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

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The Nation's Dead.

Four hundred thousand men, The brave-the good-the true-In tangled wood, in mountain glen, On battle plain, in prison pen, Lie dead for me and you! Four hundred thousand of the brave, Have made our ransomed soil their grave, For me and you-Good friend, for me and you.

In many a fever'd swamp, By many a black bayou, In many a cold and frozen camp The weary sentinel ceased his tramp, And died for me and you! From western plains to ocean tide, Are stretched the graves of those who died, For me and you, Good friend, for me and you.

On many a bloody plain, Their ready swords they drew, And poured their life-blood like the rain, A home—a heritage to gain, To gain for me and you! Our brothers mustered by our side, They marched and fought, and bravely died, For me and you, Good friend, for me and you.

Up many a fortress wall, They charged—the boys in blue— 'Mid surging smoke, and vollied ball, The bravest were the first to fall! To fall for me and you? These noble men—the nation's pride— Four hundred thousand men have died. For me and you, Good friend, for me and you.

In treason's prison holds, Their martyr spirits grew. To stature like the saints of old, While, amid agonies untold, They starved for me and you! The good, the patient and the tried, Four hundred thousand men have died, For me and you. Good friend, for me and you.

A debt we ne'er can pay, To them is justly due; And to the nation's latest day, Our children's children still shall say, "They died for me and you!" Four hundred thousand of the brave, Made this our ransomed soil their grave, For me and you, Good friend, for me and you!

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

NARRATIVE

WITH AN ACCOUNT OF SOME OF HIS

EXPERIENCES IN THE INNER LIFE.

BY HENRY T. CHILD, M. D.,

No. 634 RACE STREET, PHILADELPHIA. CHAPTER II.-[CONTINUED.]

His wife and one child were still in the form, the other two children were with him, and manifested an instinctive dread of me. She had suffered much from the loss of his companionship and support. His narrative was most heart-rending. To me, it seemed almost more than I could bear. Said I "All this is the result of my wickedness. Oh! brother, how can I ask you to forgive me? But, oh, let me labor all I can to help you relieve all those who are on yet earth, who are looking still to you. They will soon be with us here, but in the meantime we can do much to comfort them where they are." "How"? said he; "oh, tell me how"? found I had touched a tender chord, and we visited his wife, and, aided by the old father and other spirits who were on the proper plane to influence her, we were soon gratified to find them placed in a better condition physically, and also made more comfortable in mind through our labors.

When this young Indian friend and brother (for

he has now become such to me) perceived that we could influence certain parties around his wife, and passed away, and we worked together with all the | realized in some degree, that we can properly underenergy that we could in this new field. Our labors were now directed mainly to bring him into a condition in which he could relieve his loved ones on earth, and for a time I gladly devoted all my energies to this. What a contrast there was between us! I was cultivated and civilized, and had been accustomed to move in the most refined circles, and was somewhat acquainted with the learning of the age. He was a poor, untutored child of the forest, yet I labored earnestly and faithfully with him, for now the way was plain before me, and I knew that I was traveling toward the land of rest and peace, of hope and joy. More than forty years was I in close communion with this young brother and his family, who had now all come to dwell with him in these spheres. Every one who saw me thus laboring, could see what I was doing, and why I was doing it, though no one ever looked or said anything unkind to me. My labors were not always with any one spirit or on any one plane, but I was clearly impressed when to go and what to say and do to every one, and though the labor was mostly exceedingly trying and disagreeable to me, this fact was a great support to me, for if I had falled and made mistakes as I saw many others do, I would have given up in despair and endeavored to go back and seek my old haunts and associates. My public position had brought me into connection with, and under obligation to, a large number of persons, and during all this time, which had brought me to the year 1700, I was engaged in settling my accounts with these persons. I must not omit to state here a very interesting and important fact, illustrating the beautiful law of compensation, which is the foundation principle of justice, and runs throughout every department of the divine economy. That wherever I

succeeded in rendering justice to any one whom I had injured, there was a mutual bond established between us, more or less strong according to our conditions and relations, and all these became coworkers with me in the great field of labor which spreads out so grandly in the line of duty to the unfolding and progressive spirit.

Men are like metals. They cannot be firmly united as one while the rust of time and the corroding influences of life are upon them. If you take two pieces of certain metals, make their surfaces entirely smooth and clean, place them together, and they will unite firmly as one. Others may be made to unite by cleaning, applying heat to them, and adding one-third metal as a solder. Some of the most useful metals require to be heated to a very high degree, to what is called the welding point, and then brought together and hammered. By this means a very perfect union is established. Thus some human beings come together with smooth and even surfaces and are united; others require something like solder to bring them together, and there are many that will only be brought to labor harmoniously and earnestly together, where they have been heated in the furnace of suffering and affliction, and welded together by trials. I have now around me associates who have been brought into relation with me in all these ways. My young Indian brother Pocomanito, and I were welded together in all our interests by the most severe sufferings that either of us have ever known, and have been laboring in a beautiful and harmonious union ever since.

He had all the elements of true greatness in his character, and I have often thought that he was an illustration of the great fact, that God is no respecter of persons, for his unsophisticated mind, aided by his strong physical powers, often rose up to the comprehension of some of the grandest and most sublime truths. When I look over the firmament of life here, and see it sparkling with spirits, who reflect each their peculiar light, I feel as I have ften done when in mid ocean on earth, I have contemplated the magnificent dome of Nature's temple, and felt that each little twinkling star had an individuality of its own, as perfect as that of any other

In reviewing the part of my narrative given in this chapter, I perceive that there are persons who, after reading it hastily, will conclude that it was not so very bad to go through such hells as those which I have attempted to describe. I may have failed to picture the realities of these, and it may have been my fault. I never knew what it was to repine and whine over either imaginary or real troubles. Or the contrary, my natural disposition, as well as my association with the brave Indian natives, enabled me to look calmly at the most stern and severe realities. And I always had a peculiar vivacity of character and temperament that lifted! me above the influence of many of the trials and vicissitudes of life, and gave a bright coloring to all my experiences. Another fact should be remembered here, which is, that in describing the most thrilling adventures and tragical events, after we know they have transpired, there is a feeling of safety even amid the most terrific scenes which renders them, like the pictures of battle-fields, and like the painter's scenes of still-life, exciting, but harmless.

Language is always imperfect, and the more intense and thrilling the emotion to be described, the more sensibly does it fall short of the living

If the common incidents of life cannot be depicted fully and accurately, the scenes I have attempted to describe will fall still further below the mark. have noticed this, however, that when you come to realize conditions similar to those which are thus her also, his joy was unbounded. The deep portrayed, the description becomes intensified, and anguish which had enveloped his innocent spirit it is only as we describe that which others have stand each other. Hence, the more extended experience we have, the wider range of knowledge, the more perfect will be our understanding of the simple events which are transpiring around us. Men cannot understand that which lies far beyond the scope of their experience, and it is folly to attempt to present truths of this character to them.

> I ask you to write for all, but I know well that the appreciation of each one will be not alone according to what I have given, but most in accordance with their own conditions and experiences, whether it be for weal or for woe. But this I know, that in the teeming future we shall all have an opportunity to solve, not alone the few questions and points that I have introduced, but all others that

> the human mind is capable of propounding. And I would say to all, that the time will come, when, if it is desired, we shall meet all to whom we are attracted, not only of the vast multitude that swarm the earth to-day, but of the far more numerous bands and multitudes who are moving amid the unstable waters of the border land of spirit life.

And while we thus contemplate these vast multitudes which no man can number, let us remember that we are all of one brotherhood, children of one common father, having one hope and one destiny, which is to be realized by all sooner or later in a life of unsullied bliss and never ending happiness. (To be Continued.)

A man in Scotland is building a cotton mill to be worked by mouse power. He has succeeded in training mice to work in a sort of treadmill, and the net profits of the labors of a single mouse amounts to six shillings (or a dollar and a half) per annum. He intends to have ten thousand mouse mills in operation, and after paying all expenses, expects to realize from ten to twelve thousand dollars per annum.

Landmarks of the Old Theologics-No. 3. BY C. BARING PECKHAM.

To the names of God in the Biblical Freemasonry, or mysteries given in our last number, Dr. Mackey adds, in exposition, the following paragraph:

"The incflable degrees of Masonry record a great variety of the names of God; making the whole system, like the Mahommedan Ism Allah, a science of the name of God. In fact, the name of God must be taken in Freemasonry as symbolical of truth, and then the search for it will be nothing but the search after truth, the true end and aim of the Masonic science. The subordinate names are the subordinate modifications of truth, but the ineffable tetragrammation will be the sublimity and perfection of Divine Truth, to which all good Masons and all good men are seeking to approach, whether it be by the aid of the theological ladder, or passing through the pillars of strength and Establishment, or wandering in the miscs of darkness, beset on all sides by dangers, or trayeling, weary and worn, over rough and rugged roads, whatever be the direction of our journey, or how accomplished, Light and Truth, the Urim and Thumnim, are the ultimate objects of our search as Freemasons."

It must be confessed, that the Bible will never cease to be the stone of stumbling till we approach it from the symbolic mount of vision as the record of the esoteric mysteries of ancient Freemasonry.

From this point of view, it may be read in the harmony of its members and aptitudes of its personifications, without being disturbed by the raids of literal Colensos. Mythology and fiction was the way of life in the evolution of the Oriental mind. When it spread its soul wings, it came warping on the eastern wind, wheel within a wheel, and rolling

the heavens together as a scroll. Hence the Masonio symbols, when the beholder is fully able to read them, point the most directly to the ancient Word. Not exactly apt, however, is the unpoetic mind of the modern age for the receiving of the wisdom of God, in a mystery. Goethe, of modern artists, shows excellent skill in the, "free handling" of ancient Freemasonry. He has admirably wrought in warp and woof the clouded canopy of the ancients where the scarletina of Babylon tints the purple of Phænicia. Understandingly he walks over the Mosaic pavement up to the New Jerusalem of John, for the German poet's mind was of that cast, readily to take the Biblical scope of God's word within its compass. But Goethe himself was in bonds, and might not say all he knew even in the most ambiguous givings out of that wisdom of God, hidden from the foundation of the world. How vastly more competent to do the Word was the genius of Goethe, than the clipped-winged genius of Swedenborg's Arcana. Though Swedenborg was an open medium, yet were his wing stumps beating the Word for wind wherewith to fly in the narrow valley, an unsightly effort to the eye of the broader artist. Swedenborg flaps the spurs, while the eagle's eye and flight is beyond the crest of the mountain.

What is wanted to-day, is the genius initiated into all the mysteries of Freemasonry, yet not so much in bonds as to conceal whereunto the Word may grow, and not so much in bonds to the pasteboard barriers of the Bible as to say, thus far and no farther, when the full truth and light refuse to be thus straitened in such swaddling clothes, when they preclude any of equivalent or of larger pattern. Urim and Thumnim must have a universal sweep, for God is no respecter of persons, and the Hebrew Teraphim is of no more worth than if fashioned by Gentile hands. Where the Gentile mysteries are essentially the same as the Hebrew, | So too, the stars came up to the help of the Lord it is not beflting to denounce the former as "Spurious Freemasonry" to suit the narrowness of modern sects. Dr. Oliver, a D.D. of the Church of England plane, labors hard to this end, but such labor is unworthy the broad foundation of true Masonry, which must accept the "regular bricks," though from the holy land or the heathen. Where all is wrought from the same universal scale of principles, however variously fashioned, and may be the work of Architects and Builders, so far as one part is apt and fitting to another, though of different name, the work cannot be called spurious, when the music of its sphere resounds in the harmony of all its parts to the common principles

of the wise Master Builder. The universal mother is not the Agar or the letter of Mount Sinai, which gendereth to bondage, but she is the Jerusalem above, studded with the preclous stones of the golden, the silver, and the hazen heavens, while still brooding over the tabernacles of clay. She is the symbolic Pelican which feeds all her children from her bosom—the redeemer of mankind, as the hen which gathereth her chickens in the Jerusalem which is free. "For it is written, Rejoice, thou barren that beareth notbreak forth and cry, thou that travailest not; for the solitary hath many more children than she which hath an husband." This solitary mother was the virgin of Israel, the mother of God, and of the starry hosts. She is sometimes the "desolate," and sometimes the "widow," as in the undertone of the Word as per Goethe; yet were many of | make a joyful noise unto the God of Jacob. Take her children laughter loving'-the children of a psalm, and bring hither the timbrel, the pleasant promise in the kingdom of heaven, and when Isaac | harp with the psaltry. For this is a statute for was born, "inextinguished laughter rent the skies," because he was born of the Spirit, and so became the jolly God to the casting out of the bondwoman and her son, "which things are an alle-Thus, when we are free of the bondwoman, or let-

ter of God's Word which gendereth to bondage, and

outgrow the swaddling clothes of our clergy and "pulpit stuff," as Milton aptly terms it, and thus get up through the "six troubles" of Job, we become the children of promise, and split the heavens in the laughter of Isaac, and the Homeric shout of the gods, as when the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy.

But if the bond woman allures us, we become transformed into Isaachar, the strong ass crouching down between two burdens, not yet made free in the full embraces of the Shekinah, Christ, or Sun of Righteousness, which bears us up with healing on its wings; hence the apt language of Paul, who was a wise master builder in the kingdom of heaven: "Stand fast, therefore, in the liberty wherewith Christ hath made us free, and be not entangled again with the yoke of bondage;" for though the angels have charge concerning you, lest at any time you dash your foot against the stone or stumbling block of Israel, yet they cannot always prevent an unseemly backsliding to the meshes of the bondwoman.

Even the plous Dr. Oliver, in all the Phariseeism of his exclusive claims, is yet compelled so to skirt the horizon of Jerusalem Masonry, as to let Sun and Christ embrace each other in the light, though the darkness comprehendeth it not. He says: "The Sun is an emblem of all the great attributes of the Divinity; and, together with the Moon, raises our thoughts to the fountain of Truth; and though, in the language of the Psalmist, they have neither speech nor language, their voices are heard among them; their sound is gone out into all lands, and their words unto the ends of the world," and that hence to aspire to the purity of these, constituted the Freemasons "the Sons of Light," if they were in the full moral and spiritual correspondence of the same. But on the same wise was it in what he pharisaically calls "spurious Freemasonry." Virgil represents Magnus Apollo, the Christ or Sun shining in his strength, as bending down from the sky to address the youth Julius-" go on, spotless boy in the paths of virtue, it is the way to the stars." In the same ark of the covenant, with chariots and horsemen thereof, was the Hebrew God borne along in his excellence on the sky, and variously symbolized in the many headed cherubim. But how does Dr. Oliver seek to make a case for the church and to escape the unescapable common source of all the ancient mysteries, and the Liberty, Fraternity and Equality of God's Word on the same plane underlying them all? Why, to some Jewry of the holy land, in a partial Godhead he says: "The application which was made to each of the component parts of the Cherubim, was to signify a different Deity, and that the Almighty condescended so far to the prejudices of the Israelites in Egypt, as to make use of the Cherubim as a symbolical representation of Himself in the character of the tutelary deity of the Hebrews and supreme Lord of the Universe, by appropriating to himself those symbols by which the most celebrated deities of the Heathen world were represented," that is to say, the Hebrew God had to appear in the old clothes of the Heathen as He was unable to make himself known in a new suit! Exactly so-hence the Biblical symbols of God's Word were those taken from the Heathen, and thus the Hebrews spoiled the Egyptians by appropriating the spoons, jewels and precious stones of the Egyptian Jerusalem, and working them into the Mosaic pavement of the pattern on the Mount. The Sun as emblem of the Shekinah, Jah or Christ, was in character as king of kings, or lord of lords, and fought against his enemies for his people Israel. It was in that character that Joshua addressed him to stand still on Mount Gibeon while the Queen of heaven should take lodgings in the valley of Ajalon. against the mighty, and fought in their courses against Siscera, till every man should get a damsel or two, and a goodly Babylonish garment of needlework. Max. Muller, in his "Science of Language" traces

the Logos to the Mythos-Mythos, word; Logos, speech. "A myth means a word, but a word which, from being a name or an attribute, has been allowed to assume a more substantial existence." Thus the names of the Elohim or Gods in all the ancient religions "were gradually allowed to assume a divine personality." It is from this status that the Bible has become perpetuated, and its Word "to assume a divine personality." "The founders of Astronomy were not the poet or the philosopher, but the sailor and the farmer. The early poet may have admired the mazy dance of the planets, and the philosopher may have speculated on the heavenly harmonies; but it was to the sailor alone that a knowledge of the glittering guides of heaven became a question of life and death." While the lesser planets danced before the Lord with all their might, the Moon was masculine and feminine interchangeably-" was the golden hand on the dark dial of heaven, and by the plowers of sea and land called the Measurer-the measurer of time." As the ruler of days, and weeks, and seasons, the Moon was the Lord of the Sabbath day -the regulator of the tides, and the presider at the festivals; hence the apt significance of the Hebrew psalmist when he sings "Blow up the trumpet in the new Moon, in the time appointed on our solemn feast day. Sing aloud with God our strength; Israel, a law of the God of Jacob. This he ordained in Joseph, a testimony, when he went out through the land of Egypt. I heard a language-I understood not. I removed his shoulder from the burden; his hands were delivered from the pots. Thou calledst in trouble, and I delivered thee-I answered thee in the secret place of thunder-I proved thee at

the waters of Meribah. Selah." Thus too, the Muses or Moses sang when the Sun or Moon was in Joseph, the Taurus of the Biblical Zodiac. Joseph was the blest of the Lord when ordained in the sign of Taurus-when he went out through the land of Egypt, while yethis emblem was the golden calf before the bringing in of the Paschal Ram of God, which taketh away the sins of the world by the procession of the equinoxes. If the Pentateuch was written by Samuel, as per Colenso, or even some five hundred years after that according to others, the earlier records would be so revised in the enigmatical language of the mysteries as to slough off some of the earlier Word, as "Spurious Freemasonry." Still we may see that the Sun and Moon were interchangeably the Lord and his symbol in the seven of the heavenly Arch—the Royal Arch degree, or ark of the covenant, for Sun and Moon are equal in "the precious fruits by the Sun, and the precious things put forth by the Moon."

For the he name and she names of the Moon, see Dunlap's "Vestiges and Sodo-mysteries." Muller thinks she is not so much "the love-sick maiden." but rather the sterner stuff of the Lord. She was doubtless included in the he-she of the ineffable name, and may also have smiled significantly in the woman's face of the cherubim, and trailed her skirts in the dove-tail of the winged circle. With the ancient " wanderers on the sea or in the desert, the fixed stars were in full reality what their name implies stars driven in and fixed, by which they might hold fast on the deep, as by heavenly anchors.

"Astrology was not such mere imposition as it is generally supposed to have been. It is counted a science by so sound and sober a scholar as Melancthon, and even Bacon allows it place among the sciences, though admitting that it had better confederacy with the imagination of man, than with his reason. In spite of the strong condemnation which Luther pronounced against astrology, astrology continued to sway the destinies of Europe; and a hundred years after Luther, the astrologer was the counsellor of Princes and Generals, while the founder of modern astronomy died in poverty and despair. In our time the very rudiments of astrology are lost and forgotten." All the ancient religions had their Word in the heavens, and all their various aspects had their personations in the name of God in singular and in plural—the Elohim, or visible Gods in the heavenly or starry hosts, to the more luminous One in light, whom the heaven of heavens could not contain. Eve is a heavenly damsel or Goddess, the same as the Heathen Eva. In the starry garden were pendant the golden apples, though Eve preferred those which grew from the branch of the Brazen Serpent.

Muller suggests "innate ideas," or happy intuitions, as sometimes opening the chambers of boundless truth. We must confess to a considerable belief in this

direction, for where much comes from when the burden of the Lord is upon us—to make use of a forcible expression of our Southern brethren, "Iswar I don't know." But says Muller, "Truth is not found by addition and multiplication only." When speaking of Kepler, whose method of reasoning has been considered as unsafe and fantastic by his cotemporaries, as well as by later astronomers, Sir David Brewster remarks very truly, "that as an instrument of research, the influence of imagination has been much overlooked by those who have ventured to give laws to philosophy." To which Muller adds: "The torch of imagination is as necessary to him who looks for truth, as the lamp of study. Kepler held both, and more than that; he had the star of faith to guide him in all things from dark: ness to light."

We also cling to the star of faithful and true, and hence escape the influence of the "star called Wormwood." The Cygnus is our symbol of the faithful and true, whose dying note has reached us through the thick clouds by the modern unfolding of the heavens, where souls out, and souls in the body, may have loving communion with each other.

There is required a large scope of vision to be able to read the Word through all the ancient symbols. Gehelin, in his Monde Primitif, cited by Oliver, says: "Throughout all antiquity, the Dove was esteemed to be a symbol of the passive or fecundated principle, and the Cross or Tan, the active fecundating principle; and they were personified under the names of Isis and Osiris, the moon and the sun. These symbols were used as marks of distinction. Hence the Assyrians exhibited a dove in their standard, and the Egyptian priests carried the Tau Cross in their processions." It was the dove symbol of the Holy Ghost, whose voice was heard from heaven in praise of the beloved Sun. She was the symbol of the heavenly Venus, Mother or Virgin of God, while the Tau Cross was the physiological symbol of the Phallic Creator, and is even now symbolised in the spires of our churches pointing to the womb of the heavens. All these mysteries may be read in the light of ancient and modern Freemasonry, while Christian priesthoods, utterly ignorant or conveniently silent over the Biblical symbols, have charged upon the ancient heathen the worship of the generative organs, when even their own symbols are based upon the same significance in the wisdom of God in a mystery—the hidden truth, the Word made flesh in the riddles, the dark sayings, the parables, only to be understood by such as have ears to hear, and whose eyes have been anointed with eye salve-the initiated, who had been instructed how to climb by Jacob's ladder, into the congregation of the Lord. - 400

Our motto is principles, not policy.

They sat and combed their beautiful hair, Their long bright tresses, one by one, As they laughed and talked in their chamber there,

After the revel was done. Idly they talked of waltz and quadrille, Idly they langhed like other girls, Who over the fire when all is still,

Comb out their braids and curls. Robes of satin and Brussels lace, Knots of flowers and ribbons too. Scattered about in every place,

For the revel is through.

And Mand and Madge in robes of white. The prettiest nightgowns under the sun, Stockingless, slipperless, sit in the night, For the revel is done.

Sit and comb their beautiful hair, Those wonderful waves of brown and gold, Till the fire is out in the chamber there, And the little bare feet are cold.

Then out of the gathering winter chill, All out of the bitter St. Agnes weather, When the fire is out and the house is still, Maud and Madge together;

Mand and Madge in robes of white, The prettiest nightgowns under the sun, Curtained away from the chilly night, After the revel is done-

Float along in a splendid dream, To a golden gittern's tinkling tune, While a thousand lustres shimmering stream, In a palace's grand saloon.

Men and women with beautiful faces, And eyes of tropical dusk. And one face shining out like a star; One face haunting the dreams of each,

Flashing of jewels and flutters of laces,

Tropical odors sweeter than musk;

And one voice sweeter than others are, Breaking into silvery speech, And telling, through lips of bearded bloom, The old, old story over again,

As down the royal bannered room, To the golden gittern's strain, Two by two they dreamily walk, While an unseen spirit walks beside, And all unheard in his lover's talk,

He claimeth one for a bride. Oh! Maud and Madge, dream on together, With never a pang of jealous fear, For e'er the bitter St. Agnes weather,

Shall whiten another year;

Robed for the bridal and robed for the tomb, Braided brown hair and golden tress. There'll only be one of you left for the bloom Of the bearded lips to press.

Only one for the bridal curls, The robe of satin and Brussels lace, Only one to blush through her curis, At the sight of a lover's face.

Oh! beautiful Madge in your bridal white, For you the revel is just begun; But for her who sleeps in your arms to-night, The revel of life is done.

But robed and crowned with your saintly bliss, Queen of heaven and bride of the sun; Beautiful Maud, you'll never miss

The kisses another hath won. NOBA PERET.

Written for the Religio-Philosophical Journal. The Career of the Human. BY L. JUDD PARDEE.

The old question immediately recurs—what is man? And as quickly, the general answer-he is a compound—a compound of all above and all below him. Hence we say man is a microcosm. But a specific exposition of the nature and method of that combination pushes us back, at once, upon not only the suppositional origin of the genus homo, but, also, the primordial action of mind on matter. Let us, then, take a survey and make a statement as compact as possible of both; and traveling that way to trace the progressive march of this being, settle down into a somewhat deliberate consideration

of it and him. Now it is just as unphilosophical, in one sense, to affirm a beginning as it is an end to creation—that is creation, considered in the concrete and the absolute, even though we well know that not anything, organized as something, remains the same, but by the law of change must change. And almost, if not quite as much so, to talk of the origin of man. But we must settle somewhere. Comprehension, either by the intellect or the intuition of the mind of man, necessitates a rest as a starting point. And all investigation demands a postulate. Besides, such is the correspondence and unity of the universe, that we may analogically grasp the suppositional beginnings of things, by virtue of that repetition of plan, speaking from plane to plane of being, and shining out from them, from the lowest to the highest, and from the most immediate to the most remote.

Well, creation, so called, is a result. All things are results. And creation is a result of the combination of substance. But substance is of three kinds, that is, the substance we as three-fold beings of body, mind and soul are related to and deal with, to wit: Natural or material, spiritual and celestial. These comprehend the all of mind and matter which we can in the form realize, if not conceive of Yet boundless being, finer and diviner, stretches on as royal life in the univercolum. And these three hold, even as Swedenborg affirms, discrete relation to each other, while neither originated the other. A triune scheme is mapped out in the dominions of mind and matter, and we are en rapport with it by virtue of the possession of body, mind and soul. In us the first corresponds to the natural, the second to the spiritual, and the third to the celestial. For though mind in man has its material side in perception and intellect, and its special spiritual side in intuition; yet, because all mind is outwardly unseen, it may well take the general correspondential name of the spiritual.

Now creation, which in the universal sense we denominate nature, is one thing, and the planes of existence in it another. For instance, here is the vegetable, the animal, the human kingdom. Each is an expression of the combination of mind and matter. But certainly not the same degree of mind nor the same quality of matter finds organized exhibition in each. Hence there is need of a more specific indication of mind, so I affirm that it is of three great general degrees, to wit: The spiritual natural, the special spiritual, and the celestial. This is illustrated in man by (1st) perception and intellect, (2d) intuition, and (3d) interconsciousness. While, on the other hand, animals who show no sign of being endowed with either the special spiritual or the celestial kind of mind are certainly possessed with the spiritual natural. Whatever of instinct and intellect they have, attests to it. But pure spirit and soul as celestial mind-substance are assuredly not in them. If it were they would in some way show it, and would, indeed, be immortal. Man is so not simply, however, because he has pure spirit in him, but a principled substance, finer and diviner, even soul. That soul, as inmost, is of celestial genius, has affiliation with universals, and, inter-pervading the spirit, holds it compact in the death of the body. On the other hand, the chemical force of physical dissolution resolves the atoms of the internal of the animal, whereupon each goes to where it affinitively belongs. It has nothing fine enough in it to resist the disintegrative finger of death, and no aspiring substance attracting it to | 3d, Intellectually Individualized. organized and pure spirit.

Well, what then was the precise relation of the lower kingdoms to man? The answer must be, they progressively yielded him a body. Each lower kingdom did its best, and so afforded a matrix for the insemination of the archetypal germ of the next higher. Combination of higher and lower did the deed. And the spiritual natural, the special spiritual, and the celestial degrees of mind substance met in man at last. While through all degrees, from the spiritual-natural-wherein is type of every lower kingdom-up to the most divine celestial, the more interior substance, as mind, was and is positive to acts upon, and controls the lower and coarser and more external to it. What we call matter is moulded by the force called mind, as finer substance; first and immediately, as the spiritual-natural, next the special-spiritual, and last as the celestial.

But the next inquiry is, what was man's primal state? Two views largely obtain, the ecclesiastical and the rational. One is based on the Bible, the other on the theory of progressive development. But a third, born from the spiritual-intellectual, and therefore, I think, truly philosophic standpoint, presents itself for acceptance, and I accept it. What, then, is that view? Now we have seen that as an immortal, man is, in the physical form, a tri-fold combination—that as to his body he came up, that as to his soul he came out or down. But there was a point in this career, when so-called man was no more than an animal. The divine grace had not lit upon him; in other words, the soul-substance had not come into him. But at a certain point of maturation his being was impregnated by, because his state invited, the new germ, and there was consummated a marriage in him. The celestial monad, translated by the law of atmospheral interpermeation into and developed by a magnetic substance of the spiritual, descended into the intelligential realm prepared for it, of the spiritual-natural. Now ensued a divine consciousness, a consciousness transcending fleshly sense and time, and rising upward into the etern. And strange thrills pervaded him, as the celestial magnetic spark organized another and a new balance in his tri-constituted life. Then was man opened up to God, and, like a child, felt the flow of the divine force. But did he then retrograde? Did he fall? In the absolute sense, there was neither retrogression nor a fall. For a slow march outward into the sphere of intellectual individuality, and a slower return, was ordained in the whole scheme. The God of analogy gives this word from the mounts of inspired reason. So the so-called fall was a step man had to take downward from the consciousness of spirit and soul to the plane of individualized intellect. Individuality, in the general sense, is of three great kinds; but it is intellect which especially individualizes.

