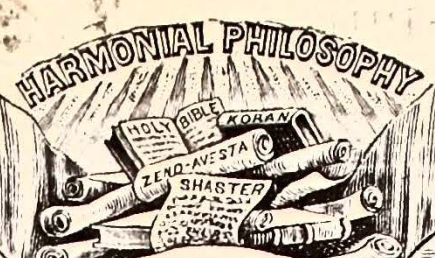
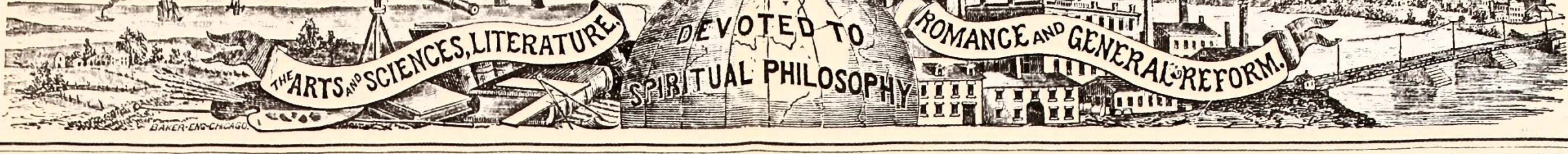


RELIGIO PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL



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

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RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION, PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

CHICAGO, JUNE 16, 1866.

VOL. II.—NO. 12.

Consolation. Not in this world, where every hope is fading, Shall weary pilgrim souls like ours find rest, Where death and change, each hour our steps invading, Snatch from our hearth and heart each cherished guest.

though still attracted to it was able to move entirely independent of it, with an ease and freedom which I had never before possessed. I may say here that one object in keeping the body after the separation of the spirit is that spirits may learn this fact. I had a very great sense of weariness, which I am told is always experienced by those who pass from the earth life suddenly and by violence of any kind.

portance to men, not only in reference to themselves as individuals, but also to their actions toward each other. By a singular and beautiful gradation, consciousness rises from a very low degree of perception in the mineral, through the various grades of vegetable and animal life, up to man, in whom, in addition to the chemical and sensational perception, is added the wonderful and interesting phenomenon of soul perception, a perception by which one soul recognizes not only its existence here and there in the external consciousness of earth life which had appeared to it as the first real consciousness, but it traces with more or less clearness the ante natal consciousness which runs back to an eternity in the past, as real as the looked for eternity of the future.

the causes which led to that dreadful act which marks a lower depth of degradation in humanity than has ever before been reached, because the demoniacal increases just in proportion as the divine and celestial are outwrought in men and angels. The assassin was a man of the most towering and unscrupulous ambition, and was surrounded by a band of the most wicked spirits that the infernal system of slavery had ever brought into existence. Royal arch fiends of human descent, their crimes had landed them in the inner life, and they sought the murder of Abraham Lincoln before he took the Presidential chair, as he passed near the city of Baltimore. They were frustrated in their evil designs, but still they tried various other schemes, some of which were discovered, but many of which the spirits alone could reveal to you, and all of which were frustrated by influences on this side.

witness these scenes from the standpoint of inner life, they would never encourage such assemblages. They have done well in many places in America in establishing separate confinement in prisons. This system should be extended, and no meetings of criminals should be permitted, for they not only contaminate each other, but draw together similar masses of degraded and evil spirits, who not only strengthen each other in the interior life, but add fuel to an unholy flame on the mortal plane. There never has been and there never can be an effect without a cause, and these things are so palpably evident all around you that it seems impossible that you should doubt the cause, especially when it is found to be one over which you may have some control.

NARRATIVE OF DR. JOHN W. HUGHES, WHO WAS SENT INTO THE INNER LIFE, IN OBEDIENCE TO THE DECISION OF A JUDICIAL TRIBUNAL, FROM CLEVELAND, OHIO, ON FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 9TH, 1866.

BY HENRY T. CHILD, M. D. 634 Race St., Philadelphia.

On the 22d of March, 1866, as I was riding along the streets of Philadelphia, a strange and impressive feeling came over me, and I heard the well-known and familiar voice of a dear friend, long since an inhabitant of the inner life. He said: "Now, brother, thou art to be made to sympathize with and to suffer for one who has very recently passed into the inner life—a brother with a fine education and noble talents, who, by yielding to a low and groveling appetite, became the victim of many vices." I then saw the haggard form of one who had been the victim of a deep and trying ordeal.

the desire for earth life was in a great measure overcome by the consciousness that it was irretrievably lost. I perceived very clearly that it was a very great disadvantage to me to be thus prematurely introduced into spirit life. I felt the kind of satisfactory submission that mortals feel to what they know to be an irreparable loss, and the natural effect was to look for some compensation. I had never been opposed to capital punishment until I was sentenced to be the victim of it. I now perceived clearly that there were great principles underlying the sacredness of human life, and that when mankind understood these fully, this relic of barbarism would certainly pass into its merited oblivion. I was now introduced to the society of spirits, who were capable of appreciating my feelings and instructing me in regard to this subject, and I was at once an eager and willing pupil. Education or the preparation for the reception of truths is almost wholly dependent upon our own conditions. Truths lie around us for years, and some internal change or experience awakens a desire and a necessity for them, and we take them in and wonder that we could have passed them by so often and never appreciated them. When men come to learn that it is their experiences and often the most painful of these that fit them for the reception of high and important truths, they will look upon suffering in a different light from the present one. The human soul, like iron in the hands of the smith, must be heated and hammered upon the anvil, before it can be welded and molded into the most useful and beautiful forms. Every one can look back and see how this heating and hammering process has been to him the most profitable of his life, and though I cannot recommend the terrible ordeal of capital punishment to any one as a means of bringing to him a valuable experience, yet candor prompts me to say that it is a lesson that has given me an amount of truth that I could only have obtained by long years of patient toil and suffering.

Who is there among the most enlightened that has applied himself diligently to the acquisition of all the knowledge which belongs to this plane, and can thus stand upon that high moral and spiritual pinnacle of which Jesus spoke when he said of a certain woman, "she hath done what she could?" If it be wrong, as I think every one must admit it is, to shorten human life by ignorance or neglect of the laws of health, how much more so is it to do so wilfully, and with a fixed determination to take it away. The person, who in a fit of passion, or when reason and judgment are dethroned by alcohol, takes away the life of a fellow being, perhaps without knowing what he is doing, has some excuse for the act. They who deliberately sit in judgment and coolly determine to take away human life, can have no excuse. They cannot plead that of self-protection, since prison walls and guards can protect society far better than the gallows. In proof of this, I perceive already that many of those who have been sent reluctantly to untimely graves by the hand of the public executioner, and even those who before they have left the world have made a profession and confession and obtained by a hot-house process an infusion of magnetism called religion, have come into the dark and low conditions of this world to which they naturally gravitate, since every spirit does go precisely to that state to which its interior condition draws it, notwithstanding all the external appliances which ignorance fancies that it brings around it in the empty and hollow forms of a profession of religion. Such spirits are always near the earth, and find in low and debased natures mediums through whom they can wreak their vengeance upon society, and with a blindness peculiar to their condition they make murders much more frequent, so that statistics show that crimes increase in proportion to the number of executions. Men in their ignorance have attributed this to public executions, and in many places have made judicial murders, private affairs, exhibitions to which a few favored ones only can be admitted. I tell you, however, the cause lies further back than this and I wish you to proclaim it to the world, that every man who is executed comes back to or rather remains with you, for we cannot get away from earth with the spirit of vengeance in our hearts. I speak positively, for I know my own feelings, and had it not been for kind and loving friends, who removed me from certain surroundings, I would have gladly imbrued the hands of some medium in the blood, first of those whom I looked upon as my murderers, and falling of this, I should have sought indiscriminately to take away human life. So I am told most of those who come here in this manner return to do much more evil on the earth than the most demoniacal individual could possibly do, especially one confined within the walls of a prison. I do not object to punishment for crime, but I do object to the repetition of murder as a cure of it, and no man living can maintain that capital punishment, which is a relic of barbarism taken from the old Mosaic law, can possibly be reconciled to the beautiful golden rule.

Two important suggestions arise here: First—Society should learn to protect and train those mediums, whose low conditions draw around them undeveloped spirits, and who instead of being punished and persecuted, are deserving of great commiseration. When, instead of imprisoning and degrading and even sending into the inner life by judicial or other murders, you will learn to place them in the midst of such surroundings as will tend to relieve them as much as possible from these influences, and thus train and educate them as you would weak and sick minds, so that they may be restored to health and happiness, then you will deal justly by them. Secondly—When you learn to hold sacred and positively inviolate human life, and do everything you possibly can to arrest the tide of emigration of these unfortunate ones, naturally running rapidly towards this sphere, for the wages of sin is death; when not only shall judicial murder be entirely abolished, but when especial efforts shall be made to avoid all causes that encourage or even permit crime and vice, and thus tend to shorten human life; when unfortunate and badly organized children shall not be educated in jails, penitentiaries and low haunts of vice, but shall as far as possible, be separated from like companionship, and sent from the crowded and dissipated city into the open country to commune with nature and breathe an atmosphere physically and spiritually purer; when parents and teachers shall seek to remove and prevent the causes of vice, rather than by hasty and injudicious corporeal punishment to plant them more firmly in the mind; then and not until then will crime decrease upon the earth. I have visited some of your so-called courts of justice and have seen the terrible throng of human beings, and the still more degraded and repulsive throng of low and undeveloped spirits. I know that if men could

The means of progression here are very varied and just such as are best adapted to the individual needs of each, hence no fixed rules can be laid down, but I will offer a few suggestions as to them: First, then, while it is impossible to change the interior feelings and desires of a newborn spirit from his natural and accustomed conditions; and while they will always draw him into surroundings adapted to him; still there are always dissatisfied spirits, even in the lowest circles, who have become wearied with the routine of their lives, and the first step towards progression, which many of these feel, is a strong desire to save others from the sufferings through which they have passed. Even while they may continue in apparently the same condition, they find a pleasant labor with newborn spirits who come among them, and instead of plunging them deeper into the mire, they help them very kindly into conditions which enable them to escape much suffering. The first step being thus taken, others a little more advanced find themselves attracted to these newborn spirits, and thus is the pathway of progression fairly opened to them. Many of the earthly surroundings which obstructed their onward movements, being now removed or left behind, they go on rapidly. Among the influences for weal or woe that act with great power upon spirits, that of mortals must be recognized. These act in a similar manner to those of the spirits. Every condition of humanity, even that which you consider the most isolated and uninfluential, has its power upon the inner life—a power which should be better understood by men, both for their own sakes and those of the spirits. The high and noble aspirations that thrill the human breast awake a response in many spirits who hover around the earth scenes and receive the impressions which rise continually from such sources.

Men are continually subject to varied emotions, which come and go like tidal currents in which what are called good and evil, rise and fall. According to their particular feelings will be the varied influences acting upon those around them. Hence in a single day mortals will attract to themselves a great variety of spirits from different planes, and their own emotions are in turn modified by the conditions of the spirits who are thus attracted, for the influence is not confined to either side, neither is the responsibility for your or our actions confined to the narrow limits of our immediate surroundings, but there are deeper and more intense currents which, though but little understood, are potent for good or evil. Spiritualists have learned at least two new truths of vast importance, and are daily presenting the evidences of these to the world: first, that spirits from the inner life exercise a powerful influence upon mortals; and second, that the reverse of this proposition is true, and mortals are continually throwing an influence upon the dwellers in the inner temple. These influences are but an expression of the interior condition of the spirits and mortals from whom they emanate. It should be known that a large class of spirits are so undeveloped as to be much more under the influence of mortals than of spirits. Hence the importance of your labors for the elevation, not of yourselves alone, but of the spirits who are attracted to you by your conditions. A very little matter will sometimes bring a spirit into rapport with a mortal. Thus, for instance, I was strongly impelled by a very common desire to return and relate my experiences here. I had never known or heard of you, but being told by a spirit for whom you had performed a similar service to that which you are now doing for me, that you could and ho

I may state here that for several years I have been in the habit of seeing and conversing with departed spirits, and they are to me as real as any human beings. I generally feel their presence very much as I do that of human beings still in the form. To some I am attracted, to others I am indifferent, and from others I am strongly repelled. My uniform rule is to endeavor to treat all with kindness and courtesy, and if it is in my power to aid them, I willingly do it. This is the rule with spirits and mortal alike. I felt more than a willingness to receive this brother, and as he perceived it a smile lighted up his countenance, and approaching me, he said: "Brother, I am impelled by an irresistible power to relate to you all that I can of my experiences in this life. I feel that by coming to you I can arrange in detail the events, which in the whirl of excitement that swallowed me up for a time after I left the form, have been very much confused. The narrative published in the Chicago RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, and comprehended by me as you read it, gives all the account that is needed of my earth career and experiences. You know that the deep undercurrent of human life can never be described. It belongs to each individual soul, and it is a great triumph for any of us when we can lean upon this reality and look upon the superficial and misunderstood experiences that bring down the frown of the world upon us, and say of those who thus misunderstand us, "Father, forgive them, they know not what they do." During the last days of my earth life I had some very singular experiences and feelings which were not at all appreciated or comprehended by myself at that time. The vague and indefinite utterances which I gave were but faint expressions of feeling which could not possibly be communicated by any language. I did not realize their true meaning until after I came into the interior life. I summoned all the fortitude I could for the trial hour of my life, and appeared to the spectators to be a bold man, but this was much assumed, and I suffered for it, as we must always suffer for that which is not real. In the execution I did not suffer much pain, and I am told that my unconscious condition lasted about four hours, which is said by my friends here to be much shorter than is usual in such cases where judicial murder is perpetrated upon a human being. I am told that not only was my condition of unconsciousness shortened, but the realization of the objects around me in this life was much more clear and satisfactory from the experiences to which I have alluded and in which, as I now see, my spirit friends were enabled to come into close rapport with me prior to my passage from the external form. My first consciousness was dim and imperfect. I saw the old body and was thus made aware of the fact that I was no longer a tenant of it, because I was above it, and

thought would enable me to do what seemed to be an important duty, and through his influence being introduced to your band, and having obtained their consent and assistance, I have given you the account of my feelings and experiences. I feel much relieved by this, and know that it will be a blessing to myself, and hope it will serve a good purpose for many others.

Without any desire to boast, I rejoice to perceive that those impulses and desires of my nature, which would lead me to progress, have been awakened and strengthened. While I recognize that there must be more or less difficulty owing to my past life and habits, still I am cheered with feelings of hope that each onward step will render the journey more easy and enable me to do that which appears to be right, and while I am thus helping myself I shall have the consciousness of helping others also. In presenting my thanks to you and through you to many others who have helped me by kindly feelings, although they may have been unconscious that they have thus been conferring a blessing upon a stranger, I desire to say to you and to all my friends that I shall ever feel grateful for these things, and endeavor in all things to evince the sincerity of my feelings.

If I have anything further to communicate for the benefit of humanity, I shall gladly accept your kind invitation to return and do so. I desire in conclusion to present my thanks to those who have rendered me acts of kindness, and also to those who have acted otherwise. There is no one of my fellow beings, no matter what may have been our past relations, that I would not take by the hand and help upward and onward just as fast and as far as I can. In the language of a great and good man, "with malice towards none," I bid you all a fraternal farewell.

JOHN W. HUGHES.

The Presence of Angels.

BY H. B. STORER.

Your wish is heard, and from the heavenly portals, Where stand the guardian angels of your soul, We come to pour into the ears of mortals Those words of truth that have divine control.

We come to bathe your spirit in the radiance That shines from God, through heaven's eternal day; We come to sing in strains of soft cadence The songs of heaven, to cheer you on your way.

We come to open to your inner vision The spheres of love where happy spirits dwell, And guide to realms of purity Elysian Souls rescued from the fear of death and hell.

We come to watch and guard our charges given, And guide them to the straight and narrow way, Through those blest aisles they pass along toward heaven, Still drawing nearer with each closing day.

By all our love for kindred, friends and neighbors, Whom on the earth we loved with fervor strong, We now engage in these celestial labors, And strive through good to overcome the wrong.

The life of earth, its conquests and its trials, To us are known—and 'tis the Father's will That we should haste to comfort, when denials Of hope's bright dreams, the sorrowing soul doth fill.

Earth's weakness, too, how well we do remember, The feeble hands upraised against the wrong— But "by each side walks an unseen defender," To nerve the soul and make the weak ones strong.

The devious paths of human life are wended By messengers invisible to mortal sight, The sad are comforted, the lone befriended, The darkened mind bathed in celestial light.

The purple splendors of the early dawning Greet not, alone, the soul just waking from sleep, For with the coming of each earthly morn'ng Strong spirits haste from heaven's profoundest deep.

They come to greet their earliest aspiration, To soar with these on wings of purpose high, Their incense mingles with thy hearts' oblation, Their living presence is thy hearts' delight.

Oh, when the shades of early night are falling, And quiet steals o'er valley, hill and stream, Our influence calm is felt—our voices calling, Seem to our loved ones like a soothing dream.

Oh, not alone when Sabbath bells are ringing, And you are wending to the house of prayer, Do we draw nigh, our heavenly influence bringing To cast around the "chosen" of God's care.

All days are God's, all days are man's, and ours, And sacred places fill the whole wide earth— We come to all men, to unfold those powers, Allied to God's, which prove their heavenly birth.

All places, times, are ours, when our assistance Can to our loved ones render service due, The hours of peace, or when, 'mid war's resistance And battle strife, you seek the just and true.

No babe is born without celestial nurses Around its spirit hovering in love, The mother feeds its body, but its spirit Is fed and nourished from the spheres above.

