is very excellent, the best I have ever heard—prompt, concise and lucid. Being controlled in her oratorical efforts with closed eyes minister, I think, against her appearance on the rostrum.

There is surely an increased and increasing interest felt here in our angelic religion. The various places of public meetings are well attended, and by a class of people who, in looks, at least, would be no sufferers by comparison with other congregations. Gray and bald heads greatly predominate. In addition to the fact above named as an evidence of a growing interest in Spiritualism, it may be noticed that all mediums, clairvoyant, impersonating and other phrases, for healing and diverse purposes, who have any reputation at all for reliability, are full of applications from morning till night. Some there are, I am informed, who keep their time engaged a week or two ahead. Nicodemuses are getting to be very numerous and much bolder than of old, as they do not always go by night to inquire the way to be saved.

The most hopeful sign of promise in the redemption of the human race, through the organized operations of the "last, best" religion to man—Spiritualism—a redemption from its ignorance, bigotry, superstition, and all kindred evils, is to be found, I believe, in the "Children's Lyceum." It commences just where all reforms should, at the fountain head. Purify that, and the stream will be pure. It is to be hoped that this Children's Lyceum, now including those between four years old and fifteen, will be made to include children of the largest growth,

until holiness shall fill the earth as the water does the ocean. To Andrew Jackson Davis, and his angelic guides, the world owes a greater debt of gratitude for this glorious "plan of redemption" than to any single reformer who has heretofore blessed the earth with his presence; and I believe, too, this debt will, ere long, be acknowledged, and it may be even in the earth-life of our good, noble, and loving brother. By the way, I see that this friend to humanity, and his dearest Mary, were the recipients of a purse of \$800 from a few of their friends in this city on New Year's Day. Would it had been eight hundred millions! Would not the crooked ways of earth be made straight, the barren, desert spots be made to bud and blossom as the rose, while this money lasted? How many bowed and bleeding spirits, amongst earth's poor children, wearily striving for the means to keep "body and soul together," would receive comfort and consolation, were there such almoners as Andrew Jackson and Mary F. Davis abroad, with a purse long as their souls are large.

May the richest favors of the All Father rest upon them forever and ever, in the sincere benediction of one who is very nigh a stranger to them both, save through their public labors.

Yours, for the truth, L. W. RANSOM. January 25th, 1866.

Letter from J. B. Robinson.

DEAR EDITORS:—Well done, RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL! If you continue for the next nineteen numbers to improve in intellectual power, as you have in the previous numbers, you'll become a mighty force in the domain of mentality. And really, why shouldn't you? There's food enough, both mental and physical, to sustain such an organ, or should be, at least, among four millions of minds aspiring to know the mysteries of being—the most important of all investigations that can engage the attention of mind at all.

The Banner of Light, also, should not only live but grow so large and fat, that it should be able to smear all minds in the land with its "oleum mentis." Such contributors as Elvira Wheelock, and her ilk, follow us postively of the planet with their sharp mental sticks, to obtain equal rights in this rudimentary sphere; and although she may fail to reach the acme of her aspirations where she thinks she ought to, and when she ought to, yet in the very fact of her clamoring for them, she shows that those rights do exist in principle in the elements, although their organization has not yet reached development. Mind can never aspire for that which does not exist in some condition for it, either in principle or development in the elements. But it is quite obvious that "woman's rights" are not yet developed, or why should she still cry out for them? She may rest assured, though, that their existence in the unfolding elementary principles will most certainly ensure their development, for "there's nothing hidden that shall not be revealed."

So, ladies, comfort yourselves with the assurance that your rights are put down in Nature's grand programme. But you won't obtain them one moment sooner than you are prepared for them, although you should scream and scream for them till your dear little lungs are very near upon bursting; though your screams, alias agitations, are also in the programme of unfolding those rights from the elements (as motion develops mind), yet you'll find that the male has got to see his own good involved in the attainment of those rights (the selfish bubble) before he'll be ready to yield to the fateful principles which unfold them from those elements. Those principles can't proceed one instant faster with their labor, than the elements which contain their forces, are prepared.

Hurry only perverts them from their legitimate unfoldment. But there is a point I wish to urge in the discussion of the woman's rights question, and that is this: Man is not accountable for his positivity any more than woman for her negativity. Man is a self-existent, eternal principle, and subject to all the conditions through which the circumstances of his unfolding and development may entail upon him; hence who or what is to blame in the premises, or in the result? The consolation lies in the surety of the perfect development of the said principle into harmony, congeniality and beauty.

