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

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RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION, UBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS

CHICAGO, NOVEMBER 25, 1865.

VOL. 1.-NO. 9.

#### For the Religio Philosophic Journal. To the Night Wind.

BY RMMA TUTTLE. Oh! low-voiced, mournful night wind Come breathe to me your sighs; I love your wall for I am blind, So tearful are my eyes. Come tell me, have you blown to-night Over a new-made mound,

Where sleeps a young girl robed in white,

Oh, tell me, have you seen to-night While sweeping through the skies. An angel clad in robes of light With melting sapphire eyes. And was she coming down this way Where heavy shadows lte?-To break them with a gleam of day Descended from the sky?

In ellence most profound?

You tell me of the fragrant flowers Which you have lately kissed; our breath is moist with pearly showers! What of the one so missed? You bring a dainty snatch of song Like echoing melody; The chirping of the insect throng: The night bird's minstrelsy.

But oh, you tell me not a word About the vanished one! Alas! no murmur have you heard But you will sigh, and I must weep While all life's years go by, Until I fall, like her, asleep To waken in the sky.

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

NARRATIVE

# LIFE OF FERDINAND DE SOTO

WITH AN ACCOUNT OF BOME OF HIS EXPERIENCES IN THE INNER LIFE.

BY HENRY T. CHILD, M. D., root (20)

No. 634 RACE STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

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CHAPTER IV. SPIRITUAL STRENGTH - THE DEVELOPMENT OF A

The best proof we can give of our power to control mediums, physically, is the power we possess and have so frequently manifested, of moving physical bodies, and producing the various physical manifestations. We have our strong men here on all three planes. Strong physical spirits, who are able to produce powerful manifestations, under proper conditions; and when these phenomena come to be better understood, it will be found that they have occurred in all ages, and that many of the mysteries of the former days that have been derided and ignored, simply because they were not understood, will be made plain and clear, and many points of history will be vindicated. We have our strong mental organisms, not only capable of comprehending great intellectual truths, but also of giving them to mortals, under proper conditions, and an understanding of this will furnish a key to unlock many of the mysteries of human history. And we have strong moral spirits who are equal to the reception and calling out of the highest principles that are in operation here, and also able to give a more or less dear perception of these to the children of earth and we have all these combined in individuals who are embodiments of power, that furnish a beautiful type and illustration of the omnipotence of Deity. To give as distinct an idea of these individual influences of spirits on mortals, we will trace the history of a medium. His parents were well developed physically, had a good share of intellectual power. and were actively engaged in the cultivation of their moral natures. Under these circumstances, at a period about fifty years since, they had attracted to themselves a fine mental organism with its accompanying soul, and the result was a physical system which, at birth, was above the ordinary standard. strong and attractive by its well marked lines and curres. For the first three years he was subject, as is usual, to influences mainly upon the physical plane, and we may say here that this period of life is the one in which there descends from the inner life the most physical influence, combined with a sweet and refining power that makes this class, even among the low and degraded portions of humanity, very often lovely and attractive; and it is only when the repulsive nature of the parents and those around them in the form, influences them to drive away the luflux from the inner life, that these children come to be the rough, hard and uncouth members of the human family that are so common among the children of poverty and adversity. The main object of these physical spirits in acting

upon infants is to establish a strong physical frame as a basis of future power and greatness. Everything weat on well with our medium until at the age of three and a-half years, when he had a severe attack of measles, followed by inflammation of the lungs-for which he was treated in the most heroic manner by profuse blood-letting-but the life force was sufficient to withstand both the disease and the treatment, and he escaped death to be for years, pale, thin, and almost voiceless. He seemed now another child, and before him opened a different destiny. The strong physical nature of those early years gave place to the spiritual, which now assumed the supremacy, and thus marked a new era in his life.

early day, and some of those around him were eager | to listen to the remarkable descriptions of these dream-like, yet real, visions of his youthful mind. His parents saw with feelings of regret these manifestations, which their religious views led them to think were evidences of a visionary and unsettled mind, and they discouraged this folly, as they thought, not knowing that it was spirits who came thus and painted visions on the young and plastic mind, not as mere fancy sketches, but as a basis for future wealth of knowledge. Sometimes these were beautiful and filled him with an eestacy of Joy. At others, they were deep and mysterious, but seldom were they painful in their character; and if his life was bright and Joyous, it made but little difference to him whether he was mingling with genial companions, or reveling in these mystic and dreamy visions. Thus passed his early childhood. At school he was able to perform all his tasks and solve problems of deep and intricate character, without apparent effort, to the satisfaction of all his teachers, and often to their astonishment, for they were puzzled to comprehend the boy, and knew that invisible teachers were there ever ready to prompt and instruct him just as fast, and as far, as his capacity would admit it. He was active and industrious, for labor was not toll to him, but with little effort brought its reward. Up to this period there had been three prominent guardian spirits. First, a strong female spirit, a relation of his mother, whose chief labors with him were on the physical plane, until the sickness alluded to, when his spiritual nature assumed the ascendancy, and another female spirit, also a relative of the mother, but of a more refined and spiritual nature, took the position of guardian. She held this until about the ninth year, when a gentle young male spirit came into the place. It is usual for a female spirit to have the care of male children until they are about seven years old, and then they pass under the care of male spirits: while female children are mostly under the care of gentle and loving male spirits, until about the same age. We speak of these being under the charge of one spirit, but there are no instances in which only one spirit is thus engaged. There is always around every child of humanity, no matter how poor and desolate, and lonely they may be on earth, a band of spirits; and of these, one is more nearly allied, and in closer rapport, with the child of earth, and this one is called the guardian spirit. There is nothing irksome in this guardianship; it springs from an inward attraction and love. somewhat similar to parental affection on earth, which makes all the duties and labors which spring from, and belong to this relation, light and pleasant. Here, too, the beautiful law of compensation, which is the foundation principle of eternal right and justice, operates and gives ample return for all that is bestowed, and no one ever does a kind or good act without feeling that "it is more blessed to give than to receive."

A guardian spirit is never kept constantly employed around a single individual; there are always substitutes ready and willing to take the place whenever it is right and proper for them to fill it.

We return again to our history of the medium. A plain, practical education was acquired with much ease, and, at the age of sixteen, a change again occurred in the guardianship. Two brothers, one elder and one younger, passed suddenly into the interior, and formed at once part of the circle around him. At this time of life, a more vigorous and manly spirit takes the helm on the interior plane, and the transition from boyhood to manhood occurs. The elder brother, a very noble and truthful spirit, was often now the guiding star. In the circle were several physicians, and some of the ancient philosophers at times mingled in their deliberations. It was decided by the spirits that there were traits of character and power, physical, mental, and moral, that made the healing art a proper pursuit; but circumstances on the outward plane, led him to acquire the knowledge of a mechanical pursuit. The impressibility of the system in this, as in most other cases, diminished during the next six years, though a powerful controling influence was always maintained by those within. At the age of twentytwo he married, and after one short year of unbroken conjugal felicity, the wife of his love passed into the interior to join the band in that beautiful

Brightest beams shall light the way, To that home where giories play,

This sad event formed a new era in his life. The fire of a deep affliction melted away the hard crust that was forming around his gentle nature. The impressibility of his early life, and the visions, returned, with far more beauty, and with deep and profound lessons of wisdom. Grand and beautiful, though still mysterious, these ever after continued: and now the decision that he was to become a physician was carried out, and success marked his career. An important event, that occurred just at the time when he had completed his collegiate education, gave a new turn to his life. A fellow student, one who had been strongly attached to him, passed into the inner life just as he had completed an honorable course, and had received the highest honor of the college. Edward 8-, of Maine, was a young man of rare intellectual endowments, and the highest mental culture and discipline had made him the leading mind of the class, a philosopher and a ripe scholar, far beyond his years; but he was not destined for earth, and in the spring of 1848, in the arms of his loved friend-our medium-his spirit winged its way into the interior, leaving many sad Strange visions fitted before his mind, even at that | hearts to mourn the loss of one so worthy and so | make.

well beloved. Now a new chapter began in the life of our medium. His religious education had been somewhat different from that which Edward had received, but both were liberal, and there was a strong bond of attraction between them; both were interested in similar pursuits and studies, especially were they absorbed in the great problem of life, its origin and objects. Our medium felt, as he gazed upon the beautiful, lifeless form of his young and talented friend, as it lay coffined before him, "Oh, how sad to think that such intellectual powers and such a wealth of knowledge should be consigned to the grave and lost forever to bumanity;" but a voice from the unseen land whispered, "It is not lost, and thou shalt find it to be so."

Edward, upon his entrance into the inner life, found a cordial welcome, not alone from his own circle, but also from that around our medium, and these were now all united, each new acquisition to the circle rendering its influence more direct and positive, as well as more extended.

Time rolled on with its ceaseless changes. The year 1848 dates the beginning of a new era in the history of man and the philosophy of life. The physical manifestations of spirit existence and power again made their appearance, not as a new phenomenon, for they had long existed, but under more favorable conditions of humanity than at any former period. The Rochester knockings came sounding at the door of humanity, and bidding them awake, arise, and behold the dawn of a new and more glorious and beautiful day than the world had ever before witnessed, a day in which the sunlight from the mountain peaks of spirit life was to be poured over humanity with an effulgence that would not only lighten up the pathway of man on earth, but shed a blaze of light over the hitherto dark and dreaded valley of the shadow of death.

The two worlds had been for ages gradually approaching each other; the partition walls were being broken down, but they had never before shaken hands in that positive and familiar manner which now began to mark the relations between them in many parts of this and other countries. It was no accidental coincidence that brought these things about. The race had been gradually and steadily growing more impressible, and this was the condition which was essential for the establishment of this intercourse. And while we freely admit that these sensuous, physical manifestations are and must ever be the only bases, positive and incontrovertible, of the direct intercourse of spirits, still we know that this form of manifestation had long been in existence, and that it required the advanced and refined conditions of impressibility in many of the human family, in order to receive and establish these on that firm basis which they now occupy.

To proceed with the history of our medium. He was among the early investigators of this phenomenon, for reasons which will be apparent to all; it was to solve the riddle of his past life, and to explain that enigma which had not only puzzled him, but many others. His duties, as a physician, brought him into frequent contact with those who were developed in the various forms of mediumship, and from these were received many very beautiful and convincing tests, and also much valuable information; but we must observe that this course, though at first it seemed favorable to the development of his own mediumistic power, was not long so, and he was not only impressed, but specially directed, to give up this novelty-seeking disposition that led to a desire to see all the mediums and obtain all the different forms of evidence which they could give, and to sit quietly alone at regular periods, if it be but for a few minutes daily. This, with the knowledge that had been accumulating, brought back the visions with more splendor and beauty than ever. and many new channels of communication were opened. Not only were the leaders of the circle, in turn, able to communicate, but many other spirits were introduced, some of whom were able to give interesting details of their experiences in the inner life; and thus forty years' training brought him to a condition in which he could see and hear, and converse freely with spirits.

(To be Continued)

THE NEWSPAPER.—Take the most thorough man of the world of your acquaintance—the man most perfectly versed in all that goes on in all conditions and ranks of life-and I ask you what would he be without his newspaper? By what possible machinery could be learn, as he sits at his breakfast, the last news from China, of the last ballet at Paria, the state of the funds at San Francisco, the winner at Newmarket, the pantomime at the Olympic, and the encyclical of the Pope?

Without my newspapers, life would narrow itself to the small units of my personal experience, and humanity be compressed into the ten or fifteen people I meet with. As for the advertisements, I regard them as the mirror of the age. Show me one page of the "wants" of any country, and I engage myself to give a sketch of the current civilization of the period. Lord Broughen.

There are three kinds of men in the world: the Wills, the Won'ts and the Can'ts. The first effect everything; the others oppose everything. Will" builds our steamboats and railroads. Won't" don't believe in experiments and nonsense. while "I Can't " grows weeds for wheat, and commonly ends his days in the slow digestion of

Dr. Johnson said of a widower, who was about to marry, that it was a remarkable case of hope over experience.

We should not forget that life is a flower which is no sooner fully blown than it begins to wither. The manufacture of sugar from sorghum is now

spoken of as a positive fact. Words cannot heal the wounds that words can Cora L. V. Scott in Washington, D. C.

This eminent lecturer made her first appearance before a Washington audience on Sunday, Nov. 5. The following notices, clipped from Washington papers, will show the view taken of her by newspaperdom in that city:

SPIRITUALISM—CORA L. V. SCOTT—There was a crowd at Scaton Hall last night to hear and see the somewhat noted Cora L. V. Scott, "trance speaker," better known, perhaps, as Mrs. Cora L. V. Hatch. The platform was occupied by Cora, and by a tail gentleman, with a heavy beard.

Mrs. Scott, slight and graceful of figure, with

the bluest of eyes, and blondest of ringlets, falling from a finely formed head, far down over her shoulders, sat impassively behind a stand. Childlike in appearance, and with that air of delicacy and refinement, associated with such features, complexion, and color of eyes and hair-clad, too, in a prim, modest dress of gray, trimmed with black, and fitting close in the throat-she looked the impersonation of innocence and purity. Gazing at her it was difficult to believe that it was her name that was so bandled about, lately, in the New York divorce courts.

She commenced with an invocation to the Almighty, marked by felicity of phrase and purity of enunciation, but which, like the prayers of some other preachers, contained an amount of descriptive matter hardly needed for the instruction

of the Omniscient Mind.

The address that followed, reminded one in its graceful, wordy fluency, of John B. Gongh; but nothing specially new upon her topic was brought out, if we may except her statement that Napoleon the First dictates to Napoleon the Second what shall the destinies of France, and that the spirit of Prince Albert is busied with endeavors to keep the peace between England and America. A better idea of the capabilities of the speaker was obtained. when, upon the close of her address, she invited questions upon Spiritualism. A member were made by the audience, and answered by her with such crisp point as to show that her powers were something above the mere fluency of recitation. The visible comprecency shown by her at times in the discomfiture of a too confident questioner, militated sadly against the idea of spiritual agency and there was nothing whatever in her performances to indicate her a seer or anything more than a physically gifted, fluent, quick-witted woman-a John B. Gough in pettleoats, in short,—Evening

SPIRES OF GERMANY .- In the middle ages, no people seem to have so far mastered the art of construction as the Germans; although their French neigh-bors far excelled them in artistic design and graceful detail, yet to the Germans must certainly be allowed the palm for engineering skill. The bridge over the Moldan at Prague is perhaps one of the greatest engineering undertakings of the middle ages. It is 1,500 feet long, and has restated the shocks of feebergs with which the river is often chaked, for 500 winters. The old bridges of Wurzburg and Frank-fort are scarcely less remarkable. The principal objects, however, on which the Germans seem to have delighted to bestow their skill are the towers and spires of churches and town-halls. Vienna, Strasburg, Ulm, Landshut, Freiburg, and Tahn are the most important. There are, however, many less-known spires that are quite as beautiful, and exhibit quite as great constructive knowledge.

The towns of Prague and Wurzburg, viewed from a distance, give one the idea of a forest of spires; and at Wurzburg, in particular, they are grouped together in such a remarkably pleturesque manner that one can scarcely believe that the whole town was not originally planned and built only to be painted. Lubeck, Nuremburg, Augsburg, Landshut, and Erfurth, abound in spires; and, as some of these towns are situated in very hilly country, they quite destroy the old theory that spires were only built in flat places.—Builder.

Divorces.—A Philadelphia paper mys applica-tions for divorce have greatly increased within the last few years in our city. It does seem astonishing what a hurry some people are in to sunder the sacred bond, who, a few months ago, were in just as great a hurry to take upon themselves the obligations and responsibilities of married life.

They kiss and twitter like mated birds for a brief fortnight, and the third week are brought up before the courts for throwing smoothing irons at each other, and indulging in other little endearments peculiar to double blessedness. In some late cases, husbands and wives have been off the hooks before the taste of the bridal cake and ale have been washed from their mouths. There must be a screw loose somewhere. The fact is, the whole preliminary business of courtship is one grand systematic course of mutual deception; both parties persistently shut their eyes to each other's true character, and ineist upon investing each other with attributes which neither possess, and which none but angels ever do. They picture to themselves, for the future, an earthly heaven of music, dancing, billing and cooing, gaslight soirces, and picuics. This is the poetic side of the question. The prose reality comes "the morning after the revel," and then-look out for cold coffee, buttonicss shirts, neglected hair dye, pallid cheeks, abandoned ringlets, and all other accompaniments of domestic torture.

SUBMARINE THERERAPH CARLES.—The longest lines of submarine cable at present laid and in successful operation are from Malta to Alexandria, in Egypt, 1518 miles: from Pao to Kurrachee, on the Persian Gulf, 1360; and between France and its Algerian possessions, 520. England is connected with the Continent by seven lines, the longest of which is that to Denmark, 350 miles: Hanover, 280, and Holland, 140. The long line now successfully submerged in the Persian Gulf, only lacks a link of 160 miles-Shatel Arab, on the Gulf, to Diwanyeh, on the Euphrates, to complete the connection between England and her Indian possessions. The completion of the Russian route gives a second mode of reaching India, from Irkoutsk, in Siberia, to Pekin, via the Persian Gulf, to Calcutta. Among the lines which have proved failures is that attempted by the Dutch, from Batavia to Singapore, 669 miles : the English line from Malta to Corfu 400 miles; and that in the Red Sea from Suez to Adea.

The severe filness which afflicted Wirz in the middle of his trial at Washington, is perhaps explained by the reminiscence that he was pardoned out of a Swiss House of Correction when only one-fourth of his term had expired, on account of apparently dangerous sickness.

Oh! bright will be this world of ones.

When chains no longer fetter,
When men shall rank with equal pattern.
And Right not Might's the better;
When weekld shall have no landly chain.

To life its proof possesser, When poverty shall being no the To humble its conference.

#### Rev. Robert Collyer in England.

M. D. Conway, now in Europe, in writing to the Round Tuble, speaks thus of our brave-hearted Mr.

"A little over twenty years ago this gentleman was a blacksmith in a little town of Yorkshire, near Leeds. He could make a good prorse-shoe, and (which is more difficult,) a good horse-shoe nail, and he did his work well. But the hammer could not conquer the man; he was a Thor, with the hammer added. The fire in his smithy did not burn so brightly and hotly as that in the brain and heart of Robert Collyer, who, whilst his iron was heating, would snatch a verse of Burns from a pocket volume, to 'sweeten toil.' At length he had earned enough to go to America. He settled in Pennsylvania. Your correspondent well remembers, during the Fremont campaign, hearing a burst of flery eloquence from a fine looking man, at a public meeting near Germantown, and the surprise with which he learned that the speaker was one Robert Collyer, a blacksmith. But so he did not remain. Already he was expanding under a devoted selfculture, until somewhere about ten years ago, he was called upon to the leading pulpit of the West, in Chicago. How he has grown! When he preached before the Autumnal Assembly at Brooklyn, a few years ago, I remember hearing Dr. Bellows say. It is the finest sermon I ever heard!' But more than for his eloquence, was he noble for his unwearied work among our soldiers, sick and wounded. He was a tremendous power in the West during the war, and I remember hearing him say, when there were rumors that his native land-Englandwould interfere: 'If she does, I will leave the pulpit for the blacksmith shop again, and there beat plow-shares into swords to A happy thought was it for his congregation to remove for awhile the yoke so faithfully borne, and of late so heavy, and send him abroad. The first spot which his feet sought on arriving here was that where the old blacksmith shop stands, and about which hover, no doubt, many spirits of old thoughts and aspirations which have since borne their fruit. He will return soon to his loving friends in Chicago, and there, smid the fair lakes, he will, I predict, grow from year to year, a tree, planted in yet purer waters, bringing forth its fruit in its season, whose leaf shall not wither, and whose

SEA SOUNDINGS .- Various soundings, made in preparation for laying the Atlantic cable, reveal the following results:-The Baltic Sea, between Germany and Sweden, is only 120 feet deep, and the Adriatic, between Venice and Trieste, 130. The greatest depth of the casimal between France England does not exceed \$10: while to the southwest of Ireland, where the sea is open, the depth is more than 3,000 feet. The seas to the south of Europe are much deeper than those in the interior. In the narrowest part of the Strait of Gibraltar, the depth is only 1,000 feet, while a little more to the east it is 3,000. On the coast of Spain, the depth is nearly 6,000 feet. At 250 miles south of Nantucket, (south of Cape Cod.) no bottom was found at 7,800 feet. The greatest depths of all are to be met with in the Southern Ocean. To the west of Cape of Good Hope, 16,000 feet have been measured, and to the west of St. Helena, 28,000. Dr. Young estimates the average depth of the Atlantic at 25,000 feet, and that of the Pacific at 20,000 .- American Artizan.

GREAT MEX.—The old generation of great men is rapidly passing away. The great Humboldt is gone. Uhland, Meyerbeer, Thackeray and Arago are gone; and the eminent astronomers. Encke and Hamilton, have just departed. The great men that still linger on earth are all, if not on the verge of their graves, at all events, much advanced in years. Lord Brougham is in his 87th year; Manzoni is 81; Guizot, 78; Ruckert, 77; Beeryer, 75; Rossini, 74; Lamartine, 73; Grote, the Greek historian, 72; and Ranke, the historian of the Popes, 71; Carlyle, 70; Thiers, 60; Victor Hugo, 64; Liebig, 62; Kaulbach, 61; John Stuart Mills, 60; Bulwer, 61; Cantu. 60; Gladstone, 56; Tennyson, 56; Dickens, 55; and John Bright, 54. In America we have to deplore the recent loss of Silliman, the Nester of our science; Edward Everett, our ripest scholar, and Hawthorne, our most philosophical romancer. Mr. Bryant is his 72d year; Halleck is 71; Professor Henry; 68; Bancroft, 66; Emerson, 63; Hiram Powers, 60; Bache, 50; Agnasiz, Longfellow and Whittier, are in their 50th year.

SPIRITUALISM.—Scaton Hall was crowded last night to hear the celebrated trance speaker, Cora L. V. Scott. A committee was appointed from the audience to select a subject for her lecture. They chose the following: I Is the doctrine of modern Spiritualism in accordance with the primitive design of man's creation?" After the lecture, opportunity was given to the audience to ask questions. It is claimed that this lady speaks not by her own unsided powers, but by inspiration from the spirit world. Whether this be so er not, it must be conceded that the character of the lecture and the pertinency and advoitness of her replies to the numerous questions asked, show a degree of ability and polemic skill rarely equaled on the rostrum. It was announced that she will lecture again next Sunday morning and evening, and skeptics were invited to be present and propound their doubta -National Republican.

SINGULAR CASE -One of the exchanges upon there is a young man in a town in Vermont who cannot speak to his father! Previous to his high some difference arose between his mother and her husband, and for a considerable time she refused to speak to him. This difficulty was subsequently healed—the child was born, and in due time began to talk—but when sitting with his father, was invariably silent. It continued so till it was five years old when the father after a powers of persuasion, threatened it with punishment for its stubbornness. When the posishment was inflicted, it elicited nothing but sighs and grouns, which told but too plainly that the little sufferer was vainly endeavoring to speak. All who were present united in this opinion that it was impussible for the child to much to his father—and time proved their opinion to be correct. At a maturer age its efforts to converse with its parent could only produce the most bitter sighs and grouns .- New York

OLDEST PERSON. - The Concord Monitor has found the weitable oldest inhabitant, and no mistake about it. It says: "Ruth Bing was hung at Portsmouth N. H., ninety-seven years ago, for child-murdee, and it is a singular fact that the person who caused her execution is still alive." It is Mrs. Eastman of Salisbury, now nearly MS years o'd, who, when a girl of six, discovered the body of the child. We think Kuth was hung for concealing the birth, and not for actual murder. It was a nice discrimination by the old law.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal I'm memory of Mrs. However L. Warreton Saco, who fied Jane, 1863, from typhoid fever, contracted while nursing the sick in the camp hospital, at trallatin, Tennessee.} BY MES. HARVEY A. JOHRS.

Six Indian endmers, fame and gold. Have been anenohed in chilling rain: fix changing years their tale have told. And Automa's here again. And on that day six years ago-In Knoxville's woods, we four Pollowed the wood path's mollow glow Till the bright day was o'er.

Hattie, we passed those hill-side graves, Has yours grown green since then? Across my life the salt sea waves Of litterest grief have been; But through them all thy dead face glows. Without one shadow there; We all loved Thee, and memory knows No shrine more good and fair.

These two then with us, go now together Life's many changeful ways, May Autumn's fruit, and golden weather Come in their later days. One year ago, their bridal morn In the soft Indian summer came-May the halo rest on their last bourne. Dear Frank and Ruth, the same.

And just beyond our vision rose. Old Lombard in the golden mist : As the fature veiled with tint of rose The goal to which we pressed, I seemed to hear the Wabash streams. You spoke of hopes then near. I keep as emblem of your dreams Some leaves, dead, brown and sere.

Hattie, they told me you were gone In an honr of bitter dread, The same dark angel hovering long Was o'er my mother's dying bed. One bitter pang of grief for thee Brooded o'er earth a darker sky From the soldiers' camp in Tennessee, To the home where you returned to die.

