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

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For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.
The Song of the Age.

BY BENJ. F. TAYLOR.

Would ye know the grand song that shall sing out the age—
That shall flow down the world as the lines down the page—
That shall break through the zones like a North and South
River,
From winter to spring making music forever?
I heard its first tone by an old-fashioned hearth—
The cry of an anthem on the brink of its birth!
'Twas the tea-kettle's drowsy and droning refrain,
As it sang through its nose, as it swung from the crane.

It was a being begun and awaiting its brains—
To be saddled and bridled, and given the reins.
Now its lungs are of steel and its breathings are fire,
And it craves the miles with an iron desire—
Its white cloud of a mane like a banner unfurled,
It howls through the hills and it pants round the world!
It furrows the forest and lashes the flood,
'Tis a syllable dropp'd from the thunder of God!

Oh, stand ye, to-night, in the door of the heart,
With its nerve raveled out floating free on the air,
And feeling its way with ethereal art
By the flash of the telegraph everywhere,
And then think, if you can, of a mission more grand
Than a mission to live in this time and this land;
Round the world for a "sweetheart" an arm you can wind,
And your lips to the ear of the listening mankind!
To love, when they match with a rhythm divine
The wake of the May Flower—heroic old line!
With their brave pilgrim words coming over dry-shod,
As if the dead Hebrews marched "English" for God.

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LIFE AMONG THE "MIGHTY OJIBWAYS."

BY J. OSGOOD BARRETT.

CHAPTER III.

WAW-WE-A-PIN.

The next morning the evergreens were full of
prismatic pearls pendant on every fiber—a forest of
rainbows! A bath in the electric air made us good
as new; visions of raw recruits loomed up in per-
spective, and then vanished in smoke as all air-
castles do.

"A plot—a desertion! I swear, if this isn't unpar-
donable sinning against Christian patience."
"How now, hunter, what's in the wind?"

"Why, I'd rather trust a full blooded Indian than
that double-gear'd half-breed. He swears he will
not hunt recruits for us, but is going back with the
drive."

"Amalgamation has no virtue; pay him off, and
send him home to his mother."

Off he sneaked, clutching his "greenbacks."
Leaving some of our "traps" at the shanty, we
hurried to the Chippewa river.

"Owls, hedgehogs, and turtles! Have you seen
any grizzled fellows pass this point in a bateau?"

"Voiceless, disobliging fellows, hunter, that will
not answer a civil question."

We searched the sands; but not a track of human
foot. Fortunately we espied a leaky bateau hid in
a little cove, which we at once chartered of a big
crooked birch, and with this floated leisurely down
the current to a dilapidated camp, inhabited by
bats and woodchucks. What a melancholy poetry
in those ruins! There were the "deacon's seat,"
the mud thatched fireplace agape like a crocodile's
mouth, the dusty boughs, the rude door on its
wooden hinges. No teamster coming home from the
plintered whistling "Yankee Doodle," no jolly
crew singing "The Girl I Left Behind Me!" We
turned away, almost afraid of the magnetism of
the place. When ready to launch again upon that
classic tide, glancing down to survey the grand
scene, we saw a dark body moving in the shadow
of the overhanging trees.

"Saint Lucifer! what's that?" exclaimed the
hunter.

"Some wild animal! Aha, a boat! See the
glitter of the paddles, and the dim figures—three
men—five men? They're coming!"

Soon they were alongside, our three copartners,
attended by two stalwart guides. A happy greet-
ing, sure. We mutually pledged ourselves to raise
two "red skin companies." Whilst the laugh over
perils already overcome went round, an Indian,
standing in his light canoe, bent slightly forward,
as if cutting the water with his very person, pushed
up to pass us in high glee, when we gave chase,
each laboring with pole or paddle. The goal was
the beach we two had left. The bateau men were
ahead, speeding on like arrows, but the Indian,
shooting by us novice navigators, gained inch by
inch, shouting a challenge to beat him.

"Stop that Indian! Stop him at the beach!"

The guides pointed with defiant gestures to the
beach, when the Indian swung thither the prow of
his canoe, and plied all his strength—one mile was
the beat. The bateau had the advantage of a few
rods start in advance, and being manned by two
dexterous fellows, held the race nobly; the canoe
leaped like a flying-fish, and struck the shore simu-
ltaneously with its competitor, whilst we, in the
"leaky concern," swished up ten minutes behind.
The Indian laughed at us as we held him by the
hand with the usual salutation—"bon jour, bon jour,
bon jour."

