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ROMANCE AND GENERAL FORM.

Truth Means no Mask, Shows at no Human Shrine, seeks neither Place nor Applause: She only Asks a Hearing.

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Are the Alleged Truths of Modern Spiritualism Reliable?

Including Criticisms of Opponents, and a Review of Occultism, Rosicrucianism, the Hermetic Mystery, Kabalism, Art Magic, White Magic, Elementary Spirits, etc., etc., etc.

A LECTURE BY WM. EMMETTE COLEMAN.

(Continued from last week.)

During the last few months there has sprung up within the Spiritual ranks a movement of quite a startling nature; the proposition, in brief, to revert to the demonological arts and incantations of the ancients for the purpose of working and controlling spirits, both human and inhuman. This retrogressive movement is variously known as Occultism, Rosicrucianism, Art Magic, White Magic, Black Magic, Ansaitic Mystery, Hermetic Mystery, Kabalism, action of "elementary" spirits, of "submundane" spirits, etc., etc., all of which are only branches of one parent stalk, the rest of which is manifestly and unmistakably ancient magic and conjuration. The entire movement is merely a revival of the spells, charms, incantations, amulets, cabalistic signs and symbols, incomprehensible jargon and nonsensical numerisms of the old time necromancies, conjurers, alchemists, wizards and magicians of the Dark Ages, all of which were long since consigned to the limbo of superstitions into which they properly belong, never to be resurrected, it was confidently hoped. It was fondly (but as it seems, foolishly) believed that the enlightened wisdom of the nineteenth century could never, by any possibility, return to the long-buried superstitions and follies of the mediæval ages in order to obtain light (?) upon the great scientific truths of the day; but, alas! for the fondness of human hopes, when we see such learned scholars as M. A. Oxon, Charles Sothoran, Col. H. S. Olcott, and Madam Blavatsky, confessing their reliance upon the rhapsodical nonsense and bombastic jargon contained in the ponderous and musty tomes of Paracelsus, Cornelius Agrippa, Raymond Tully, Nostradamus, Hermes Trismegistus, Albertus Magnus, Eugenius Philalithes, Roger Bacon, Girolamo Cardano, Arnold de Villanova, Iamblichus, Apollonius of Tyana, Robert Flood, Cunrath, and other bright and shining lights of rational science (?) irradiating the midnight gloom of the Dark Ages, and the still profounder obscurity of the Alexandrian.

Not forgetting the sayings and doings of the more modern esoteric, theurgists and thaumaturgists, Eliphas Levi, Madame Lenormand, Alessandro di Castiglione and Count St. Germain (unprincipled charlatans all, most probably) for a solution of the simple problems of modern Spiritual intercourse. These worthy gentry, it seems, are ambitious, impatient of grasping power, not only over things physical, but over the Spirit-World as well. Not content with permitting the spirits to communicate when and where they can and will, they (the spirits) having charge of the mode manner and times of their manifestation, these Hermetic Occultists wish to grasp the reins of power over the spirits themselves, make them obedient to their mandates, to be invoked and summoned at their pleasure, by an imperious will, incapable of being resisted by the spirits, evoking and controlling them, *volens volens*, by magic spells, wand, incantations, mystical mummeries, cabalistic jargon, occult signs and figures, and unadulterated bosh generally; and this deluded "Mystic Crew," actually appear to believe that they really possess the power, by such necromantic nonsense, hermetic humbug, occult orgies, magic mummeries, Rosicrucian rhapsody, alchemic arts and cabalistic *charitair*, to make the spirits the hand-maids of their desires and pleasures, absolutely the creatures of their will, performing all kinds of supernatural feats and marvelous miracles at the dictation of their masters, Olcott, Blavatsky & Co. Can there possibly be anything more degrading to human reason, more insulting to common sense than this belief in the wild vagaries and crude speculations of the ancient mystagogues and alchemists? Can it be possible that the enlightened reason and common sense of the great body of Spiritualists in America and England, will suffer themselves to be helplessly led by the nose, by these blind guides, into the quagmires and bogholes of these exploded superstitions and long forgotten dreams of our "ignorant forefathers"? Never! let it be, but let the thinking, reasoning Spiritualists of the land rise en masse, and placing the seal of their condemnation, at once and forever, upon the whole movement, in all its ramifications and departments, utterly crush the hideous monster to death, relegating it to that mauloleum of buried follies and mediæval extravagancies out of which it has been resurrected, but from which it should never have been exhumed.

We are told by the Hermetic Philosopher, Olcott and other careful wisecracks of the occult, hermetic, cabalistic, magico, alchemic, ansaitic, sub-mundane, elementary Rosicrucian Brotherhood, that by study of the works of the ancient alchemists and occultists the key will be obtained that will unlock the mysteries of spirit intercourse, the secrets of alchemy and the mysteries of universal nature; in fact, all power, all knowledge. We thus see that these deluded mystics of the Dark Ages, acquired universal knowledge of all the powers of nature, all science, all art, all

philosophy, yet, strange to say, they never imparted any of their wondrous knowledge to the world, or benefited either themselves or the earth by their prodigious wisdom. Although possessed of the philosopher's stone, transmuting all metals into gold, and of the Elixir Vita, endowing them with perpetual youth and immortal life on earth, they never made use of either one or the other, so far as we can learn, but provided for their wants by their regular incomes or their daily earnings, (chiefly obtained, doubtless by their supposed possession of magical power and sorcerous skill,) and died at length, precisely like other men, of old age or disease. To be sure, they wrote huge folio volumes full of the most incomprehensible nonsense, the wildest vagaries, dreary speculations and foolish rhapsodies, that nobody nowadays ever hears of or cares for, except these erudite savans and learned pundits, Olcott, Blavatsky, Sothoran, Lex et Lux, M. A. Oxon, the Brotherhood of Luxor, *et hoc genus omne*.

One of the hermetic philosophers, writing over the signature of Lux (*Light*; *Nox* *Night*, I think would have been a more appropriate *nom de plume*) in the *Spiritual Scientist*, of October 7, 1875, informs us that he who is in possession of the key to the Hermetic Mystery, "possesses the knowledge that will enable him to raise the Veil of Isis and penetrate into the 'Unknownable,' as Herbert Spencer terms it, and grasp the hidden secrets of Nature."

A knowledge of the Hermetic Secrets will not only enable the recipient to make the universal medicine and the *Lapis* (*Lapis*?) *philosophorum*, but gives him also a knowledge of universal nature. Lux also informs us that the world at present is not prepared to receive the secrets possessed by the ancient magi, is not sufficiently advanced in purity and harmony to make a good use of them, yet, strange to say, the world was sufficiently advanced in the times of ancient barbarism, and the blackness of the Middle Ages to receive these same wonderful truths. All our knowledge of the occult secrets is derived from the Dark Ages, the recipients of which, in that age, having no scruples about giving them to the world, elaborating them in ponderous unwieldy volumes, now never referred to, having been long since laid on the shelf. There's consistency for you! In the Dark Ages the world was sufficiently advanced to receive the Hermetic Mystery, which was then scattered broadcast over the earth through the works of the Hermetic Philosophers, but now, in this enlightened age, in the full glare of the dazzling lights of the Science and Philosophy of the nineteenth century, the world is not pure enough for sooth, to receive these sublime mysteries! Further comment on that point is unnecessary.

Lux also tells us that a true initiate into these mysteries, "is a man of silence, for one of the fundamental laws of Occultism is SILENCE!" Then, for heaven's sake, why don't they keep silent? If they would obey this fundamental law, and be forever hereafter silent, *mum*, what a blessing it would be to the world. Let the Hermetic Philosophers henceforth keep their mouths and their books hermetically sealed, and our heartfelt thanks will be eternally theirs. Let us entreat our worthy Rosicrucian brothers to observe strictly, in future, their fundamental law, never saying another word about their hidden secrets and their occult mysteries, but keep it all to themselves, letting it die with them, and thus the world be forever free, it is hoped, from this degrading superstition and delusive mockery.

We are told by Col. Olcott and others that a large majority of the phenomena attributed to disembodied human spirits are produced by an entirely different class of beings, that he denominates "elementary" spirits, these spirits being similar, it is presumed, to the "submundane" spirits of another author; said elementary spirits being the results of the abortive attempts of nature to produce human spirits, and they having failed to reach the human standard, are consequently non-immortal in their nature. Although non-immortal, yet they are, he says, rudimentary men, foetuses of the future human being, waiting to be born into human life, from whence their onward progress into microcosmic perfection commences. If this be so they are, most assuredly, immortal intelligences now; their being has already begun, which being will never end. If these elementary spirits are the embryos of future men and women, who will be immortal, then these embryos are now immortal, as much as they ever will be. If they continue in their present rudimentary condition till born into this world, and from thence they continue on in possession of never-ending life, they must have possessed this never-ending life from the moment of their first emanation from matter by Mother Nature, which was the mode of their origin, as Olcott informs us; hence, by his own showing his elementary spirits are both immortal and non-immortal at the same time!

These elementary spirits, says Olcott, are emanations of matter "thrown off in the effort of Mother Nature to produce the sentient human being." Will the learned occultist please enlighten us benighted mortals as to the *modus operandi* of Nature in throwing off these material emanations, thereby producing these undeveloped embryonic human foetuses. Being emanations of matter, they must be material in their nature, yet they are not material, but "spiritual." How

can this be explained? Besides, what causes these emanations to be made from matter, and how does it happen that Mother Nature makes so many failures in the attempt to evolve human intelligence; for since such a large majority of all the spiritual manifestations occurring in the world, are produced by these semi-human foetuses, there must be myriads of them in existence? Please tell us, like wise, where they live when "at home," being "spirits," we should think they must have a place somewhere in the spiritual universe; and do they in their spirit home ever come in contact with the purely human spirits of those who have lived in the body here on earth? As you say, a residuum of the spiritual phenomena are occasioned by these human spirits, once resident on this planet, these two classes of spiritual beings must sometimes meet in connection with their respective mediumistic manifestation, and if so, the human spirits communicating with us must be well aware of the existence of these other semi-human spirits, and the deceptions they practice on mediums, passing themselves off for human spirits, as assuming to be historic characters, departed "worthies" as well as our friends and relatives; and if this be true, why have none of the real human spirits, who have communicated with us, never given us the slightest hint of their existence, or warned us of the wholesale deceptions these elementary spirits were practicing upon us; why have they not told their mediums to beware of submitting themselves to the evil influences of these rudimentary men and women, who "play with them as a monkey with an accordion?"