Not to the lowly babe of Bethlehem, only, Has God sent down His angels from on high— Where'er a mother, lifted up or lowly, Waits for her hour, a spirit hand draws nigh.

The sons of God, in palaces or manglers, Alike receive the angels' constant care— For in God's family there are no strangers— With equal love He sends to all their share.

Be fearless, then, and brave in paths of duty, Let the bright visitants from angel spheres Pour out their thoughts in liberty and beauty, And fill with joy the swift advancing years.

Wide open throw your hearts and bid us enter, To sing our songs of hope and jubilee; From earth's remotest bounds unto its center Proclaim these truths, and be in spirit free.

Footsteps being at a table next to a gentleman who had helped himself to a very large piece of bread, he took it up and cut a piece off. "Sir," said the gentleman, "that is my bread." "I beg a thousand pardons, sir," said Foote, "I protest I took it for the loaf."

A well at Midland, Mich., that has for six years yielded fresh water, has gradually changed to salt water, ten quarts of which, when boiled down, make a teaspoon full of good salt.

The steamship George Washington recently made the trip from New Orleans to New York in five days and eighteen hours. This is the fastest running ever made on that route.

The water that flows from a spring, does not congeal in winter. And those sentiments of friendship which flow from the heart, cannot be frozen in adversity.

English papers give a long report of the trial of a girl ten years old, on a charge preferred by a clergyman, of stealing a penny from a schoolmate. "I would rather have newspapers without government," said the great Jefferson, "than government without newspapers."

Affliction is a greater enemy to the face than the small-pox.

From our Regular New Orleans Correspondent, P. B. Randolph—No. 11.

A LATTER DAY SERMON.

TEXT: St. Truman's tour thro' Damphulano. Date, 1900.

MY HEARERS: Since the opening up of intercourse between the residents of our planet and the other peoples of the solar system, much of interest has come to light, respecting, not merely the habits and customs of the dwellers of the minor planets within this little system of ours, but of the results of the travels through it of many remarkable sages. By the recent invention of the THOUGHT TELEGRAPH, we are now enabled, not merely to receive frequent dispatches from our friends in Jupiter, Saturn and elsewhere, but also to receive copies of some of their books, an extract from one of which I purpose to read for your edification to-day. It is from a book of travels, composed by one of the sages of the planet o-k, and published therein gratis; for nowhere else, save on this little ball of ours, are taxes laid on knowledge; hence, as there are no duties to be paid on ink and paper up there, or licenses to be bought, in order to be allowed to instruct the ignorant or the unknowing, knowledge is cheap; and societies have recently been formed in several of the planets, especially in o-k, whose sole object is to send us items of intelligence now and then, in order that we may not be altogether behind the rest of the Solarians, as all of us who belong to planets rotating around our common sun, are called. This, therefore, my friends, accounts for my subject to-day, and the milk in the cocoa nut as well.

In the planet o-k are many wise and good men, altogether so, for the reasons that they were, as are all others there, born just at the right time, neither too soon nor too late, of sensible mothers. (P.S. The women all vote in o-k, and there are no niggers to be excluded from the polls, for the last darkey thereon danced himself away for pure joy, and exhaled into pure ether from excess of happiness when he heard of Abe Lincoln's proclamation. They were all sorry to lose him.) Well, it one day entered into the head of one of the o-k's that he would go abroad from his planet, and write a book of what he saw while on his travels. Not wishing to trouble you with an account of his method of transportation, the route he took, or how he was accompanied by his wife—for all men there take their wives when they go visiting—a custom worth imitation among us; and no man there ever thinks of doing anything without taking counsel from and with his wife—another example worth following—but will at once begin with the third chapter of Sage Truman's work, entitled "A TRIP THROUGH DAMPHULANO." The author says: "Our car at last came in sight of a continent on the planet Damphulano, which, from the fact that the inhabitants thereof are very musically inclined, and everybody plays on an instrument, principally horns, every man blowing his own on all possible occasions, has been named A Merry Kee; the people mainly being descended from an eastern nation called Befeters. We sailed leisurely over the land, until an awful noise below admonished us to prepare our perspective glasses for a look at what was going on. Consulting a chart of the country we discovered that we were directly over its most flourishing and central city; its name was Chick-hog—O, so named because its founders fed principally on chickens, and then took to the consumption of an unsightly beast called hog, whereas all the people cried "O" since which that has been the name of the place. The great noise we heard arose from the killing of such vast numbers of these animals to honor a great philanthropist, who bored several very deep holes in the ground, called an Art-esian well. Art, because of the wonderful skill of the man who bored it; Esian because the flow of the waters set all the people at ease; and Well because its waters healed the people morally and physically, and made them well, and cleaned the city of Chick-hog-O. In the winter these waters were frozen, cut up in blocks, and placed in what they called "an icehouse," because to them, when torrid heats prevailed, it was indeed a nice house. This was the first sensible thing we had yet seen; but, having resolved to inspect the customs of the people of that planet, we went down at night, and fixing our glasses and ear tubes, so that we could see through the walls and hear what was going on, we began our researches. We looked into one brilliantly lighted place, and saw a great number of men with small crystal cups in their hands, and they constantly filled from fine vessels, and then poured the contents down their throats. The stuff in these vessels was labelled in various languages, but each meant "Happiness"—just think of it! Happiness from a bottle! We thought this a queer custom, but no queerer than many others in vogue among the Damphulaytes of that planet.

Among other curious things seen that night were several desperate attempts made by several of the men there to set themselves on fire by a double process; first, by drinking caloric in a fluid of the name of Wis-kee, Jinn and Snapps from various places, suffixed "dam" and prefixed "Amster," "Rotter," "Scheel," and so on; and secondly, by putting brown plugs in their mouths, and then setting fire thereto, and drawing with all their might and main to get the two fires to meet. They called it "smoking," but having gotten to leeward of them, I called it choking—very. I forgot to mention that I had previously seen a man among the hogs, all of which were hungry, drop a roll of brown stuff from his pocket; the beasts smelled it, but seemed disgusted with it, and turned away as if sickened by its odor; yet, nevertheless, I saw the man feel for it in his pocket, miss it, return to the hog pen, look for, find, wipe off, bite and eat with evident relish and decided gusto. Afterwards found that the brown stuff was called "Two-backer," why, I cannot say.

I went into several large towns, and found thousands of men engaged in perfecting various devices for killing their own species; some were making tubes called pistols, guns, cannons, daggers; others were making what they called "Jacet Bitters" of various colors. "Hic Jacet," "Here lies." The most of these were of the leg-tangling description, and were calculated to make a man see more stars in a given length of time than were originally assigned to that part of the universe. I know from experience, for happening to see an invitation to "try" some of them, I selected one sort with a blue jacket, and was very green for so doing. Calling for the cordial I drank it, and it immediately occurred to me that a naval engagement between two hostile Ironclad fleets was going on directly within my center of cavity, and gravity as well. The next sensation was as if a grand display of pyrotechnics was proceeding in the same region, followed by a volcanic eruption, accompanied by earthquakes, white lightning, a storm at sea, and a dervish dance to Hottentot music. I concluded to accept no more such invitations to "try," my eyes being dimmed by the first experiment, rendering me unable to see it in that peculiar light. I, however,

found some sensible people, martyrs of their age, who expounded the laws of nature and reason to the people, as was all right and proper; and yet these same people were half starved and altogether seedy, from neglect at the hands of those they instructed day after day. These martyrs were called Mediums; but the mediums were not yet exotics from Damphulano. What's worth aught is worth paying for, at least so it is thought in o-k. One bad habit of the public teachers of that country consists in concealing their thoughts in a language not generally understood, which language is known as highfalutin. If it was lower and nearer the plane of common sense, it would be better understood, the teacher better appreciated, and therefore better paid, as in o-k.

A curious notion prevails upon the continent I now write of. The people generally believe that the deity is ill, and they have long been in the habit of sustaining large numbers of Doctors of Divinity, who generally try to cure divinity by pulling the wool over the eyes of their flocks, and the occasional exhibition of sharp doses of hell fire and soft soap, but the phisic don't work well. The people generally are half crazed on the subject of what they call money, position, and fame; not yet realizing that a competence is quite enough of the first; the love of a few good people all that is valuable in the second, and that the last is of no real value here or hereafter. They do not yet know that in the spirit world are millions of once crowned kings, and wealthy notables, beneath the status of millions more who were ragged beggars and paupers in the flesh. I saw people in that land five hundred years deep in gold and wealth, who will take centuries to graduate from the primary classes in the lands Beyond the River, and I saw beggars who will leap in a decade far above the lordliest king "among them a'. There's much to correct in the realms of Damphulano. P. B. R. N. O., March 24th, 1866.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Conversations on the Science of Being, with my Interior Guide.

BY J. R. ROBINSON.

"Oh, look not back on bygone ages, Wisdom to find, For on the present's living pages, Light of the old's combined. The truth of God is ever shining, Holy and bright, All around the earth its beams are twining, Garlands of radiant light. Turn not to the faint beams glancing, O'er the gloomy past, But gaze on varied glories dancing, Bright in the future vast."—Spirit Voices.

GUIDE.—In our previous conversation, I spoke of elementary principles, and of many other things which will require repeating occasionally, in order to bring your mind into familiar rapport with the definitive terms we shall use in the development of principles; for it is in the unfolding of principles that we shall be able to disclose the science of unfolding life.

PUPIL.—Since our previous talk you refer to, I've been thinking of principles quite intensely. It seems to me as if your idea of a principle didn't exactly correspond with the common accepted usage of that term. It would gratify me if you would give an unmistakable definition of your idea of that term; for I perceive that your whole science is founded upon the development of principles.

GUIDE.—Exactly so, brother! The great elementary system is one grand divine principle, positive and negative in its relations to its totality acting as one in principle—unfolding itself as a grand aggregate of lesser positive and negative principles, which are all innately self-existent in the aforesaid great elementary system, constituting its grand totality, as one grand organization of organisms, in principle, in form. Understand me now; each principle is in its most perfect form and outline, mathematically developed and mechanically organized. Now, understand again; principles are the primary innate properties and qualities of all elements, and will eventually unfold and bring everything into its proper order. Have you got my idea?

PUPIL.—Well, I've got this idea, that a principle is not only the mathematical form of an organism in its basic structure, but is also pregnant with all requisite elemental forces to develop said organism in its positive and negative relations in the elements. If I've got your idea, please be a little more explicit upon the subject of what is matter?

GUIDE.—Matter is only a distinctive term to designate a certain condition of the gross or negative elements. Matter, by the law of advancement, will progress out of its material condition, and come into harmony with its inherent principle. Matter, hence you'll perceive, is not, as a quality, self-existent.

PUPIL.—If I've got your main idea then, there is one grand elementary system of subordinate elementary systems—systems within systems, down to the last possibility of organic development of elementary principles.

GUIDE.—Yes, brother, you've got the idea, and all that remains is to demonstrate it scientifically and philosophically. First, then, we'll premise that the elementary system, as a grand total, with all its adherent properties and qualities, positive and negative forces or principles, would constitute one grand order of planetary principles. The first, then, would be a grand divine principle, positive and negative, acting reciprocally—divine because it is perfect. All principles that are self-existent are perfect; hence, divine. Planets, again, would each constitute an order individually. Also, each one of the planets is a positive and negative principle, corresponding to and corroborating the grand unitary principle of all principles. Planets are also divided into orders. Its insects, including their several varieties, reptiles, canine or ferocious animals, herbivorous and man, including each one and their varieties, are each an order of divine unfolding perfect principles.

Now, let us suppose a rudimentary mind, one only developed in the objectivities of what is termed "nature;" but he shall never have seen any object but himself; and let said mind have been placed on the face of the one grand organism of all organisms, with all the intellectual developments of your most advanced scientists; would he, with all his powers of investigation, imagine for a single moment that the grand body he contemplated was immmanently pregnant with planetary principles, which would be eventually unfolded from its bosom? I'll carry the hypothesis no farther at present.

PUPIL.—Do I understand you to take the position that there is nothing in existence but elementary principle?

GUIDE.—Precisely, brother, and that without the least reserve; and I've undertaken nothing which I cannot demonstrate, philosophically, systematically and analogically, which is the only way metaphysical science can be demonstrated to mind. Principle

*The guide acknowledges the imperfection of the supposition, but thinks it will answer all practical purposes.

cles cannot be seen unclothed with their negative elements; hence they are metaphysical, or beyond physics, and are discovered by "the things that are made," or unfolded and developed from the elements by organic laws, inherent in positive and negative principles.

Not an organism ever comes into visible existence which hasn't had its origin in a self-existent principle; and more, that principle is an immutable identity, and therefore can never lose itself in another's organism, after having once been organized. The unorganized elementary principles of all other principles are combined in man; hence he is attracted to all other elements, and loves to know them; and his soul can never be satisfied short of that attainment. So judge you, brother, whether man shall yet be intelligently and intellectually developed.

PUPIL.—There is still another implexity which clouds my intellect, and that is this, whether what you term a principle is not synonymous with what some writers and speakers call a "divine ideal"? To me, there seems to be this difference, that while a principle is the thing unfolding itself from the elements, by its inherent power, the other is being wrought from, as one would build a structure out of elements entirely foreign to the ideal. The ideal would seem to be only a model in the brain of the operating artist to pattern after.

GUIDE.—You've hit the difference precisely, brother, and if there is nothing in existence but principles, and the grand unfoldment itself is a Principle, unfolding all principles, being the soul or source of all power in all principles, where is he but in each principle? Let your mind tenaciously hold on to the irrefutable fact that no form can possibly be unfolded from the elementary system, that hasn't previously existed there in its form and outline, in principle both positively and negatively; never for a moment losing sight of this most important truth, that there are both positive and negative principles distinct from each other; and these principles unfold themselves in organic union, and thus carry them to their ultimates.

PUPIL.—In former conversations you alleged the gross or negative elements had previously been in consolidated, unparticle, or integrated condition; and if that be a fact, by what means have they become dissolved or disintegrated, and how do you know this to be so? You seem to make your statements with the assurance of one scientifically posted. The rocks, as far as I can discover, manifest no symptoms of decay or dissolution, except what trifling effects the elements externally exert on them. I think it would be quite interesting to learn in what manner this important occurrence came about?

GUIDE.—Yes, brother, reasoning from analogy, scientifically and philosophically, we find that the farther back we recede, the cruder the negative elements are found, and the more negative they are found, or less able to reciprocate positive action upon themselves. The superficial observer would decide that these elements were a lifeless mass; but this would be a very erroneous conclusion indeed, when we take into consideration the fact that every particle of elementary substance in all existence is a life principle with a soul—a living soul in its center—expanding it while its infinitesimal outward contracts upon it, and renders it a breathing entity; a thing endowed with the principles of light, life, and motion.

This mass, then, was pregnant with the eternal self-existent principle of liberty or individualization, and what could that elementary principle be? Here is, clearly, a tight place to get out of! Can it be possible that I, as your guide, have led your mind into an inextricable implexity? As we are dealing with the elementary system, we must either find some element, or combination of elements, that alone possesses the faculty of liberating clinging masses of gross elements, or give our claim to science up into more skillful hands. What can this be? You'll bear in mind that all the elements were alleged to be conglomerated in one indiscriminate pile, both positive and negative. I think I've never said that positive elements were any less perfect than their principles which inhabit them. These have ever been perfectly individualized, and free and lifeful or active. They have been in perfect harmony with their inherent principles, and of course free to act on the neighboring negatives, and crack their shells, and change their conditions, and break up old habits, etc. Heat, heat! was this power, although it was very lurid, low, and groveling, yet it did its fateful work, for it is the most powerful agent known in the elementary system. It is the central dominating power of the elements. Its positivity is irresistible; no other element can effectually stay its predominant march. Indisidiously it makes its way into the very center of every nook and cranny of all the interstices of negativedom, and there expands itself in its swelling pride of power, and bursts the barriers of elemental foggdom, and sets its inhabitants free from their previous condition. But we are not to suppose this new condition a finality; nay indeed, but only a single step in the grand march of advancing progress. Although incomputable ages, if we were to estimate its accomplishment by your notions of duration, were occupied in effecting said change, yet there is one encouraging feature in it all, and that is, there is no power in existence that can effect a retrograde movement. It could not recede so far as the quinquillonth part of an ultimate atom; indeed none at all, for if it could it might all go back, which would nullify the law of progress.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Man a Mode of Motion.