Thy lov'd one, and school-boy soldfors there In that fair border clime. Pined for a breath of Northern air, In the sultry summer time. Their ministering angel felt its blight, The loved, the good, the true, Hattie, on memory's alter, bright, Love keeps a torch for you. Sycamore, Ill., October 12, 1865.

#### The Angel Flight.

White, white were the angel's wings, As it hover'd o'er the child :--The child it dreamed of unseen things,

Snow-white were the Angel's wings, And shone with the love that ever clings, To the holy and the true.

Gold-tipped were the Angel's wings, A halo was round its head, That shone like a many waving rings As it stood by the infant's bed,

Fluttoring were the Angel's wings As if ready for a flight,---A flight that ever to children brings The cloudless morn of light!

Calmer waved the Angel's wings As the mother kiss'd her son,-As if she would burst her poor heart-strings-Though his glory had near begun! Motionless were the Angel's wings

And prayed to Him who ever brings Solace to sorrow and care. Expanded were the snowy wings-

All flowing the golden hair-The blue eyes upturn'd, and murmurings Of music were in the air.

Waving were the Angel's wings, And many a Scraph in Heaven sings As two Angels cleave the skies!

EDWIN EDDISON.

#### For the Religio-Philosophical Journal. Remarkable Fulfilment of a Dream.

Editors of the Religio-Philosophical Journal: Among the many evidences of the care and watchfulness of our guardian spirits over us, as well as their ability to look into the future and determine what events may or are likely to happen, I regard the following as worthy of presentation to your readers for their consideration. Without offering any comments upon the strangeness of the occurrence, I will simply give you a statement of the facts, and leave the reader to form his own

Mr. Robert Curtiss, a citizen of Newport, in this State, residing about nine miles north of here, and who bears the reputation of being a very honest man, related to us the following wonderful statement of facts and circumstances: About twentyeight years ago he was very sick, and it was thought by his friends and physicians he could not live. Although they each and all endeavored to conceal their opinions from him, yet he well knew what their views were from conversations he overheard. This caused him to feel wretchedly. During this state of feeling he dreamed that a man came to Richmond who cured him by the use of his hands. This dream made him feel better, and he commenced regaining his health, and in the course of a few months was able to go to work. About four years after he became quite sick again, and from that time the state of his health was very poor, until cured as hereinafter stated. About three weeks before Dr. A. J. Higgins came to this city, he had another dream, in which he dreamed again that a man came to this city, and that he was cured by him in the manner above stated. This time he saw the man distinctly in his dream, and retained in his memory his personal looks and appearance, and knew him to be the same man he had dreamed about, twenty-eight years ago. When Dr. Higgins arrived, he heard of his coming, and was impressed that he was the man who had come to cure him. He at once repaired to this city, and on seeing Dr. Higgins, recognized him as the man whom he had seen in his vision three weeks before. He applied to him for treatment, and sure enough, was cured in the manner suggested in his dreams, as hereinbefore related.

The success of Dr. Higgins, while here, in the curing of the sick without the use of medicines, has astounded skeptics, and given to conservatism or old fogyism another blow, under which, with the many others being dealt nowadays, it is reeling and staggering to its grave.

Yours for Progress, W. H. Richmond, Ind., Nov. 1st, 1865.

at A proposition is under consideration in Philadelphia to take the whole block bounded by Broad, Walnut, Juniper and Sansom Streets, and cover it with an immense hotel, on the Paris plan, with a large court in the centre, containing a fountain and a garden, and surrounded by an ample carriage drive. The capital for the project can be obtained, and it is believed the establishment of a Hotel du Louvre in Philadelphia will be made.

#### Landmarks of the Old Theologies ... 7. RY C. RARING PRIKHAM.

In the Masonic degree of the Sun, "there is but one light in the lodge, which shines from behind a globe of water "-thus dividing the waters under the firmament from the waters above the firmament, an the windows of heaven were opened to let in the flood to drown the whole world of wickedness—the necessary baptism by water, before the advent of the Sun. Sometimes the firmamental waters were symbolized in the Brazen Sea, resting on the twelve Brazen Bulls in honor of the quickening spirit of Spring or Sun in old Taurus, whose emblem, in the earlier equinox, was the Golden Catf as Lord of Hosts, or Leader up out of Egypt in the might of the Sun, the God Almighty, or El Shaddal. Sometimes the same firmamental waters were in a sea of glass, and sustained by the cherubimic, or four seasonable hearts, the Lion, the Caif, the Man and Eagle, each having six wings, which by the multiple spirit in four, were made into the hours, or four and twenty elders, all in a row.

The helfer that Samson plowed with, was the feminine aspect of the enif of Israel, and the Brazen Bulls who plowed "four acres of the stubborn plain," in the Argonautic expedition, in search for the Golden Fleece of the Ram of God, which taketh away the sins of the world, were members of the universal household of symbolic Freemasonry; what ever the mode of being, solar, lunar, astral, physiclogical or spiritual. "The rest that visit your august abodes are all the sons and grandsons of the gods," as derived from the first fountain head of India, for here it was that the Spirit first moved upon the face of the waters, in riddles, dark eayings and parables, the wisdom of God in a mystery. The Bible is full of essential truths on this wise, hence can never lose its charm to those who love to seek its inner sense. The Biblical, like the Heathen Mythology, has left its secret truths so draped in the letter as hard to be understood by those who fail to enter into the symbol where the Spirit giveth life. But from India, flanked by Chalden, first opened the fountains of the great deep in mythological waters, where the Great Spirit sat brooding on the vast abyss and made them pregnant, till the brood presented the gathering of many rivers that run into the sea. The wise men from the East had their traffic in this esoteric knowledge, and while the polished Greeks knew no nation beyond themselves, but as barbarians, and all were Heathens to the thimbleful of Puritan Hebrews, the Sanscrit language has shown whereunto we are to look for the more anclent Word. Here is a language, the parent of the Greek, and of the Indo-European branches, in perfection fifteen hundred years before the Jesusian era. "In Greek, os, e, on, are the same as the Sanscrit as, a, am," says Muller, and the Greeks derived their philosophy and mythology from India, flanked on the one side of the mouth by a Perso-Babylonian tongue-shoot, and on the other by a Phænicio-Egyptian. So doubtless, the Hebrews took a lisp from all the regions round about, as when the Lord, as by Isaiah, "lifted up an ensign to the nations from afar, and hissed unto them from the end of the earth"as when "the Lord hissed for the fly in the uttermost part of the rivers of Egypt, and for the bee in the land of Assyria." Thus, the Mosaical pattern, by the way of Mesopotamia, and from the wisdom of the Egyptians, had its Freemasonry from the common origin of all. So even to this day, the Brethren are confined to no pent up Utica, but can go to their own in the remotest parts of the world.

If the Semitic tongue has a root outside of the Sanscrit, still it may be so cloven as to present a tip, in mutual relation, as Esaias, Jeremias, etc., instead of Isaiah, Jeremiah, etc.; hence, the clapper of the tongue would have'to move very quick to separate spiritually Jason or I-as-on, from the Egypto-Hebrew I-am-on, or Jupiter, Jchovah, Jah, in "his excellency on the sky." In a letter to Zimmerman by the Empress Catherine, in 1785, quoted by Muller, she says:""I have been making a list of from two to three hundred radical words of the Russian language, and I have had them translated into as many languages and jargons as I could find. Their number exceeds already the second hundred. Every day I took one of these words and wrote it out in all the languages I could collect. This has taught me that the Celtic is like the Ostiakan; that what means sky in one language, means cloud, fig, vault, in others; that the word God, in certain d ale ts, means Good, the highest, in others, Sun or lire." We may see this significance throughout all of Holy Writ, extended throughout all the scope of being-in every aspect of astronomy, anatomy, physiology, geometry and numbers. The functions in all these, were of the spirit, the angels, or the gods, and our churches and theologies are utterly at fault in their surface aspect of the Word.

When the great Akbar, in the sixteenth century, brought up as a Mahommedan, discarded the religion of the Prophet as superstitious, and devoted himself to a search after the true religion, though sitting upon the throne of India as the most extraordinary of men, neither his authority nor his promises could prevail upon the Brahmins to disclose the tenets of their religion, or the wisdom of God in a mystery, hidden from the foundation of the world in the symbolic Freemasonry of India; hence "the sacred books of the Indians have never been translated," but still remain in the Ark of the Covenant as the Word originally spoken by the mouth of God. Only within the narrowest limits of the sacerdotal line, could one be initiated into the sacred rites of their theology; but wise men from the East instituted these rites in Egypt, in Jewry, and in Greece, and we may see whereunto they point in the ultimate of Modern Freemasonry.

Up there in India was found the mystic cord which bound the four angels in the great river Euphrates, and the frontlets of those who had the scal of God on their foreheads, and many mystic rites of the Roman Church. "The Accommodation Question, as it was called, occupied Cardinals and Popes for many years, but not one of them seems to have perceived the extraordinary interest attaching to the existence of an ancient civilization, so perfect and so firmly rooted as to require accommodation, even from one of the missionaries of Rome"-one of whom had to defend himself from the charge of idolatry, because he found the root of Christianity wrapped in the swaddling clothes of India. It has been found that the Sanserit "language, spoken centuries before the time of Solomon, was intimately connected with Greek and Latin; in fact, stood to them in the same relation as French to Italian and Spanish. It was impossible to look, even in the most cursory manner, at the declension and conjugations, without being struck by the extraordinary similarity, or, in some cases, by the absolute identity of the grammatical forms in Sanscrit, Greek and Latin." Sir William Jones finds the Sanscrit "more perfect than Greek, more copious than Latin, yet bearing to both of them a strong affinity." If we might suppose Abraham to have been a person and not a personification, we then might suppose that he received a streak of light

from the Sanscrit civilization, so perfect "many

centuirles before the time of Solomon," while he was yet in the Ar of the Chaffleet "all seated on the ground," and watching the docks by night, and by day turning out Teraphon from the lathe and treadle of his father's idol shop till he got a glimpse of the spirit in the symbol, and thence took it to make holy the land of Canaan.

Thus the Word first awang from its moorings in India, is still made flesh in the wisdom of God that before Abraham was, I Am. The science in the ancient mysteries rested upon principles in response to the music of the spheres. There was spiritual conjunction personated in the symbols. The Mesmero-spiritual was the spirit which filled the heaven of heavens as well as the universal light, whose all seeing eye was symbolized in the Sun. The language so superior to the Greek and Latin, centuries before the time of Solomon, shows clearly the source of the basic Word, of which all the succeeding Words are but variants as were the Greek, which is shown to have drawn the streets milk of the Word from the Sanscrit paps. Says Wilkins, cited by Muller-"I will begin with these words which must have been original words in all languages, as the things denoted by them must have been known in the first ages of civility, and have got names; so that it is impossible that one language could have borrowed them from another, unless it was a derivative or dislect of that language. Of this kind are the names of numbers, of the members of the human body, and of relations, such as that of father, mother, and brother. And first as to the numbers, the use of

which must have been coeval with human society." It is easy to see from this when the "wise men from the East" went to school, where the Egyptians got their Word, which was translated to the happy land of Canaan. The East was the Father, the Sun, the Christ, whose spirit influxed all things, mineral, vegetable and animal, and more distinctly and largely wrought in the microcosm of man; hence, in the Masonic hidden wisdom of God, the "Knight of the Ninth Arch" has a physiological bearing in the way of life by virtue of its degree, creation in the physiological order passes to this degree where the nine of the "I Am," spans the nine months for the unfolding of the image of God, when not destroyed by the flood. It appears from Dr. Mackey that "Enoch was enabled to preserve some important secrets eventually to be communicated to the possessors of this degree." Well, we wont peach on Enoch's secrets, because "secret things belong to God." otherwise we might show how Dr. Blondell, of Guy's Hospital, London taught in obstretrical lectures that man was an aquatic animal the first nine months of his existence; thus leaving the inference clear, how Dr. Enoch, in old Jewry, preserved "important secrets from the destructive influence of the deluge," and how he spoke the wisdom of God in a mystery hidden from the foundation of the world.

Dugald Stewart was so shocked at the awful infidelity of the discovery of the original Word in Sanscrit, centuries before Solomon was, that the most perfect of languages anti-dated Hebrew, Greek and Latin, that he swore by all the gods of these last, that they should be first. "He, therefore, denied altogether the reality of such a language as the Sanscrit, and wrote his famous essay, to prove that Sanscrit had been put together after the model of Greek and Latin, by those arch-forgers and liars. the Brahmins; and that the whole of Sanscrit literature was an imposition. I mention this fact," continues Muller, "because it shows better than anything else, how violent a shock was given by the discovery of Sanscrit to prejudices most deeply ingrained in the mind of every educated man. The most absurd arguments found favor for a time, if they could only furnish a loop-hole by which to escape from the unpleasant conclusion that Greek and Latin were of the same birth and kin as the language of the black inhabitants of India." Ah, Max, in that saying thou reproachest the Lord of Dartmouth College, for what becomes of "Cursed be Canaan," in "Ham," if Greek and Latin have their roots in the "black inhabitants of India?" and if it cannot be proved that the patriarchal Brahmins were "arch-forgers and liars?" Oh, alack-a-day! that the upheaval of language, like the upheavals in geology, should at the same time, dump the Mosaic claims into the same pit with Corah, Dathan, and Abiram, even though the Semitic tongue is somewhat cloven from that aspect which includes the languages of India, Persia, Greece, Italy and Germany, as riveted together in the simple name of Indo-Germanic. This has been called "the discovery of a new world," but it is awful blasphemy so to declare it, when it is nowhere to be found within the pasteboard barriers of the Bible. It is sad to think that the Lord God of Israel had to teach Adam how to name animals from the language of the Heathen round about; but that it may be seen how apt was the correspondence of the wisdom of God in the ancient mysteries where the Sun symbolized the "sign" Most High, we quote the demonstrations of modern science to show that the ancients, long before Moses and the Prophets, were at home in their personations of "the Sun as the source of all power." Professor Tyndal, in his recent book on "Heat as a Motive Power," has the following eloquent passage on an idea which Herbert Spencer has, perhaps, elaborated more completely than any other writer:

"Every mechanical action on the earth's surface, every manifestation of power, organic or inorganic, vital or physical, is produced by the Sun. His warmth keeps the sea liquid, and the atmosphere a gas, and all the storms which agitate both, are blown by the mechanical force of the Sun. He lifts the rivers and the glaciers up the mountains, and thus the cataract and the avalanche shoot with an energy derived immediately from him. Thunder and lightning are also his transmuted strength. Every fire that burns and every flame that glows, dispenses light and heat which originally belonged to the Sun. In these days, unhappily, the news of battle is familiar to us, but every shock, and every charge, is an application, or misapplication, of the mechanical force of the Sun. He blows the trumpet, he urges the projectile, he bursts the bomb. And, remember, this is not poetry, but rigid, mechanical truth. He rears, as I have said, the whole vegetable world, and through it the animal; the lilies of the field are his workmanship, the verdure of the meadows, and the cattle upon a thousand hills. He forms the muscle, he urges the blood, he builds the brain. His fleetness is in the lion's foot; he springs in the panther, he soars in the eagle, he slides in the snake. He builds the forest and hows it down-the power which raised the tree and wields the axe, being one and the same. The clover sprouts and blossoms, and the seythe of the mower swings by the operation of the same force. The Sun digs the ore from our mines, he rolls the iron, he rivets the plates, he boils the water, he draws the train. He not only grows the cotton, but he spins the fibre and weaves the web. There is not a hammer raised, a wheel turned, or a shuttle thrown, that is not raised, and turned, and thrown by the Sun. His energy is poured forth into space, but our world is a halting place where his energy is conditioned. Here the Proteus works his spells."

Thus wa may see how hold time "the Lord God omnipotent reigneth "-how he was thus the East, the Christ, a consuming fire, and how, too " God in love," that westent of emotions which can transform Salan into an angel of light, or percented, is winged with red lightnings till all is dust and sales. Ellists called fire from heaven to liek up the water, and to consume two or three fifties of men, while St. Paul thought it was better to marry than to burn. St. John saw, "as it were, a great mountain burning with fire, cast into the see," and also the "Star wormwood, a great star fell from heaven, burning as it were, a lamp and licking on the rivers and fountains of waters, while a "third part of the waters became wormwood, and many men died of the waters, because they were made bitter." But with Mother Goose, "water would not quench fire, nor fire burn stick." The theology of our churches is rather of the billous character, or of the star called wormwood, whereby the bitter waters are mingled with a pretty considerable sprinkling of brimstone. and many men die from the sulpharous bell shot after them by the priesthoods, or centair " horses, out of whose mouths issue fire and smoke, and brimstone." But as much as the Sun sends his full beams into the soul, away fice these grosser symbols of the sensuous mind-symbols which the grosser minds worshiped as the very Gods, though they were but the drapery of the inner Freemasonry. But need we wonder that the hierophants and philosophers turned to the Sun as the God of this world, the source of all being, when, as we have just seen in our extract, that the most developed of modern science gives every attribute to the Sun that could constitute a God? This was that East whence came the wise men in the Essenian or Jesusian unfolding. Zoroaster bore the Ark of the Covenant, and held the Keys of the kingdom of heaven, before Abraham was. "It was Bournouf who, by means of his knowledge of Sanscrit and comparative grammar, deciphered for the first time the very words of the ancient religion of light. He was likewise the first to apply the same key with real success to the

cuneiform inscriptions of Darlus and Xerxes." The creator and ruler of the world in the Zend-Avesta is the Wise Spirit. "The wicked perish through the wisdom and holiness of the living wise Spirit." God and the Serpent are twins. "These are the good and base, in thought, word and deed; choose one of these two spirits: Be good, not base. God is holy, true, to be honored through veracity, through holy deeds-you cannot serve both;" or in the words of Jesus, many centuries afterwards, who was supposed to speak as never man spoke-"Ye cannot serve God and Mammon,"-but it is none the less true that the saying was reiterated from "the founder of the ancient religion of Light," because there is nothing new under the Sun," and a principle in the moral world is as everlasting as in the physical—a principle is always the "I AM," without variableness or shadow of turning.-From that black race, which our nineteenth century religion has cursed in the Lord-theology. "settled probably on the highest of Central Asia. speaking a language, not yet Sanscrit, or Greek, or German, but containing the dialectical germs of all; a clan that had advanced to a state of agricultural civilization; that had recognized the bonds of blood and sanctioned the bonds of marriage, and that invoked the Giver of light and life in heaven, by the same name which you may still hear in the temples of Benares, in the Basilicas of Rome, and in our own

churches and cathedrals." That "same name which you may still hear," and which means the same as that of old time, is Son instead of Sun, the Son of God instead of the Sun of Heaven; Christ, Chiesna, Christos. Muller had many things to say to his hearers in the lectures, but they could not bear them yet. Let us hope that Colenso and others will prepare the way and make the path strait. Let us hope too, that all of ancient Freemasonry may be spoken in the more open Word, for where the Spirit of Christ is, there is liberty, and you shall know the truth and the truth shall make you free—a Freemason, to know how to build the Word.

#### For the Religio-Philosophical Journal. Justice.

Oh, thou beautiful and progressive principle, who shall place a limit to thy standard?

There was a time when justice was distorted to demand not only the punishment of criminals, or supposed criminals, but to torture them by the rack, the firebrand, or by the thousand other means of slow murder resorted to, not only by the Pagan, but by the Christian world, and all in the name of justice. Even the law of Moses demands, in the name of justice, "an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth," but thanks be to that never-dying principle, "progress," the day is now at hand when justice will take a higher stand, and when it will not be considered necessary to appease her claims to destroy or even maim the body for any act it may have committed; but at the most to place the offender where he will be under proper culture, and where, for the time, he will be restrained from committing further depredations. And think not that the attributes of justice stop even here, for I tell you that there are still many rounds in the ladder, not yet reached by humanity, in which it will be found that every man and every woman is not only bound, not to do his or her neighbor any wrong, but to do them all the good they can without impoverishing themselves. And here is evolved a principle, which is, that justice does not only not demand punishment for crime, but positively forbids it; for punishment for crime (other than as restraint may become necessary) is a double crime, and thwarts rather than furthers the ends of justice, and there is no disputing the point that torture or punishment for crime, is only revenge in disguise, and when we view man with an imperfect organization, either in brain, or body, or both, we should deal with the conditions that made him so, rather than to torture the man for being what he is. And here we will endeavor to lead the mind a step farther, but fear some, perhaps many, may droop by the way, and say that the same principle will apply as between God and man, for, if man (as is claimed) has broken the law of God, punishing him will not mend it, and as suffering is an unnatural condition, and consequently unjust, and failing of the object for which it was introduced among men, it can never have had a place in the economy of God in his dealings with man.

# J. B. CLIFTON.

The Scotch gentleman who is endeavoring to make mice useful as a motive power for yarn-spinning machinery, calculates that each mouse will carn seven shillings and sixpence a year. As the board of the animal will cost sixponce a vest, and the wear and tear of the machinery would amount to a shilling, the clear profit from each mouse would be six shillings annually. The san-guine inventor is about to lease a building and erect ten thousand mouse treadmills, calculating upon a not income from the enterprise of \$2.30 a year. He forgets what the poet says about the best laid schemes of mice and men.

It is said that Maine is now building thirty-five per cent, of all the vessels in process of construction on the Atlantic wast.

#### For the Religio-Philosophical Journal. "Whatever Is, Is Right,"

Thus saith the poet: "and all things are for the best," exclaims the optimist. But does the Manworld respond, in its selfish order of development, to these sentiments, and admit that this is "so?" Can the human world, with all its pretensions to wis don, admit that, absolutely, there is, there can be no evil-no positive wrong? "Isn't it obvious to every one," says the superficial mind, "that Nature is in energetic struggle to obviate a wrong condition, to come into more harmonious relations with itself? Are not the elements in continual effort by cleanse and purify themselves? And who," say these tersons, "are ready to aver that chaotic conditions are more congenial to mind than harmon; order, system and beauty?" But some want by know how all these wrong conditions exist, if they are so inconsistent with divine harmony. They are not able to perceive how discord can be discord and harmony. Ab, really! These, truly, are profound subjects to consider; and when these secrets are fully disclosed to Man or Mind (which two words may be regarded as synonymous) then, indeed, wi man have risen from the dead Adam, and have been elevated to the sphere of the intelligent intellect.

ality of the living Christ. But, again: Is it "right" that man should er. in the Adam condition, since that is a condition . inharmony and error; and that condition to be inevitably thrown off, and more exalted ones takeon in their regular order? But if the Adam cond tion is all right, why throw it off? Are, reader that's the question; and who shall solve it phil. sophically and analogically, so that its truth me. stand out clear, certain and self-evident? is adaan elementary condition of existence? If so, an those elements in as advanced a condition as the. ever can be? If it be conceded that they can a advance, shall we not have to conclude that they elements of his being have been advancing from a condition altogether too low for his organization b exist at all? Can you dodge this conclusion, Y.z. that reasoning analogically backward from conditito condition, shall we not find the gross negative half of these elements, as contrasted with the ye tive or controling half, as low as they could well be Here it may be as well to say, that if the element exist in two conditions of power and perfect and one only is susceptible of advancement by positive forces of the other, lan't it quite possible. well as probable, that the positive or controling mentary forces will bring the negative or passive elementary, re-acting forces on, to an equilibriuwith themselves, so that the two may act and rese. in perfect harmony and unity?