Why, also, have none of the seers, clairvoyants and mediums, in their many wondrous revelations of the Arcana of Nature, ever vouchsafed us a glimpse even of these arch-deceivers? In Davis' "Nature's Divine Revelations," Tuttle's "Arcana of Nature," and Mrs. King's "Principles of Nature," we have, in each, detailed accounts of the philosophy and laws of existence, both material and spiritual, but not a word of these mighty magicians, these intellectual non-entities, so to speak. How is this—were these undiscovered potentios in nature, so vast, so transcendent in their scope and nature, that neither Davis' clairvoyance, nor the highly enlightened spirits communicating through Tuttle and Mrs. King, to say nothing of the thousands of others communicating through the hosts of mediums in all parts of the world, including Allan Kardec's band of spiritual instructors, were they so vast, so exalted, that none of these were able to catch even the first conception of their existence; or are they so minute, so infinitesimal, so microscopic in form and function, that the extended sweep of the clairvoyant, and the searching ken of the purely human spirit, are utterly unable to detect, in the wide realms of infinity such animalcular existences?

These spirits, we are informed, though they have never been born, have never occupied a human body, yet are possessed of wondrous intelligence, which they must possess, if they produce nearly all the modern spiritual manifestations; whence do they derive their intelligence; whence their mind? Being emanations of matter, rudiments of human beings spooled in making, how is it that they possess so much more intelligence, skill and cunning than has the fully developed man? When first emanated from matter, are they infantile in form, and gradually grow to maturity, the same as if they had not been spooled in the making, and were fully human, possessing also an infantile mind, but gradually growing in knowledge and skill, like we do on earth; or are they when first "thrown off" by nature fully endowed with all the intelligence they are capable of acquiring in that embryonic state? In either case, will Col. Olcott and his hermetic, cabalistic friends please explain the fact, that when a perfectly human spirit is born into this world, which, by their own showing, is higher in the scale of intelligence than these embryonic men, it is possessed of no intelligence whatever, only the germ, capable of being developed into intelligence, and the faculties, through which the germinal intelligence may be developed, but no actual intelligence, whereas these imperfectly evolved, semi-human foetuses, are possessed of vast intelligence, skill, and scientific knowledge, as is evidenced by the manifestations they produce, although they are only rudimentary human embryos, waiting to be born into this life. If they possess all this transcendent wisdom and knowledge, prior to being born into this world, how is it that these same transcendently wise, skilled and scientific spirits, when progressed sufficiently to be worthy of becoming human infants and live on this earth, have no knowledge, no skill, no scientific attainments whatever. Science has proved, through the correlation and conservation of forces, the impossibility of annihilating anything in nature, hence the intelligence possessed by these sub-human (it should rather be super-human) spirits, prior to their birth into this world, can not be annihilated. It is impossible to annihilate mind as it is matter, hence their minds must still be in existence, intact. Where are they—where is their intelligence? Is there a trace of it can be found, not a vestige left, nor is it ever seen or heard of more. Have they not retrograded rather than progressed by assuming human existence, have they not lost all their skill in producing the wonderful spirit manifestations now so prevalent; the wisdom and knowledge of the delicate law of material

and spiritual chemistry and the accurate application thereof, as reported by Col. Olcott himself, in the materialization by them, of numerous human forms appropriately clothed and endowed with human intelligence, at Chittenden, Vt., and in the case of the manifestations in the presence of Mrs. Thayer, where flowers, fruits and living animals are brought into rooms through solid walls, without injury either to the walls or the flowers, animals, etc.? To do these things must require not only an extensive knowledge of chemical law, but wondrous skill in the application of those laws, yet all this superhuman knowledge is lost forever by these supermundane spirits when born into this world, and this Col. Olcott calls progression!

These spirits, although beneath the human, can yet surpass immeasurably, all that the most exalted human intellect and genius ever accomplished. No man that ever lived has ever had the remotest conception how it was possible for such things, or analogous ones, to be performed by man, yet these half-human beings, imperfect men and women, (I suppose they are of both sexes. Query—Do they marry and have large families?) know more, and can do more than all the human intellects that ever lived on this planet, and still they are beneath humanity!

These spirits must be as much inferior to us as we are inferior to the denizens of the Spirit-World; in fact, should be much more inferior, as the inhabitants of the Spirit-World are like ourselves, immortal intelligences, similar in kind and degree to us, while these elementary spirits are non-human, non-immortals of a totally different kind and degree of existence from us, yet the intelligence and power ascribed to these rudimentary embryonic spirits, is singular to that we should possess, if we were enabled, whenever we pleased, to go to the Spirit-World, and there pretending to be arch-angels from the higher sphere, counterfeit the arch-angels so perfectly that the spirits were really convinced we were in reality what we purported to be—arch-angels. Have we any such power? Certainly not. Did any man ever have such power? Certainly not; how, then, can beings below man, counterfeit to man beings above man? They can do so just as much as man, a being below angels, can counterfeit to angels, beings above angels, that is, not at all. Will Colonel Olcott, or some other Hermetic Mystic, please answer the above query. I repeat, how can a being below man, counterfeit to man, a being above man, I pause for a reply. Consult Hermes Trismagistus; Agrippa, Paracelsus, Tully, Eliphas, Levi, and P. B. Randolph, and see what they say on the subject, or if they fall in the solution, try the "Chaldean Atm-Soph," a knowledge of which is vouchsafed all initiates into the Rosicrucian Fraternity.

Can Bro. Olcott tell us the exact size and shape of these "peculiar people," what they look like; how they are dressed; whence they obtain their clothing; whether they eat and drink; and if so, in what their food and drink consists, and whence obtained? I hardly think they are compelled to earn a subsistence by daily toil as we are, or they would not have so much time to spend on earth, cheating and deceiving poor mediums. They have, it must be confessed, an easy time of it; with unbounded intellectualty, wonderful scientific skill, and no livelihood to be earned; nothing to do, except to exercise their power and their craft, upon poor defenseless man. Having no rudiments of a conscience, no moral sense, as Olcott plainly states, they are perfectly free to run riot over the minds and hearts of men, to lie, cheat, deceive, to their heart's content, (that is if they have any hearts,) and never feel the first pang, the faintest remorse of conscience. Strange beings these for Mother Nature to elaborate with superhuman, angelic intelligence, and not the slightest conception of a moral sense! Can not Nature do better than that? If not, she must possess, in her inmost essence, the elements of deceit, fraud and lying, else these rudimentary men and women would not be such a band of tricksters, cheats and frauds. If Nature, attempting to produce man, can only give birth to liars, cheats and knaves, then Nature must be in a bad way. I think, then, the human race had better try and elevate Nature in the moral scale, for certainly the human race, as imperfect and undeveloped as man now is, does better in that respect than Nature.

From whence do the elementary spirits derive their knowledge of the Spirit-World, of which they are not inhabitants, and about which they tell us so much? Although they are below the human, yet they know all about the Spiritual spheres, which are higher than the human, and *per consequens*, still farther separated from the elementary condition, and, concerning which the human, unassisted, knows nothing. How can that which is beneath the human, tell the human, and of which the human knows nothing? If these "spirits" know all about the Spirit-World and the condition of things there, besides being fully conversant with the history of our globe, the lives of its historic characters, and the lives of our deceased friends and relatives, as well as our own past and future lives, details, all of which are often told by them, they certainly must be a long way ahead of man on this planet, and therefore have no need of being born into physical life, being already existent in a spiritual state, without

the trouble of being born here and living a physical life. As they are in constant communication with the earth, and are so well posted about its history, what need of there being born into it and living in it? They already know all that can be acquired in it, hence their incarnation in a fleshy body is utterly useless. They would be going backward instead of forward.

These elementary spirits, they tell us, however, occupy a lower position in life than that occupied by man, while the inhabitants of the Spirit-World, (second sphere) occupy a higher, man holding a kind of middle ground between the two. There must, then, be a wide divergence between the status, surroundings and conditions of the elementary spirits and those of our departed spirit friends. The inhabitants of the Spirit-World proper, being the spirits of men and women once residents on earth, must have a greater affinity to us, and be much nearer to us in the body than these rudimentary spirits, who have not yet reached the human plane. The one consists of our fathers, mothers, relatives and friends, purely human intelligences like ourselves, the other of intelligences less than human. There are these three planes of existence, elementary, spiritual, human physical on earth, and the human spiritual in the spirit spheres. If, then, the elementary spirits occupy a grade of existence as much lower than man, as man is lower than the purely spiritual or angelic, how is it possible for these widely separated grades of existence, the elementary and angelic, to both communicate with man, in precisely the same manner, controlling mediums and seers precisely alike, using the same spiritual and magnetic forces in communicating, entrancing, materializing, etc., etc.? It is admitted that purely human spirits do communicate with earth as well as the elementary spirits, through precisely the same channels, by the same laws, and with the use of the same elements and forces; how is this possible? Here we have one grade of intelligence, (the lower) who have never attained the human type of character, have not progressed sufficiently to take on the physical life of man, and passing through that, emerge into the spiritual, hence must be much farther off from the spiritual condition than we are, yet marvelous to relate, although less than man, they possess all the knowledge of the spiritual sphere, can control mediums, entrance seers, dictate lengthy moral and religious discourses, (although entirely destitute of any moral or religious sense,) materialize full forms of persons in the Spirit-World, of which persons, they being so much farther removed from the spiritual, than we, should not have the remotest conception. How can two separate and distinct grades of beings so widely divergent as the elementary and the spiritual—one below the human material, and the other above it—have a knowledge of the same spiritual laws, understand spiritual chemistry alike, know how to produce physical manifestations alike, how to control mediums alike, possess a perfect knowledge of the English and other languages, alike, and, stranger of all, the inferior grade personate the superior grade so well, as to successfully deceive, for a term of years, those far superior to themselves—non-immortal, conscienceless intelligences, personating immortal intelligences of a superior grade, to other immortal intelligences of a lesser grade.