Now it is a fact that all distinct peoples and all the races-from the primary and distinct three, of the white as masculine, the black as feminine, and the brown as mixed, to the various combinations of them-held traditions of an original state of purity and peace as a veritable golden age. Even the mathematic Fourier admits as much. Well, what has settled in the bowl of universal consciousness as the spirit-residuum of an interpreted fact, analogy, which is the chemistry of reason, infers and confirms. So I say that antecedent to savagism there was, long ages anterior to it, a simplistic and a child-like state. When the divine, celestial substance, as soul, had found a lodgment in the animal human, the immortal human then commenced to aspire, that is, it breathed upward and inward. The spiritistic, the interior lungs, became positive, and men respired outwardly from the within. All physiologists skilled in psychological science know the subtle and intimate relation between the lungs and the frontbrain, between breathing and thought. Thus it may be apprehended that an inward and spiritual state, no matter how simple, if positive to an individuality conferred by the predominance of intellect, would necessitate, by a discreted condition of being, an inward action of the lungs-in other words, internal breathing.

But as, in the order of progressive development on this planet, the human began to descend into the sphere of intellect, going torth by degrees till there was a plunge from the Eden-garden of simplism and instinct of pure spirit, a new balance of mind and body was necessitated. So the internal lungs gradually grew negative; at last became so; and when the tide of internal life had fairly set outward to the lowlands of intellect, a correspondent plane of lung-activity was finally established. Then external sense, and perception, and intellect, and passion, grasped the throne of being. Spirit became subordinate to them. And the later breaths of man were not like his first. The first was inward, polarized to the top-brain; the second was outward,

polarized to the back or to the front-brain. Now a change like this must have wonderfully affected the status of the human. In its progress, death choked off many thousands. And the loss of a deep centerstancement in pure spirit flung man all abroad. Passions and appetites sprang into fierce play as unregulated forces, and pride of self in self rapidly induced bloody antagonisms. Everything felt the effect of it—the earth, the air, and all that in them was. Men exhaled a savage sort of life, and dripped with a contestive, heated and poisonous, because acrid and angular, magnetism. Ages of this kind of existence at last stamped themselves upon and modified all being on the planet, inverting and savagizing whatsoever breathed the breath of mortal life, or sprung from the bosom of the afflicted earth. Now what shall we say? Simply this: that this was in the plan, and that man, after traveling for cycles of centuries in the wilderness of external individuality-coming from the predominance of intellectual consciousness—but often made by him to bloom and blossom as the rose, is now coming back to the original state of purity and peace, carrying with him the rich-gotten wealth of a divinelyindividualized and a complex life. Thus does he move in cycles. And once more internal breathing shall be a fact—the sign and grace of the regenerate race. But as convulsions issued it out, they shall usher it in. Man is to be born back into a practical individuality from the inmost-whose lungs are those of positive spirit breathing out through the physical-by awful and agonizing throes. First the few, and after a little lapse of years the many, shall experience this transcendent change. Then shall be exhibited a divine individuality. Jesus was the first to give the general type. But we shall have grander, because more complex manifestations than his, and the fulness of this status shall stand as a fact and shine as a sign of the third great era.

I say third great era, because by a general law of growth all things compass at least three stages. Hence, in point of fact, the human race must traverse three. The first died in the Eden-states of conscious, inmost instinct; the second is already coming to a climax, and the third remains to be born. That order may thus be stated:

I. THE SIMPLISTIC-Unindividualized. II. THE INTERMEDIATE—1st, Physically Individualized; 2d, Physico-Spiritually Individualized;

III. THE COMPLEX-Divinely Individualized.

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Here we have, in the first two stages of the simplistic and intermediate, all the past and the present; while the third, the complex, indicates the future. On the highest hills of mind of the intermediate shines the dawn of the coming complex era. Its possible is already reflected upon the sky of to-day. But what, now, were the conditions of the human career after it had passed from the sacred portals of the simplistic state? What was the order of progress after the descent? This has been denominated as: 1st, savagism; 2d, barbarism; 8d, patriarchalism; and 4th, civilism. We are now in civilism, but it is a civilism in process of baptizement by spirit; and the eye of that spirit looks towards us, while its voice proclaims a fifth advent. In other words, divine republicanism, as fifth, is even already prophetically putting its image upon us, outlining, internally, the august composite structure of a universal church, a theocratic-democratic government, and a new social

But while this five-fold order answers for a general and universally applicable formula, sweeping in, as it does, all nations and ages of the past, it will be found, upon a close analysis, and in correspondence with a certain system of divine providences to be included, that a seven-fold division is much more specific and precise. Hence I am moved to here state it. And that formula may be thus presented:

Primary Stage. Characteristic. Concentricism. 1st—Savagism, 2d-Barbarism. Chieftainism. 3d-Patriarchalism. Familyism. the Add Theologics vo. 20.26m Dan Characteristic. Secondary Stage. Nationalism. 4th-Judaism, Humanitarianism. 5th-Christianism, Individualism. 6th—Civilism, Tertiary Stage. Characteristic. 7th-Divine Republicanism, -Socialism.

Thus it will be seen that the human career, since the so-called fall, from the primary to the (future) tertiary stage, inclusive, presents a seven-fold order of progress. Each phase has its essential characteristic: Savagism, concentricism; barbarism, chief tainism; patriarchalism, familyism; Judaism, nationalism; Christianism, humanitarianism; civilism, individualism; and divine republicanism, socialism.

But here a question immediately thrusts itself upon us: Why present Judaism and Christianism, which were in their origin, at least, Hebraic and local, as stagetypes of a universal career? Because. though these two first rod-in the midst of that peculiar people, the Jews, they are of universal significance. The characterizing spirit of each belonged to the race, and it will be found that every great people had a revelation or a teaching by the mouth of either prophet, priest or seer, of the essentials of both. The distinction of these two was, that while they were more pronounced in expression than others, they were, in the dispensational providences of God from the angelic world, made manifest as specialities. For the Hebrew people had long been selected, in and by the spirit, as the especial representative of the religious element. Moses, as the mouth-piece thereof, gave its masculine force of raw justice, but Jesus its feminine quality, of mellow charity. Yet history shows how that, by Brama to the Hindoos, by Zoroaster to the Persians, by Confucius to the Chinese, by Pythagoras, Plato and Socrates to the Greeks, and by Mahomet to the Arabians, as well as by others to other times and peoples, neither justice nor charity were ever, in

their own age, without a living testimony. We have seen, then, what was the primal and elemental characteristic of savagism, of barbarism, of patriarchalism, and of all the rest. What, now, is to be precisely understood as the essential significance of each? For instance, here is concentricismwhat is meant by that? That word, manufactured in the spirit for a distinctive purpose, is in this connection as synonymous as may be for natural attraction. But it conveys more meaning; because all binding force of cohesion makes and presses towards the center. Hence concentricism, which knits together by a common magnetic, attractive and concentrative tie, flocks of birds and herds of cattle, gathers together and moves in hordes savage men. Concentricism is nature's crude, spontaneous socialism. And the prime use of savagism is that general, natural, irresistible spirit of socialistic combination, which bold, rank individualism in vain attempts to kill out. It is a unity of blood rather than of mind. Therefore, its animus is red and retributive, rather than like the essence of spirit, white and pure. But as the complex and composite state to which we tend needs every aid for the establishment of the scientific socialism it carries with it, as a gift of the Gods to help induce a God-like phase of life for the human, so savagism must yield up what it can, and be, because of that, not rejected, but

esteemed. So, also, with respect to every other style of existence. Neither the chieftainism of barbarism, nor the familyism of patriarchalism, nor the nationalism of Judaism, nor the divine humanitarianism of Christianism, nor the individualism of civilism, is to be overlooked nor neglected. For each has an indispensable something that will subserve. The divine socialism, whose incipient stage of constituted being lies in the womb of the not far future, will draw into and arrange for itself every one of these elements. In progressive growths, the latter stages take up and embody the essential goods and uses of

all the former. But this last truth will be made more apparent, perhaps, by a statement of the social result of each of the seven phases of existence, and by a presentment of the related contrast of all. And why do I say social result? Because it will be found that the social life of a nation, or a people, or even of individuals, is the ultimate expression of them. Society is the common body, of which the state is the head and hands, and the church the heart. Into this general reservoir debouches all the currental life from those two fountain streams. But there is a tide here—an ebb and a flow. And in proportion to the equity of the adjustment, considered with reference to the essential state of the people on the one hand, and the beneficent mood of the Church and the State on the other, is the case and happiness of the inter-relation and the mutual commerce between

Now this social result of savagism, of barbarism, of patriarchalism, of Judaism, of Christianism, of civilism, in the present, and of that divine republicanism yet to appear, may be thus formulatively stated. Figures of forms speak to the understanding of consciousness, not only by the eye of intellect but by the eye of sense. So the social result is:

Of Savagism-Anarchy. Of Barbarism-Tyranny.

Of Patriarchalism-Paternity. Of Judaism-Equity.

Of Christianism—Charity. Of Civilism—Utility.

Of Divine Republicanism—Unity. Behold how beautifully the last (unity) repeats the first (anarchy) on a higher plane, and all the others

as well. For liberty, which is in the spirit but is not the form of anarchy, must breathe through all the flexible frame-work of unity; while paternity, equity, charity, utility, lifted up into a broad and divine relationship, meet, conjoined and co-active, in the pure atmosphere of the beautiful one. But what of tyranny? Finds that no life nor expression? It does both. For the good and use of it are clearly shown in the action of that will in wisdom and love wherein is issued forth the swift, the necessary, and the unexplained deed. But now tyranny is overgrown, and perpetually overawes and overdoes. Instead of helping, it hinders happy growth. Therefore, that sort of this element is about to be damned by God and man. Whatsoever does not occupy its true place is certain to be ejected in the new age, now opening, of justice, and charity, and use divine.

But why make justice, charity and use especial, since unity comprehends the good of other elements of social result antecedent to them? Because in an especial way are those three to be inwrought. Justice, charity and use, while inclusive of whatsoever preceded them-but not so much, perhaps, by methodic incarnation as by a sort of blood absorption-are of dispensational significance. Here we have the words of God by Moses, by Jesus, and by the long line of luminous modern intellectists, bringing in the age of reason the gospel of science. Morals, religion and intellect are here. But a divine socialism, whose deep instinct shall be unity, shall absorb them all. The individualism of civilism, the nationalism of Judalsm, and the humanitarian-universalism of Christianism, that civilism whose gospel is use, that Judaism whose gospel is justice, and that Christianism whose gospel is charity—each and all shall yet find a harmonial adjustment, and, were it possible between three, a happy marriage. In the new combination, the last shall repeat the first and every other. And the progressive extension of this empire, age on age, shall be boundless as the truth

But the last great epoch, as the seventh form in the tertiary stage, even that of which I have been treating, must ere long commence to build its throne in the hearts and brains of men. In other words, the divine plan of socialism, as the characteristic of the new republicanism, will now, little by little, till the full outline is imaged on us, be let down from the spiritual heavens. Now who does not see that the ultimate of this dispensation is a divine socialism? Because repeated and disastrous efforts have been made by brave men and women to build a something better, socially, than they experimentally knew, shall there be none other? Because Spiritualism is teaching with such power the doctrine of individuality, does it not teach as well that of sociality? fact a socialism such as the heavens have outlined and archived, elementally, in the spirit, is intended to be not only a conservator but an expander of a divine individuality. But this rank sort of that isolated life will emaciate away by sheer force of the doctrine of necessity. Men forget that we can no more ignore the demands of sociality than we can of religion. Whosoever tries to do either will be wasting himself in the vain effort to become an isolated, a selfish if not mean, and the one-third part, or at least the two-thirds part, of a man.

Now this socialism, which is to be gradually born out of a new dispensative church, and to be nourished into strength by the divine republic, is, as I understand it, to knit itself together on the basis of religion, matchood and interest. Strictly and thoroughly scientific, it will need all the attractive and concentric power which those three can afford to make it a practical force. And it will obey the law of all organizations, to wit: first, the establishment of a center; second, the adjustment of relation between that center and the circumference. In other words, the law of leadership must be recognized in the primary center and in the sub-centers.

For what do we see? In Shakerism, which is essencism, and in Mormonism, which is Judaism, reviced for ends of use, a success based not simply upon community of interest, a sexual relation fitted to the peculiar genius of each of those peoples, and a common and powerful religious sentiment and organization, but also upon the practical acceptance of the law of leadership.

Now a true leader is the servant of, while he must be intellectually or morally (or both) superior to, the mass. He is the natural leader of other men who can, in the highest and broadest sense, best serve them. Any other leadership is the autocracy of tyranny, or the corrupt conniving of a United States politician. But both the Shakers and Mormons, social opposites as they are, measurably obey the law. Their head men, or women, though gifted with theocratic power, are careful not to abuse it. Yet even these people do not afford the best instance. Their great binding ties, interknit with sexuality, are religion and interest. On the other hand, no matter what may be thought of their peculiar doctrines-whether true or false, each must determine—the Oneida Communists exhibit a rare appreciation and a most successful application of the law of leadership. Their leader is truly their servant; and possessing an abundance of social magnetism, he is enabled to keep co-knit the mass around him.

Such, then, are the necessities to this sort of success. On the other hand, glancing for a moment at the causes of failure of many noble socialistic persons, in frequent attempts to actualize a more free and equitable social life, what do we see? The lack of some fit center. True, there have been at the head of socialistic schemes to engineer them into a working success, minds of no common standard, judged either by nobility of aim or by the measure of mental calibre. But there is needed something else-a certain almost unnameable quality, the attractive. It is one thing to be able to tell truly what and how something should be done; quite another to be able at the same time to do it. And in proportion to the complexity of a scheme, and the diversity of individuality to be dealt with, is the difficulty of managing the machine.

Now the socialists of this country have failed, because of several reasons. They have not only lacked born leaders-men of that genius that could attract as well as command—but a religious element profound and strong enough to take hold of deeps below individual will, to subordinate it; while at the same time they had to contend with, and at last succumb to, the rank individuality, the selfish spirit, or the idealistic condition of many who flocked to the new standard.

But the new idea, which waits in spirit to reveal itself, will plant itself firmly on interest, marriage and religion. Here is selfism, conjugalism, fraternalism, and divineism. And it will exhibit what never yet has been truly presented-a combination, to wit: 1st, a universal plan type of the solar scheme; 2d, a divine leader; and 3d, an attractive and compulsive power, to victoriously ultimate its inwardly outlined life. In the meanwhile, two forces will be clearing the way for it: the virtue of war as a disintegrative, pulverizing and purifying power, and the operations of the most Holy Spirit. It is the spirit that sanctifies and illumines, and

leads us in the way we ought to go. Already it is stirring the inner pools. But by-and-by the inmosts of men and women shall be reached and quickened by this transforming power and grace of God.

Judge Not.

"The greatest of these is charity."

Bridle your virtue, Tether the tongue; Pity the fair vine Blighted so young! Why not the tomb? Sad, shattered life; Think of her doom-Widow, yet wife!

Tears, like sad rivers, Roll through all time; He his heart-torrent Poured for its crime. Billows of soa Swell o'er his breast! Pleading with God-There let him rest.

Still to another Life is as death; Home and its idol Gone with a breath! Blood on his hands, Stain on his bed; Pity them all Living and dead.

Thou whose life current Flows calm and quiet, Whose love and whose passion Never ran riot, Judge not too harshly; Few fall by design. Pray for the erring-Their fate may be thine.

Bridle your censure, . Tether the tongue; Charity's blessings Ever are young. He knows the temptation Who measures the sin; May His mantled mercy Shield all of our kin!

C. H. WEER.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

DEAR R. P. JOURNAL, -Greeting:

Here is my , all hail! Long may you live and prosper in faith, hope and charity; strengthened

and directed in the light of Infinite wisdom. INTRODUCTORY. We come, introducing ourselves as the firm of Abraham, Puisne Bowman. We ask for an occa-

sional permit to present our ideas in your columns. They have been a source of amusement and blessing to us, and we think they might prove so to many others. We shall therefore herewith present you CHAPTER I. 1. Ideas are the realities of life to man. They un-

fold our being and bring us joy or sorrow, life or death, sickness or health, good or ill; in fact they are all the realities we have, whether in earth or 2. Give a man the idea that he is bleeding to

death, although not a drop of blood be taken from him, yet the idea firmly fastened upon the soul kills the body-it stops the pulse and he dics. 3. Take a well man and you can make him sick,

just as soon as you fasten the idea of sickness upon his soul as a fact. You can thus give him any sickness you wish by ideally fastening the disease upon 4. Take a sick person, make him receive the idea

that he is getting better, aye, is well-all right-sound

as can be, and he is cured, if curable, whenever that idea fastens on him to remain with him. He begins to mend in his house of clay from the time the idea is received in the soul. 5. With the single idea wrought in the mind, any medical effect can be produced on the human sys-

tem, so long as that mind dwells in the body. Here is the Christ power, "believe that ye receive it, and ye shall have it." 6. Stamp the idea of any depravity whatever in the soul and you will soon see it exhibit itself in practical

life. There never was a criminal who committed crime except he was goaded on ideally; and society to-day makes all its criminals with the criminal ideas it entertains. 7. Teach a child that he is good for nothing, de-

praved, and in proportion as he receives the idea, will he be worthless and wicked; and all that is needed to make a devil incarnate, is to fasten the idea of total depravity upon the soul of a sinless child of humanity. 8. A man with the idea of devil, hell and the

bottomless pit in his soul as a fixed fact, becomes unhappy, cruel and hateful, as the ideal devil and hell within him; and no man was ever more tormented than he who receives the most horrid ideas of torment into his soul.

9. "As a man thinketh, so is he." If he thinks all is well, righteous, good and true, and has no trespasses to impute to any one, then is he pure and reconciled to God; "for to the pure all things are pure." But if all is wrong and false, the world a delusion, and that man is a sinner and devil by nature, are the ideas of the soul, how can it be reconciled to God; or even pure, with such ideas within as living realities. To the impure there is nothing pure.

10. So true is the above, that even a sinless Jesus walking over the plains of Judea, could only appear to such as Beelzebub, the chief of devils. The Scribes and Pharisees could see nothing better in Jesus, solely on account of their devilish ideas in their own souls. And Jesus being without such ideas, could see nothing to impute to his murderers; hence the cry from His lips, "Father forgive them, for they know not what they do."

11. Here let me close this chapter with the following verses on

> THE WAY TO BE HAPPY. Just make your home the world all o'er, And do forever right; To gain a home forevermore, A land of pure delight.

Blot from your record all the things You've charged upon the globe; To gain the pardon of your sins, The spotless lily robe.

Let love unbounded ever run To all the human race, To gain the love of ev'ry one, The smiles of ev'ry face.

Just cleanse your soul of all you see Till left without alloy, You gain a world of purity, A life of holy joy.

Let all your ideas ever be The brightest and the best, To cheer you on in harmony

A reconciled guest,

The wisdom of Our Father, God So perfect and complete, Should be your reconciling word, Your sure and safe retreat.

An English gentleman who has resided for a long time on the shores of the Dead Sea, has a work in press, in which he states many of the stories about the margin of the sea being fatal to animal and vegetable life, to be myths.

Of four hundred oil wells in Canada, 80 are in working order.

The New Exodus.

"Forsake this flowery garden," the frowning angel said; "Its vines no more may feed thee-compel from stones thy Pursue the veins deep buried, that hide thy wine and oil— Fruit shalt thou find with sorrow, and children rear in toil."

Oh! not in heathen rengeance the wing'd apostle spoke, Nor savage retribution the blooming fetters broke. Man had an arm for labor, a strength to conquer pain; A brain to plot and study, a will to serve and reign.

That will with slow arraying confronts Itself with fate, The pair unconscious twining the arches of the state.

Earth keeps her fairest garlands to crown the tireless shade,

The fields are white with harvest, the hireling's fee is paid.

From tented field to city, to palace, and to throne, Man builds with work his kingdom, and makes the world his

All welded with conditions is empire's golden ring, The king must keep the peasant, the peasant feed the king. The word of God once spoken, from truth is never lost. The high command once given, earth guards with jealous

By this perplexing lesson men build their busy schemes:
"The way of comfort lies not, kind Eden, thro' thy dreams." I see a land before me where manhood in its pride Forgot the solemn sentence, the wage of toil denied.

To wealth and lofty station some royal road must be; Our brother, bound and plundered, shall carn us luxury. One half of knowledge give him, for service and for skill, The nobler half withholding, that moulds the manly will;

From justice bar his pleadings, from mercy hold his prayers; His daughters for our pleasure, his sons to serve our heirs. Again the frowning angel commandeth to depart, With flery scourge of terror, with want and wee of heart.

Release your false possession, go, work that ye may eat. Bring here the light of knowledge, the seat of equal rule, Bring the Republic's weapons, the forum and the school. The Dagon of your worship is broken on his shrine, The palm of Christian mercy brings in the true divine,

Go forth! the earth is weary to bear unrighteous feet;

So from your Southern Eden the flaming sword doth drive; Your lesson is appointed, go, learn how workmen thrive; Not sloth has fee of plenty, nor pride of stately crest, But thou of God beloved, O labor crowned with rest! JULIA WARD HOWE.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal. A Vision of the Future.

The evening of the 5th of December, 1864, was spent in the company of A. S. Waterman, Esq. He was unexpectedly entranced, and commenced to relate a panorama as it was presented to his vision. On the morning following, the whole was written out according to my best recollection, which I now offer for publication in the JOURNAL. I trust its importance will secure an insertion, not withstanding its length. If this should find a welcome, others will follow, to the number of twelve, in weekly instalments. Perhaps the residue will be of more H. HUGUNIN. moderate dimensions.

Waukegan, Oct. 13th, 1865.

VISION.

I see a vast Temple-square in form, with colonnades on the west and east fronts. The columns are spanned by arches. Wide entrances into the temple beneath the colonnades are also arched. see a vast multitude gathered round it, divided into two dissenting parties; one desiring to enter, and the other striving to hinder, with no desire to enter themselves.

Now appears at the East, three armies or nationalities. They are contending against each other. On the banners of one I see emblazoned the cross; on those of another the polar bear; on the banners of the third is the cock. Another emblem I see: two upright poles, connected above by an arch, supported by persons on each side, and the whole covered by a crimson drapery. The bottom is drawn into festoons, fringed and tasseled at the points, representing a canopy.

The multitude near the temple now form into an army, and march southward, across a conical mountain, and actively, with one accord, set about to fortify, arm and supply it abundantly, with all the appliances and munitions of defence. Terrace above terrace is being excavated, from base to summit, and artillery bristles in every direction, rendering the fortress completely impregnable. On the summit floats a standard with red, white and blue stripes, and thirty-six stars. In the center is the figure of a man, standing erect, in the dignity and majesty of true manhood.

A detachment from the mountain march eastward. where the foreign forces are contending, but their mission is pacific. They go for peace, not for war. When these are seen among them, the three armies unite to attack them. The little band defend themselves with heroic valor and persistent fortitude. Faint but not faltering, they maintain the unequal

Where, oh where, are those who should come to their deliverance in this their extreme necessity? Is this little band of heroes thus to perish? Is there no hope? Overpowered by numbers, they retire, but not in disordered flight, or the confusion of panie, but steady and in order.

The three foreign armies now hasten to intercept their return to the mountain, which they effectually accomplish. They now surround and besiege the mountain. Again and again they attempt to carry it by assault, but in vain, while the batteries from the terraces above, actively shower upon their desperate assailants the death-dealing missiles of war. Shot, shell, grape and cannister descend in rapid discharges, inflicting frightful carnage upon the assailants.

My attention is now directed westward. Here appears a multitude, who seem stupidly indifferent to the result of the conflict, in which their brethren are engaged. The siege of the mountain is madly maintained, while the fortress holds, at small cost, its well constructed defences. The carnage below is fearful; whole columns are killed at each discharge.

Now I see approaching from the South, an army, innumerable for multitude. The southern plains are alive with moving masses. Far as the vision extends they appear, and still they come in view. They have no arms. Their discipline is admirable; as one moves all move; when one halts all halt. All as one they approach in compact circles. They are dressed in white uniform, new and bright. They wear tunics reaching nearly to the knee, with loose pants drawn close at the ankles; caps with tassels

at the corners, and rising into a peak, also tasseled. Now I see that a part are women, with this difference in their apparel: they have close-fitting caps, have no beards, and are girded at the waist. Instead of boots they have light, neat-fitting shoes, latched in front by a ribbon. The men wear a sash over the right shoulder, which is absent in the women.

Their commanders issue no orders-all go by signs. They approach. Now they deploy, form lines, and completely surround the mountain, and the besiegers are themselves besieged, by bright myriads, who, though unarmed and unseen, are yet all powerful to achieve. Here they take position, and remain with the intent that these invaders shall reap of their own doings, until, from experience, they shall perceive the folly and uselessness of war.

Still the battle rages. The assailants, though reduced to one-tenth of their original numbers, yet madly press the siege-are still resolute and boldly defiant. Famine now adds its horrors to the scene, but still the siege is maintained. Now pestilence commences its havoc with the invaders. Their

forces have now dwindled into a mere remnant. Desperation can go no farther. They deliberate, and now collect their haggard fragments and retire.

Now in the East appears the little army who had been detailed to serve on a mission of peace, and who had been so rudely treated by the combined three. They approach the mountain. They are seen and recognized by their friends, who hasten from the fortress to meet them at the base. The outer circle of white clad troops cheerfully open to afford a passage way for this little band of returned veterans. They meet their brothers. Oh, what a joyful re-union.

And now the re-united army march westward for the Temple. They enter by the castern gateway. Here they rest from the severe rigors of war, to enjoy peace and abundance.

Now the invaders perceive the white-clad myriads by whom they had been, and still were, surrounded. They are stricken with wonder and amazement at the discovery.

Now come forth from the Temple the leaders with their banners, in full regalia. They advance toward their persecutors; when within a few yards, they halt in line. The leaders of the invaders, with banners, advance and form in line fronting the first. The standard bearers step out to the center. They gracefully uncover, salute respectfully, and clasp right hands, while, with outstretched left hands, they point to their flags, the sacred emblems of nationalities, which, in their ignorance, they had served too long and too faithfully.

They part. The visitors return to the Temple; the troops are turned out and march in platoons, to meet their new made friends. They draw near and wheel into line, facing the line of their former enemies. The banners of both armies advance to the center, and the flag-staffs are thrust into the ground. The troops step forward and stack their arms, by thrusting their bayonets in the earth, leaving them standing breech up. They now mingle and clasp right hands. They pair off, each taking the arm of his new friend, and all march for the Temple, light of heart, buoyant of hope, and full of joy. They enter by the eastern gate, a band of brothers, no more to be sundered.

Now I see a man approaching from the West, attended by twelve persons. He is of dazzling radiance. I cannot look upon him. He carries a trumpet in his left hand, upon which he discourses heavenly music. In his right he bears a staff, upon which a beauteous flag is spread to the breeze. The flag is striped with the seven prismatic colors, not boldly defined, but gently blending into each other, like colors of the rainbow.

In the flag, near the staff, is displayed a lamb; above is a small globe-ribbons, fastened above, droop over and enzone the globe. Above the globe appears the glittering lance of the spontoon, or halberd. They advance to the Temple, and enter by the western archway.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal. Reconstruction, or the Science of True Living.

We have come to a period in the history of our race when everything improvable has got to be overhauled, added to, subtracted from, amended, remodeled, approved, or cast aside as worthless. Nothing will stand now, however time-honored, unless it will bear the test-hammer of truth and take the brand of science. The reasoning and intuitional faculties of man, through modern inspirations, have now got the ascendancy over Bible authority, priestly dictation, and even hereditary or Puritanic superstition and formality. Everything must sell for what it is worth in the market of scientific realities. Religion must be made scientific, and science sacredly religious. Holy Sabbaths have got to run all through the week, and necessary work has got to be made holy enough to be done on Sunday, without meeting the pious scowls of unfriendly, unsocial, hard faced, twelve per cent. seventh day Christians. "The day of Judgment" has come! and instead of saying "Judge not lest ye be judged"-what was applicable 1800 years ago-we say now, Judge ye that ye may be judged; but let your judgment be tempered with love and justice.