Amidst the general good humor, we asked him to
take us one hundred and fifty miles up the river,
offering one dollar per day. Long he studied, as if
talking with some unseen genius, as if reading our

object. It puzzled him to know what we were
there for. He would take no step, faithful man,
dangerous to the protection of the tribe, no, not
for money. When assured he should be informed
at the end of the journey, he deliberated as to the
pay, and scowling a negative answer, pointed with
great energy to his canoe, telling us one dollar
would not balance its injury during so tedious a
journey. He would go for two dollars per day.
We sealed the bargain, he grunting assent clear
down to his toes. But he had a squaw and three
papposes in his distant wigwam, who must first
be apprised of his engagement, and supplied with
something to eat as a hostage reward.

"What, pay an Indian in advance?"

"White man's suspicious of us Indian dogs,
always," he replied, not in words, but in looks, as
he eyed our apparent hesitation.

"Can we safely trust this old man?" we asked of
our amused guides.

"Trust him? You would blush to ask that ques-
tion did you know him as well as we do. Can you
trust the daily sun?"

As we seized a bag of flour, he pulled off his
greasy shirt—his only garment, save a breech cloth
—and tied a knot in one end with all the adroitness
of a skilful sailor.

"Twenty pounds—one dollar, we have paid you
—now be off and back in a hurry."

"Ugh," said he, with a graceful bow, and away
he pulled out of sight in an instant.

"Gone, flour and all—an Indian trick!"

Our guides were white men, but having both mar-
ried squaws and lived for years as fur traders among
the tribe, were well posted in respect to Indian
character, which to them was peculiarly noble;
hence, taunting questions touched their pride.

"Gone—no more Indian!"

"Sir, I tell you again, trust that old man," was
the rebuke, said with positive feeling.

White man's confidence in an Indian—how blank!
how freezing! Can he not sense it? Cannot the
barbarian bring a solemn charge before the Great
Spirit, that we disdain our red brother ere we have
tried his veracity?

Read, oh, white man, in the treachery of the In-
dian, the lesson of cold suspicion thou hast taught
him, thus kindling into life and action his latent
fires of self-defence and revenge!

"Interpreter, that Indian's name, if you please?"

"Waw-we-a-pin, which signifies a potato."

"Honest, tame fruit of the ground; surely he
can be trusted."

After hours of wearied waiting, he suddenly
popped in upon us, accompanied by O-chee-chian,
his crane-boy, and three cadaverous dogs. These
curs are half wolf. They snap like rattlesnakes,
and smell rank as skunks in full blast. You
cannot help your impulse—you must kick them
from your presence. They live on clams, rep-
tiles, turtles, carrion, anything in the shape of
flesh. At regular periods the Indians eat these
dogs in solemn feast, to placate the anger of
malicious deities. The "good spirits," they main-
tain, "need no such offering." If you happen to
be present, you must gormandize with sickening
fulness until not a bone is left unpecked, else you
incur the displeasure of that stern tribe and of the
gods.

Waw-we-a-pin had but one eye, and that piercing
as lightning under a dark brow, his forehead broad
and massive, his wrinkles in regular curves deep
furrowed, his form muscular, his chest like a huge
barn door, his breath like that of an ox under the
burden of the yoke. Sixty-five yearly suns had
rolled over him, he had seen many hardships in the
hunt, and in battle with the Sioux. We studied
well that Gothic face, so resolute, so clever, so like
an open book, historic of conflicts and victories.

Gaily we shot out into the current, our Indians
and guides singing in concert a wild legend of other
days. The dogs, passing and re-passing the river,
chimed a perfect chorus in whining barks and start-
ling howls. The sands in the bed of the river, un-
der the sun's rays there dancing, appeared to be
golden honeycomb, all in motion. The shadow of
the tall trees, thrown into receding undulations by
the wake of our boats, resembled amonadas flying
alighted to the shores.

No wonder the Indian pictures the hunting
grounds in the sunset of life so fantastic, so rife
with game, with rapids and eddies, and fish, and
serpents, and summer flowers. Who would not be
untamed and untamable amid such wilds? Can the
civilian boast against the free Indian, boast for his
surfeiting goods against him whose joy is supreme
when the legal owner of a wigwam, a bow and
arrow, and a birch canoe?

CHAPTER IV.

THE PLAINTIVE SONG.

When we landed that night to pitch tent on a
high bank, the cold dew chilled Waw-we-a-pin's
bare feet. Finding a pair of stockings in his canoe,
belonging to the very gentleman who but an hour
before expressed his admiration of Indian gener-
osity—he slipped them on without leave or license.
After fruitless search, he approached the Indian,
confident that he had stolen them, when, seeing
the rising accusation so often made by the white
man, the poor Waw-we-a-pin rose up and met him,
and, snatching them off, he stated with a frank
apology that they were "so comfortable," and
then giving the owner a look that brought an ob-
served blush to his cheek, he said by his rebuking
eyes,

"Me barefoot Indian—no stocking when me is
cold!"