Now, if these crude and advancing elements move

on from condition to condition, till man is unfoid-

and developed from their contents, was that prim.

tive condition a right "all right one?" Why not, sing

they were thus in the only condition—the best ther possibly could be, in the light of the law of progre to advance from that to the next step: since ale they can never skip over a stage? But if they each of these stages, are all right, all in a satisfactor condition, why advance at all? Aye, indeed, with but that another step is infolded in the last. this stage of our subject we are assailed with apparent poser of an interrogatory in this shap What moves these elements onward ?" To win we unhesitatingly reply, Predominance, Volin and Power. Which are the elements of can-These exist imminent in elementary substan-Call them God; we are not particular about non. nalities. It is cause any way; for isn't it very cleathat light, life and motion must exist? And ca: we place these powers anywhere so convenien: for their labors as in the midst of the very element they move? And who is prepared to deny properties of light, life and motion to these ments themselves, both positive and negative; sessing all necessary qualifications to unfold develop themselves into all the forms containe life-principles: aye, who? And light, life and tion, then, were the agencies which so troubled crude elements as to oust them from their sie condition, and awaken them to increased action accelerate their advancement to the goal of : destiny. Ah, destiny, indeed! What, pray, is destiny of the elementary system? Why man be sure! Then all this fuss and foam of the ments is because man is there struggling to disc himself, discover his whereabouts, and the bearof his surroundings, together with their why wherefores? Yea, all that, gentle reader; he can into existence, into organization, endowed with necessary qualifications, to not merely know self, but to also investigate and become poster the knowledge of the unfolding and development all principles which constitute a universe. N a principle unfolds itself from stage to stage the last one of each of these is nearer the than its predecessor-predicating that the nimis the perfect one—is it unreasonable to sa; that man, with his innate aspirations to know causes as well as effects-which aspirations planted in the very germ of his soul-should be acquainted with all the intermediate stages as as the ultimate? Well, now, right or wrong different degrees of perfection of organic icratheir motions are well known by man to ens him define their properties and qualities as g evil, how he will. He is so constituted that a them he must, and to know them constitute very being itself; and thence the matter as itself into the following predicament of viman's being can be completed, without kneve. the accidents incident to the development principles of his being. Isn't it very evident man must know the laws which have developed being, as well as all the accidents and incidents tendant upon that development, that thee dents, etc., must exist also! And if so, is: existence of one as legitimate or inevitable a other? Thence is it not safe to concince :: imperfect conditions exist in the career of a tary unfolding and development, and the that Man must avail himself of these facts, to with all the good in attendance also, that it of knowledge of good and cold is good for feet to be desired, to make us all wise unto salva. This wisdom is the seed of the woman, bruises the head of the subtile serpent of : seeking of good. JOHN R. ROBINS

During the dearth of news occasioned ! Parliamentary recess, the "penny a liners" cheap press are driven to their usual work-and dirty work it is of abusing Spiritualism and Spalists. One of these ignorant scribblers in a long classes Spiritualism in his list of popular quack which, of course, includes Homeopathy and merism; but there is one species of quacker which he does not allude, and which is, of all of the most contemptible and offensive—News rant impostors, rather! Conceited Know. ings, who have the effrontery to lecture in learning and celebrity, who have devoted yethe investigation of the subject. Such, hower the usual ignorance of insolence. - Spiritual Mag

Mr. J. M. Spear's address is-Hotel de la Hat-44 Rue de Trevise, Paris.

# Sabbath Brening Poffight.

Of ballowed throughts, of some of prayer?
I have the deep and remedial close,
For all the Subborts day is there.
Buth pure desire, each high request,
That herbest before the E-mple shiftes,
The hopes, the fears, that Froyed the breast,
All live again in light like thing.

I love then for the fervid glow
Their discrist around the closing day—
Their golden lines, those weenths of snow,—
That light and pave his glorions way in the first them, I've sometimes throught the eye
May pierce the unmeasured deeps of space,—
And track the course where spirits By,
On viewless whigh to resume of tiles.

I love thee for the unbroken calm.
That sumbors on this feding scale.
And throws its kind and scotling charm.
(For "all the little world within
It tranche every roting thought.
Yet sets the souring fancy tree;
Shute from the soul the present out;

That all is meaning memory.

I have these physics incomerine
Thus custs with three, upon the coul;
Those deep, shuttered symptomics,
That o'er the spell-bound spirit roll.
All the bright scence of love and youth
Recton, as if they had not fied.
And thosy chethes with securing traff,

The forms she rescues from the dead

Fat, bellier is thy penceful close,
Fur yours love left recorded there;
This is the noiseless hour we chose
To economiste to mutual prayer.
Twas when misfortune's fearful cloud
Was gethering o'er the brow of heaven
Fre yet despair's eternal stroud
Wrapped overy vision hope had given.

When these deep, purpling shades came down,
In settened thats upon the hills,
We swore like, whether fate should crown
Our future course with joys or like...
Whither safe moored in love's retreat,
It severed wide by morint and set
This hour, in spirit, we would meet,
And arge to Heaven our mutual plea.

Oh, tell me if this hallowed hour.

Still finds thee constant at our shrine,
Still witnesses thy fervient prayer.

Ascending warm and true with mine!
Faithful through every change of woe,
My heart still flies to meet thee there;
"I would soothe this weary heart to know.

That thine responded every prayer.

#### For the Religio-Philosophical Journal The False and the True.

BY ELVIRA WHEELOCK.

Virtue is truth, we read in the Scripture of the soul. But according to the world's definition, it as often stands opposed to truth, as otherwise. Listen, while we bring our proof.

When woman's virtue is spoken of, what is generally understood, but this—fidelity to the marriage relation, not questioning if that relation in one, as many instances be blessed, or cursed of God. Not questioning if woman makes a sacrifice of her integrity, which is doarer far than anything in life—a sacrifice she cannot fail to make, if she remains performing wifely daties without wifely love—something she can never do with truth and honor, when that which makes marriage, and alone makes it sacred, is not there—I mean love—pura, genuine love—not the spurious article which passes current timong the money-worshipers of both sexes of this generation.

There is constant harping in the pulpit, by the press, and in society, on woman's virtue, woman's chastity, and woman's fidelity as a wife, which, in more than one-half the instances is encouraging woman to be untrue to herself, to be unchaste, and unfulthful to true wifehood—because, without love, she is no wife in the true sacredness of that relation, though ten thousand or fined ministers pronounce her such, and as many bens write the record.

The opinion is that man's higher nature is subservient to the lower-and hence his aims and purposes are more ignoble than noble. But really, it matters not how sensual and vile man may be-how atterly corrupt and unclean at heart, it is taught and expected, that his lawful wife, however pure and refined her nature, must submit to whatever his base heart may exact—that she is true and virtuous, if she continue this marriage of body without soul, continually polluting the springs of her own being, till finally her every thought becomes tainted, and she has lost the purity of her womanhood. Oh, what Paganism in this day of boasted enlightenment! Good Lord! how long must we wait for a better state of things-when woman can live true to her own soul, without society, like a pack of hungry hounds tearing her life away, and thrusting her beyond the sympathies of social life.

Thank God! there are women, strong, brave and true enough to battle against these social wrongs—brave enough to dare and endure the bitter invective and denunciations of a host of armed opposers, but armed only with cruel scoffs and jeers, which, though they wound, can never crush the defenders

of God's high truth. Oh, how cold the charities of life toward women who chance to step outside the so-called paths of virtue. Is it not true, that if woman, with, or without youth and beauty, through weakness, or in the wild delirium of a love not wise, in making her forgetful of acknowledged proprieties, and of society's owlish eyes, always after prey, whether it be the divine song-bird or the vulture, it matters not, yields to the influence the masculine spirit exerts, either sympathetically, through the same great love with her, or deliberately weaving the mesmeric spell about her, Burr-like, finds, alas! too soon, that she is an outcast from society, and sometimes even from her home, which love should make an asylum for every offending child, nor dare to touch her with an unkind rebuke? I ask, does not society turn from her doors every weak sister. and so force her into the coldest solitude, or else. far worse and oftener, into those living hells, the misery and pollution of which no language can express? All you dare not answer, nay! for sadly enough, there are to-day thousands of living witnesses to testify to this, and the graves of countless more, will, in the day of retribution, speak in thunderlones against society-the adf-appointed judge of the actions and motives of beings, whom God does act condemn, but through Christ, exhorts to nobler living in the words, "go and sin no more." And is my humble opinion, these same offending creatures whom your coldness has driven to earthly perdition, were, in the beginning far less sinful, because of the love that was burning the heart away, than any woman who will live one mouth wife to a man for whom she feels not one spark of affection; -far less sinful-with more of chastity and virtue; and, if they stopped to consider consequences at all, far more brave and courageous than the unloved and unloving wife who dare not break from the bonds she loathes, because she cannot brave the contempt of the contemptible. Oh! weak womanhood, which dare not affirm the gospel truths of life, while they knock at the doors of her own soul, loudly demanding affirmation before a sin-sick world. Ignoble weakness, which compels the indigpant reproval, and the scorn of the noble-hearted. who, for truth's sake, will defy legious of these

praters on woman's virtue, who are living each day

in sin of deeper dye, than those they are so eager to

condomn. Oh, womand how dare you send forth your arrows of flame, your stinging words and searching looks, upon the unfortunate of your sex, when your own daily lives are a liming lie. Better blush for this guilt that rests upon your own sonl, for remember, God's blessing never rests upon a loveless marriage. Beware, then, how you pass condemnation on the otherwise offending, for a day will come, when your spirit will seek mercy at the hands of justice—but the penalty will not be withheld, and yours will be the cost of pain and remove:

There is a large class of people who acknowledge these wrongs in society, but claim there is no remedy for them-as if God ever created a wrong stronger than its opposing right, if but the earnest hearts and the strong purposes, determine upon achievement in behalf of right. But theke negatively good people are fearful of stirring the stagment social waters, fest there he social anarchy -seeming to forget that healthy adders are never still-and if the stream be broad and deep, and the current strong in passing over rocks and cataracts, there is a wild rust and rour, and trouble among the waters when drops separate from drops, and notic again with others and wave the sattle, and the whole is reorganizing, as it were, and when its wonted calm again returns, the waters are elegrer and sweeter than before, and this sky reflects its blueness on its effver waves in softer radiance, and the stars drop effent blessings which only clear waters ever see. If there must be social anarchy, bet it come. It is better than silent agony and inward corruption burning away the heart of fruth, antil there is not enough left of the pure element to allow human nature to discriminate between right and wrong-truth and error, with a true and inspired analysis. There is no danger of a disruption of society of longer duration than was the chaos of those troubled waters, which now so beautifully reflect all the holy light the skies hold in keeping.

In the physical world, nature restores all losses, and so adjusts all unbalanced conditions as to secure the designed equilibrium, and think you the moral and the spiritual are of less account to the ruler of the Universe and its destinies? No! we trust the Divine Mind in the fulfilment of His wise designs, and therefore fear not the storms which bring terror to the moral world; no more than we fear the thunder storm of summer, which so boldly scatters good, the while its lightning bolt may tear and uproot trees and houses, and strike to death hearts beloved by other hearts. Oh, how little faith in the hearts of men. They dare not trust the universe of spirit to establish its own true principles of right-but stille the voice within, and hush the wisest intuitions when they are seeking to give bravest utterance of the truths whereof they know, thus blotting out the God-written language which every child, in greater or less degree, brings into life as its inheritance, through which divine revelations come to him of his own soul, and its eternal destiny. Man! if you trust the material universe to the government of its laws with no concern, why not have faith in the divinity of life, moral and spiritual, as found in man, when that life stands so nearly related to its Creator, and bears upon its front the promise of immortality? Why not, I ask, trust that life to fulfil the high destiny which was spoken from the beginning, as you trust the days and the nights to appear and disappear with no fear that the blessings, which their light and their darkness bring, will be denied you; when such faith, wedded to purpose of equal height, shall stand steadfast in the souls of men, there will be no waverings from a love of the highest and the best in

Many people who are willing to acknowledge the evil of false marriages, are yet unwilling to allow that divorce is better than a continuance of false relations-one reason given is, that the consequences of separation are so serious in their results upon children. They therefore recommend that the false relations be continued, for example's sake-one of the reasons we would give why they should not be continued. We grant the sad consequences, but they, in one form or another, must befal you any way, as penalty for your first transgression-and it is better to live truthfully before your children, than to live falsely, though that true living cost you many a sacrifice, and the loss of friends whom you have loved; but remember, dearer, sweeter compensation than all these, is to be found in the glad praise your own highest life accords you for noble doing. Besides, you need not think to deceive children. They are too wise to receive as true, what shows upon the face of it to be false. Their minds are full of questionings, and if you give false answers, either by word or act, they sooner or later learn the fact, and a deed is chronicled against you, which your whole after-life can never cancel, and besides, you lose what is most dear and precious, the confidence of your children, and henceforth you can expect neither confidence from them in you, nor from yourself, in them-for by your own example, you have sown the seeds of deception in the hearts of your children; nor will all the precepts ever written, exhorting children to love and respect their parents, avail anything in that wise, without the parents are thoroughly and entirely truthful in their own lives-and in a false marriage, I believe there cannot be true living, nor can the marriage vow make that false relation a sacred one, though it be remembered and repeated at each day-dawn, and each vesper-hour, by thos: wearing the great untruth from day to day. Oh, then! beware of the false example you may give your children to follow -but of this be sure, to stand before them robed in the royal dignity of truthfulness, though you become a divided household, and receive but the world's indignant scorn for your honest, highthoughted purpose—only dare to trust the integrity of your own prayerful soul, to control your actions, and you have nothing to fear-you need ask nothing of society, though you suffer neglect and poverty. Remember, earth holds not all of life and happiness, and thank God you have the courage to live as truly as it is given you to sec.

I speak particularly to women—because I am a woman-and also because the sentimental talk about virtue is addressed to women, as though they were always the offending ones. Ah, well! We can endure this a little longer, until a light which is fast approaching, shall strike athwart the darkened paths wherein man now treads, with impure life and thought, believing himself secure from the just criticism that should be his to hear, so long as woman stands near to receive the burthen of his guilt, and bear its shame. Oh! cruel, heartless man! remember, justice is unfailing in her divine decrees, whether they be in behalf of the injured, or against the one who commits the injury. Not long shall woman hear the weight of your sins as well as her own, for her "Era" is near its dawn.

We constantly hear regrets expressed at the present low state of society—its lack of virtue and deficiency in pure morality. But we would ask, what else can you expect when your own teachings and example are wholly at variance with truth and virtue? Do not forget that "as ye sow, so shall ye reap"—and how many ever concern themselves to

know, if even those dearest to their hearts, are entering marriage with that great, deep love, which is the only bond of loving power God ardained to unite man and woman in a relation so deeply sacrad as that of marriage? Do parents comsider this a matter of importance and teach it to their children? Do they neek to know, if the souls of their children are making sacrifice of all that is dear and sacred hi man and womanhood-the truth and purity of their liven? Not but they sell their daughters to the highest bidder-they barter their precious souls for gold, and thus most at God's divinest expression of love toward humanity-mock at the holy love which alone hath nower to sweeten life, and make it s perpetual joy, and each day one of silent, or volceful rejoicing and tlinhksgiving-and in sight of all this speak of the impriorality of the age as something unaccountable, Blind creatures! What can you expect as a result of such perfidy of soul, but that wives will love others than their legal husbands, and rice versa. The heart will not be cheated of the divine boon and blessing God designed for it, and therefore, if there is no love in marriage, it will be sought out of marriage; and, too, in spite of any law or legal restraint audiety may devise-not because men and women are not cirtuous, but because they are virtuous, and result from the relation which compels to falsehood tosad, in my opinion, the greater crime, is not in loving out of marriage, but In living in marriage without love, and in asserting this, we in no wise encourage looseness and licentiousness in the conduct of any; but so far from this, uphold the highest standard of purity and integrity, whereby each soul may measure its own motives and conduct. The world has yet to learn that until marriage is based and built upon the principle of love, there can be neither virtue, harmony nor holy growth toward a higher and purer Me, and the truth must be taught that any man or woman who enters marriage without love, so earnest and so profound as to weigh down all possibilities of estrangement, stands before heaven, with falsehood upon lip and soul so deep, it ought to turn pale the crimson blood of the heart, and would, if their finest and highest sensibilities were wakened to realize, that they are far more guilty, thus deliberately perjuring themselves, than the wife or husband, who, because of a loveless marriage, almost irresistibly forms attachments elsewhere. These are sad fatalities, and inevitably bring pain and suffering. Nothing better can be expected, so long as men and women totally disregard the finest instinct of their beings, and utterly ignore the claims of that affection, which is the basis of all virtue, integrity and mappiness in the marriage relations. God speed the day when the sacredness of love shall be respected and revered, for until then, marriage in general can be accounted nothing better than legalized prostitution, which in the eyes of God and purity, finds no pardon more than prostitution not sanctioned by human law.

If after the wisest and most reverent thoughtfulness, we at last find ourselves mistaken—find that we have offered life's choicest gifts to one who gives no compensatory return, nor can in any wise appreciate the wealth we shower into his life, we have yet remaining, the unfailing purpose and prayer, to live in accordance with our own highest convictions of right, and thereby attain that dignity and loftiness of spirit which the face of truth ever wears.

Gail Hamilton, in her "New Atmosphere," has spoken truly and nobly on themes kindred to our own. Blessings attend her, for her strong woman words, and for the wise courage which dares so true an utterance in the face of unkind and unjust criticism. But others must speak-not one-nor fewmany, as the uplifted voice, however strong in the fervor of its earnestness will be lost in the clamor of rude, but popular prejudice. And to you, Woman, nature makes her appeal in behalf of love and its holy uses. To you, who hold the high conviction, that virtue is truth, and that fidelity to truth demands unfailing truthfulness in thought and action, not in one, but in all the relations we sustain in life—and that no relation so solemnly, so religiously exacts the highest rectitude of the soul, as the one of marriage, for in that are held the forces and powers which transmit to races and nations yet unborn, the inheritances which must prove blessings to exalt to high command, or curses to sink them into shame and degradation. Go! then, woman, and defend those truths God bids you cherish and uphold, nor shrink from the pain and the weariness which may attend you on the way. Go, panoplied in the might which is born of right, wearing the majesty of an exalted purpose, and not even profane man shall dare to taunt you, nor reflect a shadow upon the honor of your womanhood. Go, bearing bravely and proudly your own standard, with the law of your heart written thereon in truth's unfading colors, and with the dignity of earnest, high-hearted women, lift your voices to announce the truths you bear; and if, by chance, you meet with those heroic, manly spirits, who are the types of earth's true men, and who are living testimonies of the grand sublime possibilities of manhood, extend to them the recognition which ever passes between the nobly born, and give them the true greeting which invites the loftiest sympathy and confidence, and honor, that thenceforth added strength is thine, for the sympathy, of strong, highsouled mankind is with you-they who stand upon the mountain heights of life, and prophesy of its resplendent dawns approaching. Oh, we have known such men, and it is unto these, and the noble women, who, for truth's sake, will cheerfully accept, whatever cost of pain and sacrifice, who are unwavering in their high allegiance, from life's beginning to its close, that we look for an exemplification of marriage so divinely accordant that the music of life's harmonics shall fill the earth with joy and gladness unspeakable. We have the promise of all this, and the glorious light of that promise is even now upon us, shedding glory upon life's hopes, beautiful as sunshine upon the dewy fields of morning. With praiseful and uplifted heart, we wait the coming blessings, our faith pure and perfect in God, the Father.

# Por the Religio-Philosophical Journal. Phonography and Gymnastics.

In observing the motions in the classes of gymnastic students, and listening to the sounds of the phonetic alphabet. I observe the correspondence between them, and in marking out the figures for the gymnastic student, I see the same correspondence to the marks of the new orthography. Why not unite these two new and useful branches and teach both at once, as both can be acquired about as quick as one, and a double advantage gained in the use of time; a physical and vocal discipline, and perhaps the beginning of the ultimate use of the new orthography may, in this way, be started. I had hoped the Freedmen's Bureau would have adopted this new orthography for the negroes, and carried the new system to them, by which they could, in one year, have been better educated for correspondence in writing, at least, than they can in the old system in ten or twenty years; but I find neither the books or teachers could be found to adopt it in that grand

opening for a great reform, and hence this advantage, to the hier discovery what lost. I may now persists no opportunity so good as to unite phonography with gymnaties and teach beth together, and thus make each more popular and useful. It will be like setting songs to moste, and in a few years will be as popular as instrumental music. The great benefits of a system of gymnastics, especially in our cities, are already being felt and appreciated, but the immense advantage of the new orthography has only been stated in a few finstations and not get felt of appreciated by the public. The few who have seen It have not been able to start it into popular use. It sets aside such air immense amount of capital already invested in the old orthography, a large amount of which is the education of teachers and writers, that, of course, the owners of this capital are opposed to the introduction of new material and principles wirich would render their capital useless. The same reason, no doubt, prevented the American Bible Society from accepting Sawyer's new translation of the Scriptures, which puts the books into the improved style of modern language without altering the sense, except in correcting the errors of translation from the Greek, which are very many, amounting, I believe it is said, to over twenty thousand ; but the Society have too much capital invested in the errors and old vulgarisms to accept the new. So have the colleges too much capital, in the old jargon of sounds and words which no student can spell from the pronunciation or sound, nor pronounce from the sight of the letters arranged in them; hence sight and learning both have to be trained and made familiar with many words, before the student can use them properly. Even our names have no correspondence in letters and sounds, as for instance, Pugh for Pa, Gough for Goff. Why not spell names and all words as pronounced, and pronounce them as spelled, so a child could learn, in a few years, the use of our language, and thus save time for the further cultivation of the mind before old age and death come to move it to a world where our orthography is not needed, and a better is already in use. I am too old to adopt or introduce this new system. I have spent half of my life in acquiring a very imperfect knowledge of our present orthography, and find persons with the new. who, in one year, acquire more facilities for gaining and transmitting ideas in the new orthography than I could in the old in twenty years of close study; and, as the gymnastic exercises have a close relation and correspondence to the new orthography, and are already beginning to be a most popular poetry of motion, which many even adopt who oppose the partial and often-perverted system of dancing to music, why should not these motions have appropriate sounds set to them, and let each student acquire a knowledge of the sounds and motions together, and then the figures which are made by the positions of the body would also be seen to correspond to the characters that represent the sounds of the phonetic alphabet. With a few modifications, both can be brought into perfect musical harmony, and be taught at the same time, with great advantage to the student, and immense benefit to the generation that is just coming on the stage. If some young persons would take up this subject, and bind the two new systems together, and labor ten years in introducing them together, he, she, or they, would confer a lasting benefit on the race, and are welcome to my part of the discovery and my assistance with tongue and pen. WARREN CHASE.

VINELAND, N. J., November 7, 1865.

# For the Religio-Philosophical Journal. Odin, the Hero God of Scandinavian Mythelogy.

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

There is poetry in the very names of the gods of the Northmen! Romance tenaciously clings to the regions of Boreas, and we pardon the ancients for their hyperborean dreams. Snow-locked, ice-bound, inapproachable realm of the frost king, magic and mysterious domain, when the one day of summer, and the one terrifle night of winter seemed to show that the laws of nature changed in those high latitudes. The adventurous wanderer who penetrated the fabulous Baltic in search of yellow amber, returned to the genial climate of the south, amazed at the vastness and unsubdued aspect man and nature presented.

Mythology is the concerted fancies of a people, of generation after generation of a people, and consequently must partake, in a great degree, of the scenery which surrounds them.

The mythology of the North is wild and gloomy, being strongly marked by the severity of nature. What other could we expect? What a country to dwell in! Winter the major part of the year, and a winter of night.

Those old men of the North were flerce, bloody, terrible. From their icy fastnesses, they came like an avalanche upon Rome. The names of their leaders sounded rough to the car of the proud city, but rougher still did they handle the armies of the declining empire. The Imperial Consul was eluded at the passes of the mountains, where he had hoped to stay the torrent, and on the banks of the Danube they met and destroyed his army.

Marius, by stratagem, at last defeated them. The warriors, forced back on their camp, were met by their women, who, snatching the weapons they had disgraced by flight, from their hands, massacred them in their rage. The ranks of their horsemen had been tied together with cords, and when they retreated they became inextricably confused, and fell an easy and indiscriminate sacrifice to the agile and incensed Roman legions.

The Romans were victorious, but the terror they experienced foreshadowed the doom they were at length to meet from the races of skin-clad savages that roamed the wintry deserts and illimitable steppes from the Danube to the Frozen Ocean. They taught even Roman stoicism a lesson of contempt for life, and that they were not defeated, but rather, died. They tied themselves to the limbs of their frightened oxen, and were torn in pieces; and fathers fastened their children to themselves, before they met this terrific death.

The Empire forgot the lesson so dearly learned, and the obscure region south of the Baltic was unknown until at a latter age, it poured out nation after nation of fierce warriors as from an inexhaustible hive, who sapped its very foundations. Vandals, Longobards, Suevi, Angli, came pouring from the wilds of the North, fierce human waves, astonishing and paraliyzing the sunny South.

The climate of Scandinavia is severe, but there is a rugged beauty in its landscape, which no other country, except. Switzerland, approaches. The stormy ocean breaks on a shore where lofty mountains at once terminate in perpendicular cliffs, black and barron. The thin coat of earth does not conceal the skeleton of mountains which just upward in rugged grandeur, and sport in the most fantastic forms. Their naked crests appear sometimes like cities, with towers and battlements or grim fortresses. The sides of the mountains are pleased by profound cayons, and down their sides tor-

rents resistionly rush in foaming cataracts. The sea pierces the land in long, narrow arms, bounded by steep black clefts, compensating for the absence of rivers. These are called Flords, and the scarushes with great impetuosity through them at the fluctuations

How our boylab imagination shuddered at the pleture of the Masistrom, described as agitating the ocean on the coast of norway! The waters, at the going out of the tide, yet wedged, as it were, between the narrow ciefts which hedge the channel, and when the rush of the etc. is opposed by high winds, the conflict is terrible beyond description. The billows mount into the air and fall in cataracts which nothing can resist. Vessels are drawn into the whirlpool, and great pines are drawn into the whirlpool, and great pines are drawn into the abyse of hurrying waters, and when thrown out are bruked and torn to tatters. The wary mariner never approaches within seven leagues of the whirling guif.