Science, law, order, justice, love and wisdom are to rule in the near approaching future, instead of farce, fashion, fanaticism, pious hypocrisy or sincere superstition. Think you that while time-honored governments and religions are being broken up and remodeled, while railroads and telegraphs are multiplying, while men and women are running to and fro, and knowledge is being increased, that society in its isolated, selfish, money getting, labor ruling, serf producing, poverty begetting conditions is not going to be brought to judgment? Yea, verily; that religion which selfishly calls man brother, only to decoy him into aristocratic service, which professes to be saved by grace, never deals graciously toward ts dependants, is near its end. That self-sufficient trust in riches, which makes ignorant men insolent and overbearing, is bound to lose its power to intimidate and crush the honest burden bearers of humanity.

Society is going to be remodeled. The honest genius of this age cannot stand the injustice of such oppression. The intelligent poor having learned that all capital is based on labor, that union gives strength, that combination surmounts all difficulties, will not be long in discovering the uses of fraternal love and justice sufficiently to protect themselves by combination into unitary homes, great family fraternities; and there will be enough of philanthropic intellect to direct, and benevolent capital to start, foster and multiply these fraternal institutions, till sin, sorrow and war, want and wretchedness, isolation, ignorance and inharmony shall be done away, and money power, priest power and king power shall be the weakest of all powers.

To help bring about this glorious end, a company of us have associated down here in Hammonton, N. J.—the land of fruits and flowers, of long sum mers and short winters, of pure air and soft water under the name of the MILLENNIAL FRATERNITY, determined to know nothing opposed to the best inter ests of fraternal life-where each is pledged to all, and all to each; and that to obey the injunction of the intuitive Nazarene-" Love thy neighbor as thyself." We ignore the doctrine of free-love as popularly understood, and pledge ourselves to be faithful to accepted and acknowledged partners; and if single, to live in chastity till we are, according to the Fraternity's highest wisdom, scientifically mated, so that we may propagate if we choose, without violating the rights of the unborn or the law of divine use and consistency. We are laying the foundation of the great temple of harmony, of which all the poets have sung and all the prophets have written, the following principles being used as the chief corner stones:

1st. Righteous Mating and Righteous Propagation-The Domestic.

2d. Mutual Interest and Mutual Sympathy-The

3d. The Highest Economy of Time and the Highest Economy of Means-The Financial.

4th. The Best Education of the Body and the Best Education of the Mind-The progressive.

Almost every day some of the blocks, prepared in the mountains without hands, are coming in and taking their places as lively stones, and the temple is going up without the noise of axe or hammer. Now if any of the readers of the JOURNAL would like to see our Constitution and By-Laws, or rather the principles, aims and pledges of our Fraternity, they have but to send us a single dime and get it by return

Accept our thanks for the compliment paid our pen by inviting us to contribute to the columns of your promising paper; and as our best inspirations come in the direction of unitary life, you may look for other articles under the above caption. If any of your readers sympathize with our movement, and feel disposed to correspond with us, they may direct to D. H. Hamilton, Millennial Home, Lake Lawn, Hammonton, N. J.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal

Existing Facts vs. Prevalent Opinions. The prevalent belief in a personal God and his an-

tagonist, the devil, seems to be fast losing ground,

especially in the latter gentleman, and if as your

correspondent, K. Graves, says, old Capt. Harry has

been mustered out of service, the reason is evident why the times are so much out of joint. The ballance of power has been destroyed and the present deranged condition of things, the natural consequence. Under these circumstances, I agree with Chas. Partridge when he says, "We must have a new basis of religion." Truer words were never spoken; the old is fast passing away, and the sooner we give it a decent burial the better, for humanity has ever been sacrificed in its service. The base on which the religious systems of the world have ever rested has been a divided one. The idea of a personal God and devil, each antagonistic to the other, and ever retaining their distinct individualities, is the natural parent of discord. The belief that spirit is separate and distinct from matter, is an outgrowth from the same parent stock, and will ever produce similar results. What then can be substituted in the room of the old that shall produce harmony where discord reigns supreme. I am asked by one, "Are you a Spiritualist?" My answer is an emphatic yes; the next one I meet says, "Are you a Materialist?" answer with equal sincerity, yes. "But how is this, you can't be both?" I am both, and that makes me a naturalist, and for that very reason I agree and disagree with both; for while they separate the two I connect them, making them one by interchange and conversion. To illustrate, suppose a given circle to represent the universe, and by that term I mean all that is, with nothing outside or beyond. Suppose a number of dots placed in that circle, to represent suns, planets, their outgrowths, and all visible matter, the balance within the circle to represent the invisible or what is termed space. Now I claim that the invisible forces of space are the exact counterparts of visible matter, the two halves of one whole; the one exactly balancing, the other interchanging and representing the motive power of every animate form, each taking the place of the other and becoming what the other was-matter becoming spirit by decomposition and consequent expansion, and spirit becoming matter by a reverse action. That every visible form has its invisible counterpart or duplicate, and each material world having its attendant spirit world, that when we pass from the material to spirit our spirit duplicate passes from spirit to the material, changing from one to the other in one eternal round. Had Miss Hardinge seen things in this light, the phantom Emma and attending circumstances would not have perplexed her. Aside from the fossil remains of antiquated superstition, everything, every organic form by which we are surrounded is trumpet-tongued in proclaiming that spirit and matter cannot be separated; that they are interchanging and convertible. Matter bears the same relation to spirit that night does to day, or that winter does to summer; and with the same propriety might we claim that to-morrow would be the commencement of a neverending day, with no intervening night, or that winter is to be absorbed in one perpetual summer, as that the material is to give place to a never ending spirit life. Spirit and matter are currents and countercurrrents, each equally necessary to a perfect balance of the whole. From matter to spirit and from spirit to matter, is the eternal law of nature, written in the constitution of things; and these changes are developing forms from one condition to another without the aid of any outside creative power. The monarchies of the world are founded on the assumption that there is a power in! dependent of us, but on which we are dependent. They claim to be legal representatives of that power, and to rule by the grace of God and right divine, and that all our rights, powers of action, and even life itself, are derived from the same source. Our government is founded on the principle that all just powers are derived from the consent of the governed. This principle was distinctly enunciated by our fathers, in their bill of rights, that the people are the source of power; that their rights are equal, and that all the powers the highest functionaries ever possessed are the combined powers of those below them; withdraw them and their powers cease. Our rulers, from highest to lowest, are taken from our ranks by our free choice, perform the duties we assign them and return again to the ranks. The people, then, are the source of power, and the rulers chosen by them their servants, the instruments of their power, and are continued in power or removed at their pleasure.

That the religious belief of the world is its controling power none will pretend to deny, and that the religious belief under a monarchial government is in strict harmony with the base on which that government is founded, is equally evident.

But can the same be said of our own? Is our religion founded on the principles of Freedom or a Republic, or on that of a monarchy. What difference between the base of our religion and that of the most absolute despotism? Are the humble petitions that are sent up from thousands of temples and millions of worshipers, directed to a chosen ruler or as supplicants to an absolute monarch, who is entirely independent of us? That it is utterly impossible to sustain a republic on the same base with the monarchies of the world, and that they are exact opposites, should be evident by this time, and the idea that we must have a new base of religion has not come too soon. It is an absolute necessity and the sooner we realize it the better it will be for us; and as our government is based on the inherent rights of man, our religion must have the same foundation to harmonize one with the other, and nothing but this can save us from a return to the barbarisms of the past. That we are fast tending in that direction, the experience of the past four years is sufficient evidence.

To sum up, then, I claim, as facts that challenge refutation, that matter and its motive power are inseparable and convertible, and that the belief in a power that is independent of either is the parent of despotism and the enemy of Freedom and Progress. Westfield, N. Y. J. TINNEY.

Last year there died in New York 14,572 children.

Labor is Honor.

Labor is honor! God's spirit hath spoken: This is the song that his universe sings; Through the vast balls of creation unbroken, Loudly and clearly the glad echo rings; Up from the hills and the green vallies stealing, Seeking the light of the bright sky above, Rises the song to the blue heavens pealing,

Labor is honor and labor is love!

All the great deeds that are grandest in story. Living through centuries cherished and bright, All the great lives that are dearest to glory, Filling the world with flashes of light; Words from whose utterance ages are dated, Thoughts that have held the whole world in control Names on whose echoes the proudest have waited, Are but the offspring of labor and soul!

Not to the eye that glanceth there lightly Doth the bright book of the heavens unfold; But to the spirit that turneth there rightly, Are all its wonders and mysteries told; And at each step to the soul upward springing, Cometh new radiance, new light from above, While in the heart is an angel voice singing, "Labor is honor and labor is love!"

Not on her brow doth the earth bear all brightness-Deep in her breast do the rich diamonds shine. Down in the wave is the pearl's soft whiteness, Hiding the gold is the dust of the mine! Beanty and power, and riches and pleasure, Safe in her bosom lies hidden to-day: Toil is the key that will open her treasure, And at its touch she will give them away.

Light to the mind that in darkness was clouded, Strength to the spirit that weakness had touched, Joy to the soul that in sorrow was shrouded, Life to the heart when its life-springs were hushed. Truth as their foothold who seek it sincerely, Skill to the hand when it toileth to live, Eyes that can look up to heaven's light clearly, '

These are the honors that labor can give!

Religious Reconstruction; the Necessity of a Scientific Basis for Religion.—No. 1.

A philosophical analysis of the human mind,

BY K. GRAVES.

viewed in connection with the practical history of man from the early morning of his existence, fully demonstrates it as an important truth, that individual happiness and the moral welfare of society depends essentially upon the uniform action and harmonious co-operation of all the mental faculties; and that on the other hand, their individually excessive and inharmonious action constitute the primary source of nearly all the crime, misery and discord of society. And it may be well to note here, as another important preliminary truth, that the progressive development of the science of mental philosophy has settled the division of the mental faculties into the following classifications, viz: 1st. The Animal, which imparts energy and impulsive strength to the whole character, mental and physical. 2d. The Social, which is the source of family ties and social and cooperative institutions of society. 3d. The Moral, which makes us regardful of the happiness and welfare of other beings than ourselves. 4th. The Intellectual, which is the great pilot chamber or lighthouse of the whole mind, though it is but recently that discoveries in mental philosophy have fully disclosed this as being its natural and legitimate office, and thus demonstrated it to be the most important department of the mind. Its position in the cerebrum, occupying as it does, the superior frontal lobe of the brain, might, however, have suggested this. Now this is no fanciful delineation, no mere ideal mapping of the mind, but has been demonstrated thousands of times since the discoveries of Gall to be the true condition and classified analysis of the mental faculties. I propose to show (restricting my inquiries to the last two divisions named,) that in the world, which includes also the religious faculties, being that department of the mind which dictates our movements and conduct toward others, and that as it is situated at the apex of the brain, at the point whither the most intensified feelings and impulsive action of the mind concentrates, its misdirection or abnormal exercise is consequently attended with the most direful consequences to society of any other portion of mind, and that all history demonstrates this as a tragical fact. For religion more especially is always born blind. This being a tenable fact, and the religious faculties being awakened into action at an early period of human society before the intel lectual chambers of the mind were lighted up by the illuminating rays of science, supplied by a philosophical education and a thorough and untrammeled study of nature's laws; their natural intensity of feeling, thus uncurbed and unenlightened, drove their honest but dark minded possessors into the most senseless and childish superstitions, the most absurd doctrines, the most relentless intolerance of belief, and the most bloody minded and murderous persecutions, thus proving that conscience unenlightened is a very unsafe and a very dangerous moral and religious guide. The popular Christian proverb, that "man cannot be too religious," comprehends a very fatal error in moral ethics. For the man who possesses more religion than intellect, or more devotional piety than intellectual cultivation and philosophical enlightenment, is a more dangerous man to society than the highway robber or the midnight assassin; because always finding many accomplices to aid him in his direful deeds of bloody persecution, and frequently being able also to invoke successfully the strong arm of the law, his work of defamation and spoliation, if not of open persecution and bloodshed. is wider spread than that of the burglar or the stealthy assassin.

A review of history shows us: 1st. That up to the instalation of the era of science which dates less than three centuries ago, the world (that is the Christian world,) was literally a vast prison house of chains, and a slaughterhouse of butchery and blood, the result of a practical effort of men devoutly pious, to "promote the glory of God" and the establishment of a true religion. 2d. That the perpetrators of these tragical deeds upon men and women were as religious, honest and conscientious "as ever breathed the breath of life," and that they verily believed they were doing God service in thus punishing and exterminating dissenters and heretics. The very fac that many of these pious persecutors perished themselves at the fiery stake in the conscientious and unflinching maintenance of their principles, shouting "Hallelujah," while the burning fagots consumed their bodies, leaves us no possible ground for doubt that a deep religious conviction had actuated them in the work of persecuting and punishing the enemies of their religion, and in attempting to convert the world to its "saving truth" by the sword. Much is said about "conscience," "the internal monitor," "the still, small voice," &c., as a guide for man's moral actions. But if experience and history have ever proved or can prove anything, they prove most conclusively that conscience, unenlightened by the intellectual department of the mind, or a conscience grown up amid the weeds of scientific ignorance is as dangerous a pilot upon the moral ocean as the helmsman of a ship in midnight darkness, surrounded by dangerous shoals and resistless whirlpools. Conscience without science or philosophy, is a lamp without oil, which, consequently being without light, is more likely to lead us astray than to guide us to the temple of truth. Science is the pilot lamp by which we discern our way on the pilgrim voyage of life, while religion is the feeling, the motive power which impels us on. Hence, the latter should at all times be subservient to the former, and should be checked and restrained from

spontaneous development and exercise until the former is duly instaled upon the mental throne as ruler of the moral empire. It is dangerous to cultivate and stimulate the religious feelings until the fires of science or practical philosophy have been kindled up in the intellectual chambers, to furnish the light necessary to guide them in their impulsive course, as it would be to steam up the boilers of a boat when approaching a precipice or cascade in the night, with the pilot asleep upon his hammock and all the lights extinguished in his room. Neither religion nor conscience possess primordially any light of their own. Both are born blind, and all the light they ever possess is by reflection from the intellectual light-house. Prolific indeed of the proof of this statement, is human nature, human experience and universal history-In illustration and demonstration of its truth, let us review for a moment some of the legitimate fruits of the workings of conscience and a "heartfelt religion" before intellect, the father of reason, was awakened to action or was allowed an appreciable voice in the council chambers of the mind. and before the sun of intellectual science has risen above the mental horizon, and streamed out a light upon the onward pathway of man, and prior to which he was consequently drifted upon the ocean of superstition, without rudder and without compass, a victim to the storms of religious excitement, both within and without. Ample historical proofs of these propositions the reader will be supplied with in forthcoming numbers. Harveysburg, Ohio.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal A Story of Southern Life.

BY J. FRANCIS.

In 1856 I resided in the State of Virginia, and was in the employ of a wealthy planter, residing in Prince William's county. During my sojourn there I became perfectly familiar with the workings of slavery, and the petty despotisms practiced by the aristocracy, who, having become wealthy through the hardships and toils of the slave, practiced a strict surveillance over strangers and those they called the white trash—a portion of Southern society, who were blessed with as white skins and far whiter hearts than those who were constantly abusing them and maligning their character. However, I will give the Virginia slaveholder more than ordinary praise, for the fairness manifested toward those unfortunate beings whose case I am now about to lay before your readers.

It was a bright moonlight night in the month of

December. There was a gentle breeze combing the

tree-tops, and warmed by the breath of the tropics.

The evening seemed so much like summer, that I came near forgetting that the sun had reached the southern solstice, and that a severe change was liable to take place at any moment. All was Nature seemed hushed in one grand repose. Little did I think that in a lovely mansion, near by, where I thought all was happiness and harmony, a deed was about to be committed that is considered the most heinous and revolting in the list of crimes. A man with dark blue eyes, his head inclined and supported by his arm resting on his knee, is sitting by a huge fireplace, apparently wrapped in thought. His genial countenance, expressive features, and dark glossy hair, indicated that he was far above mediocrity. The wall was adorned with various paintings, so nicely arranged and so well selected, that he certainly must be a man of taste and refinement. Little did he think that the bright sunshine, balmy breezes, and sweet singing birds, would soon be no more to him on earth, and that he was to pass away by the hands of violence. Another person is present. An old colored woman, seventy years of age, is sitting near. Her heart throbs violently. The tear glistens in her eyes, and she seems to look upward, as if invoking the aid of God. On her countenance is an expression of extreme goodness, but underneath that is manifested a resolute will that seems to betoken violence. Sitting near her in a chair is the man who, when a child, she nursed. The nourishment from her bosom brought him up from a helpless babe to a frolicsome, happy boy, and many a kiss did she imprint upon his rosy cheeks while a mere child, and clasped him to her bosom with all the fondness and devotion of a mother. The door before her is open. Her three children are sitting in an adjoining room, but were beckoned by her to leave the house. She murmurs to herself, "It shall not be." Within her bosom is a raging torrent, unbalancing, seemingly, all the better qualities of her nature. Her three children were to be sold on the following day, and a mother's love, pure as an angel's, incited her to a deed of violence. Taking an axe, she walks up to her victim, who is partially asleep, and deals him a stunning blow on the head. The axe drops from her hand; she stands paralyzed with fear, while her victim, only rendered crazy by the blow, is staggering and reeling about the room, presenting an awful, ghastly spectacle. With the blood streaming down his face, his countenance pale, and his whole frame quivering in agony, he unconsciously steps out of the house, where he is confronted by her children, who finish the horrid deed. They then drag his body into the house, and in order to cover up their bloody work, set fire to it. The lurid flames attract the attention of the adjoining planters, and soon a large number are in attendance. The slaves are closely questioned, and finally confess the horrid deed. Thanks to the planters, they did not, though infuriated to the highest degree, hang them on the spot, but took them to jail, to await their trial at the next session of court. The time for court arrived, and the old woman and two of her sons, after examination and trial, were sentenced to be hung. The other was acquitted. The day for their execution came, and with it people from far and near, to witness the action of retributive justice. In a common lumber wagon, the old slave and her two sons were conveyed from the jail to the scaffold. Sitting between the two, with her arms clasped around their necks, and her eyes turned heavenward, she was carried along, singing, "We are going home to Jesus," etc. Thus ended the life of a poor old soul, who, to save her children, killed her master. She had no thought that the scaffold would come between her and the "home with Jesus." THE CAMELS.-A correspondent asked the other

day what had become of the camels which the United States had in Texas before the war. We have come upon traces of one of these animals, which seems to have joined the rebels. The Memphis Argus says: The first effort to introduce the camel into this country was in process of successful experiment when the war came, and put a stop to it. One of the camels originally imported for the purpose, fell into the hands of one of General Sterling Price's captains of Infantry, commanding a company from Noxubee county, Miss., who used it all through the war to carry his own and the whole company's baggage. Many a time on the march he might have been seen swinging easily along under a little mountain of carpet sacks, cooking utensils, blankets, etc., amounting in all to at least twelve

In Mexico everything is in a muddle.

hundred pounds.

Beligio-Philosophical Journal

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OFFICE, 84, 86 & 88 DEARBORN ST., 3d FLOOR. RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION, PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

& S. JONES, President. GEO. H. JONES, Secretary.

For terms of subscription see Prospectus on eighth page. "The Pen is mightier than the Sword." .

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

Hudson Tuttle.

No man of Letters in America has a better right to be known than has Hudson Tuttle; no one, perhaps, is so little known, outside the ranks of Spiritualists

and reformers. It cannot be said that he has written but little, and that that little is devoid of merit. Few persons under thirty have written so much or so well. Neither is it because we are not a nation of readers. There is hardly a school girl who is not familiar with the writings of Emma Southworth, Artemus Ward, Orpheus Kerr, and in fact with most of the great army of trash venders. One would hardly venture to ask a reader if he had read Macaulay, Ruskin, Carlyle, Tennyson, but ask if he is familiar with the "Arcana of Nature," and very likely he will reply, "Who wrote it? Where was the work published?" If Bayard Taylor, Donald Mitchell, or Edmund Kirk-gentlemen who wear honorably won laurels -were in the city, there is not a soul of us who would not feel ennobled by the friendly clasp of their inky fingers; but Hudson Tuttle has been ten days in Chicago, and about all that is known of him, outside of the Spiritualists, is that a young man, with quiet grace and a gait which seems to say, "out of the way," goes and comes, eats and sleeps, and speaks twice on Sunday in Bryan Hall, to attentive audiences. We do not mention this to criticize, but simply to state a fact.

Mr. Tuttle, as is true of almost all, who deeply apply themselves to thought, is wanting in attractive power. We only know him, as we know a faroff, nameless star-by its steady, mellow light. then, he is looking fameward, he must work, and wait to be posthumously lionized.

Hudson Tuttle was born in a log cabin, situated in the dense wilderness which then extended over Northern Ohio. Nature endowed him with a fine, sensitive temperament and a good intellectual organization. His early advantages were those a country district school afforded. But to do and to be depends much upon the individual. If the will is wanting, schools avail but little. The resolve to develop one's mental powers, once made, and all things become aids. Every leaf and flower, every star and every sand grain, will turn teacher. Mr. Tuttle knows this, and applies to them as frequently as he does to books for the analysis of stern problems.

It has been erroneously stated that he is not educated—is not informed upon philosophical subjects, only as he receives information from the angel spheres. This is a mistake. While he accepts, with deep gratitude, the aid of those in the Beyond, he accepts, equally reverently, the great truths found | RACE. elsewhere. Mr. Tuttle, with an independence characteristic of all he does, chose the farm as a means of securing a livelihood. Said he, when still a boy: "I am about to engage in a cause which is unpopular. I cannot expect support from it. I must look to a business which will yield a steady maintenance." His hands and brain work in unison. All the modern improvements, all the revelations of science, are saguciously applied to agriculture, the production of grain and fruits, and perfection of his herds. In this he has been pre-eminently successful. From the plow he turns to his study—a studio, as well. Midnight and the small hours of the morning find him with his books or pen. He is, no doubt, thoroughly conversant with the writings of Agassiz, Hugh Miller, Bolingbroke, D'Holback, Hume, Humboldt, Darwin, and the latest works of all the great thinkers of the Old World, as with the popular American works.

These authors are not his teachers, but his companions, his friends; and for Humboldt he has the deep feelings of a son for a tender father. He reads what they have written here, and their spirits closely approach him, correcting the errors they have committed, in their writings, and impressing new thoughts.

In 1857 Mr. Tuttle was united in marriage to Miss Emma Rood, a young lady of rare poetical and artistic powers. With hands, hearts and heads united, they have accomplished a great work. Emma, not yet twenty-six years of age, the housekeeper, the mother of two children, has written more poems in the past eight years than have been written in the same time by any man or woman in the country. Hudson has written much in verse; but he excels as a prose writer. His style is pithy, clear; his words are few and well chosen. Like to the rostrum. He is, however, a good speaker; his lectures, like his books, are terse, philosophical, and his deep-thoughted metaphors often tell like cannon balls. But he lacks the sensational—the intoxicating elixir - which lifts the wondering audience into star-land.

Mr. Tuttle, at the age of sixteen years, found himself a medium. At first he wrote mechanically; then by impression. We next find him drawing antidiluvian shells, reptiles, men. He has painted in oil scenes in the spirit world. A fine group, "The Guardian Angels," has been photographed and scattered over the country.

At the age of twenty he wrote his first published volume, "Life in the Spheres," a wonderful story interwoven with the great principles of the Spiritual philosophy. At the same age he wrote the first volume of the "Arcana of Nature." It was published in 1863. He has since written a second volume. The books have had a large sale among the more advanced minds in this country, already having passed through three editions, the iron heel of military despotism on her very and have been translated into the German heart. language. They are doing very much towards liberalizing the German mind on both sides of the Atlantic. The German, perhaps, has been more ready to accept the philosophy of the Arcana than the American has been.

In 1864, Mr. and Mrs. Tuttle published "The Blossoms of Our Spring," a volume of poems, which has been well received by the public. Hudson has sooner than yield an inch of territory, will yield a new work in press, on the "Origin and An- their lives. tiquity of Man, Scientifically Considered." We understand that he has another work in MSS. to | Ca'holicism. The most intelligent and influential

writing weekly leading articles, stories, essays, etc., for reform journals. But our object is not to write of Mr. Tuttle. We designed simply to say that he is speaking to the Spiritualists in this city, and to give a sketch of his lectures.

Sunday morning, the 8th, he took for a text "The Religion of the Future." The lecturer stated that Protestantism and Catholicism were the same in essence—they were foreign to the nature of man, were forced upon him, and not outgrowths of his own spirit. The follies and inconsistencies of this belief were admirably delineated, sometimes by logical reasoning, at others by keen sarcasm. They have become effete, and no longer serve the wants of a vigorous thinking people. The church might prolong its existence by adopting Spiritualism, but it will not, it would destroy it eventually. Hence Spiritualism stands alone as the Religion of the Future. It is not a graft upon Christianity as Christianity is on Judaism, but the sum total of human progress, embracing the universe of matter and of spirit.

The subject of the evening was: "Spirit-Its Origin, Phenomena, Laws and Destiny." This was treated in an entirely original manner. All the communications from the Spirit world were collected, and from them all a philosophy, which, at first, however fanciful, was developed, and its enunciations proven by scientific facts. After presenting the numberless views, ancient and modern, of the origin of spirit, the lecturer presented what science had to say on the mysterious question. The reason why a spirit is immortal and physical forms mortal, was clearly explained. The phenomena of death, harsh and repulsive, became, while following the lecturer, wonderful and beautiful.

The morning's discourse of last Sunday was: "Heaven." The lecturer gave a history of the ideas of hell and heaven, beginning in savage ages, the childhood of Chaldea and Egypt. The sternest logic, the sharpest sarcasm, were brought to bear on these old ideas. He then compared them with the spirit-world, which was presented in all the beauty eloquence could paint.

The evening's subject was "The Intellectual and Moral Progress of the Ages." All the great moral maxims were known from immemorial time. There was not a single truth in Christ's sermon on the mount, but had been known for ages. The golden rule was stated by Confucius 600, and by Pythagoras 500 years before. All progress arises from development of the intellect from knowledge--persecution and intolerance from ignorance. Knowledge is our only saviour and guide. Revelation has given nothing new to the world. It but repeats the old. Conversion must grow out of the mind and not be forced upon it.

Mr. Tuttle has gone to his home, bearing with him the blessings of all who had the good fortune to listen to his instructive discourses.

The Fenians.

A great movement is agitating the Irish people, both in this country and their native land. Of its extent, we can only conjecture. It may be but another of those spasmodic efforts that people have made to throw off the galling yoke of a foreign despotism, so ruthlessly forced upon them; it may be a great uprising involving a whole people, and meriting the name of revolution, and not rebellion. From the wide combinations of this country, the great and sagacious preparations made, the latter supposition is probably the correct one. It is somewhat like the great uprising of the Slavonians in 1848, and presents us with the astonishing sympathy which exists between the individuals of the same

It is said England trembles, and that the prospects for Erin's success are fair. Renan says everything great in the world has been produced by great and unwarrantable hopes, and assuredly the expectations of the Fenians and their friends are such. Their cause is a noble one, and worthy of the noble ambition it generates. The prayer of every freeman will arise for their success, but at the same time, reason sternly tells us that they cannot be successful.

Dominion rests with Power. We may say what we will about the power of right and truth; perhaps the silliest idea that ever passed into a proverb, is that one which ascribes a strength to support itself, to truth. It as often fails as error. It may conquer in the end, because successive generations arise, and some of them at a favorable time may adopt it, but it is not received until that time comes. Is the Koran true? It was forced on millions of men. A hundred reformers perished before Luther vindicated the same truth. His truth has been put down in Italy, Spain, France, and more than half of Europe. It was received in those countries where the sovereigns accepted it.

So Fenianism may be very right, and can hope nothing but the sympathy of the world, for being right. Victory will perch on the banner of the strongest legion. It has been thus in America. Twelve millions opposed themselves to twenty millions. It is true the twenty millions had the right; but suppose the twelve millions had been double, who doubts but the right of the twenty would have been trampled in the dust, and the blackness of slavery spread to-day from the Great Lakes to the Gulf-from ocean to ocean?

The Irish have, say a population of three millions, England of twenty-seven millions. England has a most students, he belongs more to the study than | vast navy, a standing army, exhaustless munitions of war, is already prepared, so that we must allow one Englishman is equal to an Irishman, and give a great balance of valor to the latter. Now in a hand to hand fight, a death grapple, it is plain that after every Irishman was utterly destroyed, there would be twenty-four millions of English left.

This may appear heartless; it is only the invincible argument of figures. It is rather heartless to encourage the hope of success, when only disaster and ruin can follow.

