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The Rising of the Moon.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.
BY EMMA TUTTLE.

The night! how vast and deeply dark
The pall sweet day lies under.
How vain the efforts of the stars
To pierce the gloom ascender.
The stars, in outline vague and black,
Are grim shapes of wonder!

I stand half fearful on the porch,
And watch the rose-vines dimly
Swing back and forth their thorny limbs,
Like ghosts' arms clutching grimly.
Giant witches seem the hollyhocks
Standing off so primly.

My heart! is this the enchanting world
We lived in in the morning!—
All bud, and bloom, and shine, and song,
And fearless in adorning:
We walked then in a gorgeous place,
With heaven for an awning.

But now the world seems almost dead—
Beyond the power of waking.
A faltering breath comes now and then
And sets the black trees shaking:
Ah! now she stammers silently,
No breath, no stir, no shaking.

When lo! the resurrection comes!
An angel is ascending
The cloudy stairway in the east,
Pearl-faced. What light descending
Falls stillly on the rolling clouds,
Neutral and azure blending?

The spirit of the vanished day
Out o'er the earth is stealing;
She walks in beauty, sily, soft,
Angelic in revealing.
She touches what was dear to her
With chastened, soul-like feeling.

Like phantom flowers the lilies hang,
Each white head bowed in dreaming;
The fuchsia seem but fancies sweet,
Off in the garden gleaming;
The roses have a fain-of look,
The souls of roses seeming.

This hour is thine, oh soul! vast soul,
How loom the approaching ages!
How looks to-night the cowed old past
And thy ascending stages?
Canst trust him in thy impotence
Who time and matter gauges?

Look upward to the burning stars
Hang in infinite distance,
And fear not for thy fate and life
Wherein lies thy existence;
If it be here or elsewhere,
Trust thou His great assistance.

Oh, magic of these moonlit hours!
Oh, shadows weird and fleeting,
You bring me memories most dear,
Which raise my heart's low beating.
You win my angels back to earth,
To give me holy greeting.

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LIFE AMONG THE "MIGHTY OJIBWAYS."

BY J. OSGOOD BARRETT.

CHAPTER I.
THE RECRUITING EXPEDITION.

Again and again we sent forth our brave and true, company after company, comprising the very bone and sinew of the laboring community, until nearly every able bodied man who could possibly be spared was a soldier. At length came another "call," the last and most urgent, demanding our share of "five hundred thousand more." But where were the men? Many a wife and maiden, forced by stern pendency to the task, with a fortitude equal to the women of '76, gleaned the fields the husband or lover had sown in the spring ere the departure for the war. The remaining men assembled in council to devise a plan of operations. Each looked into his neighbor's face with the unspoken inquiry, "Can you go?" and each answered in silent firmness, "When it is necessary."

One of our citizens, always an adept in expeditions, argued that "If fidelity to the Government to impoverish its support, if we can procure volunteers beyond our precincts. Already Massachusetts, Pennsylvania and other States, are enlisting foreigners and negroes; if such material make good soldiers, it is right for us to recruit the Indians, for they are splendid sharpshooters, as they have demonstrated in many a Union victory." "Good," was the general response—"Foreigners, negroes, Indians!—the red skins are under the protection of our flag; try them, and if we fall, then volunteer every son of our mothers." So the people said.

Accordingly, in the midsummer of 1864, an expedition was fitted out by two border counties of Wisconsin, to enlist the Chippewa (Ojibway) Indians who inhabited the northern portion of the State, sequestered among the lakes and tributaries of the "Father of Waters."

Our "ministers plenipotentiary to the foreign court of the mighty Ojibways," consisted of five adventurers of "good repute and iron will." Equipping ourselves with ammunition, pentecost supply of food and camp goods, we started on the morning of the 10th of August, dividing into two companies, one going direct to the Chippewa river, whence they ascended in a bateau, and the other on

a "bee line" northward, tumbled along in a lumber wagon.

Carpeted with an interminable network of wild flowers, the prairies we crossed seemed seas of color waving in the aromatic wind; the brooks were full of fire speckled trout; the dams of the beaver and the satilicks of the deer were newly trampled with their nimble feet; the air was redolent with music and sweetness. Were we not on the traditional hunting grounds of the Indians' spirit home?

CHAPTER II. SURPRISING THE INDIANS.

On the second morning, bright and early, whilst the dew yet dripped from our beards, we plunged into the "big woods." The delicious choruses of nature soon magnetized us into a forgetful, lazy, don't-care reverie, when, partly somnambulistic, we were startled by a shout from our half French and half Indian guide, Frank.

"Volla! ugh! yee-yoo—w-h-o-o-p!"

Instantly, eyes darted in every direction, and ears dilated and bent on a keen angle.

"Hark! that's a war-whoop—hear it, shrill and ringing clear? Indians, by gunto, Indians!"

There is something in a war-whoop that is inexplicable. So wild, so sudden, so savage, it goes right through you, trembling every nerve. Its psychological power is terrible. In loving dread we court this freedom-note of our red brother.

"Indians? Whereaway? Oh, yes, there they come; one, two, three young men. What eyes! what eyes of deathless fire!"

"Bon jour! bon jour! bon jour!" was the salutation all round, said aloud three times with a corresponding hearty shake of the hand. One of the trio was truly intelligent, but shy as a trapped fox. He appeared to discern the object of our mission, and spoke questions without words. Can an Indian sense a white man's depredatory thoughts?

"Frank! you rascal, keep shady; don't tell them we are after recruits—Frank?"

"Ugh, ugh, ugh!" was his answer, and yet he talked in an under tone to the angular Indian, as if betraying.

The Indian stepped back a few paces, and surveyed us with a cautious defiant mien.

"Frank, confound you, what did you say?"

"Oh—fun—we used to play together, when boys."

"No joking now, sir, mind! You are under orders at two dollars per day. Betray us, sir, hey? What did you say?"

"I told him I'm going to the war," he half articulated, sliding snake-like into the wagon.

"Blast him, they smell the rat. Hunter, what shall we do?"

"Do? Give each a plug of tobacco."

We tossed a plug to each, and all the thanks we received was the guttural "ugh," and a greedy smile as he turned it over and over, evidently more grateful to the narcotic than to the giver. Is the white man any less selfish? He has taken all the Indian had; why should the Indian be grateful?

"Say, Hunter—now that they are ambulating away—did you notice that youngster's band of beautiful beads folding down his glistening black hair, and the yellow wild sunflowers tucked under it in regular beaus style? Those Indians are perfectly artistic. Dress that young America in finer suit, and there's not a pale-faced dandy in the West whose heart would not go pit-a-pat in his superb presence."

"Artistic? Yes, this greasy quality shows it; look at the ragtag and bobtail!"

Four bow-legged, hair-matted, beggarly Indians—a second hunting crew—circled round us. The tall leader, the thievish "Red Bird," had for his ornament a skunk's skin slipped under his belt, and left dangling down and flapping between his legs at every step.

"Artistic, grandly artistic."

"Well, you need not expect every Indian to be a Boanerges. Who made them beggars? They are 'Indian dogs,' of course. If driven from river to river, if denied a foot of soil on your native land, if thus reduced to abject destitution, would you not be proud even of a skunk's skin, white man?"

Finding a creek, we alighted, and entered an Indian trail which led us to a little clump of wigwams cozily environed among the pine clad hills. A swarm of dogs, their ivory teeth snapping like steel traps close to our feet, refused further advancement; but a few sharp raps over the head with whips, drove them into their hiding places. With rapid strides we rushed down and suddenly appeared in a nest of the dirtiest creatures that ever denized under birch bark. Like frightened partridges the children flew into the grass, into the brush, behind skins and trees; and the squaws, with scowling surprise knitting their brows, hugged their papposes closer to their bosoms, and stood gazing at the intruders with trembling silence.

"Where are the men?" we inquired.

They pointed with an agitated gesture up the creek, informing us they were working in the wild rice swamps. Frank assured them we were not enemies, but friends, when they composed themselves and renewed their labor at basket making. A strange conglomeration—filth, poverty, simplicity, contentment. Industrious are our dusky slaves, happy in the woods, satisfied with a palace of bark, a leg of deer, a blanket and a dog. Poor savage mothers and daughters! How can they appreciate our anxieties and cares in our voluptuous, gilded life? Soon a canoe glided noiselessly up the

creek that meandered among the wigwams, navigated by a half naked boy and girl, having a pappose in the middle, peeping wildly at us. Coily they passed, eyeing us in every motion with a bold caution, and then dashed on with arrowy speed out of sight. Has not Indian life its beautiful compensations? Well may we pity them for their ignorance, and well may they pity us for our unfriendly and belligerent knowledge. The one is simple, savage and contented; the other is artificial, rich and restless. Ask the red man which is preferable; ask the white man. And what of those unsophisticated children in the birch canoe? What of them, playing among the lilies and tall rice, undisturbed by the cankering lusts of civilized life, gleeful as the fishes they race with? What have these foresters to do with our government? Should we induce them to fight and sacrifice for a freedom which heretofore we have employed in their destruction?

As we turned to renew our journey, one man in our company, if no more, secretly prayed the Great Spirit to defeat the object of our expedition. Immediately this prayer seemed to be answered in a merciless tempest that shook the woods to their very roots. Flashes of lightning shivered over us, thunders followed in the sombre valleys, the rain dashed water spouts upon us, the pine plumes emptied their prickling urns into our faces, the trees swayed and creaked as if angry at our advance. In spite of our philosophy, we all felt a dread superstition, hearing, as our excited imagination trembled the soul into awful silence, the Great Spirit say in condemnation, "I protect the children of the forest."

We scanned each rock, each hill, each tree, for shelter, but all was wild and cheerless. Night approached, casting her shadow over all, dark, darker. Weary, hungry, wet as if immersed in a river, imperiled in storm and darkness, our recruiting project was all forgotten in a desire to preserve our lives through the night in the howling wilderness. A drizzling booth, a half smothered fire, the scenting wolves, the sentinel-watch, the leaden hours, were the orgies that played fitfully in our sullen retrospect, as we dragged our weights along, snail-like, we knew not where.

Veering round a hill, we glanced with weird eyes into a pine valley just to our right below us, and joy uncontrollable! there lay the "openings," and across to the other side, curled a generous smoke from a shanty. That shanty! Never was palace so attractive. Two lumbermen welcomed us to their hospitable board. Round and round we turned, frying like spare-ribs before a lusty fire. Those boughs were softer than ermine, and sleep so sweet—surely.

"There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough how them as we will."
(To be Continued.)

GENERAL VIEW OF THE DESTINY OF HUMANITY—NO. 4.

FOURIER'S THEORY OF UNIVERSAL UNITY.

BY A. BRISBANE.

In the present article, I will explain what Fourier understands by Universal Unity. The term expresses his conception of the terrestrial destiny of humanity; that is, of its function; of the labors which it has to accomplish, and the results to be attained.

The destiny of humanity is to elevate itself to universal unity, which, expressed in the simplest manner, is the

Unity of Humanity with Nature.
Unity of Humanity with Itself.
Unity of Humanity with the Universe.

Pivot: UNITY OF HUMANITY WITH GOD.

We will now proceed to give a more complete and methodical analysis of the three unities. According to Fourier, universal unity is composed of three primary unities, each divided into two branches, one internal, representing the spiritual aspect of the subject; the other external, representing the material aspect.

THE THREE-PRIMARY UNITIES AND THEIR BRANCHES.

I.—UNITY OF HUMANITY WITH ITSELF.

FIRST BRANCH.—Internal unity of humanity with itself; that is, accord and harmony of the forces of the soul (the passions, affections and faculties) with each other in the same individual; and the accord of the individual with his race; and reign of harmony in the social relations of mankind.

This two-fold unity can be secured only through a true social order, which will affect, first, through proper education and institutions a full and harmonious development of the individual man; and, second, will establish the harmonious co-operation and association of the individual with his race. In other words, it implies the normal development of the individual, and the association of mankind.

SECOND BRANCH.—External Unity of Humanity with itself; that is, unity of the soul with the body by the possession of health, longevity and physical dexterity and beauty; and unity with the external world or nature, harmonized by industry and art. This unity can only be attained by the complete physical development of man, so as to render the body a perfect instrument of the soul; and by the complete and harmonious cultivation of the globe—by the creation of order and beauty in nature, so that humanity may live in a material world, perfectly adapted to its varied requirements. Nature, with her creations, her atmosphere, climate, and electric system, is, so to say, the great external body of humanity; and unless material unity reigns

in the one, spiritual or social unity cannot reign in the other. The disorders and excesses which reign in nature, and which we briefly described, necessarily derange and thwart the social life of man; they harass, degrade and brutalize him by the innumerable obstacles which they oppose to his industrial labors and enterprises, and by the physical sufferings which they entail upon him.

II.—UNITY OF HUMANITY WITH GOD.

FIRST BRANCH.—Internal Unity of Humanity with God, by the free and full development of Passional Attraction; that is, by the spontaneous and normal action of those motor-forces, called passions, sentiments, affections, etc., which he has implanted in man to impel and direct him to fulfill his destiny on earth. As the passions came from God: as he has given them to man as motor and guide, it follows that man, to be in unity with God, must follow and obey them, for they are the divine impulse, the interpreter to him of the divine will and the divine designs.

SECOND BRANCH.—External Unity of Humanity with God, by the immortality of the soul: Man, as a link in the great chain of intelligent beings, having a function to perform on earth—that of overseer—which implies his independent action and the exercise of independent reason, is a co-operator with God in maintaining the order and harmony of the universe; it is this character of independent co-worker—requiring a complete scale of the faculties, an integral soul—which secures him the prerogative of immortality. By discovering the true theory of immortality or of universal life, and in fulfilling his destiny on earth, man acquires a positive knowledge and sentiment of his continued existence, of which he has in our incoherent societies but a confused instinct, a vague presentiment. The instinct, however, is true, as is proved by the law that the attractions of all beings are proportioned to their destinies.

III.—UNITY OF HUMANITY WITH THE UNIVERSE.

FIRST BRANCH.—Internal Unity of Humanity with the Universe, by the analogy or correspondence which exists between the ideas and sentiments in the human mind, and the creations in the material world. Mind, the active creative principle, moulds and fashions matter, the passive principle, and stamps upon it the impress of its own image; the created thing is the emblem of the created cause; hence analogy between the two. We will explain this more fully further on.

SECOND BRANCH.—External Unity of Humanity with the Universe, by the influence which a universal and scientific cultivation of the surface of the globe, and a perfect development of the vegetable kingdom, exercise on its magnetic system, and through this system on the planets with which it is associated.

* This is one of the laws which Fourier lays down in support of the problem of immortality.

Attractions are proportional to destinies; God, in distributing attractions to all his creatures establishes an equation between them and the mode of life, the function, the destiny of the creature. The reindeer, for example, is destined to live amid the snows and the ices of the arctic regions; God does not give it attraction for the verdant fields and the products of the temperate zone; this quadruped prefers the snows of the North and the mosses which they cover: its attraction, then, is proportional to its destiny. The camel, on the other hand, is destined to live amid the sandy wastes of the torrid zone; its attraction—as its entire physical organization—is adapted to the mode of life ordained for it: equation again exists between attraction and destiny.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal. "The Law of Divorce."

BY GEORGE NEWCOMER, M. D.

EDITORS JOURNAL: In the weekly *Meadville* (Pa.) *Republican* of May 26, 1866, published by one Lyle White, of the Presbyterian infant eternal damnation school, is an article under the above head, to which I have written a reply, but our papers here have got so much of the spirit of the darker and more tyrannizing age, that its publication with them is inexpedient. I therefore send it to you to dispose of as you think best, knowing that your JOURNALs, in character, independent, and that you do not refuse an article because "it is not your sentiments," but give it to the public for criticism. Hear the *Republican*:

THE LAW OF DIVORCE.

"The laws of our States regulating divorce need a deal of reconstruction. Divorces are now granted with a looseness and ease that is perfectly appalling. The sacred rights of marriage have degenerated into a limited partnership, which may be dissolved at a week's notice."

The latter sentence, that a marriage can be dissolved in a week's notice in any of our States without a fraud, is simply not true; and against frauds we have our proper redress. And that a man can go to the State of Indiana and obtain a divorce in six weeks, as stated by the *Republican*, is also false, as the laws of Indiana, which formerly gave a divorce on a residence of six months, now require a residence of one year. Is not honesty in an editor a jewel? But farther:

"Let the press denounce with merited severity the looseness with which divorces are granted; let the pulpit indignantly utter its solemn protest; let the bar refuse its aid; and the bench decide to grant so frequent applications for marital separation. The flood-tide is here, and will swamp us if allowed to sweep over the land. The laws regulating divorce should, we think, be made national, instead of State, in their origin."

So much we quote from a long article in our *Re-*

publican, which is in substance the spirit of the whole.

Against the spirit of the article every true reformer and humanitarian will protest. Every student of nature readily perceives that like produces like. Every seed, in all animated nature, whatever the variety or species may be, reproduces itself with an improvement, only by inter-grafting, crossing and cultivation.