But the Maelstrom is not alone in its class. The mouth of every Flord presents a similar phenomenon, more or less terrible. Over such scenes, the sommer sun lingers briefly, but his coming awakens the lethargy of nature with a suddenness unknown in other lands. While the dissolving spows are rushing down the mountains, and all the high bills are mantled with winter, the trees bare already out on their summer verdore, birds carol in the branches, and the still dripping soil is clothed with verdure, spotted with beds of flowers. In some favored valleys two harvests are gathered in the same summer; but in less fortunate places, where man holds an uncertain tenure on nature, he thankfully gathers the half ripened grain to prevent its being covered by drifts of snow.

The nights of winter are beautifully clear and magnificent, with the scintilations of the Northern Lights, which convert the darkness almost into the brightness of day. The intense cold converts the cataracts into silvery sheets of ice, or congeals the spray into showers of snow. The hardy trees are radiant with frost, and the drifting clouds hover over the surface of the ground in fogs. The sun scarcely rises above the horizon, to illumine for a few hours the wastes of winter.

As in the seasons, the greatest and most abrupt diversity prevails in the natural scenery. From regions which have been compared to Italy, to the most bleak and terrific landscapes the eye of man ever gazed on, it is but a step. The charming and lovely are interspersed with the appaling. In the North, the Lapp is still the child of nature, a Pagan—the only Pagan in Europe. Sustained by his reindeer, he struggles with the opposing elements and barely maintains his own.

These Northmen were celebrated for their fierceness, their love of liberty, which made them scorn the tillers of the soil, who thus, by their attachment to place, rendered themselves subject to a conqueror. One of their tribes the Romans found ruled by a woman. This excited the derision of those haughty soldiers. Even in the wilds, while skin-clad and barbarous, the Northmen recognize woman's equality with man, an idea beyond a refined Roman's comprehension; and to them woman owes her position in European civilization, which sprang from these noble savages.

Their scorn of industry and love of change made them a pastoral people, or in another direction sent them out on the sea with their vessels, little else than canoes, shaped from the enormous trunks of trees, implacable and absolutely fearless pirates, infesting the most distant coasts.

Their ancient worship was that of the goddess Hertha or the Mother Earth. Her invisible image was concealed in a sacred grove on an island in the ocean. At stated intervals it was conveyed by the priests to the mainland, and drawn in procession on a chariot by cows. Then feasting and hilarity reigned, war and quarreling ceased, and for a brief period peace lasted. Then again the veiled image was conducted to her mysterious island abode, being first purified in the waters of a certain lake. The latter was a dreadful rite, for those who performed it were immediately after sacrifised, that none might live who had seen the veiled mystery, and the people thereby held it in greater reverence and

Such were the people to whom Odin became a revelator. His life has become a romance, and glimmers through the fancies of the heroic age. But we seek not to divest him of them, for though true or false, they all grow out of his position, and are part of himself. The cardinal points are certain. He came from a foreign country, established a monarchy, promulgated religious and civil institutions, and was delified at death.

He is said to have emigrated with a band of followers from the banks of the Tanais, being expelled in the Mithradatic war by Pompey. It is conjectured that there was more than one man by that name. The life of the historical Odin of whom we write, is delineated in the Ynglinga Saga. These Sagas are ancient songs, which preserve the history of olden times, and are all the historical documents extant relating to those days.

Odin was not his name, but it was the name of a chief priest in Scythia, and as he was chief, he assumed that name. Osgard was his capital. Twelve priests controled the surrounding country. By his extraordinary military talents he became endeared to his Asiatic subjects. His soldiers believed themselves invincible, for he laid his hands on them when they went forth to battle. Presed on the South, his skill in magic revealed to him that a people at the North awaited him. When be reached that people, they at once invested him with supreme authority. He introduced new laws and Institutions. He invested twelve ponties with authority, similar to that the like officers held in his own country. To them was entrusted the distribution of justice, and the control of religious

These great festivals were held annually, at the beginning of winter, at which the gods were invoked for prosperity; in the middle of winter, that the coming season might be fruitful, in sammer, for victory. The dead were barred on a funeral pile, made of their treasures, and their askes barred or east into the sea—a mound of earth commemorated them if they were adjudged worthy.

Norway was still unconquered. Odin had but to visit that country to gain its allegiance and have his son Saemingre invested with revally which his descendants held for many generations.

Returning to Sweden, he felt his end approaching, but he scorned to await like a coward, the coming foe. He called for his spear. Then addressing his assembled friends, he feld them that he was about to return to his old capital of Organd. There he would meet all his rations ancestors who had died with awards in their hands, and feast in eternal banquet. He then pierced himself nine times in the form of a circle, and expired.

With great pour and uncontroled mourning, his remains were conveyed to Sixtana, and on an humanse inneral pile of rectliest robes and treasure, remained, for the higher the flames and the more functions the articles on which they fed, the more

renowned would be the spirit on entering the abode of the gods.

He was immediately defiled. The luxuriance of fancy, stimulated by superstition, wrought his name into a myth. The feelandic chronicles represent him as transcending mortals. They say that he excelled all men in the arts of eloquence and poetry. He invented the Runic characters, and so exquisite was he in music, that to his melodies the rocks expanded with delight, and infernal spirits from the vasty deep stood breathiess around lifm.

The Saga is enthusiastic: "His person was comely, and his countenance mild and benignant to his friends; but to his enemies, dreadful to behold; such was his singular power of changing, at will, his form and face. He could look into futurity; could stiffe his enemies with blindness and deathess, or sudden panic, and dull the edge of their weapons, while he rendered his own warriors invincible with magic spells. He could transform himself at pleasure into any beast, bird, fish, or serpent, and fly in an instant to the aftermost parts of the earth, while his body lay all the time in a trance. He could, with a single word, extinguish fire, still the raging sea, direct the course of the winds, and raise the dead."

His magic was deeply interwoven with trance, which he undoubtedly greatly magnified, but by it he ruled the ignorant, as they can be in no other manner. Convince a people that their ruler is endowed with superhuman gifts, and he holds them by the mandates of a god, and they obey him unquestioningly. It has been the same with all religious systems the world has ever seen. They base themselves on miracles and supernaturalism.

Very simple was the original theology of the North. There was one God, creator and ruler of the universe, whom it was unlawful to represent, whose worship was performed in the darkest groves. It was easy to engraft the new and more complex system of Odin on this idea.

Their cosmogomy was more complex. In the beginning there reigned chaos. Heaven and earth there was not, only Ginungagaf, the bottomiess abyss, Nifelheim, the abode of fire, and Muspelheim, where was located the well from whence flowed the twelve poisonous streams, generating snow, hail, rain and wind.

When the earth was created, man placed thereon, he presented the image of happiness. The old Northmen here met the question wrestled with by the sages of all races and all ages, the origin of sin, misery and death in the world, and they solved it just as satisfactorily as it ever has been solved. The celestial gods married giant maids. The alliance was one fraught with ill. Avarice, the love of gold, toil, all came, and from the union sprang Loki, the evil one, who surpasses all created beings in fraud and perfidy.

There is a vein of Asiatic thought, derived primarily from India, running through the mythology of the North, but as a whole it is not to Odin, or to any one man that its origin should be referred. It is the outgrowth of the entire race of Northern men, surrounded by nature in the aspect there

The last day, the day of destruction, the Vala thus describes:

> "The sun all black shall be, The earth sink in the sea. From heaven fade away; While vapors hot shall fill The air round Ygdrasil, And, flaming as they rise, Play towering to the skies."

Odin will not escape them. In vain will he seek advice at the sacred well. He marches forth to the strife, clad in armor, where the combatants mutually destroy each other.

Incongruous, incomprehensible, vague and fanciful, yet underlying all is a belief in immortal life, a reward for goodness, a punishment for evil, in a new creation, "where beauty shall spring from ashes, and immortality from the bosom of corrup-

Walnut Grove Farm, 1865.

FOREIGN LITERARY ITEMS.—It is almost certain that Professor Masson, biographer of Milton, and late editor of "Macmillan," will be appointed to succeed Aytoun, as Professor of Rhetoric, at Edin-

The Memoirs of Anacharsis Clootz have just been published. Clootz was hitherto memorable as that member of the Assembly in the French Revolution who made the wild declaration that "the democratic principle is so important that it would be cheaply purchased by the destruction of the whole human race from the face of the planet.' John Stuart Mill has gone to Avignon, France,

where he lives six months annually near the grave of the wife he so idolized. An important philosophical paper may be expected from him in the "Westminster" for January. Mr. Mill, writing lately to Dr. Edmunds, President of the Female Medical College, says: "To place a scientific medical education within the reach of women, with however limited an object, is already a good beginning; but it is to be hoped that the beginning will not be

the ending."
Alfred Tennyson has recently returned from his summerings, on the banks of the Moselle, to Faringford, which, by the way, is rather close to Southampton, where the cholera has appeared. The laureate has been notified that Queen Emma, the little negro woman from the Sandwich Islands, will call upon him soon. There must have been such a woman in the mind of the writer of "Locksley Hall" when he made the hero say:

"I will take some dusky woman; she shall rear my dusky breed."

-U. D. Conway in the Round Table.

AGE OF THE PYRAMIDS OF EGYPT .- Mahmud Bey, astronomer to the Viceroy of Egypt, has published an interesting treatise, with the view of proving their dates from their connection with Sirius, the Dog-star. The late viceroy, Said Pasha, ordered him to work out his problem. He found the exact measurement of the largest to be 231 metres to the base, and 146.40 from the ground to the apex. Hence it follows that the sides are at an an angle of 51 degrees 45 seconds. Mahmud Pasha found that the angles of the other three pyramids, near Memphis, were on an average inclination of 52 degrees. The fact that the sides of these monuments are placed exactly true to the four quarters of the globe seemed to point to some connection with the stars, and Mahmud Bey found Sirius sends his rays nearly vertically upon the south side, when passing the meridian of Ghlzeb. He then found, on calculating back, the exact positions the stars occupied in past centuries—that the rays of Sirius were exactly vertical to the south side of the Great Pyramid, \$300 B. C. Sirius was dedicated to the God Sothis, or Toth Anubis; and hence the astronomer deduces that the Pyramids were built about 3300 B. C., a date nearly coinciding with Bunsen's calculation, who fixes the reign of Cheops at thirty-four centuries before Christ.—London Builder.

Corron. "Cotton is King" again, at least in this market. Our streets have been perfectly white with it the past week-averaging, we should think, at least twenty wagon loads daily. The price has ranged from ten to thirteen cents per pound in the seed, which makes a fine source of revenue to producers. The cotton gins are all crowded to their utmost, and every body in the business finds plenty to do. - Jonesboro Gazette.

The contributions in California for Mrs. Old John Brown's cottage amount to \$426. The sum needs to

# Beligio-Philosophical Journal

CHICAGO, NOVEMBER 25, 1866.

OFFICE, 84, 86 & 88 DEARBORN ST., 34 FLOOR.

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

83 For terms of subscription see Prospectus on eighth page "The Pett is mightler than the Sword."

To Postmasters.

All Postmasters in the United States and British Provinces are requested to act as Agents for this paper—to receive and remit subscriptions, for which they will be entitled to retain FORTY CENTS of each \$1.00 subscription, and TWENTY CENTS of each \$1.50 (half-year's) subscription

To Our Patrons, All persons sending money orders, drafts, etc., are requested to make them payable to the order of the Secretary, George

Subscribers who wish their papers changed, should be par-ticular to state the name of the office to which they have been sent, as well as the office to which they now wish them

On subscribing for the Jounnal, state the number of the paper at which you wish to commence.

#### Spiritualism and the Bible No 2.

In a former article we spoke of Moses as a medium. Many of the miracles that are recorded in the Old Testament may be explained as spiritual phenomena. We cannot follow all these accounts. There is one in the Book of Joshun, in which he is represented as saving, "Sun, stand thou still upon Gibeon; and thou moon, in the valley of Ajaion."

And the sun stood still and the moon staid. Several explanations have been proposed for this. though they are not very satisfactory. One is that the Israelites were sorely pressed, and in a very tight place, and they thought it was a long time, and actually believed that the sun stood still; and when the victory turned on their side, they declared It to be even so.

Another interpretation was given by an old lady who heard an astronomer declaring that the sun, as the centre of our solar system, did not move around the earth as the ancients supposed.

"Oh yes," said the old lady, "I remember that we read in the Bible that 'Joshua commanded the sun to stand still,' and it don't say that he ever set it going again."

Here inspiration butts it's head against the stone wall of facts, and must give way before them.

But there is a singular record about the walls of Jericho falling before the children of Israel, when the priests blew "seven trumpets of rams' horns." Those who have witnessed the movements of a piano weighing seven or eight hundred pounds in the presence of certain mediums, and to the sound of music more refined than that of a "ram's horn," may understand how an army with many mediums could be so influenced by spirits as to enable them to produce the phenomena described, "when the people heard the sound of the trumpets, and the people shouted with a great shout, and it came to pass that the wall fell down flat, so that the people went up into the city, every man straight before him." Joshua, chap. vi., ver. 20.

The child Samuel was a medium. (See 1 Samuel, chap. iii: 51.) Here was clair-audience, and old Eli knew it well, too. Samuel communicated to Saul and others, and the record shows great familiarity with spirit intercourse.

One of the most ancient records of mediumship is in 1 Samuel xxviii: 7-25, where the interview of Saul with the woman of Endor, by which he received a communication from Samuel's spirit, is recorded. In 1 Kings, chap xiv., there is an account of a blind medium named Ahijah, similar to some in our own time.

Among the most interesting accounts of the Old Testament, are those of Elijah and Elisha. The ascension of Elijah as described in 2 Kings, chap. ii., is similar to manifestations in which mediums have been raised and carried a considerable distance. Of course we do not believe that the body of Elijah was taken into the spheres, for Christ declared that "flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of heaven," and reason fully confirms this declara-

The healing of Naaman was a striking illustration of mediumistic power in that direction, and the reply of Naaman to the message, "Go and wash in Jordan seven times," was remarkable.

But Naaman was wroth, and went away and said, "Behold, I thought he will surely come out to me, and stand and call on the name of the Lord, his God, and strike his hand over the place and recover

Why should Naaman think he would do this if it were not the practice of the healing mediums of that day? In 2 Kings, chap, vi: 5-"One was felling a beam, and the axe head fell into the water," and the man of God came near, and "the iron did

The scientific world declares, that as iron is specifically heavier than water, it could not swim. But we know that there are mediums to-day who have the peculiar faculty of causing iron to be lifted. A little girl, only nine years old, is one of the mediums through whom the spirits produce this peculiar manifestation.

She will stand by a stove that weighs two or three hundred pounds, and as she puts the tips of her fingers upon it, it begins to move, and will be raised clear of the floor.

Now, if Elisha was such a medium, the spirits could readily make the "iron to swim," as the Book says it did. Both Elijah and Elisha raised those who were apparently dead, but we shall speak of these when we consider the miracles of the New Testament.

David and Solomon were inspired, and were splendid writing mediums; but no one can defend their morality in this day.

Nehemiah introduces himself by saylng, "I sat down and wept and mourned certain days, and fasted and prayed before the God of heaven." This has always been the means by which men and women have become impressional and medium-

Queen Esther was a beautiful medium, as are the women of the Bible generally. The old poem, called Job, the most ancient of all the books of the Bible, so old that we know nothing of the author-as Mr. Pierpont remarked in the National Convention, "whoever he was, he was a Spiritualist." He declares, "There is a spirit in man, and the inspiration of the Almighty giveth them understanding," and in chap. iv: 12, he says: "Now a thing was secretly brought to me, and mine ear received a little thereof." "In thought from the visions of the night, where deep sleep falleth on

"Fear came upon me and trembling, which made all my bones to shake.

"Then a spirit passed before my face, the hair of my flesh stood up.

"It stood still, but I could not discern the form thereof. An image was before mine eyes; there was slience, and I heard a voice, saying, 'Shall | proof-reader, Nanny.

mortal man be more just than God? Shall a man he more pure than his Maker ?"

Again, the aublime description of the animal nature of man, under the name and figure of Behemoth, is one of the grandest figures ever conceived by the human mind. This will be found from chap, xxxviii, to the end of the book of Job.

The visions of Isalah, with his poetle and soulstirring language, are but so many evidences of spirit influence upon a sensitive medium. And poor old Jeremiah can find a counterpart in the weeping mediums of to-day. It would make a volume to compare the experiences of the characters of the Old Testament with the mediums for like manifestations of to-day.

Suffice it to say the one beautifully corroborates the other, and the Bible stands on a firmer basis, and is accepted by hundreds and thousands now, because of the light which these manifestations have thrown upon many obscure passages. The Spiritualism of the Bible will ever commend it to the study of those who are spiritually minded; but we believe the true friends of the book are not those who demand a blind and unreasoning acceptance of it as a whole; but rather those who examine and search the Seriptures by the light of reason and intuition, and accept only those portions which accord there with, and of course are all that can be profitable.

We shall review the Spiritualism of the New Testament, hereafter.

#### Death.

It is common with Spiritualists to ridicule the fear of death. They mean to show to the world that their belief is so strong in immortality that they have not the least dread of what always has been, even to the Christian, full of terror. It is well to show faith, but the mind is so organized that when too strongly drawn in one direction, it is prone to swing too far the other, as soon as it is set free.

The terror of death experienced by those who are skeptical of immortality becomes exultation when one is convinced of spirit-existence. The term, death, must be discarded. Mediums will reply, when death is mentioned, "There is no death! Death is only life in another form." This may be true, and it is also true that there is death. What is meant by that word is the destruction of the physical form. Its phenomena I need not describe. When the body is no longer animated by the spirit, when the processes of decay begin to operate, it is death. There is no other word which expresses the fact. It does so completely, and its meaning, as applied to the body, and not referring to the spirit, cannot be misunderstood. I cannot see why such tenderness need be felt in reference to the use of this word as is manifested in obituary notices written by Spiritualists. "Passed on," "Passed to a higher life," are the common expressions, and in one it is said "Festive services were held, etc.," meaning funeral cere-

It is very easy to write that word "festive," but who that has lost a dear friend, or relative, believes that anything like festivity can prevail on such an occasion? It is mockery. I care not how strongly we may be fortified by the Spiritual belief—we may know that our friends dwell in light, may see and converse with them-yet is the reality dreadful to contemplate. All that is known to us as our friend, our father, mother, sister, brother, lies still and cold. Briefly will it return to the impalpable elements. Those eyes never can see us again, those lips never more wreath for us a smile or utter a word of love. What if, in the intangible world of spirits they exist, we cannot understand or feel them unless we enter the internal life. Grief is of the outer life, the senses, and what they do not reveal, is for the

The dear departed! There is a chair vacant; at the table a place unoccupied! Well, I believe an unseen guest is in that place-what of that? No knowledge can heal the lacerated wound of regret! We can never look upon the death-struggle of those who are dear with dry eyes, nor feel mirthful when it has passed. It is not for human nature to thus feel; we rather weep in very selfishness of our loss, and cry "await" to the departing angel.

Let us be plain in our language, and write "death" with a firm hand. No Spiritualist need fear that his meaning will be mistaken.

# To Our Patrons.

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

Knowing that Mr. Hull's subscribers are expecting us to make up the deficiency on their subscriptions, we are doing so at a very great loss, with no other compensation than the expectation that those friends will renew their subscriptions so soon as their time expires for the Age, at an equitable equation of time, which will be found duly esti-

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

mated and printed on the margin of each of those

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

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

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

view, unsurpassed in any part of the world. Our machinery is abundantly competent to the task-not only for the mechanical part of our Jour-NAL, but for all kinds of work known to the art.

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

# Renewals.

Old subscribers, on renewing their subscriptions, will please give their names, town, county and State, plainly written.

We do not pay commissions to agents on renewal of subscriptions. Subscribers can enclose the subscription money in a letter, and direct it according to the instructions found in the prospectus. See eighth page of this paper.

# Nancy Nile.

On the 6th page of this paper will be found a communication from Nancy Nile. Inadvertently her Christian name was read by the compositor and

#### A Call for Assistance.

We give the subjoined letter from Dr. Randolph, hoping it will bring him the desired assistance. He does not send out this plea for himself, but for the poor who have been deprived of educational advantages. We trust this worthy worker has not saked aid in vain. Ignorance is the world's greatest misfortune. Every dime given to educate these sable children is a benefaction to our humanity.

Those who are disposed to aid Dr. Randolph, and find it more convenient to send their donations to our office, can do so. We will forward with pleasure as directed.

New Onleans, La., Nov. 5, 1865. Brethren of the Heligio-Philosophical Publishing Asso-

One year ago the dwellers of the Summer Land sent me here to help educate the freedmen's children. I obeyed. I have labored till stricken down with fever; recovered, and went to work again. I shall continue to labor, pay or no pay. I am going to Texas to educate the negroes. I mean to keep at work. I want help in the shape of a half dozen arithmetical frames, some roll blackboard, noiseless slates, mapping slates, astronomical planispheres, a Cruig microscope, and a magnet—such as Andrews & Bigelow, at Crosby's Opera House, make and sell.

Will you help me? Not for my sake, but for these poor children. I feel I do not plead in vain. Bro. Jones will help me plead, and you all will help me. Please ask the editor of the Freedmen's Bulletin, Chicago, to assist. He has been in my school and seen my work with these poor people. I leave in December, to join Lieut. E. M. Wheelock, who goes as government agent, while I go as volunteer

If you think of anything else educational, I will

Packages may be sent me care of Adams' Express. or Board of Education for Freedmen.

> Yours in the good work, P. B. RANDOLPH.

The patriotic brother, whose name stands at the head of this notice, is well known as having been for many years one of the most energetic and well received pioneers in the cause of Spiritualism. He has lectured very extensively in the Northwest, and always to large and appreciative audiences.

Captain E. V. Wilson.

When the rebellion broke out, he, true and loyal to his country, shouldered his musket, went to the front, and braved all the dangers of eamp life and the battle field, until the rebellion was crushed and peace restored. Then he returned home, re-entered the lecture field, and is now doing a work scarcely paralleled. We hear favorable reports of him wherever he goes. The secular press, even, extends to him the meed of praise. The Evansville Courier, in a lengthy notice of him, says: "Capt. E. V. Wilson is one of the most remarkable inspirational speakers on the continent, or in the world. He has lately been lecturing in Louisville and Cincinnati to immense audiences." That is but justice to an old soldier, and will be all the more appreciated, coming from the secular press.

#### Christmas.

It is fully a month to Christmas, and the children are already wondering what Mr. Santa Claus will bring them. They expect something, in fact they richly deserve all they will receive on that blessed fete day.

"Our children" ought to be especially remembered. The duties of the office will prevent our giving to these darlings the attention they have a right to expect. So we have a suggestion to make. It is this: That writers who love children, (and who does not?) will send to us sketches and stories for Christmas gifts. They may not all find place in one or two numbers of the JOURNAL; but that will not matter. We do not care for long stories, they tire the young reader.

Who will send us for our children, child-sermons, incidents, sketches, histories and poems? Send them before Christmas, and the reward shall be the blessings of a great army of young people, and of the editors of the R. P. JOURNAL.

# New Faces at the Window.

We copy the following from the Chicago Tribune: Postmaster Hoard has instituted a change in one of his departments, by placing a couple of ladies at the ladies' window, instead of the interesting young gentlemen who have hitherto graced that locality. The practice of females delivering the mails is not altogether new, as applied to smaller offices, but in so large an office as that in this city, is rather an innovation. How could Mr. Hoard be so cruel? Those young men have been quite a consolation to the ladies, judging from the large numbers who have flocked there, and wiled away their clerkship's tedious hours by honied words, bewitching smiles, and merry inquiries after imaginary letters for mythical persons. Will the ladies like so well this change? Some of the fair sex seem to have an uncontrolable penchant for making acquaintances in an unconventional way, and what mode is easier than through the business converse with a clerk at a post office window, particularly if that clerk be young and good looking. The lady enters, modestly inquires for a letter, perhaps for Sybil Honeycomb -no letter. Does the clerk know what time the mail from Bundletown arrives? Clerk is happy to inform the fair inquirer that he does, and gives the information. How long does it take for a letter to go to Bundletown and an answer to come back? Clerk thinks that is likely to be variable, dependent somewhat on the promptitude of the writer of the reply. Lady smiles pleasantly, possibly, if she is hasty, rejoins that he is a rogue, and becomes more explicit in her queries. Then she remarks on the uncertainty of things in general, postal affairs in particular, remembers that Bundletown is a beautiful place, and suddenly evinces an interest in whether the clerk has ever been there. It is needless to follow the conversation further, but of course, as every one can see, the acquaintance is in a fair way for ripening. If any one thinks this is overdrawn, let him inquire of the postmaster or the clerks, or at an office where the ladies' window is served by a gentleman, and it will be found that hours are wasted in such converse as this, where minutes would suffice for all the business transacted.

Does the editor of the Tribune wish us to infer that the masculine faces at the window were so fascinating that the belles, beauties and women of questionable morals flocked about them to be charmed and swallowed as birds are by scrpents? Does he intend to hint that less attractive faces are now at the window? Isn't it possible that some of our city centlemen may become captivated by these faces and suddenly remember that a sister, mother, or wife may be expecting letters? Not finding them, may they not venture a few interrogatories regarding the "Bundletown" mails! Of course, the ladies at the window will not disregard the proprie ties of life by refusing all needed information, but they will remember, too, the dignity of the positions they occupy, and their own womaniness. The postmaster has acted wisely in giving these ladies their appropriate places at the window, and we mistake these faces, if he has cause for removal or

The shadows of the mind are like those of the body. In the morning of tife they all lie behind us; at moon we trample them under first; and in the evening they stretch along and deepen before us.