Perhaps, however, the United States may eventually become involved in the struggle. If so, then the view is changed; but of that there can be no reasonable expectation. We have nothing to gain,

but everything to lose by such an encounter. There can be but one inevitable result. The Anglo-Saxon, proud, haughty, and defiant, believing in self-government applied to himself, and at the same time nursing the idea that he is the born ruler of all other peoples, crushed centuries ago vigorous, youthful Ireland, and they now will plant

There is no escape. The Celtic race can never be their own republican rulers. A foreign people—the Anglo-Saxon Bourbons governed the French Celt, until the last brief episode of Louis Napoleon, and they have governed Ireland until they have almost made it their own.

They never let go their hold of a conquest, and | men.

What is more, Fenianism is but another name for follow soot. All this he has accomplished, beside | portion of the Irish population are Protestants, and | and in the forum. Now we hear of him presiding |

they, of course, are opposed to the movement. Ireland is divided against itself-how meet the crushing force of England? It is better to accept the fact. Ireland has no future, except her influence exerted in union with other nations. Even their chief acknowledges that at the present rate of emigration, in twenty-five years only one and a half millions of people will be left. These will be mostly Protestants, for it is the Catholic element that emigrates. Then there will be no need of rebellion.

Rev. John Pierpont.

Human nature, taken as a whole, is a strange commodity. We have been taken from the same dust-heap, and moulded by the same hand. We inhale the same air, we are warmed by the same sun, and we are going to the same Beyond; yet how diverse our works and ways! Some are mere earthlings; they ask for nothing but what belongs to the earth. Others shoot away like sky-rockets, blaze a moment, and are gone.

There are those who, fungia-like, collect and cling together. These persons are wanting in courage, character, selfhood. You find them creeping into monasteries, taking shelter in churches, binding themselves by creeds and looking for their gospel in the statute code. They die, are decently buried, and are forgotten-fortunately.

There is another class of humanity, who pay little heed to croakers, little to Mrs. Grundy. They are pioneers-independent thinkers. They accept the waters of truth without even asking, or caring to know, who are the pitcher-bearers. They cry aloud against crime, whether it comes clothed in rags or ermine. Among these apostles of our humanity we find John Pierpont. We have never heard his voice, never so much as touched his garment's hem; but we know him as we know his elder brother, the gentle Jesus.

Forty years ago Mr. Pierpont sat alone in his little study. It was night—a desolate, starless night. The commotion in the outer world, the storm and drifting snow spoke to his listening spirit of the inharmony, the wretchedness, the wrongs, the storms of human passion, that were desolating the world within. He saw blear-eyed conservatism and red-handed wrong crushing the world's aching heart. In that awful hour the future, its lights and shadows, passed like kaleidoscopic views before his mental vision. Intemperance, slavery, a false theology, vile oppression, rested incubus like upon God's green earth. He heard the wail of pale poverty, and saw pampered wealth enthroned upon broken spirits; he saw beautiful women victimized in the name of law, and heard the church cry "Amen!" With these scenes and sounds before and around him, he cast the nation's horoscope, and then and there vowed unto heaven a vow that henceforth he would take humanity, like a precious child, to his heart. The wrongs inflicted upon one of the humblest should be a wrong unto him. So, consecrated by heaven to the new work, he went out among men a teacher of righteousness. He became a prophet to this wicked nation, revealing its crimes and foretelling the dread consequences. He rebuked the mammon-worshipper, who lives to count profit and loss. He plead the cause of the poor, the victims of oppression. He called the church to its awful reckoning, and waged an uncompromising war against African slavery. All these things the church bore with commendable grace, although his words rang like shot and shell in the theological ranks. At last this soldier of the New Dispensation stormed a fortification, supposed hitherto invulnerable, took captive King Alcohol, and disbanded his cohorts. The distillers were frantic; the retailers of ardent spirits were infuriated. Their gods of gold had been demolished. "Othello's occupation was gone." With these glorious calamities, pomp and splendor, fine houses and fast horses, would pass away. What was to be done? The church took counsel and resolved to banish their minister from

the pulpit. The infamous work was done. In 1839 the members of the Hollis Street Church, in Boston, Mass., dismissed Rev. John Pierpont for "meddling with the temperance question." Wonder if Boston is not ashamed of the outrage! Wonder if the Hollis Street Church members would not like to burn the records of 1839, and scatter the ashes to the "winds of heaven!"

Mr. Pierpont's faithful friend, the risen N. P. Rogers, in writing of the great wrong imposed upon Mr. Pierpont, said:

"We bid the servile country look at it as a sign of the times. It will be marked by the future historian, as he tells of the reformation of the country or its downfall, which ever event may be in the designs of Providence, an alternative puzzling to our conjecture. Much is doing to save it. Pierpont has done much. Hollis street pews mistake, in supposing their ejection will prevent his doing much more. He was before a pent moral volcano-ribbed in by these pew and pulpit obstructions;-for after all his burning freedom, he has been impeded and embarrassed by those nightmares, that from their sixty-three perches, stared their torporific eyes at his dedicated station. Cast out from that house, he will prove an Ætna in full eruption.

"It is a threatening token, when the New England capital banishes her Unitarian ministers from the pulpit, for being bold and faithful to speak of the mammoth vices of the city and the crimes of the day. Boston's favorite denomination banished unblushingly for preaching the truth, even in the graceful phrase and scholarly periods of Pierpont! See how her other steeples will bear it. But it is again an encouraging token, that a preacher of this popular persuasion there, should have the boldness and fidelity to incur ejection in such a behalf. It shows one tenth at least, in the haughty city, of the salt, that may be required to save it."

Mr. Rogers was correct in his estimate of his friend. Driven from the pulpit, the broad world became his theatre of action; rejected by the people he had loved to lead into the "green pastures of a better land" the slaves, the outcasts, the prisoners, the paupers, came nearer to his heart. He heard their pleas for help, their prayers for strength to bear life's burdens. He saw hands, pale and helpless and shackled, asking assistance. So the watcher on the Unitarian walls turned missionary at large, and denounced wickedness everywhere, whether in high or low places. The church and the slave power cursed, but did not silence the brave worker.

When Spiritualism knocked at the world's gate, Mr. Picrpont was among the first to give it a hearing. He did not question its origin; he did not ask in whose name it was - at; but he asked if it was the bearer of blessings to the soul, the harbinger of "peace and good will" to the children of

When the war called for men and money, strong arms and clear heads, Mr. Pierpont said: "I am an old man; but if I can be of service to my country, take me." He has been of vast benefit in the field

over the Convention of Spiritualists in Philadelphia. Dr. Child heard his first words to the assembled multitude, and catching them upon his pen-point,

he sent them over to us.

Mr. President Pierpont said: "As I look around this hall, I see no head that the hand of time has floated down its snows upon, deeper than my own.' We wonder if the hovering, listening angels did not add: "We see no robes whiter than thine."

The Eclipse.

On Wednesday of last week, pursuant to an engagement made in early ages, the moon promenaded before the face of the sun. It was a grand sight to thus see the vindication of great astronomical and mathematical laws; laws, which, like impalpable but gigantic spirits, pervade the interminable planetary spaces, and hold the revolving orbs with chains of adamant. Who can deny that the moon revolves around the earth, when the eclipse writes the fact in such plain letters? Did you watch, oh, astronomer from your lofty observatory, through your mammoth telescope for the appearance of twilight on the moon's escaping circumference? You detected none, and say the moon has no atmosphere-she has none, or else there would have been twilight. You learn that by the eclipse, and that there is no water on her silvery surface. The immense jagged shadows you observe stretching over the plains, speak of volcanic mountains, thirty and forty miles high. The black spots you see are cavities equally deep. So far as population is concorned, the moon is a great failure, if created by

We stood on the shores of Lake Michigan, and saw the edge of the sun broken! We called to our aid our faith in planetary laws. Wonderful faith in those gigantic inapproachable spirits of space! Will they guide the orbs aright? Are we correct in saying it is the moon? May be it is a solar spot, that will spread over the whole disc and the earth be shrouded in eternal gloom! Man! Vaunting man, ant that thou art, how little does it take to destroy all thy boasted nothingness!

Then as the waves splashed, the shades of the red Indians so recently occupying this spot seemed to arise, and terrified as children by the incomprehensible fact, having no idea of planetary laws, and consequently personifying every occurrence, united in dismal howlings, and beating of drums to frighten away the monster that is devouring the sun! Children of the forest, who rest on the senses, the philosopher who rests on divine laws feels equal awe as you. How small is the stretch of fancy to picture the devouring dragon in the dark sky? The night hue of the horizon is the shadow of his bat-like

The morning was cold, we thought it peculiarly icy. It was probably fancy. During the eclipse it seemed colder, and the deep dusky ultra-marine of the horizon conveyed a feeling of loneliness and sadness. The buildings of the city and the ships in the harbor appeared strange in the ghostly light, and the white sails in the dim distance, like lost spirits, homeward bound through the gloom.

The Cholera.

The cholera is again approaching this country. The former visits of this epidemic were in 1832, and in 1849. Its cycle is, apparently, seventeen years, and 1866 will be the periodical year for its visitation. The cause that produces it, the hygienic influences that modify its fatality, and the best remedy for its cure, are questions that interest every

A mystery involves its cause, though many incline to the opinion that it is produced by some derangement of the magnetic and electric forces of the earth, which we cannot control, but our system of defence is confined to the proper regulation of our habits and surroundings.

A locality that is perfectly drained, that is free from all decaying matter, is of course preferable for a home, during the prevalence of the disease. In addition, it might be suggested to eat moderately of such articles as fully nourish the body, and also create no disturbance in the digestive organs. An abundance of sleep, which is the great restorer of nervous energy, is no less important, and should not be neglected. The digestive functions of every one, in a cholera atmosphere, are debilitated, and the greatest number of cases occur in the night resulting from the indigestion of supper. It will be wise for every one during its prevalence to avoid that meal or partake of a very light repast.

Another exciting cause of cholcra is the use of limestone water as a drink, or in any culinary preparation. In the limestone regions it has always prevailed with the greatest fatality, and in freestone regions, the cases have been only sporadic. Plantations on the Mississippi river in former visitations of the epidemic, when all the slaves used cistern water, were entirely exempt from the disease, whilst those plantations adjacent, which used river or well water, were decimated by the pestilence. For that purpose, the rains that fall in the winter alone should be used for drink-otherwise, it would require filtration.

As regards the remedy, of course every one will avail himself of a physician as soon as practicable. To those attacked, who may not be able to procure immediate medical attention, I have preserved and copied a remedy used with marked success, by Captain Peabody, who treated forty cases on his ship in crossing the Atlantic, and never lost a case. He administered to each patient as soon as attacked, a tablespoonful of salt and a teaspoonful of Cayenne pepper in a cup of hot water. It acted promptly as an emetic, cleansing the stomach of a discolored mucus, produced reaction, and with a judiciously regulated dict, resulted in the cure of every case.

O. S. POSTON.

Reconstruction.

In another column will be found an article upon reconstruction, by Dr. Hamilton. It contains some very grand ideas; but we see no good reason for the pledge of faithfulness "to accepted and acknowledged partners." The law is for the lawless; the prison for the criminal; the asylums for the mentally and physically diseased. If a class of persons have need of pledges, if virtue is not in-souled, let asylums be built for these morally diseased, for they are not fitted for the glorious work of "Reconstruction."

Let us make an everlasting covenant with our own souls, that we will not bow the servile knee to the gods of this world. If we are true to our better natures; if we are uncontaminated by the filth of false doctrines, the world will learn the fact by our lives, far better than by pledges and protestations. Let us repel every system, every ism, law, and custom, that binds or limits the soul in its search for truth. Let us accept whatever promotes the health, beauty, harmony and divine growth of the Spirit, | itles. without asking permission of men, angels or institutions.

Mrs. Jordan, the medium, is at No. 78 North Dearborn street, and not at 74 as has been stated. I

Our Children. The young readers of the Jounnal are among the fortunates. While the old people are racking their brains in the vain endeavor to solve theological problems, our children are reading the very pleasant stories written for them by Hudson Tuttle, and by Dr. "W. H. W."

But it is not enough that they learn the deep mysteries stowed away in the heart of Mother Earth, and the number of bones in the human structure; they are calling for stories. Well, we are all lovers of fiction; we all love to float away into cloudland, to dream, and to live with the ideal. Then may not these darlings be gratified with a few chapters of romance, if they contain—as they dogood moral precepts?

We have heard the children's call, and heeded it. The consequence is, we have received two genuinely good stories, and we mistake if others than young eyes and cars do not read and listen to these admirable tales.

We shall, next week, ask Mr. Tuttle and Dr. W. to step aside and make room, while a lady tells our children a capital story. Who will present our children with a Christmas story? They will want-

Singular Event.

On Tuesday night, of last week, Mr. John Macauley and his wife Margaret, both seventyeight years of age, and formerly of the county of Down, Ireland, retired to bed, complaining of being sick. They rapidly grew worse, and in the premonition of approaching death, requested to be buried in the same grave. At six o'clock on Wednesday morning, Mrs. Macauley died, and at four o'clock yesterday morning, the husband also breathed his

This aged couple commenced life's journey on the same green isle, about the same time. In life's May they united their hands, lives, destinies. They have seen much of life, its changes, sorrows, joys. New births have made glad, and death sorrowful their lives. But amid all these changes, they have kept, unwavering, their faith in God and Heaven; and the Shamrock is not fresher, greener, than has ever been the love and trust each heart has borne the other.

When the sunset betokened the closing of life's day, they had but one request to make, "Bury us together." All that was mortal of this venerable couple lies in our cometery; but the immortals have gone on to the Eternal Hills.

Personal.

Dr. L. K. Coonley is slowly recovering from a long illness. He passed through this city a day or two since, on his way to Newburyport, Mass.

REV. JAMES FRANCIS, from the State of New York, is in our city, en route for the South. Mr. Francis has escaped from ecclesiastical chains and wisely declines to put himself again into bonds. He is, however, a believer in the Spiritual Philosophy, and will ever be found ready to defend his faith.

DR. L. L. FARNSWORTH, the medium, has returned to this city and will devote his time to the answering of sealed letters. His Post Office box is 282, Chicago, Ill.

Notice of Meetings.

Mr. Warwick Martin will speak in Bryan Hall, in this city, on Sunday, the 29th, at 101/4 A.M., and at

Mrs. A. A. Currier will speak in Bryan Hall, in this city, the Sundays of November and December.

The North Western Spiritual Association hold their next Convention at Appleton, Wisconsin, November 4th and 5th. The Rev. Mr. Fishback, N. F. White and Mrs. S. E. Warner are invited to L. L. RANDALL. address the meeting.

The Convention.

By the kindness of the Secretary of the Convention we have received a report of the proceedings of the first two days of the Convention. We may safely promise our readers a continuation of the report in our next number. In fact it will take some weeks to give-as we hope to give-a full report of most of the speeches as, Dr. Child is a rapid and correct short hand reporter.

To Our Patrons.

All persons sending money orders, drafts, etc., are requested to make them payable to the order of the Secretary, George H. Jones. Subscribers wishing their address changed should be particular to send the address to which their paper is now sent, as well as the location to which they have removed. On subscribing for the JOURNAL, state the number of the paper at which you wish to commence.

To Contributors.

We are under many obligations to our contributors for so generously furnishing us with communications. We trust that they will continue to speak to the public through our columns.

JOHN BROWN'S GRAVE .- A correspondent of the Boston Transcript describes a visit to the grave of John Brown, at North Elba, Essex County, N. Y.: "The grave is three miles from the house where we were staying. We walked slowly through the woods. The air was soft, clear and caim. It seemed a forctaste of the peace which he and all blessed martyrs have entered into. The beautiful mountains looked so blue and grand! The walk was a solemn one to us all. It was a lovely spot. We found it close by his house, under the shadow of a rock. The stone was simple, old and rough. The name of Captain Brown, a revolutionary soldier, came first; then that of John Brown, with only the statement of his execution in Charlestown, Va.; below this was the name of his son Oliver, killed at Harper's Ferry. On the other side of the monument are the names of two other of his boys, Ossawattomie and Watson, who were killed in the raid; beneath Ossawattomic's name it was recorded that he died for his adherence to the cause of freedom; this was the only epitaph. It seemed so fitting for him to be laid in sight of the grand old mountains! I could not help thinking he drew the inspiration of his brave spirit from them. The enclosure has been tenderly kept. Rose bushes had been planted in it. On our way to the grave we gathered evergreen and the bright immortelles, and when we reached it we sat down and twined them into wreaths and crosses, and placed them upon it. We had a beautiful service there. Mr. - read from the Psalms. I asked him to read 'The Lord is my Shepherd,' and 'I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills,' and he did. I read two or three hymns, and then came a bene-

It is asserted that in Germany, since the beginning of the railroad system, twenty or thirty years ago, not a single life has been lost in consequence of mismanagement on the part of the railroad agents. A few have killed themselves by incautiously approaching or getting off the train, but none have been killed by what are called accidents or casual-

The Post Office Department has Issued a special order declaring that any one carrying letters outside of the mails, except in a government stamped enve-lope, will be hereafter arrested, and the law fully enforced upon him.

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

OF THE SECOND

National Convention of Spiritualists HELD AT CONCERT HALL, PHILADELPHIA, OCTOBER 17, 1865.

TUESDAY-MORNING SESSION.

The venerable John Pierpont said: Brothers and Sisters :- As I look around this Hall. I see no head that the hand of Time has floated down its snows upon deeper than my own. I trust, therefore, that it will not be considered arrogance or assumption on my part, if I take the few advantages of age in requesting you to come to order.

By the grace of my generous friends in this city, have been placed at the head of the delegation from Philadelphia, and as such, it is my privilege to welcome you to this city of Brotherly Love, to deliberate upon the great interests of Spiritualism, those things pertaining to the Spirit of Man, which I take to be the interest of the kingdom of God. In what better place could the friends of the cause be welcomed than in this, the city of Brotherly Love. We come here to deliberate upon the interests of no new form of religion; for if, in the language of

"But if as holiest men have deemed there be A land of souls beyond the sable shore, To shame the doctrine of the Sadducee,"

it is a cause and interest that deserves serious consideration from every individual, the most ful calm, deliberate consideration that can be given to it, not that it contributes a new form of religion, a new religion. Perhaps we have outgrown the creeds in which we were born and early indoctrinated, but Spiritualism as I understand it, is no new religion it is older than Protestantism; it is older than Mahommedanism: it is older than Judaism; it is older than any known form of religion; it is older than the oldest form of literature that is known in this part of the world; for the author of that most magnificent of all poems, the Book of Job, was i Spiritualist, whoever he was; for-

"In the visions of the night, when deep sleep falleth upon man, a vision passed before mine eyes: the hair of my ficsh stood up, and the bones within me did quake, a form passed before my eyes."

It is this old belief, that communication between the spirits that have left the form, and those that remain here, is not a new faith. We come now to deliberate on this that has sometimes been called a new faith. What better place than in this city, where the independence of our nation was first declared? Why may we not come together here? If our fathers were independent of those who had gone before them in their national efforts, why may we not be independent of those around us, and stand forth nobly for the defence of our principles? But I will not detain you longer, but call upon Hon. S. S. Jones, of Illinois, President of the former Convention, to temporarily preside.

Frank L. Wadsworth was appointed Secretary pro tem.

Call of the Convention read by the Secretary. The following members of the National Executive Committee were present: S. S. Jones, F. L. Wadsworth, Henry T. Child, M. D.; Warren Chase, Mary F. Davis, and Milo O. Mott.

Dr. H. T. Child moved that a committee of five be appointed by the Convention, to act with the Executive Committee as Committee on Credentials. Judge Carter moved as a substitute for Dr. Child's motion, that a Committee of thirteen be appointed by the Convention, who should constitute the Com-

mittee on Credentials. Substitute accepted, and the motion adopted. The following persons were thereupon appointed: Judge Carter, Warren Chase, F. L. Wadsworth, Milo O. Mott, Dr. Geo. Dutton, L. B. Wilson, M. B. Dyott, J. S. Loveland, Dr. H. T. Child, Dr. H. S.

Brown, Dr. Wm. White, C. H. Crowell, Mrs. J. S. Fuller. The Committee retired to examine the credentials of membership to the Convention.

The Committee reported favorably upon the credentials of the following named persons:

Vermont-Newman Weeks, Geo. Dutton, M. D.; Mrs. M. S. Townsend, Mrs. M. B. Randall, W. W. Russell, Milo O. Mott.

Massachusetts-J. S. Loveland, Chas. W. Crowell, George W. Smith, Mrs. George W. Smith, L. B. Wilson, Mrs. L. B. Wilson, Miss Lizzie Doten, C. A. Southworth, Mrs. C. A. Southworth, Miss Sarah A. Southworth, Phineas E. Gay, Uriah Clark, H. F. Gardner, Daniel Farrar, John Weatherbee, Mrs. L. B. Stockwell, Chas. E. Jenkins, Jonathan Pierce, A. E. Giles, E. Haynes, N. S. Greenleaf, G. W. Walker, Sarah Holbrook, Annie Lord Chamberlain, A. H. Richardson, C. C. York, Mrs. C. C. York, A. S. Hayward, Mrs. M. S. Townsend, James Hulme, Harriet M. Owen, Mrs. S. H. Young, Wm. E. Pollock.

Rhode Island-L. K. Joslyn, W. G. R. Mowrey, Josiah Simmons, Mrs. Josiah Simmons, Miss Phebe H. Hall, Rufus Reed, Mrs. Rufus Reed, Samuel B. Chaffer, Octavia Rice, Louisa Boomer. Connecticut-J. S. Loveland, J. J. Hatlinger, M. D.;

Emeline Moses, Asa H. Rogers. New York-A. J. Davis, Mary F. Davis, Dr. Ralph Glover, Miss Fannie E. Love, Benj. Todd, Dr. D. B. Marks, Miss Sarah Betts, F. L. H. Willis, Henry Bush, Chas. Partridge, H. B. Storer, Albert Day, P. J. Avery, Emma A. Halsted, Eliza L. Schriber, Mrs. Eliza Marvin, Jacob Covert, John Brownell, James McClure, Andrew J. King, Maria M. King, D. B. King, N. Frank White, Mrs. A. M. Spence. New Jersey-J. G. Fish, Dr. H. E. Bowles, Mrs. C.

A. P. Poor, Hosea Allen, J. N. Dixon, Deborah Butler, Dr. C. W. Howard, A. Woodburn, Warren Chase.

Pennsylvania-M. B. Dyott, Mrs. M. B. Dyott, Alice Tyson, Dr. H. T. Child, Mrs. - Chase, Peter Osborne, Mrs. Minnie Shumway, Martha Brown, Wm. Wharton, Isaac Rehn, Mary Stretch, Mrs. -Barney, Louis Belrose, Julia Belrose, C. E. Sargent, Mrs. - Fithian, W. L. Robinson, James Trueman, Alfred B. Justice, Geo. Bellinger, John L. Isett, Ellen S. Banks, Wm. H. Grash, John Langham, J. H. Hobbs, Mary Cavanaugh, Susan Baker, Rev. C. Jeffries, Joseph Bardine, F. Hill, Wm. H. Johnston, Olive H. Frazer, Isaac P. Walton, Geo. Ramsey, Dr. Wm. B. Fahnestock.

Delaware-Thomas Gurrett, Mr. Lea Puscy. District of Columbia-Hon. J. C. Smith, Dr. J. A. Rowland.

Ohio-Judge Carter, Mrs. Judge Carter, J. L. Taylor, Mrs. J. L. Taylor, Wm. Ward, Mrs. Wm. Ward, Henry Beck, Chas. Thompson, Mrs. Sarah M. Thompson, Mr. Geo. Cary, Mrs. Geo. Cary. Illinois-S. S. Jones, A. H. Robinson, G. W. Thomas, Dr. Geo. H. Haskell, Emma Steel, Mrs. 8 Fuller, N. E. Daggett, Mr. Coe, Mr. Burr. Wisconsin-Joseph B. Burr, H. S. Brown, M. D.;

A. S. Palmer, Mrs. A. S. Palmer, Nellie L. Wiltsie. Michigan-F. L. Wadsworth, Benj. Todd. Kentucky-Sarah B. Smith.

The report was adopted. The following substitutes were received for dele-

gates not present: J. W. H. Toohey, for Charles Partridge; W. A. Ludden, for Albert Day, of New York; J. S. Hunter, for Henry Beck, of Ohlo. Dr. Child offered a resolution, that the delegations from each State appoint one of their number to act on Committee of Permanent Organization for

The following named persons were appointed: Dr. W. W. Russell, Vt.; C. H. Crowell, Mass.; Henry Bush, N. Y.; Dr. Bowles, N. J.; M. B. Dyott, Penn.; Asa H. Rogers, Conn.; Dr. Rowland, D. C.; Benj. Todd, Mich.; Dr. Geo. Haskell, Ill.; George Cary, Ohio; Thos. Garrett, Delaware; Nellie L.

Wiltsie, Wis. Adjourned till 3 o'clock P. M.

the Convention. Adopted.

TUESDAY, 8 P. M. Convention met, pursuant to adjournment.

The Committee of Permanent Organization made the following report, which was, on motion, unanimously adopted For President.—Rev. John Pierpont, Washington,

Vice Presidents.-Isaac Relin, Penn.; H. S. Brown, M. D., Wis.; J. G. Fish, N. J.; Thomas Garrett, Delaware; J. A. Rowland, M. D., D. C.; Judge Carter, Ohio; Mrs. Mary F. Davis, N. J.; Hon. S. S. Jones, Ill.; C. H. Crowell, Muss.; Asa H. Rogers, Conn.; Mrs. M. B. Randall, M. D., Vt.; Benj. Todd,

Secretaries .- Henry T. Child, M. D., Penn.; J. S. Loveland, Mass.; F. L. Wadsworth, Mich.; Nellie L. Wlitsle, Wis.

Treasurer .- M. B. Dyott, Penn. HENRY BUSH, Chairman. (Signed)

CHAS. H. CROWELL, Secretary. On mo ion of Warren Chase, it was resolved that a commit ce of five be appointed to make arrangements for the opening and closing of the sessions, and other general business pertaining to the Convention. Whereupon, Messrs. M. B. Dyott, Judge !

A. G. W. Carter, A. J. Davis, Mrs. Fuller, and Annie Lord Chamberlain, were appointed.

On motion, Hon. S. S. Jones was added to this committee. Mr. Dyott offered a resolution in reference to the finances, as follows: Resolved. That a fee of five cents be charged for the afternoon sessions, and of ten cents for the evening sessions; and

that season tickets be issued at fifty cents each. On motion of Mr. Chase, the above was referred to a Committee of Finances, consisting of Mr. M. B. Dyott, Dr. H. S. Brown, J. L. Taylor, Mr. L. B. Wilson, and Nellie L. Wiltsie, as Finance Committee. On motion of Hon. Warren Chase:

Resolved, That the Delegates from each State be requested to nominate one person to serve as a Committee on Education, who shall prepare a report on that subject to be submitted to the Convention.

Whereupon, the following were appointed: Dr. George Dutton, Vt.; J. S. Loveland, Mass.; L. K. Joslyn, R. I.; Asa H. Rogers, Conn.; A. J. Davis, N. J.; A. T. Bowles, N. J.; M. B. Dyott, Philadelphia; Thos. Garrett, Delaware; Dr. J. A. Rowland, D. C.; Mrs. Judge Carter, Ohio; F. L. Wadsworth, Mich.; Dr. Haskell, Ill.; Nellie L.

Wiltsle, Wis. On motion, the names of Warren Chase, Mrs. Mary F. Davis, and Lizzie Doten, were added to the committee.

One of the Committees being absent on business, Benjamin Todd was called upon to address the Convention. He said he was glad to meet so many Spiritualists in convention. We had one Convention last year, and in many respects it was a grand one, and in some it was a grand mob. Perhaps I contributed as much as any one to that result. If so, I ask forgiveness, if it is needed. I will be true to my own conscience. The world has been, and still is, governed by policy, but it seems to me that it is time that it should cease. I don't believe we are under any obligation to believe professed communications from spirits, because a medium shuts up his eyes and gives a few jerks; don't wish to disparage mediumship in any way, but there is much policy and self-seeking among Spiritualists. I love Spiritualism for its beauty and glory of teaching, and for the good it is doing and will do in the future, to bless and elevate humanity. I love it for what it does for the human soul. But that which simply sits down to hear raps, and goes away in its old selfishness, is of little account; but when it makes us more noble, more beautiful in our sympathies, then I love it. It is destined, like the little stone cut out of the mountain, to roll on till it fills the whole earth. Then every heart will become an altar, on which the sweet incense of holy, fraternal love will be perpetually offered.