We, human intelligences, have a very indefinite idea of spirit, it being impossible for the material to sense or discern the spiritual, yet a race of beings much less advanced than we are, have clear, definite and precise knowledge of the spiritual, its laws, principles, modes of existence, etc., etc. Placing the difference in degree between the material immortal human and the spiritual immortal human at one hundred (100) the difference between the non-immortal, semi-human, and the immortal spiritual human, must be at least five hundred (500) for the human/immortal and the spiritual immortal are the same being, in different relations, whereas the non-immortal semi-humans are an entirely different grade of beings from either of the other two, hence must be much farther separated from either of the two, than they are from each other. Bearing this in mind, we thus see, by the Olcottian hypothesis, that those separated from the spiritual by five hundred degrees have a full and comprehensive knowledge of said spiritual, while those only separated from the spiritual by one hundred degrees, knew really nothing about it; and at the same time, bear in mind, those most elevated in this ascending scale (the spiritual) have no knowledge of the existence of these inferior beings who are constantly assuming their names and garb, passing themselves off for the highest. In other words, the lesser (elementary) fully comprehends the greater (human and spiritual), while the greater are in perfect ignorance of the lesser. Is not the whole of this monstrous theory a self-evident absurdity, palpable to the simplest mind? Yet we have the strange spectacle of educated, intelligent men and women, greedily swallowing down this rubbish, deeming it of the most vital importance—a key to the sublime mysteries of nature.

To be Continued.

As the lily growing from a heap of manure, accidentally cast upon the highway, delights the soul with its fine perfume, so the wise shine among the foolish and are grateful to the gods.

THE OLD WORLD.

My Experiences and Development in Paris.

A Great Inspirational Composer—French Spiritism versus American Spiritualism.

BY JESSE SHEPARD.

In writing concerning musical and other inspirational gifts, my friends everywhere, and the large number who read the JOURNAL, will be pleased to know something of the most remarkable and gifted female musician living, and one of the most noted women of the second Empire: I allude to the Countess Antoinette Luigi de Sievers. Mention was made about this great woman in a previous article published in the JOURNAL from my pen, and I shall now enter into some account of my experience with her, as a guide, friend, and inspirational teacher. Many persons imagine it an easy thing to bound at one leap into a gift or an art for which they may have some preconceived notion or fixed intent of action, but few, if any, ever dream of the great difficulty of obtaining even a mediocre compliment of reward, when, after having spent years of service in the pursuit of its requirements, they are faced by critics, beset with difficulties, and surrounded by an exacting public. However easy may be the gift of speaking in public on divers subjects, that of making music in a classical form is not so, nor can the gift of speaking be classed in the category with music, for we are all taught to speak our mother's tongue, but music is taught as an art, and not as an every-day necessity. When we take into consideration the technical difficulties, the complicated rules, and the profound science, which must be practical, learned and overcome before one can even make of themselves a first-class imitator, not to mention the high office of classical composition, we may form an idea of the patience, the labor, and the time it requires to climb the Mount Olympus of inspirational results, or to surround one's self with a just balance of that creative power which the world calls genius. When the time came for me to go to Paris, I went, with a view of being criticized, and of having judgment passed upon my mode of using my gifts, for I knew that the French critics would not listen in silence, to any one possessing talent who was not on the right road to the most desirable ends. I knew that France was not a place to convince people of a truth by the force of mere skill, without real art, and the qualifications of true merit, so I chose to accept the kind offers of friends, at the hands of so brilliant and great a musician as Madame de Sievers, and I began, not by taking lessons in the rudiments of music and its composition, but by taking lessons in the first principles of inspiration.

The last line will strike many persons with surprise, nevertheless it is true that inspiration must be cultivated, like other forms of mental action and modes of thought. I soon found that I was being guided and advised by a truly great and highly inspirational genius, and, as I wrote in a previously published article, my progress became rapid, my conceptions more vivid, and my inspirations clearer and more perfectly balanced in all that pertains to the inner, or hidden cause of soul music in its highest form. It was while under the guidance of Madame de Sievers, that the idea was made plain to me of there being several degrees or kinds of musical inspiration, just as there exist several kinds of music. I discovered that, although musicians may compose under an inspirational influence, their music may be on a plane with their faculties of sublimity and ideality, and if these last be not of a high order, their compositions, considered in a spiritual sense, will not be worth much, either to harmonize the nervous forces of the brain or to elevate the soul.

Never shall I forget the influence of divine enchantment that pervaded the atmosphere of the Salon of the Countess de Sievers. It was like a perpetual spring of music, song and flowers. So great was the charm exercised on the fastidious French Nobles, by her rare gifts, that her salons were always filled with the creme de la creme of the Foubourg Saint Germain, whenever she gave a soiree musicale. No artist in Paris, not even the great Rossini, could command greater respect or take more liberties in the name of the "divine right" of genius. Her name alone, at the head of a subscription list for a great charity concert, was enough to fill the roll, and her compositions were played in every fashionable salon, and her songs sung by grantees at the French court. Never have I witnessed a greater result of the influence of classical inspiration than that which I have often seen, on a select audience of the most crucial critics in the world after having listened a few moments to the sublime strains which this wonderful woman would call forth from the piano or organ without apparent effort, and without the least affectation. Yet these were the kind of minds over whom the eccentric man Kardac shook his ambitious rod of defiance and command. It was such inspirational lights as Madame de Sievers, over whom Kardac aspired to rule and judge, and no one can be surprised at the shameful turn the spiritual affairs of Paris have taken, after knowing what he did, what he taught, and his modus operandi in general. No wonder that Kardac failed to develop any one in a true and beautiful phase of inspiration. No wonder that he left behind him nothing but a system of barbarous rites, absurd stuff, and a set of ignorant nonentities, more disgraceful to the cause of progress in Europe than are the free-lovers and other pretenders to the spiritual cause in America. It is sincerely to be hoped that the Americans have a sufficient loss to carry in combating all sorts of nonsense and error here, without importing Monsieur Allan Kardac's Diakka works to retard their progress, no one can tell how long. The materialism of Parisian society is a queer conglomeration of artistic refinement and sensual pleasure, hence it is difficult, indeed, to meet with any one possessed of sufficient individuality and ideality, to live down the frowns which are cast on the first inspirational efforts of a young beginner. For this reason I relied altogether upon the first advice of my counselor, and sang only when in company with her, and on such occasions as were harmoniously suited to the task which she would impose upon me. In this manner my progress was not rapid but it was sure, for I made no mistakes, and rarely if ever met with any severe criticism. At first I found great difficulty in singing the complicated and classical duets which she would make me sing with her, but after a certain time spent in her presence I began to sing, and play in a new and more elevated style, yet I did not fully develop in the conception of the high phase of this supreme art until a long time after I had left Paris; for, as I said in a previous article, the influence of a

strictly artistic genius is worth more than all the lectures in Paris on art, or all the monuments made by immortal hands in old Rome. In all my experiences throughout Europe, nothing would so inspire me as the direct influence of a great mind. After spending much time in the presence of a great musician like Madame de Sievers, I could not fail to have this proved to me beyond a doubt, and once I really feel the developing influence of a powerful mind, it will remain with us, no matter how brief a time is spent with them. I have sat in the beautiful chateau of the distinguished Madame Garcia and listened, rapt in an ecstasy of delight, to her superb voice; I have heard the most accomplished and gifted singers of Paris during the Empire; I have feasted on the divine strains of Titiens, Francelli, Conneau, and the brilliant galaxy of talent which are brought together every season in London, but have never been inspired by any of these great stars in the firmament of musical glory, so much as by Madame de Sievers, who, although a graduate of the two first musical colleges in the world, is not bound by their science, nor mentally contracted by their rigid training. Other musicians never move out of the beaten path which those of the past have trodden, and although they may sing and compose in an elevated style, they will remain great artists, but never make great musicians. No wonder that the Greeks made music the basis of all things, and made the nine muses the foundation of all forms of art. It is the only real enjoyment of the people of Vienna, Paris and St. Petersburg; of Germany, France and Russia; and without it, the world would soon become barbaric. In Paris no one can give a reception or a soiree of any kind without having good music, and sometimes there are a number of the best artists selected for the occasion, not as they do in America, rely wholly upon persons, who very often can not tell whether they are singing in or out of time, or whether their voices be sweet or disagreeable to the ears of their audience. I also discovered while in Baden Baden that the great triumph of the Catholic Church has been, and is, sublime music, both vocal and instrumental. The Catholic Church has always had, and always cultivated the most elevated and holy form of vocal worship; they have taught it to the multitudes, and instilled it into their schools; they have kept it before the ignorant masses until their crude ears have become accustomed to noble sounds, and their hard hearts softened by continual contact with waves tones of sublime melody. Perhaps I have never experienced a more thrilling power of inspiration as when singing at high mass in some of those old Catholic cathedrals in France and Germany, and notably the church at Baden Baden, where every one in the vast edifice, from peasant to noble, felt the inspired strains of sacred song, as they filled the place from organ to altar. As love begets love, so reverence begets reverence, and if men grow like what they feed on, they will think in the strain of that which moves them. The grand music of the Catholic Church, moves its people to devotion, and that in turn causes a spirit of reverence. Many liberalists of Paris still remain in the church, and perhaps for the best of reasons; they can find nothing better outside; music inspires them; why should they go to the Diakka of Kardac, to be beset with materialism, discord, and in-harmony? Mozart composed his greatest works for the Catholic Church; his inspirations were simply sublime under its influence; Hayden and a host of others, all were moved by a spirit of holy reverence to pour out the sacred fire within them, of love, devotion, ecstasy and religion when composing their great masses and oratorios.