#### Editorial Items.

We commence, in our next number, a series of letters from the Old World.

Book notices next week.

Greene and Mr. B. J. Butts.

K. Graves, author of Christianity before Christ, and Blography of Satan, is now in the lecturing field.

His address is Harveysburg, Ohio. Read the prospectus of the Modern Age on another page. The Age does great credit to the

Dr. Mayhew is now speaking in Warsaw, Ill. Success to him.

combined hands, hearts and heads of Mrs. H. N.

We will publish next week a long communication. entitled, "America, her Duty and Destiny," given by Edward D. Baker, through the mediumship of H. T. Child, M. D.

Mas. A. A. CURRIER.—This popular speaker is

still in our city. She is engaged to speak here till January. Those living in the vicinity of Chicago who may wish to secure her services for week-day evenings, should address her at once. Read Miss Wheetock's communication upon the 3d page, "The False and the True." We give God thanks for calling into existence the author of this

very article. She has spoken brave, earnest word,

The sinner she so faithfully portrays, will wince and denounce the woman who dares utter contraband sentiments; but the pure in heart, the lover of humanity, the angels, will sward to her the "well P. T. Barnum has just published a book, entitled "The Humbugs of the World." Who is better

qualified to write such a work? If he relates what he knows regarding one individual, the book will be no humbug.

Mr. George Arnold, a gentleman of considerable literary reputation, recently passed to spirit-liffrom Strawberry Farms, New Jersey. Edmund Stedman, in writing of the death of M.

Arnold said: Death would not rudely rob that face. Nor dim its fine Arcadian brightness.

But gave the lines a clearer grace, And sleep's repose, and marble's whiteness And, gazing there on him so young.

We thought of all his ended mission, The broken links, the songs uneque. The love that found no ripe fruition.

# Notice of Meetings.

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

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

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

The friends of Progress and Spiritualists of Greenboro', Henry Co., Ind., will hold a three days meeting including Friday, Saturday and Sunday, being the three first days of next December. A cordial invitation to all inquirers after truth is most earnestly and cheerfully extended. As heretofore, all from a distance will be entertained, free of cost.

#### By order of Committee. Dr. I. H. Hull New Books in Press.

The RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING ASSO-CIATION have two new books in press-"The Biography of Satan," by K. Graves, and "The History of Moses," by Merritt Munson. The books will be ready for sale in a few days.

# Report of the Convention.

Dr. Child, the Secretary of the National Convention, sent us at first mere sketches of the proceedings of the Convention. Since the close of the meeting, he has written out more fully his phonegraphic report, consequently our readers will here the pleasure of reading in full some of the verexcellent remarks made in the Convention.

# The Atlantic Monthly.

In writing of the Atlantic, the New York Christie Advocate and Journal says:

"As a literary magazine it is worthy of all praise and as such it is an honor to its publishers and a the whole country. But of its theological and mi gious character no orthodox Christian, no believe in the great and saving verities of our holy religion. can speak with favor. It is in fall sympathy wat the extreme unevangelical wing of the Unitarian Boston, and its columns are not unfrequently Slice and recking, not only with godless humanitarians. but also with offensive attacks upon the Orthodox faith. Its reputation in this particular was exfixed by Dr. Holmes' "Autocrat of the Breaking talks, and more recently it has beer the vehicle by which "Gail Hamilton" has broard; many of her offensive and impure vagaries being the public. We regret that a work, otherwise so erelent, should be so full of the dangerous, though indious poison of liberalism, which is the moder euphemism for doctrinal hemtiousness."

No doubt the progressive ideas the bears, our spoken words found in the Atlantic are very stersive to the fossilized semi-pagens of the Oberrar mi Christian Advocate school; a little strange, too, this those who herd in tombs and inhale the putrit in of dead men's bones, should close their eyes and isclaim against unsavory odors, because some friend? hand throws back the grave-gates and lets in the

Dr. Holmes will, henceforth, be graff and gium :: "Breakfast Table," and forevermore count hime! among the religiously decapitated—the priestly dammed; and then Miss Gail Hamilton, that andicious little weenen, has committed the never-to-beforgiven sin against St. Orthodoxy. What right has she-a woman-to open her mouth in public places, and decry popular sins? Who appointed her a missionary to this wicked nation, and gave her permission to tell the people, in plain English, their sins Oh, Gail I you are hideous in the eyes of Sham Virtre; your very name has become a "stumbling block " in the path of blind demagogueism. You have, in your unwomanly rashness, rushed into the theological dens, and set the beasts to roaring, braying. Henceforth your adversaries will be those who wear godly robes and dwell in pious places.

Grief murmurs; anger roars; impatience frets; but happiness, like a calm river, flows on in quiet sunlight, without a ripple or a fall to mark the

rushing on of time towards eternity. When we are alone, we have our thoughts to watch; in our families, our tempers; and in soci-

ety, our tongues. Columbus was the son of a weaver, and a weaver

Reported by H. T. CHUR, M. D., Secretary. PROCEEDINGS

National Convention of Spiritualists BRUD AT CONCERT HATA, PRILATORIPHIA

Oce. 17, 18, 10, 91, 21, 1965, WEDNESDAY, Oct. 18, 1965.

MORNING SHRRION. Remarks of the Rev. John Pierposit on the motion to strike out the word. "Christianity" from the

repeliarterin of Mr Chane

I hope, Mr. President, that the meetion to strike only will not prevail. For myself, I see no subago-dism between Spiritualism, as I understand it, and Christianity—meaning, by Christianity, not the eraed of any hondrastic Christian church, or the moral practices of any naminally Christian community, but the morally and spirit of Jesus Christ, as taught need lived by himself. If I were to define my presition by a name of tray own shoosing. I would be called a Chicketian Spiritualist. I regard appritual. ism, not as an abrogation of Christianity, but as a supplement to it. We are told in our version of the Tentament that Joseph Chelet, hi his Gospel. brought ith and immertally to light " Now this. as a distinct proposition, is not true to bistorical facts; for the doctrine had been maintained for ages pefore him, by the most earlightened philosophers of Greece and Rome, and was held firmly by the Phurisees of his own nation. Nor is this proposition true to the original Greek of the New Testament, which, truly rendered, is, "hath shed light upon the and immertality;" and, as a matter of fact, the prophet of Nazareth never proposed immortal life as a new doctrine, any more than he did the existence God. He assumes both of these doctrines as strong samitted, except by the Saddneses. I regard the phenomena of modern Spiritualism as giving much light upon the subject of a future life, upon which Christianity gives little and the philosophies before it still loss Christianity, to be sure, advises us of future happiness and future misery of spiritual tife and of spiritual punishments of heaven and of hell. But, of the where the blessed spirit or where the tormented spirit is to be—what are to be the employments of chiber, whether in or out of the society of the once leved -whether or not the spirits that have passed "over the river" can return and commune, for either good or evil, with those who are yet on this side of it, Christianity—the Chrisflinfty of the New Testament eavs nothing and the Christianity of the Protestant Church knows nothing. But since the phenomena of modern Spiritualism have appeared, as they have appeared to us, the regions that sat in darkness have seen "great light" upon these momentous subjects. I do not look upon the light of the New Testament and that of the still Newer Dispensation as cross lights, but as falling in parallel lines upon the world. from the Infinite Source of light and of life. Let me Illustrate my position and my course, in regard to Spiritualism, by relating a fact in my own expe-

I spent the winter of 1856-7 in Williamsburg, near New York, in preaching in a hall to a small society of Unitarian Christians. A year or two afterwards, in the full of the year, I was speaking to the Spiritualists in Dodworth's Hall, in New York. While there I went over to Williamsburg to make a call, and saw a stranger, apparently a gentleman, crossing the street as it to accost me. I stopped, and standing upon the sidewalk this dialogue took place Stronger .- You don't know me, sir; but I used

to hear you when you were preaching in -- 's Hall. So you have given up Unitarianism, I understand? -Given up Unitarianism! How so? 8.-Why, sir, I understand you are now preaching

to the Spiritualists in Dodworth's Hall. res, sir, I am so; but I am not the less—indeed, I am the more-Unitarian, from the facts that have made me a Spiritualist.

8.-Well, sir, I think it is all a humbug ! P.—()h, well, sir, the world is wide enough for us both, and each can enjoy his own opinion. 8.-Why, sir, the pretended communications are so trifting that I cannot believe they come from the spirit world. Why, there's a woman down in my

neighborhood, who says the spirit of her mother has come to her to show her how to make bread! P.-Well, sir, no harm in that, I hope. &-No, no harm, sir. But think of a glorified spirit coming all the way down from heaven to show her daughter how to make bread!

P.-I suppose, my friend, that you sometimes sepeat the Lord's prayer? 5.—Certainly.

P.—When you do so, you say "Our Father who art in heaven, give us this day our daily bread?" &.-Of course. P.-Well, sir, do you think it in any wise deroga-

tory to His dignity or glory to hear you pray and answer it by giving you your daily bread? 5.-Of course not.

P.-Well, sir, think, for a moment, how long it takes the Infinite Spirit to grant your request. Think of the agencies and instrumentalities that the All Father employs in the work of giving you your daily bread. First, he calls into his service spirits that are yet in the living body, to prepare the field and cast in the seed. Then God takes the matter into his own hand, his latter rains, his wintry frosts and snows, and his showers and sunshine are sent to cause that seed to germinate and show "first the blade, then the ear, and then the full corn in the ear," and when that is fully ripe he calls again his co-worker in the flesh to thrust in the sickle and gather the wheat into the garner, and by an ingenions process convert that wheat into flour, ready to be wrought into the staff of a family, life, and after the Infinite Spirit has been so long employed in preparing the material for bread, do you not think that a spirit infinitely below him, a spirit that may be supposed still to love those she left upon the earth, would be as usefully and as happily employed in showing a child of her's how to make the best use of that beautiful gift of God, as she would be sitting upon a cloud and playing a harp and

& (after a brief pause.)-Well, sir, I have of late been quite unwell, and for some time confined to my chamber. During this time I have read a good deal in the New Testament, and only the other day I was saying to our folks that I was surprised to see so little in it as to the condition and employments of the spiritual world.

P.—There you have it exactly. There is little said upon those subjects. The little that is said is in vague, indefinite and general terms; and as to these important points of which we have been speaking, absolutely nothing.

I think the stranger left me with his views of Spiritualism somewhat modified; and with this statement of my views of Christianity and Spiritralism I hope the motion to strike out will not prevail.

The motion to strike out was lost, and the resobution laid on the table.

### APTERNOON SESSION.

Hon. S. S. Jones in the chair.

Mrs. M. S. Townsend said: MY FRIENDS—I had hoped not to be called upon tospeak before this Convention, for this reason, the larguage which I am capable of using falls so far short of the sentiments of my soul. The cause of Spritualism is so full of great and glorious truths an interests, that though I cannot express them, I know something of what it is doing for the world, of what it is doing for me and you, to call out the highest, noblest, and best feelings of men and women evrywhere. I believe it to be the redceming principe of the world, that it falls upon our souls as thedew falls upon the plants, and as sunbeams fall upn the flowers, thus enabling them to expand

anchloom in beauty, Iknow that the call of this Convention was for the purpose of considering the question of organiza-tion and with that idea I am in deep sympathy. I bas for future action. I know that all things that gro are governed by the same law, and when we hav learned the law of growth in one thing, we hay learned it in all things—as individuals we grow, justin accordance with the natural laws; we have ompring time, our summer time, our autumn time, andur winter time. We are organized, physically, to coress ourselves as individuals, according to the pecharities of our growth; our minds take up such elemnts of thought and principle as can be approprized to their requirements, and they organize inteor force, and that force is a law organization, hoo, we form in towns, we form in cities, and in | selves.

cations, under an influence dutier to that central power which calls together external particles and forms ofganized hodies.

As Spiritualists we are stready organized, for we have not only apirita, but also material or external organisms. These spirits, in their aspirations, bland and become one in feeling, one in purpose; we find opposites united and drawn to one snother by virtue of that interior power of life, the spirituality of our being; we want the means of coming together more then we have, we want to realise that we have our societies, so that we may not only strengthen and encourage each other, but that we may have the means of scattering abroad through the land those

beautiful truths given to us by the spirits. We desire to spread before the world the great fundamental truth of our ratigion, that the spirit lives on, and that the pure and hely principle of love that binds sonts together, is not confined to the percent limits of these narrow limits of time; and se we love our fellow men who have not received these great truths, we desire to scatter them abroad, so that they may

enjoy the blessings of them even as we do.
We all want some means to statter these truths abroad, and I cannot but conceive that it must be through organization, for the purpose of expressing our faith to the world. It is true, we differ on many points belonging to the spiritual phenomena, and we disagree as to the physical manifestations, as well as the mental and spiritnal, but even with all this diversity amongst us, we have a form of faith, and can express our belief, as a body of people, without the necessity of agreeing upon all the minutia. If there is a principle, if there is a soul in this philosophy, it will live through all and work itvolf out. We must organize for financial purposes and, as far as we can, without binding or restricting each other; we need financial and business organizations all over the land; it is utterly impossible for mediums to give their time and labor to spread abroad the great truths which they have received and are receiving, without some means of compensation, because, unfortunately, or rather fortunately, most of us who are called to this work have risen from the poorer classes of God's people; we were not born with golden spoons in our mouths; we have known what it is to work and want. I thank God I know how to work, I know how to do a great many things that would gain me a living aside from that to which I have devoted my life, but in this glorious cause I will work. I might do more for myself by turning to these labors, but I will not; It is utterly impossible for me to do so; my life and my happiness are involved in it; eleven years have I now stood in public life, and I stand to-day, not any better, financially, than when I began; but I am better off, have more friends, loving and true hearts, but I have no home to call my own, I have no means to claim one. When persons devote their lives, their energies, all their faculties, they have a right to claim from that labor the means of procuring themselves homes, where, in times of sickness and dependence, they may find shelter and rest; we have a right to be selfish so far as to wish the means to obtain such a home, where we may live comfortably while we labor in the great field of reform. And if these financial organizations will help us in this direction, I hope we shall have them all over the land, as well as a National Organization to enconrage these. They may be in a very simple form; have a President, a Secretary and Treasurer, and a Board to conduct the business necessary for public conferences and lectures. As to the expression of our faith, we can do much more by our lives than in any other way; if we live honestly, virtuously, nobly and truthfully, we shall give a faith to the world that can never be written in words, or declared in articles of faith; and unless we live according to the best and purest teachings of our philosophy, it is vain for us to attempt to proclaim it to the world. I do not believe that I have done half the amount of good in talking, that I have in living and feeling. I believe that, as I have mingled in sympathy with the bereaved and sorrowful, bending beneath the weight of life's heavy burdens, and these have looked up into my eyes and seen that I really sympathized with them, it has done them much more good than anything I could possibly have said to them. When we live these things, we do not need to declare anything; we prove our faith by our works; and if we have not works, our declarations are of no worth whatever. Let us, then, be ready to prove to the world that we dare to do the things that are right, that we dare to go down to the lowest depths of vice and take up our brother or sister, and seek to pour in the oil of consolation, and minister to their wants. Let us seek to equalize the circulation of God's blessings, and this will be all the declaration

of faith that we need to make. Mrs. Townsend concluded her remarks with a poem:

Oh, ye who watch this trembling flame Of human love, that rolls In mystic beauty up to God, From out these human souls, Like gilded clouds across the heaven, That corruscate and fly, And leap, and flash, until the heart Is lifted up on high!

Oh, let them e'er grow bright and strong, Nor check them as they rise; For all are sacred offerings, The heart's pure sacrifice! Let every heart that lifts to God Its aspirations pure, Find rest, and confidence, and trust, That ever must endure.

Oh, let them feel when true ones bend Beneath their weight of woo, That angel guides their steps attend Wherever they may go: And every prayer they offer up, Shall full in gentle dew; As water by sunbeams absorbed, Falls back, refroshed and new!

To invigorate the heart. And make its powers grow strong; Until temptation cannot lead Their thoughts or steps to wrong. Oh, Father! may these human hearts With holy love be blest, Until in peace they blend as one,

And find eternal rest.

J. S. Loveland was surprised that one of the good sense possessed by Mrs. Townsend, should assume the position she had. If the highest expression of the great Spiritual movement is to ultimate in a "mere business organization, on a purely financial basis," as she has expressed it, to what a pitiable condition have we arrived. If this New Dispensation, as we have proudly called it, is to find its highest expression in a mere business copartnership, having its only avowed purpose the collection and distribution of a few paltry dollars, how merited the contempt which may be heaped upon us. I deny in toto the assertions, so often and gratuitously made, of the contrariety of views among Spiritualists, so far as great leading or basic principles are concerned; and from a long and intimate acquaintance, I affirm that there is not a people on the earth, with whom there is a greater unity of faith than among the Spiritualists. Our differences are incidental, our agreement is upon the fundamental—the

essential. Mr. Baldwin said he did not look at the resolutions which might be passed as the highest good resulting from the meeting of this Convention. There are evidently two leading forms of opinion here, respecting its appropriate action. One class is afraid of concentrated power. I confess I am afraid of it myself. It proposes to encourage spiritual growth, but seeks through it mainly the proper use of money for the support of lecturers. The other class wishes a strong organization, for the purpose of making a comprehensive statement of vital principles, and the embodiment of these principles in unselfish, practical work; regarding money as only one material instrument to aid in the actual state of the epicitual tiles. alization of the spiritual idea.

Mr. Bush, who was understood to favor the first view, affirmed that wisdom was always justified of her children, that is, by events. Luther and Calvin were inspired in forming their organizations, which were harmonious with the end proposed by their framers. But when Servetus disagreed with [A voice, No.] Mr. Bush repeated his affirmation several times in response to the relterated No. Much has been said about harmony; if we are ever harmonized, it will be from within, and not from any outward forms.

Mrs. E. C. Clark remarked, that many persons say: Show us if we organize, that it will not result in evil. Now I wish to ask if there is no danger without organization.

The old claims infallbility; the new makes no such claim. There can be no such thing as a creed thesin accordance with the natural laws of growth. We set in families governed by the same law and is fashioned in the spirit-world. Why, organization is a house to live in, and we want a house for a peer that outworks into organic form everything ourselves. If the one we build will not answer that takes hold of. Thus we form in neighbor- for our children, then-let them build for them-

#### Responsibility,

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

We only sek engreemmdents to been their thoughts upon principles that will be of benefit to the render; to write clearly, pointedly, well.

Tunn Lien. The mere lapse of years is not life. To est, drink and sleep, to be exposed to derkness and to light; to pace round in the mill of habit, and furn the wheel of wealth; to make reason book Reeper, and turn thought into an implement of trade—this is not life. In all this but a poor fraction of the meanwhammen of humanity is awakened; and the sanctities of life still slumber which make its highest worth, while knowledge, truth, love, benuty, goodness, fifth, alone can give vitality to the mechanism of existence; the laugh of mirth which vibrates through the heart, the tears which freshen the dry wastes within, the maste that brings childhood back again, the prayer that brings the fiture near, the doubt which makes as meditate, the death which starts us with mystery, the bardships which force us to struggle, the anxiety that ends in trust—are the true nourishment that ends

A bundle of old ballada sold in London recently

#### Business Matters.

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

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

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

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

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

First, as to the man himself. He owes his power to his peculiar personal constitution; of highly refined, nervous organization, with strong will-power, and great muscular energy, (although small and slender in person,) he possesses a wonderful development of the moral faculties, and a peculiar psychological faculty of blending with the mental atmosphere of those whom he approaches. Therefore, as soon as seen, he has your confidence. He stands before you no humbug, no charlatan, no pathizing, benevolent and devoted philanthropist, yearning for the power to assuage the sufferings of his fellow men; in thousands of instances shedding tears of joy over the relief that he has brought to some poor sufferer, whose only compensation to their benefactor was, not money, but a faltering tongue and an overflowing heart. Thus much as to the man.

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

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

of the human organism. Dr. Bryant will commence practice at Southern Michigan House, Coldwater, Michigan, Nov. 25, 1865, remaining there till December 10.

L. L. FARNSWORTH, medium for answering sealed letters. Address P. O. Box 282, Chicago, Ill. Residence, 214 North Carpenter street. Persons enclosing three dollars, and six three cent stamps, will receive a prompt reply.

HEALING WITHOUT MEDICINE.—REMARKABLE CURES OF CHRONIC DISEASE.—We are decidedly averse to giving credit to statements that are in direct opposition to the general experience, and especially touching the matter of healing the sick, where the field for humbug and imposition is so wide, and where such sad consequences are likely to result from the employing of ignorant and reckless quacks in the treatment of diseases that are threatening to destroy life. But it is incumbent on us to give the strictest heed to the facts that are passing, that we may be able to determine what is the true system of healing the sick and to distinguish who are the quacks and who are real physi-

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

with apparently little difficulty.

Another still more remarkable cure was performed tion and with that idea I am in deep sympathy. I Calvin, he was savagely martyred. Each one sees know very well that the time has come that we much organize, at least for financial purposes, as a is impossible. Power has always been abused.

Calvin, he was savagely martyred. Each one sees by Dr. 11., in the case of Mr. John Elderkin, a man seventy-seven years of age, and who is well known by every resident of this city. Mr. Elderkin has suffered constantly for many years with a peculiar disease of the bladder which compelled him to rise from his bed twenty or thirty times during the night and even in the day time, the difficulty from this cause was not less annoying. He had tried the medicines of many of the best physicians, without obtaining relief. When Dr. Higgins came to this city two wooks since, he determined to seek a cure at his hands. The result was, he obtained immedlate and perfect relief. He now sleeps soundly, is able to attend to his business—that of drayman—as well as he over did in his life, and in a conversation with him, in our office yesterday, he said he felt every way as strong and active as at any time during the last twenty-five years. It must be acknowledged that this is an extraordinary cure, especially when we consider the age of the patient.

Dr. Riggins line treated many other cases, since his sojeners in this city, with as remarkable spaces as either of the two cases we have monthinged; but our space firthds reference to them at this time. We believe that to day courtains the Prodoct's visit to this sity.— Historial Telegram, Oct. 24, 1976.

Du. Panacras, "Tua Haalan." - We copy the following from the Milwaukes Dudy News of Novem-

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

For the benefit of affileted humanity, I desire to state that my wife, Mrs. A. B. Thomas, has been a sufferer from Prolapsus Uterl, or falling of the womb, and spinal affection with general prostration of the pervous system, at times unable to feed herself. This has been her condition for the last six years, for five years wholly unable to walk, having to be drawn about the house in a chair. I brought her to the Dynamic Institute, Oct. 9, 1865, and in ten minutes' treatment by Dr. Persons, she arose from her bed and walked off without help. She has regained her health rapidly, and now takes lengthy walks, free from any difficulty. Her speedy recovery has gladdened the hearts of her many friends, and we cannot refrain from advising all sufferers to go to the Dynamic Institute and get healed. CYRUS B. THOMAS.

Westfield, Marquette Co., Wis., Nov. 1, 1865. A remarkable case of deafness cured. I hereby certify that my wife, Elizabeth, 26 years of age, has been deaf from her earliest recollection, so much so as to be unable to hear ordinary conversation, always suffered from running sores in her cars. In this condition she came to the Dynamic Institute. and in one treatment of a few minutes by Dr. Persons, could hear very well and after the second treatment her hearing was perfectly restored.
R. G. SAWYER, 291 Spring St.

Milwaukee, Oct. 28, 1865. I hereby certify that my son Rudolphus A. Smith, has been afflicted with nervous spasms for the last five years, having as many as twenty spasms daily. rendering him insensible five minutes at a time, and never free from them for a single day. He came to the Dynamic Institute, Nov. 13th, 1865, and in one treatment by Dr. Persons, he was entirely relieved. My post office address is Chicaktuc, Door County, JOSEPHINE B. SMITH.

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

Death, life's faithful servant, comes to loose the wern sandals, and give the weary rest. Sone home to the Angels, November 8th, after a brief struggle with the body, DELLEE, only son of P. H. and S. J

Sniff, aged two years and five months. The form of this interesting child was conveyed to the Methodist Church, where the funeral services were performed by the writer, and listened to with deep attention by the audience. The parents are comforted, as only such can be, who, realizing the facts of immortality, know that their loved departed "still live."

ALCINDA WILHELM, M.D. Genesco, Ill., Nov. 15, 1865.