In the human family it is well known how the temperament, disposition, organization, complexion, constitutional infirmities, disease, nationality, etc., are transmitted from one generation to another. These being facts, let us look for a moment at the question of marriage and divorce.

This question and its relations to the mass of mankind, perhaps, are but little understood; it is, therefore, a subject which should enlist the serious and unprejudiced attention of every true reformer, for every true reformer assists in establishing the ultimate happiness of any nation or people.

That true marriage is a harmonious union for life and sacred in its very nature, no one will question; and that such marriages will always be held and maintained inviolate, no one will doubt. Have you the object of your affection at home, then have you a treasure within your own household, and where your treasure is, there will your heart be also. Therefore, indifference, contention, envy, hatred, and a cause for divorce is out of the question.

All persons who are united by the harmonious laws of nature, as particles of matter unite to form all organic substances, whether animate or inanimate, require no human laws to hold them together, for they are united by the laws of God, "and what God joins together, (as truly said) let no man put asunder." But would any one say that the man or woman who unites, by human law, to another of the opposite sex, for mere mercenary motives, is divinely united? God forbid that we should suffer Him thus slandered!

Temperament, disposition, intellectuality, spirituality and natural affection, may never have even been thought of; yet in law it is called marriage, and some might say God has joined the parties together, but common sense tells us better—they are simply joined for selfish motives. It may so happen that they are by nature, adapted to each other; but it is more probable they are not.

True marriage is a union of two individuals, that in sympathy and affection are as one—"So that the twin shall be one."

This is a righteous union, a natural marriage, which no device can destroy. Men and women thus married should become the fathers and mothers of children, and none others!

When we, as intelligent people will know, that every violation of law, whether physical or spiritual, brings upon us its inevitable results, how careful we should be in the procreation of immortal beings, that the great law governing their temporal and eternal welfare is not violated.

Yet this holy law of nature's God is violated, yes, shamefully violated, in every instance of an unholy inharmonious union in the procreation of human beings, and we are governed by human laws which make no allowance for our depraved natures and the terrible consequences of passion.

Yet the article in the *Republican* would bind, by still more arbitrary laws, all inharmonious relations, and calls upon the press, the pulpit, the law and the judge, to use all their combined influence against all divorce except for infidelity—which is, to force men and women who are in unhappy union to live a life of bondage and prostitution, entailing a curse upon all their offspring for generations to come, and for what? Simply to hold them to an agreement which concerns no one more than themselves, which they are willing shall be made null and void for their future welfare and the welfare of their offspring.

Who has a better right to govern the destiny of our life for our future happiness than ourselves, so long as our acts do not conflict with the rights of others? No one! Who, then, should have the moral right to dictate and compel any one to live in an unholy wedlock longer than the parties concerned are agreed? No one but a tyrant would wish to. An old slaveholder might! But no one who has in his breast the spirit of a true man, which is always the spirit of liberty, and forbids man to do to others that which he would not have others do unto him would exercise such power. As to the *Republican's* appeal to the clergy to enter their solemn protest, their influence has simply "played out."

But why should we endeavor to ensnare any one? Better work for liberty and the elevation of human society. Persons who do not live in harmony, as husband and wife, have already broken and violated the marriage contract, and can they do more for being divorced? We think not, for to live a life of strife and contention daily, is a daily violation of true marriage. It seems that some persons yet live in the shadow of the darker ages, and wish to compel the continuation of a life the most miserable and degrading, not only to themselves but to the unfortunate human beings whose sickly, deformed, scrofulous and tainted systems are the results of the relations they seek to perpetuate. Children conceived in sin—using the old phrase—are sinful; but children brought into the world under proper matrimonial relations are by nature right. They have inherited righteousness; they are, therefore, the righteous, being right by nature, not sin-sick, not physically imperfect and partially idiotic, or deformed, but children of nature, children of harmony, children of God.

If we ever expect, physically and morally, to re-

form and improve society, we must commence reformation at the foundation of all evil, and know, as a fact, that the results of physical and moral violations are visited upon the generations of our children. And if we wish to harmonize, or correct the erring world, we must begin at the germ, and adapt ourselves to nature's unerring law of germination. Good seed, in a good soil, properly cultivated, is the foundation of a good crop. We must have harmony in ourselves, as the parents, if we expect to have healthy and beautiful offspring that will be a blessing to ourselves, and an ornament to society. Here lies the true principle of human progress. It is self-evident that all persons applying for a divorce are not satisfied with each other, and consequently entirely unfit to bring immortal beings into this uncharitable world with natures as depraved and inharmonious as their parents, only to suffer the consequences of a violated law, and fit subjects for interpenetration and vice in all its diversified forms. How shall this evil, now in the world, be remedied? By making still more stringent the State laws, and making even national the law of marriage and divorce? Binding the poor and those of moderate means, to a life of unwilling prostitution, creating thereby the very dens of vice and crime, while the rich with their money may get divorces? Would this state of affairs be just? To force, by arbitrary laws, the poorer classes into despondency and a hopeless condition of slavery, while the rich get free? God forbid! Could I change, by law, in one single day, all the inharmonious and sinful relations in the married life, and check the creation of but one single inharmonious being, I should not withhold my hand an hour from so doing. Far better to separate and grant liberty by divorce, to ten thousand unsatisfied beings, than to suffer one single immortal being to be brought into existence by them. For, if the popular church theology is true, then the chances for future happiness to all such wicked offspring, even to the third and fourth generations is very small. It is "the children of the righteous only who are of the kingdom," and if the unrighteous by inheritance are not "miraculously saved," hell and eternal torment would be their only doom. Consider well, that in the eternal loss of but one single immortal soul, there would be more real suffering throughout the rolling ages of eternity, in pain, anguish, remorse and everlasting despair than could be produced, granting divorce to every man and woman now married. Our late war has cost us the sacrifice of over a million of human beings, and many thousands of millions of dollars besides—and for what? simply African Slavery. Should we not regard slavery in married life an evil equal to negro bondage? Many a negro servant had a far better life time with his master than thousands of poor helpless females to-day have with their forsaking, neglecting, chewing, smoking, scolding and beating husbands. Yet the Republican thinks "infidelity" only, should be made a lawful excuse for a divorce. Such advocacy of bondage is the very incentive to infidelity and crime. From such a law of bondage "give me liberty or give me death." Those who are truly married require no law to bind them, for to the truly harmonious, a separation by a compulsory law would be equal to death itself.

A more unrighteous and evil-promoting stand can no one take against the welfare of human happiness and progression, than to enforce upon society, by arbitrary law, inharmonious relations in the marriage life. I do not wish to be understood as being opposed to laws regulating marriage, except such laws as are arbitrary and unjust. I think that in all cases, where one party leaves the other without support, divorce cannot be granted too soon. In Pennsylvania a man may leave his family without support for two years, then return—and should he then remain at home but one single day, and give but ten dollars' support to his family, he may have a safe passport for two years more, and so for years the mother and children may be thrown upon their own resources or become a public burden. No matter how fair the woman's opportunity may be for a good and honorable marriage to one who would support and make happy the family, and save it from ruin and disgrace, she must remain as she is. Thus the law, to-day, holds thousands of families, which is not only unjust without being made still more stringent and national, but tends to vice, infidelity and degradation.

When will the strong heart of man soften, and turn in sympathy, toward the enslaved and more tender and delicate sisters, mothers and children of our yet enslaved nation?
Meadville, Pa.

Step Not Back.

BY W. G. DIX.

Men of the South! men of the North!
Ye who have now your sons forth,
As foes arrayed in war to meet,
Who each should such as brothers greet,
Will ye yet fondly in your breast
The viper that has sent to rest,
Untimely rest, from your hearts?
Was it such a joy to place your sons
In graves, that ye will fondly hold
The fiend that laid your brave sons cold?
Slavery's despotic shape can take,
And softer names, for manumission's sake,
Men of the North and South! with eyes
Of holy vengeance all disguise
Detect at once; the fiend expel
Back to his burning, native hell.
The memory of the dead and dear
Shall be to you thiruli's spear,
To make the fiend start up himself,
While'er his shape, for pride or pelf,
Slumber no more; no longer dream
The dawn is waiting forth to gleam.
Lives an American to say
The night is better than the day?
Oh, champion of God! roll on,
Till Slavery's howling night be gone;
Roll on in conquering majesty,
Fulfill heaven's high and sure decree;
Roll on, till Freedom's joyous bell
Shall sound her victory—Slavery's knell.
Our country free from her foe,
From wrong and wrath of Slavery!
Oh, shout of joy! sound clear and high;
Go sounding on through all the sky!
Rejoice, rejoice, ye starry choirs,
Glow brighter, brighter, heavenly fires!
All hail our country! Freedom flies;
Freedom to born and Slavery dies!
Ye starry colors! shine, inspire
The soul of war with holy fire!
Ye starry colors! shine, illumine
The tower of peace with brighter bloom.
—New York Independent.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

"The Divine Being."

Messrs. Editors: I notice in your issue of the 18th August, that "A Christian Spiritualist" is somewhat puzzled to find a satisfactory rationale of the Deity. He seems to be very anxious to fully comprehend what the theologians call "the fullness of the Godhead." Now I really fear he will never realize his wishes, for it seems to me that God to be God must necessarily be in part incomprehensible. Could my friend fully comprehend the Divine Being he would be equal with God.

"A Christian Spiritualist" seems to me to have his reason in a measure confused by the two ideas of "Principle and Spirit." Has he a clear conception of either, or of their difference? Names are arbitrary, and it matters little whether we apply

the name, principle or spirit to the great motive power of the universe.

All we know or can know of God we learn from nature—and the most learned and critical observers of nature have come to this conclusion, that there is but one motive power or force in the universe, and that one force is convertible into all the modes of action which we behold. That this force as far as we know is always manifested through matter. Also that all matter as far as we know has this force inherent. Still further this force is invariably intelligent—whether acting through a human brain, or in the granite rock.

Here is theology in a nut shell. All matter has inherent force, all force has inherent intelligence. This intelligent force is the Divine Being.

A. W. BENTON.

Photographically Reported by W. F. Jamieson.

REPORT OF THE PROCEEDINGS OF THE FIRST MICHIGAN STATE CONVENTION OF Spiritualists and Friends of Progress.

SATURDAY EVENING SESSION.

Convention met pursuant to adjournment, President Hoyt in the chair.

Song by the choir, "Progress."

J. O. Barrett offered the following resolution, which was accepted and adopted.

Resolved, That a self-denying life, consecration to purity of principle and purpose, to truth and goodness, in obedience to all the laws of our being, under the light and guidance of a divine inspiration, is the condition of reform and well-balanced character and harmony; hence that profanity and looseness of habit, either in expression or deed, among reformers, so-called, disqualifies them from acting as moral regenerators of society; that such habits are condemned in the very genius of our philosophy, meeting, as they do, our just and unreserved rebuke; that they are but excrescences of the popular state of society, which we are determined to purge away in the burning fires of moral criticism; and that the times demand on the part of our moral and spiritual teachers and lecturers high toned and unimpeachable example and character.

Mr. Barrett said he was highly pleased, proud that he was a member of this Convention. Here is the moral vein and character—the representative people—of the State of Michigan.

The grand and noble results of this meeting will not be confined to this place nor this State. Its influence will reach down to the National Convention, and give shape and contour to it.

S. J. Finney addressed the Convention for more than an hour. His speech was one of great power. He said the Convention was a gratification to him. We have met here for two days, and discussed the practical questions of the hour. We have adopted a State Constitution, and elected the officers of our State Association. It now remains to put on the finishing touches—to unfold that philosophy which is to become a world's faith, a world's science, as its aim, its object and its results.

Mr. Finney went on to say that he would, at that time, discuss the great central idea of the Spiritual Philosophy, that central idea being that there is but one substance in the universe, that substance is spirit.

He argued in the two methods, inductive and deductive, in support of the statement. He said the soul is an entity, not a function, in the body. It could not be half way between function and entity.

Mr. Finney proceeded with an argument based upon physiology and phrenology.

The lecture was listened to with the deepest attention by the vast audience.

SUNDAY MORNING SESSION.

Convention met pursuant to adjournment, President in the chair.

On motion of J. M. Peebles a committee of five was appointed to draft and present a code of By-Laws for the consideration of the State Association at its next annual meeting, viz.: D. M. Fox, Lyons; Selah Van Sickle, Lansing; Wm. A. Baldwin, Battle Creek; Sylvester Hoyt, St. Johns; E. Whipple, Mattawan; Hettie Bishop, Centerville; Nellie Smith, Sturgis.

Song—"Joy to the World, the Darkness Flies."

Mr. Peebles introduced to the audience J. O. Barrett as the next speaker.

Mr. Barrett made a very impressive prayer, which, did space permit, we would give in full, together with the excellent discourse which followed on the subject of the "Spirit of the Republic related to Political and Religious Reconstruction."

At the conclusion of Mr. Barrett's discourse, Mr. Bailey favored the Convention with music—"America."

Addison A. Wheelock, an entranced speaker, next gave an invocation of great power and beauty of expression, after which he said, the great question that has resounded through all the ages, wherever civilization has dawned, wherever the religious nature of man has been cultivated to a conscious responsibility, the great, important and leading question of the hour has been, "How shall the world be redeemed?"

1st. If the world is to be redeemed, it must be redeemed from something.

2d. The query necessarily implies that there must be means for that redemption.

The theological world has made inventions, and I may say taken out different forms of patents to redeem the world. But the question is still repeated, "How shall the world be redeemed?" Redeemed from what? Not from truth, not from virtue, not from human excellencies that have manifested themselves in every age, nor from holy books; but it is to be and is being redeemed from false creeds, from vices, from crimes. Such the world needs to be redeemed from.

Now what is the trouble, that so little has been done to practically answer this question?

Theology started to answer the question from a wrong basis, and came to a wrong conclusion. It commenced on the basis of total depravity, which is no basis at all. It has no existence, and yet that is what theologians have been fighting.

Man is good, and was so created. Theology has enforced the opposite idea—that of no goodness in man. Spiritualism answers the question in the final and only true way. Teaches man to cultivate the good within.

Adjourned to two o'clock.

AFTERNOON SESSION.

Convention met pursuant to adjournment, President in the chair.

On motion of S. J. Finney, six delegates at large were appointed to the National Convention, to assemble in the City of Providence in August next, viz.: E. Whipple, Selah Van Sickle, S. J. Finney, L. B. Brown, J. M. Peebles, H. N. F. Lewis.

On motion of S. J. Finney the delegates were empowered by the Convention to fill vacancies on their arrival at Providence.

F. L. Wadsworth addressed the Convention upon the "Genius of the Spiritual Movement."

He said: The spirit of this Convention has cheered my own. Its teachings, it seems to me, are to extend but into all time, and we shall feel better for having worked and accomplished what we have.

I have listened to what has been said—the resolutions that have been before you and acted upon. Those resolutions have had my warmest, my heartfelt sympathy.

That woman must be enfranchised I am certain. That the colored people must be enfranchised I am equally certain. Spiritualism is a natural religion. The old movements in religious reform have started with the idea of the supernatural. This new movement starts with the idea of naturalism. This distinguishes the Spiritual Movement from all others that have preceded it. It constitutes the genius of the Spiritual Philosophy.

Spiritual manifestations are not fundamental to and do not characterize the Spiritual Movement. Although they are indispensable to the grand plan, yet they do not constitute the inspiring idea that moves the whole.

Many Spiritualists have a notion that there are reforms not a legitimate part of Spiritualism. Such Spiritualism does not relate to all human life and all human institutions. Therefore it is faulty.

Now I claim that Spiritualism, from its naturalness, embodies within itself the principles and interests of all human nature and all the departments thereof.

If it is competent for us to talk of pulverizing creeds, it is competent for us to talk of false political and social institutions.

We cannot enter heaven religiously, with the chains of slaves clanking about our feet. Our work must be universal in its grand designs, or it will be a failure.

Several Lyceum girls sang a very pretty piece, entitled "River of Life."

Prof. E. Whipple then addressed the Convention in his usual interesting manner. He is one of our best thinkers. His theme on this occasion was the "Proximate Causes of Human Progress." He traced the rise and fall of nations; that they, like individuals, have their careers, and must die; that the American nation was just being born. It will exhibit characteristics that no other nation has exhibited.

When the American nation goes down do not think that humanity will also go down. There is a glorious future for this nation.

On motion of Col. Fox, one thousand copies of the Constitution and an Address to the people of the State of Michigan, were ordered to be published.

The following named gentlemen paid each five dollars for that purpose.

D. M. Fox, Lyons; Henry Willis, Battle Creek; G. W. Winslow, Kalamazoo; E. C. Manchester, Battle Creek; Jeremiah Brown, Battle Creek; Isaac Cox, Kalamazoo; John C. Dexter, Ionia; Wm. Kilpatrick, Olivet; Wm. Merritt, Battle Creek; H. B. Alden, Lowell.