Another error also exists among Spiritualists—in their notions of organic affinities. That any species of rudimentary organism is made up of brother and sister elements\* throughout its whole being, can be demonstrated, scientifically and philosophically, to be without foundation.

I have shown in my "Conversations with My Interior Guide," how and where man gets his mental make up.

\*The writer means by brother and sister elements, those elements of the negative portion of his being, which are taken from chaos or the gross material elements.

The Witch of Endor a Pattern Saint.

BY REV. ORRIN ABBOTT.

In looking over the files of the JOURNAL, after my arrival from a distant clime, in this large city of the West, I saw in an article in your first number, from your excellent correspondent, J. M. Peebles, a laudation of John the Apostle, in which he admires him more than other good ones of old. He says he is "Of all Biblical characters my ideal," and as the readers of the JOURNAL doubtless like a variety of good people to admire, I will hold up the much slandered "Woman of Endor" as the best pattern in the old Testament.

After Saul, the King of Israel, in his bigoted zeal had slain those who consulted familiar spirits, the Philistines gathered their forces in overpowering numbers against him, and as the Lord answered him not by dream, nor vision, nor prophets, in his extremity, he inquired for a woman that had a familiar spirit, and being informed of the "Woman of Endor" he hastened to her with two of his servants by night, in disguise. She refused to give him a sitting because it would endanger her life, but yielding to his pressing urgency after he had sworn to keep it a secret, she granted his request. As soon as she passed into the seething state and saw Samuel, she also saw through Saul's disguise, and cried out, "Why hast thou deceived me, for thou art Saul?" When she was pacified by his assuring her that no harm should befall her, she told him (being informed by Samuel,) that he and his sons should die on the ensuing day. Then the exhausted monarch, having set nothing on his journey, fell prostrate upon the earth. At length he arose to depart. But the woman seeing his wearied and famished condition, urged him to tarry and receive some refreshment, and notwithstanding his refusal when his two servants joined urgently with her, he yielded to her solicitations. Then having a fattened calf she killed it and gave Saul and his servants a refreshing meal before they departed.

The following points show her kind hearted and Christian spirit: 1st. When she saw a stranger in deep trouble, at

the risk of her life, she granted his request. It is evident that she was fully sensible of her danger in granting the favor, for in pressing him to tarry and eat before he left she said, "I have put my life in mine hand and have hearkened unto thy words." 1 Samuel 28: 21.

2d. Notwithstanding in his prosperity she had narrowly escaped his destroying sword, yet when he lay before her prostrate on the ground in deep affliction, and she saw that "there was no strength in him, for he had eaten no bread all the day nor all the night," she accused him not of his wrongs nor held hardness against him, but killed her fattened calf, baked unleavened bread, and gave him and his servants as good a meal as she could get up on so hasty an occasion. She fed her enemy, not to heap coals of fire on his head, but in accordance with the kindness of the sentiments of her heart.

3d. She did not do it for pay, for no money is mentioned, and it was a free offering on her part.

4th. She did not do it in anticipation of future rewards, for Samuel had just told her that Saul would fall in battle on the morrow, and his enemy reign in his stead.

She showed more Christianity than any other person in the old Testament.

Now who shall say the witch of Endor, Who, with a calf both fat and tender, Fed him who sought her life in blindness, Was not a saint in Christian kindness?

A Puritan Sunday.

As everything connected with the social life and customs of the first settlers of New England is of much interest to their descendants, we propose to give as correct a description of a "Sunday in New England," two hundred years ago, as we can collate from our former annals. The Puritan Sabbath commenced on Saturday afternoon. No labor was performed on the evening which preceded the Lord's day. Early on Sunday morning, the blowing of a horn, in some villages, announced that the hour of worship was at hand; in other places, a flag was hung out of the building occupied as a church. In Cambridge, a drum was beat, in military style. In Salem, a bell indicated the opening of the settlement. The religious services usually commenced at 8 o'clock in the morning, and occupied from six to eight hours, divided by an intermission of one hour for dinner. The people collected quite punctually, as the law compelled their attendance, and there was a heavy fine for any one that rode too fast to meeting. The sexton called upon the minister and escorted him to church, in the same fashion that the Sheriff now conducts the Judge into our State Courts. The minister was clothed with mysterious awe and great sanctity by the people, and so intense was this sentiment that even the minister's family were regarded as demi-gods. The Puritan meeting house was an odd structure.