There would be no lofty and divine music in the Roman Church if there were none qualified by the endowments of ideality, sublimity and reverence to listen to it. After all we must go there to hear it, and we can hear it no where else. Beethoven's symphonies must be classed with the most sacred works of Mozart, for they are of the highest known order of inspirational religious music. Notwithstanding the materialism of France and Germany, they can, if it be a high form of classical music more readily discover and appreciate it, than perhaps the people of other countries. I have proved this after spending years in Paris, St. Petersburg and Germany. It is not an easy matter to become developed as an inspirational singer and composer, when surrounded on all sides with people who are little disposed, and not at all qualified to appreciate the lofty tones of sublime music, with all its varied and manifold modes of utterance, and forms of effect. And in the present, when the masses of the people are carried away, body and soul, with every new sensation which makes its appearance among them, it is perhaps as difficult to make progress in a strictly artistic and spiritual sense, as it was for the early Christians to outlive the materialism of the dark ages. The facts appear plain enough to the minds of all who reason with any definite degree of thought, and to those who are always harping against the churches, let me say that I for one, have found ample justice and appreciation within its walls; I have been feted and honored in some of the most ancient and time-consecrated cathedrals of the world, and I can not, after being thus served, but speak with reverence of those who have revered the musical inspirations which have come to the world through me. In America it has been the same as in Europe. Catholics and Baptists in Washington; Jesuits of the old churches of New Orleans and California, besides numerous other denominations, have opened their doors to me with warm welcomes and praise and appreciation in their hearts, some of the priests themselves donating large sums out of their own pockets, to defray professional expenses. The facts are, they hold a mighty power of harmony, reverence and inspiration, and will stand just so long as these principles exist among them.

The most beautiful and classical compositions of Madame de Sievers were also inspired by a religious element; but although one may be inspired to create new harmonies in composition, and new melodies in song, it does not always follow that their faculties of conception in other varieties of form will be on a parallel plane; and the fact that musicians generally, are not fitted for business pursuits, goes to prove that they live in a world of their own, and not in the false excitement of perpetual bustle, sensation and pleasure. Schopenhauer says: "They speak the highest wisdom in a language which their reason does not understand." There is reason in all phases of art, and not less in music than in philosophy. Of sublime music we have had less since the days when Palestrina's inspired works were brought forth in all their beauty and grandeur in the old cathedrals of Vienna, and when Mozart wrote for priests and Beethoven for the

people. The ancient Greeks have left the world the purest form of classical inspirations in words; but it has been allotted to the Germans to give all of the people of the earth the purest of all languages, the most sublime of all harmonies, the most powerful of all consolations. When we think of the vast variety of musical compositions, it is no wonder that the masses are bred upon a vulgar style of effeminate music. The Germans have done this much: raised the standard of this art from a diverting sphere of emotional pleasure to a higher aim and more useful end; not only placing the ear but satisfying the soul; not only diverting the thoughts, but elevating the mind. But they have in many instances risen above the mere conventional forms which speak only of the melodious and the beautiful and the aesthetic, into that of the sublime, whose subtle power of incomprehensible force baffles the abstract minds of the most profound thinkers, and which reveals new complications of reason in as strong a light as the propositions and expositions of great philosophers. Not alone in music have the Germans gone beyond the dreary waste left by the conventional phases of society in the past; they have given the world Goethe, Schiller and Lessing, who were in their sphere, of poetry and literature, what Beethoven, Bach and Mozart were in music. They cut the cord which before their day had held German scholars and philosophers in a cramped and conventional bondage, and were the first to give the literary world a form of thought, no guide but reason, no judge but inspiration, no reward but the justice of time. Goethe truly says of himself in a beautiful sonnet: "I sing as the birds sing, there in the highest branches." He was not taught, as most poets are, but sang like the birds, the purest and most beautiful themes, without troubling his thoughts concerning the rules of men, or the customs of scholars. While the music of Germany is inspirational, that of France is conventional; the one caused by the impromptu of nature's forces; the other, by the laws of the greatest custom. Hence the triumph gained by Madame de Sievers over so many opposing forces, over existing rules, regulations, and restrictions in French society, was the greater, and when we think of the ridicule with which the French oppose all new innovations of reform, it is surprising that a great genius of so pronounced a type as Madame de Sievers should have spent twenty years in a city of frivolity, prejudice and traditional custom, and during that time held legal sway over the feeble and inconstant people who regaled themselves on the superb creations of her inspirations. Paradox as it may seem, the French people possess a spirit of refinement, culture, and spirituality which does not quite harmonize with their sense of materialism and antiquated customs. I saw many persons in Paris, who, if they were living in England or America, I should have expected better things from. It is not at all materialism that seems such; people are affected more by surroundings than they imagine, and those who are possessed of great will power are often influenced by the conditions around them, as much as those of weaker minds. There are some things which none can escape, and a life in Paris or St. Petersburg must always bring with it customs, rules, modes and etiquette which all are obliged to conform to, and which in a greater or lesser degree puts out the fire of inspiration and kindles that of imitative, foison, sensational pleasure, sensual art, and luxurious enjoyments.

Strange that a man like Allan Kardac should influence so many of a people who are known everywhere as a nation which ridicules with profound contempt everything bordering on the absurd. I was astonished to see so many persons of good understanding possessed of his queer mental derangements, well informed on many subjects and well meaning people, but so carried away by their peculiar beliefs that many were not qualified to hold an ordinary conversation in a polite circle of society after having been under the influence of their leader for a short time. Yet these are a tribe which frowns on the religious rites and ceremonies of the church and pretends to give the world a new system of aesthetic culture, a new code of ethics, a new form of religion, and a higher and more elevated inspiration.

If we are to return to a period in the world's history when religion, philosophy and science were in their infancy, let us go back to that of Greece when the people made Gods out of the ideal creations of their vivid and poetical imaginations, and when their greatest error lay in extravagant splendor and luxurious ease, and not in their system of worship, for in that they gave to the world the first and most beautiful ideas of art in all its phases, which is something beyond the power of Kardac's followers. We predicted the downfall of this system, and the society which had an existence when we were living in Paris. A year had not passed when inharmonious, discord and disgrace fell among them, the society separated in two, and confusion baffled their attempts to arouse the disgusted and genteel portion of them to return to the barbaric ways of the selfish and ambitious ring-leaders. Not all the orchestras in the world headed by Beethoven could instill into the hearts of such people the elements of true harmony. They must be left alone to destroy themselves in their strife, as others have before them.

It is with feelings of thankfulness and appreciation that I look back upon those brilliant scenes of music, inspiration and song, which I witnessed in the presence of the elite of France, when my guide and friend Madame de Sievers held so many souls spell-bound by the power and charm of her musical creations. My progress in vocal and instrumental music was rapid and more satisfying after I quitted Paris; the reason of this was, that while I was undergoing a process of first development I could not notice all those little phases of talent and genius, which came to my mind more clearly after I had passed the different experiences with the crucial critics and the great composers. After my success in Germany a marked change took place, and inspiration was no longer dependent on the surroundings of the moment.

A GOOD-BYE AT THE GATE.—On election day William Chestnut, of Lewistown, in company with two sons, went to the mountain to hunt. About noon the boys left for home. On their departure the father requested them to state to their mother that he might be expected home by five o'clock that evening. Not arriving at home on Wednesday morning, 200 men went to the mountain to look for him, and in the afternoon he was found dead with a bullet hole in his left side. The following note in his own handwriting was found by his side: "I fell, and my gun flew back and shot

me. My dear wife and children, meet me in Heaven." How that message from the boundary land of the world to come will be cherished! —Mifflintown (Pa.) Sentinel.

GOOD! GOOD!!

A Seance Under Test Conditions.

BRO: S. S. JONES.—About six weeks ago Bro. Frank M. Baker of this place, opened up a communication with Messrs. Barnes & Little, which resulted in their visiting us during the holidays. They gave four seances. The room occupied was a family parlor, and the cabinet a small chamber connected by a door. Each night the medium was put under test conditions. The room was entirely empty and the windows were fastened down with screws and sealed. The medium was stripped of all his clothing and furnished with a full suit, then securely sewed in his chair and also to the carpet in such a manner that any move on his part would have broken the test threads. The sewing was done partly with a peculiar kind of thread that could not be matched. On two successive evenings the curtains were raised by unseen hands, and the whole person of the medium was seen rocking in his chair, and before the curtain was down the bell was rung, which was six feet from the medium.

There is for the skeptic only one possible theory, that he could get out of his coat, and right there is where the best test was made. All admitted that impossible. During the four seances near fifty faces were seen at the aperture, in ages apparently from newly born babes to very aged persons, over two-thirds of which were recognized. A large number of hands were shown, from the tiny babe to that of the huge blacksmith.

At a private seance Sunday evening an arm of immense length and size was thrust out to the shoulder with fist clinched, and then opened the index finger and pointed at me in a playful manner. The stamp of features were not the same on any two evenings, except those who failed to be recognized the first time. Many of the faces were so distinct you could tell the color of the eyes, and when recognized would smile and bow. My wife recognized her brother when so near to him that he laid his hand in hers. Almost all our hands were touched.

They took a silver quarter from the pocket of the medium and put it in the hand of one of my daughters. They showed a brilliant light, similar to the John King's spirit lamp. Although I have been tedious I can not close without giving two striking instances of spirit power: One in thrusting out the hand until the hand was distinctly seen holding it, and shaking it vigorously without ringing it, then making it tap before taking it in. Let some of our skeptical friends try the feat. The other instance was in moving a common round table across the room while we were waiting for some persons to arrive. I told those being driven by the table to stop it if they could. My son, a stout active young man, braced his feet against the wall with his breast against the table, while the weight of two large men were crushing it into the carpet; and had the table been able to withstand the force they would have been pinned against the wall. All stood with the tips of their fingers on the table except those trying to stop it. After breaking off two legs the table was held up level with a hundred and fifty pounds weight pressing on the projecting side. The force exerted must have been equal to the draft of two horses. Will our skeptical friends tell us where it comes from?

JAS. K. MCGINNIS.

Moline, Ill.

The Parsees of India.