C. In the JOURNAL of March 31, asks, "Can spirits go through gross matter"? I, in turn, ask, "Is a man nothing but a mode of motion?" If this is not all he is, then unless the opinions of scientific men are rapidly crystallizing upon a most grievous and fundamental error, this persistent appeal by C. and others to electricity, either in analogical evidence that spirits can go through matter, or for purposes of illustration simply, is utterly out of point. I say this, for need I remind any one that for some time of late the drift of scientific speculation and experimental inquiry is to the effect that, like sound, heat, light, electricity, etc., are not fluids at all, but so many modes of motion of a fluid? So that when, then, as for example in the case of electricity, a communication is sent by telegraph from Boston to Chicago, it is not allowed that a fluid leaves the one city and reaches the other; but it is held that a motion of a fluid is started at the place first named, a fluid constantly in the course of the wire, inhering to it, which motion, once initiated, is propagated along the thread of fluid to the Chicago end of it. Observe, I insist, that not the fluid is in any sense or degree electricity, only the motion of it is electricity. With this in mind, suppose a spirit about to attempt the passage of a solid, a pyramid, say. If the appeal to electricity is in any degree pertinent as with a view to illustration, or as in

evidence that the attempt will succeed, then it will get through as electricity gets through or along any conducting solid from one point to another. It starts; suppose; it turns up the other side. If it made the passage as would electricity, it turns up the other side, the pyramid as electricity would turn up, namely, as transmitted motion—nothing more. From this there is no getting away; not a particle of the spirit substance that composed the man (or spirit) on the one side, composes him on the other. Only motion has made the passage, and yet the man (or spirit) has made the passage. Man, then, simply a mode of motion! An extraordinary proposition truly; but are C. and others hardly aware that they are committing themselves to just this proposition? It is to my own mind, on several accounts, not an unlikely one. If the primary propositions are allowed, the conclusion that this is all he is, follows inevitably. Two of them have a strong sentiment at least, if it is nothing more, in their support, and the third has even all the countenance which the present tendencies of joint demonstrative and speculative science can give it. The first, namely: that the human spirit can go through gross matter, is grounded in the repugnance men have to contemplating it consistent with an infinitely good, wise and powerful Creator; that we should suffer those of His creatures, the noblest of his handiworks, and destined to immortal life, to be left exposed to the liability of being confined within walls of gross matter, for indefinite periods, without mode or opportunity of escape. The second, that the human spirit makes way through solids electricity-like, rests as yet upon nothing, it is very true, except the stress one is laid under for an illustration when the subject is treated, and upon the similarity of the two, (spirit and electricity) in that they are both subtleties. Yet, notwithstanding the flimsiness of this support, the proposition may eventually prove to embody a veritable truth as any in the universe. The third, that electricity is not a fluid, but only a mode of motion of a fluid, together with that the same is true of light, heat, magnetism, is, as I have said, about the upshot of very much of the late scientific discovery and speculation; and unless indications mightily miscarry, will, at a day not very remote, be settled beyond controversy, as an established truth in the philosophy of things. Singularly enough, the second proposition, about which there is altogether the most doubt in reason, is the very one there is the most readiness to assume. Very many are sensible of some misgiving, whether a spirit can go through matter, but nobody is in doubt that, if a spirit can go through, its progress is as the progress of electricity.

Be it as it may as to this doctrine of translocation, or the passage of the human spirit through outward substance—there is the proposition which I submit as being far from an altogether unlikely one, namely: that all things visible and invisible whatsoever, are but so many modes of motion of one substance. That God and nature are one in substance, and two only in the mode of motion of that substance, (or as you choose, that God is the part of the substance motionless, and nature the part remaining in infinite variety of motion as respects different points; or lastly—which alone is unqualified Pantheism—that God is what is comprehended in the entire IDEA of this one substance in infinite variety of motion as respects one point and another. He nowhere existing distinct, as either a fraction of this integer of substance, motionless, or a fraction, having a motion peculiarly its own, and constituting Deity,) I am led to reflect as decidedly probable than otherwise, (from certain considerations, and a priori reasonings, many of which, though bearing only negatively upon the subject, are nevertheless profoundly suggestive) that this is the true statement of the genius of the universe. Nor are these considerations and reasonings for the most part, to which I refer, to be met with either in the gospel according to Spinoza, Hegel and the rest, so far as I know. It is of course but repetition for me to say, that agreeably to this view, man and monad, rock and flower, air and water, oxygen and hydrogen, are the same in substance, and only exist as objects distinguishable by virtue of a mode of motion of the same, peculiar in each case. You eat as apples, plums, radishes; but as you yourself are only a mode of motion with everything else, it is only one mode of motion eating, making summary disposition "to personal ends" of other modes of motion.

To this proposition it is objected, that from whatever side it is examined, it is little better than Pantheism? I shall not stop to indicate wherein it differs from that, or to insist that it differs at all. But are these furious objectors—have they considered the difficulties encountered when the opposite view is taken? Are they prepared to prove the contrary proposition, which is quite as much as this, an affirmative one, namely: that there are two or more distinct substances in the universe? Suppose we say it is Pantheism; there is not here the bugbear, that some people are impatient we should realize. For I tell you, it is not so much always the doctrine as verbally announced, as how a man is to the doctrine. That is to say, as in other cases so in this, Pantheism as a thing to be uttered, to be expressed in words, is but a skeleton, to be filled in with flesh and nerve, and warmth and sunshine, grace and power, inspiration and charm, as in the man, who thinks it, to fill in with these. "What," says some one, "does a man see when he looks?" Not what he looks at, but what he looks from. That there are subjects of vast relations and import of an abstruse nature, of which no man can supply me with the warp and woof of a statement or doctrine, as it lays in his own mind; that he can do little more than furnish me with one of these, and that the other will, will be in spite of myself chiefly, of my own supplying—who is incapable of heartily sensing this, is incapable of sensing the first condition of their salutary and profitable discussion; and once it is discovered that a party to a controversy touching them fails to recognize momentarily and ceaselessly this circumstance, it is nonsense thereafter to have words with him.

No matter the name by which it goes; here is the thing: First, the oneness of all substance; this object, that object, the other—modes of motion of that one substance; next—which I have not before broached—its atomlessness or unbroken continuity. And let it be added, that the evidences bearing upon these drawn from deductive reasoning alone, it would be of comparatively small profit to revive or perpetuate, in any considerable degree, their consideration; but when with the more than suggestive evidence derived from this source, is remarked in connection, the at least suggestive evidence which, developed and reinforced, becomes more pronounced, with every considerable advance of the inductive science, the question at once assumes a fresh importance and interest which only dulness will attempt to galsify or will overlook.

C. K. W.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

The Crusaders.

BY MRS. HARRY A. JONES. They knew that the dust of the holy shrine was pressed by the footsteps of Moslem and Jew; They knew that the trust of the city divine was left to the hands of an infidel crew...

And the city of Constantinople opened its gates, and onward they pass by the spell of their gold; But treachery's guile the fierce Latin awaits...

Circular.

To Spiritualists and Friends of Progress everywhere: In accordance with and furtherance of the views and sentiments of the National Convention of Spiritualists, held in Chicago, Illinois, from the 9th to the 14th of August, A. D. 1864, inclusive...

acts performed or approved. And for these reasons no complaint or charge against members of this Society shall ever be entertained, nor shall any member of this Society ever be expelled or expelled from membership.

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

MODE OF DOING BUSINESS. This Society may from time to time adopt such By-Laws as may seem expedient and proper, provided that they do not in any manner contravene or conflict with the true intent and meaning of those articles...

ON AMENDMENTS OF THE ARTICLES OF ASSOCIATION. These Articles of Association may be amended by a vote of two-thirds of the members of the Society present at a meeting called for that purpose, provided such amendments shall have been submitted in writing, at a regularly called meeting of the Society, at least ten days before being acted upon.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

The New Theory of the "Imponderables"; "The Correlation and Conservation of Forces."

BY HUDSON TUTTLE. (Concluded.)

If the full capacity for power substances offered be wanted, it is supplied by the animal frame. The most careful experiments show that a pound of carbon in the animal system will produce more heat than twenty pounds, burned in the most economical furnaces.

Perhaps not many will dissent in the end to the statement that electricity is the polarization of ordinary matter, a force propagated in waves, and only varying in a few particulars from heat.

With the exception of fused metals, it is almost certain that no body conducts electricity without decomposition. It is conducted because chemical affinity is annulled, and the particles become polarized.

The brush flame of an electrical discharge has been employed as argument in support of actual emission of a fluid; but the variation, according to the material of the discharging point, is an unanswerable objection.

We may safely state, although there are cases where it is not yet proved, that electric currents always produce change by transmission.

To all whom it may concern: Know ye that the Religio-Philosophical Society, reposing especial confidence in our highest and noblest officers, Lecturers, in the capacity of such officers, and as such authorized, to solemnize marriages in accordance with law...

Electricity produces heat and light of the greatest known intensity, and is readily converted into magnetism, and lastly it produces chemical affinity; organizing, and disorganizing in so powerful and delicate a manner as to be the most serviceable of chemical agents.

Light is the most intricate and least defined of the imponderables, or forces. So inconceivably extended and intricate are its relations that in its chemical actions it is difficult or rather impossible to determine where its action leaves off, and that of chemical affinity begins.

Magnetism can be produced by, and can produce electricity, and electricity produces heat, light and chemical affinity. Perhaps one of its most curious effects is its disturbance of rays of light, or heat, when passing its influence.

The attraction of atoms, is called chemical affinity, that of masses, gravitation. Wonderful are the effects produced by this force; many times inexplicable. If electricity effects it, it is the inexhaustible fount of electricity.

The amount of electricity depends invariably on the amount of chemical action. If the electric current be employed to decompose a fluid, as water, it will be found that precisely the same amount of oxygen unites with the zinc in the battery, as is set free at the terminal, or pole in the fluid, and the quantities of hydrogen are equal.

Chemical affinity never occurs without evolving heat. It is the source of all our artificial heat and light. The flame of a candle or of gas, the heat of the grate, come from the flashing particles uniting in new gaseous compounds.

It is no difference what theory we advocate, the theory of vibrations in an ether, or of matter itself or of emission, this interrelation, or correlation and conservation holds good of one as well as the other.

This revolution of motion into "imponderables," solves some of the greatest cosmical problems. Motion being an indestructible attribute of matter, the revolution of worlds falls into its province.

When the exact numerical relation of heat and motion is determined, the calculation is very simple to determine how much heat the present velocity of a planetary body represents.

A simple calculation affords us a view of the result if the earth were suddenly stopped in its orbit. The momentum of a ponderous ball 8000 miles in diameter hurled 68,000 miles an hour, is at once converted into heat.

The heat of the sun at its surface, has been estimated—from what appear to be correct data—to be from 7,000 to 15,000 times greater than the oxygen-blowpipe.

We are all children of the sun, from the humblest worm to the divinest man. All are storehouses of these forces, which can be at any time called forth. When wood is burned, it is not newly created heat we produce, but the light and warmth of the sun, exerted in building up the cells of the wood.

A diamond shines in the dark after exposure to the rays of the sun, from the absorption of those rays. Wonderful thought, when we burn the dark and shining coal, we set at liberty the sunlight and sun heat, treasured up by plants in the dark age of mythically gigantic vegetation flourishing in the marshes of the coal period!

The heat of the sun builds up a plant. It is a storehouse of these forces to the animal that eats and digests it. The original heat is liberated by the chemical actions in its system, and it is warmed thereby, and tremendous muscular power derived.

How SUGAR IS MADE WHITE.—Our readers have doubtless often wondered how sugar in ordinary use on the table is made so perfectly white. A discovery of the means to accomplish which is said to have happened in the following manner: A hen that had gone through a clay mud puddle, went with her usually red feet, to the sugar house.

CRYSTAL HOUSES.—The days of Aladdin, if it would appear, are about to return again, as the *Moniteur du Soir* informs us that in Nevada a quarry has been discovered in a valley named Surprise Valley, containing immense blocks of crystallized gypsum.

A NEW BOAT PROPELLER.—A patent has been taken out for propelling boats with oars in such a manner that the rowing force in the direction in which the boat is going, it does not result from a sort of deactivation of transparent phosphorus; but is in fact, merely ordinary phosphorus irregularly corroded on the surface by the action of air dissolved in the water.

THE PANTHEON.—In 1771, a Mr. Penkethman exhibited a wonderful invention, called "The Pantheon, or the Temple of the Gods," the work of several years and of great expense. It consisted of five curious pictures, the paintings and contrivances of which were equally admirable.

VALVE OF LABOR.—As an instance of the value of labor, it has been shown by Mr. Babbage, that the pendulum spring of a watch, which governs the vibrations of the balance, costs at the retail price two pence, and weighs 15 of a grain; while the retail price of a pound of the best iron is only two pence.

USEFUL TO PAINTERS.—The effect of light on the aniline colors, and their decomposition, which takes place with ordinary varnishes, may be avoided by first dissolving them in alcohol, saturating the solution with gum dammar, filtering pouring the filtrate into a solution of common salt, and drying, then incorporating with an oil varnish that is free from lead.

A NEW PAINT.—An improved pigment has been patented by Mr. D. P. Flint, of Geneva, New York, composed of oxide of zinc, slacked lime, resin, milk and linseed oil, which it is claimed, is better for the inside work of houses than oil paint, inasmuch as it is more durable, and retains its white color longer.

A complete change of system is introduced in the madhouses of France. Straight waistcoats and all the other instruments hitherto used are to be abolished, and the patients will live together and be constantly occupied at some useful work.

AN IMMENSE LENS.—The manufactory of St. Gobain, Alsace, France, has been employed six years in fabricating a lens two feet in thickness, which it has now given as a present to the observatory of Paris, for the large telescope in course of being manufactured.

A NEW STIRRUP BAR.—Mr. Davis, saddler, of the Strand and Abershot, Eng., has patented an improved stirrup bar, which by unbinding itself in the event of a rider falling from the horse, prevents his being dragged by the foot in the stirrup.

A BUSHEL OF GRAIN.—Some person who had nothing else to do has ascertained that there are 550,000 grains in a bushel of wheat, 520,000 in barley, 200,000 in oats, and 37,000 in horse beans.

ROSES.—There are no less than 900 different species of roses and 50 of pinks.

An old gentleman accused his servant of having stolen his stick. The man protested perfect innocence. "Why, you know," rejoined his master, "that the stick could never have walked off by itself."

A lady in Paris recently gave a concert at her house. "Do you like Rossini?" asked she of one of her guests. "Rossini! indeed I do; he is my favorite composer."

The easiest and best way to expand the chest is to have a good heart in it.

VOICES FROM THE PEOPLE.

Letter from O. W. True.

MISSING AND WAITING. Missing! Yes, missing, one of the numbers of the JOURNAL! I find that my queries to myself while reading its sparkling columns from week to week, are whether or not the readers of the JOURNAL are aware of its intrinsic value.

I have found time to read each number, from the middle outward, and then from page one to eight, "by course," whether it blew high or low, cold or hot, with satisfaction, and it is to be hoped with profit.

WAITING.—Not long ago I made the acquaintance of a lady, near fourscore, and though time's fingers showed her handling, yet she was lively, talkative, and for one of her age, seemed young and hale.

I have often thought of spiritual wants, and hopes deferred, with something of an unsatisfied feeling, not being able to find what was required for their consolation in the philosophies or creeds of the day.

The missing ones, the waited-for, shall all be found, shall all be restored in the bright Summer Land, where they are waiting to welcome us all. The cherubs of the household, all are there; the once weary but now refreshed are all there, bidding us "Come, come to our beautiful home."

Farmington, Me. O. W. TRUE.

Letter from E. V. Wilson.

DEAR JOURNAL: Your weekly budget of truth, philosophy and spiritual communications, together with the BANNER and LITTLE BOUQUET, are before me. And a richer collection of inspired thought has seldom if ever adorned the center table of a reading room.

Among the many able articles in your columns, I have read with interest Dr. Child's account of a vision, a letter from England, communications through spiritism, etc., etc.

These trance utterances speak volumes, and tell us more of immortality, God and heaven, than all the "note"-reading sermons of the day. Who can stop short of the conclusion that eternity is a practical continuity of this normal life, after reading the modest communications of Elvira, the diffident Eliza W. Cook, the more than satisfied mind of John Wacliffe, the bitter and unsatisfied Alvira West, the blatant, self-confident and profane Marshall.

Thine for the right and the truth, E. V. WILSON. Green Bay, Wis., May 26, 1866.

Letter from Loretta Mann.

DEAR JOURNAL: I wish to give a short account through your columns of a health revival that has been taking place in this little town. Mrs. A. M. L. Potts, M. D., now a resident of Adrian, has been lecturing in various parts of the county this spring on "Anatomy, Physiology, and the Laws of Health."

An Immense Lens.—The manufactory of St. Gobain, Alsace, France, has been employed six years in fabricating a lens two feet in thickness, which it has now given as a present to the observatory of Paris, for the large telescope in course of being manufactured, the power of which will exceed that of the most powerful instruments known.

She said she thought it more necessary to learn people how to keep well than to cure them. If all doctors should go and do likewise, the need of the profession would be removed in time. But all true reformers are happy when the necessity for working in any certain department ceases.

Mrs. Potts is truly a friend to woman. In her lectures to the ladies, treating of diseases "peculiar to the sex," she showed they were so by reason of wrong living, and did not hesitate to speak of social evils as being one grand cause. The soul of every woman must have responded to her sentiment, more than to those who teach submission to her lot, and that pain and weakness are her portion because she is a woman. Women are not satisfied with such teachings. In the early history of the Catholic Church, one feature of its religion was the selling of indulgences. This has since been ridiculed much; but many physiologists now act on the same plan. They study ways to sin and ways to cure. The moral feelings must be brought to bear on physical reform. It is universally conceded that woman has the greatest development of the moral nature. Then let it assert itself in her daily life, let her act according to her own intuitions, and many of her pains and diseases will vanish.

The doctor advocated and wore the reform dress. By the demonstrations we should judge the people liked it, and whether it will amount to a conversion or not, time will tell. Certain it is that many are convinced of the disadvantages of our present mode of dress. The weather continued pleasant throughout the week, and we all felt that the time had been profitably spent.

In conclusion, it seems to me that reformers, many of them, fail to take in all the conditions for the solution of life's problem. They have the benevolence to do a good work, but not the science. T. L. Nichols spoke a great truth in his article on "The True Basis of Reform," when he said: "The office of the philanthropist and that of the physician are the same; both need the same knowledge; and whoever attempts the function of either without the knowledge necessary to it is a pretender. We have empirical reformers and empirical physicians; we have allopathic philanthropists as well as allopathic doctors; we have amiable and transcendental homeopaths in both departments; and the world has yet to learn that the principles of a true physiology are necessary to cure the ills of society as well as those of its members."