Mrs. C. M. Fobes sang "Over the River."

On motion the Convention adjourned until 7 1/2 o'clock.

SUNDAY EVENING SESSION.

Convention met pursuant to adjournment, President Hoyt in the chair.

On motion of Col. D. M. Fox, a contribution of \$10.00 was raised to remunerate the Secretary, L. B. Brown, for preparing a synoptical report of the proceedings of the Convention for publication in the Detroit Advertiser and Tribune.

S. J. Finney then gave the closing address, in which he outdid himself. He commenced by saying that he had just issued from the hard work of our Convention. We have decided that we will not rest until on earth there is a pure and absolute republicanism, with justice, freedom, fraternity and love as its chief fundamental principles.

At the conclusion of Mr. Finney's discourse, Mrs. C. M. Fobes, of Lansing, by special request, again sang "Over the River."

The Convention then adjourned to meet in the city of Lansing, on the second Thursday in October, 1867.

Report of Conferences at the Battle Creek State Convention.

SATURDAY MORNING SESSION.

Choir sang "Joyfully."

Mrs. Mary Woodhull: It is usual for women to stand in the background, men in front; but in these conferences ladies have an equal chance with men. If we are to have "equal rights," which men are willing to accord to us; if we have the faculties in common with man; if we have the gift of speech, (which is acknowledged,) we have the right to use it, although it is the nature of woman to be more retiring in her manner than man. She is more timid than he is, and more sensitive.

While man is putting on the great master strokes in the painting of life, it is the place of woman to put in the delicate touches.

We hail with joy the fact that we have a religion that recognizes the proper position of woman in society.

The conditions of society are trammeling. My theme for eighteen years has been the "Physical Condition of the Race." I have said we should glorify God with bodies as well as with spirits.

It is designed by the Creator that we should be happy here, be able to perform all the duties of life. All suffering originates from violation of physical laws.

Woman has the responsibility of rearing the human family. If she is not fitted for the responsibility, it will tell upon the future of humanity. People heretofore have been influenced by the minister and the doctor, and made to believe that they could do all that was necessary for the soul and body; and hence they have cared regardless of those laws which ramify throughout the domain of nature. We should attend to the laws governing our whole being. It is one of the most vital subjects which can engage our attention.

Wm. Kilpatrick: Twelve years ago I was I might say with Paul, in the straight jacket of Phariseism. My parents desired me to be a preacher of the gospel. I went to college on purpose to be a preacher, and to be which my whole soul yearned. Angels came and whispered to me of a better way. Spirit powers prompted me to stand out for human rights.

I love to see and hear such speakers as the lady who has preceded me [Mrs. Woodhull] speak of nature and her developments.

Mr. Potter: There is much to be said. There is a great work to be done, and a short time to bring forth so many ideas. Let us be honest with ourselves.

Hiram Etheridge spoke upon the cause of Spiritualism in Battle Creek.

J. M. Peebles spoke of the cheering indications

of the progress of Spiritualism in Battle Creek and elsewhere. He said he did not know what a man meant when he talked about Spiritualism going down! Eternal principles going down! I never saw a person who professed our principles that ever gave them up. Some may have grown cold, which I sorrow over.

Talk with those men who have opened their pockets, who have given bountifully to sustain our meetings. The fire of their souls is still burning, for they have lived their principles.

L. B. Brown: One of the beautiful features of association is to get up a common sympathy in one another, in the great cause in which we are engaged.

Seventeen years ago I traveled all the way from Ionia to Battle Creek to witness the first manifestation I ever saw. The medium was the daughter of my venerable friend here, Dr. Beach. The number here was limited to four or five—Dr. Beach, Mr. Stuart and Mr. Mason are all that I can name who were in Battle Creek at that time.

I know not to what extent Spiritualism may have receded here, but, as Bro. Peebles has said, I am full in the faith, and have not receded one inch from the bold stand which I took at that time in favor of Spiritualism, and never have I met one soul who received from the angel world light and love—not a man has fallen by the way. I never have seen such a man. [Mr. Peebles—No!]

I am seventeen years old to-day in Spiritualism. My beard and hair have grown gray in the service; but my heart has grown warmer. My soul has grown more expansive. My mind has been sustained by the living power and sympathy of the angels.

I have had the pleasure of wandering to and fro, up and down the borders of Michigan, of seeing the fires of Spiritualism kindled to an everlasting blaze. I know that it is a fire which is inextinguishable. I know that it burns deeper in the hearts of the people now than ever before. None can extinguish its brilliant glowing.

Mr. Brown closed by reading an original poem, composed while sitting at the Secretary's table.

S. R. Cole: I wish just to say that I am here with reform books from the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION.

There are large hearts, and noble ones, too, ready to sustain that institution. One gentleman who put in a thousand dollars in its stock said he was prouder of that investment than of anything he had ever done.

An idea was suggested by my good brother from Detroit, Mr. Lewis. He said he was converted to Spiritualism. I was like Topey, I "grewed" into Spiritualism. Don't you grow into it—every one of you?

When I was fourteen years of age the minister said that when I would feel that it was just in God to send me down to hell, then I would be converted. I told him I believed it; that is, I lied for the sake of being converted.

SUNDAY MORNING SESSION.

In the absence of the President, W. H. Cornell, of Lansing, was appointed Chairman pro tem.

Charles Andrus: Ladies and Gentlemen—Unexpectedly am I called upon this morning to address you. Well have I watched the proceedings of this Convention, and with deep feelings—too deep for utterance.

[Mr. Andrus alluded to the passage of resolutions as the voice of the Convention. He spoke of the minister who whipped his little boy to death because he would not say his prayers.]

He then said: How few of the Christian world are living in accordance with the teachings of Him who said, "Do unto others as you would that others should do unto you." Spiritualism teaches that there can be no transgression without consequences. This is a law which no priest can override.

When we understand the grandeur of the Spiritual Philosophy, that recognizes the brotherhood of the whole human race, we can then look skyward with some degree of liberty.

I have with great interest listened to the thoughts advanced here—wise and great thoughts, which we all should love and recognize as the wide road to liberty and progression.

As yet I have failed to notice that this Convention has taken into account the interests of the little children. As ours is a progressive religion, we must look forward and prepare for the future. The children are to be the representatives of our Philosophy. We should take into account the interests of the children.

Many complain of evil spirits returning and tormenting the people of this world. The only remedy for this is to educate the children, and thus send fewer evil spirits to the next world. Work in unison, and the angel world will work with you. So long as Spiritualists rest in idleness, the angels will not help them. Help yourselves and the angels will help you.

Elijah Woodworth: The only foundation for reconstruction is divine principle, divine force.

Wm. A. Baldwin introduced the following resolution:

Resolved, That as Spiritualists and reformers, we deem the education of children of primary importance—a duty urged upon us by the demand of spiritual growth and freedom.

Mr. Baldwin then said that he had felt until then that this subject might be passed over by considering other subjects which are no doubt important.

Looking at children first from the pulpit and bar—looking at the causes of crime, I have felt that the surest way to do the work of reformation is to begin with the children.

I have seen an inclination on the part of thinkers, men and women who love reform, to engage in intellectual gymnastics. Conventions consume their whole time in metaphysical matters.

Andrew Jackson Davis, laying aside for the time speculative philosophy, has, together with his noble-hearted companion, devoted himself to the interests of children.

There are little children wherever I go looking up to me beseeching. Turning away from brilliant men and women, I say in my soul, how can these little children be cared for. I ask myself are the Spiritualists ready to take hold of the matter? I wish to work with them.

Mr. Baldwin suggested a plan for a self-sustaining Industrial Institution for the poor children.

Henry Willis: Bro. Baldwin might have talked for the space of this entire day, and not have exhausted the subject. It is a matter that should come home to every father and mother.

Theological institutions have endeavored to shape the minds under their influence, and become mere machines to carry out their principles.

The church has control of our Michigan University. Females who have applied for admission there have received the cold shoulder. They have been excluded from the institution. Why are men, to the number of two thousand, admitted, and their sisters excluded? Because it is under the control of Orthodoxy.

We must take our children and educate them up to the principles of equality and justice, and not trust them under the teachings of theology.

I did stoop so far as to go into a Methodist church. The fagle-man there said, "Children, do you love Jesus?" "Oh yes," said the children, "we love Jesus!" And there they were giggling and laughing, and playing with their toys. What did they know about Jesus?

No work can be done by the Spiritualists that will do more good than to engage in some such enterprise as an Industrial Home for children.

On motion of Mr. Anderson the further discussion of the resolution was postponed until afternoon.

SUNDAY AFTERNOON CONFERENCE.

Elijah Woodworth gave a brief account of his pilgrimage from religion of the Methodist stamp to atheism, and from atheism to Spiritualism.

Mr. Woodworth has done good service for humanity, and though advanced in years, has not grown old. He has battled manfully against error, and in behalf of reform.

The time has been when he made Orthodoxy tremble to its very foundations, and bigots have turned pale. Long may the name of Elijah Woodworth, the fearless free thinker, be remembered by reformers.

P. T. Johnson thought there was a work for every one to do. No individual can perform another's labor.

Mr. Baldwin's resolution was then taken up and discussed.

Mrs. Mary Woodhull said: In respect to the education of children, who can be better qualified to educate children than woman? [Voice—Yes.] I am glad to see this resolution brought before the Convention.

The education of the child begins at the earliest moment. How important then is the prenatal condition, as well as the education after the writer says that the circumstances surrounding the child before birth are more important than after.

How necessary, then, that we understand the principles underlying these great laws, that we understand the conditions, the influences that make their impressions upon the child and shape its future destiny. The anti-natal condition of the child are more important than all other conditions.

Surround the mother with harmonious, elevating influences. I often wish that I could, with tongue, awaken the women of America to a sense of their high mission and responsibility. They are too apathetic with regard to a knowledge of their own nature.

But we do rejoice that this principle of education is being understood—the principle of the anti-natal development of the race—and that the day is approaching when we can elevate humanity to a high spiritual condition.

Wm. Kilpatrick: I have been a teacher in the primary schools. I feel that the education of the child is the most important work in which we can engage.

We want a more scientific alphabet to our language. Children are obliged to learn the fifty thousand words in our spelling books, while we had an alphabet to represent the forty simple elements of speech, all that labor of learning to spell could be dispensed with.

The resolution of Mr. Baldwin was unanimously adopted.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

A Short Sermon.

BY WILLIAM THOMPSON.

Text—"I am glad that you have begun early in the Convention to look to the fundamental principles of right." Parker Pillsbury, in Rockford Courier, June 25, 1866.

I am about to preach a short sermon from the text contained in the text, rather than from the text itself. That idea is, "the fundamental principle of right." Where shall I begin? How shall I express it? The fundamental principle of right, i. e., the principle which lies at the foundation of all right, is the basis of all right. There is, then, a fundamental principle of right, and the question is, what does that principle consist of? Does it consist in that which is conveyed to the mind by the words of Confucius: "Never do unto others as you would not have others do unto you." Jesus expresses it: "Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so to all."

This great fundamental principle, then, is to do unto others as we would have others do unto us. And we would have others extend unto us the largest liberty. We would be permitted to express our own thoughts; and as this is what we would have of others, our duty plainly is, to concede to all the privilege to others—to all. No matter how their views may differ from ours on any subject, no matter how absurd, ridiculous, or even how their ideas may appear to us—no matter how they may be in the minority—his place on the principle of right, that they have the same right to express them that we have to express ours. It is tyranny, it is despotism, to hinder or stop a hinder. The moment the majority seeks to repress the minority in free thought and free expression, that moment that majority leaves, shades the fundamental principle of right, and seeks to substitute the abhorrent non-principle of might.

How jealously ought we to guard against it, at least, infringement of this great fundamental principle, knowing that the liberties of all will be maintained, our own included, depend upon it. Be vigilant, ought we as Spiritualists, just commencing an organization, to be less scrupulous than get at the foundation which shall give a root of bitterness hereafter. Let us do nothing through policy. Let us never imagine what is expedient, but let the great question ever be, "What is right?" Let there never be the least compromise with wrong. Let us take warning from the great mistake made by the framers of the Constitution of the United States. They compromised with wrong, and we do not doubt, that in a little while it would be too late. We have just seen a part of the result of their sinning. I say part of the result, for I fear that the end is not yet. How careful ought Spiritualists, Progressives, Reformers to be, in training their consciences, not to admit a sentence, a word even, that may ever be tortured into a restriction of free thought and free expression. If this is not done, our boasted liberty and liberty will soon be at an end. There are those amongst us, even now, who would like a little restriction, who would like to exercise a little authority, who would like to dictate, "just the least bit in the world." There are those who have already tried the "gag law" in a rather mild form. If this is not checked in the outset—if it is not crushed in the bud—when, I ask, will it end? And echo answers here?

One thing more, and I close. In calling meetings, ought not those calling them, if they intend or wish to restrict free expression, to so notify the people in the call? Is it right to call a meeting of Spirit-

...allists, Progressionists, or Reformers, or all combined, and when the people come together to have a glorious time, "a feast of reason and a flow of soul," through free expression, to tell them that the speakers must confine themselves to certain subjects of their choosing? Friends, let us be honest. Let us be liberal. Let us build on the right foundation, viz.: that of universal, unbridged liberty. Liberty for our neighbors as well as ourselves. If we build on this foundation, nothing can hinder our progression, our prosperity; and on this foundation alone can we either progress or prosper. Let us, then, begin early "to look to the fundamental principles of error."

The Closing Scenes.

Within the sober realms of leafless trees, The sunset year inhaled the fragrant air; Like some-tanned rapturist in his hour of ease, When all the fields are lying brown and bare. The gray barns looking from their heavy hills, On the dusk waters gleaming in the vale, Sent down the drowsy hum of the mill, On the dull sounds of alternate falls. All sights were mellowed and all sounds subdued, The hills seemed further and the streams sang low, As in a dream the distant woodman bowed His winter log, with many a muffled blow. The embattled forests, wreathed with gold, Their lanterns bright with every martial hue, Now stood the while in the host of old, Withdrawn afar in time's remotest blue. On some wings the vulture tried his flight; The dove scarce heard his sighing mate's complaint; And like a star the distant woodman bowed His winter log, and then was heard no more. The sentinel cock upon the hillside crew— "Crew thrice" and all was still than before; Silent, till some roosting warbler blew His silent horn, and then was heard no more. Where erst the jay within the elm's tall crest Made gurgulous trouble round her unfledged young; And where the oriole hung her awaying nest, With every light wind like a censor vengeful. Where sang the noisy martins of the eaves, The busy swallows chiding ever near— Foretelling as the rustic and the plowman, An early harvest and a plentiful year. Where every bird that walked the vernal feast, Shook the sweet shiver from its wings at morn; To warn the reaper of the empty lust; All now was sunless, empty and forlorn. Alone, from out the stubble, piped the quail; And croaked the crow through all the dreary gloom; Alone, the peasant, drumming in the vale, Made echo in the distant cottage loom. There was no bud, no bloom upon the bowers; The spiders moved their legs in the shade at night, The thistle down, the only ghost of flowers, Sailed slowly by—passed noiseless out of sight. Amid all this—in this most dreary air, And where the woodbine sated upon the porch Its crimson leaves, as if the year stood there; Firing the blood with its inverted torch; Amid all this—the center of the scene, The white-haired matron, with monotonous tread, Piled the swift wheel, and with her joyous mien Sat like a fate, and watched the dawning thread. She had known sorrow. He had walked with her, Oft sipped, and broke with her the ashen bread, And in the dead leaves still she heard the stir Of his thick mantle trailing in the dust. While yet her cheek was bright with summer bloom, Her country summoned, and she gave her all; And twice was loved to her his sable plume— He gave the sword to rest upon the wall. Re-gave the sword, but not the hand that drew, And struck for liberty the dying blow; Not him, who, to his sure and country true, Fell 'mid the ranks of the invading foe. Long, but not loud, the drooping willow went on, Like the low murmur of a live at noon; Long, but not loud, the memory of the gone, Breathed through her lips a sad and tremulous tone. At last the thread was snapped, her head was bowed; Life dropped the distaff through her hands serene; And leaving neighbors snatched her careful shroud; While death and winter closed the autumn scene.

Synopsis Report of a Lecture Delivered at the Rockford Mass Convention July 29, 1866.