Warren Chase said he was here for a purely practical purpose. He had no axe to grind. Knew the Spiritualists of America better than any other person. Had traveled more and seen more than any other lecturer in the field. We are now distracted and divided to some extent. I have sought to find out the cause of this condition, and have endeavored to avoid the difficulties of Chicago—to unite the Spiritualists of the country, especially upon the subject of popular education. Every college, and every principal seminary in the land, is under the control of the clergy. [A voice-"How about Girard College?"] It is not a college, but an orphan asylum, and even that is a perversion of the will of

The Committee on Business reported the following: 1st. The Spiritualists are invited to meet in a social and conversational gathering, at 9 o'clock each morning. 2d. At 10 A. M., the meeting will be called to order, and ten minutes' speeches and addresses until 11 o'clock.

2d. Then the regular business of the Convention will commence and continue till 1 o'clock. 4th. Take a recess until 3 P. M. 5th. The Convention proceed in the regular order of busi-

ness until 5 o'clock. 6th. Recess until 71% o'clock. 7th. The half hour addresses from ladies and gentlemen, to be selected, from time to time, by the Committee on Business. 8th. At 81/4 P. M., the regular business of the Convention to continue until the close of the session. Order of business Tuesday evening-At 71/2 o'clock half-

hour address by J. S. Loveland. At 81/2 the regular business of the Convention, On Thursday, October 19, one morning session of the Convention, to last as long as they may desire.

Afternoon, no session. Thursday evening, the exhibition of the Children's Progressive Lyceum of Philadelphia, commencing at 71/2 o'clock. Free tickets will be furnished to the delegates.

The Finance Committee reported the following resolution:

Resolved, That in order to defray the expenses of the Convention, a fee of ten cents shall be charged for admission each session, and that season tickets be issued at one dollar each.

EVENING SESSION. Judge Carter in the chair.

Dr. Child requested to be released from the Committee on Credentials, and Mr. J. G. Fish was appointed in his place. Mr. Loveland also declined, and proposed Mr. N. S. Greenleaf, of Mass. He was appointed. Music. Address by J. S. Loveland.

Song by S. H. Paiste, blind medium. Address by Nellie L. Wiltsie.

The Committee on Credentials reported a number of names as delegates, who have come in during the

On motion of Judge Carter, the following resolution, which, after being discussed by Judge Carter, Mr. Fish, and Mr. Chase, was adopted:

Resolved, That a committee of one from each State be appointed by this Convention, to be called the Committee on Permanent Organization of the Spiritualists of the United States. Said committee to be selected by the delegates from each State, and that they report a plan of organization for the action of this Convention. Adjourned.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 18, 1865.

The address by H. T. Child, M. D.; Judge Carter, on motion, was requested to furnish copies of his address for the Banner of Light and Religio-Philo-SOPHICAL JOURNAL, and that they be published at the request of the Convention.

The Committee on Credentials reported favorably on the credentials of the following named persons: John B. Jacobs, Wm. A. Baldwin, of Mich.; Wm. Butler, James E. Coe, Mrs. S. J. Avery, Mrs. J. S. Fuller, J. W. Taylor, Thomas Richmond, Warwick Martin, N. E. Daggett, of III., Cora L. V. Scott, Holland Richmond, Susan Richmond, J. W. Seaver, of New York, G. W. Pollock, of Mass.

Mr. Herman Snow and Emma Steele were added to the Illinois delegation, to fill vacancies at St. Charles; Mary L. Baldwin to fill vacancies at Battle Creek, Mich.

Mrs. Eilza C. Clark, substitute for Uriah Clark; Mrs. A. M. Spence, substitute for Dr. Gardner; Clift Rogers, substitute for John Weatherbee; Mrs. Clift Rogers, substitute for Mrs. L. B. Stockwell; E. Sprague, substitute for Eliza Merwin; Dr. Wm. White, substitute for Dr. George Haskell in his representation of the Society at Beloit, Wis. The Committee on Permanent Organization was

reported as follows: W. S. Greenleaf, Mass.; Newman Weeks, Vt.; Josiah Simmons, R. I.; J. J. Hatlinger, Conn.; H. B. Storer, N. Y.; D. H. Bowles, N. J.; Isnac Rehn, Penn.; Thomas Garrett, Delaware; Judge Carter, Ohio; S. S. Jones, Ill.; H. S. Brown, M. D., Wis.; Benj. Todd, Mich.; Warren Chase, D. C.

On motion of Mr. Chase, it was resolved that a committee of thirteen be appointed to prepare an address to the world, to be submitted to a future session of the Convention. Adopted; and the delegates are requested to

report for each State. On motion of Mr. Chase, the following preamble and resolutions were, after a free discussion by Judge Carter, Mr. Pierpont, Mr. Bush, Mr. Fish, Mrs. Cora Scott, adopted.

The Business Committee reported that they proposed changing the order of business, so that each morning and afternoon session should be opened by an address of half an hour. They announced that Mrs. Townsend would open the meeting this afternoon, and in the evening Mr. M. B. Dyott would speak on the subject of the Children's Progressive Lyceum; after which an address would be delivered by Miss Lizzle Doten.

AFTERNOON SESSION. Address by Mrs. Townsend.

Mr. Loveland spoke on the resolution laid on the

On motion of Dr. Child, Nellie L. Wiltsie was appointed Assistant Secretary. The delegates from each State appointed a Committee on Address :

Mrs. M. S. Townsend, Vt.; J. S. Loveland, Mass.; L. K. Joslyn, R. I.; D. Hatlinger, Conn.; Mrs. Cora L. V. Scott, N. Y.; Mrs. C. A K. Poor, N. J.; Isaac Rehn, Penn.; Miss Lizzie Doten, Mass.; Judge Carter, Ohio; Herman Snow, Ill.; Wm. A. Baldwin, Mich.; Nellie L. Wiltsie, Wis.; Mrs. S. E. Smith,

Ky.; Hon. J. C. Smith, D. C. Mr. Rehn offered resolutions, which were, on motion, laid on the table for future consideration,

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 18, 1865.

EVENING SESSION. M. B. Dyott delivered an address on the subject of the Children's Progressive Lyceum. On motion of Judge Carter, Mr. Dvott was requested to furnish copies for the Banner of Light and RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL. Miss Lizzie Doten addressed the Convention; fol-

lowed by J. W. Toohey, on the subject of Lyceums.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal. Convention Correspondence.

PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 17, 1865. DEAR JOURNAL: -In company with many Western delegates, I arrived in the "City of Brotherly Love" on this Tuesday morning, after a prolonged journey of about sixty-six hours, occasioned by two "smash-ups" of freight trains in advance of the passenger trains. The first of these broken down freight trains was encountered on the Pittsburg, Fort Wayne and Chicago R. R.; the second, on the Pennsylvania Central R. R. As an offset against the unpleasantness of the delay, we were delighted with the charming natural scenery, fine pleasant weather, and the generally well conducted and orderly management of the whole line of railroad from Chicago to Philadelphia.

At ten o'clock this morning the Second National Convention of Spiritualists assembled, in pursuance of the call of the National Executive Committee, at Concert Hall, (the finest hall in the city). There was a large attendance of Delegates fron the Eastern, Western and Northern States. The Convention was called to order by Rev. John Pierpont, the eloquent poet and preacher. After a welcome by him, 8. S. Jones, President of the First National Convention of Spiritualists, held at Chicago last year, was called to the Chair to preside mutil a permanent organization was effected. Herewith I transmit to you an official copy of the proceedings of the committee down to the present.

Among the most important business will be the subject of education, National Organization, and an address to the Spiritualists throughout the world. The proceedings have been very interesting from day to day, both in the Convention and in committees. But the great, and I may say the absorbing question of the Convention, has been this day, Thursday, the 19th, fully ventilated and disposed of. It has resulted most triumphantly in favor of the broad and free platform. The principles involved in the call of the present Convention by the National Executive Committee, of which Mr. Jones was Chairman, were fully discussed, and that Committee was triumphantly sustained by an overwhelming

The question came up on motion to strike out a clause in the articles of National Organization of Spiritualists, which recognized other reformers, who sympathize with our great Spiritualistic movement, as well as those who especially assume the name of Spiritualists. The opposers of this broad and catholic principle contested every inch of the ground most manfully, and only yielded when compelled to by an overwhelming majority upon the call of the yeas and nays.

It was a triumph of principles that we shall be proud of in all coming time. It demonstrates the fact that Spiritualists are progressive, and will not consent to become bigoted sectarians.

The National Organization is of a character that will give entire satisfaction to those who are opposed to creeds, articles of faith, or other religious trammels. By a perusal of the articles instituting this National Organization, it will be seen that this organic body is forever shorn of all powers to ever, in any manner, interfere with individual rights or the perfect freedom and independence of Local Organizations of the National Organization. While there was a very large and almost unanimous expression in favor of the prohibitory clause in the Articles, the Convention were indebted to Mr. Jones, of Illinois, as its drafter and principal advocate.

The Convention to-night attends in a body the Exhibition of the Children's Lyceum, under the directorship of M. B. Dyott, of Philadelphia. Fraternally, More anon.

Editors of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

In the issue of your first number, I recommended the restaurant principle of living as a system where the economical and the temperate, the extravagant and the luxurious might each, enjoy or suffer the full consequences of his wisdom, or his want of it. Your printer makes me say: Where each may enjoy a supper the full consequences of his wisdom, or his want of it.

The idea is quite too materialistic in its character for a Harmohial Philosopher. IRA PORTER.

Matrimonial Foxes.

Mrs. H. Beecher Stowe is preaching excellent sermons in the "Chimney Corner" of the Atlantic. In the May number she has a sermon on "Little Foxes" in which she gives some point-blank shots into the Matrimonial Camp.

I am not sufficiently versed in theology to decide as to what particular phase of evangelical faith this sermon belongs. That it is genuinely Orthodox, there is but little doubt. This fact once established it matters not whether Harvard, Andover, or New Haven, has given it sanction. Mrs. Stowe illustrates her idea regarding ill-mated marriages by the following:

Suppose a blue-jay courts and wins and weds a Baltimore oriole. During courtship there may have been delightfully sympathetic conversation on the charm of being free birds, the felicity of soaring in the blue summer air. Mr. Jay may have been al humility and all ecstacy in comparing the discordant screech of his own note with the warbling tenderness of Miss Oriole. But once united, the two commence business relations. He is firmly convinced that a hole in a hollow tree is the only reasonable nest for a bird; she is positive that she should die there in a month, of damp and rhenmatism. She never heard of going to housekeeping in anything but a nice little pendulous bag swinging down from under the branches of a breezy elm; he is sure he should have water on the brain before summer was over, from constant vertigo, in such swaying, unsteady quarters—he would be a sea-sick blue-jay on land, and he cannot think of it. She knows now he don't love her, or he never would think of shutting her up in an old muddy hole picked out of rotten wood; and he knows she doesn't love him, or she never would want to make him uncomfortable all his days by tilting and swinging him about as no decent bird ought to be swung. Both are dead-set in their own way and opinion and how is either to be convinced that the way which seemeth right unto the other, is not best Nature knows this, and therefore, in her feathered tribes, blue-jays do not mate with orioles; and so bird-housekeeping goes on in peace. But men and women as diverse in their physical

tastes and habits as blue-jays and orioles are wooing and wedding every day, and coming to the business of nest building, alias housekeeping, with predilections as violent, and as incapable of any logical defence, as the oriole's partiality for a swing-nest, and the jay's preference of rotten wood.

According to a court journal, the Princess of Wales is a very pattern for mothers, "It is whispered among the ladies of the Court, that every evening the mother of the future King of England may be seen in a flannel dress, in order that she may properly wash and put on baby's night clothes, and see him snugly in bed."

Sponge-Divers.

The mode of operation preparatory to a dive is

very peculiar and interesting; the sketch in some

degree represents this also. The diver whose turn it is takes his seat on the deck of the vessel, at either the bow or stern, and, placing by his side a large flat slab of marble, weighing about twenty-five pounds, to which is attached a rope of the proper length and thickness (one and a half inch,) he then strips, and is left by his companions to prepare himself. This seems to consist in devoting a certain time to clearing the passages of his lungs by expectoration, and highly inflating them afterward, thus oxydizing his blood very highly by a repetition of deep inspirations. The operation lasts from five to ten minutes, or more, according to the depth; and during it the operator is never interfered with by his companions, and seldom speaks or is spoken to he is simply watched by two of them, but at a little distance, and they never venture to urge him, or to distract him in any way during the process. It seems to a spectator as if the diver were going through a sort of mysterious ceremony or incantation. When, from some sensation known only to himself, after these repeated, long-drawn, and heavy inspirations, he deems the fitting moment to have arrived, he seizes the slab of marble, and, after crossing himself and uttering a prayer, plunges with it, like a returning dolphin, into the sea, and rapidly descends. The stone is always held during the descent directly in front of the head, at arm's length, and so as to offer as little resistance as possible; and, by varying its inclination, it acts likewise as a rudder, causing the descent to be more or less vertical, as desired by the diver. As soon as he reaches the bottom he places the stone under his arm to keep himself down, and then walks about upon the rock, or crawls under its ledges, stuffing the sponges into a netted bag with a hooped mouth, which is strung round his neck to receive them; but he holds firmly to the stone or rope all the while as his safeguard for returning, and for making the known signal at the time he desires it. Now let us notice the proceedings of his com-

panions in the boat floating some twenty or thirty fathoms above him. The two men who were nearest to him previous to his making the dive, but who systematically seem to place themselves so as to prevent him from conceiving the idea of being impatiently watched by them while undergoing the preparation, spring to their feet as soon as he disappears, and rush to the rope, which one of them holds in his hand, veering it out or shortening it in, as the diver moves about upon the bottom; and as soon as the signal indicative of his wish to return is felt, they commence hauling up the rope with great energy and carnestness, and in a way calculated to insure the greatest expedition of ascent, since the overstay of a few seconds may be a point of life or death to the diver. The hauling up is thus effected : The assistant who has hold of the rope, awaiting the signal, first reaches down with both hands as low as he can, and there grasping the rope, with a great bodily effort raises it up to nearly arm's length over his head; the second assistant is then prepared to make his grasp as low down as he can reach, and does the same, and so on, the two alternately, and by a fathom or more at a time, and with great rapidity, bring the anxious diver to the surface. A heavy blow from his nostrils, to expel the water and exhausted air, indicates to his comrades that he is conscious and breathes. A word or two is then spoken by his comrades to encourage him, if he seems much distressed, as is often the case; and the hearing of the voice is said by them to be a great support at the moment of their greatest exhaustion. A few seconds' rest at the surface, and then the diver returns into the boat to recover, generally putting on an under garment or jacket to assist the restoration of the animal heat he has lost, and to prevent the loss of more by the too rapid evaporation of water from his body. Such is the trying life of a Levantine sponge-diver; and doubtless there are very few of us who have any idea of what a fellow-creature has suffered in procuring that little article which has become a necessity of our toilet-table and the luxury of our morning ablutions.

JOAN OF ARC.—A society of French antiquarians is striving to prove that Joan of Arc was not burned at all, but was married, had children, and died quietly at Metz. They have published one extract from the Mercure Galani of October, 1686, edited by Vize. We here read that one Father Vignier, of the Oratory, discovered at Metz, and had transcribed before a notary public, a manuscript, which states that in 1436 Joan came to Metz, where her two brothers met her, and at once recognized her, though they thought she had been burned long ago. By and by she married Mons. des Amoises, chevalier; and Father Vignier is lucky enough to find the very marriage contract, dated 1436. The Society "Du Banquet Jeanne d'Arc" means to publish all its discoveries as soon as it has obtained one little missing link.

Rev. Jeremiah Day, ex-President of Yale College. is the oldest man in New Haven. He is in his 93d year, and visited Hartford the other day, where he astonished the young men by walking all about the city and up Asylum Hill, where younger men prefer to take the horse cars.

Business Matters.

DR. HATHAWAY'S HEALING INSTITUTE-No. 119 Wisconsin Street, Milwaukee, (opposite the post office,) has been refitted and newly furnished and is now open for the reception of patients. All diseases treated by the most approved methods, to meet the various wants, so that each patient will have the especial treatment required, whether it is Eclectic Medicines, Water Cure, Electricity, or Animal Magnetism, good operators being always in attendance. Dr. J. P. Bryant, one of the greatest healers of the age, will practice at this Institute for three months from the 15th of August, 1865.

CHICKERING PIANOS-TEN FIRST PREMIUMS.-Reed's Temple of Music is introducing into this city some of the finest instruments money can buy. We have just seen two of Chickering's celebrated grand planos, one of which has been purchased by one of our wealthy citizens. The East has long used this class of Pianos, where the best is desired. Wehli, Gottschalk and Thalberg use them also, and it is supposed that they understand what a good piano is. The Chickering piano has just received ten first premiums at the State fairs of Michigan, Indiana, Wisconsin and Iowa, and in no case did any piano of this make fail to get a first premium, when exhibited at the fairs we speak of.

DR. J. P. BRYANT, "THE HEALER."-We copy the following from the Milwaukee Daily Wisconsin, of October 14th: This public benefactor is constantly thronged with

applicants. At his bidding and magic touch, the lame are made to walk, the blind to see, and the deaf to hear. The success of this remarkable man is unparalleled. During two months' practice here, he has treated 3,000 patients—curing many of longstanding complaints, heretofore considered incurable, and relieving many who knew nothing but constant suffering. The crowd of applicants at his rooms, eager and anxious to be healed by this wonderful man, continues unabated. He gives no medicine-performs no surgical operations-and yet does many astonishing cures. He treats eighty out of every hundred patients without charge-charging only the rich. His rooms are at 119 Wisconsin street, opposite the Post Office, and the crowd of people wears the appearance of an annual town meeting. Dr. Bryant is the most popular of all magnetic physicians, and won unfailing reputation in the States of New York and Michigan, which has been constantly increased, until his business has become larger than that of any other physician in the other modes of practice. He is enthusiastic in the belief that he can operate upon two hundred people per day, curing every curable case with few operations, which could not be cured or even relieved with medicine; and he believes that the practice of medicine in the treatment of chronic diseases, will eventually become obsolete. He also believes that much harm is done by those who pretend to heal the sick in this way, who have neither experience nor judgment. He believes that ignorant, uneducated men may, and often do possess the power to magnetize-and with the assistance of some tinerant fortune teller, or ordinary dairvoyant (who has once in a while been able to give a correct diagnosis of disease) open some place which they call an Institute for the Healing of the Sick, which in reality is nothing more than an institution for the murder and robbery of the living-but such institutions are short lived-mortgaged from the commencement-they only live till foreclosure. Dr. Bryant is everywhere known as the oldest and most successful practitioner of his system of practice.

Although but a young man, he has operated upon upwards of 80,000 people—but one-fifth of these are allowed to pay for treatment. Yet he says he has made all the money he wants for his own use, and what he earns hereafter, he intends to give for the education of students in his philosophy. The Doctor remains from three to four months in all our large cities, and upon closing his business in each place he leaves some one who is qualified to continue the practice. Previous to his visit here, the Doctor operated at Detroit, one hundred days, with great success, and in that time treated 12,000—or 120 persons each day -leaving as his successor, Dr. D. A. Pease, formerly an old school physician of great ability, who had become convinced of his magnetic power while in that practice, and consequently left his drugs to the "dogs"-willingly embracing the teachings of Him who bade us, "lay our hands on the sick and heal them." Dr. Bryant recommends Dr. Pease to all who are suffering in mind or body, as a faithful and successful healer. Dr. Bryant closes his engagement at Dr. Hathaway's Healing Institute, opposite the Post Office, in Milwaukee, on Tuesday, November 14th, at 6 o'clock P.M., returning to his residence in Brooklyn, New York, for rest, till January 1st, when he will commence practice at Chicago for four months. He will leave as his successor here, our old friend Dr. R. W. Hathaway, who is well known to all the citizens of Milwaukee, as one of the best of physicians—a regular graduate of the Syracuse School of Medicine. Dr. Hathaway has had a large practice among us for many years, and during the past two years, he has departed somewhat from his medical practice, and partially adopted Dr. Bryant's method, although he has not wholly given up the drug system. Two years ago Mr. James K. Ober, a clerk well know in the American Express office here suffering from consumption and hemorrhage of the lungs, although considered incurable by all his former physicians, and by Dr. Hathaway himself, was induced to visit Dr. Bryant, then operating at Buffalo, New York, on condition that Dr. H. would accompany him. The result of the visit was, Mr. Ober's complete restoration to health, and Dr. Hathaway's conversion to the plan of "Healing by the laying on of hands"—in which practice he has been astonishingly successful, making many wonderful cures which he intends to make public after Dr. Bryant's engagement closes.

Dr. Bryant recommends Dr. Hathaway to suffering humanity, not only as the best healer of diseases, in Wisconsin, with whom he is acquainted, but a man of noble and Christian character, who will not rob the poor, or impose upon the rich, and our acquaintance with him is corroborative of Dr. Bryant's statement.

SPEAKERS' REGISTER.

SPEAKERS for whom we advertise are solicited to act agents for the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL. MRS. H. F. M. BROWN'S post office address is drawer 6325,

Chicago, Ill. M. C. Bush will speak in East Middlebury, Vt., Oct. 22d; 1

Moriah, N. Y., Nov. 5th; Ludlow, Vt. MRS AUGUSTA A. CURRIER will lecture in Chicago, Ill., during November and December. Will answer calls to lecture in the West through the Winter. Address box 815,

Lowell, Mass., or as above. HENRY T. CHILD, M. D., 634 Race street, Philadelphia, Pa. DR. JAMES COOPER, Bellefontaine, O.

L. K. COONLEY, a Trance Speaker and Clairvoyant will lecture and heal, in Marshall, Bureau county, until further notice. WARREN CHASE will lecture in Syracuse, N. Y., Oct. 1st and 8th; in Rochester, Oct. 15th; will attend the National Convention at Philadelphia, in October, and lecture in Vineland, N. J., during November; during January and February next in Washington, D. C.; during March in Philadelphia, and will spend next summer in the West.

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

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

S. J. FINNEY's post office address is Ann Arbor, Mich. D. H. HAMILTON will answer calls to lecture on Reconstruc-

tion and the True Mode of Communitary Life. Address, Hammonton, N. J. MRS. SUSIE A. HUTCHINSON will speak in Alton, Ill., during September; in Elkhart, Ind., during October; in Amsterdam, N. Y., Nov. 5th and 12th; in Stafford Springs, Conn., during

December. Address as above, or 39 Grape street, Syracuse, ANNA M. MIDDLEBROOK, Box 778, Bridgeport, Conn. J. M. PREBLES, of Battle Creek, Mich., will lecture in Provi-

dence, R. I., during October; in Lowell, Mass., during No-L. JUDD PARDER, Somerset, Somerset Co., Pa. J. T. Rousz may be addressed P. O. Box 303, Elkhart, Ind.

BENJAMIN TODD, Normal Speaker, will lecture in New York during September; in Charlestown, Mass., during December; in Washington, D. C., in March. He is ready to answer calls to lecture in the New England and Middle States. Address as above, or care Banner of Light office.

HUDSON AND EMMA TUTTLE, Berlin Heights, Ohio.

ALCINDA WILHELM, M. D., Inspirational Speaker, will lecture in Northern and Southern Missouri during October, November

MRS. LOIS WAISBROOKER may be addressed at Liverpool, O.

and December; in Kansas until the following spring. Address, care of James Hook, Terre Haute, Ind., until further

A. B. Whiting, of Michigan, will lecture in Washington, D. C., during October. Address as above (care G. A. Bacon, Box 205,) till November 1st.

ELIJAH WOODWORTH, Inspirational Speaker. Address, Leslie, Ingham Co., Mich.

E. V. WILSON may be addressed till Nov. 1st at No. 15 Water street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Railroad Time-Table.

CUICAGO AND NORTHWESTERN-DEPOT COR. WEST WATER AND KINEIE STS. Arrive

Day Express,	*9.00 a. m.	*6.30 p. m.
Night Express,	*4.30 p. m.	*5.00 a. m.
Janesville Accommodation,	*6.00 p. m.	*2.15 p. m.
Woodstock Accommodation,		*10.00 a. m.
GALENA DIV		
Fulton and Cedar Rapids,		7.10 p. m.
Fulton and Iowa		5.00 a. m:
Freeport and Dunleith,		4.40 a. m.
Freeport and Dunleith,	10.20 p. m.	3.45 p. m
Rockford and Fox River,	4.00 p. m.	11.10 a. m
Dixon,		11.10 a. m
Geneva and Elgin,	5.30 p. m.	9.40 a. m
MICHIGAN C		
Detroit Express,		*16.00 a. m.
Detroit Express,		12.30 p. m.
Detroit Express,		*11.00 p. m.
(TRAINS FOR CINCINNATI		
Morning Express,		*3.30 p. m.
Night Express,		*11.00 p. m.
MICHIGAN SOUTHERN—DEPOT		M WEN DEFEN-
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Day Express,		*11.00 p. m.
Evening Express,	*** 10.00 p. m.	*16.00 a. m. 112.30 p. m.
Night Express,	T10.00 p. m.	11200 b. m.

Night Express, via Adrian,...... †5.30 p. m. *111.00 p. m. PITTSBURG, FT. WAYNE AND CHICAGO. Day Express..... †6.00 a. m. Evening Express, daily,..... 5.30 p. m. Cincinnati Express..... †6.00 a. m. Cincinnati Express,..... 5.30 p. m. (CONNECTING WITH PENNSYLVANIA CENTRAL.) Leave Pittsburg, 3.00 a. m. 4.35 p. m. 9.40 p. m. Leave Harrisburg, 1.30 p. m. 2.45 a. m. 8.00 a. m. Arrive at Philadelphia,...... 5.45 p. m. 7.05 a. m. 12.50 p. m. Arrive at N. Y. via Allenton, .. 10.20 p. m. 10.00 a. m. 8,45 p. m. Arrivo at N.Y. via Philadel.,... 10.27 p. m. 12.00 m. 5.42 p. m. Arrive at Baltimore,...... 5.45 p. m. 7.00 a. m. 12,20 p. m.

DETROIT TRAINS.

Arrivo at Washington,...........10.10 p. m. 10.35 a. m. 3.15 p. m. CHICAGO AND GREAT EASTERN RAILWAY. (Late Cincinnati and Chicago Air-Line Railroad.) 17.30 a. m. Night Express,..... †8.45 p. m. (FOR CINCINNATI, INDIANAPOLIS AND LOUISVILLE.) Mail Express,..... *6.00 a. m 9.40 p. m. Mail Express, †8.45 p. m. ILLINOIS CENTRAL. Day Passenger,..... *9.30 a. m. Kankakee Accommodation,..... 4.45 p. m.

7.30 a. m. *9.55 p. m. *7.00 a. m. Hyde Park Train,..... *6.25 a. m. •7.45 a. m. do12.10 p. m. *1.45 p. m. do *4.00 p. m. *5.25 p. m. do *5.50 p. m. •7.10 p. m. CHICAGO, BURLINGTON AND QUINCY. Day Express and Mail, 8.20 a. m. 4.30 p. m. Night Express,..... 12.00 p. m. 5.00 a. m. Mendota Accommodation,..... 4.30 p. m. 9.15 a. m CHICAGO AND ST. LOUIS. 8.45 p. ED. 5.00 a. m.

Eastern Mail,..... 8.10 a. m. Night Express,..... 7.15 p. m. Jolist and Wilmington Accomodat'n, 4.00 p. m. CHICAGO AND ROCK ISLAND. Day Express and Mail, 8.10 a. m. Night Express,..... 12,00 m. Joliet Accommodation,..... 4.48 p. m. CHICAGO AND MILWAUKER.

4.30 p. m 5.00 a. m. 9.50 a. m. *8,30 p. pp. •11.30 a. m. 8.45 n. m. 1.00 a. m

*Sundays except'd. †Saturdays except'd. | Mondays except'd

Waukegan Accommodation,..... 3.40 p. m. Night Accommodation,...... 11,30 p. m. Evanston, 2.50 p. m.

COMMUNICATIONS FROM THE INNER LIFE.

"He shall give His angels charge concerning thee."

All communications under this head are given through a well-developed trance medium, and may be implicitly relied upon as coming from the source they purport to—the spirit world.

OCTOBER 13. INVOCATION.

Oh, Thou infinite source of wisdom, from whence we derive that knowledge which enables us to choose good from evil, light from darkness, hope, and not despondency; Thou that causest the sun to shine by day and the moon and stars by night; Thou that sendest Thy light to illuminate our minds and brighten our understandings. May our minds be so illuminated, may our understandings become so quickened, that we shall be enabled to realize that prayer is the desire of the soul, and that in order to gratify that desire we must set ourselves diligently to work; and work without ceasing, instead of praying without ceasing, and never realizing any answer to our prayers.