We want preaching that will sanctify the whole man—something to spiritualize the material, and make tangible the spiritual. Thus uniting, the two would make existence a joyful reality in the present, instead of the joy consisting in the anticipation of the future merely. "A sound mind in a sound body" is one of the first requisites for present happiness.

LORETTA MANN.

Rome, Mich., May 20, 1866.

Letter from Richard T. Watson.

DEAR EDITORS: Almost the first thing that attracted my notice on receiving the last number of the JOURNAL, was your appeal for aid to the LITTLE BOUQUET. Although as yet I am a bachelor, and of course have no little ones of my own to gladden with its monthly visits, yet, like yourself, I cannot see that that is any good reason for withholding substantial aid to an enterprise which is in every way worthy of it. "A friend in need is a friend indeed." True. There are plenty of professions of friendship, and professions of everything else; but in every case, profession without action is valueless.

"Faith without works is dead." If we wish to accomplish any noble and worthy object we must not talk, but act. The children of to-day are the men and women of to-morrow. The great reforms that are now presenting their claims to the attention of humanity, founded as they are on progressive principles, cannot become accomplished facts, except by long continued, persevering labor, and earnest endeavor on the part of every liberal mind to dispel the dark clouds of error and superstition that have so long hung as an incubus over the human family. We can only carry on the work for a few brief years at most, and then its prosecution must devolve upon those who are coming after us; hence the importance of instilling true ideas, beautiful precepts, and ennobling motives into the plastic mind of beautiful, loving, confident childhood. Oh, it is a pity, a cruel shame, that their earliest ideas of the good God should be associated with the gloomy pictures of wrath and vengeance, which old bigoted sectarianism presents to them. To think that they should be taught to fear as a monster, that wise and infinitely loving Being, to whom their thoughts should be directed, as the Universal Father, "whose tender mercies are over all His works." It is high time that such a state of things should change; and that loving confidence should supplant fear; and that the "Unknown God," whom men have been "ignorantly worshipping," should be represented to them in his true character. I wish you every success, and will try to get you subscribers here. Enclosed is one dollar, subscription for one year. I like the JOURNAL better every week. It suits me.

Yours in friendship,

RICHARD T. WATSON.

Jerseyville, Ill., May 27, 1866.

Letter from F. Larkin.

MESSES. EDITORS: I have had a "spiritual impression" to-day, the first in my life. I chanced to take up a child's paper in the office of a friend, and was so much pleased with it that an irresistible desire came over me to use the pen. I presume it will be difficult to convince me that I was moved by spirit influence, for the reason that I have been an unbeliever in the existence of spirits nearly all of my life. But to explain, I was brought up in the pious old State of Connecticut, and in the most Orthodox part of it. Sunday schools in my young days were very popular. Christian parents regarded it as duty that they owed to virtue, morality, and practical goodness to have their little ones become familiar with the "Holy Bible." Being regarded by my parents as rather a forward youth, I was early sent to learn of Moses, David, Solomon, Jesus, and the wise and good men of which the Bible treats. Children are always fond of looking at pictures, and I well remember one "holy Sabbath morning," our teacher presented me with the picture of two she bears engaged in tearing "forty and two" children in pieces for saying to a man that was going up to heaven, body and all, "Go up, thou bald head." I looked at the picture and felt to sympathize with the little fellows, and would have gladly rescued them from those ferocious beasts; but when my teacher informed me that the great God that rules this mighty universe, of which this earth is but a grain of sand in comparison, sent the bears to do the bloody work, I tried to dry up. The next picture was that of John Rogers, chained to a stake, and the thirtieth

fire creeping around his limbs! In the background stood his wife, surrounded by nine small children. I looked at it a few moments and was struck with a feeling of horror, and when informed that one class of Christians had been in the habit of burning another class it gave me no wrong belief in the "Holy Bible." It death me no satisfaction; in fact I was not at all pleased with such John Rogers and bear pictures. In looking over your paper called the LITTLE BOUQUET, my eye first rested on a bear picture, and instead of telling a story which is shocking to the religious nature of a child, you gave a scientific description of the nature of the animal, written in a simple and instructive manner. That being so much in harmony with my views, I felt a strong desire to say a good word to you. Christian preachers have a great deal to say about the tender mind of a child, they can always succeed best with children, etc.; that is so. The minds of children are susceptible to impressions, and when once made, they are hard to eradicate. This is the great secret of their success. Slavery! there is something revolting in the world, yet what is physical compared with mental slavery. The one galls the limbs with iron shackles, but the other enslaves the mind, and how dreadful the subjugation. Tyrants may chain the body if they will. The mind still soars triumphant on the wings of light, and "laughs to scorn the body's thralldom." Oh, he is a hero of his race that takes the imprisoned mind from the iron grasp of Bible and Testament superstitious hypocrites and bigots, and lets it free where it can roam over the fair fields of philosophy and virtue, and from nature up to nature's God. Dear Editors, I have read a number of your JOURNAL, and am pleased with it. I myself am what the world calls an infidel. I glory in the name; yes, in any name that will take the feet of the young children of our race out of the pit of mental slavery, and lift up the curtain, and let into their tender minds the glorious light of nature, uncontaminated with sectarian bigotry.

Notwithstanding you and I may differ with regard to some spiritual matters, I hail your paper as an angel of light, carrying on its wings a balm for the bleeding wounds that have been made by the infernal artillery of the priesthood. Go on, then; go on, and may the choicest blessings that spring from nature and nature's God, be ever with you, or until the priesthood of the nineteenth century cease to insult innocent little children with bear pictures of their unnatural and unholy religion.

Respectfully,

F. LARKIN.

Randolph, Cattaraugus Co., N. Y., May 27, 1866.

Religio-Philosophical Journal

CHICAGO, JUNE 16, 1866.

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

RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION,

PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

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

For terms of subscription see Prospectus on eighth page

"The Pen is mightier than the Sword."

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

To Our Patrons.
Persons sending post office orders, drafts, etc., are requested to make them payable to George H. Jones, Sec'y.
In changing the direction, the old as well as the new address should be given.
In renewing subscriptions the date of expiration should be given.
On subscribing for the JOURNAL state the number of the paper at which you wish to commence.

New Premium for New Subscribers.

Any one sending us fifteen dollars for new subscriptions to the JOURNAL, shall receive, by return mail, either "The Origin and Antiquity of Physical Man," by Hudson Tuttle, "Moses and the Israelites," by Merritt Munson, "one dollar of Nazareth," by Alexander Smyth, "one dollar and seventy-five cents" (including postage) worth of any book in our advertised list; or every old subscriber who will send us the name of a new subscriber, full paid, \$3.00, for one year, shall receive K. Graves' BIOGRAPHY OF SATAN, or Emma Harding's volume of Lectures on "Theology and Nature," with a fine steel engraving of the author, free, by return mail. Here is an inducement for all subscribers to do a good thing for themselves as well as for us and the cause of Spiritualism.

Another Inducement.

We offer still another inducement for subscribers for the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL and LITTLE BOUQUET.
Any person sending us one year's subscription for the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL and three yearly subscriptions for the LITTLE BOUQUET (new subscribers) shall receive a beautiful bound copy of the CHILDREN'S PROGRESSIVE LYCEUM MANUAL, by A. J. Davis.
The MANUAL is indispensable to Lyceum exercises, and is a very beautiful and instructive work. It should be in the possession of every family of Spiritualists, and here is a fine opportunity to get it, by simply canvassing yourselves and encouraging the little girls and boys to canvass for subscribers for the JOURNAL and BOUQUET.

Renewals of Subscription.

If our subscribers would be careful and renew their subscriptions three weeks before they expire, they would ensure complete volumes, and full series of continued articles. It requires a considerable outlay to adjust our mailing machine when a subscription fully expires before being renewed.
Let each one enclose the money for renewal in a letter addressed to George H. Jones, Secretary, Drawer 6325, Chicago, Ill., about three weeks before his subscription expires, and everything will work systematically without cause of complaint or unnecessary delay.
N. B.—We do not pay agents a commission on renewals.

Great Inducement for Little Girls and Boys.

That the LITTLE BOUQUET may find a welcome in every household, and be read by all the children and youth throughout the land, we offer the following premium, viz.: one year's subscription free for every club of five new yearly subscribers, provided the club shall be made up before the fifteenth day of July next. Now is the time for little boys and girls to work in earnest.

Reform in Ireland.

A Land Reform Bill for the benefit of Ireland is before the House of Commons, England. It bears upon the relation of tenant and landlord, and if passed will greatly relieve the Irish peasantry of the inhuman despotism of landlords, which has been their greatest curse.

Mediumship.
The medium occupies a fearful position. He is the channel through which the thoughts of angels flow, and the purity of their expression depends on the purity of his life.

The most crystal water when made to flow over bogs and marshes, becomes foul with slime, and the most heavenly thoughts and emotions become turbid and fermented to error when forced through the channel furnished by an impure mind. "But," it is asked, "why do spirits descend to employ such persons as mediums? Do they not know that this very thing is a stumbling block to the believer, and a weak point for the attack of the skeptic?"

All this is well considered, but are you sure they do so from choice? The number of persons organized for mediums of necessity is small. There are thousands of spirits wishing to communicate for one medium. So eager are they that every opportunity, offering the least chance for intercourse with their friends on earth, is eagerly seized.

The condition of sensitiveness, the cause of mediumship, renders the individual easily influenced by surrounding circumstances. Hence, the waywardness of character too often exhibited, and for which unstinted blame is poured out. We should, however, seek the best gifts, and order our lives after the highest moral ideal. By being mediums, we should not consider the least moral responsibility removed, and endeavor to excuse our shortcomings by saying we are automatons moved by a superior responsible will. We are individually responsible, and if intelligences from any source attempt to lead us a hair's breadth from the path of rectitude and honor, we should distrust and discard them at once. Pure and holy spirits will ever urge us in the way of right; and encourage us when we falter, hold us up when we otherwise would fall.

Mediumship, both for physical manifestations and of a psychological character, is purely constitutional. It cannot be bought nor sold. It does not depend on moral or intellectual development. We have seen wonderful physical manifestations through individuals of most questionable morals, and received communications by writing of a very satisfactory character, from dear departed friends, through ignorant and inferior persons.

As every medium has a personality more or less positive, every one colors his communications in a more or less decided manner. Each has a peculiarity of his own. Subtle differences in organization allow certain manifestations more readily than others, and by a permutation of innumerable conditions on the part of the medium and spirit, a wonderful variety of phenomena results.

What is this peculiarity of organization, and how acquired? It would be difficult to tell what it is. It is often, and usually is, possessed at birth, or may be slowly or suddenly acquired. The spirit seems to have less hold of the body, and to be sensitive for that reason.

By sitting in circles the condition may be acquired, after the manner that a musical string will, by repeated vibrations, become harmonious with another if that is fixed.

If two strings are stretched with unequal tension—one having the points of tension fixed, while those of the other are movable, the latter will not respond in the first with the former. But every vibration of the first will tend to move the points of tension of the latter, and will, after a time, bring them into such position that the two strings will be in unison. The time required to produce this result will depend on the violence of the vibrations and the facility with which the points of support yield. This may result by a single vibration, or it may require days, months, or years.

A spirit determined to develop a friend as a medium, may, by constant magnetic effort, induce a state of harmonious vibration between himself and his friend, just as the fixed string, by throwing the other into vibration, at length, by slow approximations, draws it into harmony—or in other words, makes it echo its own notes. It then becomes a medium for the utterance of the other.

Here we have unfolded much that passes as the work of "evil spirits" or of "undeveloped" ones. Suppose, while the above mentioned strings were out of harmony, we strike one, and the other vibrates, it only yields discord. Its tone has no resemblance to that which awoke it. It has spoken, but it has not spoken a word of what it was told to speak. Is it false? No. It has made an effort, and done the best it can. That effort will enable it to respond more truthfully at the next trial. It may fail again and again, but sooner or later it will give harmonious responses.

It is these efforts to control that cause muscular contortions, or in writing cover the pages with hieroglyphics. These characters are usually thought to belong to some ancient language, and are so declared by the controlling power, and truthfully; for although they may not belong to any language ever written, each character is clear to represent a thought. The thought existed clear and defined in the mind of the controlling spirit, and in this manner the medium translates it.

We said impressibility might be natural or induced. Fasting, the use of narcotics, stimulants, sickness, or loss of sleep, are favorable to the manifestation of the spirit power.

Whatever weakens the body, increases impressibility, and thus allows the nearer approach of the spirit world.

It was the custom of the ancients to purify, and fast, going out into the deserts, amid solitude and gloom, to obtain what they mistook as divine inspiration. Christ went out into the wilderness and fasted forty days. Narcotizing drugs and vapors were also used by the priestesses at the oracles, and hasheesh, and other substances which excite the brain, are now employed in the East to induce a delirious trance.

The state produced by any of these methods is wholly unreliable, and may be compared with the natural or true trance, as muscular motion produced in the dead body may be compared with the movements of life. In the state thus produced the physical holds by so many fibers, that the result is simply a distortion.

A high degree of mental excitement, by prostrating the body, awakens spiritual impressibility.

S. B. Randolph, clairvoyant physician, has related some facts of his early experience, among which we regard the following as specially remarkable: He said that some eight or ten years ago he followed the sea in the capacity of cabin boy. The captain and mate were severe men, and he was subjected to much abuse from them. On one occasion they had beaten him cruelly, and driven him to utter desperation, when he felt an interior impulse to cast himself into the sea, and so end his troubles. He ran for that purpose toward the side of the vessel, but just as he was about to take the fatal leap, he saw the apparition of an arm and hand rising above the water, and beckoning him to go back. He suddenly stopped, and nearly fell backward; but, after persuading himself that this figure was a mere phantom of the imagination, he rallied for a still more desperate effort, resolving not to be diverted from his

purpose that time. As he approached the side of the vessel, however, he saw the whole form of his deceased mother floating above the waves, and this time she addressed him, speaking to his internal hearing, and commanded him to desist from his purpose, saying that the time for him to leave the world had not yet arrived, and that there was an important work for him to do in the future. He was thus saved from the suicide's death, and strengthened to endure the insults of his persecutors. In several other instances he had been saved from danger and strengthened under adversity, by the interposition of his spirit mother.

The exhalation produced by sickness is illustrated in the case of Prof. Hitchcock, detailed by himself in the *New Englander*, and which is one of the most striking on record. He had, "during a fit of sickness, day after day, visions of strange landscapes spread out before him—mountain and lake and forest—vast rocks, strata upon strata, piled to the clouds—the panorama of a world, shattered and upheaved, disclosing the grand secrets of creation, the unshapely and monstrous rudiments of organic life." He became sensitive by sickness to the atmosphere of the strata. It is recorded by his son that during a recent illness he saw spread out before him the beds of sandstone of the Connecticut Valley covered with tracks, and by them was enabled to determine points, on which he had during health studied in vain.

In cases of dreaming, the body being weak, the spirit acquires freedom, and annuls time and space, compressing the innumerable occurrences of years into a single moment.

A gentleman says that during partial drowning, "he saw, as if in a wide field, the acts of his being, from the first dawn of memory to the moment of entering the water. They were all grouped and arranged in the order of succession in which they happened, and he read the whole volume of existence at a glance; nay, its incidents and entities were photographed on his mind, limned in light, and the panorama of the battle of life lay before him."

The writer, on receiving a severe contusion of the brain, while unconscious of all surrounding objects, had a perfect presentation of his past life, like a magnificently colored picture, unfolded slowly before him. The least object, thought and action of the past came before him, and in less than a minute many years of time were lived again. I can compare the sensations there experienced with nothing but such as an eagle may be supposed to feel as it plumes its pinions and with tremulous wings prepares to soar upward into the buoyant air.

Death, by annulling the physical powers, seems to produce a state of clairvoyance, and under favorable circumstances, the spiritual faculties are awakened in a remarkable degree.

"Miss Nancy Bailey, of Merrimac, formerly employed in the factories here, visited Nashua last week for the purchase of a wedding dress, bonnet, and bridal cake, etc., preparatory for her marriage on Wednesday next. She had completed her purchases, and was on her way to the depot, on Saturday evening, when the cars left. She therefore returned to the house of a friend, Mrs. Mitchell, on Canal street, near the Jackson Corporation. About half-past three on Sunday afternoon, as she sat at the window, she drew up both hands, exclaiming, 'Why, there is Mr. Drew!' (the name of the gentleman to whom she was to be married, and who is a resident of Concord, Vt.) Mrs. M. went to another window, but no one was in sight. At this moment a crash of glass called her attention to Miss Bailey, who had fallen forward against the window. Help was instantly called, and she was placed upon a bed, but with two gasps she expired.

"Miss Bailey was about twenty-six years old, and latterly had not been in perfect health."—*Nashua (N. H.) Obit.*

Such is a general view of the conditions favorable to mediumship. Those who anxiously desire to hold converse with the departed, may be gratified by complying with the essential requirements, or they may find themselves constitutionally unfitted for the reception of inspiration.

Even the most sneering skeptic will gladly become a medium, removed as he is to the very antipodes of mediumship. It is only through ourselves we can gain the clear and positive principles we so much love, in a manner which makes them our own. Hence the desire to receive communications through our own mediumship. How to do so, is a question asked by all. You may have natural powers as yet unawakened, or you may be capable of becoming mediumistic after sufficient trial. There is only one course. If you understand animal magnetism, you know that the subject must be passive, and have no care for the result. As the law of magnetic control is the same, whether mortal or spirit be the operator, the same passivity must be observed by the medium. Sitting in circles is the best of all means, especially if a medium already developed is present.