BY F. L. WADSWORTH. After the conclusion of N. Frank White's lecture, F. L. Wadsworth was introduced. He said: Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen: I always feel somewhat sensitive and diffident, in touching a polished surface, lest I might mar it, and I am sure that an audience, after receiving the fine touches of my Brother Frank, is not unlike the most delicately polished surface, and needs to be approached carefully, not jarringly. However we know that there are risks in life, and I must take mine, or you must take yours; for if there is any damage done it will be yours more than mine. I have a thought—I cannot call it more than that, perhaps—in my mind at the present time, and it presents itself to me in this wise: That Spiritualism is Naturalism; that Naturalism is a system of Progress, and that system comprises all things. Therefore, that Spiritualism as a Movement, is progressive—rises up not only towards all things, but it embraces all things. There have always been certain causes, if I may use that word in such a place, that mark eras. If you will observe the eras of the past, you will see that they are marked by some fundamental idea, or announcement that underlies the whole movement, and from which it derives its inspiration and character. For instance, Jesus of Nazareth, as an individual represented in his life and teachings an idea that commenced and underlies, fundamentally, the Christian era, or movement, to wit: The Fatherhood of God, and the Brotherhood of Man. I do not say that this practically characterizes Orthodox Christianity to-day, but it was the primary idea of Christianity. In the arrangement and constitution of things we have the possibility of spirit communion, or Spiritualism, as fact. Spiritualism as a fact is nothing new. It is just as old as the history of human nature, always having been recognized to a greater or less extent by men and women. But there is something which characterizes this time from other times that have passed away. What is that something? It is in this idea: The naturalness of spirit existence and communion. Strike away this Naturalism from Spiritualism, and your Spiritualism is little better than any supernatural theology. Nature is a great reformer, and Spiritualism, if successful and perpetual in its progress, must be at one therewith. We may say, perhaps, that nature has her conservative ways—certain conservative appliances—but, admitting this, she is everywhere a thorough radical reformer. She is never satisfied with the things of to-day—never ceases to act when the conception of the hour has taken place, but moves on to ultimates and grander conceptions, reforming everything that obstructs, or is in the way of advancement. It was not enough that the earth orbited, vegetated, and then evolved animal forms endowed with instinct. Reason appears, and ultimately consciousness in man, in which we behold the grand spectacle of self-cognition, and contemplation. Nor was this enough. This embryo of all

knowledge with face turned Godward, starts, impelled and endowed by nature, on an eternal voyage of discovery—progress. So easy nature proposes and reforms continually, evolving from that which is lower, relatively, that which is higher, bringing out the divine impulses that are within her bosom, and embodying them to do a greater work.

Every man and woman who has a thought, or feels an idea, should themselves be reformers in the great, noble, true and almost unlimited sense of that term.

I do not presume to say what sort of a reformer a man or woman shall be; I do not presume to dictate to other persons what is truth, or that they shall think as I do. But I do say that whereas, Spiritualism is Naturalism, and the Spiritualists, as a body, have so declared, and with hardly an exception taught, therefore, Spiritualists should ally themselves to the recognized and everywhere apparent purposes and methods of nature, which evidently embrace universal liberty, equality and progress.

I do not doubt that when John Wesley stepped forth to do his work he felt the pulse beats of nature, and that his soul was in communion with the soul of things. This was his secret of success.

The very moment his followers cut themselves from nature, or the moment they restricted themselves in favor of supernaturalism, that moment they were cut off from inspiration and ceased to be effectual workers.

Every religious movement that has started out, up to the present day, has fundamentally believed in supernaturalism, and therefore it has become powerless, and, in certain things, useless in the land; and, in another sense, a great curse to the people.

I suggest that we, as men and women, seek to comprehend this great idea of the natural unity of all things; i. e., nature is a unit, and all the manifestations of nature are the outgrowth from that unit. All outgrowth is a necessity in the course of things, thus producing a divine variety.

We cannot all believe alike on all questions. I should dislike to see a congregation of Spiritualists all alike. It seems to me that it would be better economy not to duplicate specimens of power, and that if we were alike nature would quickly rid herself of all but one of us, for, as a reformer, she is a strict economist. Now with this great variety, are we not all seeking to accomplish the same great end, to wit: THE ELEVATION OF THE HUMAN RACE?

We see in the world a false theology fettering, cramping and crushing the soul. We see social despotism, slavery, and a prostitution of the holiest and most sacred functions and feelings of social life upheld by institutions. We behold political debauchery, justice dethroned, vice lifted into power with its fettered foot upon the necks of our brothers and sisters. We see a false education, everywhere perverting the manners and methods of men. What is the result? We, each in a characteristic way, are impelled to defend those that suffer, to cheer them, to encourage them and impart to them somewhat of the strength that we possess; and, wishing to prevent further suffering and wrong, we assail the institutions that are the instruments of torture, the torturers themselves, or perhaps both, and thus altogether we advance. Can any of us say that theological agitation and reform are legitimate and social reform not so? Can we cheer the religious pioneer, and hiss the political or anti-slavery pioneer, who is chipping away another section of the same monstrous oppression? In a word, can we go against one measure or manner of reform in any part of society without going against all? I think not; and the sooner Spiritualists everywhere recognize this fact of variety proceeding from, and tending towards, the same divine unity, the more consistent will be their course, the greater their work, and the surer their existence as a reformatory body.

Samuel Johnson, in a late discourse on Naturalism, says, "America means Naturalism." I believe it, and more: The inspiration of the American people, in their grand uprising for liberty, equal rights and progress is Naturalism, is SPIRITUALISM, as opposed to atheism and formalism, asserting itself practically.

The idea of spiritual and natural unity is American in birth, and we must see to it that it is at least American in practice, and universal in tendency.

I do not mean by this that any man or woman shall give up his or her particular forms of belief, or sentiments, to work with somebody else; but I mean this, that whereas, Spiritualism includes the interests of all human nature, therefore religious, social, political and educational reforms are legitimate parts, or constituents of the one great Movement, and to reject either is to cripple ourselves in the accomplishment of the great work our Movement proposes. What Spiritualist is there who does not propose to labor for the good of the whole? It is our profession, at least, and no man has a right to profess one thing, and practice another.

The Spiritual Movement in its basis, as in its professions, and in its method and practice, should be equal to the end sought. We start from Nature, the immeasurable reservoir of infinite divine powers. The purpose of Nature, as evidenced by her manners, is infinite and impartial progress, conferring, in principle, equal rights on all persons, making no distinction in consequence of race, sex or standing. It certainly should not be hard to see, or say, what our manner, as a people professing to believe in Nature ought to be.

Friends, let us as men and women comprehensively recognize: First, this divine unity of life. Second, A no less divine variety. We need not try to agree in belief, but it is a duty we owe ourselves and humanity to agree to disagree, and each vigorously prosecute his work. The world needs us all, and all that we can do. Let each one be fully persuaded in his or her own mind. We should love Spiritualists as religious, social or political reformers, and we should love all reformers who are not Spiritualists, for it is purpose, not belief, that is central in human action. A Spiritualist who betrays the social or political pioneer, is a sentinel who cannot recognize his own watchword when spoken by another, so deliberately shoots a comrade in arms. Spiritualism, unless it sustains social, political and educational reform, will degenerate into churchianity, and then in its turn with other partial efforts will become a curse.

Friends, let us be whole-souled men and women, let us be reformers in the great comprehensive sense of that term.

Why Does the Willow Weep?

ANSWER.—The botanic name of our weeping willow is *Salix Babylonica*—Babylonish willow—its natural location being the banks of the river Euphrates, in the vicinity of ancient Babylon. It is narrated, that when that great city was in all

its glory and splendor, this native willow was a very lofty tree, of upright pyramidal growth, seemingly pointing to the heavens; but that after its conquest and fall, when the mourners over its departed glories and sad fate hung their harps upon the branches, the willow began to weep, and has thereby perpetuated its emblematic sorrow unto the present day.

The Laws of Inspiration.

BY LOIS WAINBROOKER.

DEAR JOURNAL: Now that the controversy in reference to setting speakers has been dropped, for the present at least, permit me to notice some points brought forward by the opposing parties; not for the purpose of taking sides with either, but to elucidate my ideas of inspiration. Brother Moses thinks that the interest of Spiritualism has been crippled by our present system of itinerating—says that we have followed each other around with the same general drift of thought; and Brother Wilson thinks the above an insult to every speaker in nature. I did not feel it so although I may be too small to be hit. I do not know whether Moses is correct or not, for I have had the privilege of listening to but few of our speakers; but I do know that there has been a need for just such repetition, therefore I believe that there has been the same "general drift of thought," and the fact does not prove us to be either cheats or humbugs, but only that he who asserts it as an evidence of inefficiency has failed to see its need.

Our spirit friends, however, saw it, and they have acted upon it. They intend to teach, and to make us teach in the primary department till the proper time comes for promotion. Old theology has drilled its errors into society with its multitudinous agents—the same general drift of thought in every possible form of presentation, with every variety of talent to aid in such presentation, till they have become so deeply rooted that that which would tear them out and plant the new thereon must needs be presented in all the varied forms that the mental capacity of workers in this life and the other can bring to bear. This same general drift of thought must be entamped, as it were, into the very heart and brain of the people; the leaven that would leaven the whole lump must be kept working; and, Moses, had you put selfish in the place of sensible, logical minds, I think you would have come nearer the truth.

It is one thing to discover a new country, another to make ourselves a home therein, and still another to build a good substantial highway between the old and the new, in order that the lame, the aged and the little one may pass safely over; and the latter, I opine, is the work of the itinerant. How often he has to travel the same ground, going back even to the very borders of the old; laying a plank here, building a bridge there, putting up a railing yonder, placing a stepping stone in the little rivulet, filling up the holes that the rains have washed out, etc., etc.

Now, there is a class of minds who care nothing for all this. They seem to feel that if others cannot rough it as they did in order to reach the new, why, let them stay where they are; and such do not wish our speakers to become road builders, that is, if they are to help sustain them. Such will be certain to find fault if they hear nothing new. "No, I shall not go out to-day. I shall hear nothing new." They may be logical and sensible, but they are not spiritually alive, or so it seems to me.

Now, this is one view of the subject; and yet there is another. There does come a time when we can graduate from the primary department; we do need thinking men and women, who are polished by education as well as quickened by inspiration and all alive to the work. Because Moses calls for education, thought, labor, and in his zeal here condemns repetition, he does not insult the God-given principle of inspiration, he does not accuse us of committing our lectures, but errs, as I have said, in failing to see the use of such repetition. Who doubts the inspiration of Emma Hardinge? And yet, in the preface to her six published lectures it is said that the substance of those lectures has been given in many places. And why not? It was needed in many places.

I believe that every form that thought takes for its expression, logical, poetical, or what not, is the result of mental labor either here or in spirit life. Now, why should it make any difference whether it is the work of spirits in or out of the form, so that principles are evolved? A thing is valuable for what it is, and not for where it comes from. Education without inspiration, like a cultivated field in winter, is cold and dead. Inspiration without education, without thought, research, mental labor, may be, and too often is, like the wild luxuriance of a tropical forest—beautiful birds, rare flowers, choice fruits, but the loathsome or the terrible liable to cross our track at any moment, even till all but the most hardy are ready to forego the first, to escape the last. Inspiration may be, and frequently is, poured through crude instruments to demolish the old; but that does not prove that we must use them to the exclusion of all else in building up the new.

We want ALL. The learned and the unlearned, the wise and the simple, the weak and the strong, fiery eloquence and logical acumen, those who write inspirationally and those who write mechanically, those whose organizations are such that they can catch the captured thoughts of angels and pour them upon humanity and those who elaborate through study and then warm with the earnest inspiration of their own souls, those who can settle and those who itinerate, those who repeat the alphabet to every new listener and those who take a class and carry them forward step by step—each and all are needed; and who shall say that one is greater or more needed than another, or that one is moved by a God-given principle and the other not?

It is well to advise with each other, well to point out what seems to us to be error; but it does not seem to me well to denounce. A brother, in the BANNER OF LIGHT, May 9, seems rather inclined to call us lazy. Well, brother, it might be lazy work for you, but I can assure you it is not for me, to travel and speak. You ask: "What are our traces and inspirational speakers to do, as they cannot study and prepare their lectures?" I am not a trace speaker; such will answer for themselves; but I do not think there is any cause for anxiety so long as they are so much needed as now. As for the "inspirational," my experience is that inspiration can be given to a prepared as well as an unprepared subject, and in some cases for better. I have repeated poems that have been given through others, again, and yet again, to different audiences, and these have often been the channels through which inspiration has been given to the people, quickening and uniting them in the circling throes of harmony.

The trouble is, we get wrong ideas of inspiration, the result of false education upon the subject. To me, whatever quickens the spiritual nature, causing it to expand into a larger life, is inspiration. I prefer the sunlight that, aided by cultivation, brings forth things naturally, unfolding them from the bosom of the earth; others may choose the red hot furnace, melting and separating the ore from the dross, moulding from the fused mass the useful and the beautiful; both are needed, and the latter for the more successful prosecution of the former.

What the World Needs.

BY MRS. H. N. GREENE.

The world needs men of sterling worth—aye, and women too; great souls, who dare be true to the teachings of the inward voice, who are capable of feeling the pulsations of the great heart of suffering humanity, as it swells in surges like the restless waves upon the billowy ocean.

The world does not need men of mere wealth and power. It has already a surplus of these, men who ride mercenously over the weak and defenceless, and monopolize, as far as possible, God's universe to themselves. I have little reverence for men of church and State who bind heavy burdens upon the weak and look down with assumed dignity upon the laborer, who, perchance, is much nearer the kingdom of heaven than they.

God is speaking in tones that cannot be mistaken, saying, "Labor faithfully, labor faithfully." And shall those who hear that voice cowardly sit with folded hands, not daring to speak against the popular evils of the day? No! Let such speak their convictions whether the world smiles or frowns; for slavery, war and licentiousness are great evils, whether they are hidden away in dark places or revel in the brightness of noonday.

Let reformers speak fearlessly, not politely walk around a gigantic evil, stepping courteously lest they should hit it! Boldness in the right is what the world needs. Helpers who are ready to rescue the struggling masses from their galling chains and degradation.

The smiling heavens are above us. God's temple of nature is spread out before us, and the teeming earth is full of life and beauty. Immortal spirits bend from the heavens and invite us to become co-workers with them in enlightening the ignorant and helping the unfortunate. The voice of woman is heard, asking for liberty, for justice and equal rights; voices of little children, sunk in degradation and crime, also fall heavily upon our ears. Let us in all boldness, in all humility, relying upon the Father of all Spirits, with his bright and beautiful angels bending over us, labor to the best of our ability to bring about that blessed era, when truth, love and justice shall pervade all worlds.

Hopedale, Mass., (Vine Cottage,) Aug. 7, 1866.

MORAL POLICE.

Mr. I. I. Hitchcock, a gentleman residing near Cincinnati, Ohio, sends us the following:

I witnessed an incident the other day at Rochester, New York, which would be worth relating in the same department. On the arrival of a train from the East, a wallet, containing quite a large sum of money, was found on a vacant seat in one of the cars. The finder, falling to discover in the crowd the late occupant of the seat, applied to the policeman on duty in the depot to send to him at a certain house in the city any person who should be heard inquiring for a lost pocketbook or wallet. The plan succeeded, and before night the owner of the wallet had it safe in his possession. Compensation was offered, but declined, with the request that the owner would think of his good fortune whenever a poor brother or sister should ask pecuniary assistance from him. Both loser and finder parted happier than when they met.

The Macon (Miss.) Beacon relates an interesting incident connected with the termination of a slander suit that occurred recently in the court of that county. An action had been brought by Miss Eliza McGowan, a young lady of good family, against Mrs. Allen, a respectable widow lady, for defaming her character. The jury returned a verdict of guilty. The Judge sentenced her to be fined five hundred dollars, and to be imprisoned in the county jail for the term of six months. The Beacon says: When this sentence was pronounced, Miss McGowan burst into tears. She asked her counsel if it was necessary for the complete vindication of her character that Mrs. Allen should be really and actually imprisoned in the county jail; and when informed that the verdict of the jury was a complete vindication of her character, she desired the court to remit the punishment. She said she had no ill feelings against her accuser; that having no property she had appealed to this court, and that now by its judgment she was fully protected from all further calumny, she prayed the court, through her counsel, to have mercy upon the unfortunate being who had just been sentenced. When Miss McGowan's request was made known to the court, there was a stillness, a solemnity, a depth of feeling seldom, if ever, witnessed in a court of justice. The court, the bar, the audience were moved to silence, and not a few to tears. For some moments the stillness of death pervaded the assembly. The judges were moved by the petition of the young lady, and the fine and imprisonment were remitted.

VOICES FROM THE PEOPLE.

Letter from Dr. J. P. Bryant.

DEAR JOURNAL: Being in constant receipt of letters from all parts of the United States and Canada, asking "why I go to California?" urging me to remain East, congratulating me upon my success, and inviting me to visit different localities to "heal the sick," and unable to reply to these letters separately, (for want of time,) I take this opportunity to reply to them collectively through your columns. While I appreciate the kindness of those who encourage me, and thank those who have so liberally patronized and sustained me, I am obliged to decline the invitations for this season. During five years past all my time has been devoted to the relief of suffering humanity, without rest or recreation, and although not ill, yet I need a quiet rest of thirty days; and I am impressed by my spirit friends—strongly urged by them to journey by sea either to Europe, Cuba or California, with the assurance that if I will do so I shall receive greater strength and power. Therefore, in accordance with their suggestions and repeated invitations from the Pacific coast, I am determined to sail for California September 1st, and will "heal the sick" at San Francisco from October 1st till April, 1867, returning with renewed vigor, subject to the call of those who need my services, at Brooklyn, New York, May 1st, 1867. In view of my past success, and all the opposition of jealous and selfish charlatans, as well as of popular medical and religious theories, I can but recognize a Power outside of myself sufficient for my guidance and support. Words would fail to express my gratitude for the little knowledge I possess of Spiritual Philosophy, and during this existence I will not neglect to teach the beautiful truth, or fail to lay my hands on the

sick," that they may recover; and in compliance with the request of our elder brother, I shall also "preach the Gospel to every creature," as it is in myself.