May we listen to the voice of reason; and though our pathway be filled with thorns, may we be enabled by Thy light to pass onward and upward until every thorn shall have turned to beautiful flowers. And as we admire the flowers, may we be enabled to realize that it is our pathway and one that has been marked out by that power which worketh for good unto us all.

We thank Thee, our Heavenly Father, for Thy tender care. We will ever bless and praise Theeaye, forever more will we praise Thee.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

Q .- Do spirits at their change from earth to spirit life become unconscious for any considerable time? A .- Most spirits are unconscious; some are in a semi-conscious state, and some do not seem to lose

Q.-What class are unconscious longest? A .- In most cases it is those who die a sudden

death, or by violence. Q.-Why is it so?

A .- Those persons that die of a lingering disease, and are some time in passing the change, their spiritual bodies become perfected sufficiently, so that they are conscious as soon as the thread of earth-life is snapped asunder.

In cases of violence the formation of the spiritual body is the same, but the spirit is unconscious during the time of its formation; yet it is not so in every case of violent death.

Q .- Is there conscious suffering at death? A .- No; the only suffering is while nature is struggling with disease-then there is suffering; but when death takes place, there is no suffering-all

pain ceases. When death ensues, nature ceases then

to struggle with disease. SUNDAY, October 15.

Q.-Is gross matter, such as stone and wooden walls, any obstruction to the passage of spirits in and out of buildings at any place they desire to

A .- Not so long as they are in their spiritual bodies.

Q.-Why does it not obstruct their passage if their spiritual bodies are material?

A .- That which is material to spirits is not material to you. In order to make spirits tangible to your senses they have to materialize themselves. When in that condition they are on the material plane, and have to contend with material substances. Everything has substance and form. To illustrateyou can see and feel a rose. You can't see the aroma of the rose, but you can recognize its existence by the sense of smell. This aroma has a real, tangible body, as much as the rose you see, from which it emanates. In like manner, the spirit of man has a real, tangible body. The spirit of man has powers which the man has not. The spirit of man is governed by intelligence, and that intelligence gives it power that the rose, which is governed by what are called natural laws, has not got.

Q.—Can a spirit descend into the solid substance

A .- If they desire, they can do so. Gross matter is no obstruction to the passage of a spirit. All matter has its spirit, and the spirit of man only recognizes spiritual matter-on which plane spirits

live after passing the material plane. Q.—Can spirits see gross matter?

A.-Certainly they can. There is no spirit so refined but what it can see gross matter; but individuals on the material plane cannot see spiritual matter, unless they are clairvoyant; and when clairvoyant, the physical eyes are not called into use.

Some spirits are so much more refined than others that they have more the appearance of a halo of light than a human form to those near the earth

CHARLES DEEDS, OF CLEVELAND, OHIO. Sitting in this way reminds me of a little incident

that transpired when I was but a boy. My home was in Cleveland, Ohio. I have a

mother, two sisters and three brothers and a stepfather, all now living in Cleveland.

Now I will give you the incident before alluded to. I was eleven years of age, in my twelfth year. I suppose I must have thought that I was old enough to go where I chose, and return when I got ready. Accordingly one day, immediately after dinner, I went away and did not return until about nine in the evening.

As a punishment for the offence, my mother said I should go to bed without any supper. In vain I plead for something to eat. To bed she had said, and to bed I must go. In my anger (I can see now just how I looked.) I said to my mother, I hope I shall wake up in the morning dead. Rather a strange idea, but true, that we should wake up when we were dead. For when we are what the world calls dead, we have but just wakened. Life has been a sleep-we have dreamed, and now we realize that dream. We enjoy the beauties of the world beyond-have waked up and found ourselves dead! I wished to recal this incident to my friends that they might recognize me.

I died at Mission Ridge. My age was twenty-

three years. My name is Charles Deeds. Will you please direct one of your papers to Richard Deeds, Cleveland, Ohio? [I will.] Mother, I am happy.

MRS. ANNA M. KNEELAND, ELMIRA, N. Y.

I find a great many people contending that the world is all right. I agree with them upon this point. That the people are all right-again, I agree with them. That the laws are all right-but, there, mark you, I do not agree with them. I hold that every law that binds any individual, either physically or mentally, is a great wrong. It is thought by many that the slavery of the African race is America's greatest curse. Is she rid of that curse? I answer, in a measure; but there exists to-day a greater curse upon the American people than that of enslaving the African. Of the truth of this thousands of my own sex will bear me witness.

The African in his native condition possesses but little intelligence. And the more intelligent the people who are in slavery, the harder it is to be borne. All married women are slaves-made so by the laws of society. Every woman that enters the marriage relation binds herself, soul and body, for life-sells herself for a few shillings, and even that is not her own, for after a woman is once sold all that she may be possessed of at once goes into the legal possession of her owner. Woman may devote herself entirely to her husband—suffer as none but mothers can suffer-and then her children are not her own. Oh God, what laws! Are they just?

Men look upon the slavery of the blacks with horror, little thinking that they themselves have a part in the laws that make slaves of their wives and

The negro had no voice in making the laws by which he was bound; and women likewise have no voice in making the laws by which they are bound.

I am the mother of three children; was permitted by my husband to care for these children until the youngest was three and a half and the eldest eleven years of age. He, in that length of time, had learned that I was not competent to take the care of his children! "Your children," I indignantly said, "they are my children." The particulars I will not relate. The law was on his side-that just law which separates a mother from her offspring. I struggled hard for two years to get my children. From the effects of that struggle my spirit was forced to leave my body, and happy was that release, for I was enabled to be nearer my children than before. I had hoped for what I always thought to be heaven, and that was a place of rest. If I had found that heaven, and it had been, as I supposed, free from care, I should have been happier than I now am. For now I see my children need that care that none but a mother can bestow. Not having the power to change their condition, I am far from being happy. My home was in Elmira, New York. My name was Anna M. Kneeland. I was thirtyseven years of age; have been in spirit-life one year the 19th of last June. My husband will see this. His name is Henry J. Kneeland.

NELLIE MORRIS, OF DAVENPORT, IOWA.

I fell in the river and was drowned, and my folks did not find me for two weeks. My mamma was almost distracted at not finding me. When they did find me, mamma said, "I am glad I have found my Nellie's body, but her spirit is in heaven." But I was not in heaven, mamma, because it made me feel bad when you cried so. But I feel better now. because you don't cry, and you think I am happy and in heaven. I suppose it is heaven, but I will be happier when you and papa come, I fell in the river where there are two places on the river. One is Davenport, the other is Rock Island. I lived in Davenport, Iowa. My name is Nellie Morris. II was little over seven years old when I fell in the river. And that was over a year ago, Tell mamma I have seen her.

The Condition and Prospect of our Country. A SERMON.

BY HENRY T. CHILD, M.D., 634 RACE STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

Delivered at Hammonton, N. J., July 23d, 1865. Questions like these have been passing through my mind: "Where are we drifting? Watchman, what of the night?"

As I thus queried, before me stood the tall and manly form of my friend, Colonel Baker, Edward, as he always so modestly says.

I never saw a man who wore his honors so well; they shine so brightly that he does not see them, and he toils on now with the same earnestness that animated and inspired him when his young hand plied the shuttle to and fro, and his noble mind saw beyond that little loom, the great loom of destiny, on which he was to weave a more mighty warp and woof-for his native land, for humanity and for God.

Months have rolled away since I have seen him so clearly; and oh! how glad I was to perceive the glowing light of his serene countenance in an hour like this, when clouds are lowering upon the horizon of our beloved country, and we are standing with hushed breath, watching for the flashing lightnings of unsubdued passions, and wild and wicked impulses -listening for the distant thunder of discord, turmoil and bloodshed. We all feel now, that great coming events are casting their fearful and uncertain shadows before them.

Yes, replied he, there are dark and portentous clouds now upon our land, Brave men and true have poured out their blood freely at Freedom's shrine, on tented plains and crimsoned battle-field; and in the nation's council chamber its noble head has fallen, and all for what? That men might worship more truly at the shrine of principle and banish from their minds forever the thought of compromise, which, like a certain leak, whether small or great, must surely sink every ship of State, however stately, that sails on time's troubled waves. I have watched attentively from the stand point of a higher. life, the tides of human emotion and impulse, as they have swayed the multitudes of our nation, during the past four years-and have seen many instances wherein men have risen nobly and rapidly, to a position in which their vision has been cleared of the mists of policy and compromise, and fixed upon the line of rectitude and strict upright principle which alone can save men or nations. And to-day, while the ebbing tide of reaction is falling back and leaving many weak and wavering minds in the regions of doubt and almost despair, there is danger that some will lay "unholy hands upon the ark of the covenant" of our Government, and though we know, as in ancient times, a curse will fall upon these, still the people must suffer.

Yet standing as I do, above all this turmoil and strife, and perceiving clearly how the inevitable laws of cause and effect are operating in everything, I see plainly that there must be suffering. Man has not yet grown out of those conditions, and can only do so through continued suffering. I see four distinct classes in the community-two small classes about equal in number-and two which are much larger and also about equal. Of the first-one stands firmly planted upon principle, and the other manifests a total want of this. Their lives are a continued scene of revelry and riot, violation of right and principle.

Of the larger classes, the one is composed of those who prefer the right and the true, but who are wavering and uncertain, and the other those who are indifferent, and scarcely appreciate principle, and will make little or no effort to maintain it, and who do not feel sufficient interest in this to care whether it be maintained or not.

Let us examine each of these classes. First, those who are spiritually unfolded and planted upon the rock of eternal principle.

Such having received good physical and moral natures, and having been purified through great tribulation-being established thus upon the ground of truth, stand unmoved by the storms of evil which are raging around them. They know that

men do not gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles," that "as we sow, so shall we reap.'

In looking over the condition of society, they perceive that in the sum total "whatever is, is right," and there is compensation in every condition, while the great law of progress points to an unbroken line of improvement, to which they cannot be indifferent. Standing in this position, they can exclaim: "Fiat justitia fuat calum." Let justice reign, though the heavens fall. Such are not moved by the whims and caprices of self-interest. They are the salt of the earth-the light of the world-its saviours; persecuted and crucified while here, sainted and canonized when apparently beyond the reach of these external nfluences.

Never before in the world's history, has this class een so numerous and powerful as they are to-day, and mankind are beginning to appreciate these, and this is the dawn of a better day, for them and for humanity.

The first class of the second division-those who want to do right and fall because they have not grown strong, and from defects of organization and calture, who rejoice when right is uppermost and prevails, and weep when evil sways the people, while they are, in a great measure, impotent to produce the one or prevent the other.

The perils and sufferings of the last four years have clevated and promoted many from this class into the first conditions of the former. We may look hopefully upon these-the rapidity of their progress is unparalleled in the world's history. These are the people for, and with whom labor will be most productive and satisfactory.

The reaction which is now going on, is their time of trial; it will winnow the wheat from the chaff, and those who have not laid hold of principle as a foundation sure and steadfast, will be in darkness and suffering until they can rise into a fuller recognition of these. Be earnest and faithful in your efforts to teach these, that they may grow stronger and be able to take a higher and more noble stand upon the only true and living foundation-principle. Let every one gird themselves about with truth, and endeavor to scatter its seeds among these, seeking ever to hold up the hands that are weak, and to encourage the drooping spirits, so that the land may not continue to be filled with mourning and lamentation; because the people have turned away from righteousness, and iniquity is in their hearts. If you will stand faithful now, if you will "cry aloud and spare not," many of these will turn and aid you in the work, and the nation will

you will have your reward. The second class of this division, which is also a numerous one, consists of those who, selfish and indifferent to the welfare of the race, are plodding on; these must suffer and others with them, until they shall learn that "righteousness exalteth a nation, while sin is a reproach to any people."

stand "redeemed, regenerated and disenthraled"

from many of the evils which have hung like mill-

stones upon its neck. "Much, very much, depends

upon your efforts with these; do your duty and

And lastly we come to those who are "desperately wicked." Those who do not desire justice and virtue to prevail, but who are constantly acting so as to promote discord and inharmony, and fermenting evil. These unfortunate beings are pupils whom it is the duty of society to educate, and to restrain for that purpose alone.

And though the two latter must ever cause suffering to themselves and others, the evils of society are the real ladder by which these must ascend, through suffering to higher planes and conditions, and mankind will look in vain for a cessation of evils and sufferings, while such individuals exist. They must grow up through these channels, and if those who have passed to higher conceptions of right will stand firm, and be true to principle, these must pass on to better conditions.

Popular education, and the establishment of justice between man and man, will tend more than anything else to bring this class into a condition of harmony, and thus improve the state of society.

Do not deceive yourselves with the idea, that because through the instrumentality of war, human slavery has been abolished in our land, all the evils which this system has engendered, are to be eradicated at once.

No, my friends, labor and suffering must be your portion yet; and the rapid and rushing tide of the last four years will soon give place to an ebb, in which much of the evils which seemed to have disappeared, will again come to the surface, and many will be discouraged, and exclaim: All is lost, the struggles and trials of these long years have brought us no good fruit. But be not dismayed, It is not so. "Truth is mighty, and will prevail"; your only hope is to plant yourself with the first class-upon the rock of eternal and immutable principles, and then you may safely defy the storms of all the evil passions of wicked and designing men, and like the prophet of old, in an hour like this, when the earthquake and the storm have been around them, they will "wrap their mantles about their faces, and stand in the mouth of the cave and listen for the still, small voice," which is more potent than the rushing, mighty wind, or the flerce rumbling of the thunder. And as they hear this voice and obey it, they will be prepared to speak words in season to the people.

The destiny of our country is shrouded in darkness to-day. But standing as we do above the mists of earth, we can see beyond and above these clouds the golden and gorgeous sunlight, shining in effulgence on this fair land of America-land of the free and home of the brave-and each step by the people, in the direction of a higher and nobler condition, is clearly defined in our vision, till we can see the whole land blooming like a garden of beauty, and man everywhere laboring peacefully and honorably to build up homes for himself, in which, while he enjoys all the rights of humanity, he accords to every other man, without distinction of sect, sex, or clime, the same inalienable and Godgiven rights. Thus crowned with peace and plenty, prosperity and happiness, we can see this continent dotted all over with flourishing towns and cities, while its broad plains and teeming fields are pouring out their luxuriant products into the lap of a free and enlightened people, among whom education is as common as the air they breathe, and as free to

And the highest aspiration of man now is, to become the greatest benefactor of the race.

Not in a day, not in a century, do I look for the fulfilment of these things, but as sure as there is a God in heaven, who ruleth in the kingdoms of men, these are the inevitable and unmistakable lines of destiny. They are plainly written out for these people and this land. And though dark clouds now overshadow the nation, and may postpone the coming of the good time, they will not prevent it. Many are now beginning to realize it for themselves, and the number will increase rapidly, as the floodgates are opening, and the light is being poured down in beauty from the land of the hereafter.

Let us, then, one and all, labor carnestly and faithfully, in season and out of season, for the comng of the glory of the Lord. The outpouring of the spirit upon the world, and the resurrection of humanity from the thraldom of ignorance, superstition and error, into the beautiful light and liberty of reason, intuition and inspiration, so that freedom and justice may reign in the kingdoms of men, and every man shall be able to "sit under his own vine and fly tree, and none shall make them afraid."

As we come thus, individually, to realize these things, the dawn of the millenium will be upon us, and the kingdom of heaven will be at hand,

Thus the future opens brightly before us; but man is the author of his condition in a great measure, and while these bright and beautiful things are open ing to our gaze, they will not be reached by you unless you put forth your energies in a proper direction. Every noble thought that fires the human soul, every living and divine aspiration, comes like a strong breeze, a favoring gale, to fill the sails of the human bark and waft. It rapidly on to the Elysian shores where these glorious realities are to be found.

On the contrary, listlessness and indifference will permit your sails to fall and your barks to float hither and thither, without any real advancement; or it may be that vice and crime will fill your sails with such a current as shall carry you rapidly away from these peaceful shades, into turmoil and confusion. May we, then, ask you to turn the rudder of judgment in the line of rectitude, and bring all the breezes of truth and virtue, and holy aspiration and earnest hope, to fill your sails to the utmost and carry you rapidly away from the shoals and quicksands of falsehood and compromise, into the broad and illimitable ocean of divine and eternal principles, on whose clear and unruffled bosom you may sail on forever in peace and safety, and realize the joys of a high and noble manhood, in the perfection of the outworking of the divine nature within yourselves?

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal. Social Organization.

Incidentally a number of the JOURNAL fell in my

way, and I was much pleased to find it advocating the true position of society, the highest principles of human existence—consequently, I intend to support the Journal so long as it adheres to its motto and its published principles, and will exert myself to get subscriptions for its support and the extension of its sphere of usefulness. Having fulth that a new era of a much higher type is about to be inaugurated, I believe that your efforts will be crowned with the desired result; for you are pulling on the right string-scientific development-which is the great redeemer of polluted society. For many years the evidence has fast been accumulating, that we are living in the most eventful and interesting period of the world's history-evidently on the threshold of a new and most glorious era, which will secure unalloyed and enduring happiness to those who are wise enough to accept of the benign unfoldings of that millennial organization which dethrones all selfishness, and lays aside all individual interest in this world's goods. The social system is the only basis on which happiness can rest. On the true social system true happiness can rest, as secure and as firm as the everlasting hills rest on the bosom of the earth, for social order is the legitimate offspring of scientific development; therefore, no other system or organization can stand in the light of truth, for the light of truth will dispel all the present existing black clouds of conventionalism and selfishness. When the condition of society is bettered, it will be the effect of scientific development. Happiness never was, nor never will be, obtained, except through social order in accordance with scientific demonstration. The dawning of the light of reason is so far advanced that we who have moral stamina enough to open our eyes to the light, can't help seeing that the darkness of conventionalism, superstition and bigotry, is fast receding, consequently we have come to that point where we can see what needs doing and how to do it. When the shackles of education are thoroughly broken, then we can see things as they exist in their true form; and when we see things as they are we shall consequently and necessarily see them alike; therefore harmony and concentration of action will be the result, and happiness the legitimate offspring. The true social system, in the nature of things, must be an organized body founded on scientific principles, on revealed, demonstrable truth, without the vestige of sophistry. Such an institution could not, in the nature of things, avoid being extremely prosperous, for all of its operations would be under the especial and unbiased supervision of moral and intellectual co-operation, which is the highest power in existence. Therefore a true social organization would conduct its business precisely as God would conduct it; consequently it would flourish like the green bay tree, and enjoy unalloyed happiness, inasmuch as it would dispel every vestige of sickness and sorrow. Now, I propose that those who are disposed to

carry out practically the principles of scientific demonstration, send in their names to be recorded in the JOURNAL, so that it may be known how many, and who they are, that are ready to enter into the service of usefulness and blessedness. When there can be found twelve men who are ready to combine their efforts for the elevation of their race, the social order may be considered as substantially inaugurated. Let us hear from those who are ready to immortalize their names by being the few who shall set the wheel rolling, and commence the greatest work the world ever did or ever will witness. For one I am now ready to put shoulder to the wheel, and help put it in motion, which, once in motion, no existing power will be able to impede, but it will run stronger and faster, till it crushes all opposition in the length and breadth of all the N. P. STEABNS. +00

THE NEW PLANET AND ITS DISCOVERER .- The Detroit Tribune says:
Prof. James C. Watson, Director of the Detroit Observatory at Ann Arbor, announces the discovery by himself, on Monday evening, of a new planet. Its astronomical location is given as follows: Right ascension, fourteen deg. 15 mln.; declination, nine deg. north. It is a small star, its magnitude being only 9½. This is the second discovery of this character that Prof. Watson has made since his ascension acter that Prof. Watson has made since his ascension to the Directorship of the Observatory. He was appointed successor to Prof. Brunnow, August 25th, 1863, and on September 14th he discovered a planet in the constellation Pisces, never before recognized by nor known to any astronomer of either hemisphere. Subsequent observations fully established the planetary character of the new star, and the discovery was immediately announced by the American discovery was immediately announced by the American press and through the European astronomical journals. Observations at both Washington and Albany, and also at the Royal Observatory of Leipsic, confirmed the discovery, and the new planet was named Eurynome. It is situated between Mars and Jupiter. Its main distance from the sun is 233,000,000 miles, and its year contains 1,397 of our

There is a principle which is the basis of things, which all speech aims to say, and all action to evolve-a simple, quiet, undescribed, undescribable presence, dwelling very peacefully in us, our rightful lord; we are not to do, but to let do; not to work, but to be worked upon; and to this homage there is consent of all thoughtful and just men in all ages and conditions.—Emerson.

From the Banner of Light. Hypatia, the Female Philosopher of

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

It was the fourteenth year of the fifth century. Slowly and surely Paganism was dying, before the march of victorious Christianity. Her philosophers—great minds who sought to solve the invincible problems of cosmical forces and human existence—were of the things of the past. Learning lingered at a few heathen shrines, giving but glimmer and feeble rays. The rations religious scorned was Mathematics, and the experiments by which the desired are sorted and the experiments by which the elements are revealed, to bigoted monk or Bishop, were sorted and dealings with the devil. Christianity swept over philosophy like an annihilating simoon, or rather like a ghastly mildew, which destroys life, and then gathers over the corpse.

Words cannot express the batted of the Christian.

Words cannot express the hatred of the Christians for learning. They made no distinction between philosophy and mythology. The divine perfections of art, which breathed life into marble and made the dull canvass glow with poetry, were unspeakably odious. Temples, expressing in the grandeur of colossal columns and vaulted cellings, the perfection of imagination, and saying to the world that the hand of man hewed them out in the measure of an epic song; sculptures of inimitable grace and beauty; works of great historians, sages and bards, alike felt the holy indignation of the ignorant proselyte, and were swept to dust beneath his fury.

Alexandria was founded by the Great Alexander, on a site which the far-seeing mind of the first National was really in the great sentential of the site.

poleon saw must make it the great emporium of the Mediterranean. At the period of which I write, it rivaled Constantinople. As the voyager came in from the sea, for an immense distance he saw the guiding light of that seventh wonder of the ancient world, light of that seventh wonder of the ancient world, the Pharos. Built of white marble, sculptured into massive columns, rising tier above tier to the height of more than three hundred cubics, it shed its beacon flame far and wide over the blue sea. It guided the ship into the splendid harbor, which resembled a forest, from the masts gathered from all parts of the known world, bringing and carrying the trade from the remotest West and furthest East.

Two great streets intersected the city at right

Two great streets intersected the city at right angles. One was three, and the other was one mile long. At the point of their intersection was a square, in the centre of which stood the mausoleum where rested in their last repose the earthly remains of the

restless Alexander, at length asleep. The city was full of splendid edifices-the palace, the exchange, the Casarian, the halls of justice, the temples of Neptune and Pan, theatres, churches and synagogues. There was, a few years before this period, the large and classically finished building which contained the museum and library of Ptolemy, and in which the academy assembled, composed of learned men drawn from all parts of the world by the heatth with the learning to learning the bounty given by that liberal king to learning. There were specimens of every known bird, beast, fish and reptile, and four hundred thousand volumes in that museum. In the Temple of Jupiter, Scrapis, were three hundred thousand volumes more. The latter remained unharmed until the time of Theodo-sius the Great. Theologians, ashamed of their deeds, have charged the Saracon with its destruction. Not so. A mob of Christians, headed by their archbishop, stormed the temple, and destroyed its treasures of learning. The Saracen in A. D. 642, restored

This temple of Serapis was approached on one side, by a slope for carriages, on the other by a flight of a hundred marble steps. On these stood the magnificent portico, with its columns extending around an immense roofless hall, the porches of which contained the library. In the central area arose a lofty pillar. the library. In the central area arose a lofty pillar, seen far away on the sea.

The royal docks were on one side of the town, the hippodrome on the other. There were groves, amphitheatres, gardens, fountains, and countless noble, buildings with gilded roofs glittering in the sun.

The streets were thronged with camels, wearily coming over the yellow sands of the desert, bringing the produce of the ever fertile Nile; wealthy Christian ladies, their dresses embroidered with Scripture parables and phrases, in gold, and the Gospels suspended by a golden chain from their necks; their slaves with parasols and fans, walking behind; the ever trading, ever thriving Jew, whose food is usary, and commerce; the sooty Ethiopian from the southern "ends of the earth," singing in wild strains, just as he sings in slavery to-day; the sinister Assyrian following in the wake of his conqueres in short, a mixture of all nationalities, a jargon of all tongues. Such was Alexandria, when for the first time it beheld a female occupy the place of a philoso-pher, and succeed in the long line of illustrious names which had rendered her academy famous.

Hypatia was the daughter of the celebrated Theon and far surpassed in attainments and renown her philosophical father. Possessing the rarest mental endowments, such was her ardor in the pursuit of her studies that to them she devoted her cutire days and the larger portions of her nights. Plato was more truthful in her esteem than Aristotle. She followed their example by traveling. She visited Athens, and listened to the ablest instructors of that emporium of thought. On her return, at the request of the magistrates of her native city, she began to give lessons. She was an eclectic, but made the exact sciences the basis of knowledge. Thus she was the first to introduce the rigorous method into philo-

To the great attractions of her mind was added transcendant beauty. Her dress was simple and her conduct ever above suspicion. Thinking that marriage would interfere with her pursuits, she repulsed all her numerous suitors with a grace that, although disappointing their hopes, retained them as her

The greatest men of her time-sages, poets and statesmen-came to listen to the wonderful wisdom of her lectures. Her hall was crowded with the wealth and fashion of the great metropolis. The street was obstructed by the long line of chariots drawn up and waiting before her door.
What did it mean? The archbishop Cyril was

enraged. He stood representative of Christ and his doctrines; Hypatia was a Pagan—worse, a Pagan philosopher, who refused to be converted! The audience who attended her lectures, to hear dis-cassed the problems of "How came the Universe!" How came I?" was larger than that which listened to his incomprehensible jargon on the Godship of

The witch, Hypatia, must perish. She deluded the youths of Alexandria by sorcery and black arts. She was leagued with the devil. Hypatia, pure, noble, beautiful, the embodiment and emblem of science and learning; Cyril, emblem of bigotry, intolerance and Churchanity, howling at learning, and boasting of the foul and loathsome slime in which he wallows.

The two conflicting elements are brought in collision. The star is obscured by the dismal fog—that star, the last, purest and brightest in the galaxy of the ancient world! It sinks; and across the dreary desert of a thousand years we see none other in the black and gloomy heavens! Cyril, the saint, collects a mob of monks. When Hypatia comes forth from her academy, they assault her. In a mortal agony of fear amid the horrid shouts and yells of those bare-legged and cowled demons, she is dragged from her charlot, in the public streets, divested of her simple raiment, exposed to con-tumely, hisses, jests and insult; they drag her to church, kill her with clubs, and her quivering limbs torn asunder by these devout Christians, are dragged through the city with the applause of an intoxicated rabble of disciples.

Cyril—is a saint. Hypatia—the first of a long line of martyrs to science—the last of a long line of ancient sages, like a bright star shines across the dismal gulf of mediaval anarchy and ignorance, connecting ancient speculation with the stern and unflinching investigations of to-day.

THE ORIGIN OF THE LOCOMOTIVE.—The first steam carriage seems to have been made by a Frenchman, Cugnot, in 1760, that same marvelous year which witnessed the birth of Napoleon I., Wellington, Humboldt, Mehemit Ali, Lord Castlereigh, Sir E. I. Brunel, Cuvier, and the first patent of Arkwright, the first patent of Watt, as also some other events almost as great in their eventful influence on the present era. An engine made by Cugnot is still in existence in the Conservatoire des Arts et Metiers in Paris. It has a copper boiler, very much like a common kettle, without the handle and spout, furnishing with steam a pair of 13 inch single acting cylinders. The engine propels a single driving wheel, which is roughened on its periphery. Altogether, this engine bears considerable testimony to the mechanical genius of its inventor. It was unsuccessful, having got overturned once or twice on the very bad roads then existing in France, and it was put on one side. It is stated, however, that arrangements were made in 1801 to put it to work, in the presence of Napoleon Bonaparte.

The Old Oaken Cradle.

Sweet scenes of my boyhood! I love to recal them, Electric they shimmer on mem'ry's warm sky, The maple-fringed river, the hills grand and solemn, And all the dear haunts in the forest near by; I deem these fresh views on the past's panorama As sweetest of all the enchantments of earth-The ancient red house, in which life's devious drama Commenced in the cradle which stood by the hearth; The old caken cradle, the rocker-worn cradle, The high posted cradle which stood by the hearth.