The first ones erected by the Colonists were built of logs, and had a cannon on top. Those standing two centuries ago were built of bricks, with clay plastered over the courses, and covered with clayboards, now called clap-boards. The roof was thatched, as buildings are now seen in Canada East. Near the church edifice stood those ancient institutions—the stocks, the whipping-post, and a large wooden eagle to confine offenders against the laws. Upon the outside of the church, and fastened to the walls, were the heads of all the wolves killed during the season. In front of the church, in many towns, an armed sentry stood, dressed in the habiliments of war. There were no pews in the church. The congregation had places assigned them upon rude benches, at the annual town meeting, according to their age and social position. "Seating the meeting-house," as it was called, was a delicate and difficult business, as pride, envy, and jealousy were active passions in those days. A person was fined if he occupied a seat assigned to another. The elders occupied seats beneath the pulpit. The boys were ordered to sit upon the gallery stairs; as "boys always will be boys," three constables were employed to keep them in order. Prominent before the assembly some wretched male or female offender sat with a secret letter "A" or "D" on the breast, to denote crime against the stern code. We make a few extracts from the laws of the New England Colonies respecting the Sabbath: "The Sabbath shall begin at sunset on Saturday." "No woman shall kiss her child on Sabbath or fasting day." "No one shall run on the Sabbath day, or walk in his own garden or elsewhere, except reverently to and from meeting." "No one to cross the river but with an authorized ferryman."—Boston Investigator.

Freedman Hardy, who, fifteen years ago was a poor carpenter, has just built a \$250,000 house for himself at Cincinnati.

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### Our Children.

"A child is born: now take the germ and make it  
A bud of moral beauty. Let the dew  
Of knowledge, and the light of virtue, waft it  
In richest fragrance and in purest air,  
For soon the gathering hand of death will break it  
From its weak stem of life, and it shall lose  
All power to charm; but if that lovely flower  
Hath swollen one organ, or expanded one vein,  
O how shall say that it has lived in vain?"

### Mrs. Grundy Continued.

BY SADA BAILEY.

No doubt some of the children understand that Mrs. Grundy is not an individualized person, but the name given to fashionable gossip.

It is said that women in particular are in the habit of gossiping. If this be true my little sisters, let us form an anti-gossip society; the little boys may join, if they will promise to be good, and not make fun of the girls.

If we can organize enough of these societies to abolish the institution of Mrs. Grundy, we can do as great a work as the anti-slavery societies have done, in laboring for the abolition of American slavery.

Have you ever noticed that when any one dares to act independently, to dress unfashionably, to talk or to act differently from the rules of St. Custom, that his or her name is soon sent abroad on the tongue of gossip?

Among the mottoes which I used to hang on my schoolroom wall, was one printed in large letters, "Mind your own business," and this is a very useful lesson to be learned, not only in the schoolroom, but in all departments of life.

One of Mrs. Grundy's most hurtful proclivities is to misunderstand and misconstrue whatever she hears. We should be very careful to form the habit of repeating correctly what we have heard.

A good man once said, "It is my rule, in repeating what I have heard, to put a good construction on it if it will possibly admit of one, if not, to say but little about it."

In which way can we do the most good; by speaking of others virtues or of their faults?

### Alligators' Nests.

These nests resemble haycocks four feet high, and five feet in diameter at their base, being constructed with grass and herbage. First they deposit one layer of eggs on a floor of mortar, and having covered this with a stratum of mud and herbage eight inches thick, they cover the whole with a layer of straw, and so on, until they have built up a nest of two hundred eggs in a nest. With their tails they then beat down around the nest the dense grass and reeds five feet high, to prevent the approach of unseen enemies. The female watches her eggs until they are all hatched by the heat of the sun, and then she takes her brood under her own care, defending them and providing for their subsistence.