I beg the indulgence of the many friends in the New England, Middle and Western States and Canadian Provinces (who say they need me) for a few months, when I will be with them, refreshed and invigorated, with a new inspiration and increased healing powers.

Your obedient and humble servant,
J. P. BRYANT.
58 Clinton Av.
Brooklyn, N. Y., August 8, 1866.

Letter from Cincinnati.

LITERARY CIRCLE.

EDITORS JOURNAL: From the Progressive Lyceum we have organized a Literary Circle, having caught the spirit from Chicago. We are in love with the design, and expect much good to result. At a called meeting, the following preamble and resolutions were adopted:

Whereas, Individual interest and action depend on the collective harmony and effort in our Progressive Lyceums; and, Whereas, Personal benefits and a progressive influence in the Lyceum movement can be attained largely by the organization of the officers, leaders and older members, into a Literary Circle; therefore be it

Resolved, That said officers, leaders and members, do organize themselves into such a society.

Resolved, That in the organization each individual will, without prejudice and personal ambition, devote himself or herself to the harmonious and systematic development of the Circle, through which we can obtain the ends we seek, etc.; a cultivation of literary tastes and accomplishments and a use of the same for the benefit of the Progressive Lyceum.

Resolved, That it being necessary for the attainment of the above aims, we adopt a constitution and by-laws for the government of the Circle.

Our constitution and by-laws bind none; they are based upon free principles; they make each one stand forth as an individual sovereign. I send you this, hoping it will breathe to you one more sign of progress. May it be one link in a grand concatenation that shall form an immense chain of Progressive Lyceum Literary Circles.

Thine in progress,
Cincinnati, July 31, 1866.

Letter from J. T. Dow.

THE ROCKFORD CONVENTION.

EDITORS JOURNAL: We noticed in the JOURNAL of August 11th, a letter from Juliet H. Stillman, M. D., censuring, to some extent, the course pursued by those who controlled the Mass Convention at Rockford. As that letter seems to vibrate with the "ring of true metal," yet, perhaps, wanting to some degree in expressed charity, we desire to add a few words upon the same subject; not to extend controversy, but to aid feebly the great work of expanding the hearts and souls of free thinkers, so that they may stand firm and unshaken upon the broad, free platform they claim to occupy.

Having had the pleasure of attending the Rockford Convention, and an acquaintance with some of the party who had that meeting in charge, we can but remark that we believe that every effort was zealously put forth by those most concerned in the management of said meeting, to make it a success, and to accomplish the noble object for which it was called, and that their acts were from pure conscientious motive we have not the least doubt, and that great praise is due them for earnest, honest effort on that occasion, we frankly admit. Yet in obedience to the great law of progress which calls for interchange of thought, charitable reproof and criticism, we believe it is good and just that they should be reminded that a spirit of compromise between truth and policy, a bidding for "cast" or popularity, a sort of tender-footedness seemed to pervade the proceedings; and that although a degree of harmony and approbation characterized the meeting, truth and justice would make no concessions to sensitive error.

Eternal, unadulterated, uncompromising facts, upon all subjects pertaining to the temporal and eternal welfare of humanity is what is demanded of the advocates of radical reform. The question governing the broad and liberal platform we profess to occupy should not be—will it meet with the approbation of the masses, create proselytes to our faith, and gain favor with the influential classes of society? But, is it truth? Is it right? Is it just? Has it an important bearing upon the physical, political, moral or spiritual welfare of humanity? What affects one affects all of these branches of reform for they are as members of one body, whose destiny is so interlinked and inseparably connected that the welfare of one is indispensable to the growth and progress of the balance. And when we see a man "dare up" because his social fastidiousness, political conservatism, or peculiar notions of dietetics are thrown into the purifying machinery of free and liberal discussion, and show his temper, as did one recently who discontinued his subscription to the JOURNAL, in consequence of its alleged abolition sentiments, we feel there is an unsoundness of heart—a defect so radical that a specific more searching and powerful than Godfrey's cordial or Mrs. Winslow's soothing syrup will be required to effect a cure. And the more we cover up, and the thicker the incrustation formed over any of the departments of human reformation, the more powerful and terrible will be the eruption which is sure to break forth should we not build our philosophy broad enough to include all the principles of truth and justice—vital to the progressive existence of all humanity, without distinction of race, complexion or nationality.

Then let us heed the impressive lesson given us through four years of national pain and suffering, with its sad effects—that conversion to evil effects no permanent reconciliation. That compromise with sin, is a league with the devil, who is not to be trusted.

Allow no smooth-tongued, dancing, creed bound demagogue to paralyze or curtail the broad and liberal philosophy which not only works upon man's recreation and identity, but regenerates and purifies his whole being, making him morally, physically, politically and spiritually a man of God.

But while we put forth all our energy to elevate humanity as a whole, in the scale of human progress, keeping ourselves (as near as may be) unsympathetic from the many evils which beset our pathway, let us ever bear in mind that overabundant, immoderate law of reprobation, do unto others as ye would that others should do unto you, and the victory will be ours.

J. T. Dow.
Cincinnati, Wm., Aug. 10, 1866.

Letter from Iowa.

EDITORS JOURNAL: Your paper is received and I have carefully read it. While I do not subscribe to all it contains, yet I do not, like Mr. Terry, believe that its abolition principles will harm me. God speed the day when those principles of equal and exact justice will be equally enjoyed by all who

Religio-Philosophical Journal

CHICAGO, AUGUST 25, 1866.

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

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

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"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 Our Patrons.

Persons sending post office orders, drafts, etc., are requested to make them payable to George H. Jones, Secy.

wear the human form. I love the glorious doctrine and principles, as taught by our Philosophy, and believe that when divested of its crudities and properly taught and practiced by its adherents, it will accomplish the object for which the old theological school has so long and so ardently prayed...

Dr. P. B. Randolph and his Work.

We have previously announced the great and good work that our Brother, Dr. Randolph, has been engaged in, in connection with the education of the Freedmen.

It is with pleasure that we lay before our readers the endorsement of him and his noble work, by many of the leading men of the nation, without distinction of party or sect, including the President of the United States and General Grant.

We hope our friends, as well as the public generally, will aid with liberal hands in making up the necessary fund to accomplish the noble object in view—a fund that shall be creditable to a great and free people.

Dr. Randolph is engaged in a glorious work. He is the right man in the right place. He will speak in tones not to be misunderstood in behalf of his kindred. We feel to rejoice for the cause he is so nobly engaged in, and to thank the many honorable men who have so fully endorsed him.

We shall soon announce the name of some responsible person to act as Treasurer in this city to receive contributions from all who shall be moved to aid in the good work indicated.

TO THE PRESS AND PUBLIC OF THE UNION.

WAR DEPARTMENT, BUREAU OF REFUGEES, FREEDMEN AND ABANDONED LANDS, WASHINGTON, D. C., July 31, 1866.

The schools for Freedmen in Louisiana, owing to causes beyond the control of this Bureau, have declined almost to extinction. Dr. P. B. Randolph, a colored man, has, for two years, done faithful service in the education of Freedmen in that State, and is now making a strenuous effort to reconstruct them on a self-supporting basis.

Editors throughout the Union will confer a great benefit on a good cause, by calling public attention to the matter, and enabling him to be heard in its advocacy.

O. O. HOWARD, Maj. Gen., and Commissioner Bureau Refugees, etc.

For want of funds, the colored schools of Louisiana have utterly failed and gone down. One of the most faithful and successful teachers and Government school agents, Dr. P. B. Randolph, finding the schools nearly extinct, prompted by a religious sense of duty, which stops at no obstacle, now goes to the great public for aid. By those occupying the highest positions in society, and who have known him many years, he is highly recommended as a man, an educator of his people, a true philanthropist, and a gentleman of very rare and unusual attainments as a scholar and orator.

The undersigned most heartily approve thereof, and trust that he may be heard in behalf of his cause, and assisted by all who desire the advancement of civilization and refinement among the colored people of these United States.

He is earnest, eloquent and true. It has been determined that the aid sought to be rendered this most excellent and praiseworthy object shall take the form a

NATIONAL SUBSCRIPTION. Persons of all religions creeds and political parties, the bench, the bar, military, civil and judicial officers, merchants, bankers, and all benevolent persons are herewith invited to contribute toward sustaining Dr. Randolph in the establishment of his school.

It is earnestly hoped that the response hereto may be worthy of the American people and the cause involved, thereby enabling a good and worthy man, and faithful worker for his people, to found such an institution of learning as shall be an honor to him, a practical and enduring benefaction to an unfortunate race, and a lasting testimonial of gratitude to those who shall have bestowed it:

- Andrew Johnson, President of the United States, B. F. Wade, United States Senator, J. P. Sullivan, New Orleans, La., T. B. Thorpe, New Orleans, La., E. H. Durall, Judge, New Orleans, La., Edward C. Billings, New Orleans, La., A. W. Randall, United States Postmaster General, Hugh McCulloch, Secretary Treasury United States, N. P. Banks, M. C., Massachusetts, W. B. Ferguson, Cor. Sec. Nat'l Union Club, Washington, D. C., Wm. D. Kelly, M. C., Pennsylvania, U. S. Grant, General, Armies of the United States, O. O. Howard, Major General, and Commissioner Bureau Refugees, Freedmen, etc., Thaddeus Stevens, M. C., Pennsylvania, Schuyler Colfax, Speaker United States House of Representatives, E. McPherson, Clerk House of Representatives, John W. Forney, Clerk United States Senate, Henry J. Raymond, New York, James H. Day, New York, James W. Nyce, United States Senator, Nevada, etc.

Treasurer "Randolph High-Grade School Fund," Bennington, Vermont; or

Dr. P. B. RANDOLPH, Special Agent, Bennington, Vermont.

DONATIONS.

All persons, ministers and others, friendly to the enterprise, are respectfully requested to collect funds, by general contribution or otherwise, and forward the same as above.

A MEMORIAL TABLET will be placed in the walls of the school, and on it will be engraved the Names of all Societies and individuals who shall have given \$100 or over, towards its establishment, as an enduring testimonial of gratitude to them, and thankfulness to our Father—God.

CONTRIBUTIONS.

U. S. Grant, \$200.00; Andrew Johnson, 200.00.

Mrs. Harriet Homer thus alludes, in a letter to a friend in Boston, to a ridiculous paragraph which has been printed freely, and which chanced to meet her eye in Rome: "I have been a good deal amused at a curt sketch of me which seemed to be going the rounds of the American papers, the opinion of Rev. Mr. Fairbank, of Hillsdale College, Michigan, who says 'Harriet Homer is a fast Massachusetts girl, making \$10,000 to \$15,000 a year by her chisel, but never succeeds in living within her income, while she has long since exhausted her patrimony. She drives the fastest horse in the place, and she makes the most beautiful marbles ever looked upon. Now, so far as the patrimony goes, in spite of its having been long since exhausted, it is all, at the present moment, safely invested in America; and, so far as the fast horses go, (which never is very far), it is quite true that I drive them when I am not in a hurry; when I am, I walk; and—and, as to the marbles?—ahem!—well, we will let that go; perhaps it comes nearer the truth than any statement in the paragraph."

Spiritual Philosophy and Christianity.

Between the Spiritual or Harmonical Philosophy and the system of Christianity there is no pivotal unity—no essential oneness. The former is not merely a higher type of the latter, it is a new conception, a larger announcement, and as such must evolve from its own central ideas a new method of thought, and thereby ultimately re-arrange the whole structure of society and governments.

We solicit the attention of the reader to some of the reasons upon which we base the above statements.

We remark, first, and generally, that the leading characteristics of human nature are universal; only its specialties are limited and local, for instance, worship, ethics, a manifestation of the religious nature under various forms, constitute a part of this discipline of every nation and of all peoples. Hindus, Persians, Egyptians, Chinese, Greeks, Jews and Christians have alike bowed down to objective and ideal gods. The Christians announce no new law of morality. They have no moral code, the substance of which does not exist with other religious bodies historically antedating them, and in all respects, in this general sense, they are undistinguished from Pagan or Jews.

Again, all theologians, strictly speaking, whether ancient or modern, pagan or christian, assume the supernatural sovereignty of God, or gods, and thus in theology dictate the objectivity of divinity, and necessitate corresponding methods of procedure. In this respect Christianity is as much like Paganism as one form of Paganism is like another, therefore cannot claim to be a new revelation or the revelation par excellence.

Secondly, We observe the special characteristic of Christianity.

Primarily, the simplicity of the teachings of Jesus, his announcement of the fatherhood of God, his fraternal bearing towards those who were around him, together with his ideas of universal purity, charity and brotherhood, contributed characteristic power to the movement afterwards called christian, as opposed to Judaism, but, retaining the supernatural hypothesis in common with those around them, the Christians first received their name at Antioch, as disciples of Jesus, the, by them, accepted Christ. Here commences, historically, the christian sect, and herefrom we can note its characteristics.

As opposed to cotemporary religions bodies the Christians believed in Christ instead of Brahma, Moses, Zoroaster, etc. As opposed to the Sadducees, they believed in the resurrection; as opposed to the Pharisees, they preached simplicity of manner. Thus they gradually defined themselves, and thus commenced the great and powerful theological system known as christianity.

We have the following standard definitions relating thereto:

CHRISTIAN—"A believer in the religion of Christ;" "A real disciple of Christ;" "One who believes in the truth of the Christian religion, and studies to follow the example and obey the precepts of Christ; a believer in Christ who is characterized by real piety."

CHRISTIANITY—"The religion of Christians, or the system of doctrines and precepts taught by Christ, and recorded by the evangelists and apostles."—Webster.

We repeat, morality does not characterize Christianity, since it antedates it, exists universally, and would continue to exist if Christianity should be abolished. Christianity is a "system of doctrines and precepts," characterized by the doctrines taught by Jesus and "recorded by the evangelists and apostles."

What are the doctrines? (Since there are several hundred answers to this question, and every one in some way opposed to every other one, we propose to note a few for our present use, upon which there is the least disagreement among Christians.)

1st. Jesus is God—the Son of God, or the MAN, separate and distinct from all other men.

We put it as self-evident that to be a Christian one must be a disciple of Jesus in one of the characters here specified, and "to be a disciple of Jesus Christ two things are necessary; to receive him as Instructor, and to obey him as Master." [See tract No. 82, by Henry Ware, Jr. Issued by American Unitarian Association.]

2d. The Bible is the Word of God—perfect; or, at least, superior to any other, or all other books.

Mr. Ware, speaking of the distinguishing characteristics of the Christian, says: "He humbly and thankfully betakes himself to the Scriptures as containing a complete and merciful revelation from God, of all that pertains to duty, happiness and eternity."

3d. The sacredness of the church as the ordained, or providential means for administering the Word of God and the grace of Jesus Christ.

4th. Conversion, or change of nature which, by evangelized Christians, is supposed to be instantaneous and entire.

5th. Atonement.

"He that believeth and is baptized, shall be saved; but he that believeth not, shall be damned."—Jesus.

6th. Over all these, and necessary to their promulgation, is the belief that God is objective, (consequently personal,) and manifests Himself supernaturally.

We submit these as a few of the many doctrines that characterize and are essential to the christian system. If any one thinks they are not vital to the Christians, let him deny them before a Christian assembly, and any evidence needed on the point will be forthcoming.

Thomas Paine said: "I believe in one God and no more; and I hope for happiness beyond this life. I believe the equality of man; and I believe that religious duties consist in doing justice, loving

mercy, and endeavoring to make our fellow creatures happy."—Age of Reason.

Thus far it seems strange that Thomas Paine was not a Christian, and that all Christians have denounced him as immoral and dangerous.

But further on he says: "I do not believe in the deity professed by the Jewish church, by the Roman church, by the Greek church, by the Turkish church, by the Protestant church, nor by any church that I know of. My own mind is my own church; and it is at once clear that Thomas Paine did not profess the 'system of doctrines' that distinguishes Christianity from other religious sects, hence he was not a Christian.

The Spiritual Philosophy with reference to the past, in ethics, is eclectic. It reaffirms the moral "precepts" of Confucius, Socrates, Moses, Jesus, and other inspired teachers; therefore, and thus far, it is at one with them. It claims no superior originality, it boasts not over them, but awards to them a sacred place in the Pantheon of Progress.

But we remarked, the spiritual Philosophy is irreconcilable with the system of Christianity. One of the two is false in statement and method. No person can believe both at the same time.