Near two generations from earth have departed Since home in high state this quaint cradle was brought. Attesting the advent of one who, light-hearted, Gave joy, pure and holy, of sad sorrow nought! Dear relic of dream-days! what rest have you granted, To mother and infant, when hushed was his mirth; How grateful was sleep when the babe for it panted, A boon is the cradle which stands by the hearth! The old caken cradle, the rocker-worn cradle, The high posted cradle which stands by the hearth.

Not all mem'ry's promptings of bygones that gather Are free from a sadness made sacred by space, Since angels led two from our home—and forever Seraphic behold they Immanuel's face; And we who remain, from those scenes all are distant, But never forget we the place of our birth; The light of our mem'ry, in realms reminiscent, Reveals the staid cradle which stood by the hearth; The old oaken cradle, the rocker-worn cradle, The high posted cradle, which stood by the hearth. EDWARD P. NOWELL

Anear to Thee.

So I might walk, what time my life shall last, Within the shelter of thy tender arms; I'd waste no thought on all the hurts and harms, Which fate broadcasts by handfuls thick and fast; Fortune's capricious heart might never beat Kindly for me; I'd count her frowns more sweet Than sweetest smiles, so I might only be Anear to thee, dear love-anear to thee!

So I might lean, what time this pulse shall thrill To My loved name, my weakness on thy strength, I'd little reck, though many a torturing length Of care begirt my feet. In every ill I'd see nor haunting shade, but budding good-Filch golden dreams from Nature's stormiest mood; Nor even Pain should sting, so I might be Amear to thee, sweet love-ancar to thee!

Since I have hope to meet thee soon or late-Up youder 'mong the paths the angels tread-Where hearts that erst went hungering are fed; And bruised lives are healed, which fickle Fate Made footballs of! What need to wall and cry, "We are so far apart, my love and I!" Why heed for earth, since I am sure to be Anear to thee in Heaven-anear to thee!

The Legend of Y Street.

The word legend embodies untold wealth of romance and poetry. As it meets the eye on the printed page, or falls in music upon the ear, the mind wings its way far back through the centuries to the time when frisking fauns peopled the glades of ancient Greece, and when nymphs and dryads were familiar to Italian groves and fountains; or, if less adventurous in its flight, it at least reaches the mediæval period when ignorance became the nurse of fancy and struck a thousand brilliant sparks from hard, bare lines, which in truth never knew a sun-glint. But sometimes the imagination travels too far and too long, and is suddenly arrested on its way and recaled to a more modern date and a far humbler locality. It happens thus in the present case, for Y street has its legend as well as joy-breathing Arcadia. Y street has a story as well as Avernus and its mysterious hills. Y street has undergone a transformation as curious and as wonderful as any of which the Roman poet sings.

I feel really shy and nervous about introducing Y street personally—so to speak—for at the time when my tale commences it was so utterly forlorn, so radically corrupt, so absolutely and thoroughly offensive to every sense, that only by a powerful effort can one connect it with any pure and tender sentiment. Originally, it was intended for a quiet, substantial place, but a soap and bone factory having been established at either end, all hopes of respectability vanished in their smoke. The inhabitants fought against them manfully until they were worn out with expense and vexation, when, finding themselves no further advanced than at first, they fled, leaving their houses to those unfortunate people who, as they are compelled to dwell perpetually among nauseous odors, it is to be hoped are not gifted with an undue delicacy of scent. Lower and lower sank the unlucky locality; the buildings went speedily to ruin; a dozen families crowded into each tenement, which blossomed therenpon into rows of wet and tattered garments; a few miserable shops exhibited second-hand clothing, stale meat, and decaying vegetables; unwashed and halfclad children swarmed on the broken and dirty sidewalks, quarreling and swearing in frightful precocious imitation of their elders, or bruised and maimed themselves in the cellars and on the tottering piles and arches over which fires had swept. The little stream which crossed it, the once clear and sparkling Rielle, was choked with every species of garbage, and sent up its pestiferous breath to poison still further the unwholesome atmosphere. In addition to this outward discomfort there was also a demoralizing influence which subtily infused itself into the souls of those who dwelt there. Whether it was that they reached this dismal abode by a descent so prolonged and wearisome as to eliminate from their characters all that contributes to achievement either on a larger or smaller scale, or because there existed in the tainted air a certain quality which incapacitated those who breathed it, or the productive activities of life, certain it is that almost all who went thither yielded to the spirit of the place. No matter how courageous, how diligent, or how cleanly they might have been before, they speedily sank to the level of their degenerate neighbors. They planned nothing, struggled for nothing beyond bare existence. They had no longer heart or hope, and a sluggish despondency never brightened into expectation, and often sinking into absolute despair, took possession of them. So the rain dripped at will through the dilapidated roofs, old hats replaced the glass in broken windows, loose clap-boards swung in the wind, great gaps appeared between the crazy doorsteps, flery drink wrought apace, and disease and death rioted amidst the recking filth which all the gums of Araby would have failed to sweeten.

There was but one chance for Y street to rise from its degradation and array itself in the beautiful garments of order and cleanliness, and even that was rendered nearly impossible by reason of the difficult conditions through which alone it could be reached. Nobody knew when or by whom the prophecy was uttered, but the best authorities were agreed that if a pure-minded dweller therein should at 12 o'clock precisely upon Christmas Eve laugh a joyous laugh out of sheer delight in the anticipated pleasure of Y street people, possessing no claim of kindred or kindness, he or she at the moment being ignorant of the prophecy, the street would suddenly put on an aspect of brightness and beauty. At the magical sound the straying shingles would return to their places, the loose clapboards would welcome their accustomed nails, the gaping door-steps would close up like soldiers at the word of command, the vacant lots would bloom into parks and gardens, the Rielle would run clear and sweet to its confluent stream, the factories would cease to send forth sickening odors, the children would be washed and clothed, and a pretty church would start up on the very spot where, summer and winter, day and night, painted and bejeweled girls, bold-faced and free in manner, dealt out flery liquors to imbruted customers. But, alas! when would this be? On Christmas Eve, as upon all other evenings, there was laughter in Y street; but it was the laughter of men and women rioting amidst their cups, the frenzied revelry excited by the maddening dice, the tumultuous merriment of the lost seeking to drown the memory of a better past and the consciousness of a degraded present, the forced and hollow mirth of a haunting fear, a creeping dread which ever pointed with a mocking finger to the certain horror of a dishonored grave. It was laughter without purity, without joy, without sympathy, without generosity. It was untouched by a single gleam from the coming day of peace and good will, it had in it no element of truth and hope, and so nothing came of it but a darker sin and a deeper sorrow.

Y street was looking its worst one midsummer's afternoon when a bright little woman stepped daintily along the broken sidewalks. She was not handsome, but her eyes were full of tender meanings and her fresh lips looked ready to drop pearlspearls of goodness and love. Her pretty chintz dress fitted her trim figure to perfection, and her thimble clinked pleasantly against the coins which she had received for her day's work in one pocket of her coquettish apron. A neat needle-case peeped from the other pocket, and a substantial pair of seissors glittered at her belt. All the population was abroad, and all stared and wondered at the unusual spectacle; the elder boys, giving rent to

prolonged whistles and oaths, meant to be playful and complimentary—a kind of greeting which would probably have taken a more active form but for the tact and good nature of the stranger. At length she stopped before one of the more decent houses, shook her head, scanned it a second time, and then with a slight nod of recognition, tripped

lightly up the stairway. Norah Graham was country-born and bred, and an unfortunate day it was when her widowed mother moved to the great manufacturing town, incited to that ill-judged step by glowing accounts of extravagant wages and light work. She found the mills, where alone high wages were to be obtained, insufferable from their heat and dust and noise; and without acquaintances or recommendations of any kind, she could not make her way among strangers. She fell ill with disappointment and anxiety, and her small means barely sufficed to furnish her a grave in a pleasant cemetery. Norah far excelled her mother in inward characteristics and outward graces, and no long time clapsed before she obtained employment as a seamstress. As she increased in skill, her remuneration increased; and now, after five years of steady diligence, she was still young and bright, and had laid aside a trifle against possible sickness and mischance, Norah had converted all her patrons into friends, but they were recent friends. None of them had known her in her happy childhood, none had known the father whom she so loved and reverenced; to none could she reveal the heart-history, which, beginning in sunshine, had ended in darkness and tears. The new did not replace the old, and she was eager to welcome any memorial of her country life, and to seek a renewal of the slightest of early ties. She was in this mood when she learned that the Lows-her favorites. among old-time neighbors-had met with successive misfortunes, and had finally established themselves in Y street. Norah easily divined the cause of their rapid descent from the farm-house in Burton, shaded by elms and maples, to this repulsive spot; for countless memories crowded upon her of Jack Low lounging lazily about the bar of the little inn, and of Mrs. Low's good nature and unthrift. With them came also, recollections of aprons full of luscious pears, baskets of red-cheeked apples, brimming pitchers of new cider, and ears of purple pop-corn which found their way from the farm to the cottage; and those awoke a thrill of affectionate gratitude which could he satisfied only by an effort in their behalf. "I have but little to give," she said to herself, "but I can lodge and breakfast with them, and pay them the same that I pay my present landlady."

Norah was welcomed by Mrs. Low with tears of mingled pain and pleasure; and her proposal was, after a few faint denials, thankfully accepted. The best of the poor rooms was assigned her, which she furnished neatly, and which she consecrated by countless beautiful deeds of generous self-denial. Many a long hour, after her day's work was done, she plied her needle for the little Lows, without a thought of payment; and many and many a time her pleasant chat and pleasant singing kept the father from the grog-shop and sent him sober to bed. She gave new courage to the desponding mother, showed her how best to manage her small and uncertain income, and taught her to make her home tidy and cheerful, despite the baleful power of place and circumstance. Quietly, also, her influence penetrated to other families, but her chief success was among the children. To them she gave her Sabbaths, denying herself all the sacred pleasures of the house of prayer, and when the summer melted into autumn, and the evenings grew long, she gathered them by classes in her warm chamber, and taught them charming things so charmingly that many began actually to thirst for knowledge, and applied for and obtained admission to the city

At length the cold winds swept bracingly through Y Street, and the snow draped it with fleecy folds. White, glittering, all impurities covered from sight and scent, it waited for the coming Christmas. The stars looked the glad tidings from the depths of their purple silence, the air breathed it in its frosty sleep, the Rielle murmured it from between its icy banks, even the very houses seemed to feel it although weakly and without voice. Here and there, also, a little heart leaped at the thought, and young eyes flashed with the promise of the approaching festival. Norah Graham was both busy and joyful. She was trimming a tree for her Sunday School children. It was a real tree, which had been given her by a patron, and she was hanging up not only streamers and flags, but shoes and stockings, and mittens and comforters, and jackets and caps and beside these she had frosted cakes, and great bunches of grapes, and strings of figs, pyramids of apples, and bags of candy, to say nothing of the books and pictures not a few. How her pulses beat! how her blood went racing through her veins! how quick and light were her movements! how her hand trembled with pleasure as she labeled article after article, and tied them to the glossy holly boughs! and how prettily she turned her head, now this way and now that, to observe the effect of her handiwork! The minutes flew by, and the hours as well, till the last ornament found its place; and then such a vivid picture of the morrow's joy rose before her-such a thrill of love for the forlorn little ones who were to be her guests, struck through her heart—that she laughed aloud. A clear, sparkling laugh it was, and while it yet filled the chamber with its inimitable music, the distant bells rang in the merry Christmas. For an instant the cheery tones appeared to her but the echo of her own merriment, and she laughed again, and then listened gleefully for a second echo. It came, low and sweet, and freighted with a proud delight, but not from the metal spheres suspended away in the soft ether. I broke from the darkness just beyond her threshold. and before it had died into silence, two stalwart arms caught up the blithesome seamstress, and lips as bright as hers sought their companion lips in a long and clinging kiss. Ah! the heart history begun in sunshine had not, as she believed, ended in darkness and tears. The lover of her early youth, absent so long and so bitterly lamented, had returned, rich in purse, richer still in a matured and disciplined affection, and a character moulded by endeavor and mellowed by success. As Norah looked into his face, every shadow of doubt passed away. She re-trimmed her lamp, and under the glittering holly boughs the two sat, hand in hand, relating their adventures. until morning, gold-crowned and rosy-hued, called them to begin the work before them. Such a breakfast as smoked on the Lows' usually scanty table! such a dinner as was sent them from the best cooks in the city! such additions as were made to the Christmas tree! and such additions, too, to the

guests who danced around it! Other things happened in Y Street, or rather had happened, for only the stars witnessed the coming of its good fortune. When Norah went out to assist her betrothed in the purchase of the Christmas offering which he gratefully desired to make, she was utterly bewildered by the changes which had occurred within a few brief hours. Every house stood whole and trim before her, the sidewalk had been newly paved, and furnished with curbstones of hammered granite. The rubbish had vanished from vacant lots, and trees nodded and whispered over the neat palings which had mysteriously sprung up around them. The Rielle, cleared of impurities, flowed gleefully by. The factories were closed for the last time, and a pretty church stood on the spot where, season by season, day and night, men and women had imbruted themselves with the poison dealt to them by painted and bejeweled girls. "I am terrified," said Norah. "Hilland, dear

Hilland, what can it mean?" Her question was answered soon afterward, and it was with profound gratitude and tender awe that she perceived how a new spirit had settled upon and permeated the place. Neatness touched with encroaching finger the realm of slovenliness and unthrift; hope dawned upon the darkness of despair and a firm resolve for worthier doing replaced the fatal indifference which cared for nothing, and nothing sought. And in the radiance of this promise, in the glory of this dawn, in the presence of the men and women and little children, who were being lifted heavenward by ever so short a step, by ever so timorous a beginning, Norah and Hilland joined hands; and God made them one in life, one in work, and one in worship, then and forever.

To watch the corn grow, and the blossoms set; to draw hard breath over plowshare or spade; to read, to think, to love, to hope, to pray-these are the things that make men happy; they have always had the power of doing this, they never will have the power to do more. The world's prosperity or adversity depends upon these few things; but upon iron, or glass, or electricity, or steam, in no wise .-Ruskin.

One of the lady graduates from Oberlin this year, was born a slave at Washington, hired her time, bought her freedom, and prepared for college in Providence, R. I.

Circular.

To the Spiritualists and Friends of Progress every-

In accordance with and furtherance of the views and sentiments of the National Convention of Spiritualists, held in Chicago, Illinois, from the 9th to the 14th of August, A. D. 1864, Inclusive: We, the National Executive Committee, appointed by said Convention, do most respectfully, but urgently, recommend the immediate formation (without creeds or articles of faith), of societies or local organizations, for associate efforts by Spiritualists and all progressive minds everywhere. To this end do we present the following form of Articles of Association-comprehensive and liberal-and such as leave individual rights entirely unmolested.

Under these Articles societies will be entirely independent of each other, yet they will possess an inherent power for general associative effort, so necessary for a National expression of the great Principles now being evolved by the most progressive minds of the Age.

Your committee only assume to recommend, belleving that, when uniting for an associative effort, we should be especially careful, to guard sacredly

INDIVIDUAL RIGHTS. Societies organized as recommended, can be incorporated under the general laws governing Religious organizations in the several States, as well as the Canadas—our rights being equally sacred in law with other religious bodies.

It will be understood that each local organization can assume such name as may be deemed advisable by the individuals composing the society. We simply propose a name highly expressive of a type of Religion, based on sound philosophy, one which will stand the test of reason, and that for which Spiritualists, Friends of Progress, and all progressive minds boldly contend.

S. S. JONES, Chairman, St. Charles, Ill. WARREN CHASE, Battle Creek, Mich. HENRY T. CHILD, M. D., 634 Race Street, Philadelphia. W. F. SHUEY, Elkhart, Indiana. MARY F. DAVIS. Orange, N. J. SELDEN J. FINNEY.

Plato P. O., Ohio. M. M. DANIELS, Independence, Iowa. H. B. STORER, Boston, Mass. MILO O. MOTT Brandon, Vermont.

F. L. WADSWORTH, Secretary National Executive Committee of Spiritualists. Chicago, August 15, 1864.

RECOMMENDED — RELIGIO-PHILO SOPHICAL SOCIETY.

ARTICLES OF ASSOCIATION.

DECLARATION.

WE THE UNDERSIGNED being desirous of promulgating the great and sublime principles of the Harmonial Philosophy, and of elevating and unfolding the minds of Humanity to a due appreciation of the attributes of Deity, as manifested through Mother Nature, the better to enable us to appreciate a common Paternity and Brotherhood, do unite ourselves into Society, under the Laws of this State, by the name and style of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY. OFFICERS, AND THEIR DUTIES.

And for the better execution of the will of said Society, i is provided that it shall, each and every year, on the First Sunday in January, or as soon thereafter as convenient, elect from their members a President, Vice President, Clerk, Trensurer, Collector, Janitor, and Five Trustees, which Trustees shall be styled the Trustees of "The Religio-Philosophical Society;"

The duty of which officers shall be to execute and perform the usual functions of like officers in other organized bodies, and especially the following duties, viz:

It shall be the duty of the President to call meetings of the Society, and preside at all meetings of the Society or Executive Board, if present, and act as the general corresponding and financial agent of the Society. It shall be the duty of the Vice President to perform all of

the duties of the President in his absence, or inability to act It shall be the duty of the Clerk to keep accurate minutes of the doings of the Society and Executive Board, and such other duties as usually appertain to similar officers, under the direction of the President.

It shall be the duty of the Treasurer to receive all money belonging to the Society, and keep a correct account thereof and if it be from the collector, to receipt to him therefor, and pay the same out at the order of the President, under the direction of the Society or Executive Board. It shall be the duty of the Collector to collect all money

subscribed or contributed, and pay the same over to the Treasurer immediately, taking his receipt therefor. It shall be the duty of the Janitor to take charge of the meeting house, and perform all such duties as are incident to such offices, in other bodies, and act as the general messenger

of the Society. It shall be the duty of the Trustees to perform all such duties as the law, under which this Society is organized, requires.

VACANCIES-HOW FILLED.

In case a vacancy in any office in these articles provided for, shall occur, either by death, resignation, removal to a distance, or inability to act, it shall be the duty of the Executive Board to appoint some member of the Society to fill such vacancy until the next ensuing annual meeting; and any office may, if necessary, be filled pro tempore in case of the temporary absence of the regular incumbent.

THE EXECUTIVE BOARD AND THEIR DUTIES.

The President, Vice President and Clerk shall form an Executive Board, and a majority of them may transact business in the name of and on behalf of the Society, but subject to the approval of the Society, when an amount exceeding Fifty Dollars is involved.

The Executive Board shall report all their doings at the next annual meeting of the Society, and whenever required by a vote of the Society, in a business like manner, which report, when approved by the Society, the Clerk shall spread upon the records of the Society for future reference. The Executive Board shall be qualified to give Public Lec-

turers Certificates which shall endow them with fellowship as "Ministers of the Gospel,"-such Ministers of the Gospel as are referred to in the law under which this Society is organized; and authorize such Lecturers, in the capacity of such Ministers of the Gospel, to solemnize marriages in accordance with law; which certificate may be as near as practicable in the following form:

CERTIFICATE.

To all whom it may concern: Know ye that the Religio-Philosophical Society, reposing; especial confidence in our Lecturer, do hereby grant this Certificate of Fellowship and as a " regular Minister of the Gospel," recognize and as such authorize to solemnize marriages in accor-

dance with law. Given under our hands at A. D. 18 PRESIDENT

Executive BoardPRESIDENT OF MEMBERSHIP.

" We hold these truths to be self-erident," That we are all children of a common Parent who, through the kind care of Mother Nature, and the instrumentality of Angelic Messengers, ever holds the lowest, or least developed, as well as the highest of His children in his loving embrace, and provides impartially for their every want, and is continually bringing them to appreciate His unfailing love for all: Therefore it is the duty of this Society to receive all who desire to unite herewith, by subscribing to these articles, each individual alone being responsible for views entertained or uttered, or acts performed or approved. And for these reasons no complaint or charge against members of this Society shall ever be entertained, nor shall any member of this Society ever be suspended or expelled from membership.

As all things in nature are subject to change, so the mind is governed by the same law; and what appears to be truth and right to-day, may appear otherwise to-morrow. For these reasons, any person becoming a member of this Society, is at any time at liberty to withdraw therefrom, and have his or her name stricken from the roll of members, on application to the Clerk, without imputation for so doing.

That man is a progressive being, and at all times acts in accordance with the internal forces of his own being and external surroundings; it therefore becomes the duty of every brother and sister to extend the hand of charity to all, and use their utmost endeavors to unfold the higher faculties by enlightening the mind of humanity, and especially of the erring, downtrodden and oppressed.

That the most highly developed inhabitants of earth, are intermediate between those angelic beings of expanded intel lects, who long since passed from earth, and now inhabit the "Summer Land," and the lower races of humanity, who occupy the rudimental plains of this sphere of existence; and that, as the Angelic World tender their kindest offices to us for our unfoldment in health, comfort, wisdom and happiness, so it is our duty to extend like loving care to our brothers and sisters of every grade, alike, for their unfoldment in

health, comfort, wisdom and happiness. To "err is human;" " no man liveth and sinneth not," therefore it is the duty of man to encourage his fellow man in well-doing, and to chide and judge not, as all in turn need encouragement, and not censure and reproach.

A majority vote of the members present at all regularly called meetings of this Society, when it does not contravene these articles, shall govern.

MODE OF DOING BUSINESS.

FINANCES. All money required for the furtherance of the great objects contemplated, and to be used by this Society for any and all purposes deemed expedient, shall be raised from free donations, voluntary subscriptions, and rents and profits or sales of property owned by the Society-but never by taxation of its

LEGISLATIVE POWERS.

This Society may from time to time adopt such By-Laws at

meetings duly called for that purpose as shall be deemed expedient, provided that they do not in any manner contravene or conflict with the true intent and meaning of these articles, or the laws of our country.

ON AMENDMENTS OF THE ARTICLES OF ASSOCIATION.

of two-thirds of the members of the Society present at a

meeting called therefor, provided such amendments shall have

been submitted in writing, at a regularly called meeting of the

Society, at least ten days before being acted upon. And pro-

vided further that such amendments shall in no wise infringe

upon the largest and broadest interpretation of these articles

in favor of individual rights, freedom of action-thoughts,

and expression thereof. And no amendment shall ever be

made allowing complaints to be entertained against members,

nor for their censure, suspension or expulsion, nor in any

wise to restrict or hinder any person from uniting with or

provided.

withdrawing from this Society in the manner herein before

FIRST BOARD OF OFFICERS.

And, lastly, it is agreed that the following named persons

shall constitute the Board of Officers, provided for in the fore-

going articles of association, until the first Sunday in Janu-

ary, A. D. 18- and until their successors are duly elected and

THE HEALING ART.

COMMENCING with the Grecians, during the lives of Escu-

U lapius and Hippocrates, individuals of energy and learning

devoted their time to researches into the laws of health and

disease. For a lapse of centuries, the profession was divided

equally among the Dogmatists and Empirics. In these latter

days, the temples of Asculapius have been rebuilt. Drugs

and poisons as remedies have been so commonly used, that

the Gods of Physic, like warriors of old, can point to every

graveyard in the land, where lie the premature dead, the

To the rational mind, the inquiry arises, "Is physic or

drugs necessary in the treatment of human disease?"

Shakspeare said: "Throw physic to the dogs." Ergo-will

ened countries of Egypt, we find that the healing of disease

was performed by the laying on of hands, the agent employed

being animal magnetism, and more potent in its effects than

any other known remedy, removing or quieting all pain and

inflammatory action in a few minutes, and applicable to all

Divesting the healing of disease from the miraculous, we

find the Apostles and their successors, including Ignatius

Loyalla and Chrysostum; also, the Suxon Kings, healing disease

The history of the past reveals the fact that this treatment

is as old as humanity. Why, then, should the human mind

of the present age cry " Humbug!" at the revival of this

Verily, Ignorance raunteth itself! We challenge the scientific

physician to refute the fact, that all disease comes to the sys-

tem by way of deranged and diseased nervous fluids; hence,

to regulate these fluids is to remove all cause of disease from

the system, whether chronic or acute, nervous or muscular. .

This we can do with our treatment. Whilst we claim to cure

all curable diseases with this agent, we do not claim to cure

all instantly or in a few minutes. We believe that those who

do, are either dishonest or ignorant of the laws controling the

element. Enough can be accomplished without being pre-

sumptuous. It is a well established fact, that if the treat-

The Dynamic Institute has been in operation about one

year, during which time we have treated over 6,000 patients,

afflicted with every variety of disease. We give below a few

cases of cures to which we call the reader's attention, some

TESTIMONIALS.

ancient or modern times, was performed by Dr. Persons, on

Mrs. Julia Hicks, of Oshkosh, Wis., she being termed an

ossified woman, 31 years of age, perfectly helpless and unable

to move a joint in her anatomical system for ten years. Dr.

Kezertee, surgeon of Oshkosh, administered chloroform to the

patient six times, whilst the Doctor operated from two to

three minutes each time, and succeeded in loosening all her

joints. Since the operation her conditions are daily impro-

ving. The above was accomplished entirely with the human

W. M. Graves, Glenbulah, Wis .- Leg drawn up by Rheuma-

W. H. Cory, Taycheedah, Wis .- Walked on crutches over

Wm. Shepherd, Rubicon, Wis .- Diseased leg for 15 years;

running sores from knee down to ancle: walked with a crutch

for 114 years: cured in ten minutes, and walked off well, three

Joseph Galland, Fond du Lac, Wis.-Foot displaced; walked

Mrs. Arad Johnson, Rosendale, Wis.-White swelling and

Newton Linkfield, Ripon, Wis.-Typhoid fever for two

Joseph Kettlewell, Berlin, Wis.-By a fall from a load of

hay and striking on his head, injured upper portion of spine,

drawing his head upon his shoulder, and was unable to put

out his arm. Suffered for six years. Spent \$100 and received

ear, and sight so impaired that he was unable to read or write

without glasses, besides paralysis of the whole system. Eve-

sight and hearing perfectly restored in less than 15 minutes,

Philip Adler, Milwaukee.-Rheumatism in heart, chest and

L. Juneau, Milwaukee, (son of Paul Juneau.) - White

swelling and rheumatism in both limbs, with bone disease;

could scarcely walk with crutches; in 20 minutes made to

walk without them, and in a few weeks became fleshy and in

years old, very fleshy. Hip ail and falling of the womb for 21

Mrs. Elizabeth Maitland, Leon, Waushara Co., Wis.-Sixty

Leander Blair, Rosendale, Wis .- By falling from a building

15 feet on a stump, injured in spine, chest and stomach, in

August, 1862, causing epileptic fits ever since, as many as 25

in a day, and was unable to perform any labor. Cured in 15

Mrs. Elizabeth Smith, Ripon, Wis .- Diptheria-a very bad

Mrs. Elizabeth McCauley, Ripon, Wis.-Ovarian tumor and

Patrick Kneeland, Milwaukee.-Lame in one limb for three

Mrs. Job Galloway, Northfield Ill.-Cancer in breast-a

William Wilson, Chicago, Ill.—Rose cancer, cured in 18

James Cooper, Chicago, Ill.—Large tumor on neck for three

Mrs. L. Culver, Chicago, Ill.—Paralysis for 10 months, con-

D. D. Nichols, Chicago, Ill.—Rheumatism; long time unable

C. W. K. Howard, Wheaton, Ill.—Chronic inflammation of

William Stewart, Chicago, Ill .- Typhoid fever, very bad case.

Mrs. C. A. Gale. Milwaukee.-Typhoid fever three weeks.

Christian Erion, Herman, Dodge Co., Wis.-Rheumatism;

walked with crutch and cane for 5 months. In one treat-

Philo C. Spooner, Fairwater, Wis .- Totally deaf for twenty

Hugh Kinnefick, Ripon, Wis.—Paralyzed arm for 9 years.

Mrs. Margaret Carr, Milwaukee.—Paralyzed arm; cured in

Smith Hoyt, Milford, Wis.—Rheumatism of heart, lame in

A CARD TO THE AFFLICTED.—This is to certify that I, the

undersigned, have been under the treatment of Dr. Persons,

of the Dynamic Institute, Milwaukee, for the last four weeks.

I have been a sufferer from Paralysis, having had two attacks,

the second one reduced me to the last extremity, rendering me

entirely helpless, unable to articulate or smallow. The paralysis

was nearly total, and my physicians and friends gave up my

Dr. Persons was called to see me, and under his potent

treatment, without taking a particle of medicine, I recovered

rapidly, and am now able to return to my home in Nantucket,

Mass. I will make this an occasion to recommend all my

friends who may require treatment, to call on Dr. Persons, as

he is well qualified to treat every disease that is curable, by

Nearly all of the above cases we have certificates of, which

Patients boarded at the Institute. Terms, from \$15 to \$20

per week for board and treatment, they furnishing towels,

The institution is located in Milwaukee, Wis., on Marshall,

two doors south of Division street, No. 587, and within 200

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which arise from exhaustion of the vital powers, prematurely,

from disease or excess, rendering the patient emasculent in

mind, and powerless in body. Such and such only! The sys-

tem of cure is an improvement on that acquired by Dr. R. in

Turkey, Egypt, Syria and France. It is dynamic in operation,

and therefore true. Terms, \$5.00-Medicines extra. Address

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DES. PERSONS, GOULD & CO.