In walking the streets of Bombay, you would not fail to observe certain men of an aspect very different from the mass of turbaned Mohammedans and half-clad Hindus who were passing by and fro. Tall, erect, with fair complexions, attired in long white robes reaching to the calves of their legs; with sleeves twice as long as their arms folded back upon them; short, white pantaloons; and vests of colored and embroidered silk, these men would strike you as having an air of superior intelligence and activity. Upon their heads you could see a singular, miter-shaped cap, made of an immense quantity of dark calico, carefully plumed together, while their feet were encased in curious sandals.

These are the famous Parsees of India, in many respects the most estimable and civilized of the peoples who are settled in the great peninsula. They are only to be found in Bombay and its vicinity and in all number about two hundred thousand. Alike in their history, their appearance, their religion, and their customs, the Parsees are in very striking contrast with their Hindu and Mussulman neighbors. Of Persian descent, the disciples of the great prophet Zoroaster, whose faith was once that of all Persia, their ancestors were driven from their native land by the Mohammedan conquest of Persia, under the Calliph Omar, in the 7th century. A small remnant of the Zoroastrians, indeed, still cleaved to the Persian soil, and were permitted to occupy one of the most barren portions of the kingdom, where a small body of them still lingered, but the mass passed across the Persian Gulf into Hindustan, where they received welcome and protection from the Rajah of Guzerat.

A small territory on the coast of Korkan was granted to them by a Hindu prince, on condition that they should adopt an Indian style of costume, and should always abstain from partaking of the flesh of the ox—a condition which they have faithfully obeyed ever since. When the Mussulmans invaded Eastern Hindustan, the Parsees fought on the side of the Hindus, and thus subjected themselves to the vengeance of the fierce followers of the prophet.

When the English acquired their dominion in Hindustan, they were not slow to discover the virtues of the Parsees, and the value of which the support of so peaceable, intelligent, and energetic a race would be to them. The good understanding between the Parsees and the English has continued ever since; and of all the Indian races, the Parsees are at once the most loyal to the English rule and have the most readily accepted and followed in the grooves of English civilization.

The Parsees of Bombay are the richest, most prosperous, and most active class of merchants in India, the English of Calcutta and Madras alone excepted. It is more due to them than to any others that Bombay has become the great center and emporium of the "trade of Western India. Shrewd and industrious, they are far from being either overreaching or parsimonious. The merchants of European and American cities may well emulate the commercial honesty of this race. They are also lavish, on occasion, with their wealth. Their hos-

pitalities are famous and the best native society is that which gathers in their houses. They are full of public spirit and enter into public affairs with a zeal and intelligence which have been of the greatest service not only to the English, but to the good weal of the native populations of Bombay.

Among themselves they are rather a brotherhood than a class or race. There is a genuine freemasonry among the Parsees, each being always at hand ready to help his fellow; and, thus knit together, they possess that wide and strong influence which is the result of unity. It is no empty boast of theirs that throughout their community there is not a single pauper or a single prostitute. Their schemes of benevolence are so comprehensive and systematic that a poor Parsee is never in want of aid or employment; while a sick Parsee has always a hospital, amply provided with every comfort to which to resort. It is very rarely that a Parsee is ever brought into court, either on a criminal or civil charge. Prompt in the payment of their debts, almost invariably true to their engagements, they are also quiet, orderly, and law abiding. Centuries ago they abandoned the Persian tongue of their ancestors, and adopted that of the Guzerat, which was the place of their first settlement in Hindustan. Gradually the higher ranks of the Parsees have adopted English as their language, and in many Parsee households English is spoken more frequently than Guzerati. Their interest in human affairs is not limited to their trade or their immediate vicinity. The more intelligent Parsee is familiar with events not only in England, but America. It is a very suggestive fact that during our Rebellion some of the leading Parsees sent generous gifts to the Sanitary Commission, as evidence of their sympathy with the Union. In the list of those who contributed to the relief funds raised to help the sufferers in the Boston and Chicago fires appeared the names of some of the wealthy Parsee merchants of Bombay. —Appleton's Journal.

Simon Stringer's Religion.

Simon Stringer was a bluff old farmer. He prided himself on being a plain matter-of-fact man, about whom there was no foolishness or sentiment. On more than one occasion he has mortified his wife and daughters by hustling them out of religious meetings when they had begun to show signs of emotion. He said he didn't believe in "miraculous conversions," and that he whistled and yelped over getting religion, "wasn't gettin' it by a darned sight." He believed that genuine article was soothing and calming, and not exciting in its influence.

Once the Campbellites held a protracted meeting in his neighborhood, and as it was carried on without any sudden outbursts of feeling, Simon took kindly to it and attended regularly. One Sunday morning he told his wife to lay him out two suits of clothes. "Why, Simon?" exclaimed she in her shrill tones, "whatever do you want with two suits of clothes?" "That's my business—not yours," he replied gruffly. "You lay out my black suit for me to put on, and wrap the brown one up in a bundle, and don't ask any foolish questions."

His wife wonderingly but silently complied, and Simon donned one suit, and with the other under his arm, mounted his horse and rode away, followed by the anxious eyes of the big and little Stringers, who marvelled greatly; and said one to another, "What dad goin' to do with his 'other clothes?" Simon didn't return till supper time. He took his place at the supper table, which was the usual signal for the family to begin an onslaught on the victuals, but upon this occasion his voice arrested every arm in its descent, and for the second time that day astonished the Stringers. Glancing around the startled circle he thus addressed himself:

"I want it understood that the head of this house has this day been baptized. He is a follower of the meek and lowly Jesus, and the first critter at this table that dips in to anything before a blessing is asked, 'll get snatched baldheaded. Drop your eyes, ye heathens."

The blessing was asked, and that meal eaten in silence.

After the chores were done, the Stringers were stringing off to bed, when the stern voice of the old man arrested them and filled their minds with grave forebodings as to what was coming next. He addressed them as follows:

"Come into this room every devil of you, and flop down on your knees. It is my duty as a devout Christian, to have a family worship, and I'll have it too, and have respectful attention, or I'll bust some domestic ties asunder. This mansion must resound with praises to the Most High, or it will resound with some one gittin' a h—ll of a thrashin'—I mean being severely chastised. The first one who snickers or makes any onseemly noise, I'll get up and throw a cheer through him, or her, as the case may be. Let us pray."

The prayer was prayed, and never was there a more attentive audience.

This sort of thing continued about two weeks, and the Stringer family was kept in a state of extreme misery. The younger members had been severely whipped for conduct unbecoming the children of a true believer, and the oldest ones had received such harsh reprimands for failing to fall in to the new order of things and comport themselves with due dignity.

"Then one morning Simon came in with a bad limp, a battered milk pail and the knee of his pants torn. Dropping into a chair at the table, he plunged his fork into the nearest dish. The children looked up from the backs of their plates questioning, and their mother squeaked out, "Why, Simon!" "This blessing and prayer business is suspended for awhile. I don't furgit my obligations an' duties as a Christian, an' I'll re-oom'em arter I've conquered that doddled red heifer. The 'arnal critter preesoms too much on my Christian forbearance. Durn a hypocrite. I won't pray when my soul-ain't into it; it's too great a strain. Fur the time bein' I hev descended from grace. Pass the tomattnusses."

A sigh of relief went around the circle, and, if the red heifer had known how she had risen in esteem of a majority of the Stringers, her fractious soul would have leaped for joy.

That was several years ago, and now the red heifer is a cow, and the worst one in the neighborhood. The Stringers say, as they punch and plague her, "Stong's we keep old Red wild, dad, won't get any more o' that awful religion." —E.

We can not be too careful how we play with the English language. One day a married lady of Trenton, while admiring the falls from Watertown Avenue Bridge, remarked:—"Isn't that dam nice?"

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Supposing Spirit Communion is True, What of it?

There is a large class of intelligent people who do not receive the shallow declaration that the phenomena of spirit manifestations "are all the works of the Devil," who do confess to the truth of the phenomena, but inquire, "Supposing it is the work of departed spirits, what of it?"

There is a large class in every community who have been called "anti-hellers." They have seen enough of the false pretenses, of the so-called Christians and their priesthood, to convince them (though very ordinary observers) that their religion is a sham—a mere cloak, to cover up their iniquity and maintain caste with religious sects.

Becoming disgusted with such false pretenses, they set the whole religious institution at naught, and come to the general conclusion that when man dies, that is the last of him, or that if he is to survive the death of the body, it is in accordance with a universal law of nature, and a matter that he can not change for better or worse, and end with the inquiry, "Supposing Spiritualism is true, what of it?"

The last named class do not make the inquiry because they wish to know "what of it," but as a sort of ultimatum response, as much as to say, if it be true, it is of no moment, it don't interest us enough to make us take any interest in the subject.

The fact is, this class do not receive the dogmas of theology, nor do they believe in anything that does not present itself exclusively upon the material plane of life. They see objects in the vegetable and animal kingdoms leaping forth into life—they see the same mature, die and decompose, and as regards the question, "Whence came it, and whither has it gone?" their minds are not exercised, they care not.

There are millions upon millions who mentally, if not audibly, when addressed upon the subject, say, "What of it?" with that indifference that is indicative that they don't wish to talk about it.

But there is a very large and a rapidly increasing class whose souls, on the contrary, yearn to know of the hereafter. They have a hope that there is an after-life, and that the loved ones gone before have now a conscious existence; but of the nature of that life—where the spirits' home is, if they have such, and what may be their occupations, if occupations they have, they have not the least conception. Indeed, their theological teachers leave the subject, (after saying that the spirit has not a body—neither has it length, breadth nor thickness,) with the enunciation—"Great is the mystery of Godliness."

And yet they will tell the people about God—that he is seated on a great white throne, surrounded with angels—flatterers, wearing crowns and playing upon golden harps, who, like the inmates of a Turkish harem in the presence of their Sultan, bow and scrape.

A fair specimen of all religious twaddle, simmered down to its quintessence, can be got at any one of Moody and Sankey's meetings—go and listen to him for one hour, and you will get just as much sound sense as you will by attending upon Orthodox preaching for a lifetime; just as much, we say, because good common sense is not an ingredient of the theological compound!