"All things in common," retorted the guide,
enjoying the gentleman's embarrassment; "you
palefaces are so hospitable! we Indians are so sav-
age. You are Christians! we, who divide with our
neighbors, are dogs!"

The fire crackled under the kettle of soup that
hung afloat on a pole, awakening a fellow-feeling
and a keen appetite.

When supper was ready, the "cook" commanded
his voracious crew:

"Down, you Arabs! down on shanks a-kinbo!"

The lone Indian stood off one side.

"Does the old man fancy he is not worthy this
rough society? Waw-we-a-pin!" said the "stocking
gentleman," amid roars of laughter, as he helped
him to an extra quart, "you are too patient,"
and bade him eat "as if every rascally Yankee
were stealing food from his very plate."

"This is the way we cure consumption," shouted
the biggest of the company, tossing a bone to the
skulking dogs that yelped off on a canter under a
tree.

"And thus we drive dull care away," jauntily
said another, rollicking down under the half-roofed
tent, followed by the rest in a general rush and
perfect abandon.

Waw-we-a-pin modestly went away by himself to
enjoy the society of his O-chee-chian and pipe. He
was the most civil and decorous of the whole crew.
The lords had lost their self-respect, the Indian
maintained his dignity.

"Waw-we-a-pin!"

The old man looked up from his dreamy thought-
fulness with a smile, awaiting the demand.

"Sing us a song."

Again and again he was importuned. He had a
little skillet in which he carried his pine pitch for
repairing his canoe when the bark was broken by the
rocks. Turning this over, he seized a stick in his
hand, and commenced in slow guttural tones, recall-
ing the time when the Chippewas and Sioux lived in
those woods as enemies, and the white man came
and told them to be brothers, for the Great Spirit
loved them all alike!

His heart swelled within him; he grew animated;
he gesticulated wildly, fearfully, listening, point-
ing up to the stars, then wave-like down the river,
then out into the dark woods where lurked the foe,
then laid his hand heavily upon his swaying breast.

When thoroughly self-psychologized, he drummed,
admiringly upon his skillet, and rung forth a song
whose strange intonations thrilled our nerves to an
ecstatic sympathy. The two guides, catching the
fire of the orgic spell, sprung to their feet, and with
knives in their hands brandished as tomahawks,
danced in frightful grotesque play around the camp
fire, echoing the war-whoop at the close of every
stanza.

The woods seemed to hear affrighted, the dogs
scattered, leaping in the grass and smelling in
every direction; the distant wolves howled, the
white men hurraed three times three, ending the
tragic song with congratulations—"Bravo! Waw-
we-a-pin!"

O-chee-chian, feeling lonely over the story, crept
close to his father's side, and looking up pitifully
into his grave face, asked childlike and confidingly
if he could go to bed. The old man put his hand
on his son's bowed head, and smoothed down the
long tangled hair, speaking kind words to calm his
fears. Then he spread out his blanket and fondly
rolled his boy up in it; laid his head upon his arm,
and, with his right hand, patted him on his back
with a parental lullaby, till he fell asleep—playful
wild boy of the woods.

So patient, so courtly, so fatherly, so inspiratio-
nal, that scene silenced the crowd to meditation.
No home of his own on this continent of his native
America, pursued to his Pacific grave, impoverished
by our encroachments, degraded by our vices, he
yet retains the fragments of noble greatness. White
man, "thy brother's blood cries to thee from the
ground!"

CHAPTER V.

INDIAN LIFE AT THE OLD FRENCHMAN'S.

The next morning, August 15, whilst rounding a
cove, we saw on a sand reef a jumble of deer, gazing
bewildered at us. Down crouched Waw-we-a-pin
and guides on all fours, and after a moment's
silence one of them bellowed a regular boom-crang
in imitation of the quick-eared creatures; but it
failed to decoy, off they scampered into the woods,
the Indian following them with his terrible eye on
fire, gesticulating furiously as if engaged in the
chase. Put the red man on the track of his prey,
and slumbering powers are awakened to lofty char-
acter. He must always be a hunter, let him be so
educated.

Finding a meadow and three white men there
making hay to supply the loggers, we simultane-
ously gave the war-whoop, to which they responded
with a laugh.

"Soldiers!" provokingly shouted one of the party,
"recruits! the draft!"

"Aye," answered the oldest, "draft, eh?" and
he straightened up, pitchfork in hand, seriously
menacing us with horrid oaths. "Draft! grand
time you'll have catching us woodmen up in these
diggins!"