Dr. Lutenburgh, of New Orleans, once packed up one of the nests, with the eggs, in a box, for the museum in St. Petersburg, but was recommended before he closed it to see that there was no danger of the eggs being hatched on the voyage. On opening one a young alligator walked out, and was soon followed by the rest; about a hundred of which he fed in the house, where they went up and down stairs like young puppies.—*Harper's Monthly.*

A "HOSS CAR" ADVENTURE.—Artemus Ward had an adventure in Boston, which resulted as follows: I returned in the Hoss Car part way. A booty girl in spectacles sat near me, and was telling a young man how much he reminded her of a young man she used to know in New York. "You don't know the young man you're talking of, do you?" she asked. "No, I don't," I said. "I don't know him, either," she said. "I don't know him, either," she said. "I don't know him, either," she said.

CONDURMS.—Why should a chicken hatched by steam be closely watched? Because his mother does not know he is out.

Why is a molasses barrel on the wharf like a besieged city when rick is at hand? Because the sugar sticks are near.

In what respect do gold miners differ from all other people? They never say die, though all their earthly ambitions are but a bubble.

The Falls of St. Anthony, in Minnesota, are rapidly undergoing a change. During the spring of 1850 they receded about 250 feet to the middle of the river, and nearly 140 feet further the next spring. It is not improbable that in a few years they will be destroyed altogether, leaving nothing behind but a long reach of rolling, tumbling rapids.

Things should not be done by halves. If it be right, do it boldly; if it be wrong, leave it undone. Every day is a little life, and our whole life is but a day repeated.

Shot Making.

We find in the New York Tribune the following interesting description of the process of making shot, as it is practiced at a factory in that city:

The brick tower, situated immediately in the rear of the building, and connected with it, is some thirty feet in height, and about 60 or 70 feet in diameter. At the bottom is a well of cold water, and the summit is entirely devoted to the melting machinery—the pan or sieve through which the shot falls being situated in the center and quite small, say a foot and a half in diameter. The lead is conveyed to the summit in pigs or bars, and there melted. Before being poured into the pan it is slightly mixed with crude arsenic, to prevent oxidation. It is then dipped into the pan, and the shower beneath begins; for every ladleful that is dipped into the pan about half a ladleful is dipped back and returned to the kettle over the fire, in order to prevent that in the pan from hardening, which it otherwise would before entirely passing through the sieve. As it is, much of the lead, in passing through the sieve, is washed away by the dripping of water, thus causing a great deal of imperfect shot, which is still further increased by the soft shot touching each other, when but a short way down, and adhering together.

Toward the foot of the tower the fall of lead has almost a precise resemblance to an ordinary shower bath, but any one holding his hand within the leaden rain will soon be convinced that with the appearance alone the resemblance ceases. We frequently read, in the battle accounts of the recent war, of "leaden rain," the "rain of bullets," etc.; but that those favorite expressions were the height of hyperbole would be quickly proved by a view of the actual leaden showers to be witnessed at a shot tower, for against no body of men, and not in rapid succession, do they come, as the space of five minutes. Now, then, see those straggling drops shoot off to one side, and are flattened as they strike the boards, as though beaten out with a hammer. Standing on the ground floor of the tower, the shot can be seen and heard falling and hissing into the well beneath, the water of which is splashed up high as it receives the driving, scolding rain.

From the well, the shot is transferred to a dry machine, whence, after being tightly rolled by hot flannel rollers, and after being thoroughly dry, it passes through the next process, which separates the imperfect from the perfect shot.

This consists of a long, smooth wooden inclined plane, divided into regular ledges, each and a little lower than the preceding one, with a slight break or notch between them, about half an inch between. The round, perfect shot, in rolling down this plane, leap the openings, while the imperfect ones, not having the same momentum, fall through and are gathered up to be melted over again.

The next process is separating the different sizes from each other. This is done by a sort of chest of drawers, the top of each drawer being covered by a sieve—the coarser at the top and thence becoming finer towards the bottom. This cabinet is kept in a swinging motion to and fro by machinery, thus shaking the mixed shot which is poured in at the top, from drawer to drawer, until all the different sizes are duly separated into separate compartments.

The lead is now a dull, heavy color, the finer grades appearing more like sand of black meal than a mass of separate and uniform globules; and the next operation is to polish it. This is performed by putting it into revolving cylinders, the interior of which are coated with black lead, and from which the shot is at length projected, bright and shining as beads of glass. It is next put into bags, and then is ready for shipment.