But what of Spiritualism? Is not that a phase of religion? says the inquirer. I thought it was a new religion. I have heard Spiritualists talk about its being a religion—a new religion. I hope you are not going to deprive the world of its religion!

Oh! no, we shall not try to deprive the world of all that is good in religion by any means. The world is full of good things and always has been. It is full of fragrant, lovely flowers, whose perfume is delicious to the senses—so with religion. The good that it has done for the world is worthy of all commendation. All of that we would by no means discard.

It is its dogmatic creeds—it is that which makes men hate each other—it is that which inflicts torture—it is that which oppresses the poor—it is that which builds up caste in society—it is that which aims at making the rich richer, and the poor poorer—it is that which imposes fear upon the credulous and keeps the common people in ignorance and servitude, which we deprecate, and hope to cast overboard and sink deep beneath the pool of oblivion.

The sweetest scented and most fragrant rose has a thorn just beneath it, and while we would pluck the rose and preserve it in its loveliness, we would avoid the thorn. So while we would save all that is good in the hearts of religious devotees, we would avoid taking to our bosom the old skeleton of past religious dogmas, which has held the world in bondage for untold centuries.

We would receive the good of the past just as we would all that is good in the sciences of Chemistry and Astronomy, though it comes to us through the devotees of Alchemy and Astrology.

It is the good and truthful of the past, present and future, that now is developing, and will continue to develop the Philosophy of Life.

We propose to save the meat, whenever we crack the nut, and when the meat is not worth preserving, we spend no time pecking away at the shell.

When our Spiritualist brethren find a nut that has a meat in it worth their time and patience, it is well to secure it, but when not, spend no time with such, but look further until those be found that were not blighted by early frosts.

Old theology has been the receptacle, and yet is, of millions who can not see anything beyond the sensuous plane of life. To her, such legitimately belong, until the time comes that they can appreciate and desire truth.

The work of Spiritualism thus far has been iconoclastic. It has been well done in that direction! The better classes of thinking people have been made to see the fallacy of "a plan of salvation." With that, necessarily, has gone the doctrine of a vicarious atonement, by the blood of Christ! That gone, the whole list of past and present systems of religion, appears in its mythological nakedness.

Upon Spiritualists devolves the task now of building up the great pantheon of progress—the development of the Philosophy of Life!

This can not be done single handed and alone. It requires a united effort. It calls upon every man and woman who appreciates the truth of Spiritualities to unite together for the purpose of going to the very foundation of visible things, and there search out the moving causes—the fountain of all life. As we see progress from an intelligent use of things in every department of life, we may safely judge that by the same rule and parity of reasoning, we shall make progress in all that appertains to our spiritual being, by like culture.

We see the progress made in our domestic animals by culture—in the fruits of the soil, in the mechanic arts, indeed in everything!

We look down the long line between the most enlightened of our race to the savage, and we see the grand results that spring forth from the development of knowledge in the minds of individuals. We behold knowledge as the Savior. Personify it if you choose wherever you find it developed, and yet it remains a thought, and not an individual.

Now a new avenue of thought is opened up to mortals. Spiritualists appreciate the great truth that the spiritual spheres are in rapport with that of earth. They know that the avenues are open, not only for the reception of knowledge of things of this life, but for the revelation of truths appertaining to the after-life.

This, combat it as the skeptical world may, is the great all-engrossing thought of mortals in the still calm hours, when the daily toils appertaining to the physical plane of life are closed. This is the subject that engrosses the mind when the loved ones have passed the shores of mortal life, and when each individual feels that his own soul is soon to pass the turbid waters where darkness impenetrable overshadows the nether shore!

It is the subject of all subjects, sooner or later to every mortal, deny it as they may, or though in contempt they exclaim, "Well, what of it?" "Well, what of it?" is a subject we will further consider in the future.

Fonteville, Neb.

A correspondent asks several questions in regard to what would be the effect of certain conditions in dark circles. Our reply is that if you would get satisfactory results confine your circles to a few individuals, and such as can preserve the utmost harmony. It is neither time nor place to convince skeptics. As a band of receptive believers, meet regularly—persevere and maintain patience if you would have good results.

THE Russian authorities would not allow the circulation of the number of the Psychische Studien, a monthly published at Leipzig, containing Hudson Tuttle's Scientific Aspect of Spiritualism, although its editor and publisher is Alex. Aksakow, Councillor of State to the Czar.

MRS. H. MORSE is now at South Bend, Ind., and goes to Canada the last of January to lecture for several weeks.

ALBERT PRACE has been released from the Auburn Penitentiary, and is now at Elmira, N. Y.

THE KEY! THE KEY!

Give us the Key that Opens the Doors to the Temple of Nature.

NUMBER V.

SUICIDE! SUICIDE! SUICIDE!!!

QUESTION.—Does a suicide rebel against the Divine Law?

ANSWER.—If there were not a law that permitted suicide, he could not do it. This is what he does: By willfully taking his own life into his own hands and passing into the Spirit-world, he cuts off the avenue of physical experiences, but he also invites those of spiritual experiences. The only difference between the sudden suicide and that which is brought on by continuous disease, is that it is rather the more courageous of the two; because we know of plenty of people, indeed, we scarcely know of one, who is not guilty every day of adding to the suicide which they will eventually commit; and then it is called a dispensation of Providence when they die. There is, however, this to be considered, that every condition which is in violation of the man's conscience, brings about a corresponding penalty. If he thinks it is wrong to take his own life, and then does it, he must, of course, suffer it; if he think it is right, it is not our province to judge.—Extract from Address of Mrs. C. L. V. Richmond, Jan. 7th, 1877.

There seems to be a constant desire on the part of mortals for keys that will open doors that lead to greater felicities, grander scenes, and more varied enjoyments than they are at present having. The counterfeiter tries to invent a key that will enable him to imitate our currency, and thereby be enabled to purchase that which caters to his sensual enjoyment. The midnight thief tries to invent a key that leads to your money vaults, or to your vase of jewelry, and when his object is attained, he feels as triumphant as a general does after murdering 10,000 of the enemy. Others try to reach your wealth through that key known as blackmail, or through the agency of libel suits, or charges that have no foundation in fact. The heartless assassin seeks a key to future emoluments and happiness by murdering some one who obstructs the workings of his ambitious designs. Booth shot Lincoln, Brutus stabbed Casser, and the Catholics beheaded De La Barre in 1776, after having first cut out his tongue and tortured him on the rack, for insulting a wooden cross. They were all seeking keys that would accomplish their own nefarious designs of self-aggrandizement, and shall we say of each one above alluded to, "If he think it is right, it is not our province to judge?" That declaration, though it emanated from a spirit, and was transmitted through the brain of one of our most gifted trance-speakers, receives our unqualified condemnation. Criminals of all grades, after a time feel they are right in becoming murderers, in stealing from those who, in their opinion, have something to spare, and if all should say, "It is not our province to judge them," what pernicious results would follow!

Some unlock the doors of the Spirit-world through suicide, enter there unbidden and uninvited for, the same as the freebooter stealthily enters your back door or window, seeking greater happiness by appropriating your silver ware. Dr. P. B. Randolph, not content with this sphere of existence, fought his way to spirit-life with a revolver in his hand. Hume boldly contends that each human being had a perfect right to dispose of his own life, and even Pliny, the naturalist, asserted that the power of committing suicide, is an advantage which men possess above the Deity himself. One French enthusiast killed himself, and quaintly ordered the fat of his body to be made into a candle for his mistress to read by. Saul, believing it right to take his own life, fell upon his own sword, and thereby forced an entrance into spirit-life. A man lately committed suicide fearing that his family would be left in destitute circumstances, his deserting them, of course, hastening the event. We say, then, that no doctrine as pernicious as this could be inculcated, justifying the action of the miserable self-murderer, and endorsing the idea that a life of happiness immediately awaits him in spirit-life. If a belief that suicide is right justifies different ones in the act, then a belief on the part of any disreputable character, that to steal, lie and murder is right, in order to carry out schemes for plundering the wealthy, would justify him in so doing.

The midnight thief seeks greater happiness by planning and executing a bold robbery, and so enthusiastic does he become in his nefarious undertaking that he verily "thinks" that he is justified in his course. On a distinct parallel with him is the miserable adventurer, the suicide, who forces an entrance into spirit-life, with the same daredevil recklessness. That wise and beneficent power—whatever it is—that forces you into the world, forces you to maturity and old age, needs no special assistance to force you to the grave. Speaking of suicides, A. J. Davis says,—"In this some of the guardians (spirits) rescue unhappy men and women, who are about to shoot, or poison, or otherwise destroy themselves. A guardian angel may save some sad, lone one, who is about to drown herself in the stream. Many suicidal characters are thus saved. Many are not because they can not be approached." Thus we find that there are those in spirit-life, making every effort to prevent the suicide from committing the rash act, even if he "thinks" it is right.

It is rarely the case that animals commit suicide. A forlorn dog once systematically drowned himself in a pool of water. In case dogs could entertain "belief" on the subject, suicide on the part of the canine race might become more frequent. If however, suicide is right, it should be encouraged, and the old and infirm parents, who have through years of hard struggle gained a competence, should be induced to get out of the way as speedily as possible by taking the short route to Paradise, thereby leaving Young America to step gracefully into

their shoes, and have a general time of rejoicing. They may not consider it right to commit self-murder, but a little gentle persuasion would finally induce them to "think," it is right, and they will thereby be induced to take the final step, and all parties would be greatly benefited thereby. This short route to the Spirit-world, is the very one all should shun. The short road to amass riches, is to burst open the vaults of a bank, and equally as disreputable a method to find at once a better home, and more soul-enchanting bliss, is to destroy the vital spark of your body. Nature is never hasty in her growth, development and decay. Men are hasty to become wealthy, and they steal; hasty to attain a high position, and they use corrupt means to at once accomplish their object; hasty to secure greater happiness and more enchanting scenes of enjoyment, hence "thinking" it is right, commit suicide; in all these cases, however, bad effects follow, and in the end less happiness is realized. It is not strange that spirits occasionally endorse suicide. What damnable vagary and contemptible nonsense have they not endorsed? The Spirit-world is inhabited by those who once lived on earth, and if not better informed, still entertain the same opinion as they did here. It will not do to endorse suicide by even a faint shadow of justification. This world is enough of a charnal house already without having self-butchered adopted for the various ills of life. It is an insult to every law, human and divine, for a man, woman or child, to deliberately commit suicide. In New Jersey, not long since, a little girl attempted to take her life, because she had been naughty and felt bad about it, and another because her little companion had died and she would be lonesome without her. The application of a little birch in these cases, might have been useful, and acted as a counter-irritant. But when we consider that nine-tenths of the adult human family are merely grown-up babies (they "feel badly" over something real or imaginary, and straightway take the suicide's route to the Spirit-world), we can readily see the pernicious effects that would follow from a general belief that to commit suicide is right.