Retiring alone at a certain hour is also a good discipline. Anxiety to receive communications is among the greatest obstacles to overcome. Pray for the best gifts, and according to your possibilities your prayer shall be answered, for remember that the dear departed of the realms of light are equally anxious to converse, and will avail themselves of every opportunity to do so. Remember that though they avail themselves of every channel, the noble angels of light love best to approach the pure in heart and pure in body.

When the body is inflated with a diet of flesh, saturated with stimulants and narcotics, the mind, reciprocating this physical condition thus created, is a seething mass of passions, a magazine which a spark may explode, and not willingly do the pure spirits approach. The prophets of old fasted and dieted, that they might gain immortal inspiration; they ordered their lives in purity that they might allow the invisible world the closer to approach. Be assured that although, for want of better, all mediums are employed, sooner or later those who are not lifted out of the moral sloughs into which they may have fallen, will be discarded, and only those who possess an upright character will remain.

*Dream Land and Ghost Land, by E. P. Hood.
†Sleep, Sensation and Memory—Fosgate. Quoted by Denton.

Egotistical.

An egotistical, as he says a truly evangelical, clergyman, who has, probably, through his postmaster, procured the reading of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL for three months, desires us to publish a long article of twaddle, attributing spiritual manifestations to the devil. We can't afford space in our paper for such blockheads to ventilate themselves. They will find plenty of space in the Orthodox papers, and such articles are well suited to the capacity of the readers of such sheets.

We think it very probable that he is a reverend gentleman, from the fact that, like that class generally, he supposed his name would induce us to give him a hearing, however weak his production. He condescends to promise to permit the postmaster of Norwich, Ohio, to give us his name on condition that we will publish his article entire. It rates his name much higher than we do. We have no respect for names or titles. We have a high regard for truth. We venerate principles, and respect men and women who give utterance thereto.

The Little Bouquet.

We are in possession of a large number of letters from different parts of the country, speaking of the LITTLE BOUQUET in highest terms of commendation.

The press, so far as heard from, has spoken in most flattering terms of its beauty and excellence, for all of which we feel very thankful; but above all else we feel to express heartfelt gratitude to our worthy cotemporary, the BANNER OF LIGHT, for its complimentary notice, and the good will expressed. With such commendation we hope to receive a patronage from the public that will enable us to make the LITTLE BOUQUET the most acceptable paper to children and youth of any published on the American continent.

We shall spare no pains, and if the friends will but feel as a gentleman from California "expressed himself to us yesterday," "Why," said he, "if I had a hundred children I would pay a year's subscription to the LITTLE BOUQUET for each one of them, the first thing I did," their support would enable us to make it a weekly visitor at once. What is one dollar when we consider the nobleness of the cause in which we are engaged, and the good influence of healthy reading matter upon the minds of children and youth.

Read the following notice from the BANNER OF LIGHT, and at once set about canvassing for clubs. Let the little girls and boys go to work in good earnest, and a fine subscription list will be secured immediately.

THE LITTLE BOUQUET.

We received on Thursday last a full supply of the first number of the BOUQUET, a children's paper, published at Chicago, Illinois, by the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION, consequently we can now supply customers, as we announced we should in a previous number of the BANNER. It is a neat looking quarto sheet. The leading article is by Hudson Tuttle, Esq., entitled "The Pearl Diver of Ceylon;" the next article, by A. J. Davis, Esq., (very brief) is headed "Children's Progressive Lyceum;" Poetry by Mrs. Emma Tuttle and Mrs. Harvey Jones. There is a Natural History Department, appropriately illustrated. The salutary is very prettily worded and very appropriate. In addressing the children, the editor says:

"The only object you have in publishing the LITTLE BOUQUET is, that through it you may be made happier and wiser. You know how sunshine makes the flowers grow, and how sweet their fragrance makes the air we breathe; well, kindness expressed by one to another is to him who receives—and to him who gives also—like sunshine to flowers. Our nature grows and becomes fragrant—sweet—when we live in kindly relations to all."

We cannot help responding amen to this sentiment. The BOUQUET will be fragrant enough, if it adheres to such sentiments. If anything, the fifth and sixth pages are the most interesting, conveying as they do, by appropriate diagrams and explanations, a full and correct idea of the opening exercises of the Children's Progressive Lyceum. The eighth page is occupied with a fine piece of original music. (With words.) Composed expressly for the BOUQUET by H. M. Higgins, Esq., of Chicago. The children of Spiritualists need just such a sheet, and its circulation should be run up to at least twenty thousand copies forthwith. Price, \$1.00 per year; single copies ten cents.

State Convention.

We call the attention of our readers to the response of the friends at Rockford to our suggestion for a State Convention at that place. We believe the call will meet with a hearty response.

Let us go to work in good earnest. If we assemble with the determination of having a good time, each carrying it along with him or her—rest assured we shall have it.

We trust every town where a half dozen Spiritualists are to be found, will unite under some broad and liberal form of organization, (being careful to avoid all confessions of faith, creeds, and systems of belief as tests of membership,) between now and the time of that convention. By so doing you can send one or more delegates to the State Convention, and thereby secure a representation.

The best way to start any local organization, or indeed any reformatory movement, is to do it *impromptu*. Do what you do *quickly*. If you like the broad, liberal form recommended by the National Executive Committee, which forever prohibits any restrictions upon your local rights, you will find a copy of it in this number of the paper. That form will authorize you to endow public lecturers with power to perform the marriage ceremony, and give you all the civil rights enjoyed by any religious bodies under the laws of the State. It is a good form, and is being largely followed in different States.

If you prefer some other to this, it is just as well. Suit yourselves; but we do advise you to get together, if not more than half a dozen, join in an organization; it is a nucleus around which to build up a good society.

It is a very easy matter for a few individuals to put a ball in motion which will continue to roll until it becomes large in dimensions as well as irresistible in power.

We really hope there will be delegates in the State Convention from hundreds of different local Spiritual and other progressive societies.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Identification of a Spirit.

DEAR EDITORS: Much as we desire the *universal knowledge of spirit presence* and power, yet there are some choice gems, some personal effusions of soul communion, which seem too sacred to be thrown out upon the public ear.
Among these is that precious communication given to me, "Walter," through the mediumship of Mrs. A. H. Robinson, and which you kindly published in your issue of April 14. Every sentence is strictly characteristic of my angel Olive, and no other spirit could reveal so much of our mutual soul condition.

I was well aware that our numerous friends would recognize the spirit of the letter, and that it was intended for me, and this I thought sufficient. Yet, it is but justice to Mrs. Robinson, to yourselves, and to the world, that I make these facts public.

Mrs. Robinson has my most sincere thanks for acting as medium, and I fully appreciate her high and holy mission. I am not personally acquainted with her, and I have never requested my dearest one in spirit life to communicate with me through your medium in Chicago, and hence the communication was entirely unexpected, and adds another link to the chain of evidences concerning the earnest solicitude of our angel friends.

Yours Fraternally, WALTER HYDE.

New York City, May 30, 1866.

Responsibility.

The editors of THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL do not hold themselves responsible for the sentiments expressed by correspondents. Believing in freedom of thought and the right of expression for ourselves, we would not deny the same right to others.
We only ask correspondents to base their thoughts upon principles that will be of benefit to the reader to write clearly, pointedly, well.

A safe turn back is better than a sad drive through.

Aerial Navigation.

For hundreds of years there has been an effort to accomplish Aerial Navigation. History tells us of an artificial pylon constructed some four hundred years before the Christian era.

Dr. Solomon Andrews, of Perth Amboy, N. J., has taken out a patent for an "Aerion," or air-ship, the principle of which he has been studying for many years, and there are at least strong probabilities that he will succeed in solving the long studied problem of aerial navigation.

On Friday, May 25, Dr. Andrews, President, G. W. Trow, Vice President, C. M. Plumb, Secretary, and G. Waldo Hill, a director of the "Aerial Navigation Company," made a trial trip with the new "Aerion."

A Grand Picnic Excursion to Aurora.

Arrangements are being made for a grand picnic excursion of the Children's Progressive Lyceum of Chicago to the city of Aurora, on Saturday, June 16th.

The members of the Lyceum will appear in appropriate regalia, with their targets and banners, and will perform all the gymnastic and other exercises usual at their meetings.

A fine band of music will be in attendance, to render the occasion attractive and exhilarating.

This picnic excursion is timely, and will be duly appreciated by the friends at Aurora and the country roundabout, as it will afford a double inducement to Spiritualists and other reformers to attend the spiritual meetings to be held at Aurora, on the 15th, 16th, and 17th instant.

The particulars in regard to the excursion will be announced in the city and county papers, as soon as perfected.

Invocation.

Our next number of the LITTLE BOUQUET will contain a splendid piece of music, with piano accompaniment, entitled as above. The words were composed by Emma Tuttle—music by H. M. Higgins.

The music alone would cost thirty-five cents at the music stores. A whole year's subscription is but one dollar, with a piece of original music in each number.

Lieut-General Winfield Scott.

On Tuesday, May 29th, this brave military chieftain closed his earthly campaign at West Point, N. Y., peacefully, quietly. On Friday, June 1st, the funeral rites were performed, and the nation, through its representatives, distinguished persons from the House of Representatives, Senate, army and navy, paid due respect to its honored General and citizen.

Book Notices.

THE GOSPEL OF HEALTH, and Journal of the True Healing Art. By R. T. Trull, M. D. An illustrated monthly health Journal, devoted to the explanation and advocacy of the Hygienic Medical System, (improperly termed "Hydro-path," or "Water-Cure"), embracing, in all their relations, the subjects of Bodily Development, Mental Hygiene, the Laws of Life, the Conditions of Health, Normal Agriculture, Progressive Sociology, and the Treatment of Disease without Drug Medicines.

Published by R. T. Trull & Co., 97 6th Avenue, New York, at one dollar per annum in advance. The first number of the above journal is before us, and evinces the vigor which characterizes all of the Doctor's works.

THE EMPIRE OF THE MOTHER over the Character and Destiny of the Human Race. By Henry C. Wright. Published by Bela Marsh, 14 Bromfield street, Boston.

The publisher has just issued a second edition of this valuable work, a production which is probably the result of more study, more devotion of thought, than any other work of the size bearing upon human relations.

Mr. Wright is a clear thinker, and we hope his writings will be extensively read.

The American Phenological Journal (monthly), published by Fowler & Wells, 389 Broadway, New York, comes to us regularly. It is decidedly interesting. The June number contains a fine portrait and phenological delineation of the late Senator Foot of Vermont, and other valuable matter. Price, \$2.00 a year.

Gail Hamilton has in the press of her publishers, Messrs. Ticknor & Fields, Boston, a new volume specially adapted to summer reading, and bearing the taking title of "Summer Rest." Most of the articles in this volume are now for the first time printed, and will be found equal to any of the author's most brilliant essays.

way of gardening and other domestic matters are very amusing. Gail Hamilton is never dull. Possessed of a sharp and ready wit, speaking boldly, and that, too, upon topics wherein women have been supposed to have but little interest, she has already gathered about her an audience, which, by its hearty appreciation of her writings, attests the truth of many of her convictions.

PERSONAL AND LOCAL.

Since 1802 the boot manufactory business of Chicago has increased from one small establishment to fifteen, turning out nine hundred cases per week, containing 300 doz. sides of upper, 1,000 sides of sole, and 50 doz. calf skins, and employing 1,200 hands.

Lemuel Cook, the last officially recognized surviving soldier of the Revolution, died a few days since at Clarendon, Orleans county, N. Y., at the age of 103 years.

We understand that Prof. E. L. Youmans has been appointed to the chair of chemistry in Antioch College, Ohio. Prof. Youmans is a live man, and will be a valuable accession to the college.

The time for laying the corner stone of the monument to Stephen A. Douglas has been changed from the 13th of June to the 4th of July.

The Spiritualists of Princeton, Ill., have organized, and are in good working order.

The Spiritualists of Cardington, Ohio, have organized a "Religio-Philosophical Society."

E. C. Dunn has just returned to Rushford, Ill., from a successful lecturing tour through Mercer county. He reports favorably of the cause of Spiritualism. He is to remain in Rockford during June, and will go to Darien, Wis., for the month of July.

The anniversary at Sturgis, Mich., commences Saturday morning, June 16th, and holds two days.

J. M. Peebles is not at Battle Creek, as we prematurely announced two weeks since. He is to visit there the last of this month. His address is box 1402, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Lois Walsbrooker can be addressed Newark, N. J., care Wm. M. Drake, till July.

Mrs. Alcinda Wilhelm, M. D., has lately closed a very successful course of lectures at Princeton, Illinois.

Mrs. S. M. Thompson has been laboring successfully in Southern Ohio. She has just returned to her home in Cleveland from a tour to Wheeling, Parkersburgh, and other towns thereabouts.

PEN AND SCISSORS.

CURE FOR A COLD (A. D. 1480.)

Putte your feet in hot water. As high as your thighs. Wrappe your head up in flannelo. As low as your eyes. Take a quart of rummi'd gruelle. When in bedde, as a dose. With a number four dippe. Well tallove your nose.

One of the editors of a New Orleans paper, soon after beginning to learn the printing business, went to pay his addresses to a preacher's daughter. The next time he attended the meeting he was taken down by hearing the minister announce as his text, "My daughter is grievously tormented with the devil!"

Moreover, let me tell my young doctor friends, says Dr. John Brown of Edinburgh, author of "Rab and his Friends," that a cheerful face, and step, and an occasional hearty and kindly joke, a power of executing and setting agoing a good laugh, are stock in our trade not to be despised. The merry heart does good like a medicine.

I may give an instance when a joke was better than medicine itself. A comely young wife, the cynosure of her circle, was in bed, apparently dying from swelling and inflammation of the throat, an inaccessible abscess stopping the way; she could swallow nothing; everything had been tried. Her friends were standing round her bed in misery and helplessness. "Try her wif a compliment!" said her husband, in a not uncomic despair.

"Sydenham," he adds, "when asked by Sir Richard Blackmore what he would advise him, for medical reading, replied, 'Read Don Quixote, sir!'"

The little tax of one cent upon every box of matches netted the Government \$1,500,000 last year. According to that estimate, 150,000,000 bunches or boxes of matches must have been used in this country during the year, or five bunches—equal to five hundred matches—for every man, woman or child.

Judge Thomas of Virginia has just decided that the Civil Rights act has no force in the jurisprudence of that venerable sovereignty; and on that ground has refused to admit the testimony of a colored man tendered in behalf of the people on the trial of a white charged with felony. We guess the judge will be overruled.

Dr. Benjamin Newland, of New Albany, Indiana, tried for the murder of the Rev. Prof. Evans, who seduced his daughter, has been acquitted, as it was supposed he would be.

The school fund of Massachusetts amounts to nearly \$2,000,000. During 1865, seven dollars and twenty-three cents for each person of school age, were expended on the common schools. Ninety per cent. of the children of the State are enrolled as scholars of the public schools.

The Legislature of Tennessee has passed a Metropolitan Police Act. It applies to Nashville, Memphis and Chattanooga, and will wrest the Police power of Memphis from the bloody rebel hands of the present police of Memphis and their abettors.

Attempts at assassination, from political motives, threaten to become epidemic in Europe. The recent attacks upon the Emperor of Russia and the King of Prussia have been followed by another upon Count Bismark. This last one was made by a young man, twenty-two years of age, a step-son of the well known republican refugee in London, Karl Blind. Count Bismark himself seized the would-be assassin, who, after being taken to jail, contrived to stab himself nine times in the throat, and died the next morning of his wounds.

Deaths.

Death, life's faithful servant, comes to loose the worn sandals and give the weary rest.

Passed on to the higher life on the first instant, from the residence of her parents in Penna Manor, Bucks county, Pa., RACHEL C., eldest daughter of Hector C. and Mary T. Ivinis, in the sixteenth year of her age.

Notwithstanding our knowledge that the lines which separate those who have passed behind the veil are very indefinite, and that our loved ones that depart are not far from us, it is a deep trial to part with them, especially when they are just budding into womanhood or manhood.

This dear child has been a patient sufferer for some time past, and had become still more endeared to us by the gentleness of her nature and the unobscuring quietness with which she bore the heavy burdens of disease. Were it not for the rich consolation which we feel in the knowledge that for her change is glorious, the trial would be much more severe, but now we feel that there is another tie to draw us towards the inner life. Thus as we pass along, one after another of the beautiful links that bind us to earth is removed and planted in the Summer Land, so that those of us who have passed the meridian of life generally find that the balance is on the other side, for there are more there than here, and thus we learn to look more and more towards that home where we shall meet in an unbroken circle all the loved ones to whom we have been attached in this life.

HENRY T. CHILD, M. D., 634 Race street. Philadelphia, Pa. J. 1866.

BUSINESS MATTERS.

OUR BOOK TRADE.—Orders by mail are filled out as soon as they reach this office, but it sometimes happens that we may be out of some book ordered. That may cause a few days' delay until our stock is replenished.

We say this, that those ordering books may not be disappointed if they sometimes get a part of the order on one day and the remainder on another day. We intend to be prompt in filling orders for the paper and for books. If either should fall to come to hand within a reasonable time, we urgently request our friends to advise us of the fact, giving names of persons, places of residences, and the amount of money sent; when the order was mailed, and to whom directed.

All such orders should be addressed to Geo. H. Jones, Secretary RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION, drawer 6325, Chicago, Ill.