1st. The Spiritual Philosophy affirms the unity and complete harmony of all things.

2d. The subjectivity of all Power, consequently the divine nature and purpose of all forms.

3d. A progressive method of evolution competent to outwork and express all divine possibilities.

4th. The democracy of human souls, and the entire responsibility of each person for his or her own acts.

5th. The capacity of the divine spirit in man for unlimited educational progress.

6th. And necessary to the above, it affirms Philosophy as natural and unqualifiedly opposed to theology as supernatural; hence, first, Jesus is a man essentially like other men, and legitimately the "Master of no one; second, the Bible is a book originating, and to be read like other books; third, the church is man made, to be used by man, not man by it; it has no authority over the conscience or destiny of human beings; fourth and fifth, Conversion and atonement as taught are fundamentally false, having no place in the divine economy; sixth, The super-natural method provides for pulling divinity into human beings, the natural method provides for the cultivation of that which is already there.

How can these systems harmonize? How can these methods unite? We answer, they cannot. They are vitally different, and the Spiritual Philosophy opens a new Era in the History of Philosophy, and announces a radical change in the administration of religion, society and governments. Our work, therefore, is apparent:

1st. To demolish obstructive institutionalism, as far as opposed to human progress.

2d. To reform that which is in part true and in part false, in existing systems.

3d. To construct new institutions and introduce new methods for the accomplishment of the grand purposes of the age.

Let no one compromise the new with the old, nor falter in the great work before him.

Charity.

Among no class of individuals on earth, or in the land of fadless summer, is charity—universal, impartial and ingenuous—made a fundamental principle of thought, expression and action, more than among Spiritualists. True, it is made the greatest of Christian virtues by Christian theorists: "if you have all these, and have no charity, you are nothing but as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal." But rarely to be found among the professed followers of the meek and forgiving Nazarene is the man or woman who, with unchecked spontaneity, can, nay, does say to the most erring child of our common Father, "Neither do I condemn thee; go and sin no more;" but on the contrary draws his or her robes aside for fear of contamination by contact as they meet them in their walks; and instead of a look of kindness, complaisance, or even pity, give only looks of scorn, and spurn them from their path with open manifestations of loathing.

Humanity can be kind to its fallen brother or sister without taking time to its bosom. One heart-spoken word of kindness, one look of charity and forgiveness may inspire a hope in the despairing, and save a soul from utter degradation.

There is no soul so gifted, or so favored, as to be above the needs of charitable consideration; no child of misfortune so low and so debased, as to be beneath commiseration. Each is a member of the universal brotherhood, and each alike the child of God.

Has thy brother wronged thee by word or deed? Judge him not from thine own standpoint, but endeavor to place thyself on his, then thou mayst see in the light that he does, and be ready to forgive.

A noble soul in our presence said to a woe-worn and grief-wrung sister, whose chosen partner for life's journey, long or short, had grievously debased and beastly debauched, himself, wounding and almost irrevocably adlicting a refined and lofty spirit, "Oh, speak not harshly to him, nor treat him with unkindness; but look upon his vices with charity, and upon the wrongs that he has done you with forgiveness. You may yet kindle into life the divine spark, that is not yet wholly extinguished in his nature; although separated from him, you can love him yet as an erring brother."

These were words coming from the pure fountain of charity, and partake of the spirit of him who said, "until seventy times seven thou shalt forgive him."

Recently, a lady of high respectability, took to her home and protection one who, by the world, was esteemed an outcast, provided for her wants; shielded her from the machinations and allurements of the vile and ill disposed, until arrangements could be made, to return her to her natural protectors, who were willing to receive her; and for this most worthy and commendable act, this Christ-inspired woman received only the contumely and virulent vituperation of her professed "sisters in Christ."

Should woman be the greatest enemy of her own sex? Why should she seek to trample under her feet so mercilessly, the flower that has unfortunately fallen from its protecting stem? It might be desired to bloom and beautify its own home, and fill its proper sphere for the period of its natural existence, and yet the crushed flower, by its submission to its inevitable fate, often emits the sweetest fragrance; and its late expiring, but forgiving breath ascends a holy incense to the heaven of heavens.

Resistance and resentment of injuries often are the procurers of disastrous results, even to the injured party. That man acts nobly and wisely who "resists not evil," but bows his head, and bares his shoulders to the lash, and after the example of him from whom we have already quoted cries, "Father, forgive them for they know not what they do."

Our Work.

"If Spiritualism does not take a clear and strong position on the side of practical progress and improvement in all departments of human interest, it will come to naught, and will deserve to do so; or rather it will dwindle into merely another sect with its theoretical belief but practical worthlessness to humanity."—Extract from private letter by A. E. Newton, July 15th, 1866.

The above from our friend and brother is worthy of careful consideration. Mr. Newton was one of our early pioneer workers and journalists, doing great service to the cause of spiritual and general reform. Although he has for some years been engaged outside of our special field of operation, he has not turned his earnest nature away from the idea of spiritual progress, and to-day sees clearly the great demands that are made upon Spiritualists, and to our mind has stated the condition of our success or failure, as a body of people, in the few words above quoted.

Over and over again we have said it, and we propose to keep it before the people: that our success depends upon broad, practical reform measures and efforts. It isn't the number that we can convert to a belief in immortality, or the tenets of Spiritualism in its limited sense; it isn't our boasted two, three, or five millions of Spiritualists that can make us the desired "power in the land." It is what we propose to do, and the vigor with which we proceed to do it.

It is evident that we are experiencing the constructive phase of our spiritual movement. For over two years the word has been sounded, Organize, organize, and in the last year scores of local and some half dozen State Organizations have been consummated.

We must bear in mind that a mere plan of procedure is not the element of success—it is simply a way by which the purpose is to be expressed. Organizations are our Ideas gone into form, and from Ideas comes, in part, our inspiration; their vitality, their breadth, and our devotion to them, characterize the practical efforts made. Our danger is in narrow conceptions of duty, limited definitions of the Spiritual Movement, and consequently unutilized and impractical plans.

The spirit of the age requires, not the propagation of facts alone, not merely the restating of what we may have learned from the spirit world—not merely an effort to know more of the spirit world and the relation we sustain to it—but a restatement and reconstruction of all earthly relations and institutions, that thereby the masses may be reached and benefited. Suppose the Spiritualists and other reformers, in National Convention assembled, should declare earnestly and unmistakably their purpose, to extend their efforts of reform into every department of society, to the end that good to human nature might result, and then adopt practical measures for the execution of such purpose—and further, devote themselves with some degree of self-sacrifice to the work before them—what would the result be? Should we succeed?

Success is in proportion to power wisely applied. Power is proportioned to purpose; and wisdom is proportioned to the exalted nature of the purpose born within us. So we can but conclude that the future success of Spiritualism depends upon our broad conception of duty, our masterly statements of purpose, and the devotion of our natures to the whole cause of human rights and practical progress.

Life Among the Mighty Ojibways.

The hour has come when the rights of the poor Indians are unavoidably crowded upon public attention. Their bounds of hunting are constantly contracting under the pressure of swarming populations and our hot-bed civilizations. Stung to revenge, fired to the last desperate effort to maintain even a bleak home on the American continent, they still menace and exterminate our frontier settlers and traveling emigrants. The tomahawk cannot be kept buried. All treaties are as gossamer to them, when they find they are on the very verge of their national grave. Crushed by the white man's avarice, deprived of every earthly possession, reduced to poverty and vice, yet noble in their ruins, they see no other alternative than to conquer or die! Well do they realize the latter is their fate; but they regard it as far more honorable and worthy of their ancestry to be hewn down whilst fighting for liberty, than to rot out under the slavery that now chains soul and body. If the black men have claims, even to the sacrifice of a nation's blood to secure their rights of citizenship, have we no pity for the red men who have suffered more at the hands of their oppressors? Let us rescue them from oblivion; but if, in the order of Providence, they must recede and give place to more industrial and progressive races, let them at least be able to say, in review of our protection as they sink into the Pacific waves, that Justice and Mercy are the angels of their departure.

"Life among the Mighty Ojibways" is an initiative work of agitation on Indian Rights. It is not a romance, but a narrative of facts coming under the observation of valid witnesses, and, as such, is stranger than fiction. In the summer of 1864, Mr. Barrett, with other gentlemen, visited the Chippewa Indians in Northern Wisconsin, for the purpose of raising recruits for our late war, and had ample opportunity for studying Indian character and of obtaining the interesting incidents which he relates. He graphically delineates the present condition of the Indians—their theology, manners and customs—their psychological powers—their spiritual mediumship—their property relations—their tribal patriotism—their war councils, and other matters pertaining to a once proud and happy people, now broken and scattered. His story is interspersed with quaint and life-like adventures. His closing suggestions, though severely critical upon the old methods of civilizing the Indians, are not utopian, but obviously practical for their preservation in the national Union.

In this number we commence publishing "Life among the Mighty Ojibways."

William Lloyd Garrison.

We are glad to notice in the New York Tribune, and other prominent journals, a call to the citizens of the United States, signed by many distinguished men of our nation, in which they solicit donations to the aggregate amount of fifty thousand dollars, to be presented as a national testimonial to William Lloyd Garrison for his illustrious services of near half a century in behalf of universal freedom.

Mr. Garrison is now past sixty years of age, and a recent severe injury has, it is feared, by his friends, disabled him from further active service. So unassiduously has he labored for others, that none of his energy has been directed to money getting; and it is deplorable a noble nature that so eminent and worthy a citizen and man as Mr. Garrison be thus remembered and yet devoid the possibility of want. We hope this call will be promptly and generously responded to. Communications and remittances may be made to Samuel May, Jr., Box 3000, Boston, Mass.

A Free Platform and Spiritualism.

Undoubtedly the Idea of Freedom is involved in the present Spiritual Movement; and so largely does it characterize it that every one who is associated therewith feels its impulse, in one way or another. It must be remembered that though the impulse towards liberty is universal, yet every person, according to his or her peculiar construction, will receive and express it differently. Thus some see in a Free Platform the remedy for our ills; others see the same in a free press, and think comparatively little of the rostrum. Some labor impetuously for social, others for religious, others for political freedom, laying particular stress upon the necessity of their special work. This is well enough, as far as it goes; certainly if we do not believe in our speciality, no one will believe in it for us, or help us; but what belongs to one belongs to all, and the great impulse that urges through society to-day means freedom every-where, and the Free Platform, free press and free speech, must be maintained, to the end that freedom can have a place, be spoken and written, and thus finally be established in the home, in society, and in the nation.

The exercise of the right to freedom, however, is not unconditioned in society. The abstract rights of one impinge upon those of another, or all, and it often occurs that extreme individualism projects itself impulsively across the path of others, and thereby obstructs what it seeks to propel. For instance, Spiritualists are not unacquainted with a class of good intentioned people, who are unfortunately constructed, having few thoughts and those poorly arranged, but nevertheless, insist upon being heard a great deal, and are self-selected martyrs if they are not; nor are they unacquainted with another class, who think a great deal on one subject, and become so intensely polarized as to be given to hobby-riding. They defend with Spartan zeal their particular notions, and are exceedingly apt to push them far beyond their relative importance, thus belittling other hobbies. We affirm that all persons competent to present thoughts in a consistent way, have the right to express their own convictions, untrammelled by rules or enforced conditions, and, too, that audiences have equally a right to protect themselves from bores.

A Free Platform is one upon which the rights of the speaker and audience are alike respected and protected.

Spiritualists, like most other bodies of people, are so unfortunate as to have bores and hobby-riders among them; but more unfortunately, they are afraid of them, and will sometimes sacrifice some real liberty by seeking to hedge them away from public notice, which, it seems to us, is entirely unnecessary.

The best protection against darkness is light. Ignorance and wisdom are in the world, but what one is the other is not. Individualism is depolarized by a large benevolent socialism, and rigid hobbies relax and become pliable force in the midst of great comprehensive statements. Thus, without fighting or proscribing any one, and without loosing anything, we move in order and with irresistible power.

If, however, it sometimes become necessary to maintain order, by shutting off a purposeless harangue, let no one suppose that thereby free speech is suppressed, for free speech is dependent upon good order, and every person should understand that he cannot with impunity crowd himself against common sense and the average good judgment of an audience. We want freedom, and we want order; both can be maintained on the same platform.

Arrest of Newsboys.

On Sunday morning, 5th inst., a brave policeman made a "descent" on a half dozen newsboys in the North Division of the city of Chicago, who were selling papers. They were, according to the officer's statement, creating no disturbance whatever, but he had orders to arrest them. They were brought before Justice Milliken, who ordered their discharge.

While the examination was going on, a large number of newsboys, many of them very small, collected in the auditorium and discussed the question of "human rights." They made donations from their funds, and were waiting to pay the fine imposed upon their comrades, when the news came of their discharge.

Herein we see the working of selfish aristocratic formalism, and real benevolent democracy. The only charge against the boys was that they were selling papers on Sunday. They were arrested in behalf of an institution that is, in religious party sectarian, having no basis in the constitution of things, and if urged upon the people, it must be at the expense of civil and religious liberty. We again protest against such proceedings.

The boys in the auditorium constitute the "light shades" and redeeming qualities of this picture. From their scanty means they were giving out what they needed for their own comfort to relieve those more unfortunate than themselves, and thereby we see human goodness in contrast with self-righteousness. We'd rather trust the decency of society to the keeping of the spirit manifested through the boys, than to the officer, or the church that stood behind him and instigated the arrest.

We call the attention of our readers again to these petty encroachments upon society, and we repeat they are the prophesy of what the church proposes to do, viz.: to gain power and assert the supremacy of its decrees over personal liberty.

A Methodist Deacon in Trouble.

We learn that a Methodist deacon of Waukegan, recently found it necessary to reveal to his church that he was a great sinner. The subject was a crippled girl of seventeen years of age—his house-keeper.

The church doubted his sanity, thinking him too old, too silly to do such a mighty thing. They appointed a committee of investigation. On examining into the matter, they found the old deacon yet competent to tell the truth—that his tale was a lying tale. A marriage was recommended. The parties sought a magistrate to tie the knot, uniting in flowers of sweet seventeen and the frosts of whored seventy-seven. No one could be found to stand to perform the work. They traveled northward into Wisconsin before the union could be accomplished according to law. They then returned home. The deacon was last seen at a dry goods store looking for proper material out of which to manufacture small clothes for the coming generation. It is said he is fervent in his devotions and gifted in prayer.

Spiritual Lectures.

L. Judd Pardee lectures at Crosby's Music Hall, on State, near Washington street, on Sunday, August 19, at 10.45 a.m., and 7.45 p.m. Children's Progressive Lyceum meets at 12.30 p.m., at the same hall. All are respectfully invited to attend.

COMMUNICATIONS FROM THE INNER LIFE.

"No shall give His angels charge concerning thee."

All communications under this head are given through

MRS. A. H. RICHMOND.

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

Public Circles for these communications will be held at the Reception Room of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION, (room 27, upper story, Lombard Street, first block, west of the Post Office,) on Tuesdays and Thursdays, at precisely half-past ten o'clock A. M., after which hour no one will be admitted.

The Reception Room will be open on those days at ten o'clock A. M., for those who procure tickets to the public circles, and none others.

Admission tickets can be procured at Tallmadge's book store, on the left at the entrance to the building.

Those who desire may present, for answers, such questions, in writing, as shall be of general interest to the public.

AUGUST 15.

INVOCATION.

We turn our thoughts back in the past, and behold the different changes—the different sentiments and expressions. We realize Thy power, Thy goodness, oh, Father of Light.

We feel, too, that every day, with its varied experiences, performs its mission well in unfolding to our senses that which seemeth higher and more ennobling to us as individualized beings—Thy children.

We feel to trust Thee, oh, Father—to thank Thee—for all Thy blessings and benefactions, and also for the grand and mighty achievements of the present.

We would not doubt Thy power and Thy wisdom. We would not cast thoughts of regret for anything in the past or present; but we would feel to trust in Thee and bless Thee for the many privileges that we enjoy to-day. May we, oh, Spirit of Light, live in a realizing sense of Thy presence to-day. May every thought show for itself that it has been blessed with Thy showing. May we feel that it is good for us to think, but yet far more preferable to Thee, to carry into practice, such thoughts as shall benefit not only ourselves, but all our sisters and brothers. May we feel that to speak kindly, and deal nobly and justly, is in accordance with Thy divine will, and that by so doing we shall be enabled to realize Thy divine blessing, now and forever more.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

Q. Do we carry our tastes to the spirit world—I mean those tastes, which are of a deeper, more elevated character, than such as pertain to the material life?

A. That which is congenial, attractive, will remain. That which is uncongenial will not. There is no compulsion here. Each one follows his or her desires.

Q. Supposing some individual in this life had a desire for the accomplishment of some material object, would that desire continue with the individual on passing to the spirit world, and if so would he inspire some individual, susceptible to his influence, to accomplish the object he had in view which he did seek to carry out on the material plane?