Passed to the Spirit-land, from 'Newbury, Ohio, October 16, 1865, Moszs Maynard, aged ninety-eight years and three

The deceased was born in Westboro', Worcester county, Massachusetts. At the age of twenty-one he became a resident of Conway, Franklin county, and in 1797 married Miss Lucy Davis, of Williamsburg, who is still living. In September, 1835, he removed to Auburn, Genuga county, Ohio, where he resided until within the last two years. Ten of his children are now living, and four have passed to the summerland. He was an honest, industrious man, and much respected by those who knew him. What a grand and glorious conception of earth-life the

author of "Night Thoughts" had when he wrote as follows:

"This is the bud of being, the dim dawn, The twilight of one day, the vestibule: Life's theatre as yet is shut, and death, Strong death, alone can heave the massy bar. This gross impediment of clay remove, And make us, embryos of existence, free From real life; but little more remote Is he, not yet a candidate for light, The future embryo slumbering in his sire. Embryos we must be, till we burst the shell, You ambient azure shell, and spring to life, The life of gods, oh, transport! and of man."

Auburn, Ohio, Nov., 1865. G. W. W.

#### Railroad Time-Table. CHICAGO AND NORTHWESTERN-DEPOT COR. WEST WATER

AND KINZIE STS.

Depart.	Arrive.	"THE SNOW BIRD."	"THE ROBIN."
Day Express, *9.00 a. m.	•8.30 p.m.	(July,)	(October,)
Night Express,	6.00 a. m.		
Janesville Accommodation, 68.00 p. m.	115 p. m.	"THE RED BIRD."	"THE DOVE."
Woodstock Accommodation, *3.00 p.m. *10.00 a.m.		Rach Number a complete Book.	
GALENA DIVISION.			
Fulton and Cedar Rapids, 8.20 a. m.	7.10 p. m.	The "Snow BIRD" will be re	ady about the first of De-
Fulton and Iowa †8.15 p.m.	\$.00 a. m.	cember.	
Freeport and Dunleith, 9.00 a.m.	4.40 a. m.	TER	
Freeport and Dunleith,	3.45 p. m. 11.10 a. m.	By the dozen	
Dixon,	11.10 a. m.	By the hundred	
Geneva and Elgin, 5.30 p. m.	8.40 a. m.	To subscribers, per annum, in	
MICHIGAN CENTRAL.		Single copies, for examination	
Detroit Express,	+6.00 a. m.	ROOT & CADY, I	
Detroit Express,	6.00 p. m.	18 <b>66</b> [7-41]	Chicago, Ill. 1866
Detroit Express,	*12.30 p. m.	MRS, SPI	RNCR'S
(TRAINS FOR GINCINNATI AND LOUISVILLE.)			
Morning Express, *6.00 s. m.	*11.00 p. m.	POSITIVE AND NEG	ATIVE POWDERS.
Night Express, †6.00 p. m.	‡ 8.30 p. m.		
MICHIGAN SOUTHERN-DEPOT COR. VAN BUREN AND SHEET-		THESE celebrated powders ac	t as curriers of the Positive
MAN STS.		and Negative forces through	the blood to the Break
Day Express,	•11.00 p. m.	Lungs, Heart, Womb, Stomach,	Reproductive Organs, and all
Evening Express,	6.00 a. m.	other organs of the body. Their	
Night Express,+10.05 p. m.	112.30 p. m.	all kinds, is wonderful beyond all	
DETROIT TRAINS.	***	THE POSITIVE PO	MDERS CORE: VI
Express, via Adrian	*12.30 p. m.	active or acute fevers' all me	araigic, meananc, par-
Night Express, via Adrian, †5.30 p. m.	11.00 p. m.	ful, spasmodic or convulsive di	and all other Profittion
PITTSBURG, FT. WAYNE AND CHIC		eases; Dyspepsia, Dysentery;	The The owner of additional
Mail 4.20 a. m.	6.40 p. m.	diseases,	TENEDO CETOD. 14
Express, 6.00 a. m. 5.30 p. m.	12.30 p. m. 8.20 p. m.	THE NEGATIVE PO	W DEED CORE: An
Express	11.00 p. m.	all other Negative diseases.	t benefit a territori me
		Circulars with fuller hists of di	ton reimeries ins retain
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Day Express,	*10.00 p. m.	the Powders to use, and how to u	age them, will please send w
Night Express	17.40 a. m.	a brief description of their dise	see, when they mad he the
(FOR CINCINNATI, INDIANAPOLIS AND LOUIS)	T .	Powders.	
Mail Express, *6.00 a. m.	10.00 p. m.	Liberal terms to Agents,	BLACK FOR No. LELAS-
Mail Express, †8.45 p. m.	7.40 a. m	clans,	
ILLINOIS CENTRAL.		Mailed, postpaid, for \$1.00 a be by mail is at our risk. Office.	M. William R. W. Waller
Day Passenger, *9.30 a. m.	*9.55 p. m.	Address PROF. PATTON STE	WE H R Sames Bullyer.
Night Passenger,	•7.00 a. m.	New York City.	24
Kankakee Accommodation, 4.45 p. m.			
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#### SPEAKERN REGISTER.

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Man Account A Congress will lancers in Chicago, 131 .
Appling Myrengians and Becomping. Will answer calls to the time to the West Connection that Winter Address by \$15. Israell, Mass . " so sterre

Harry T. Cotto, M. D. 404 Race street, Fidladelphia, Pa. DR. James Croves . Report actains, ().

L. H. Corper, a Traces to winer and Chairvoyant will become and family in Marchael, toleran covery must further writer When y Grand will lenters to Vindand, H. J. during He-render. thirting January and Property heat in Washington, B. C.: Auring March to Philadelphia. and Will spend only commercial the West.

Har James Prayers will become in trachers Blincing, Storthern Minerally And as for worth a Mineralla for several mounts. Address, Warren, III., was in the M. M. Way, till farther notice.

J. O. Fith will equals in Hammenton and Vindaed & J. during October; in Contonall, O. during Seconds of Privilence, E. L. during December and Polemary; in Seconds, Mass., during January Address, Hastimoreton, B. H. J. FIRMEY'S post office address in Ann Arbor, Mich. I. P. Grance, Magnetic Physician, will assure calle to leature and heat the circle. Advisor, Brancottle, Wis.

Ray. J. B. Hazasson may be addressed at Kendulyttie. D. H. HARILTON will answer calls to locate on Resources. tion and the True Mode of Communitary 15th, Advisor, Hammouton, N. J.

Dr. Jon. J. HATLINGER, Trance Symber, will account caffe to lecture on Sundays, or b. organized spring parting week day evenings, in any part of this country. Will also organize Lyes ums, and speak, either entranced or in his trainel continue Can be addressed at 25 Court street, New Hares, Cours Mas. Stern A. Herenisson will speak in Stafford Springs, Comu., during December. Address as shore, or de Grape BC.

Syracuse, N. Y. ANNA M. MILITERBROOK, BOX 778, Bridgeport, Conn. J. M. PERELES, of Battle Creek, Mich., will lecture in Providence, R. I., during October; in Lowell, Mass., during No.

L. Juno Paruzz, Somerset, Somerset Co., Pa.

J. T. Rouse may be addressed P. O. Box 206, Elkhart, Ind. CORA L. V. SCOTT will lecture in Washington, D. C., during Movember and December. Address to care of Dr. J. A Rowland, Attorney General's office,

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

HUDSON AND EMMA TUTTLE, Berlin Heighte, Ohio. F. L. Wanswours lectures in Sturgis, Mich., Sunday morn-

ing and evening, until forther notice. Address accordingly. MRS. LOIS WAISBROOKER may be addressed at Liverpool, O.

Mrs. A. Witartw, M. D., would notify the friends of Western Illinois Southern Iowa, and Northern Missouri, that she can be addressed, cure of Jus. Thompson, Box 138, Davenport, Iowa, until further notice. ECUAH WOODWORTH, Inspirational Speaker. Address, Leslie.

E. V. Wilson, will lecture in Evansville, Ind., during No-

vember; in Louisville, Ky., during December. Will answer calls to lecture week nights, within fifty miles of either of these places.

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First 52 I will send by most one copy of each of my four hours, "Life There of Lose One," "Fugitive Wift," "American Cricis," and "Girt of Spiritualism." For address, see however, column. [Tel] WARREN CHASE,

# COMMUNICATIONS PROM THE INNER LIFE.

"He shall give Eta angere charge ennouning thee,"

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

November 18. INVOCATION.

Infinite source of all things; Thou ever firm and immutable principle. Then that dwelleth in that which seemeth darkness unto us, as well as in that which seemeth light-Thou that created all things, and will perfect all in Thine own good time. We feel that all discord and inharmony will eventually pass away. Yet, while it is ours to contend with those imperfect conditions, disappointments and sorrows seem every day to be our portion. It is not strange that we become weary and impatient for that better day to come when there shall be a more perfect understanding, one towards another, and of the laws by which we are governed. For that nnderstanding we would call upon Thee, Thou source of Infinite Wisdom.

We feel that we need more of Thy strength to emble us to bear with one another, and that we may be more harmonions in our natures and more like unto Thee. May each tear that springs from the anguish of the soul sparkle like a dewdrop in the morning sun, as we review the pages of our earthly experiences, and may we feel that though bitter is the suffering of the hour, they were not shed in vain.

May we be enabled to look upon the varied trials with a feeling of satisfaction that they were directed by Thee, our Father, for our good.

May we ever rest in that assurance. May we ever be enabled to approach Thee with the confidence that Thou wilt eventually bring us all where nought but purity and love doth ever prevail.

NOVEMBER 13.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS. Q. When you entered spirit life, were you satisfied with the conditions in which you found yourself?

A. I can't say I was wholly sathed, because there were things which I desired that could only be obtained in the world I had just left; but taking all things together it was far better than I had expected to find. I soon became satisfied with my condition. Some things that I wanted I could not get, but I soon found other things to take their place. My desire at first was for things I had been accustomed to, but could not obtain. I soon got over that desire by receiving other things better adapted to my new condition.

Q. Were the things by which you were surrounded real and tangible to you as you had expected to find them?

A. They were far more so-everything was as real and tangible as they are on the material plane

Q. Did you find color, odor and flavor there as grateful to the spirit senses as their correspondences on earth?

A. I did. When you bear in mind that the spirit, after leaving the form, takes cognizance of the lifeprinciple of everything, you will readily perceive that those senses were gratified. Any unnatural desire which we inherited from our parents, or acquired by our surroundings, we have not the power to gratify. The use of all kinds of stimulants, liquors, tobacco, or like things, are unnatural. Those who have passed to spirit life with such unnatural appetites are not contented—are not happy as those who have no such desires. Every lecturer should most carefully and energetically enforce on the minds of his hearers the importance of immediate reform in these respects, since their consequence in the future cannot be estimated.

Q. When spirits talk of trees, hills, vallies, streams, houses, gardens, etc., are we to understand that they speak of positive realities-literal facts?

A. Certainly you are. They speak of that which they find, and no more—that which is real to their senses; according to their desires for the beautiful, so is it given unto them.

Q. We are told of animals in spirit life; what shall we understand by such representation?

A. Everything that possesses life, and everything does possess life-whether intelligent or not-that animating principle is of God, the great creative Power, and can never be annihilated. Everything must have a form, hence the necessity for a name. Each is known by its name. The desire is felt, and the thing exists to satisfy it. Thus the mind is creative in spirit life.

QUESTIONS BY A PROMINENT AND LEADING UNI-

Q. Is my present position with the denomination with which I am now connected, as well adapted to my spiritual growth and higher development as any

A. So long as persons feel contented in their condition, with the light they receive, and are enabled to impart it to their fellow beings, just so long that condition is best for them. When they begin to question themselves whether or no that is the highest course, and its adaptability to their nature, that fact is evidence of itself, that the time has arrived that they should advance a step higher and embrace that which they feel is better adapted to their condition.

Q. Is not my faith more in harmony with the progressive sentiment of the age than with the strict theological bias of the denomination to which

A. Yes, it is. That is easily seen from the general expression of your countenance, which speaks benevolence and charity to everybody.

Q. Under the circumstances in which I am placed, would it be wise for me to change my relations with

A. The question really is, have you had help long enough so that you can now run alone? From what I can see of your past experience, present conditions, and with the light beaming upon you, I think you can stand alone. And then, again, my friend, you are not alone. You have too many friends around you in the spirit world to be alone; and when they illuminate your path, you can surely walk in it.

Q. The great question with me is, whether any change I can make would render me more useful in the world than I can be in my present position?

A. All religious forms are based, no doubt, upon the highest convictions of individuals, and at the time of their birth present to the world many grand and beautiful truths. They are possessed of warm and loving hearts, (speaking of various organizations,) but alas, for every one of them, they run into the popular channel and are lost. Your Universalism, based upon universal salvation, like all other isms preceding it, has run into the same whirlpool and has, in a measure, lost sight of its first great principle. Every one that took that step was higher on the rounds of progression than those who clung to the old theological forms and ideas, and it is well for them that they advanced that step.

When they have progressed far enough, so that they are enabled to take another step and embrace, not only universal salvation, but eternal progression. that step will be well, also.

If my brother feels that it is best to tarry a while longer before taking that step, it will be well for Min to do so. When he is fully prepared to advance farther, no forms or ceremonles can deter him from doing it.

The fabric to which you belong is sure to tumble to pieces. If you desire to remain in until it is shattered about your cars, why that is your privilege to do so, but when you begin to see the beams tumble, I would advise you to run, which will be

Q. Are all spirit bodies composed of the same substance, and do they bear the same relation to each other that our earthly hodies bear to each:

A. They are all made of the same substance, but differ in fineness of texture. They differ in texture, the same as different kinds of cloth, some coarse, some fine, yet it is all cloth. The body corresponds with the spirit within in its seeming texture. They do bear the same relation to each other that earthly bodies do-emphatically so.

Q. Did our spirits exist previous to inhabiting hese bodies !

A. They did have an existence, because they were a part of Delty—the great spirit pervading the universe-but not in an individual, conscious state.

Q. If so, in what state or condition do they exist, previous to entering our earthly hodles, as a mass or personality?

A. The last answer covers, and is a reply to the second and third questions.

Q. May not sufficient of this soul power be given us, so as to render us capable of recollecting our previous existence. And was not this the case with Jesus Christ?

A. I know of no such power, although it is said there is nothing impossible with God. By that question one would think you thought Jesus was better than other people. [Gentleman said, "The creeds so teach us."] He was no better. He was more susceptible to higher spiritual influences. The conditions surrounding his mother, previous to his birth, rendered him in that negative condition before spoken of; and the sentiments he gave utterauce to were far in advance of anything that had ever been heard of. His teachings were the embodiments of such goodness that he filled the people's loftlest conceptions of Deity-that which they called God. Consequently he was supposed by them to be the Son of God, in an especial sense.

Q. Does not the source of happiness or misery lie within our own bosoms; and cannot this state be at our own control, in a great measure?

A. True; in a measure it lies within ourselves, for it is within ourselves that we experience joy or sorrow : yet at the same time we are creatures of circumstances, subject to surrounding influences. To illustrate: If you are strong enough to mesmerize a more negative person, then that negative person is subject to your will, although the act you thus induce that person to perform may be repugnant to his or her sense of propriety, yet that one has the approbation or suffers the reproach which is a result of such deed, when, in fact, you was the immediate cause of it.

Q. Do still-born children have an individualized spiritualized existence, the same as those who die

A. They do have an individualized existence, the same as though they had been born into the material world, after having once arrived at a certain point, but the question is, where is that point? To illustrate: Take a kernel of corn: if it is never exposed to that element necessary to perpetuate and unfold the powers within, or to quicken the germ, you are never brought to realize its power. Expose that to the elements sufficiently for its natural reproduction, and you know the result, if properly cared for; but the germ, the life-principle, of an immortal soul, after it has once passed into a receptive condition for its development, can never

Q. Do these infant spirits progress more or less rapidly than they would if they had remained in the form until their bodies had become fully matured?

A. It is with less rapidity that they are developed. The child that passes to the spirit world is in a more pleasant condition, but it does not progress with such quickness as it would if it had lived and encountered the ups and downs of life. It is the hard and trying ordeals of life that develop and unfold the individual.

# THOMAS INGALLS.

I want every one to take into consideration this fact—that all of us poor folks, who labored long and hard to obtain riches, beautiful houses, grounds, and everything that was to be obtained by money, but failed to come into possession of them, while on earth, have the good luck to obtain them and enjoy them here.

My name was Thomas Ingalls. I was a carpenter by trade; helped to build many nice houses for other people; though I did not quite get my pay there, I have got it now you see, and I have got a nice house. I want my folks to know that I am happy-all right-and I want them to know, too, that it is not them that were the richest folks that are the happiest here. And another thing - Judge Golden, as we used to call him, who had lots of money and the respect of the wealthy, is not half as happy as I am, now. He was a great hand at fishing for money, and he is as great still, for the same, but he can't get it. The folks here tell him to store up knowledge of the good and the beautiful-but he won't do it. My folks never knew of this way of doing business; but I want them to find one of these folks-what do you call them? [Mediums.] My little girl, Het, would be one, if they would sit for it-just sit around a table and take hold of hands, then we'll come.

My wife's name was Josephine. You just send one of those papers to her at Providence, R. I., will you? [Yes.] I am obliged to you.

NOVEMBER 15. GEORGE STEVENS.

My object is simply to get some word to my folks.

I don't care anything in particular about talking to I am a little sorry I did not investigate this thing-

Spiritualism. If I had really believed it was spirits. as it was claimed to be, I think I should have given it a careful and thorough examination. I believe if Spiritualists, as a body, had been more open, and given people better opportunities of using their organs of sight-of seeing, of seeing-I believe in seeing - that it would have been better, not only for spirits-disembodied spirits-as well as for those in their natural bodies. I know I should have been more likely to have inquired into it. I don't believe in going into the dark. [Some phases of manifestation can only be given in the dark.] There are enough that can be given in the light, | home one of these days." He little thinks I will

then, to convince everybody who are worthy of convincing, and everybody is so.

Now, Maria: The medium I have taken possession of, is in a good large room, with three windows on the west side, that afford sufficient light to see all that is done. I have taken this way of talking to you that you might remember the conversation we had upon this subject-Spiritualism,

As I said, the room is large, and as light as the light as the light of day can make it. I have come with my spiritual body and taken possession of the organism of the medium, for the purpose of identifying myself to you. My sickness you know all about-typhold fever, you know, was what the physician called it. After an Illness of five weeks, (the care and attention you gave me I will not go into detail about it, for you know it well,) I died what we call a natural death. I don't call it a natural death, though, but never mind that. It has been three years since then, last June; you know that,

We lived a little out-about a mile and threequarters out of the efty of Hartford, Conn. [To a gentleman present. I used to chew tobacco. I would kind of like some now. I guess it is because I am back where it grows, is it not? Do you suppose it is that? [Gentleman said, "I presume it is. Don't you think it a foolish habit?" | I guess it is, but where there are so many silly habits it is not to be wondered at. (Don't you think it is sometimes a preventative of disease? I don't know as it is, as I never realized it. I am a fittle sorry she gave Jerry away. Sheldon's folks will do well by him, but I think she would have got along without giving him

Hattle she has with her. She kept the girl and gave away the little boy. There were only two children. That was all we had. I think this is kind in you folks. [We are glad you appreciate it.] I have tried a good many times to influence medlums, but could never find say one before whom I could. I could not have done so now if I had not have received assistance. There are several who helped me.

I think I have told her enough, and if she will come right out and not be afraid of any of the folks. (but she is a woman, and it is natural to be afraid of what people will say,) she will reply to this the same as if I had sent her a letter. She can, if she will. I have done the best I could this time. She knows I think just as much of her as ever I did. She must know that.

My name is George Stevens. I was thirty-one when I died. Good day.

NOVEMBER 15.

NANNY NILE.

I don't know but it is through sympathy for my sister-woman, that I am called upon to give my experience while I dwelt upon earth.

It may in some degree strengthen them in the various paths that they are now traveling in. My native State was Vermont. It is rather hard.

but I will endeavor to be brief, and at the same time relate my experience in such a manner that no woman will have occasion to laugh at my weakness or blush with shame at my errors.

My parents were poor, but honest. They reared a family of twelve children-not all their own, for three of them were the children of my father's sister. I did nothing to cause me regret until after my marriage with James W. Nile.

He being cold, rigid and exacting in his nature. and I the complete reverse, for I was loving and confiding, we did not live happily together. I was not disposed to leave him, for I had already become the mother of two children. Those children filled the affection of my maternal nature, but they did not satisfy that longing wish for a confiding soul who could appreciate me-shall I say, gratify my every desire? With that desire strong, it is no wonder that I yielded to such influence (that of a confiding spirit) when presented in an attractive form? Although I sought for that pure affection that would be exalting in its nature—that which would bring joy to my troubled spirit-I could not obtain it, but found that which caused me to loathe

my very self. Had I possessed the power to have stricken my spirit from a future existence as well as from earth, I would have done so. The anguish of my soul was too great for me to portray in words. Had I had some kind friend to counsel with and strengthen me in my attempts to reform myself. I think those efforts would not have been in vain. Disappointment after disappointment crowded in upon me, until utter despair took possession of my soul with a strong hand, and with a weary heart I put an end to my earthly condition. I cared not for the future. however dismal it might be; I felt sure it would be a relief from the present.

I had long craved rest, quiet, and I found it in

the sweet sleep of death. When I awoke to consciousness I saw many, but no one whom I had ever met before. Although their faces were not familiar to me, yet I saw at a glance that their looks were those of kindness. And before all of those persons was spread out upon a broad canvass every act, and, it seemed to me, every thought, of my past life. Instead of looking upon that canyass, their gaze was directed towards me, apparently for the purpose of seeing what effect that delineation of my earth existence had upon me. None but those who have passed the same ordeal can have any idea of my feelings. As I bent my eyes upon it, the darkness of some of my past acts seemed to overshadow those of a lighter cast:

There was a lady who then stepped forward, and with her right hand pointed to the canvass and said, in a mild and gentle tone of voice: "Sister, look not upon the dark clouds, but select the brightest spot upon that canvass, and view that; the whole shall sparkle and become brighter than the one spot

It was a hard task, but through her kind influence, I was enabled to accomplish it. The moral of this I will leave to those who may need it. But to those who are wandering in like paths to my own, I would say, rely upon your own individuality. Think not to find that strength in others you cannot find in yourself. Stand firm for the right, and whatever temptations may be placed before you, you will soon be enabled to overcome them.

My husband and two children are yet upon earth. They are well, and doing well. I have no desire to send this direct to them. By mere accident they will

Though my earthly experience was that of sorrow, my present home is sufficiently beautiful to compensate me for all that I suffered. My name is Namny Nile.

WILLY DONALDSON.

I ran away from home, and got into the army. I stole my way along, and at last I got to Vicksburg. There I was taken sick with the black measles, as they called them, and died.

Mother don't know whether I am dead or what has become of me. Father thinks I will turn up yet. He says to mother, "He will be coming

turn up in this way. I am kind of sorry I left my mother, and if the old man had not been so exacting. I should not have done it. Mother need not worry about me. I will do the best I can. If she wants to hear from me, and will furnish me with one of this kind of machines; she can do it.

I expect the knows how old I be. I am sixteen now. I wasn't only fourteen when I went away. Years count on me now. I am growing -- yes, sir, I am growing. She won't believe that, but I am growing. I expect the old man will say there is chance enough for me to grow, better, top!

Mother used to say to him, "Don't Mame him Thomas, for he is exactly like you." But I don't believe it. I think I am better than he is-I do, and I don't care if he is my father. I like my mother, and I would like to talk to her, and If she will help me, I will.

My parents live in the Northern part of Pennsylvania. I ran away, and I now run back sgain, and I guess this will find its way to them.

I thank you. Good night.

NOVEMBER 16.

HARRY JOHNSON, OF ST. LOUIS. I hear so much about high tone that I really don't know as I ought to attempt to give anything for publication.

If I could only really understand what you mean by high-toned, choice articles, etc.—really I am not able to comprehend it. Do you mean those that are given to many thoughts?

I see a great many that are pecking away at what people say, without taking into consideration the motive which prompts them to speak.

The eagle, being large and having many feathers, can outstrip small birds and overshadow them. But the question is, can be produce more perfect notesmore melody and harmony than the small birds that he can overshadow? I think not.

Thus with individuals, who are constantly picking away and finding fault at what others may say. In fact, I find so much talk upon that subject that I hesitate to give what I have to say, for every one to

read who are to see your paper. I simply want to talk to my friends, regardless of

what others may think about it. I have a mother, one sister, a wife and three children. It is to them I would give what I have to

I have been able to see them in all their grief-in what they call their loss, but my gain. It would really be my gain, if they were only more reconciled.

They have often said, if Spiritualism be true, that I would come back and convince them of the fact. I will here say to them that inasmuch as they desire my happiness, to grieve no longer for my absence, for I am with you every day, and were it not for your grief I should be very happy.

The tie of affection for you all being as strong as before death, it causes me-well, it is really pain and anguish to witness such deep grief and sorrowing.

My sister often dreams of me, and relates the same almost every morning at table. (They all live together.) She says, "If I could only see him as plainly as I saw him last night, and know that he is as happy as he looked to be, and is as near us as he assures me he is. I would never shed another tear." While she relates these visions, they all listen and eagerly catch every word, and my mother often through her sighs and weepings, says, "I do believe you do see him, or you would not dream of him so often." Now I wish to say to them that she does see me. Her negative condition, induced by the closing of the external senses in slumber, enables me to approach sufficiently near and make the impression so vivid that she is able to remember and relate it all in her waking moments.