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

Following subjects are treated of in a masterly manner, viz.:

- 1. Astronomical Religion. 2. Religion of Nature. 3. The Creator and His Attributes. 4. Spirit—Its Origin and Destiny. 5. Sin and Death. 6. Hades, the Land of the Dead.

Together with the outline of a plan for a humane enterprise and an autobiographical introduction with an appendix containing the sayings and sentiments of many well-known Spiritualists and other reformers.

This volume also contains a fine steel engraving of the author, by Donnelly.

For sale at this office. Price, in paper, 75 cents, bound in cloth, \$1.00. Sent by mail postpaid on receipt of the price.

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

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

CLAIRVOYANT AND HOMEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN.—Miss Lowry will remain in Chicago a short time, at No. 300 1/2 State street, where she will examine the human system clairvoyantly, and give a diagnosis of the diseased organs, and a statement of the cause of their diseased state, and treat the same.

Will also give psychometrical diagnosis of diseases of those who are at a distance, either by a lock of their hair, their autographs or photographs; and by the same means give a delineation of character, and direct their minds to the profession or occupation for which their organizations are best adapted.

Price for examination, \$1.00. Consultation, Free. Hours for Consultation, from 9 to 11, A. M., and from 1 to 5, P. M. [24-1f]

Send for one of Harris' Gas Burners, for burning Kerosene oil; fits all lamps, requires no chimney, makes no smoke, saves oil, and gives a splendid gas light. Can be carried about the house without danger of being extinguished. Sent by mail for 60 cts. Taylor, Bunt & Co., 100 Monroe St., Chicago. [25]

VALUABLE USES OF MAGNETISM.—Dr. J. Willbur is permanently located at 561 Milwaukee Street, Milwaukee, Wis., is using Magnetism with great success in curing diseases, both chronic and acute. He uses no medicine whatever, yet he challenges competition from prescribers of drugs and nostrums. Patients at a distance are cured; all that is required is a superscribed envelope and fifteen cents. Office hours from 10 A. M. to 5 P. M. [2-2-3m]

Mrs. C. A. Genung, the well known Healing, Clairvoyant and Business Medium of Chicago, has recovered her health, and is now able to wait on all who may call on her at her rooms, 293 West Lake street. If you are sick, call and be healed. If you are in trouble, call and get advice. You will get satisfaction. Hours from 8 A. M. to 6 P. M. 2-12-1f

Sorrows come not single. Hundreds meet with misfortunes at every turn of life's great wheel of life. Suffering, sorrow and sickness are the inheritance of man. Dyspepsia has claimed millions as its victims, and for years there has seemed to be no reliable remedy for it. Our readers will rejoice to hear that Coe's Dyspepsia Cure will certainly cure it in every instance. All its attendant afflictions, like cramps, colic, indigestion, sickness of stomach, souring and rising of food, sick-headache, general debility and want of appetite, are sure to yield to Coe's Dyspepsia Cure.

PROGRESSIVE GATHERINGS.

"Anniversary."

The Spiritualists of Sturgis will hold their annual meeting in the Free Church, the 16th and 17th of June, 1866.

S. J. Finney, J. B. Harrison, and other speakers will be present.

Arrangements will be made to have a good time. All are invited. PER ORDER.

Three Days' Meeting in Aurora, Ill. The Friends of Progress in Aurora, Ill., will hold a Convention on the 15th, 16th and 17th days of June. They cordially invite all who wish to join them in the good work. R. H. WINSLOW, Pres. of Society.

Grove Meeting.

There will be a Grove Meeting of Spiritualists held on the 4th day of July, 1866, at Farmers' Station, Clinton Co., Ohio, on the Marietta and Cincinnati Railroad. Spiritualists and liberal minds are earnestly invited to attend. S. C. CHILD.

Philadelphia Children's Progressive Lyceum Pic Nic Excursion, To Stillwood Grove, on Friday, June 22d, 1866. Cars leave Thirty-first and Market streets, at 7 o'clock in the morning, and leave the Grove in the evening at 6.

The Grove is ten miles, or half an hour's ride, from the city, upon the Media Road; it is beautifully situated, and has all the conveniences for healthful recreation and enjoyment that can be desired. Lawn Tennis, Croquet, the May and Fairy Queens, Music, Dancing, Games, and such other amusements as will contribute to the pleasure of the company, will constitute the programme of the day.

Excursion tickets—for adults, 75 cents, and for children, 40 cents—can be procured of the officers, leaders, or members of the Lyceum.

The friends of the cause are invited to accompany

the Lyceum, and participate in the good time they expect to enjoy.

M. B. DYOTT, Conductor.

The Children's Progressive Lyceum of New York.

Holds its annual Pic Nic at Fort Lee, on the Hudson River, the 15th inst.

Grove Meeting.

The Spiritualists of Rockford, Ill., are to hold a three days Grove Meeting, near that city, commencing on Friday, June 29th, 1866. It is determined by all to make the meeting an entire success.—abundant hospitality will be extended to strangers and friends. Lecturers who can so arrange their travels as to be present, are requested to address the Committee.

Rockford is on the Galena R. R., 92 miles N. W. from Chicago.

G. W. BROWN, DR. GEO. HASKELL, MR. STORV, Committee.

Illinois State Convention.

TO THE SPIRITUALISTS OF ILL.—The 1st Spiritual Society of Rockford, Ill., in session on Sunday, June 2d, Bro. Hawley in the Chair, by unanimous vote adopted the following Resolutions:

Resolved, That the several Spiritual Societies and organizations throughout the State of Illinois, be invited to send two delegates each, to meet a similar number from this Society, in Rockford, on the 27th day of June, at 11 o'clock, A. M., and to continue in session for three days, for the purpose of organizing a State Society of Spiritualists for Illinois.

Resolved, That Bro. G. W. Brown and E. C. Dunn be delegates, with full authority to represent this Society in said Convention.

Come one and all, from all parts of the State, and let us have a good time together in laying the foundation of a superstructure that shall be a blessing to mankind.

By order of the Society. G. W. BROWN, Chairman Ex. Com.

NOTICE OF MEETINGS.

MEETINGS AT CHICAGO.—Regular morning and evening meetings are held by the First Society of Spiritualists in Chicago, every Sunday, at Crosby's Opera House Hall—entrance on State street. Hours of meeting at 10 1/2 A. M., and 7 1/2 P. M. Children's Progressive Lyceum meets at the same hall every Sunday at 12:30 P. M.

SPRINGFIELD, ILL.—Spiritualists hold meetings regularly in their Hall, and the Children's Progressive Lyceum meets every Sunday afternoon at 2 o'clock.

QUINCY, ILL.—The Association of Spiritualists and Friends of Progress meet every Sunday, at 2 1/2 P. M., for conference and addresses. Hall, No. 130 Main street, third floor.

MILWAUKEE.—The Spiritualists of Milwaukee meet every Sunday at 10 1/2 A. M., and 7 1/2 o'clock, P. M., at Stryker's Hall. Regular speaking by Moses Hill. Progressive Lyceum meets every Sunday at 2 o'clock P. M.

STURGIS, MICH.—Regular meetings of the "Harmonical Society," morning and evening in the "Free Church."

Children's Progressive Lyceum meets every Sunday at the same place at 12:30 P. M.

CINCINNATI, O.—The Spiritualists of Cincinnati have organized themselves under the laws of Ohio as a "Religious Society of Progressive Spiritualists," and have secured the Academy of Music, north side of Fourth street, between Elm and Plum streets, where they hold regular meetings on Sunday mornings and evenings, at 10 1/2 and 7 1/2 o'clock.

CLEVELAND, O.—Regular meetings every Sunday in Temperance Hall, on Superior street, at 10 1/2 A. M., and 7 1/2 P. M. Children's Progressive Lyceum holds its sessions every Sunday at 1 P. M.

ST. LOUIS, MO.—The "Society of Spiritualists and Friends of Progress" have rented Mercantile Library (small) Hall, and have regular lectures every Sunday at 10 1/2 A. M. and 7 1/2 P. M. Seats free.

The Children's Progressive Lyceum meets in the same Hall every Sunday afternoon, at 2 1/2 o'clock.

BOSTON—MELROSE.—The Lyceum Society of Spiritualists will hold meetings on Sundays at 2 1/2 and 7 1/2 o'clock. Admission free.

CHARLESTOWN, MASS.—The First Society of Spiritualists holds meetings every Sunday in Washington Hall, at 2 1/2 and 7 1/2 o'clock, P. M. The Children's Lyceum meets at 10 A. M.

THE SPIRITUALISTS OF CHARLESTOWN have commenced a series of free meetings at Mechanics' Hall, corner of Chelsea street and City square, every Sunday afternoon and evening. Children's Lyceum meets every Sunday at 10 1/2 A. M.

CHELSEA.—The Associated Spiritualists of Chelsea have engaged Library Hall, to hold regular meetings Sunday afternoon and evening of each week. All communications concerning them should be addressed to J. S. Dodge, 127 Hanover street, Boston.

LOWELL.—Spiritualists hold meetings in Lee Street Church, afternoon and evening. The Children's Progressive Lyceum meets in the forenoon.

HAVERHILL, MASS.—The Spiritualists and liberal minds of Haverhill have organized, and hold regular meetings at Music Hall. Children's Progressive Lyceum meets at 10 o'clock A. M.

PLYMOUTH, MASS.—Spiritualists hold meetings in Leyden Hall, Sunday afternoon and evening, one-half the time. Children's Progressive Lyceum meets every Sunday forenoon at 11 o'clock.

WORCESTER, MASS.—Meetings are held in Horticultural Hall every Sunday afternoon and evening. Children's Progressive Lyceum meets at 11 1/2 A. M. every Sunday.

NORTH WRENTHAM, MASS.—The Spiritualists have organized a society, and will hold regular meetings in Harmonical Hall at 10 1/2 A. M. and 1 1/2 P. M. Seats free.

HAVERHILL, MASS.—Spiritual meetings are held in the Universalist Church, Haverhill, every other Sunday. Mediums and normal persons wishing to make engagements will please address John Puffer, South Haverhill, Mass.

FOXBORO', MASS.—Meetings in Town Hall.

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

The Children's Progressive Lyceum, a new and very attractive Sunday school, meets at the same Hall every Sunday afternoon at 2 1/2 o'clock.

Speakers wishing to make engagements to lecture in Ebbitt Hall, should address P. E. Farnsworth, Secretary, P. O. Box 5679, New York.

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

NEW YORK CITY.—The First Society of Spiritualists holds meetings every Sunday in Dodworth's Hall. Seats free.

WILLIAMSBURG, N. Y.—Spiritual meetings are held one evening each week, in Continental Hall.

MORRISANIA, N. Y.—First Society of Progressive Spiritualists—Assembly Rooms, corner Washington avenue and Fifth street. Services at 3 1/2 P. M.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—Progressive Spiritualists hold regular meetings on Sundays in Sanson Street Hall at 10 1/2 A. M. and 7 1/2 P. M. Children's Progressive Lyceum holds sessions every Sunday afternoon in same place at 2 1/2 o'clock.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—Friends of Progress hold meetings in their new hall, (formerly a church), Phœnix street, every Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock P. M. Children's Progressive Lyceum holds regular Sunday sessions at 10 A. M., in the same place.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—The Association of Spiritualists of Washington hold meetings and have lectures every Sunday at 11 A. M., and 7 1/2 P. M., in Seaton Hall, corner of Ninth and D streets, near Pennsylvania avenue. Communications on business connected with the Association, should be addressed to the Secretary, Dr. J. A. Rowland, Attorney General's Office.

VINELAND, N. J.—Meetings of the Society of the Friends of Progress in their Lyceum Hall on Plum, near Sixth street, every Sunday morning at 10 1/2 A. M. Children's Progressive Lyceum holds sessions in the same Hall every Sunday at 2 o'clock P. M.

HAMMONTON, N. J.—Meetings held every Sunday at 10 1/2 A. M. and 7 P. M., at Ellis Hall, Bellevue avenue.

WILMINGTON, DEL.—The Spiritualists of this place meet every Sunday at McDonnell's Hall (Ferris & Garrett's Building) for lectures. Lecturers wishing to make engagements, will please address either of the following gentlemen: Thos. Garrett, Esq., President; Lea Pusey, Esq., Treasurer; or Dr. Wm. Fitzgerald, Secretary.

BALTIMORE, MD.—The 1st Spiritualist Congregation of Baltimore, holds regular meetings on Sundays, at Saratoga Hall, southeast corner of Calvert and Saratoga streets, at the usual hours of worship.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.—Meetings are held in Pratt's Hall, Way-bosset street, Sunday afternoons at 3 and evenings at 7 1/2 o'clock. Progressive Lyceum meets every Sunday forenoon, at 10 1/2 o'clock.

PITTSBURGH, CONN.—Meetings are held at Central Hall every Sunday afternoon at 1 1/2 o'clock. Progressive Lyceum at 10 1/2 in the forenoon.

SPEAKERS' REGISTER.

SPEAKERS for whom we advertise are solicited to send us agents for the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.

Rev. Orrin Abbott. Address Chicago, Ill.

J. Madison Allyn, trance and inspirational speaker, will lecture in Woodstock, July 4, 8, 15 and 22. Address, Woodstock, Vt., care of Thomas Middleton.

C. Fannie Allyn. Address Woodstock, Vt.

W. P. Anderson, Spirit Artist. Address P. O. Box 2521 New York City.

Mrs. N. K. Andrews, Makanda, Jackson Co., Ill.

Rev. Adin Ballou, Hopdale, Mass.

Mrs. Adelle L. Ballou, inspirational speaker, Mankato, Minn.

S. M. Beck, inspirational and normal speaker. Address Rochester, Olmstead county, Minn.

Leol Beebe, trance speaker, North Ridgville, Ohio.

M. C. Bent, inspirational speaker, will speak in Middle Granville, N. Y., the first and third Sundays in each month, and in Kingsbury, N. Y., the second and fourth, up to July. Address Middle Granville or Smith's Basin, New York.

C. C. Blake. Address Dahlonega, Wapello Co., Iowa.

Mrs. E. A. Bliss, Springfield, Mass.

A. P. Bowman, inspirational speaker, Richmond, Iowa.

Mrs. A. P. Brown, St. Johnsbury Centre, Vt.

Mrs. M. A. C. Brown, West Brattleboro', Vt.

Mrs. H. F. M. Brown. Address drawer 5815 Chicago, Ill.

Mrs. Emma F. Jay Bullene's address is 32 Fifth street, New York.

B. J. Butta. Address Hopdale, Mass.

Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes. Address 57 Spring street, East Cambridge, Mass.

Albert E. Carpenter will answer calls to lecture. Address, Putnam, Conn.

Judge A. G. W. Carter, of Cincinnati, Ohio, will answer calls to lecture on the Spiritual Philosophy.

Annie Lord Chamberlin, Musical Medium. Address Banner of Light office, Boston, Mass.

Henry T. Child, M. D., 634 Race street, Philadelphia, Pa.

COMMUNICATIONS FROM THE INNER LIFE.

"He shall give His angels charge concerning thee."

All communications under this head are given through

MRS. A. H. ROBINSON,

A well-developed trance medium, and may be implicitly relied upon as coming from the source they purport to—the spirit world.

MAY 22.

INVOCATION.

Our Father and our God! Thou from whom we derive all knowledge, we would again approach Thee, and offer gratitude and thankfulness for the many blessings Thou art constantly bestowing upon us.

Our Father, as we realize Thy blessing, may we be filled with kindness and love unto every one of Thy children. May we realize that to err in judgment, to be disappointed in our hopes, and to have the nearest and dearest ties upon the material plane severed, is in accordance with Thy divine will.

May all of Thy children upon the material plane of life feel assured that as Thou dost in Thy wisdom remove dear ones from the material to the spiritual plane of life, that it is for their good—for their more perfect happiness and wisdom.

May we all be enabled to ever thank Thee for the dark sorrows as well as the bright sunshine. May those who are now suffering upon the material plane of life, realize that each sorrow is but a shade in the grand and beautiful picture of life; that Thou in Thy wisdom art present with each and every one of them, as they shall live on earth, and enter upon this beautiful plane of life, where discord and sorrow can never come. For these blessings we would ever thank Thee.

For the assurance of Thy love while upon the earth, we would ever praise Thee; and for Thy watchful care through all eternity, may we ever join in one eternal praise unto Thee.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

Q. Understanding that nature is the great repository for undeveloped spiritual substance, and that different forms of life, such as birds, beasts, reptiles, human beings, are drawn from this great storehouse, how is it that the spiritual essence, which might have been a human being, with divine attributes and noble qualities, is made into a dog, a creeping reptile, or meaner things?

A. We would say that all spirit, all life, has ever existed, manifest to your senses, in different forms, such as the mineral, the vegetable and the animal. Each has a form of life peculiar to itself and it alone. You will agree with us when you have entered into a thorough investigation of everything below man, which is to be found in him. The different traits of character are manifested in his physical organism, and in it you will find the mineral, vegetable and animal properties. Then why is it, if all are from the same great storehouse, that they do not possess an equal degree of intelligence? Why is not all life manifested in the human instead of the animal?

That is a question which to answer in full would require more time than we can give it now; but we will refer our inquirer to a more thorough investigation of not only himself but the human family at large. When he has done this, he will have a better idea of the necessity of various forms of life below him. The life of a dog is perfect unto itself, yet it does not possess the intelligence of a man. The life of a reptile is peculiar to itself, and also essential to its growth, yet we do not find the intelligence there that we find in man. Life without the intelligence that we find in individuals possessed of, we cast aside as of but little moment. Yet you will find that each form has a sufficient amount of the life principle, gathered from the great storehouse of life, to sustain it in its unfolding in whatever form it may exist.