A. If his object was for his own special benefit, the desire for its accomplishment would no longer exist. If the object is for the benefit of other individuals he would at once seek to accomplish that object on the spirit plane of life, but having no use for material things, would not seek to carry out that which pertains only to the material.

Q. Are negative or susceptible conditions necessary for spirits to invent machinery which shall be of general benefit to the world?

A. We cannot say that negative individuals are inspired to invent.

We have stated a number of times that there is no such thing as a new truth, a new science. It will be unnecessary to answer this question at full length, as we have explained it before.

QUESTIONS BY MILTON T. PETERS.

Q. Is there any occupation or employment in the spirit sphere in any way similar to that of a lawyer, attorney, counsellor, or advocate, on—the earth plane? If so, what is it?

A. We think the question must come from a lawyer. He is anxious to know whether he will have anything to do in the spirit world. [Laughter.] We do not think our brother will have any cases to try.

He will secure some persons upon the material plane and impress them with ideas to be given to the world—far different from what he now gives, we presume.

If such shall be his object, his desire, he will seek so me organism into which to instill his ideas—for a wise and good purpose, we hope.

Q. How or by what means are parties that have been separated for many years enabled in spirit land to recognize those they had known in earth life in infancy or childhood, or in the long distant past?

A. How doleful that sounds! "In the long distant past!" [Laughter.] Perhaps our reporter's manner of reading had something to do with the sound. He must have been a minister. Spirits on the spiritual plane are not separated from those on the material. Persons will recognize their friends in spirit life. Spirits will appear to them in the condition in which they last knew them, and then gradually change until they appear as they really are. Thus you will be able to recognize those who have passed to the spirit world in the "long distant past."

Judge Wilkinson was at this point introduced to the controlling spirit.

Spirit—You say he is a Judge. I hope, then, being a judge, he will do justice. It is a responsible position. I do not believe he can always suit everybody.

Mr. Peters—No; it would not do.

QUESTION BY MR. RICHMOND.

Q. Where is the individual spirit of this medium which you are controlling? I notice the medium's voice and countenance change while different spirits are influencing her?

A Gentleman present said—The spirits are asked to answer that question pretty often.

A. Yes, they want to know what we do with this medium's spirit.

Her spirit is in her body. All we do is to close the external senses of the medium, the same as yours are closed in slumber, and then by our will power manifest ourselves.

You never know a spirit to occupy a form that did not possess life. If there was such a practice, then all those wild stories about bodies getting out of their graves would have some foundation, for if spirits could control inanimate bodies and make them subservient to their will, the living body would not be necessary. The spirit of this body is necessary to enable us to manifest ourselves. I have not as perfect use of this organism as I had of my own.

When I was on the material plane I talked with-out any impediment in my speech. I now have to hold possession of the organism by my will power and speak my thoughts at the same time. Other spirits do the same. They show forth their own characteristics, yet not as perfectly as through their own organism.

AUGUST 2.

HUSBAND TO HIS WIFE MARY.

Eleven years ago my spirit left the form, or, in other words, I died—changed from earth to heaven. Just before that change I promised my beloved companion that if it were possible for me to manifest myself in any way, that I would do it.

It has been so long—yes, Mary, eleven years, and you have never received one word from me yet. Very often you have dreamed of me. You have seen me in your dreams. You saw what you thought was my own form in front of your bed—many, many a time, you thought, oh, if he would only speak, and you would think, "Is it possible that Richard has forgotten his promise?"

It is not so easy a matter to talk through another organism as some suppose, yet there are those so constituted, so organized, that they seem to get that possession, and hold control of mediums very easily. I cannot do that. If I could I would stay longer now, and would have manifested myself to you long ere this.

It is not because I forgot my promise; it is not because it is not possible for individuals here to manifest themselves to their friends, but because they lack the power, many of them, to do so.

Lois says, "You remember, mother, father promised to talk to us, if anybody could talk after death," and then she said, "I do not believe that there is one particle of truth in it—in this mode of communion—because if there was I know he would come." Dear child, you often desire to visit certain places, to commune with certain friends, and yet you are often deprived of that pleasure. You would not blame any one else, you could not blame yourself, when you do the best you can. You try hard to talk, and to have the friends talk with you, and you cannot do it.

I have tried to talk to you—this is the sixth—let us see—yes, this is the sixth time that I have tried to talk to you—that I have been here—and every time fully believing within myself that I should talk to you, but when I would get here there was a degree of—I don't know what to call it—I do not want to call it embarrassment, yet there was that feeling that many times I refrained from doing that which would have been beneficial, for fear I could not accomplish it.

Mrs. Williams—Mrs. George Williams—you have visited several times. I believe if you would visit her with a desire for me to come, I believe that I could come. I want you to try at all events.

You would like me to tell you if I was satisfied with the place that you laid my remains away to rest in. I did not feel satisfied at first, because I would rather have been taken home. There was a desire to have my body rest beside those of my friends, but as time elapsed, I felt and saw that it was just as well, so I do not give it a thought now. I speak of it here to let you know that I do remember it. You do not think of it now—I am glad of it.

Go, as I have requested here—go to Mrs. W., and I believe that I can talk to you there face to face.

SUSIE TO HER MOTHER.

[The medium's eyes were opened.] I know that you let little girls talk here, and I want to talk to my ma. I have got an auntie—sunt Lizzy talks almost like you—almost like you, lady. [Addressing lady present.] She ain't on earth. She is here with us. She didn't know people—anybody—could talk in this way. She says she ain't a-going to mortify her folks by letting her name go in this way. She won't like me to tell of her.

Now, mamma, I wish you could see this lady. She looks 'most like her—almost like her—yes, she does.

I cannot tell a great, big, long story, mamma. I have a real pretty story to tell you, mamma, when I see you.

Ma, I don't cry now. I did cry—I cried seven or eight days. [To the Circle.]—I was sick, and my ma did not know it. She scolded me. She was doctor sorry she scolded me. I don't cry now. That doctor did not know what was the matter with me. He would have cured me just as easy if he had. I am glad he did not cure me. Here we have so many pretty roses—we pick so many of them, and we do not have anybody sick here—nobody is cross here. Nobody gets a scolding here. I tell you it is nice. [Laughter.] Nobody ain't rich—nobody ain't poor, either. Oh, ma, if you were here I would talk with you, but you ain't. I know that you will like to read this. Would you like to know the dresses I have? I have a nice little blue dress.

Your poor, mamma, how poor my neck was, but it ain't poor now—it ain't poor a bit. Now, my arms are just as nice, too. We have plays, and have real nice playhouses—nobody tears them down. We have them all to ourselves. There are lots of us little children. Some have big dresses, some white, and some mixed like that, [talking of some of a lady's dresses,] with some nice little roses. We have long strings, and put them round here, [the medium's hand passing round her neck and head,] and put them round upon the hair, and make nice little bouquets. Mamma, you don't know how nice it is.

Mamma, you cried when I died, I know. [To the Circle.] She don't cry now. She believes I am in heaven, and so I am.

Now, mamma, auntie thinks it will mortify you to have her name given. She said to me, when I told her I was coming, "Oh, you little prattler, go on, but don't tell my name."

Now, mamma, don't you want me to tell you the short hand notes? [Looking over at the reporter's shorthand notes.] Oh, ain't that funny! [To a lady present.] Can you make them? [Lady—I guess not.] I got sick—I don't know how I got cold—seven days before I died. You scolded me because I was naughty. I was sick and felt bad. [Besitating.] So many persons here I do not like to talk of. But you want me to talk of it. It was in winter. I got a little better and cried—then I wanted something to eat—nice things, and cried for them, and you gave me porridge. [Grunt?] Yes, gruel. You didn't scold me, then. I did not die. I just kind of went to sleep. I waked up from sleep. Ain't it too bad folks think they die? I said I just waked up. It was nice. I did not die a bit.

The first dress I had on I didn't know how I got it on. [Was it white?] No, it was all—oh, I know—a buff dress I had, and it was all up high on my neck, mamma, and there was some little lace on it, and the sleeves were short, and she ran all around. Your little girl is not dead, and she has a poor body, and it is so nice here. Don't cry when little Willie comes.

There is a big little here, and he knows so much—what do you call it? [He is educated?] Educated? He knows when folks are going to die.

[To a lady present.] I like you. You look nice. [Lady—I am glad that you like me.] I will show you nice things when you come here. I have lots of pretty playthings.

Didn't I tell you what my name is? [No.] Oh, ain't that funny! Didn't I tell you how old I was? [No.] Oh, that is funny, too. But I told you about how I was sick. I didn't tell about uncle Stephen. He told me all about when I caught cold, but he don't feel bad now. He don't care about the folks that he used to care about. He will come here some of these days and tell his story. [Pausing.] Something I was going to tell. [Your name.] Yes, I will tell my name when I get through. That is the way to write a letter. I was not big enough to write a letter. Sometimes in letters they say, "I love you so much," and sometimes they say "respect."

I guess I must not stay any longer now, mamma. The next time I come I will have a pretty white dress. I don't want you to cry when little Willie comes. Don't cry when you read this, for I have a nice place. Next time I come I will get grandma to tell you how she looks. I love to see you happy.

The next time I come I will feel just as nice as I do this time.

Think of your little Susie as being in a nice house. [To the reporter.] It ain't Susanna, it's Susie. Bye, bye, lady; bye, bye, everybody. [Good bye.]

J. HARRIS.

Str, be kind enough to say that J. Harris is desirous of talking with his relatives and friends. Does not feel to say all that he would say to them here. Would rather talk with them as he used to talk with them.

I promised to return and give you my age, and the month, and day, of my departure from earth. I was forty-five years of age the third of June, and the sixteenth day of December following I died earth and earthly things. The state in which I died I promised to give you—it is Maine. This is what I promised to give. I have kept my promise, and now desire you to keep yours. It will take considerable time for this to reach you. Morris will bring it. You will see that memory serves me equally well as on earth. Until this reaches you, and you find, or seek, an individual through whom you can converse with me, I will say, as I always said, not good bye, but farewell.

AMINDA.

Father and mother, brothers and one dear sister, strange as this will seem to you, yet it is true, and I cannot rest in any peace unless I can talk with you. Of course, I shall not attempt to speak as freely here as I would if I were with you, or you were with me.

It is not all a dream. It is not all a delusion, a strange, bewildered fancy, that after the dissolution of the external form the spirit manifests its powers, manifests all of its affectionate nature. There are none so dear as the father and mother, brothers and sister. Those persons are kind to me here, but they are not my own.

I suffered long and much before I left the form, but that is over. Peace and quiet are now at your bedside. In that quietude, your daughter Aminda would come and give you her thoughts, for indeed she has thoughts now as before death. I shall feel better when you realize this truth. You will also feel better, and I shall feel that I have done my duty. Remember this truth: friendship—true affection—is lasting as eternity—nothing has the power to destroy it. Death, more terrible to you than anything else, has not that power.

I want you, my dear sister, to speak what you believe. If that requires for whom you have so much regard, now requires you to conform to his views, what will he do in the future? Think of it, and see for yourself.

I see, too, unless you assert that God—given right—the exercise of your own judgment—there is sorrow for you in the future.

I do not care to have you get a person that is called a medium out of our home, for there are two persons who will become mediums at our home. Sit quietly in a circle, join hands, or place your hands on the table. Be as passive as possible. There will I, in our home, come to you. It will give me so much pleasure to talk with you. [To the reporter.] Accept my thanks, sir, for your kindness in noting down what I have said that it may reach my friends. [You are welcome.]

JOSEPH BARNES.

I died one year and three months ago this last July. Lived with my uncle in Brooklyn, N. Y. He knows something about this.

AUGUST 7.

A VISION.

I see a large congregation of colored men, women and children. There is preaching. There is a large building, and they seem to ascend fifteen or twenty steps—a flight of stairs—to get to the door of this building. At the door is a number of people—cannot tell how many. There are great many flags—never saw anything look so beautiful as these flags. The people reach up to get them. They keep reaching up, men, women and children, after them. There are papers, blank papers, handed down to them. They shake their heads and pass on, and go down a flight of stairs. They keep coming—such a body of them—to receive flags, but the pieces of blank paper are handed to them instead, and they pass on. There is such a dependent look, such a disheartened expression on their faces as they receive the blank papers, but they take them.

The vision changes. All is swept away, and I behold a new scene—I see a large body of men who seem to be wading in blood—almost to their knees. They are white men. They have these same flags that I saw at that house.

They are carrying those flags, and giving them to the same African people. [Gentleman present—What is the appearance of the Africans on receiving them?] They receive the flags and pass round to the right of the body of the men—of the white men, and the flags, as they come round they wave them in this manner. [Medium waves her hands.]

At the commencement of this vision, I saw what I once before saw—white men on one side of the river and black men on the other side, reaching across. The white men stood there indifferently. [Gentleman present—What is the explanation of this vision. Is this a presentation of what has transpired—of men wading through blood—or is it what is to take place, prefigured?] The going up the

steps, reaching up for the flags, is now. But they get a blank paper. They do not receive the flags.

The white men are marching, and it seems to me as if they were wading in their own blood. [Reporter—In large numbers?] Yes, and the same flags that I saw the black people reaching for, are to be given them. It is yet to be.

I think now that I, Judd Pardee, had seen something similar to this. I want to see him and tell him of this vision.

B. L. T.

Well, well, I see that this is somewhat changed. The last recollection a poor devil has is a rope around his neck—and the sheriff catches the drop, and the poor victim has to go into eternity. It is only a few days since I got permission of the judge to come here. Pardon me if I am profane—but damn the jailer, I did not have to get his permission.

The last recollection I have, when I was among you, was of a rope around my neck, and I was about to be strung up. The next recollection upon earth is here, in female attire.

Before I was strung up the priest came—not a Catholic priest, but a Protestant priest. He wanted me to repent, and embrace religion, and obtain eternal happiness. Eternal life, he said, I was sure of that, but by his process I could obtain eternal happiness. I was so riled up that I felt like kicking the fellow, and making him get out. He came with such an idea, that if I had binest, he said just as sure as I did not repent I would reap the reward, and I have repaid it to my own satisfaction, too, because I went through with all that was necessary to satisfy the law. I know I was guilty. I know I was guilty of the murder, and I know, too, why I committed that murder. I know, too, that the judge would not give me a chance to say what I wanted to; but I now have a chance, and I would like to see you help yourself. The judge on this side is no respecter of persons. He told me to tell what I want to—so to say who make and sustain such laws.

If I kill a man, that does not give any man a right to kill me. I had no right to kill the man, but I did it. But you see you make that right with your laws. I came pretty near saying something, but I won't—your laws give the right to kill—pretty state of things!

I did not care two straws about anybody I saw on coming here, only the old man himself I did not want to see him. I would not have killed him if it had been for his money. He did not need it—I did. He would soon have to die, I thought, and I wanted his money.

When I came here, the old man came to me, and put out his hand to me, as though I had not done anything wrong. That was just the worst of it all—worst of it all. I came pretty near thinking I had found hell, sure. Those feelings which I experienced when he came up to me so kindly, gave me such feelings as I never had before. All the reproaches that that old man could have heaped upon me would not have produced the unhappy feeling that his kindness did. He, coming up and putting out his hand to me, as though I had not done anything at all out of the way, and a powerful effect upon me.

All thought if such a course had such an effect upon me here, why would it not have the same effect upon earth. I got over the feelings after he said, "Cheer up, my misguided brother. It was not me that you objected to injure—you wanted my money. I see the objection which impelled you on. What you got did not do you any more good than it does me now. Let bygones be bygones, and let this very act serve as a lesson."

That is what he said, and I did feel very humble—worse than humble. I felt that if he would have reduced me to dust—reduced me to ashes, and scattered the particles as wide as the first gust of wind would blow them, hitler and tither, so that nothing would have been left to have remembered me by, that would have suited me better than to have him come up to me so kindly, as though I never had injured him.

When I think of those things it kind of pulls me down, and then when I think of the laws I feel as though I must fight—so I guess I must be a two or threefold being. B. L. T.

That is all I want to give of my name. If you won't compel me to give the whole of my name—but, by thunder, you can't compel me to give it. [No compulsion here. Do you have those feelings except when you are controlling the medium?] What kind of feelings? [Why, such as you have manifested here, of hatred, etc.] Why, how can one help having those feelings? Not one of you here but will say that if it is not right for one person to kill another, it is not right for your law to do it. [Are you subject to such feelings as were caused by the old gentleman's kindness?] When the old man talked with me? Oh, no. If I was, I would not stay here. [Do you have the feelings most of the time that you now have?] Oh, no. I don't think of the time I had on earth any oftener than I can help.