I shall ever continue to be with you, though I may not at all times be able to manifest myself to you in a manner that will convince you of my presence. Do not, I implore of you, permit yourselves to grieven much at my loss. I feel that you will do well, and that, though your trials may be great in some respects, your happiness in this life will be sufficient to compensate you for all your trouble.

Be kind enough to send one of your papers to Mrs. Mary E. Johnson, St. Louis, Missouri.

My name is Harry Johnson. Good day to you, sir.

# Agassiz in Brazil.

We have just seen the Bazar Volante, the Charivari of Rio Janeiro, which answers, in a political and comic point of view, more to the English Punch than any publication in our country. This number has one engraving and two capital bon mots on Agassiz, showing the very high appreciation in which the great naturalist is held in Brazil.

A short time after the Professor arrived in Rio, he was invited by the Emperor and the President of Pedro II. College to deliver a course of lectures on the glacial theory, in the French language. The hall was the reception hall of the Pearo Segundo College-a room which contains six hundred people. Agassiz refused any compensation. On each evening of the four lectures, twelve hundred people sought admission. The most distinguished professional men, noblemen, and statesmen were there: the Imperial family, refusing to be seated on the usual elevated dais, took seats democratically with the audience. It is said that Agassiz was never before so eloquent, while, in his native language, discoursing in a city where a popular lecture had never previously been given.

At the close of the first lecture, the Professor, in his frank way, said that he would be glad to answer any objections or difficulties in regard to the glacial theory. Upon this arose a gentleman of some learning (whose translated name would be Dr. Oak.) who proposed certain objections. The result was the blandest and the most complete refutation of the objector. But the Bazar Volante next week came out with a beautiful portrait of Agassiz in the form of a giant, standing amid Alps and glaciers, while at his heel was an acorn-headed Lilliputian, with the branch of an oak, endeavoring to upset the giant. There is no explanation beyond a big H and an X. H is agga, in the Portuguese, while X is shees or sees. Hence the picture and letters read, "The little oak endeavors to upset the great Agasses."

Most of the Brazilians at Rio understand and speak French, but there were some at the lectures who, it was supposed, were deficient in that tongue. All of us remember Agassiz's remarkable facility in illustrating his lectures by drawings upon the blackboard. One of his lectures was upon the general structure of organized beings, and fishes, quadrupeds, etc., skilfully drawn, appeared with rapid succession. The Brazilian Punch meets a friend, and thus hails him: "Well, Jose, were you yesterday at Agassiz's lecture? In what language did he speak?"

Jose.—"Now that's a good one. Of course, in the universal language—the French."
"But you didn't understand what he said. You don't know French."

Jose.-"Well, now you are unbearable. Is it necessary to understand French to understand such a genius as Agassiz? Oh, what clearness and perspicuity he employs! He takes the chalk in his hand; like lightning he draws a fish. What can he add by words? The thing is already complete. It is a fish."—Boston Transcript.

The Davenport Brothers have brought an action nguinst one of the Paris papers, which exposed their proteusions. This looks as if they had made more money during the last year than they had

The Countess of Guicefoll will soon publish the Memoirs of Lord Byron.

Victor Hugo has a new novel in press. It will appear about the first of November.

#### For the Religio-Philosophical Journal. Miracles.

BY B. S. CASWELL, We are often told that the age of miracles is past but let us ask if the "age of miracles" ever existed? If you mean by a infracte a suspension of the laws of nature in order to do something that cannot be done under or through the laws of nature; then I say the "age of miracles" never existed, and never will exist. If a miracle is a wonder, or a wonderful thing, then we know the age of miracles is not past for we have as many wonders now as ever. If a miracle is something done in accordance with a law of nature that we do not fully understand, we are certainly not yet beyond the age of miracles, and are not likely to be soon.

Many believe that all spiritual gifts ceased when the Apostles died, but there is not a scrap of evidence that such was the case. The evidence is on the other side. Even Bible proof goes to show that it there have ever been miraeles, they will not cease as long as human beings have a habitation on the earth. "for the promise is unto you and to your children, and to all that are afar off, even as many as the Lord our God shall call." Now I say, on Bible authority, that " as many as the Lord our God shall call" are, and will be blessed with "spiritual gifts." If any are not thus blessed, I might add, on Bible authority, it is because they are not of God.

The working of miracles, though not the first of spiritual gifts, is enumerated among them. Saint Paul tells us that "there are diversities of gifts." He says that the "manifestation of the spirit is to every man to profit withal, for to one is given by the spirit the word of wisdom; to another, the word of knowledge by the same spirit; to another faith by the same spirit; to another, the gift of healing by the same spirit; to another, the working of miracles; to another, prophesy; to another, the discerning of spirits; to another, divers kinds of tongues; to another, interpretation of

Many have called the gift of healing a miracle, but Saint Paul clearly makes a distinction between the working of miracles and other "spiritual gifts." "And God hath set some in the church-first, apratles; secondly, prophets; thirdly, teachers; after that, working of miracles, then gifte of healing. helps, governments, diversities of tongues." I Presame no Christian will deny that these gifts existed in the apostolic age. There is abundance of proof that they did exist, but no proof that they were ever to cease. Most Christians believe that God did inspire men

in the past. All such would do well to think of what the inspired preacher says: "I know that whatever God doeth, it shall be forever." Again, "that which hath been is now, and that which is to be bath already been, and God requireth that which is past." We are assured that "every good and every perfect gift is from above, and cometh down from the Father of Light, with whom there is no variableness nor shadow of turning;" also, that God says, "I am the Lord, I change not." Paul informs us that Jesus Christ is the same yesterday, to-day, and forever, and Christ himself says: "I am with you always, even unto the end of the world?" and "he that believeth on me, the works that I do shall he do also, and greater works than these shall he do; because I go to my Father." The whole Christian church stand ready to tell you they believe these gifts existed in Saint Paul's day. They can bring you any amount of evidence that such was the case, and, if they would, they could bring you just as much evidence to show that the same gifts would be continued to all coming generations.

I have never been able to find the place where the Bible says God revoked, or ever would revoke, the law by which these spirit manifestations were produced. There is nothing in the Bible, or in nature, to prove that God has ever ordered these things to cease. Then, we may safely conclude that what has been is now. If these gifts are not in the Church to-day, it is because the Church has become so corrupt that God finds no pleasure in its company, and hence confers the gifts on those who are more worthy to receive them.

The more successful one is in proving that he does not possess any of these "spiritual gifts" just so far he becomes successful in proving that he has

no faith or belief in God and his Son Jesus. KENOSHA, Wis., November 5, 1865.

POVERTY AND PAGEANTRY.-About fifteen years since, the number of paupers in Great Britain was 4,000,000, nearly twice the population of the State of Ohio! The amount of money expended in thirty years to keep these paupers from starvation, was £200,000,000, or \$1,000,000,000, or one-quarter more than the whole value of the State of Ohio! This gives the amount of \$33,000,000 as the annual expense of these paupers! At the same time, there were 70,000 persons whose annual income amounted

to £200,000,000, or nearly \$15,000 each per snnum. Thus, to sustain the idleness, luxury and pride of these 70,000 persons, 4,000,000 are reduced to parperism, compelled to pass through all the distres of a starving existence! If labor were just'y rewarded, and these aristocrats compelled to a their share of the world's service, each of these families could have a most ample annual income.

The rich of England are waxing richer every generation. At the present time, the Marquis of Westminster possesses an estate of £21,000,000 or over \$100,000,000! More than half this sum has accrued during the past half century, and it is constantly increasing by the reversion of bank ings which have been constructed in conformity with ground leases! [Thus has this great fortune like all others here, as well as there, been made to the monopoly of the people's earth. The Marque is described as a mean, miserly fellow, with a income of over three million dollars per year! To give this infernal aristocrat and miseriv skingle: such an income, 50,000 families, or 250,000 persons are completely robbed and overwhelmed with poverty, woe and despair! We have men in this country worth \$10,000 00

and to thus enrich one family more than 10.00 persons are impoverished, humiliated and rained? And all this, because men are permitted by in this country, as well as elsewhere, to memopolis and speculate in that which belongs by natual right to one as well as another, and to each as much as he can use with his own industry, and no mee! God made the earth, and he gave it to his childen Organize the Exeron of Labor, and put an end to this crucifying system! Awake to your interests, re who feed the world, elethe the world, build the world, and yet are permitted to enjoy only the fag

AN AUTHENTIC ANECDOTE.—Talleyrand was nee in the company of Madam de Stael and ancher eminent French lady whose name we do no re-

"You say charming things to both of us, said Madam de Stael to him; which of us do you like best?" The willy statesman artfully replied that he was delighted with both.

"Ah but you prefer one of us," continued Mdam de Stael: "suppose we were both drowning I the Seine to night, which of us would you help fist?" I would extend my right hand to Madan de Stael, and my left to Madam youder."

"Yes, but suppose only one of us could be aid, which would you attempt to rescue?"
Talleyrand's diplomacy was pushed to its serest test, but, not one whit discomposed, he tured to Madam de Stael and replied: "Madam, you who know so many things, oubtless know how to swim."

A Houston (Texas) paper says that mor than half the spelling books sold there, go into thounds of negroes.

#### Harry and L

- We stood where the make like by We groud where the make the reChristod of or the descript his a.

  And wetched the yearing night as the optimized
  The sky with its session whiteverse;
  The circum was red become the m.
  The six tend a smeal of Jame.
  The wickers distered in the granges
  And the sufficient of the shoon.
- Drew der shadown cest eler the menders. Photorico and lank, and tall, The shadow was kinning my shadow. And ther was the best of aft. My heart leaped up as he whispered
- And then one with of the souther Went around the studen of me. Because you is a young and fide.

  For your eyes besitted in the blue peak. And the gold of your curiting hair. No birk him a golden so werest, And programs spining lips are redder, Than the clover at our feet.

I love you! Margery Lee!

- My heart will break with its fulness, Like a cloud o'er barged with rain, "Oh, tellime, Margery, darling". How long most I wait in case?" With littlethes and smilles I amwared I'll not toft what; just then I saw that life suricy stindow Was kinding my own again.
- He rowed to love me only; I vowed to love but bim. Till the moon fell out of the beavens And the stors with age grew dim. Oh! the vows a woman speaks; "Its years since that fittish of rupture
- He found a gold that was brighter Than that of my shining circle, And married a count eyed widow With a dozen grown-op girls. And L did I plue and languish, And weep my blue eyes sore? Did I moure to pute and anguish Por the leve that was mine no more?

Stale swiftly down my cheek.

- I stand to night in the meadow Where Harry and I stood then, And the moon has drawn two shadows Out o'er the mendow again, And a low votce is whispering So close to my startled our, That the shadows melt together, "I love you, Margery, dear!
- Tis not for your cheeks' rich crimson-Tis not for your eyes deep blue, But I love you, Margery, darling, Beesnes you are good and true." His voice is dearer than Harry's. And so I am gird, you see, That he nearried the cross-eyed widow Instead of Margery bee.

JOHN HUND

#### From the Round Table. The Beign of Scarlet.

The rage of this season is red, so say the fashion writers. Red dresses, red skirts, red jackets, red doaks, red in the bonnets, red ribbons to adorn the hair, and, to come down to the latest Parisian innovation, bright red hoop skirts, and equally bright scarlet corsets. "What is the object of seariet corsets and schriet hooped skirts?" said a lady to the attendant in a store where these gandy articles were displayed. "Object," repeated the woman, eyeing her interlocutor contemptuously, why, they are the latest style." This was sufficient. A garmont may be opposed

to every idea of propriety, good sense and taste; It may be ugly in itself, as well as unbecoming to the wearer; but if it is the "latest style," that is endersement enough; the most-courageous woman would not, after that, dare to question its claims to respect and admiration.

The reign of scarlet is not incompatible with the reign of gold, which has been inaugurated about the same time, and divides the honors about equally In the world of fashion. But what shall be done with this rage for scarlet and this rage for gold, which has broken out like the small-pox or the errsipelas, and exhibits itself in glaring blotches, in gitt bands and brassy pendants, suitable enough se an adornment for window curtains; but to our crude notions, out of place on the delicate and graceful form of a pretty woman.

We say nothing of the scandal and impropriety of blazing out in the loose anery of shameless Parislan foractes, while the earth is yet fresh above the graves of thousands of the noblest and bravest among us, while thousands of homes are yet darkened by the loss of all that made life worth the living, or wrested It from the grasp of absolute want and miserybecause such considerations, though well enough for the visitors of a Tract Society, or as the ground of appeal for charitable assistance, afford no reason at all why fashionable ladies should not follow thefr fancies and indulge their caprices.

But, unfortunately, our fashionable ladles are wise our wives, sisters, mothers, friends, the guardians of our households, the angels of the hearth-stone, upon whom, under Providence, the future destinies of the Republic depend.

#### "The king rules the people, But theu rulest the king!

Men rule the nation, but women make men. And what sort of men shall these women in scarlet and gold, and gew-gaws make? Alas! not men honest, not men true, not men incorruptible, but talse men, treacherous men, scheming men, men willing to sell themselves or their country for that gold and mockery of wealth, the love of which they drank in with their mothers' milk.

Buill we have modest and true women for our wives and daughters, or shall we have purple and searlet women, their shamelessness scarcely disguised by a thin somblance of respect for decency and virtue? At this supreme moment, when the nation is struggling to regain the life and strength which it spent in the effort to maintain its completeness and power, it needs the co-operation of all good and earnest people, to heal, purify, strengthen and consolidate the elements so lately disunited, now under skilful manipulation, rapidly fusing themselves together. And can women do nothing to accomplish this desirable work? Are they really the dolls which some man consider them, or the something worse that they are held to be by others, that they cast aside duty, deconcy, and every womanly attribute, and contentedly, nay, proudly, become the copyists of those who are excluded from the humblest fireside, whose feet go down to destruction, whose hands lay hold on death.

Such a course of action on the part of American women is bud enough as a present evil, but it is worse in its future consequences. We cannot touch pitch and not be defiled. Already the results are seen in the loose habits, the reckless expenditure, the free and easy style of conversation, the adoption of slang terms and phrases, and the total neglect of all formerly received ideas of good taste and propriety among the women, especially the young women, who constitute what is called the best

Mary Brandegee," a novel which professes to give an insight into upper New York life, represents young ladies as totally emancipated from all moral or social restraint, and worse still, as quite unconscions of the evil, not to say infamy, which attaches to the unbridled indulgence of loose and victous habits and inclinations. Yet many people say of this book, "How natural!" and are willing to forgive its want of coherence and common sense, on account of its truth to nature.

We do not believe that the pure young girl-nature have pald which all men love, and which poets homage to, is yet wholly lost; we have faith that it even yet remains unsuffied, notwithstanding the bad influences of the days upon which it has fallen. It is true that, whatever can be I done is done, to make them fulse, lying, deceitful and selfish; they are early taught to despise modesty and sincerity as old-fashioned virtues, and that their business is to get themselves up, with all the arts and sids they can muster, for the market. They bury their freshness beneath a vile load of paint, powder, false hair, and dirty horse hair, and lose their innocence in the love of display, and unmaidenly attempts to attract and secure the attention they consider it their business to win. Fashions are followed without any reference to their modesty, any more than their

be what they may. A well-known writer drew down upon herself vials of wrath some time ago, by her strictures upon the revelations made by the hooped skirts of the young lady visitors during the commencement fastivities at Harvard College. At that time the small hooped skirt, known as the "Quaker" was to vogue. What would she say now to the "bell-

beauty, and are exaggerated, let the consequences

shape," that expanse of crinoline which extends its stoop, sit down, enter a car or leave an omnibus, without such exposure as should crimson their checks with shame, but which has become so common that it ravely exteris more than a laugh of w look of indifference. Over these immense hoops, one thin skirt is often worn, and above this the dross is drawn in such a way that the slightest disarrangement of drapery revents the "skeleton" in all its naked deformity. The bell-shape, in its most expansive form, is the style of the new scarlet and "silver" hooped skirts, which are intended to add their show and glitter to the splender of the coming winter evening toffets. Plainly, and possibly not unwillingly, visible they will be in the swift moving redowns and wild gallops; but we doubt if the sight would add to the pleasure with which any man would see his wife or his sister engage in these fascinating exercises.

The apologists for modern morals and manners charge upon our grandmothers, whom we are wont to consider models of decorum, a freedom of speech and action greater even than that of their descendants; but we must be excused for doubting such a fact. Certainly, when hooped skirts were worn by our great-grandmothers, they were, in many respects, much less objectionable than now; they were comparatively straight, not so widened out toward the bottom that the least motion would teave the lower part of the person exposed. The dances then in vogue were also of a slow, grave, dignified character, entirely unlike the whisking, whirding, hoydenish, "first" dences of the present day, which were never intended to be associated with the modern style of hoops, except in circles of the down monde, a species of the characteristics of which we are becoming altogether too well acquainted with. Moreover, in those days, the young women, at least, had a chance to preserve their innocence of soul. They did not lead society; they were only occasionally admitted to it. They were taught demostic duties at home; they did not spend one-third of their time on the street, onethird at the looking-glass, and the remainder in close and confidential relations with some one of half a dozen different young men.

How can the mothers of America hold their daughters so cheap as to allow them to bestow their youth, their smiles, and the first fragrance of their young hearts on any creature bearing the semblance of a man who happens to come in their way; and not only allow, but encourage them to display their fine points for his admiration, as if he were selecting slaves for a market, or horses for a stud? It is these women, who are prepared to sell their daughters to the highest bidder, who will sacrifice everything to their love of scarlet and gold, that are responsible for the low estimate placed upon the sex, for its comparative uselessness, and more than half its crime. Some day they will have an account to settle.

#### Holl Pitcher.

The visitor at High Rock, in Lynn, Mass., will see below him, at the southern base of the hill on which he stands, a small one-story house, enclosed by a wooden fence, facing on the road leading to Marblehead, or Essex street, as it is now called. This was the residence of Mrs. Mary Pitcher, familiarly known as "Moll Pitcher, the fortune-teller who died in the spring of the year 1813.

She was of a respectable family, the daughter of Captain John Diamond, of Marbiehead, a ship-master. She was married in 1760, at the age of twentytwo, to Robert Pitcher. Her husband being poor, she aided in the maintenance of the family by fortune-telling; and, in the practice of this art, she acquired a wide-spread fame.

Many interesting incidents have been related of Moll Pitcher, and she is remembered by some who are yet living. It is certain that she succeeded in giving a strong impression of her ability to tell fortunes; and it is not unlikely that she had the faculty of clairvoyance, by which word her strange knowledge would, in these days, he explained—if giving a name to a mystery may be understood to explain it. Merchants, sallors, and indeed, people in all classes of society went to the fortune-teller at Lynn; and, whether the intelligence she furnished was true or not, it is known that she did not lose her reputation as a seer; but, on the contrary, her fame increased till the time of her death, at the age of seventy-five

On one occasion, two gentlemen-one of them a well-known elergyman, who tells the story-visited her, and, after hearing her predictions, engaged in conversation. One of the gentlemen made some observation which exasperated her. Taking her pipe from her mouth, she shattered it on the floor, saying, "Your end will be like that!" Strange to say, the man was killed, not long after, by a fall

It is said that the path to the house was lined by a thick hedge, or close fence, so that visitors, while waiting for admission, could be overheard by Mrs. Pitcher, in concealment; and that thus she was enabled to discover many things, which she afterward revealed to the fortune-seekers in a manner which astonished them. She was a woman of quick perception, keen discernment, and imperturbable countenance, and probably could often read in the face of a stranger what "fortune" would be satis-

factory. Such means of intelligence, during a long practice in her art, enabled her to give almost all who came to see her an impression of power, and commanded for her the admiration of the curious, the fears of the

timid, and the respect of all who called upon her. Mrs. Pitcher is described by a cotemporary, as "of a medium height and size, with a good form, and agreeable manners; her forchead broad and full, her halr dark brown, her nose inclined to long, and her face pale and thin." This was before age had silvered her hair and bowed her form. The same authority says: "She had a thoughtful, pensive, and sometimes downcast look, almost approaching to melancholy; an eye, when it looked at you, of calm and deep penetration; and an expression of intelligent discernment, half mingled with a giance of shrewdness."

She was of a benevolent disposition, and acts of kindness are related of her which shed a lustre on

her eccentric history. Moll Pitcher has passed away. Her fifty years of fortune-telling make a marked chapter in the record of the time in which she lived. Her descendants, some of whom still live, see much to admire in the lonely woman who was so eagerly sought after by a multitude from abroad; and they look back with respect and veneration to her who achieved so great a reputation as "The Fortune-Teller of Lynn."

THE POPE IN ROME.—According to the tenor of European advices, it is manifest that the tenure of Plus IX in Rome is becoming doubtful. The French government notified the Holy Father months ago that it was determined to withdraw the troops and evacuate the Eternal City. Time was given to the Pontlif either to make his peace with Victor Emanuel, or perfect arrangements for shelter elsewhere. The king of Italy would be glad if the Pope would remain as a dispenser of religious but not of temporal power. Rome could, under such auspices, still be the capital of the Catholic Church, and whilst the Pope might lose a few temporalities incident to his jurisdiction as a prince, he would be nearly recompensed by the cessation of those troubles which are concurrent with the exercise of worldly power. As a Patriarch in Rome, the head of a great sect, the Pope would receive the veneration of all who entertain the belief of his church, and his influence would be greater, as it would be divested of all connection with temporal interests. But it is extremely difficult for Plus to accommodate himself to circumstances. "The logic of events," which in this country is held to be unanswerable, has no influence upon his determinations. He wishes to stay in Rome, despite the inclinations of Victor Emanuel. He can remain there by entering into a proper convention.

This he will not do. France tells him that it is time that the problem which has been unsettled since the Revolution of 1848, shall be solved. He must really come to some conclusion in reference to his movements. The French troops, he is told, are soon to be withdrawn, and unless he has a new place of refuge secured, or makes some arrangement with the Italian monarch, trouble will ensue. It is suggested that this movement of French troops is to be made "in concert with the Pontifical government." Doubtless, if possible, but as yet it has been impossible to make any arrangement with the Papal authorities. The Pope and Cardinals act as if they believed that Louis Napoleon dare not withdraw his soldiers from Rome. To his requests that arrangements should be made to facilitate that movement they pay no attention. There must certainly be an end to this, and the time may not be distant when the difficulty will be suddenly, perhaps

Claude Lorraine was bred a pastry cook.

very unsatisfactority, solved.

#### Gems and Precious Stones.

Having laid our friends, shoddy and petroleum, under obligations by discoursing in engard to the dlamond, we now propose to increase the consideration by giving some extracts from Mr. Emanuel's work, touching rubles, emeralds and opals;

Turning from the dismond to other precious stones, we find the ruby (or red sapphire) occupying the first place, for Mr. Emanuel tells us that "if is the most valuable of all gems when of large size, good color and free from flaws-exceeding even the diamond itself in value." The color of the ruby varies from the lightest rose tint to the deepest carmine. Those too dark or too light are not esteemed. The most valuable tint is that particular shade called the leweters' pigeon's blood, which is a pure, deep rich red, without any admixture of blue or yellow." Mr. Emapuel corrects a common mistake with respect to the stones called spinel and balas rubles, which are generally confounded with rubles proper. The spinels are of an entirely different nature and form of crystalization, and the difference between them and rubies may easily be detected, both by their specific gravity and hard-

Several of the gems sold for Ceylon rubles are spinels, and even many persons in the trade are not aware of the difference. In ancient times the words ruby and carbonels were applied indiscriminutely to all red stones, and even now the words are frequently applied to various gems. The tourmaline is called a Brazilian ruby when of a red color; the ferm is also given to the artificially colored topaz. This loose nomenclature is very apt to demean the Oriental corundum. " The numher of fine rubles in existence, of fine quality, is very small; one of the largest in the french crown jewels adorns the order of the Golden Fleere, and is cut in the form of a dragon with extended wings. The two large stones which were shown amongst the jewels of Her Majesty at the exhibition of 1862, as rubles, are simply spinels; an examination of their specific gravity and hardness would soon show the truth of the assertion. The value of the ruby, as before mentioned, exceeds, when perfect, that of any other geni. The rare occurrence of specimens of the desired vivid pigson's blood color of any size, causes the value to increase in an even greater pro-

portion than the diamond. Mr. Emanuel shows this to be the case in a table of relative values, where a ruby of four carats is estimated at from £400 to £460, while a perfectly pure diamond of the same weight is rated only at £226.

The supplied differs only from the raby in color, all its other properties being identically the same, but its value does not increase so enormously in proportion to its size. A fine, perfect, evenly colored spread sapphire, weighing one carat, of a deep rich blue color by night as well as by day, is worth £20; while a sapphire equally firm of one hundred carats, would not be worth more than £2,000 or £3,000. A raby of the same size and perfection would be the most valuable gem in existence, surpassing even that of the finest diamond.