The child possesses all the powers of man undeveloped. So the life in the vegetable and the mineral possesses an amount of intelligence, but that it is equal to that of a human being you can readily perceive is not so. Yet all of these lower forms are necessary to the development and unfoldment of human life. We would say, as we have said before, that all are but parts of one stupendous whole.

Q. The poet says happiness is our being's end and aim. What say you?

A. We agree with the poet that happiness is our aim. Happiness is heaven, and heaven is happiness. God is love, and love is God. With God there must be happiness, and if God is love, then to be filled with pure and holy love is happiness, and is heaven.

When the time comes when individuals will work to obtain happiness for to-day, for the hour, instead of happiness in the future, then there will be more of heaven on earth. Make every hour of your lives happy, and fill it with love, and you not only have heaven but God also.

MAY 23.

HENRY.

One of the circle of spirits who control the medium through whom these communications are delivered, called Henry, now manifesting himself, the following conversation took place:

Q. Henry, have you seen the heading of the LITTLE BOUQUET? [Alluding to the design of the heading of a child's paper by that name now published by the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION.]

A. Yes, I saw it long before you did. Q. How do you like the design? A. Well, sir, I think it is very appropriate. It is rather a hard matter to give a perfect picture of that you have never seen, isn't it?

A. Yes, I find it very hard to get the artist to give a true conception of the thought that was in my own mind, when I gave him directions with reference to sketching it.

Henry—Now would you like me to tell you what I think of the heading?

A. Yes, I would like to have your ideas very much.

Henry—You would like to know whether the design is your own, or whether you were inspired to give it by some one that had passed from the material plane? A. I would.

Henry—We look upon it as being good. I believe you will improve upon it in the course of time, don't you?

A. I believe I could do so now, if there was space to illustrate my thought. In such limited space it is impossible to show it to advantage.

CORA.

[The following is the criticism from the spirit of a little girl of seven years of age, who passed to the

spirit world at the age of eleven months. Taking the design of the heading of the LITTLE BOUQUET in the hands of the medium, she said:

You hain't got no little bushes on there, and no such nice little birds as we have got. You hain't got no little bluebirds, no little redbirds, nor no little yellow ones, nor no little pink ones, nor no little purple ones, you hain't.

[We could not illustrate the different colors.] I can't tell you how many we have got. We have lots of flowers. We have just as many of them as we can carry so. [Gathering up the skirts of the medium's dress so as to form a basket.]

[Did you notice the flowers that are represented here, and the little children who are gathering them?]

Yes, but they are black and white ones. You hain't got any pretty green leaves.

[No, we could not make green leaves. We can use nothing but ink and the white paper to make the illustration with.]

Will you tell them I say they ain't so pretty as ours, because there ain't no colors in them. We have got a place, and many of us go and gather lots of them there. There ain't only just one little girl there gathering flowers.

[On the right hand of the picture they are gathering them in abundance.]

Our little folks are like that. [Pointing to a figure of a little girl in the design.]

[Do you mean the little one sitting down in front?]

Yes, I mean the little one, but the flowers hain't got no colors on. She is pretty, and hain't she got little bits of posies on her head like a crown? My dress is a little blue one. It has got little leaves, and oh, many little flowers all about in it—all around; and leaves all about, all around, around. I don't like them, because they ain't pretty dresses. [They are as pretty as could be illustrated there.]

We have got pretty birds, too, and they sing sweetly to us. They sing just as nice as any birds you ever heard. Did you ever hear little bits of robins sing?

[Yes, a great many times.] Did you ever hear any little bits of birds sing?

[Yes, I have heard canaries.]

We have a great many little birds. We have a good many things nice that you haven't got on there." [Looking at the design.]

[We could not illustrate them any better on so small a space, and on such paper.]

[How do you like the looks of the LITTLE BOUQUET in the center?]

Where do you mean? Do you mean this? [Pointing to a bunch of flowers.] Why, it hain't got no colors in it either, has it?

[No.]

[It is not very pretty, because you hain't got nothing to color it up. I would like to put some colors on it. I would make some pretty brooks in it. I can make some prettier things than that on paper.]

[Will you tell how long you have been in the spirit world?]

I have been here since I was real little. I have got one little sister, but she ain't here.

[Where is she?]

She is with my mother and with my father, too.

[In the earth life?]

She ain't dead.

[How old are you?]

How old be me?

[Yes.]

I don't count how old I be now. I wasn't but eleven months old when I did die.

How old would you be now?

I am more than six. I have staid here more than six years.

[You would be most seven then?]

I think that is it.

[Looking again at the picture.] It ain't so pretty as ours.

[I presume not.] What does this read?

[It reads LITTLE BOUQUET. That is the name of the little paper we have just commenced publishing for the children.]

Will you send one of these to my sister Adelaide?

[What is her other name?]

Campbell.

[Yes, at what place?]

Vermont, Montpelier. Will you send her one, and will you tell them I say this ain't so pretty as mine, right on here? The little birds look small off, don't they? Well, good bye.

HARRIET.

Sir, my name is Harriet. I have not been from my folks but a little while. I supposed, and so did they, that I would go to sleep and sleep until the resurrection morn. I find that I did not sleep, but instead am perfectly conscious of not only those around me, but all my friends that I left. I wish to avail myself of your kindness to inform them of this fact.

I was thirteen years old—can you tell me what month this is? [This is May.] Well, it was last month, then, that I died. I think it was about three weeks since. I have a great many things to tell father and mother, and all of my folks, aside from the fact that I live. I wish to tell them, too, how I found things.

Did you ask me if my folks belonged to the church? You might know that they did when they believed I would sleep.

I expected to sleep and rest after my long sickness. I was rested, but I did not sleep.

JULIUS HASKELL.

If I talk here, my folks will feel certain I am not happy; and how to go to work to convince them that I am, is a question with me. I come to this conclusion: that after believing as you do now, and have believed for so long a time, it would be impossible to say enough here in the few moments I have to convince you I am happy. I don't care so much whether you think I am happy or not, only so that you think it is me—Julius Haskell.

If I tell you my age, which is twenty-six, and my disease,—[to reporter,]—don't you think these are essential things to tell? [You should tell enough to identify yourself.]

My disease was fever—typhoid fever. There are some of the folks I found here that I knew. I agree with you that this way of talking to you is strange, and according to our belief in the past, it can't come from any other source than the evil one. When I tell you that I believe that each person carries within him his own God, and his own evil spirit, or the devil, you will think I am crazy.

I tell you this—to obtain happiness is to do good; and when you do good, do it for the sake of goodness, and not for the fear of a penalty if you do not, or through a desire to be loudly praised by church or neighbors. Do good, because by so doing you add to your own happiness—add in proportion to the amount of good you do, and you add to your own misery by being unkind or bad. I cannot help thinking this when I find things as I do find them here.

As for Mr. Bowles, whom we looked upon with such perfect horror, because he told us repeatedly that he did not believe in a devil, and it was really a question in his mind whether there was any God or not, you will remember we looked upon him as worse than the devil. Because we believed he was possessed of reasoning powers, and ought to know better, but would not. You know we could not find any fault with him as a man, or say he was not a moral man—we knew he was all that; but when it came to Christianity, he wasn't there.

Do you remember the time we passed by and saw him at work in his garden on a Sunday? I can see the old man now. He stooped a little forward, and with his little garden hoe was weeding out and loosening the soil around the vegetables; and I remember, too, that you said "how wicked!" Father said "how wicked," and mother said he ought to have more respect for his neighbors. Do you know that I thought often that he ought to have more respect for his God, to say nothing about his neighbors.

Well, we all thought he did wrong by working upon the Sabbath, and on account of the strange, mysterious ideas he put into people's heads, we thought surely he would be damned. We thought if ever a man should be damned, it was he.

Almost the very first one that I met here was him; and he says, "I am all right, and I hope you will be, and I feel pretty sure that you will." He said further, "you see now that I lived and enjoyed all that was to be enjoyed on earth without the church. I enjoyed every day alike. Sunday was no better than any other day to me. Every day was Sunday—every day was a good day. After my old body became so decrepit that I could not make it of use any longer, I threw it away, or rather nature laid it away, and I found myself possessed of all the youthfulness that I ever had in my life.

"I was happy during my life on earth, and I am happy now. You, my poor boy, have lived in fear all your life. How it will be with you now I know not; but if it is in my power to aid you in any way to dispel that fear that has ever hung over you, I will do it, and do it with pleasure, too."

What was my surprise to hear that! Now, is it strange that I should think that every person has his own God, and what we used to think was the devil, within himself? I don't think it is at all strange that I think so.

I used to have a perfect horror of this way of talking; and here I am, glad to avail myself of the opportunity of making use of this organism and the time of those that I would in earth life have laughed at and ridiculed.

Now, I say to you be good, do good because it is a pleasure to, and help those that are needy; be kind to every one, whether others are or not, it don't make one particle of difference. Help all whenever it is in your power so to do, and these very acts will make your heaven on earth, and add much to your heaven here.

Now, if I am in hell, I am happy, and I think that when I talk to you again, I can convince you that I am not there. [To reporter,] Sir, I believe I gave you my name, did I not?—and the old gentleman's name, I gave you that? With these thoughts for your consideration I will return to my heaven, and trust to the future for your happiness.

RUFUS CARVIN.

Well, sir, I don't know, but I guess that is pretty sensible kind of talk, but it is a great deal easier, sir, to know and talk a thing, than it is to do it—I think it is a great deal easier. I expect it is out of my power to change the belief of my folks. I can't change it a hair's breadth. If I cannot, I am going to tell them of my life here—that I am well and doing well; and that they will find a great many folks when they come here they little expected to see. That is what I want to say, sir. Don't you believe that? [I believe they will.]

I tell you I find some folks here I wish I didn't find. Because it is a fact now—I don't know whether I ought to tell it or not—but it is a fact, I had enemies on earth—and here they are coming right straight along where I am. I kind of thought for a long time after I came here—for several weeks—I kind of thought things had got mixed. That the inhabitants of the infernal regions below had sent up such a wall for assistance from above, that they had taken compassion upon them and descended to meet them half way, and they were having a kind of jubilee over it.

That is the conclusion I came to for a long time—for several weeks. Since I have been here—four years—I haven't seen any of them go down again, nor, on the other hand, have I seen any of them go up to their home on high; and I come to the conclusion that it is just about here where all of them are.

I expect this is kind of queer to you. Thunder, it is queer. I will take you right at your own word, though, that everything is in accordance with the will of God; and there was never anything that existed without His will and permission; I will say what you say now, and you can make the best of it. Well, I can tell you that I have come to another place, and it is a very good place, and if you want to know anything more about it, you can come where it is.

There is one thing very certain; if you come here you will never go back where you are to live. No, sir, you won't do that! No, sir, if you could just get set right back as easy as to turn your hand over, you would not go. You will think it strange, but I didn't come here to preach. I don't believe in that. I tell you I have heard preaching, and know what it is for folks to hear it. I did not come here to preach to any one. I wanted to tell my folks that uncle Rufus Carvin—be sure and not get my last name spelled wrong—is about on what he calls the square. He says, too, that his little girl, his little niece, is going to make a tiptop subject for this kind of what do you call this body for other folks to talk through? [We call such mediums.] Is that what you call them? Well, that is what they are then. When she gets along there, why then I am going to have a chance to talk a good deal to you.

There was one or two other things I was thinking to say to you, but I declare I have had such a time waiting, and this is such a new business to me, that I can't think what I want to say. [To reporter,] Now I want you to be sure and send my letter. Tell this woman [the medium] to send it for me, will you? I want to send it to Harriet Shoven, St. Louis. Do you know where that is? Well, there is where I want to send it. Now will you tell this woman to forward it without fail? [We will.] You see things look kind of misty to me—look kind of mixed. Well, I will come again. Yes, I will take possession of my little niece, and talk through her. Good afternoon to you.

DENTON.

Behold, how strange and mysterious are the ways of God! After an existence upon earth we pass through death; and after passing through death we obtain life. How strange that we should

have to pass through death in order to realize our true conditions—the powers that we are in possession of even while upon earth, and know them not. Strange that man should have conceived the idea of a last long sleep. Or such conceptions of the Father, infinite in wisdom and goodness, and yet with all that wisdom, damning a certain portion of his own children to eternal punishment.

These, I believe, are the ideas of man, not of God; unless, as is often claimed, all is a part of God. I believe that back of all the worlds there is a great Spirit or Mind that guides and governs all things. Though mysterious and strange to us, yet I think He will care for and guide each and every one of us.

For six months before my death, I tried hard to locate that great Spirit we term God. I tried to prepare myself so that when I left earth I might be capable of entering into His mighty presence. Now, as strange and absurd as this looks, there are many besides myself who believed the same thing. We passed through death, and after that we found ourselves living men and women. Children that came here in infancy have grown in knowledge and stature, and have become men and women. There are others that stay long upon earth, and their locks become whitened by the frosts of many winters, and their limbs feeble. After passing through death they become as fresh and youthful as ever. But greater and more beautiful than all else is the fact that human minds have been brought to that stage of reasoning and thinking that many are willing to receive the thoughts and ideas of individuals after death.

You will say how singular that Maynard should talk in this way. Well, it is strange, but if I talk at all, I must say what I think, and tell you what I find.

You want to know if Leslie has grown so that he is as large as he would have been if he had staid the same length of time upon earth. You know he was but three months old when he died; and if he had lived upon earth in the way you would have counted his years, they would have numbered twelve. You wonder if he has the appearance of a boy of twelve. You wonder, but I know, because I see him, and I tell you he has. I think he is more pleasant and more agreeable than he would have been had he contended with the trials of earth. I know this is strange to you, but it is true.

[To reporter,] I want, sir, to make myself distinctly understood, and after this effort of mine, I hope you will have the kindness to oblige me so much as to send my few remarks to my friends. In order to do that, of course you will have to know their address. I have four sisters and a mother—father is with me—four sisters, mother, two brothers, also a wife and two children, upon earth. The little boy that I spoke of is mine. He is here. Now, the question with me is which one to send this to. It is hard, you see, to instil new ideas into minds that have entertained those so directly opposite to the ones that I now give.

To my youngest sister I will send this. I look to see her number, but I do not. Her name is Miss Emma L. Denton, Brooklyn, New York. You just send it to that address, and she will get it.

I request you, my sister, to show this to all our folks. I feel sure that you will, and that is the reason I send it to you. If you want to hear from me further, and I know you will, you must visit some of those persons that are susceptible to spirit influence, and I will try to manifest myself to you the very first time you do so. I say that I will try, but I may not succeed. Until then, and perhaps until you join me here, I will say good bye.

[To reporter,] To you I would give my thanks for your kindness, and hope for your happiness and success upon earth. Good bye.

ANNA MONTEITH.

It has often been stated that all things are possible with God; but if it is possible for Him to give women equal rights with men, I think it is time that he did it. Now, you may think that if I have passed from earth to heaven, it would be as well that I let that subject rest; but I tell you that I see so much real heart sorrow in my sister woman, I feel to come to say to her free and exalt yourself. Go in bodies; all of you be one in mind.

I tell you just so long as you will wait, hoping for times to change, and for man to have more liberal views in regard to woman, just so long you may wait. Don't be afraid of what some will say—some who haven't decision of character sufficient to assert their rights themselves. It is of but little moment what they think.

Utter your thoughts boldly, and any man that would call you "strong minded," or out of your place, is not worthy of attention—is not worthy of one thought. We see here on this plane of life more than ever the necessity for woman to live true unto herself. Think of it a moment; are you not mothers? Is it not from women that all great men have their existence? Must there not be a superiority of individuality in woman to enable her to give birth to a noble son? If there is sufficient power to produce such a son, is there not the same ability to produce a noble daughter? Has not the sister equal rights with the brother?

I tell you that just so long as you continue slaves to man, just so long will there be the pale, ghastly faces which you meet every day of your life. Be true to the God-given rights within you. Do you think God in His wisdom created you inferior to man? No, no, far from it!

Look upon yourselves as equal in all things. Take proper care of yourselves. How much I might say upon this subject! I will not go into elaborate details. I will say this much, however—that is, that you in truth and sincerity to yourselves should stand firm to the principles of true womanhood. Care not for the title of lady—fashionable lady—but for a noble and true womanhood. Then every true man will respect you for your truthfulness. He will respect you for your firmness, for your decision of character; for living out that which seemeth true to you—and that is, to hold control over your own persons.

Ah, I see women among you who will say, if I am happy in my home in heaven, I need not trouble myself on their account. It is not for those who have no trouble that I say this. It is for those who grieve in heart and spirit—who are bond slaves. Men who look upon the slavery of the black race with such horror, enslave their own wives and daughters; it is no less slavery because it is in accordance with the rules of society.

Is it plain talk to say to you, you keep your wives in slavery and your daughters in bondage? Do you know what you do when you bestow the hand of your daughter upon another? Aye, fathers, think of it! Why, you give the hand that has always been her own to that of another—that one in whom she is to find all that is in the world for her to find of happiness or misery. Think when you are giving her away, what you are doing. What right have you to bestow her on any one? Why should she, in order to obtain true life—that which is true to her nature—why should she be obliged to sell herself—yes, her very soul? Some-

times for love, sometimes for a home, and sometimes for some one to care for her.

Is it not time that woman should care for herself? If she trusts herself in the hands of man, and that man holds her a slave, can she help it? It is time, my sisters, that you think of this and be not afraid to assert your rights, because of this one, or that one, or the other one.

There are those, as I said before, who will jeer at you. It is not unto them you are answerable for your conduct. Rely upon yourselves in every stage of life. Fall back upon your own individualities—your own true, glorious womanhood. When you do that, you need not have the slightest fear of any one.