I have a purpose in coming here. [Is not your condition improved by going to the spirit land?] It is better, because we do not have to exert ourselves to accumulate sufficient to be a little like those around us—we have advanced out of those conditions. [Mr. Peters—Why are you so enraged against the law and its supporters when your conditions are so much better than they were upon earth?] Good God, did I not suffer when I went away? [Is that the only reason why you were enraged?] I should think that was reason enough. Think of being stretched up—how would you like it? Just think of it, if anything should come over you, and in that condition you kill some man, woman or child. You don't make it any better to hang such a person. Just think of killing one off into eternity. He would not have killed anybody in his calm moments. Now the men who kill a person by law—that can be hired in calm moments to do it—are worse than the one who does the murder, and you are sanctioning those laws—the people of the State of Illinois sanction them. It ain't right. Don't you go in for that? [Oh, yes.]

It would have been in bad, even to have had a physician to have exhausted his skill upon me. [Were you executed in this State?] Well, I can't round that just as you get round my question. I was executed—that was enough. I think I was, or anybody else, are standing up and condemning those laws, you will fail. [Mr. Peters—I am perfectly willing to have them repealed, but what can a poor Spiritualist like me do?] The priests would be against me, and they have influence enough to prevent their being repealed. [You don't proceed to assume that the priests—the ministers—are a majority. (Mr. Peters—I mean that they have a controlling influence.) They do not control the law, who go for the law. The men who go for the law are paid for it. [Have you not many priests in

the spirit land?] No, and I hope to God I won't see any.

Well, now I am going away. I feel better than I did when I came—a good deal better.

It is a mighty difficult position when your own friends and relatives are afloat to stand up for you. After you are condemned by the law to die, they dare not say anything in justification of you. [Are you in the habit of dwelling upon that subject—thinking about it?] More than I wish I did.

Pardon me before I go that you will have the goodness to let all go into the paper just as I have said it. It is mixed up, but it is just as I want it. A little of it in my mouth—just what I thought. I believe, though, once I had an object in mind and then did not, but I had an object in it.

MARY TAYLOR.

My name is Mary Taylor. I shall not attempt to stay as long as that you—man did.

What I say to you, my friends, I would rather say to your faces than to give it here. I feel here to simply inform you of the fact that I can talk to you. Also, that I am much happier here than I was upon earth. The regrets of leaving here, I feel only while I remained upon earth. Everything here is so much more beautiful than I ever thought to find it—just with my new condition came a contented spirit, a contented mind. I find that the avenues are open for us to converse with you. That is one of the beauties of this place, and as I enjoy all this beauty, I would have you do the same. Seek out mediums—speak with spirits generally, but with your own friends and relatives—all those who are near and dear to you.

There are several things which I would like to have you do, but I shall not mention them here. I will trust to the sincerity of these persons to prepare this in a manner so that it will reach you. I believe that you will receive it as coming from your dear child. Until that time, good bye.

EUNICE—FIVE YEARS OF AGE.

I do not want to stay here to speak of these folks. [They are all your friends—will be pleased to hear to what you will have to say.] [The spirit left the table of the medium.—Reporter.]

WILLIE—SEVEN YEARS OF AGE.

I am going to talk for little sister Susie. I want to talk, but she was afraid. How shall I do to talk to my pa and ma? Can I write to my pa? [Reporter—You can tell what you wish to, and I will write it for you.] I was real glad when little sister came, because I wanted to have some body with me that I knew. Little sister and I can be together all the time, and that is the reason why I wanted her to come—that is the reason I was glad when she did come. I cried real hard when you became a child real hard here sometimes, too. I cry because things ain't like I want them, and when the gate opened and the man came I wanted him to get you to come here—that is what I want, every time. But they told me to wait and play with little sister. I did not like to wait. When they got little sister I wanted them to get you, too. But they would not. That was not right at all.

The man that takes care of the says that when you get sick that you will come, and then I will not feel bad, nor little sister.

I thought, pa and ma, that I would say every thing that I wanted to when I got here, but every body is just looking at me and I can hardly think of what I want to say.

Little sister wants you to tell the girls that came to her house Wednesday, that she has not forgotten them, nor how they played either. She has not forgotten how it rained, and how all of them had to go into the house. She was afraid, or else she would have told it.

I wish sometimes there would not be so many folks here to look at me.

Oh, I know! I know! there is a man here says that I can talk with such folks at your house. [Mediums?] Yes.

Did I tell you what my little sister's name is? [No.] It is Eunice. My name is Willie. Did I tell you how old my little sister was? [No.] Five years. I am most eight. I want to tell how long little sister has been here. She has been here seven months. [Was she the one that tried to control the medium just before you?] Yes, she was. But I don't care. I will tell the things at home. That nice man says so. [Who do you mean by "nice man"—a spirit?] Yes.

Now, ma and pa, I am going to wait—I am going back, mamma, until you get things ready—your table—the man says, who will help me to talk with you. Now I am going home to wait. [To reporter.] Good bye, man. [Good bye.] [Apparently conversing with another spirit.] No, no, I don't want to go yet. [Mr. Cole—What is your name?] I did tell my name, it is Willie.

[Reporter—The perfect artlessness and child-like simplicity manifested by this spirit was very beautiful. The changes in the medium's voice, manner, countenance, are surprising, as the various spirits in rapid succession, deliver their messages.]

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Is not this a White Man's Government?

In Georgia, a few weeks ago, a black man was skinned alive for committing a rape on a white woman, while hundreds of rapes are committed every year by white men on black women, and neither law nor religion is outraged by it, and neither take notice enough about it to even gossip. Surely, however, the United States Government and some of the States are recognizing the rights of colored persons, but as they can neither repeal white laws, as judge or juror, they have little chance of success and little part in the government, any where. So far for color, now for the man's will without regard to color. In every State so well as Georgia, there are hundreds of rapes committed every year by white men on white women, and white men's government, and not church and State provide for it and protect the man's government; and as this man's, as well as a white man's government, therefore women have no voice in legislation, and many of them say, as the words are, "they have all they want," so vote, so elect on the bench or in the jury box, and so as effectually outlawed and ignored by our government, as the negro. While church and State both combine to rob and enslave woman, no her of her own, but children, her earnings, her natural rights, and even of her person, how can any one deny that this is a man's, and a white man's government, when both women and colored persons are excluded from a share in it, and only protected for the use of white men. WARREN CRIDER.

St. Louis, N. Y., Aug. 5, 1866.

A Word that describes its perils at sea: "The death scene of the ship. But we had rather see the death scene of the ship. While Death stared us into the face, the progress wasn't pleasant."

"Belief" call a great many people to church.

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Our Children.

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

Catch the Sunshine.

Have you read the quaint old legend, How some thousand years ago Gentle faeries hunted sunshine, Remedy for human woe?

Think you not 'tis worth the trial In our journeyings to and fro, To be gentle, kind and cheerful, Gathering sunshine as we go?

Look on rosy, happy childhood Join their frolic on the lea, Hear their joyous ringing laughter Catch the sunshine of their glea.

Join you group of youths and maidens, Banned in friendship's holy first: Each word, each look betokens gladness, Catch the sunshine from their eyes.

Peep beneath yon cottage window, Where mother sings sweet lullaby, Bending o'er her sleeping cherub, Catch the love light from her eye.

See that dotting, happy father, Cheerful, telling all day long, Ringing to make labor cheerful, Catch the sunshine of his song.

Seek the cottage of the lowly, Minister to want and woe; And from grateful, happy glances, Catch the sunshine ere you go.

When you meet a fallen brother, Lend him o'er a helping hand; Teach him how to gather sunshine— Point him to the better land.

Should you meet an erring sister, Fallen, crushed, and tempted too, Share with her your cherished sunshine— Teach her to be good and true.

And when from each face the sadness To joyous hope has given place, When they whisper blessings on thee, Catch the sunshine from each face.

So through all life's checkered pathway, From rich and poor, from high and low; Be ever cheerful, ever ready, Cherish sunshine as you go.

Then should darkening shadows gather O'er your pathway here below; You will find this blessed sunshine Remedy for every woe.

Should you gather more than needful To cheer you in your darker hours, Share it with some friendless mourner, Teach him its remedial powers.

When you're done with life's sad dreaming, When the tolls of life are o'er, Then shall angel hands mid sunshine Beckon to a brighter shore.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

I am composed of 17 letters. My 1, 2, 16, 11 is a small piece of money. "2, 15, 6, 2 is a Western State. "12, 2, 13 is a useful farming implement. "1, 9, 17, 8 is a credulous man. "8, 3, 1, 16, 7, 13 is an herb. "11, 9, 8 is a large cask. "14, 10, 8, 1 is a short knife. "5, 8, 3, 13, 4 is a small Spanish horse. My whole were the last words of a dying patriot. ISAAC W. BASSETT.

WORD PUZZLE.

I am composed of 17 letters. My 1 is in north, but not in south. "2 east, but not in west. "3 poor, but not in rich. "4 oak, but not in pine. "5 love, but not in hate. "6 stone, but not in rock. "7 cotton, but not in silk. "8 young, but not in old. "9 beauty, but not in homely. "10 oats, but not in wheat. "11 corn, but not in rye. "12 coarse, but not in fine. "13 pearl, but not in shell. "14 fall, but not in winter. "15 April, but not in May. "16 October, but not in November. "17 December, but not in January. My whole is the name of a great military chief.

PUZZLE.

There is a lady in the land, Has twenty nails on every hand; Five and twenty on both hands and feet, This is the truth without deceit. Will some of the readers of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL change the punctuation so as to make it read sensible? Eagle, Wis., Aug. 7, 1866. ALBERT BOVEE.

ANSWERS TO UNIMPORTANT QUESTIONS.

What things increase the more, the more you contract them? Debts. Why are the girls of Missouri sweet? Because they are Mo. lassies. What is the difference between a pretty girl and a night-cap? One is born to wed and the other is worn to bed. How is it that the trees can put on a new dress without opening their trunks? It is because they leave out their summer clothing. What is the best way to curb a wild young man? To bride him. Why is a trick of Igerdoman like declining an offer of marriage? Because it is a slight of hand. Why is a clock the most modest piece of furniture? Because it covers its face with its hands. Why is a thief your only true philosopher? Because he regards everything from an abstract point of view, is opposed to all notions of protection and is open to conviction. ANSWER TO ENIGMAS, ETC., IN NO. 20. Answer to Miscellaneous Enigma.—Reform, the only saviour of the world.

Answer to Word Puzzle.—Locomotive. Answer to Transposition.—The flush of youth soon passes from the face, The spells of fancy from the mind depart, The form may lose its symmetry and grace, But time can claim no victory o'er the heart. Word Puzzle was answered by S. H. Block, of St. Louis, Mo.; Dora L., of Farmington, Mich.; A. F. Kenyon, of Providence, R. I.; Transposition answered by Cora M. Kingsley, of Marengo, Ill., eight years of age; Ada L., of Michigan; Z. T. McGinnis, of Loomis, Ill.; Belle Dyer, of Constantine, Michigan; Susie Cavis, of Rootstown, Ohio; Carrie A. Barker, of Appleton, Wis.; S. H. Block, of St. Louis, Mo.; Dora L., of Michigan, and Phebe B. Dinmore, of Chicago, Ill.

George Stephenson and his son Robert. George Stephenson, the father of railways, was a poor collier's son; yet he was always a diligent student. As he could not read, it was not books which he studied, but the steam-engines of the colliery, wheezy old things at best. The whys and wherefores of every screw, tube, wheel, were carefully looked into, and his leisure moments employed in thinking out improvements. At eighteen he learned to read. This deficiency of education of course he never made up, only as he made it up in the education of his son, who he early set to school. Robert, when a little boy, entered with interest into his father's tastes, and they used to draw, experiment and study together. Mr. Stephenson's old kitchen showed the bent of the mind, for it was hung around with rude models of machinery, parts and counterparts of the busy thoughts that peopled his brain. He was fifteen years studying his first steam-engine, "Puffing Billy." But it was harder to get it into notice than to build it. When people saw it, they could scarcely believe their own eyes. A self-moving carriage beating a stage coach! steam out-running horse! England would not stand such nonsense. At last Stephenson had an opportunity of trying his experiment on a new railway between Liverpool and Manchester. The railway was built before the directors knew what to run on it. The biggest part had no faith in steam. The rest said there was no harm in giving steam a chance to try. Proposals were therefore issued for an engine that could draw thirty tons ten miles an hour. The conditions were thought to be ridiculous; and one gentleman even went so far as to say he would eat a stewed whale for breakfast if it were ever done. You see how strong the prejudices of ignorance were against it. George Stephenson employed his son Robert to build the new engine. What long talks took place between father and son. The main improvement wanted was greater speed. Greater speed depended upon more steam; so how to steam up was the rub. More heating surface was necessary to do it. Invention was put to the test; and what did it do? It ran copper tubes through the boiler, through which the heat passed from the fire to the chimney, and that, you see, caused the water to boil and steam to rise very fast. Boilers are made precisely so now. High pressure engines sometimes have one hundred and fifty tubes. Let the boys examine an engine and see this multitubular boiler, as it is called. The engine was completed, and called the "Rocket." On the appointed day five engines presented themselves. Thousands upon thousands assembled at Liverpool to witness the trial. Members of parliament, lords, engineers, mechanics came from far and near. Ah, what a proud day was that when the little Rocket snorted and panted and steamed over the race ground at the rate of twenty-nine miles an hour. Spectators were filled with wonder. The performance appeared astonishing. The Rocket not only triumphed over the other engines, but it cleared the track that day for steam all the world over. Success of any value is only to be purchased by immense labor; and that price the Stephensons paid for it.

Speech of Mr. Fly. One day at dinner, Tommy Blake brushed a fly from his soup dish, which flew up to the side-wall above him, and taking a stand on the end of a nail, he bowed downwards, as though he made this speech: "I come pretty near to you, but you are not my time, thanks to Tommy, once, for saving me. I have been watching that boy lately. He is a great chap. This morning he put on his father's hat and walked about, quite proud of his big head. If he would notice mine, he would see that, compared to the body, it is much larger than his. My eyes, too, though I cannot move them around in my head as he does, there is no need of it, for they are so large, and being placed on the sides of my head, I can see in all ways, behind as well as before me. How troublesome it must be to have all those things to eat with—a knife and fork, spoons and plates, every so many. When he finishes his dinner and goes away, I'll just light down there, stretch out my trunk, lap the food with the two soft lips at the end of it, and then draw it up again in an instant. Tom has tried to catch me several times lately, and if he should, he would never see half the queer contrivances there are about my body. He wonders how I can fly. If his eyes were as keen as mine, he would see two little winglets just back of the joints of my wings, and two balancers behind them; all together are so strong that I never tire, and I can dodge the rain-drops in a shower with no fear of wetting my wings. He thinks it fun to suck the air from a small bottle and let it hang fast to his fingers. Now I do something like that every day I take. Placing my feet, which are spread out like palms, flat on the wall, no air can get under them till I please to let it, and so I can run head first, tail first, back side downward, any way, it makes no difference. Tom likes to make any kind of a noise; I caught him once, with his head in a great barrel, calling as loud as he could scream, just to hear the sound. And he did make something of a roar; but I can drop down into the empty spout in the corner, and do almost as well without opening my mouth. I'd do it with my wings. I heard him ask his mother once where we all came from—she was sure there were no baby-lies. He never dreamed that when he went through the wood-house to bring in chips, he passed within reach of thousands of little bits of eggs, hidden in the moisture about old palis and barrels—not very nice places, I confess. By and by they will all come out with wings, and then there are no houses too grand to visit. We can feed on dew and wind-milk, and every day, and eat from the very best dishes to be found in town or country. But, to be honest, and speak the whole truth, as every one should, I will own that we have the largest circle of acquaintances and are always the happiest among dirty people, because there the least molested. The Orthodox papers are making the most of Henry Ward Beecher's statement of his belief in hell. It gives them great comfort. His soundness on that point atones for his unsoundness on twenty other subjects. When the theologian watch-dogs worry him he drops an oblique bow from his doctrinal haversack, which they greedily gnaw with surprising relish and content, leaving him to carry on his liberalizing work without molestation. His opinions, like the feathers of an eagle's wing are very variegated; and when he soars high up in the sunlight, displaying the bright, rich colors of a truly Christian plumage, until his old companions begin to believe that he is a bird of stronger plume and more untamable spirit than they took him to be, he drops a black feather or two in their faces, and they rejoicingly exclaim, "He is a raven after all."

Parents and teachers should never put away their own youth. They must not cease to be young. Their sympathies and sensibilities should always be quick and fresh. They must be susceptible. They must love that which God made the child to love. Children need not only government firm and mild, but sympathy warm and tender. So long as parents are the best and most agreeable companions, children are comparatively safe, even in the society of others. A phrenologist has been examining Queen Victoria's head. He said he found the bump of adhesiveness sadly deficient, if it existed at all. In justice, however, to this gentleman we will state that the queen's head under examination was a postage stamp. Advertising for a wife is just as absurd as what would be to get measured for an umbrella.

"Doctor, I want you to prescribe for me." The doctor looks her pulse. "There's nothing the matter, madam; you only need rest." "No, no, just look at my tongue; look at it now. What does that need?" "I think that needs rest, too." Eve, according to Milton, kept silence in Eden to hear her husband talk. They have been no Eves since.

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