Learning we were only water Indians, this old
Frenchman shook hands all round and garrulously
invited us to his home, pointing up stream where
it lay enclosed alone in the wilderness. Arriving
here, we singly marched in, Waw-we-a-pin follow-
ing with his leggings on and his blanket around
him, a la Roman toga. Here we found a big colony

of half-breeds, a genuine "patriarchal institution,"
judging from the number of squaws and papposes
in and around the premises.

An Indian cradle is next to a baby-jumper. Sus-
pend two parallel ropes diagonally from one side
of the room to the other; put on these a wad of
blankets for a bed; you have the nicest thing
invented—a swinging cradle the world over—no
jar, no dust; it is rocking in the wind.

Another kind of furniture, equally practicable,
absorbs the attention of our company. For the
sake of a name we will call it a "pappose nur-
sery." The child is lashed to a backboard; its
feet rest against a cross piece; an ash board projects
forward over the face, so that if the "bug-in-a-rug"
itches headlong, no harm is done. The mother
carries her darling back to back, passing a leathern
belt across her forehead, which, being attached to
the board, firmly secures the child, thus allowing
the free use of her hands in labor. How convenient
during a journey! Beat who can the "cradle" and
"nursery!"

At sunset we were joined by another recruiter,
whom we expected here—a pioneer who had been
commissioned by the governor, captain of the
"Indian company." He was attended by a young
fop, painted in red streaks over his face, hands and
legs, and festooned with many gawgaws. Unlike
our city dandies, he had strong bone and sinew,
and was willing to do service for two dollars per
day in helping the captain up the river.

The substantial supper ended, we planned our
military campaign, in perfect confidence of success.
As our host had large influence with the tribe, we
engaged him to accompany us; but in the morning
he backed out, evidently concluding the Indians
would revenge themselves upon him, if ever in-
censed at his enlisting them for our war.

The fop, seeing one of the gentlemen writing in
his memorandum, and having learned our object,
was at once suspicious of a plot to capture him.
The recording pen of the white man Indians always
dread. We had already employed this youngster
to assist us during the balance of the journey.
After starting he seemed moody, thoughtful, at
times looking silly on each side of the river. Hav-
ing reached a bar of huge rocks, he leaped from the
canoe and darted into the forest, shouting back in
his vernacular, "We no fight pale faces' battle."

Most tedious was our advance—now wading, now
momentarily riding, now dragging the boats over
the sand and piles of logs; and now treading with
heavy feet around the hills in the Indian trail; but
all this time O-chee-chian, nimble fellow, spent the
merry hours in gambols, hunting clams, watching
fishes, or skimming rocks over the ripples. No
children in all the world are so happy as the young
Indians in their native woods. They express their
modesty, not by drooping the head and blushing,
but by throwing it back like a frightened roe; their
modesty is a beautiful wild caution.

On the bank of the river, lonely and bleak, alone
by itself in the tall grass, we espied an Indian
grave. Waw-we-a-pin pointed at it with a sad ex-
pression, as if it were the abode of a beloved friend.
On asking our Indian about the Great Spirit, where
he is, he glanced upward into the sky.

"Does the Great Spirit love you, Waw-we-a-pin?"

He laid his hand upon his heart and looked to-
ward his boy.

"When you die, where will you go?" we asked.

He smote his breast, stamped his foot, and traced
along the ground with his hand, to signify his last
resting place, and gazed off westward, swinging
his arm over in imitation of the sun's circuit from
the morning till the evening of life. His face lit up
with a happy smile, indicating a strong faith in a
spirit home. How innocent, how trusting, how
loving!

If a Chippewa kill a Sioux, his victim is to be his
servant in the new hunting ground; he is esteemed
rich in proportion to the number he has killed.
Thus the warring nature of the Indian organizes a
corresponding theology; but the Indian religion is
dying out with the decline of the race. The custom
of burying the hunting, fishing, and warring im-
plements with the body, is now but seldom observed.
Ambition, a beautiful superstition, a love of romance,
all are decaying in the general wreck of a once
glorious manhood. Our civilization blights all.

The poor Indian wails before it. We tear down;
we build not up; we study not Indian character;
we minister not to his natural needs; hence he re-
cedes slowly and surely, to be blotted out. What a
painful triumph!

(To be Continued.)