Perhaps this difference in value may arise from the fact that the false sapphire is more easily fabricated than the false raby, and Mr. Emanuel gives the following example to show how even the knowing ones may be taken in: "A noble lady in this country, formerly possessed a sapphire which is, perhaps, the finest known. This lady, however, sold it during her lifetime, and replaced it by an imitation so skilfully made as to deceive even the jeweler who valued it for probate duty, and it was estimated at the sum of £10,000, and the legacy duty paid on it discovered the deception." As a proof of the fallacy of judging from appearances only, Mr. Emanuel says that a white sapphire resembles the diamond to such a degree that when well cut and polished, it has been sold to persons conversant with the trade. as a diamond. He adds, however, that the difference between the two stones can easily be ascertained by taking the specific gravity, only testing the hardness with another sapphire or with a diamond.

EMERALDS AND OPALS.

The emerald and the beryl are of the same chemical composition, and differ only in color. The former is so rarely found perfect, that the saying "an emerald without flaw" has passed into a proverb-and the Paris dealers always make them what they term "giore," that the imitation of the real stone may be more successful. The value of the emerald, when of a deep, rich, grass-green color, and free from flaws, is from £20 to £40 a carat, but it does not progress in price like the diamond or ruby. In the Austrian treasury there is said to be a crystal or emerald weighing two thousand carats, and the Duke of Dovonshire has one nearly nine ounces in weight. We cannot follow Mr. Emanuel in his elaborate description of precious stones further than to make mention of "the precious or noble opal," one of the most beautiful gems in existence, and which possesses this rare quality, that it is a stone which defles imitation. The precious opal is chiefly found in Hungary, and of its qualities Mr. Emannel speaks as follows:

"When held between the eye and the light it appears of a pale, milky-reddish hue, but when seen by reflected light it displays all the colors of the rainbow, in flakes, flashes or specks-in fact all the colors of the most beautiful gems are here united in one. When the colors are in small flakes, distributed over the surface, it is termed by Jewelers "harlequin" opal, on account of its resemblance to the motley thus of the harlequin's dress. When fine, these are much prized; but most persons prefer stones having the variously coloured fire in large flushes. This marvelous display of color is thought to be occasioned by nearly invisible fissures; the Abbe Hauy, however, ascribes it to thin films of air filling cavities in the interior. Opals are always cut en cabochon on both sides, and the true beauties of the gem only display themselves when the stone is moved about, as then a fine opal really appears to have an actual life within itself. They are very brittle, and are always much more brilliant on a warm day. A dealer in precious stones, aware of this peculiarity, invariably holds an opal in his hand before showing it, in order to impart warmth to the

Of modern opals Mr. Emanuel instances two wonderful stones amongst the French crown jewels; one of them being set in the clasp of the imperial cloak. The finest known, he says, is in the Museum at Vienna; it was found at Czornowitza-where mines have been worked since A.D.1400—and is of immense size and extraordinary beauty. It is said that fifty thousand pounds have been refused for it.

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# THE HEALING ART.

COMMENCING with the Greekans, during the lives of Macu-Japius and Hippocrates, individuals of energy and learning devoted their time to researches into the laws of health and disease. For a home 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 trophics of their mighty skill!

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 dogs take physic?
When we refer to ages in the past, embracing the enlightened 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 questing all pain and inflammatory action in a few mimites, and applicable to all diseases to which the human family are liable. Divesting the healing of discuss from the miraculous, we find the Apostles and their successors, including Ignatius Loyalla and Chrysostum; also, the Sazon Kings, healing disease

by the laying on of hunds.

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 ago cry "Humbug!" at the revival of this well known and universally successful method of treatment? Verily, Ignorance vauntah itself! We challenge the scientific physician to refute the fact, that all disease comes to the system by way of deranged and discused 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 by the legatee, who was doubtless chagrined when all instantly or in a few minutes. We believe that those who do, are either distumest or ignorant of the laws controling the element. Enough can be accomplished without being presumptuous. It is a well established fact, that if the treatment be persisted in, it will overcome all curable diseases. 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 of which have never been surpassed in the world's history:

#### TESTIMONIALS.

THE OSSIFIED WOMAN.-The greatest surgical operation of 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 improving. The above was accomplished entirely with the human

W. M. Graves, Glenbulah, Wis.—Leg drawn up by Rheumatism; obliged to use crutches 14 months; cured in 15 minutes, and left his crutches with the Doctor, as a trophy of his skill. W. H. Cory, Taycheedah, Wis.-Walked on crutches over two years, having no use of one limb; cured in 20 minutes.
Wm. Shepherd, Rubicon, Wis.—Diseased leg for 15 years;

running scree from knee down to ancle: walked with a crutch for 11/4 years; cured in ten minutes, and walked off well, three miles, same afternoop. Joseph Galland, Fond du Lac, Wis .- Foot displaced; walked on side of it; could not wear a boot for two 'years; cured in

Mrs. Arad Johnson, Rosendale, Wis .- White swelling and rheumatism; was unable to use her limbs since last May; nade to walk in 20 minutes. Newton Linkfield, Ripon, Wis.-Typhoid fever for two

weeks, cured in 5 minutes. 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 \$700 and received

no benefit. Cured in 3 minutes. P. C. Mitchell, Milwaukee. - Three years totally deaf in one ear, and sight so impaired that he was unable to read or write without glasses, besides paralysis of the whole system. Eyesight and hearing perfectly restored in less than 15 minutes, and otherwise greatly strengthened.

Philip Adler, Milwaukee .- Rheumatism in heart, chest and L. Juneau, Milwaukee, (son of Paul Juneau.) - White swelling and rhoumatism 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

Mrs. Elizabeth Maitland, Leon, Wanshara Co., Wis.—Sixty years old, very fleshy. Hip ail and fulling of the womb for 21 years, cured in 5 minutes. 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 case, cured in 15 minutes. Mrs. Elizaboth McCauley, Ripon, Wis .- Ovarian tumor and

fulling of womb, cured in 2 treatments. Patrick Kneeland, Milwaukee .- Lame in one limb for three years, unable to walk without help, cured in 3 minutes, and walked off rejoicing.

Mrs. Job Gulloway, Northfield Ill.-Cancer in breast-a very had case. Relieved at once, and cured in ten days. William Wilson, Chicago, Ill.-Rose cancer, cured in 18 James Cooper, Chicago, Ill.-Large tumor on neck for three

years, cured in a short time, Mrs. L. Culver, Chicago, Ill.—Paralysis for 10 months, confined to bed, unable to stand on her feet, cured and made to walk in 10 minutes. D. D. Nichols, Chicago, Ill .- Rheumatism; long time unable

to walk without help. Cured in 10 minutes. C. W. K. Howard, Wheaton, Ill.—Chronic inflammation of stonuch for 15 years. Cured in a short time.

William Stewart, Chicago, Ill .- Typhoid fever, very bad case. Cured in a few treatments. Mrs. C. A. Gale, Milwaukee.-Typhoid fever three weeks. Cured instantly. Christian Brion, Herman, Dodge Co., Wis.-Rheumatism;

walked with crutch and cane for 5 months. In one treatment of 15 minutes, left his crutch and walked off well. Philo C. Spooner, Fairwater, Wis. Totally deaf for twenty years. After second treatment of 10 minutes, could hear well in ordinary conversation. Hugh Kinnefick, Ripon, Wis.—Paralyzed arm for 9 years.

Hand drawn up close to shoulder, and fingers closely contracted, straightened and rendered useful in 6 minutes. Mrs. Margaret Cars, Milwaukee.-Paralysed arm; cured in Smith Hoyt, Milford, Wis .- Rheumatism of heart, lame in both limbs for 7 years, and walked on crutches or canes. Soundly cured in three treatments.

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 helpiess, unable to articulate or siculiare. The paralysis was nearly total, and my physicians and friends gave up my cuse as hopoless.

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 his simple gift, the laying on of hands. PRANCIS M. GARRIER

Milwaukoe, July 26, 1865.

Nearly all of the above cases we have certificates of, which may be referred to. Special references Col. Gev. H. Walken, Geo. W. Allen, Esq., Lester Sexton, My., Kellegy Sexton Esq., and Lowis J. Highy, Esq., all of this city.

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PROSPECTUS, VOL. VII.,

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### MODERN AGE. PUBLISHED AT HOPEDALE, MASSACHUSETTS.

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operative Science, including the elevation of Northern and Southern labor, the enfranchisement of all men and women. and the promotion of true Spiritualism; to note new decoveries, and publish occasionally articles on geology, seresmy, and other kindred natural sciences. In addition to its original matter, we shall carefully select from sources order inaccessible to many of our readers.

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Thoubtless there are men and women of talent and of comparative liberal means, on where interest it it permanent success of a journal of the aims of the Monan ter we may depend for their private subscriptions, their present infofrom their pens. They are well aware that a four-al Soir tific and radical (not erratic) at all points one can't be see tained by positive effect and the material and montal aid of the sterling friends of Progress. We trust to the impression of a high purpose—that we shall not be decod to resinguish

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# One Children.

A child to here; now take the green and make it.
A had of mound beauty. Let the down Of knowledge, and the light of virtue, wake it In richard fragrance and in present brees,
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 excited one pleasure, or unideed one pain, 0 who shall say that it has lived in vain ? "

stretten for the Religio-Philosophical Journal. 1 wasty Temper, and What Came of It.

BY DOYS WAISSTROOMER.

Hasty one, and shall we take The excuse you still will make, "I am quick, but 't does not tast : " Aye, the lightning soon is past,... Sorn, but if his made a wreek. With one swift, dividing stroke, Of you stately, low ring oak.

Thomas Lightner, or Lightning, as he was oftener called, was a man of many good qualities; but he had one fault of such magnitude as often to cause his virtues to be overlooked. That fault was the quickness and violence of his temper. He was in this respect, fully, if not more than equal to Mrs. Southworth's "Old Hurricane, of Hurricane Hall." It was this that had given him the appellation of Lightning, and well did he deserve it, for, in a moment, and when you least expected it, some insignificant incident, some trifle, would arouse the sleeping tempest, and, as a clap of thunder from a clear sky, or, as the lightning leaps from one end of heaven to the other, so would the storm of Uncle Thomas' wrath burst upon you; and, oh t the bitterness of the invectives that would be heaped upon your devoted head.

Mr. Lightner had, in early life, married an orphan, whose only dependence for support was upon her daily toil, and when the handsome young Thomas, with his brown curls, and laughing blue eyes, asked her to become his wife, she believed herself most happy, while some of her companions envied and others rejoiced at what they termed her good fortune. Well did she perform the vows made at the altar by being to him a good and faithful wife; for Mrs. Lightner, or Rachel, as she was called by her friends, was as remarkable for patient meckness, as was her husband for the opposite qualities. And Uncle Thomas—well, he believed himself kind, though ready to acknowledge that he was somewhat hasty: but if all the curses, which in his fits of passion, he had heaped upon that loving wife during the twenty years she walked by his side, had been written in a book, and placed before him, I verily believe he would have been terror-stricken at the sight. It certainly would have presented a strange picture of cherishing, protecting love.

But the time came when the patient wife was called hence, and truly did her husband mourn, and the brown hair, which at her death, had hardly began to change, soon turned to a silver gray, while the deepening furrows in his face, showed that he suffered much, but his temper became, if possible, even more hasty and violent than before. For two years his daughters kept his house, and bore his infirmity as best they could, and then a new wife came to fill the place the good Rachel had left vacant.

Now Mr. Lightner's troubles commenced in good earnest. Mrs. L. No. 2 was not at all like Aunt Rachel, and the gentleman had so long indulged in the luxury of abusing his best friends with impunity, that he thought it rather hard, when he found that the mere fact of his saying he was sorry for a thing, and then doing it right over the moment his temper was again aroused, was not considered a sufficient excuse for all the abusive things he chose to say at such times.

Mrs. Ellen Lightner was a widow of not much more than half the age of him who now called her wife. Kind and affectionate in her nature, when kindly treated, she did not herself even dream of the terrible strength of passion that slept in her bosom. Amid the ordinary occurrences of life, she was considerate and forbearing, and when told of Mr. Lightner's temper, she really believed that she loved him well enough to bear it all; but when he first turned his tongue upon her, she was amazed. She had never imagined it possible that a human being could be so unreasonable. All considerations of forbearance were put to flight, and her eyes fairly blazed with indignation before he had spoken half a dozen sentences.

She said nothing, however, as yet, but when he had forgotten the storm, and the occasion of it, she was still revolving in her mind the bitter words he had uttered, her own feelings growing the more bitter, the while, and when he next approached to offer caresses, she repulsed him with scorn. "Sir," said she, drawing herself proudly up, "it is not meet that I should receive curses and kisses from the same lips; the curses I have had, keep the kisses to yourself."

After much effort, however, and many promises, he succeeded in making his peace with her, and for a while all went well. But passion had been master too long to be subdued easily; if the quiet patience of one, for twenty years had failed, the flery temper of the other was not very likely to succeed now, and Ellen's anger became more and more flerce at each succeeding provocation, even till she herself trembled at the fury of the storm thus aroused. "What am I coming to?" she would say, when by herself. 'I, who once prided myself upon my power of selfcontrol. I will be silent, at least. I am his wife, and though his abuse is unprovoked, and almost intolerable, it is soon over, and why should I be so disturbed by it? I will not; I will at least control myself, if I cannot make him reasonable." But these resolutions were vain; the very first time Uncle Thomas fell into a passion, Ellen would be driven almost frantic by his taunts, and when, after some furious outburst on her part, provoked at first by him, he would cool down and say, "Oh, Ellen, what would I give, if you were only patient enough to bear with my folly !"

She would indignantly reply: "Be patient and forbearing yourself, Bir, and then see if you will have just cause for complaint. You appear to believe it your especial privilege to say what you please to others, but shrink from having your own weapons turned against you."

"But, Ellen, if you would just say what you had to say, and then forget it as I do, I wouldn't care, but you keep getting more and more angry for days afterwards."

"Because the more I think of it, the more I feel the injustice and cruelty of your words; they sting me to the soul, Mr. Lightner, and I cannot forget them in a moment."

"Well, well," he would reply, "I don't see any need of your being so sensitive; but if you are, I suppose I shall have to bear it;" and so things went on from week to week, this one fault of him who was called the head of the family,

destroying the happiness of the whole household. On one occasion, when, after an outburst on his

part that had been met-calmly by his wife, he came, half an hour afterward, almost tremblingly lists her presence, fearing that the storm was only deferred, he was surprised at the quictness of her manner, as she said, "Sit down here, will you? I wish to tell you a story."

He did as she requested, wondering what was coming next, when she began: "I was thinking of one of father's old neighbors, and it becurred to me to tell you something about him. When we first knew him, he was very poor; his chief dependence being the labor of an old horse he called Molly. This home was the most patient creature I ever ease; no matter what freatment she received she was always willing to work, and nothing that she had the strength to do was considered too hard. Year after year she worked on, till at last neighbor Jones became comparatively woulthy, and he began to think of giving the poor old creature some rest, when she laid down her burdens and her life together.

"Friend Jones was much affected, but could not well do without a horse, so he came to my father to purchase a fine bay, that we called Kate.

'Is she gentle?' asked Simon, almost the first thing he said.

'Perfectly so,' was the reply; 'at least she always has been with me, and the children always ride and drive her wherever they please."

'I don't much like the looks of her eye,' he remarked; 'however, I think I'll take her,' and so the bargain was completed.

"Kate took old Molly's place, went willingly into harness, and worked kindly, faithfully, so long as she was treated with kindness, but one day when in a fit of ill humor, Jones vented his wrath upon her, she showed such unmistakable signs of rebellion, that he feared for a long time afterward, to manifest his temper around anything Kate was connected with.' Here, Uncle Thomas, seeing the drift of his wife's story, was about to speak, but she prevented him with: "Wait, Mr. Lightner, I am nearly through, and then you can say what you

"Ellen continued: 'But Simon forgot, after awhile; he had been so accustomed to vent his temper upon Molly, and had he not purchased Kate on purpose to fill her place? But after a few trials of his irritability upon her, Kate became so refractory, that she would not be good when Simon was, and it was only when he provided another driver, that anything could be done with her.

'This is really a pretty state of things,' said Simon Jones to himself; 'a horse that I bought for a gentle one, to turn out in this manner. I might have known it, however, by the look of her eye; what a fool I was to trust to other people's word, instead of my own judgment; but what's to be done? That's the question.'

"But while friend Jones was revolving the question in his mind. Kate decided the question for him by jumping from the pasture, and going to parts unknown;" then, as Mrs. Lightner finished her story she arose and passed quickly from the room, leaving her husband so astonished at her last words, and her manner of saying them, that he could not make a single remark.

For some time after this, there was no outbreak of temper to mar the peace of the house of the Lightners; but one day, something occurred that Uncle Thomas got a complete misunderstanding of, and which, had it been as he supposed, would have been really provoking; and his rage broke forth beyond all bounds. Mrs. Lightner tried in vain to show him his mistake. "Listen to me, Simon," she said, "and I will explain: it is not as you think,"but he turned flercely upon her calling her his "cursed second wife, and the torment of his exis-

Ellen staggered back, a step or so. Her face blanched for a moment, and then, with flashing eye, she turned, and left the room. Just then the barking of the dog announced the approach of a neighbor. In a moment the storm was over, and Uncle Thomas greeted farmer Wilson with one of his sunniest smiles. For an hour or more they talked of the weather, crops, politics, etc., and after his friend left, Mr. Lightner sat, perhaps, half an hour longer in a sort of dreamy silence, then wondering what had become of his wife, he started up to look for her.

He now recollected the affair which had excited him so much, and also Ellen's words that he was mistaken, together with a sort of confused idea of the bitter answer he had given, and his feelings as he reached her apartment, were none of the pleasantest. But upon entering it, his cheek turned paler than hers had done an hour and a half before, for there stood her trunks strapped, and herself ready for traveling.

"Ellen, wife, what does this mean?" he gasped. "It means, Sir," said she, "that I will no longer be the torment of your existence, your cursed

"But-but," he stammered, "I was in a passion; you cannot think I meant it."

"And what right had you to be in such a passion, that you could not listen to reason," demanded she, casting upon him a look of the most withering scorn: "And Mr. Lightner," she continued, "you cannot plead the want of a power of self-control, for the moment Fido's bark indicated that some one was coming, you became calm in a moment, while the pleading voice of the wife of your bosom, telling you that you were mistaken, met only bitter curses, and now you come and tell me that you were in a passion, and did not mean what you

"Shame on you, Sir, you ought to blush to call yourself a man;" then turning upon her heel, she swept indignantly from his presence. There was that in her look which prevented his following her, and when half an hour afterward, she sent for her trunks, he was too stupefled with grief to prevent their being taken, and from that day forth he saw no more of Ellen.

He lives with his daughters, a poovish, unhappy old man, and tells his neighbors that his second wife had many good qualities, and that he could have been very happy with her had it not been for her temper.

But when he supposes himself alone he has been heard to say, "I know I am quick-tempered, and when angry, say harsh things, but then it is over in a minute. Why could she not have borne with me? Oh, wife, why did you leave me to drag out my existence alone!" Then, after a moment's silence, he would continue, "yes yes, that was always my plea; I am quick, but it does not last, an excuso that I thought sufficient to allow of my being ablo to say what I pleased, when augry, but only see to what it has brought me."

I was sitting on the porch of my hotel one pleasant afternoon, quietly waiting for the stage, that I knew would not be along for nearly an hour. In the adjoining yard, two sprightly, fine looking boys were playing busily, and I had amused myself for some time by watching their sports. Suddenly the pleasant tones were changed to angry ones from one boy, and deprecating entreaty from the other.

The smaller of the two had broken something that belonged to his companion, but his pleading, "I didn't mean to, Willy," met only with a perfect torrent of abuse, which ended with the words, " ! will never play with you again, you careless son of

a ragamuffin-you one if I do," and the angry boy disappeared around the sorner of the house. The little fellow who was thus left to bimself, sat down upon the grass looking very sad, as he kept repeating, "I am sure he need not have been so angry, I did not mean to do it."

In about ten minutes Willy returned. Every trace of singer had disappeared from tils face as he ran up to his grieved fittle playmate, and commenced brilling him sometiming that had just occurred, as good naturedly me if nothing had hap-

"Willy," said a white haired old man, coming forward from his seat at the end of the porch, where he had been as screened by the open blinds of a window between on, that I had not before seen him; "Willy, I thought you said a few minutes ago, that you would never play with Henry sgain. How is it that you forget so soon ?"

Willy looked abashed, but quickly recovering himself, he replied....

"Oh, Sir, I did not mean it. I was angry, and did not care what I said."

"And so you think one has a right to say what he pleases when he is angry?"

"Not exactly that, Sir, but really, I do not mean to be a bad boy. I have a very quick temper, but It is over in a minute, and then I always feel sorry for what I have said !

"I can believe you, my child, but that does not make the matter any better."

Willy looked up inquiringly. "I mean," continued the gentleman, "that you are not sorry enough to prevent your doing the same thing again, the moment you get angry. Are you?" he added, with a sad smile, as he looked into Willy's upturned face.

"That is true," said Willy, earnestly, "I never thought of it before."

You had better think of it, and learn to control your temper, while young, or you may yet be as unhappy as I am," said the old man, solemnly.

"Oh, Sir, are you unhappy?" exclaimed both boys at once.

"Yes, I am," was the reply, "and it was just such a hasty temper that made me so." "But it is cured now?" said Henry.

The old man shook his head sadly. "I wish I could say that it was; but habits formed in youth are hard to be cared in old age. Had I commenced 🖠 when I was a boy like you, I might have succeeded, and thus avoided all the misery that has since been mine."

"Will you not tell us what it is that has made you so unhappy?" asked Willy.

The old man was silent for a moment, and then answered: "Yes, I will; it may do you good. I was just like you, Willy, when a boy; kind-hearted and affectionate, but so quick-tempered—a temper that my mother always apologized for by saying, 'To be sure he is quick, but he is over it in a minute;' so I grew up to think that a quick temper was not so bad a thing after all, if one was only

"When I became a man I married, and my wife was something like Henry here, always ready to forget, as soon as I stopped my angry abuse, and smiled upon her again; but after many years she died, and when I had lived alone swhile, I married again. My second wife was much younger than myself, and when I married her, one of the kindest and most affectionate creatures in the world. How much I loved her, and how happy I was. But my temper had been uncontroled so long, that it could not be quiet now, and it was not long before it burst forth upon her. Never shall I forget the look she gave me, but from that moment she was changed.

"I saw it, and knew that I was the cause of it; and yet, when angry, continued to say the bitter words that drove her nearly distracted.

"It seemed, at times, as if she would almost take her own life, so terribly did what I said in these fits of passion, but did not mean, affect her. But at length she left me, and now I am a poor, miserable old man. I do not know whether the being I love best on earth is dead or alive. Thus I destroyed her happiness, and blasted my own, because, like you, Willy, I allowed myself to say what I pleased,

Here the old man paused, leaned forward on his hands, and presently I saw the tears trickling through his fingers. The boys stole silently away, and I sat pondering upon what I had heard when the stage drove up. As I hastened to take my seat in it, one of the passengers called out to the white haired old man, "How are you, Mr. Lightner? I did not know as you ever got so far from home."

After we had started, I told the stranger what I have now told you, and asked him if he was

acquainted with the circumstances. "And did he say all that," remarked the gentleman, looking surprised. "Well, I always believed he felt worse about Ellen's leaving him than he was willing to acknowledge; but he is too proud to say anything of the kind to those that know him." He then went on to relate what the reader already knows of Mr. Lightner's history.

"Do you think she did right in leaving him?" I asked, when he had done.

"I hardly know what to say on that point," he replied; "I know that the marriage vow is a solemn one, and should not lightly be broken; but I really believe that Ellen would have become insane, had she remained with Mr. Lightner much longer. She made my house her home for five years before she married him, and during all that time I never saw her angry; still I knew that she possessed strong feelings, and a deeply sensitive nature, and I feared for the result when I found she was going to be married to Uncle Thomas, as we all called him; but then she seemed habitually so self-controled, that I hoped all would be well. But I soon learned that his angry taunts roused her to a perfect frenzy, and, as I before said, I believe she would have become insane had she remained with him."

Well," replied I, "it is not for us to judge either of them; we will leave them in the hands of God." "Amen," was the earnest response, and we said no more upon the subject.

But since then, whenever I hear a hasty temper given as an exouse for having used abusive language, the image of that white haired old man, with his grief-stricken countenance, is sure to come before me.

"Billy," said a benevolent vender of food for stoves, as with cheerful visage he sat down to his matutinal repast, "is it cold?" "Werry cold, futher," was the reply. "Is the gutters froze, Billy?" rejoined the parent. "Wery hard, father, they is," was the response. "Ah!" sighed the old gentleman, "put up the coal two pence a pail, Billy. God help the poor!"

An old gentleman remarked the other day that in 1776 we went to war on account of the stamp act, and got the nigger; while in 1861 we went to war about the nigger and got the stamp act.

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