You will think perhaps that I suffered; and I did. Had I not suffered all the misery possible for a woman to suffer, I should not have known how gallant and how severe those sorrows were. Having lived under such bondage from early womanhood until I passed from this life—which was at the age of thirty-three years—I have an idea of what it is. Would you, my sisters, blush that I speak thus? Oh, where is your womanhood? You know what I used to say about it, and I say the same now. In freedom, the negro has greater privileges than you have. Is that right? I know there are thousands of you that exclaim it is not, and yet you say, how can we help it? Man has placed us there, and kept us there. Man does not hold you—you hold yourselves. Put yourselves into proper positions. You can do it, and if it is ever done you will have to do it. Don't wait to be freed by death.

Will you, my brother William, will you wish that I had kept quiet? Will you, Alfred, wish that I would rest in heaven? Think you that I can? I wish sometimes that I could, and yet when I see the suffering of my sisters upon earth, then it is that I am glad that I have feeling sufficient to say something to them and give them words of courage in the hours when they most need it.

Seymour, shall I send this to you? I know that you will get it, and I know, too, that I shall come again. I have manifested myself to you by raps on the table, tipping the table, but then I could not talk as I would like to in that way. It was too tedious; for there are things that are too tedious even to us—at least I find so. I remember influencing Georgianna's hand at one time, and I remember how frightened you were, and she was alarmed as well as you. You will recollect it, too.

I did not tell you my name, did I? [No.] I had thought I would send this to Seymour, but I will not. I think that perhaps it would not be best. My friends have requested me to come here and communicate to them, but they did not think I would speak as I have done; but then what I have said I feel to be true. If you will be kind enough to publish this as I have given it, I will be much obliged. My name is Anna Monteith.

BENJAMIN PHILLIPS.

[Looking about the room.] Why didn't you have your house filled up with folks? What do you have so much vacant room for? Now, see here, ain't you going to say a word to me? Can't you furnish any body for me to talk to? Ain't there anybody in this house? [To reporter,] Look here, by thunder, you don't seem to notice me. [Reporter—"I must write what you say, and it is difficult for me to write and talk too; tell your story, and I will do the best I can to entertain you."]

I don't like what that woman said. [Referring to a preceding communication.] You see I don't like to feel myself connected with such thundering ideas as them. Lord, I would not like her talk that way to my mother. I would not like mother to think that everybody is of such a complaining spirit as that woman here is. Don't you think we have just as bad folks here as on your earth? Why, we do—I just believe it. Do you? [To reporter,] Now I just want to ask you what is the use of having this room so warm here? [It is a cold evening, and it is necessary to keep the windows closed. Shall I open them?] Don't open them on my account, because I ain't going to stay only about two minutes and a half. My father said if I would come here and give my name, and the place where I went up, or where my body went down and my soul went up, that he would believe that this thing could be done. Now, you see I don't care about the belief, but mother is dreadful anxious that I should come. Mother is as strong as Samson in this belief now. She used to talk to me, and I was wicked enough to kind of laugh at her. I would not do that now, mother. No, I would sooner help you.

I was with you, too, long before you got word that I had gone away, and know you felt pretty bad, too, because you didn't have my body. You see the way of it was, mother didn't want me to go away; but I got a pretty good bounty, and that is the reason I went. Do you know anything about this bounty business? If you do, you know it is rather an inducement for a fellow when he can get so much just for going into the service. Father thought it would be a kind of nice thing, and thought I would stand the same chance with the rest, and so I went. I suppose if I had listened to my mother entirely, I never would have gone. Don't feel bad about that now—the thing is done. It is easier to do a thing than to undo it. If I had known I was going to go up, I would not have gone. Not because I ain't satisfied—not that—but because you feel the way you do. I get along just as well as though I had staid there, but you feel bad about it. I don't want you to.

You know the three nights before you got the letter telling you of my death—mother, I am speaking to you now—you dreamed of me. You dreamed the first night that I came home nice and well; the second night you dreamed I came home wounded; the third night you dreamed I was brought home, and just lived to be brought through the gate, and you felt so dreadfully about it you waked up. You said that you were going to hear that your poor boy was dead. You felt sure of it. Father asked you why, and you said because you dreamed three nights in succession about him. The first night I was all right, and home nice. The next night I was wounded, and the next night I was brought home, and just lived to get through the gate and died, and you never spoke to me. You remember how you cried about it. And father said, "It beats all, Amelia, that you are always worrying about Ben." You said, "You will hear that our poor boy is dead," and you did, sure enough.

Well, now, I heard all that—I knew all that. The first night I was well to you; but you kept thinking of it the next day, and felt afraid that I was dead, or was wounded, or something was the matter with me, because you dreamed about me. You thought of it so much during the day, that at night I got close to you, and you dreamed of me, and when you awakened you thought I was hurt. The reason you dreamed of my being hurt was on account of having that idea in your mind during the day. Then you began to fear that I was dead, and that night when I came close to you again, and you dreamed of me, you thought then that I was dead. You awakened with that impression on your mind, and you retained it. You have an idea that I am going to tell you that I was near you three nights to let you know that I was dead. Well, now, I knew that you would hear of it, and you

would feel bad enough when you did. I wanted to get just as close to you as I could; and when you would sleep I came close enough to you so that you dreamed of me. I did not wish to let you know I expected to. I staid a good deal longer than I expected to.

Third National Convention.

To the Spiritualists and Reformers of the World: At the SECOND NATIONAL CONVENTION OF SPIRITUALISTS held in this city, on the adjournment from the 17th to the 21st of October, 1865, it was Resolved, That this Convention and its successors be, and hereby are declared to be a Permanent National Organization of Spiritualists, and that the officers of this Convention hold their respective offices until the next Annual Convention, and their successors are elected;

Resolved, That appointments and records as delegates from local organizations, shall constitute the membership in the National Organization of Spiritualists, and all such delegates shall be thereby constituted and remain members until their names are voluntarily withdrawn.

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Our Children.

"A child is born; now take the germ and make it A bud of moral beauty. Let the dew of knowledge, and the light of virtue, wake it In richest fragrance and in purest hue; For soon the gathering band of death will break it From its weak stem of life, and it shall lose All power to charm; but if that lovely flower Hath swollen one pleasure, or subdued one pain, O who shall say that it has lived in vain!"

While the Days are Going By.

There are lonely hearts to cherish While the days are going by; There are weary souls who perish While the days are going by; If a smile we can renew, As our journey we pursue, Oh! the good we all may do, While the days are going by!

Enigmas, Charades, Etc.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

I am composed of 35 letters. My 13, 20, 4, 18, 30, 2 is what we all love. "16, 33, 11, 35 is what we do not have in this country. "10, 3, 34, 15, 5, 33, 21, 7 gives health and happiness wherever it goes. "17, 1, 12, 9, 13 is very necessary in order for us to live. "8, 25, 19, 11, 24, 4, 29 is a girl's name. "6, 12, 32, 26 is what a large majority do not like to do. "23, 14, 27, 5, has often been felt in the South. "13, 28, 32, 23 is much revered by a certain class. "31, 33, 9 is what we all need. My whole may be seen every week in the JOURNAL. Philadelphia, May 29, 1866. Answer in two weeks.

WORD PUZZLE.

I am composed of 12 letters. My 1 is in Europe, but not in Africa. "2 " " Germany, but not in Turkey. "3 " " Prussia, but not in Sicily. "4 " " Spain, but not in Portugal. "5 " " Greece, but not in Italy. "6 " " Russia, but not in Sweden. "7 " " Persia, but not in Arabia. "8 " " Ethiopia, but not in Egypt. "9 " " Tripoli, but not in Barca. "10 " " Mozambique, but not in Madagascar. "11 " " Ohio, but not in Michigan. "12 " " Pennsylvania, but not in Mississippi. My whole was an act benefiting millions of human beings. Philadelphia, Pa. Answer in two weeks.

CHARADE.

My first is a something put into a gun, A something that vessels convey; It hinders the progress of those who would run— Keep it out of your stomach, I pray.

My second the Jews as Bethels set up, As churchfolks continue to do; And strange, but still true, 'tis the very same thing With which good St. Stephen they slew.

My whole was an emblem of creative power, When Egypt was mighty and wise; And now, it is said, is the merchantman's dower, That falls not; as fall not the skies. Philadelphia, Pa. Answer in two weeks.

TRANSPPOSITION.

Nem rae tub lerndick fo a reglar thowrig; Rou scaetepie rae pat of negach sa hestr, Dan ulf sa avring oto, nad luf sa avnl. Answer in two weeks.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA, ETC. ANSWER TO MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.—To encourage home industry. Answer to Word Puzzle.—Lincoln. Answer to Charade.—Car-o-line. Answer to Anagram.—Contrasted faults through all their manners reign, Though poor, luxurious; though submissive, vain; Though grave, yet trifling; zealous, yet untrue; And even in penance planning sin anew. Answer to Riddle.—A husband.

It will be seen on examination that we have deferred giving answers to Enigmas, etc., for two weeks. One week is too short a time to receive answers from a distance in time for publication. We will publish the names of the first persons sending correct answers to Enigmas, etc., residing in Chicago, and in other places. We would extend a cordial invitation to those who feel so inclined, to send us Enigmas, Charades, etc., for this department of the JOURNAL. In getting up Enigmas be sure to have all the letters represented, otherwise they are not perfect. Always send the answer in full at the time of sending the Enigma, etc.

HUMILITY.—A farmer went with his son into a wheat field, to see if it was ready for the harvest. "See, father!" exclaimed the boy, "how straight these hold their heads. They must be the best ones. Those that hang their heads down, I am sure are not good for much."

The father plucked a stalk of each kind, and said, "See here, foolish child! This stalk that stood so straight and high is light-headed, and almost good for nothing; while this that hung its head so modestly, is full of the most beautiful grain."

THE RED SEA.—The name Red Sea is derived from large portions being covered with patches, from a few yards to some miles square, composed of microscopic vegetables, animalcula, particularly abundant in the spring, and which dye the water intensely blue red. When not affected by these organic beings, the deep waters are intensely blue, and the shoal waters shades of green.

Mr. Selden's Revenge.

Mr. Selden was a lawyer in the town of B. He was an intelligent, upright, kind-hearted, pious man. But he had a neighbor who was very different. Jacob Mills, "Old Jake," as he was called by the boys of the neighborhood, lived close by Mr. Selden in an old, tumble-down house in which he had been born and brought up, and which he would neither sell nor repair, so that in time it came to be the one, like on another, pleasant and tidy the looking street. Old Jake was a miser; that is, he preferred to hoard up his money rather than spend it in making himself or others comfortable. So he lived year after year in the dingy, chilly old house, with no one to take care of him but a woman whom he hired to come in twice a week to cook some food for him and mend his clothes; though as for the latter, he was not very particular how they looked.

The boys used to peep in at his windows, and watch him counting over his gold and putting it carefully up in the old russet trunk; till one night he happened to catch them at it, and after that he always put up the shutters and bolted the door at nightfall. Finally, the woman who had taken care of him for a long time was obliged to go away from B. to live. He had not paid her anything for more than two years, always putting her off when she asked for her wages, and promising to pay at the next quarter day, or else getting so angry that she dared not press the matter. But now that she was going away, she plucked up courage and told Old Jake she must have her money, stating the sum he owed her. Old Jake swore he did not owe her so much, and finally refused to give her anything unless she would stay another six months.

The poor woman went to Mr. Selden and asked his help. Luckily she had a written promise to pay her so much a month; for knowing how miserly he was, she had exacted that when she began to work for him. So Mr. Selden took the paper over to the old man, and told him if he did not pay the bill forthwith, he would be prosecuted. Jacob was in a great rage, as you may imagine, but knowing very well that if he went to law the case would go against him, and he should have more to pay, he at last reluctantly handed over the amount—some twenty dollars, indeed, but great in the eyes of the poor old money-loving man.

After this, Mr. Selden became the object of his special hatred. Old Jake blamed him for the loss of his precious dollars, and threatened vengeance against him and his. He was too much afraid of the law to do any open mischief, but he found many secret ways of annoying and injuring his neighbor. If Mr. Selden's hens happened to fly over the fence into Old Jake's yard, they never came back, though there was no garden for them to spoil. If Mrs. Selden had particularly large washing on the lines, he would build a bonfire, so as to have the smoke and soot blow on the clothes. Mary Selden's pet kitten was thrown over the fence with its poor little paws cut off, and Old Jake bought a vicious dog, though he could hardly bring himself to keep a creature that devoured so much food, which was taught to bark and snap at the children on their way to and from school. Luckily, after about six months "tax day" came round, and Jake, unwilling to pay two dollars, even for the sake of tormenting the Seldens, gave him up to be killed.

So it went on for several years. Finally, to crown all, Mr. Selden's cow died suddenly, and was found to have been poisoned. Nothing could be proved as to who did it, and so no redress could be had. By this time Mrs. Selden's patience was about run out. Many a time she begged her husband to go and threaten Jake with some sort of punishment if he did not stop such wicked treatment of those who had done nothing to deserve it. Mr. Selden, too, was much irritated, especially at the loss of his cow, which, besides being a valuable one, had been a great pet with all the family, and long suffering as he had been, the lawyer felt that he could not bear Old Jake's annoyances much longer without some retributive.

While he was pondering what it was best to do, the miser suddenly fell sick of a fever. And now he was miserable indeed. The fever was severe, and nurses were difficult to be had. Several were unwilling to go because of the old man's miserly habits and bad temper, knowing that probably the pay they would get would be accompanied with his lasting hatred. So it happened that at the worst stage of his disease he was left entirely alone, as Mr. Selden happened to find on going home from his office one evening. He sat down to read his newspaper as usual, but his kind heart could not rest at the thought of his poor neighbor lying there alone and sick.

"If I don't like to have you go," said his wife; "I am afraid Jake will kill you if he sees you in his house, he hates you so." "He is too sick for that," replied Mr. Selden; and taking the comforts which his wife had prepared, he went over to the gloomy old house, sending his little son for the doctor.

Pitiful indeed was the scene that met his gaze on entering the room where Old Jake lay tossing on his bed, without fire, without light, uttering wild, delirious cries, and then sinking back, exhausted, into a kind of stupor. Mr. Selden tried to make the poor man a little more comfortable, lighted a fire, sent a boy for a slender lamp, and a book or two, and prepared to pass the night in the sick room. The doctor anticipated a crisis of the disease during the night, but it did not come till the next day, just at evening.

A nurse had meanwhile been procured, Mr. Selden offering to guaranty him compensation for his services, but he himself remained with the sick man most of the time, as more than one person was required to hold Jacob in the fits of delirium. At length, after a fearful paroxysm, he sank into a tranquil sleep, which, however, became more peaceful, and continued for some hours. When he awoke he was conscious, and saw some one sitting by the fire, reading. He lay quietly awhile, trying to think where he was, and who could be sitting by his fire; for as Mr. Selden sat with his back to the bed, in a large, high-backed chair, nothing but the top of his head was visible.

"Who are you, and what are you there for?" growled he faintly at length. Mr. Selden quietly turned round, saying, "You have been very sick, and I came to take care of you." Old Jake tried to raise himself up in bed, but fell back helplessly, his face darkening with rage at his own weakness and at Mr. Selden's presence.

"Go away," he cried; "how dare you come here to insult me when I am sick?" And the old man tried again to rise, and again fell back. "You must keep quiet, my friend," said Mr. Selden, gently. "I cannot let you to get up, and not to insult you, and as soon as you are better I will go away."

The old man snarled an inarticulate reply, and turned his head away. After a little while Mr. Selden approached him again, and offered him some jelly. The old man's eyes brightened at it, and in spite of his hatred of the offerer, he could not resist the desire to taste it.

through. If you'd only paid me back for some of the mean tricks I've done you, it wouldn't be so hard; but to have you come and take care of me, I tell you it hurts."

Mr. Selden tried to soothe and quiet the old man, and finally wore out with excitement, he dropped asleep, and Mr. Selden left him feeling deeply thankful that he had come to the gloomy old house.

Old Jake got well more rapidly than could have been expected at his age. His good disposition toward Mr. Selden did not vanish; and his whole deportment changed. Though always penurious, by a habit too fixed to be easily broken, yet he was less miserly than before, clothed himself and kept his house decently, sometimes went to church, and even gave a cold hit now and then to a hungry beggar. Toward Mr. Selden he seemed to feel unbounded gratitude, and tried to make reparation for his previous injuries. He would offer to dig in his garden in the spring, and to weed it in summer; once he brought a pretty little dog to the children; and one morning he was astonished to see a fine Alsatian dog grazing in his yard. Going out to see how she got on, he found the gates all closed, and a card that read, "MRS. NELLY PINE, a present to Mr. Selden" written thereupon. He knew well from whom it came, and though he was too delicate to make any reference to the gift in the presence of his neighbor, he took care that Old Jake should have his fill of milk every morning.

So ended the hatred of the miser to the lawyer who loved his enemy. SUCCESS.—Every man must patiently abide his time. He must wait, not in listless idleness, not in useless pastime, not in querulous dejection, but in constant, steady, and cheerful endeavor; always willing, fulfilling and accomplishing his task; that when the occasion comes, he may be equal to the than doing what you can do well, without a thought of fame. If it comes at all, it will come because it is deserved, not because it is sought after. It is a very indiscreet and troublesome ambition which cares so much about fame; about what the world says of us; to be always looking in the face of others for approval; to be always anxious about the effect of what we do or say; to be always shouting to hear the echoes of our own voices.—Longfellow.

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