You who are contemplating suicide, pause before you take the fatal step. Your "belief" does not justify you in immolating yourself and shocking the nerves of humanity generally. If you hasten the blooming of a bud, by picking off the delicate leaves that envelop it, you retard its future growth and development, and it is true, too, that if you force the spirit from its casket of clay, by self-butchered, you seriously retard its natural unfoldment for the body performs as sacred a mission to the spirit, as the bud to the beautiful blossom it holds in embryo. (To be continued.)

Why are Mediums Neglected and Kept in Poverty?

A Lecturer makes the above inquiry. One cause is the inability of mediums to see the proper steps to be taken to accumulate wealth.

Good financiering appertains almost exclusively to the physical plane of life. Mediums are negative, hence every sharper takes advantage of them, and to that end will when a good medium is well situated, tell him or her how much better it would be to follow his advice. Such mediums lend a willing ear, supposing the lachrymose new found friend to be capable of doing all that he makes pretensions to.

We have often done our very best to bring good mediums before the public, in a manner to be of great benefit to the medium as well as to the public at large. But no sooner had we done so than some one—a sapient friend to such a medium, stepped in and got a listening ear, and not until it was too late to retrace his steps did he see that the voluble friend was a knave, who cared really only for himself.

This is not our experience alone, but it is the experience of thousands of people who have done their very best to promote Spiritualism by providing for mediums.

It is not the fault of mediums—they are psychological subjects, who are easily misled, especially by the soft words of a long or short haired, slick tongued knave—just such characters as a man of ordinary common sense would set down as a villain on sight.

If good mediums could be protected from the influence of such psychologizing vampires, be they in the garb of men or women, the erratic and disgraceful results would not follow from the development of mediumship, that often now does.

Mediums above all others need the sympathy of intelligent people. They are now like the ripe thistle seed, inclosed in its fragile balloon, that is wafted hither and thither by every wind that blows. They are the easy prey of the soulless of both sexes.

And do you ask when and what is the remedy? We answer the remedy exists in well organized societies of Spiritualists.

Such Societies will throw a magnetic shield around good mediums, and shut out the influence of the vile vampires that care not for the ruin that follows in the slimy wake they leave wherever they travel.

Let mediums be cared for—give them good homes—the best your houses afford,—give them a compensation worthy of their heaven-born calling, and drive the vampires away from your doors, and you will receive through such mediums, communications, fresh from the loved ones in Spirit-life, instead of the insipid twaddle from the unprincipled Diakka, who is a fit companion of Mr. or Mrs. Stick who are ever boasting of their influence and ability. Our best spirit artists are alike subject to

the shallow pretenses of men and women, whose interests are foreign to that of the medium and the cause he is an exponent of. There is scarcely one that has not been broken up and had their business ruined time and time again, by these shallow, selfish pretenders and whilom friends.

It is a solemn fact that both mediums and Spiritualists, have (from the day of the first tiny raps at Hydesville, been beset by vampires and knaves, as mean and unprincipled as ever disgraced any of the old religious sects—Methodism not excepted.

The remedy is by the united fostering care of the better class of Spiritualists, organically exerted.

Presumptuous Ignorance.

A specimen of which the Orthodox revivalist furnishes; and with truth it may be said the priesthood of all ages of the world, not excepting our own, enlightened as it is, have arrogated to themselves the place and position of dictators to man and to God.

Now, there is Bro. Moody, who is not a Spiritualist; oh, no! and has no knowledge upon the subject of the condition of the soul or spirit in spiritual life—he would resent with scorn and contempt the accusation that he did have the least bit of knowledge about it, especially if it were said that he had gained that knowledge through investigation of natural phenomena; yet he has taken it upon himself to say that "No unregenerate son will ever after death see the face of his godly, and praying mother" (Times report Jan. 1st, 1877), which is a conclusion of fact involving eternity, and which, to be established, requires proof, first: that some sons of godly and praying mothers remain in a state of "unregeneracy" for all eternity to come after death; and, secondly, that there is an insuperable barrier between all unregenerate sons and their godly and praying mothers, which is to remain throughout all eternity.

Now we venture to say that to sustain these statements, this self-appointed apostle of the Most High, can not bring a scintilla of proof; and as bald assertions merely, they can have no lodgment as truth in the thinking mind. — But Mr. Moody does not think; that is not his business, and besides, if he did think he would be in danger of losing his own soul and also be unqualified to save others—from thinking. No doubt he has been, told at some time in his earlier life, while laboring under great mental excitement and the subject of a psychologic epidemic, that one Jesus Christ was sent into this world to be killed and sent out of it again, because God had been wicked and foolish enough to make man in such a bungling manner, that he was unfit to live in any place in the universe after death, except a lake of liquid fire, a bottomless pit, or some other congenial (?) abode; and the poor fellow has been laboring under the hallucination ever since. Let us pray for his salvation from this blighting thralldom. Had it not been for his high comprehension and insight (?), or something about him that enabled him to be "influenced" by the spirit of the Lord, he would have been an "unregenerate son" to-day, and then his "godly and praying mother" would have been pleased to know that her once innocent babe should never be permitted to look upon her serene and tranquil countenance again, and the happy thought no doubt would have thrilled the very center of her mother's heart.

The great wonder is that every mother's heart in that vast audience, who were insulted by the blasphemous and ungodly thought, did not give united expression to their true and natural impulse and brand the assertion as it deserves—a monstrous libel on humanity!

But there is hope for Bro. Moody, as there is for every human being. It may take untold ages for his soul to get out from under the cloud, but so sure as the sun shines an all-wise Parent has placed man in a realm of unceasing progress and linked him with a long line of onward marching souls, and if he but do his duty while in this time-bound sphere he may rest assured that he shall not be cut off from a glorious life hereafter.

We do wish that Bro. Moody and all mankind would get converted to Spiritualism and the beautiful truths it gives us.

A RELIGIOUS ENDORSEMENT.

"One of the Handsomest Papers in the Country."

"The RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, the organ of the Spiritualists, published in this city, marked the first issue of the new year by appearing in new handsome type. The present 'dress' is a decided improvement over the old one, and makes of the JOURNAL one of the handsomest papers in the country. It is otherwise also improved.—Sunday Times, Chicago, Jan. 7th.

Bro. Storey spends much money and employs the best talent, to make his Sunday edition a truthful organ for all sects and societies. During the earlier years of his undertaking the clergy and priesthood endeavored to injure his paper because it not only "never told a lie," but also ferreted out and informed their heretofore confiding parishioners of many truths supposed to be forever hidden. Now, with the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL to take these pious (?) fellows after the Times has scored them into contrition, and kindly teach them the grand truths of the Philosophy of Life, they feel differently. The leaders of Orthodoxy while still regarding the Times with more fear than love, have learned that it is better to submit to fate and the genius of the age. They now seldom deal in invective and vituperation when speaking of this lancet which though cutting to

Reply to J. M. Peebles on "Darwinism."

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

My long-time intimate and esteemed friend, J. M. Peebles, has thought himself called on to reply to my criticism on his pamphlet on "Darwinism." I should not write this rejoinder did he not demand it. He, as well as every reader of the JOURNAL, kne^ the authorship of the criticism, and it was not from any desire to conceal it that I did not sign my name. It is best that the Review Department remain impartial, as if it were free and impartial, and only to certain articles have I been accustomed to sign my name. This will assure Brother Peebles that it was not from any desire to attack his position in secrecy, and in fact I wrote him previous to the publication that I had been compelled to dissent strongly from his views. My friend "demands" further a reply, and a discussion, assuring me that he is armed to the teeth and eager for the fray. As he is a "peace man," and a harmonious philosopher, and prides himself in being like the meek and loving John, will he first tell me wherein such a rencounter will differ in principle from a pugilistic combat? If one should propose to decide the truth or falsity of Darwinism by a fist fight, it would be considered ridiculous, but should I accept this gauge of battle, would the result be more in evidence? In one case, one of the other might be physically weaker, and get punished; in the other some mental defect might trip and vanquish. A theological question may be settled by words, but a question of science can only be disposed of by facts. Darwin has several large volumes, and Haeckel and Huxley, and Lyell and Wallace, and Gray and a score of others, have written, and a newspaper column would be a narrow arena to discuss this question, vast as the realm of life.

Friend Peebles does not quite understand the province of a reviewer. This is not to enter into a discussion on the opinion the reviewer forms of the books under consideration. If this was demanded, there would be no end to wrangling. He simply gives his opinion, which should be honest, just and impartial. It was in this manner I reviewed my friend's pamphlet. It was not a welcome task. The angels knew how much rather I would praise a book than censure. But unless honest, a review is worse than useless, it misleads the reader, and destroys the character of the reviewer. It was not because Mr. Peebles objected to Darwinism that I opposed him, but because he arrayed Spiritualism against science as expressed by Darwinism, and in the latter I thought he had made a great vital mistake. It was like arraying theology against astronomy or geology. Hence I do not feel called on to discuss the objections my friend makes to Darwinism. Those who are in anywise posted on the subject know wherein he speaks incorrectly, yet I would point to a few of his misstatements, simply because they somewhat impeach my criticism.