**Specific Remedy for Consumption and Nervous Debility.**

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"THE CURE OF CONSUMPTION, from the second and third stages, (of a period, therefore, when there can be no doubt as to the nature of the disease)—DR. CHEVREUIL, while DEPUTY TO THE ACADEMY OF MEDICINE, in 1844, published the following Academy of Science, Paris.

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**DRS. S. B. COLLINS & S. A. THOMAS,**  
**SPIRIT PHYSICIANS**  
Heal by the Laying on of Hands,  
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Dr. THOMAS, S. B.—For the benefit of a suffering people, I wish to give my testimony. For your treatment, I was taken some twenty years ago with disease of the heart, which increased until almost despaired of a cure, not being able to do scarcely any work. After you came to the neighborhood and I received one treatment, I found my condition very much better, which was some time in October, 1865; and now, January 25th, 1866, I feel entirely cured. Any one wishing to address me on the subject can do so by directing to Three Oaks, Mich., and I will answer any question concerning my case. I do consider Dr. Thomas one of the best operators in the country. I am acquainted with a number of cases in this neighborhood that the Doctor has cured by his peculiar mode of treatment—the laying on of hands.

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HILL'S CORNER, Mich., Sept. 10, 1865.  
For three years my eyes have been so affected that I was unable to do any of my duties, and I was nearly blind; but through the agency of Dr. THOMAS my sight is so far restored that I can see to sew with satisfaction. Through his agency, also, my little babe was entirely relieved of Scrofula, which had afflicted it from birth. It was one mass of corruption, but in two weeks it was perfectly cured. My body was perfectly smooth. Those suffering will do well to give the Doctor a trial. No medicine used in other cases. It was beyond my expectations.

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Day Express	9:00 a.m.	9:45 p.m.
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Woodstock Accommodation	8:00 p.m.	10:00 a.m.

**GALENA DIVISION.**

Fulton and Cedar Rapids	8:15 a.m.	7:30 p.m.
Fulton and Iowa	7:00 p.m.	5:00 a.m.
Fremont and Dunleith	6:00 p.m.	3:00 p.m.
Fremont and Dunleith	10:00 p.m.	3:40 p.m.
Rockford and Fox River	4:00 p.m.	11:10 a.m.
Dixon	4:00 p.m.	11:10 a.m.
Geneva and Elgin	5:30 p.m.	8:45 a.m.

**MICHIGAN CENTRAL.**

Detroit Express	9:00 a.m.	11:00 a.m.
Detroit Express	7:30 p.m.	7:00 a.m.
Detroit Express	10:00 p.m.	10:30 a.m.

**DEPOT COR. VAN BUREN AND SHERMAN STS.**

Day Express	8:00 a.m.	11:00 p.m.
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Night Express	9:00 a.m.	12:30 p.m.

**DEPOT TRAINS.**

Express via Adrian	6:00 a.m.	12:30 p.m.
Night Express via Adrian	7:30 p.m.	11:00 p.m.

**PITTSBURGH, FT. WAYNE AND CHICAGO.**

Mail	4:30 a.m.	8:40 p.m.
Express	6:00 a.m.	12:30 p.m.
Express	5:30 p.m.	8:30 p.m.
Express	10:00 p.m.	11:00 p.m.

**CHICAGO AND GREAT EASTERN RAILWAY.**  
(Late Cincinnati and Chicago Air-Line Railroad.)

Day Express	8:00 a.m.	10:00 p.m.
Night Express	7:00 p.m.	12:40 a.m.
Mail Express	6:00 a.m.	10:00 p.m.
Mail Express	9:00 p.m.	7:40 a.m.

**ILLINOIS CENTRAL.**

Day Passenger	9:00 a.m.	10:10 a.m.
Night Passenger	7:00 p.m.	8:15 a.m.
Kankakee Accommodation	4:00 p.m.	9:45 a.m.
Hwy Park Train	8:30 a.m.	7:55 a.m.
do	12:10 p.m.	1:45 p.m.
do	5:20 p.m.	4:20 p.m.
do	7:35 p.m.	6:55 p.m.

**CHICAGO, BURLINGTON AND QUINCY.**

Day Express	8:00 a.m.	4:30 p.m.
Night Express	12:00 p.m.	5:00 a.m.
Menasha Accommodation	4:30 p.m.	9:45 a.m.
Aurora	5:30 p.m.	8:30 a.m.