Master Mariner.

5-lam-tf

both limbs for 7 years, and walked on crutches or canes.

Hand drawn up close to shoulder, and fingers closely con-

years. After second treatment of 10 minutes, could hear well

ment of 15 minutes, left his crutch and walked off well.

tracted, straightened and rendered useful in 6 minutes.

fined to bed, unable to stand on her feet, cured and made to

very bad case. Relieved at once, and cured in ten days.

years, unable to walk without help, cured in 8 minutes, and

P. C. Mitchell, Milwaukee.—Three years totally deaf in one

on side of it; could not wear a boot for two years; cured in

rheumatism; was unable to use her limbs since last May;

tism; obliged to use crutches 14 months; cured in 15 minutes,

and left his crutches with the Doctor, as a trophy of his skill.

two years, having no use of one limb; cured in 20 minutes.

THE OSSIFIED WOMAN.-The greatest surgical operation of

of which have never been surpassed in the world's history:

ment be persisted in, it will overcome all curable diseases.

well known and universally successful method of treatment

diseases to which the human family are liable.

When we refer to ages in the past, embracing the enlight-

enter upon the duties of their several offices, viz:

trophies of their mighty skill!

by the laying on of hands.

miles, same afternoon.

made to walk in 20 minutes.

no benefit. Cured in 3 minutes.

years, cured in 5 minutes.

case, cured in 15 minutes.

years, cured in a short time.

Cured in a few treatments.

in ordinary conversation.

Soundly cured in three treatments.

his simple gift, the laying on of hands.

Esq., and Lewis J. Higby, Esq., all of this city.

feet of the street railroad. Post Office Drawer 177.

Milwaukee, July 26, 1865.

sheets and comforts for their beds.

'New Orleans, Louisiana."

Milwaukee, 1865.

walked off rejoicing.

walk in 10 minutes.

Cured instantly.

case as hopeless.

treatments.

and otherwise greatly strengthened.

one arm; cured in less than 10 minutes.

falling of womb, cured in 2 treatments.

to walk without help. Cured in 10 minutes.

stomach for 15 years. Cured in a short time.

weeks, cured in 5 minutes.

two treatments.

dogs take physic?

These Articles of Association may be amended by a vote

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Toe Complete, LEAVING ONLY A SMALL OPENING AT THE HEEL TO BE CLOSED, AND NOT A MINUTE'S

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the heel and toe are sewed or knit by hand, "narrow and widen" only knitting tight and loose, and reduce the number of loops only by removing the needles from between other needles, thus leaving open spaces in the work, which destroy its uniformity and durability. IT IS THE MOST PROFITABLE MACHINE EVER IN-

VENTED FOR WOMEN. Every Machine warranted to work as represented. Come and witness the operations of the "Complete Knitter" and the "Crowning Triumph,"

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body and mind are carefully and equally attended to. 1-tf

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The MEDIUM ARTIST, THROUGH WHOM the design for the heading of this paper

was given, will send to any address, for 20 cents, a History of the CHICAGO ARTESIAN WELL, one of the greatest tests of spirit-power yet made; and for 25 cents he will send a Photograph copy of A. LINCOLN, called the EMANCIPA-TION. The original was given through his hand, while in the trance state, in 25 hours. It is 52x88 inches-"Life Size;" said to be the largest drawing of the kind, under glass, in this AT It can be seen at the Artesian Well.

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MR. WILLIAM JACKSON,

ECTURER, TEST AND HEALING MEDIUM, ALSO lanswers sealed letters. Those wishing any information apon any subject, ask any questions about their business, or wish any information from their departed friends, can obtain it by enclosing \$3.00 and four three cent postage stamps. The letter, after being prepared, must be enclosed in a second envelope, with the necessary fee, and directed as below.

He will delineate character, advise in regard to business matters, give prominent traits, peculiarities of disposition, changes in past and future life, physical diseases, with directions what business they are best adapted to be successful in; the physical and mental capableness of those intending marriage; also gives instructions for self-improvement, by sending him your photograph, or the photograph of any one, autograph, or lock of hair. Terms, \$2.00.

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World. Sent to any part of the country, securely done up, on receipt of \$1.00. Address WILLIAM JACKSON, Oswego, Kendall County,

All orders promptly attended to. Address 22 Market st. [1-tf

Our Children.

"A child is born; now take the germ and make it A bud of moral beauty. Let the dews Of knowledge, and the light of virtue, wake it In richest fragrance and in purest hues; 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 swelled one pleasure, or subdued one pain, O who shall say that it has lived in vain?"

Flowers for Children.

Oh, the flow'rets, the bonnie wee flow'rets, Glinting and smiling, and peoping through the grass! And oh, the children, the bonnie little children, I see them and love them, and bless them as I pass! I bless them-but I'm sad for them-I wish I could be glad for them,

For who, alas! can tell me the fate that shall befal! The flow rets of the morning, The greenwood path adorning,

May be scattered ere the noontide, by the wild wind's sudden Or plucked because they're beautiful, By rudest hands, undutiful;

Or trampled under foot by the cattle of the stall; And the smiling little children, the bonnie little children, That sport like happy moths in the sunny summer sheen, May perish ere the daytime Of their sweet expected May-time,

And sleep beneath the daises and the long grass growing

Or a worse, worse fate may light on them, And cast more fatal blight on them; The bonnie little maiden may be woo'd and cast away,

And the bonnie boy prove ruthless, Or cowardly, or truthless, Or a gold adoring hypocrite, before his head be gray.

But oh, ye fairy blossoms! whatever be the future, I would not, if I might, peer through its awful glass; Bloom, flow'rets of the wild wood!

Rejoice, oh happy childhood! I look at you and love you, and bless you as I pass. CHARLES MACKAY.

Stories and Thoughts for My Young Folks. · NUMBER TWO.

BY W. H. W.

"The temple we live in. Temple!" exclaims Storm; "ay, it is only an old shake-down of a house, and I know all about it."

"I mean this human body, which is a wonderful temple for the soul to dwell in, for a time its lord and master."

The body is composed of various organs and tissues, each bearing a close relation to all, and wonderfully adapted to the functions to be performed.

It is composed of bones, ligaments, tendons, muscles, blood-vessels, glands, vicera, etc.

"Please explain the large words, for you have taught me 'that understanding is the foster-parent of memory'; and I am sure I shall not understand Tunless you do so."

"Each word shall be formally introduced with an explanation."

There are 206 bones in the frame of this house some long, some short, some flat, some very irregular in form; yet each one is just exactly as it should be, and cannot be improved. If you were to divide the body in the center, the bones of the right would correspond in number and form with those of the left half; and the same applies generally to muscles, blood-vessels and nerves.

The head contains 28 bones; if we include 32 teeth, 60.

The vertebral column, or back bones, 26; ribs, 24; arms and hands, 64; legs and feet, 63. Then there is the sternum, the breast bone, and a small bone at the base of the tongue shaped like the letter U.

The cranium, or skull, is formed of bones so arched as to form a hollow sub-sphere, in which the brain is lodged and protected. The different pieces are so firmly joined, and in such a peculiar manner, that it is as liable to fracture at any other place as at such points.

This is the watch-tower in which are placed the four principal senses to stand sentry over the temple-seeing, hearing, tasting, smelling, all in close proximity to headquarters, the brain.

as you term them, "the dry bones." Bone is composed of % earthy and % animal

I will speak of this soon, but will now return to,

The % earthy portion is principally lime, phos-

phorus, magnesia, flourine, chlorine, and soda. The other third, or animal, is gelatine and blood-

The long bones are the levers, and the muscles are the ropes that move them and act as the

garments to clothe them. How nicely each muscle is adapted to its office; there so attached as to insure rapidity of motion at expense of force; there, for exertion of enormous force at expense of motion, illustrating, simply as a piece of mechanism, more than has ever been attained by man's skill or wisdom.

The flesh of animals which we cat is muscle. Examine a piece of boiled corned beef, and you will perceive it is made up of little bundles, and these of still smaller ones, until the smallest is termed a fibre. Each bundle and fibre is wrapped in the thinnest, finest tissue, called cellular membrane. Muscle is amply supplied with blood-vessels and nerves, the former being so abundant that the whole muscle is red from their presence. The muscles are concerned in every movement we make.

To mention each muscle, its action and use, would fill a large book.

Every muscle is supplied with two sets of nerves. One controls its action, under direction of the will, and is called the "nerve of motion;" the other receives impressions of pain or pleasure, and is termed "nerve of sensation."

In some diseases the nerve of motion becomes implicated, and the muscle it supplies loses all power of movement, as in paralysis, or is excited to constant, involuntary action, as in St. Vitus dance. When the nerve of sensation supplying a muscle is destroyed, the muscle may be cut or torn without causing pain.

Here I am again interrupted by Master Piper running out upon the verandah, exclaiming: "Quick, quick! Come quick! The world is all on fire!" And in a less excited tone: "I guess the Millerites are right this time."

It was an aurora borealis, or northern light, of such brilliancy that he thought it must be the often predicted final conflagration.

The whole northern heavens were aglow with rays of various colors, their base of an undefined sombre hue like the distant haze of Indian summer, with an indistinct, rolling, surging, heaving, with, at intervals, a tumultuous rushing from opposite directions.

Above this an arc of pale yellow, the edges fading away until they rested upon the horizon in rays of parti-colored light, which receded, advanced, disappeared, constantly changing in color and intensity, sometimes slowly, sometimes in an instant.

The base of these rays was usually of vivid colors, and formed the arc of a circle more or less regular. Their points converged to a central line in the horizon, which formed a grand dome of light, by which the finest print could be read with ease. Then would commence a waving motion, and the rays would successively increase in intensity, appearing several times in quick succession; then a sheet of light ran over the whole scene, from east to west, from base to summit. Then they would be

bent and folded upon themselves like the stripes in our glorious flag in a gentle breeze, unfolding and folding upon itself in rapid, graceful curves.

The brightness of the rays constantly varied, sometimes rivaling in splendor the noon-day sun, darting out in sinuous, snaky undulations, then as suddenly become stationary, with a base of brilliant crimson or garnet, the middle of emerald green, the remainder a glowing pale yellow, fading into a color like iron at a white heat, painful to the eye if it could long be dwelt upon; but it is suddenly extinguished, to be again and again repeated, with, if possible, more brilliancy and variation. Again told me in a previous lesson a crust grew over a the motion resembles dilation and contraction, ebbing and flowing over the vast are; then with a throbbing, quivering, tremulous motion, it seems to sink to rest within itself.

At times when the auroral phenomenon was most intense in its shifting, phantom or tarantula dance, there would issue a rushing, soughing sound followed by a crackling, hissing noise, reminding one of the fabled Pandemonium or hell of the ancients, filled with writhing, fiery serpents in demoniacal combat.

The Indians of this continent formerly believed the north to be the happy hunting ground for the spirits of the departed, and that the aurora was their shadows playing at football, or while engaged in war, the chase, or athletic sports.

The height of the aurora above the earth is variously estimated at from fifty to three hundred

It is now established to be of electrical origin. The name, aurora borealis, is derived from a heathen god and goddess, and literally means "morning of the north."

Aurora was fabled as the goddess of morning, drawn by two horses in a rose-colored charlot, as usher of the morn. She was sister of the sun and moon, and mother of the wind and stars.

Borea was god of the north or north wind. This name (aurora borealis) is evidently not as appropriate as aurora polaris, or aurora electrica, for it is observed at the south pole as well as the north, and is of electrical origin.

The Wonders of Nature.

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

"Nature is ever beautiful. To-day and a thousand years from to-day, ever changing, yet ever renewing her gorgeous beauty."

"Ah, papa," said Rosa, thoughtfully, "are not many things very deformed and ugly?" "Not if rightly understood. We do not see why

they are so, and hence think that they are bad." "Well, if you say so I suppose it is true, but snakes will frighten me, and when a toad jumps out of the dirt in the garden, I cannot but shudder."

"I do not wish you to think so because I do, so much as because your reason tells you so. The toad is perfectly harmless, and even highly beneficial in a garden. The snakes of our climate are harmless. If you will divest yourself of prejudice, you will find there is a surprising beauty in the long tapering form of the snake, covered with brilliant scales. The caterpillar, bristling with hair, is quite as beautiful to my eye as the butterfly. He is the Russian prince, clad in a robe of fur, and his fur is quite as delicate as the down which clothes the wings of the latter. Then just think what a destiny awaits him. Not a year will go by before he will, after a short sleep, awake a perfect butterfly; just as man, after the sleep of death, awakes an immortal spirit. The butterfly is the resurrected spirit of the cater-

"'Foul sea monsters,' 'hideous creatures,' 'horrible, loathsome brutes'-such are expressions Cousin Belle uses, even applying them to our sheep and oxen, and I admit they do not sound well when so used." "You can judge, then, how such words sound to

me when addressed to these so-styled deformed creatures-snakes and worms. Belle, coming from the city, where such terms are far too fashionable, thinks our loved animals very 'horrid,' because she does not know their good qualities. I do not doubt but the cows appear as ugly to her as the silkyfurred caterpillar does to my little daughter. These creatures, usually called ugly, are the pet children of Nature. If she gives honey to the butterfly, she gives what is far preferable to the worm-leaves and bark. If the speckled trout love clear water, she gives the mudfish slime and ooze. She lavishly feeds all, loves all like an ardent mother. But my little one has called me from the subject she proposed for her lesson."

"Ah yes, papa, I almost forgot what you were to teach me, so interested have I been in the new ideas you have given. I never supposed any one in the world thought snakes and worms otherwise than ugly. But I see now that I must delight in the beautles they unfold as well as the songs of the birds and the breath of the roses. You have enlarged my field of view. I see, as it were, with a clearer eye, and I thank you for it."

"Never be controlled by prejudice." "I will try, but I am a child, and am often truant

to my lessons." "Your lesson to-day is the birth of the world. If tell you how this world was created, you will know how all others were, as the same causes acted in producing all. If I describe the growth of one tree, I have that of all other trees, as all grow alike. So is it with worlds. The stars are all globes, many of them much larger than the EARTH, but all were created by like laws, controlled by like causes. think I have made the facts plain to you, and hope you understand them. If you do not, before I present you the description I propose, you had best mention whatever appears dark to you."

"I think I understand the facts you have pre-

"Very well, you can then follow me through what you will call my story."

"The earth, moon, sun and stars, everything in the heavens, was a mass of vapor. In this mass, as it cooled, the worlds formed, somewhat as sugar

forms crystals in a thick syrup. "You know that matter is composed of atoms or grains. Now these atoms, when they are different from each other, push each other off-are enemiesand will not unite; but when they are alike they are the best of friends, and rush together. In this mass of vapor, the atoms which had friendship for each other came together, and by uniting, their friendship became stronger and extended farther, and drew other atoms, while their enmity for unlike atoms equally augmented; and where they had, like themselves, united, this enmity became powerful. These centers of friendship became very large, and at length, bursting all restraint, pushed out independent worlds; they were enemies to all other centers, and hence would not unite with any."

"Do the worlds still hate each other so violently?" "Just as violently, or they would sometimes crash together. They are all related in common, but

meeting the earth, are groundless?"

they are pushed away from each other." "Then the fears which many entertain of comets

"Quite so. Comets may, in their course, come very near the earth, but they will then, as we have repeatedly seen, rush away into the trackless realms of space. If the orbit of each planet was an iron railway, they would not move more certainly and truly. I shall leave the history of all other worlds, and tell you only that of our beloved earth. Thus born from the white-heated furnace of creation, it was a mass of vapor. It slowly cooled, and as steam, on cooling, becomes water, it became liquid.'

"Then, as ice on a cold night forms over a pond or river, a crust formed over the flery lava, just as you current of lava, described by a traveler in the Sandwich Islands."

"This crust, when it became thick and hard, formed what we called the igneous, or fire-produced rocks, which I will tell you about in the next lesson."

Popular Education.

[We publish, by the request of several of our renders, the following interesting article from the Chicago Tribune. We are glad that the new system of spelling is being discussed. It is time there was a thorough reform in orthography.—Eds. Journal.

From the days of Milton to the present time the subject of orthographic reform has occupied the thoughts of educators and philanthropists. Our present English tongue is a modern lauguage. The original language was Celtic, which was more or less destroyed during the Roman occupation. About the year 448, the Romans finally evacuated Britain. The degenerate inhabitants of South Britain, after the Roman legions withdrew, unable to defend themselves against the Scots and Picts of North Britain applied to the German tribes called Saxons and Angles to come to their assistance, and repel the Scots and Picts. The Anglo-Saxons accepted the invitation, drove out the Scots, but, in turn, reduced the natives to submission and took possession o South Britain, and held it until the battle of Hastings, in 1006, when the island fell into the hands of the Norman-French. During the 600 years of occupation by the Saxons, their language was substituted for the original Celtic. The Anglo-Saxons dropped the Runic and adopted the Roman alphabet, with a few alterations, and introduced it into Great Britain. It was during this period that the Saxon-German tongue became the vernacular o South Britain. Literature, however, was in a crude state. The Normans introduced French-Latin, and engrafted it on the Anglo-Saxon language. We always give a Latin word a French form, and then Anglicize according to the usual analogies. Greek words are first made Latin, then French, and then English. Prof. A. J. Ellis says: "In England the original Runic letters of the Anglo-Saxons were gradually disused, and their place supplied, very imperfectly, with Roman letters. With great variety of dialects there was, necessarily, great variety of spelling. Then came the Norman Invasion, with the introduction of a language already mixed, and rulers who were ignorant of Saxon. Hence arose a mixture of the language and a confusion in spelling, for 'clerks' of Saxon origin wrote words half Saxon and half French, and others of Norman extraction puzzled over the Saxon words. At length, as the language became thoroughly fused into English, and laymen learned to write and tried their hands at spelling-principally their own names, however-all rule seemed to be broken through. The same words in the same page were written in different ways. People did not seem certain about the orthography of their own names." The language four hundred years ago was pronounced very differently from what it is now, and the spelling was a phonetic attempt at its pronunciation. As there were but five vowel letters to accommodate sixteen vowel and dipthong sounds, all sorts of digraphs and combinations were invented by different writers, some using one mode and some another, and our present usage is a mixture of them all. We have changed the old pronunciation of nearly all the vowels, but retain, in a great measure, the old, crude, mixed-up spelling. The consequence is that our orthography conveys a little idea of pronunciation, and the learner is obliged to memorize the spelling of nearly every word. Words derived from the Latin and Greek through the French, are not so irregular and lawless in their spelling as Saxon words, as the old monks understood the classics, and preserved the orthography, to some extent, of the Latin and Greek words. But the body of our English language is Anglo-Saxon, and its orthography is perfectly chaotic, and imperatively calls for

Dr. Johnson, one hundred years ago, complained most bitterly of the abominable condition of English orthography, but he refused to make any changes for the better, and rejected the poet Milton's spelling of the word "height." The root being spelled high, Milton, says Johnson, "in his zeal for analogy, writes hight"-rejecting the silent and useless c, but which Johnson restores, quoting the Latin phrase, "Quid te exemta juvat spinis de pluribus una," [How are you advantaged by removing a solitary thorn from a multitude?]—and adding, "To change all would be too much, and to change one is nothing." Dr. Webster, seventy years later, ventured to remove a few hundred of the "thorns, but left tens of thousands of others remaining in the flesh, to pain and distress the Anglo-Saxon race.

Walker, in his pronouncing Dictionary, first spells the words according to usage, and then phonetically as nearly as our defective alphabet will permit, in order to convey to the reader some idea of their true pronunciation. But this substitute is the severest condemnation of the present orthography, and an unanswerable argument in favor of a reform.

Dr. Webster rejected k after c in such words as music, public, and u from honor, error, which Johnson and Walker spelled musick, publick, honour, errour. Webster says that the final e in such words as motive, pensive, doctrine, should be omitted, as absurdities, leading to false pronunciation, as well as violating etymology. He also condemns the practice of changing the final y in nouns in the singular into ie in the plural, as city, duty, into cities, duties, contending that they should be spelled citys, dutys. In regard to such words as bread, dead, learn, earth, Webster says that it is very desirable that the perplexing and uscless a in the digraph ca should be discarded, as its loss would do no harm but much good. Those words, he says, "should be spelled bred, ded, lern, erth, &c." But the great lexicographer did not venture to introduce these reforms into plex and confuse the learner. From the alacrity and readiness with which the American people accepted his rejection of k and u from such words as music and error, it is evident that he might have safely ventured much farther in throwing out silent letters and discarding absurdities.

Dr. Franklin used to laugh and groan by turns over the irregular, inconsistent and nonsensical spelling of our language. He would say that they alone spelt well who spelt ill, and that embraced a majority of fifty to one. The Illiterate girl who wrote of her bo, he contended was a more correct speller than the young lady who employed the tripthong eau, and wrote it beau. He insisted that the chamber-maid was nearer right in spelling uf for wife, than the mistress who wrote it with four letters. He asked, why take the trouble to write tough, enough, laugh, though, through, knowledge, instead of tuf, enuf, laf, tho, thru, nolej? Why not write bin instead of been? bild instead of build. sed instead of said, adu instead of adieu? Why not write beleve, deceve, instead of believe, deceive? and so of thousands of other words. Time, he said, was money, and the time wasted in trying to learn to spell, and the time wasted in writing silent letters, and in searching the dictionaries to recover forgotten orthography, represented too much money to be thrown away, as was done. During one of the lulls in the political storm that preceded the breaking out of the Revolutionary war, while he was in England as the agent of the Colonies, he amused himself in forming a new alphabet somewhat similar to that which has since received the name of phonetic. Some of our letters he omitted from his new alphabet, as c, q and x, and invented a number of new characters for the sounds which have none. He wrote some quires of manuscript in his reformed alphabet; but the war that followed, and his engrossing duties as Minister of France prevented him from bringing the subject conspicuously before his countrymen. Franklin's system of orthography. however, was somewhat defective. He did not fully discover and systematize the elementary sounds of the language. That was reserved for Dr. James Rush, of Philadelphia, who thoroughly and scien-

tifically analyzed the philosophy of the human

voice and the English alphabet, and published an

claborate work on the subject in 1832. The book

was written in 1826, but he was six years in finding a bookseller that would venture to assume the expense of publishing it.

In 1837, Mr. Isaac Pitman, a schoolmaster of Bath England, invented a system of stenography to which was given the name of phonography, and which has superceded all other methods of short-hand writing. He next turned his attention to the task of producing characters for printing the language on the phonetic principle. Mr. A. J. Ellis, who had been previously working in the same direction, became acquainted with Mr. Pitman's labors in 1843. They united their efforts, which eventuated in the invention of the phonotypic alphabet. Funds for cutting types were raised by subscription, and specimens were given in 1844, and in 1846 the Phonotypic Journal was printed in the new characters, and the words were spelled according to the new phonetic principle. In 1847 Andrews and Boyle started a paper in Boston, called the Anglo-Saxon, printed in the same characters. Some changes were subsequently made in the form of the letters by Pitman and Ellis. Subsequently, Messrs. Longley, Prosser and Ben Pitman, of Cincinnati, agreed upon the phonetic alphabet that has since been used in the United States. Longley and B. Pitman have published a large number of books in phonotypic characters, including a pronouncing dictionary, a vocabulary of personal and geographical names, the New Testament, a work on Geometry, besides readers and spellers, and other publications. The American phonetic alphabet differs somewhat from that used in England. It consists of forty-three characters, namely: twenty-three letters of the common alphabet (c, q and x being rejected) and twenty new letters:

The English phonetic system introduces seventeen new letters, and rejects x, q and k-retaining c. The system which I propose, introduces but six new letters, each bearing a close resemblance to the letters which they relieve from doing double and quadruple duty, and four other letters slightly modifled from present forms. Pitman's system aims at giving a strictly scientific phonetic analysis of every word in the language; the other aims at effecting the largest degree of reform that habit and conservatism will permit. That is the real problem to be solved. Few will deny that a reform is sadly needed; on the other hand, few will tolerate a sweeping revolution of the common orthographyexecrable and intolerable as it is. But something should be done to lighten the present burden of the learner, and remove the underbrush from his pathway, which is thicker, thornier, and more troublesome to penetrate than the worst Mexican

Take, promiscuously, a thousand American adults, of all ages, from twenty-one upwards, and they may be thus classified with reference to their orthographic acquirements, viz.:

Number who can spell easy words imperfectly and read Number who can read the Bible tolerably well, but mis-

spell many of the common words...... 250 Number who misspell most of the long or "hard words" 300 Number who misspell hard words quite frequently 200 Number who pass for pretty good spellers Number who are really "good" spellers..... Number who can spell almost any word..... Number who can spell any word.....

The whole number in each thousand American men and women who can spell decently well through a moderate range of words, will not average to exceed one in ten. And this, too, in the Northern States. In the Southern States the number would not exceed twenty in a thousand of the white adults. And this is all we have to show after nearly a century of national independence, free schools and colleges, and after an expenditure of hundreds of millions of dollars, and the pains-taking labor of tens of thousands of teachers who have worn themselves out in the almost hopeless and impossible task of communicating our lawless and horrible system of orthography to their pupils. If we conceive spelling as a contrivance for the easy communication of ideas, we must condemn the present orthography as a practical failure. It has had a sufficient trial, and is it not high time to be casting around for something better? ALPHA.

Fred. Douglass in Baltimore. Rev. Edwin Johnson in writing to the Independent,

from Baltimore, speaks thus of Fred. Douglass:

More fortunate than myself, very many of the readers of The Independent have heard Mr. Douglass, not once, but often; and these need not that should attempt to tell them of his qualities as an orator-of his fine manly bearing, his expressive countenance, his rich voice, his clear enunciation, his full and choice vocabulary, his keen discrimination, ready wit, and philosophical wisdom. All these qualities were present in his performance last evening. He apologized for unusual languor, inform-Ing the audience that he had been for the last three days and three nights jarred and jolted over rallroads; but indeed there was no apparent lack of vigor and vivacity. For over an hour and a half his address continued, partly from the manuscript, but more of it and the most telling parts of it, unwritten. Graceful acknowledgment of the honor conferred in the association of his name with the institute, a clear and forcible display of the timeliness and usefulness of the movement toward a higher culture, carnest exhortation to the struggle for knowledge and all honorable attainment—these were interspersed with sallies of humor, flashes of scorn, touches of tenderness, and bursts of a lofty or solemn passion, that made the whole an admirable and wonderful specimen of public speech. And how much did the circumstances of the case heighten the effect of what was said! In Baltimore, where a slave boy from a neighboring plantation, he had learned his letters from the sign-boards, and had fished from the gutters leaves of the Bible, and washed and dried that he might read them-in Baltimore, where his liberty and his life would so short a time since have been wholly unsafe-in Baltimore, where the assembly that now meets in perfect peace, with,"none to molest nor make afraid," would so lately have been impossible, and the bold, radical sentiments now freely uttered would have been checked by a mob and a halter at the first syllable—this liberated slave, with the marks of his enslavement upon his back, but the demonstration of his cultured manhood in his bearing and his words, stands forth, the orator and prophet of his rescued race. Above him is a full-length portrait of Abraham Lincoln—the martyred emancipator—every allusion to whom calls forth from the dusky assembly expressions of reverent gratitude. Above him, too, the starry banner waves in token of national protection. The past of oppression and shame—the future of awful his Dictionary and Speller, and they remain to per- uncertainty, yet of glorious hope—the momentous, critical present-all combine to make the scene

> TALLEYRAND. - An exchange says the publication of M. Tulleyrand's memoirs is now said to be deferred for twenty years longer, contrary to his original intention, in accordance with which they should see the light about this time, or thirty years after his decease. By the bequest of his niece, the Duchess de Dino, they had come into possession of his private secretary, M. de Bacourt, and on his recent death, were left to certain parties on the condition that they should still be withheld from the public. They are said to be very extensive, embracing memoirs proper, with appendices of documents, and an immense correspondence, extending over the most eventful half century of the modern world. They have been transmitted to England for safe keeping. Whether or not any Napoleonic influence has been at work to keep the contents still a mystery is unknown, as well as the real judgment of the Prince de Talleyrand of the great man, whose fall was, in an important measure, owing to him: but there is no doubt that, if so disposed, many revelations damaging to the Imperial fame were at his command.

most impressive.

The Richmond Whig states that Gen. Lee has accepted the Presidency of Washington College.

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