He says, "Darwinism is on the decline, is old and grayed with folly." Yes, Darwinism, or the Theory of Evolution, is not new. It first found scientific utterance through the immortal Gothe, Lamark, St. Hillaire, and its profound approach towards demonstration through Darwin. It fought its way by its truth. Dr. Asa Gray, who since the death of Agassiz ranks first among the savants of America, in his late work, "Darwiniana," says that the naturalists of England, Germany and the United States are to-day almost a unit for Darwinism, and Prof. Morse's recent address at Buffalo before the American Association, shows how enthusiastically the theory is received. Agassiz bitterly opposed, but all his most promising pupils are now Darwinians. Lyell opposed at first, but is now a firm supporter.

"The Evolutionists are successful along the whole line, as the absence of any champions to resist the arguments of Spencer, Tyler, Tyndall, Huxley, Hooker and others, prove." Haeckel, Buchner, and all German naturalists, the leaders of the Royal Society, and of the American Association of Science, after a life-time study, have accepted the theory of creation by evolution, as expressed by Darwin. Mr. Peebles, after reading some of their writings, sets down to attack single handed the banded scientific world, and calls these leaders, after calm deliberation, "surface thinkers." It is certainly brave and daring, perhaps some might think quite otic.

He states the theory, but we dare say Darwin would never recognize it as his own. Darwinism does not teach that "Ascendancy or one-nostrilled lampreys" can "become men," nor that "iron" is "intellect," or that "Phosphorus" can "think," or that "man proceeded from monkeys." Mr. Peebles has strongly misunderstood the theory. He makes a distinction between "evolution" and "Darwinism," and according to his definition of the former, there certainly is. He defines the same in his pamphlet, but I failed to understand, nor does the present definition make the subject less dark.

"Evolution implies pre-existing God-atoms, soul-germs, cells, monads, types, physical matter and spiritual substance, all these and more to be evolved from; and further, that a superior force, which I denominate divine spirit, acting upon, evolved therefrom the various forms and individualized entities that people worlds and measureless spaces." What are "God-atoms"? What are "Soul-germs"? "Evolved from"—from what? Did not the "Divine Spirit" act through laws, and is not Darwinism an attempt to indicate these laws?

This is not scientific language, my friend. It is cheap and unmeaning, while science is accurate in its statements. "Precious little respect can I have for this Godless, Christless irreligious, I may add blatant Darwinism," says Mr. Peebles, wherein he shows that the virus of his early theological training still festers in his blood. Oh, my friend, if you seek the highlands of science, do not talk in the language of the priest. Do not suppose your prejudices will decide the least question, nor calling pet epithets lead to final decision.

Mr. Peebles says, "My reviewer's effort to press A. R. Wallace into his service, really amuses me. I have the honor of that gentleman's acquaintance and friendship. He is an evolutionist, but not a Darwinian." Prof. Schmidt, in "Descent and Darwinism," one of the volumes of the International Scientific Series, says, p. 164, "We have already incidentally mentioned a man who, although not so eminent as Darwin, has the glory of having independently discussed the law of natural selection, and of having, after Darwin had come forward with his fundamental work, supported the theory of selection by a profession of original observations. This is Alfred Russel Wallace." Priority of discovery has always been claimed for him, and admitted by Darwin himself, but he failed to publish his theory first

(See Contributions of Natural Selection, by A. R. Wallace). What has the character of the Darwins to do, with the truthfulness of this theory? What weight has Carlyle's spleen in Science, wherein he knows next to nothing? "That prince of Scholars" says Mr. Peebles, pronounces them "atheist" all! That is like Mr. P.'s reasoning in regard to the writer's dog. He is an ugly mean dog, hence he can't reason? "But ugly mean men reason!" Darwin is an "atheist," hence his theory is false! But in the mention of these unimportant objections, I am filling space which should be devoted to the main subject. Darwinism as I said, was not the issue. This was the opposition of Spiritualism to its exposition of creation.

We saw this with regret, for it was choosing an unfortunate battle ground. Spiritualism is already beset with difficulties. It has been dragged down by selfishness and rascality, and the rubbish of the past has been taught as its philosophy. It has been made to accept re-incarnation, and the vagaries of Occultism in the face of science, and now it is brought in direct antagonism. Darwinism explains the process by which man was evolved, and Spiritualism should explain as a direct continuance of that theory, how spirit is evolved by and through humanity, and the laws of its existence. One complements the other. All in all becomes, as S. S. Jones has admirably expressed it, the Philosophy of Life. There is no antagonism, no contradiction. Admit Spiritualism and the evolutionists will have to correct their theory by the new light, but it will remain essentially the same. This is the only course for a scientific accurate study of spirit.

If this method is rejected, we drift into the fog of speculation, and sail a chartless sea. Does Mr. Peebles or any one else think this desirable? Creation is a unit; there is no change in the plan of causation, from "sea-slime" (amoeba) to spirit. Mr. Peebles is an urbane gentleman, sincere, and we do not believe he would knowingly make a misstatement. To us the tone of his reply is incomprehensible. Had he carefully read, it is not possible he would have written: "Darwinism derives entity from non-entity—the unconditioned from the conditioned—motion from inertia—consciousness from unconsciousness—moral reason from blind instinct—spirit from matter, and Caucasian men and women from long tailed apes." Impossible, because every one of these statements are erroneous. I regret he demanded a reply, for otherwise we should have allowed him to have presented his subject in silence on my part, considering my office as critic performed. That "Shepherd dog" lies tranquilly at my feet, never having been "brutally beaten" by me, and promises that whenever our friend sojourns again with us from the fatigues of travel, he will under no provocation "growl" at him. He says it is true that at the various times you have been here, you and he were always quarreling, and that he now deeply regrets it, as he forgot the advantage you had of him, for you could write him up in the papers, and he can not reply on you.

Letter from Albert Peace—He is Free! MY VERY DEAR FRIEND:—I thank God and the good angels, I am free once more; I am in the seventh heaven. Rejoice with me, and publish the glad tidings to all of our dear friends. Dear Bro. Jones! how much have I to thank you for, as well as a myriad of other dear ones? God bless you all. If you could only know how happy I am to-day; how earth seems as the seventh heaven, you would feel amply rewarded. It is impossible for you to realize my strange, happy sensations to-day; you would have to suffer fifteen years imprisonment to do so, and may God preserve you from such a soul-killing fate. Four spirit prophecies concerning my release, were fulfilled to-day. One a vision of mine while in jail; one a spirit poem from a medium in 1872; one from Maria M. King, and one through Bro. Mansfield. Also through Bro. M., I was told that "the track was laid whose cars would convey me from place to place, to preach God's love to mankind." I don't know about this being realized, but I do know that if I had the whole world for an audience to-day, that I could deliver such a lecture in evidence of the reality of Spiritualism, as few mortals ever heard. I am devoted to the cause which has saved my life more than once; I feel that I must use my developing powers to unfold more mediums; and, oh, how I yearn to be able to publish my "Excursion to Heaven," and my "Descent into Hades," which the higher intelligences design as a special "De Propaganda Fide" for Spiritualism.

Truly Yours, ALFRED PEACE. Auburn, N. Y. Appreciative.

WHEREAS:—The course of Lectures, just concluded by Mrs. Rachel Walcott, have been replete with interest and instruction, as well as with the ennobling truths and inspirations of true Spiritualism; therefore, Resolved, That we recognize in her Lectures, a force and power equal at least to any which have been delivered before the society, during the year which is now closing. Resolved, That our thanks are eminently due to her and her controlling influences for the able and eloquent manner in which they have discoursed to us during the current month. Resolved, That the officers of the society be requested to affix their signatures to this preamble and resolutions, and forward the same to the Spiritualist papers for publication.

LEVI WEAVER, Conductor, JOHN FRIST, Ass't Conductor, WILLIAM LEONARD, Treasurer, GEORGE BROOM, Secretary, GEORGE W. SALTER, Librarian.

During the last few years a number of translations of the Norse Sagas have appeared in England and America. Taking the remarkable translation of Professor Anderson, of Wisconsin University, of two of the finest of these Sagas as a text, Professor H. H. Boyesen, of Cornell, has prepared for the March Number of The International Review a somewhat elaborate paper on the Saga Civilization; the literary and social ideals of that age, as illustrated by the Sagas. Prof. Fiske, of Cornell, and Prof. Boyesen have between them, privately, the only complete library of this literature in the United States.

Mr. and Mrs. Rilly Mediums. Mr. and Mrs. Rilly are located at 348 State Street, Chicago. They come to this city from Philadelphia, bearing good recommendations as clairvoyant and test mediums. Their terms (\$1.00) are so reasonable that any one desiring communion with departed friends can afford to patronize them.

MAYSVILLE, MO.—L. H. Weatherly desires to correspond with some good lecturer in regard to giving a course of lectures at his place. Will Bro. Fishback address him on the subject? Bro. J. H. Fishback's address is Webster Grove, Mo.

Passed to Spirit-Life. Passed to Spirit-Life, Jan. 8th, 1877, from Courtland, DeKalb Co., Ill., GEORGE WILCOX, only son of James and Welby Wilcox, in the ninth year of his age. His disease was scarlet fever and diphtheria combined. Both parents are firm believers in the Harmonial Philosophy, and the little GONON will benefit them as of old, though they may not behold his form.

ONLY PASSED OVER. Gone to the beautiful land of the blest. Gone where the weary ones peacefully rest. Gone to the hills and the valleys of life. Gone where the glories of heaven are rife. Only the grimmest of death left behind. Death of the body—not of purest mind. There, in the home of the wise and the just. GONON is waiting and watching for us. Only another link clasped in the chain. Only another soul born without stain. Only the passing from twilight to day. Silently crept he, without word or wall. Out of the midnight and into the gray. Over the river and under the veil. Peacefully, joyfully crossed o'er the wave— Only the feeble form left for the grave. Out in the moon when he crossed o'er the tide. Streamlet and forest were dressed as a bride. Nature had, soothed from her cold, wintry mimes. Rose gems of frost with outstretched hands. Flinging them gracefully over his breast. Feathers sprays formed her beautiful dress; Out through it all GONON crept to his rest— One more pure soul in the home of the blest. Mrs. O. B. MATTHEW. Chicago, Jan. 8th

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