**CHICAGO AND ST. LOUIS.**

Eastern Mail	8:10 a.m.	8:45 p.m.
Night Express	7:15 p.m.	5:00 a.m.
Joliet and Wilmington Accommodation	4:00 p.m.	9:50 a.m.

**CHICAGO AND ROCK ISLAND.**

Day Express	9:00 a.m.	4:30 p.m.
Night Express	7:00 p.m.	5:00 a.m.
Joliet Accommodation	4:45 p.m.	9:50 a.m.

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St. Paul Express	9:00 a.m.	12:45 p.m.
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### THE POOR WIDOW,

AND THE  
**AVARICIOUS LANDLORD;**  
OR, RETURNING GOOD FOR EVIL.  
BY MISS LYDIA MENDUM.

"Do unto others as you would have others do unto you."

In the little town of L—, lived, not many years ago, a poor widow, whose only means of support for herself and three children was her needle. The house in which she lived was situated a short distance from the business part of the town, and though old and gray for the want of paint, yet it presented always an appearance of neatness.

The place had been purchased by the widow's husband of Esquire H. she was to a hard man, who would show her no mercy should she fail to meet the payment promptly; consequently it was with great anxiety that she awaited the advent of the otherwise welcome month of May.

But it came, on the swift wings of time, notwithstanding her anxiety; and before noon on the first day of that lovely month her two younger children came running into the house, like timid frightened fawns, both crying with one breath, "Mother! mother! Esquire H— is coming up the road, and I guess he is coming here." They had hardly said the words before he walked in with a grave and pompous air. "Good morning, Mrs. Lewis," said he, addressing the poor widow, who rose with true womanly dignity to receive him. "I suppose," he said, "you are aware that the Esquire is coming up this place due to-day." "Yes, sir," said the widow, "but I am not prepared to meet it. I hope you will be so kind as to wait a few days. I think I shall be able to pay you in two or three weeks." "I will not wait that time, nor one week," replied the Esquire, gruffly. "The money," continued he, "is due to-day, and if it is not paid I shall take measures to have the mortgage closed at once, and you will have to leave forthwith." "But," pleaded the poor widow, "do you think that would be just? You know I would gladly have had the money ready for you could I possibly have earned it, sir, any way, but I could not and support my children with it. Now, if you will only wait a few more days, I will have the money ready to pay your bond debts, and then you blame me if I want my money when it is due; but the law is on my side, and that is enough. Now, hark! madam, and mind what I say, for I mean it. I will call again this evening, and if you have not the money then I shall proceed to take possession of these premises as soon as the law will permit."

Having delivered himself of this magnificent speech, the Esquire left the house, and the poor widow sank trembling and almost unconscious into a chair. She had hoped that the Esquire might be more compassionate than he had the credit of being; she was aware that the money must be paid, but she did not think he would demand it that very day. She thought surely that he could not be so hardhearted as to refuse to wait a few days. She was therefore overcome with feelings of sorrow and indignation when she heard his blunt and inhuman words; and it was several minutes before she could gain her usual self-possession. She sat in her chair like one stupefied or stricken dumb with some terrible heart-quake. But after a half hour had passed in this painful state of mind, she began to collect her scattered senses, and to think what was to be done. She knew that if she died, and her grief would do no good, so she determined to arouse herself from the heavy stupor of grief that had come over her, and see what she could do to help herself out of her great trouble. Suddenly she remembered there was living in the village an old and wealthy gentleman named Waid, who had been a great friend of her husband in his boyhood and youth, and who had the reputation of being very kind and generous, and she resolved to go to him at once for counsel and aid. So putting on her bonnet and shawl, she set out. It was but a short walk, and in half an hour she was on the pleasant road leading to the old gentleman's house. As she ascended the broad marble steps of the elegant mansion, her heart almost failed her. She had never asked for assistance of any one in her life—how could she do it now? But she thought of her little ones, and of the bond she was anxious to save for them, and thus gained courage to ring the bell. She was directly shown into a large and elegantly furnished parlor, and after waiting a few minutes the gentleman of the house made his appearance, and greeted her very cordially, and with so much sympathy that she felt quite at home with him, and after the usual remarks concerning the weather had passed between them, she reminded him of her husband, and then told him all her misfortunes, and humbly asked for the loan of a sum sufficient to meet the payment on her house.

"Certainly, certainly, madam," said old Mr. Waid, who had listened to her story with unobscured eyes; "I am most heartily glad to render you any aid in my power. Your husband, Mrs. Lewis, was an excellent man, and I esteemed him highly, and was grieved to hear of his early death. I had but recently returned from Europe, where I have spent the last three years in travelling, but I shall stay at home now among my friends, and hope to see you often; for as the widow of Charles Lewis I shall always feel an interest in you, and I hope you will feel free to come to me whenever you are in trouble." Saying this, the kind-hearted old gentleman left the room a moment, and returning, placed in the widow's hand the money she so much needed. She took it, and while the grateful tears glistened in her eyes, she thanked him in broken accents, and telling him it should all be paid if she had her health and employment, she soon bade him new found friend good day, and with heart swelling with joy and gratitude, she went home a happy woman; and meeting her children with an affectionate kiss, she told them her good fortune, and sat down to her work, feeling more at ease than she had felt for months before.

In the meantime the Esquire had gone home, saying to himself, "Now I shall get the place back again, and have a chance to sell it at a higher price; that shall be my aim, and I will not call on the widow to return the money she so much needed. On reaching home he retired to his elegantly furnished library, and continued to muse on his prospective good fortune in a self-congratulating manner till near sunset, when he again wended his way to the cottage of the widow. She saw him coming, but did not fear or even dread his approach, because she knew she had it in her power to defeat his selfish purposes. He walked into the house without any ceremony, and with a pompous, haughty air, as if he already felt that he was master, then helping himself to a chair, he said, "Good evening, Mrs. Lewis, do you propose you have the money ready this time?" "Yes, sir," was the prompt reply, as she handed him the money, at the same time regarding him with a look of scornful indignation.

The Esquire was completely taken aback at this unexpected turn of affairs, and evidently knew not what to say. He looked at the widow a moment in perfect amazement, then slowly collecting his scattered senses, he said, gravely, "I am glad of it, for I should have been obliged to turn you and your children out of doors." "And now I will be obliged to you if you will relieve me of your presence; I believe this is my house now, sir." "Yes," said the Esquire, biting his lips with rage, as he strode out of the house. "Battered this time, by Jove!" he muttered, as he passed out of the door, "and by a woman, too!" he added, giving the gate an extra slam as he closed it behind him.

The widow witnessed his departure with a sense of joy, and embracing each of her children told them that she had a chance to get her house back again, and that she would have a chance to sell it at a higher price; that shall be my aim, and I will not call on the widow to return the money she so much needed. On reaching home he retired to his elegantly furnished library, and continued to muse on his prospective good fortune in a self-congratulating manner till near sunset, when he again wended his way to the cottage of the widow. She saw him coming, but did not fear or even dread his approach, because she knew she had it in her power to defeat his selfish purposes. He walked into the house without any ceremony, and with a pompous, haughty air, as if he already felt that he was master, then helping himself to a chair, he said, "Good evening, Mrs. Lewis, do you propose you have the money ready this time?" "Yes, sir," was the prompt reply, as she handed him the money, at the same time regarding him with a look of scornful indignation.

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### THE KEY OF KINDNESS.

A stubborn boy refused one Sabbath morning to recite his lesson. A fit of sudden obstinacy had seized him, and neither persuasion nor threats could induce him to utter a word. The teacher and superintendent detained him after the dismissal of the school, and vainly tried to subdue him.

A friend of the superintendent, who happened to look in after learning the facts said: "Leave him alone with a little while." They gladly consented. The gentleman sat down by his side, silently praying the Holy Spirit to subdue the culprit's heart. After awhile he tried to take the lad's hand, but he pulled it angrily away. He then remarked: "Why, my dear lad, and here I have been sitting with coat and muffler on, and you without either. You shall have mine." The gentleman rose to remove his muffler, but the victory was won. The key of kindness had unlocked the boy's sullen heart, and jumping from his seat, he threw his arms round the gentleman, and said, sobbing: "I'll say it, sir! I'll say it!"

If teachers knew the value of this matchless key of kindness, they would bear it about with them as a life-line in their hands. It is a simple and yet a powerful key, it may be used in the most delicate of cases, and it will open the hardest of hearts. It is a key that is never out of date, and it is a key that is never out of use. It is a key that is never out of date, and it is a key that is never out of use.

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### PROSPECTUS

### RELIGIO-PHILOSOPH