From a report of a lecture by Prof. Doremus in
the Scientific American we cut the following:

Among the various matters introduced for illus-
tration in the course of the lecture, was a descrip-
tion of the constitution of gun-cotton. It was stated,
that by treating cotton, linen, or any other vege-
table fibre composed principally of cellulose, with
nitric acid, the acid lost one equivalent of oxygen,
becoming NO₂, and this was substituted for a portion
of the hydrogen of the cellulose. This change in-
troduced a large quantity of oxygen into the com-
pound, thus making it more inflammable. This
change is as readily wrought in linen as in cotton, so
we may have gun-linen, as well as gun-cotton. The
lecturer said that he treated a linen handkerchief
with nitric acid, making it into gun-linen, and threw
it into the wash with his other clothes. His servant
girl washed and dried it, of course without perceiv-
ing any difference in its character. She then laid
it upon the table to iron it, but at the first touch
of the hot iron, the handkerchief vanished with a
light flash, leaving no trace behind.

The sweat of the human brow whenever it falls,
dissolves the bars by which nature holds her treas-
ures from human hands.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.
Saturday Night at Chancellorville.

BY HERBERT L. SMALLLEY.

Among the many fierce and bloody contests
which slavery has caused in our country, no one
has been more terrible, more prolonged, or more
disastrous to the Union arms than that of Chan-
cellorsville; and the fact that a large portion of the
fighting took place during the blackness of the
night, and in a dense and tangled jungle of briars
and underbrush, places it far beyond comparison,
both in point of grandeur and of horror.

Let us glance at the corpse-strewn field, after the
close of the second day's bitter work. It was Saturday
night—a season of rest and rejoicing in every peace-
ful home in the land; when the labor of the
week is done, and the pleasant rest and peace of
the Sabbath are in prospect. For the soldiers at
Chancellorsville, it was the terrible ending of a ter-
rible week. Alas! to many it was the Saturday
night of their existence. During the whole of that
long day, the two great armies had been struggling
madly together, in the dense thickets of oak shrub-
bery, which gives to that portion of Virginia its
name of "The Wilderness." For many hours the
steady roar of musketry, the wild cheers of charg-
ing columns, the loud crashing of two hundred can-
nons, the screaming of shells, and the murderous
hiss of grape, had been incessant. Everywhere the
eye could turn, lay the mangled bodies of the un-
fortunate men who had fallen—some yet alive, some
dead, others praying that they might die. With the
going down of the sun, the frightful din of battle
had suddenly slackened and died away. Vast clouds
of sulphurous smoke, borne on the evening breeze,
swept slowly over the now silent field, hiding the
red sky from view. We had lost heavily during the
day, both in men and in position. Our right wing,
under Howard, had been forced back nearly half a
mile, but it was now reinforced, and in a position
from which it could not be easily dislodged. Our
center, under Slocum, still held its ground, though
it had suffered terribly. Immediately in front of
the notorious "Chancellor House," and a little to
the rear of the main line, stood a short column of
men, leaning upon their muskets, which were still
warm from the terrible day's work. In the center
of this little regiment, the color-bearer upheld
upon its broken staff his tattered flag. Upon its
folds, in letters mutilated by scores of bullets, was
the inscription, "7th Ohio Infantry," and follow-
ing this, the long list of battles through which the
flag had been borne. It was the gift of the peo-
ple of the Western Reserve, and was presented by Prof.
Peck, of Oberlin, at Gauley Bridge, during the first
year of the war. It had lost hundreds of its brave
defenders since that time, and it now floated, torn,
riddled and burned, but still beautiful, over a little
band of brave men, weary with long-marching and
sleepless nights, faint from hunger, and red with
two days of fiercest battling; with lips blackened
from biting cartridges, and clothing torn by con-
tact with the thicket of briars in which they had
fought. At their head sat the proud form of Creigh-
ton, and by his side the fearless Crane—men who
enlisted together, fought together, fell together, and
now lie still, side by side, in the cemetery at
Cleveland.

As the darkness grew more dense, and no orders
came, one by one the weary men lay down upon the
wet ground, each placing his musket with fixed
bayonet by his side. All was now still, save the
groans of the wounded, and the mournful cry of
night birds in the branches overhead, and there was
hope of a few hours rest, though all felt certain
that the worst was yet to come on the morrow.

Still every one seemed confident of final victory
and hope grew stronger as the rumbling of heavy
artillery wheels over the plank-road, told of rein-
forcements constantly arriving from the ford. Each
battery, as it came up, wheeled quickly into line
upon a little eminence to the left of where we lay,
and a continuous succession of guns was soon
formed, nearly half a mile in length; the object of
this concentration being to protect the cross roads,
and the Chancellor House. About nine o'clock the
last gun was unlimbered, brought to the front, and
loaded, after which all was again silent.

Being worn with many nights of sleepless watch-
ing, most of us were soon asleep, notwithstanding the
cold air, the wet ground, and the excitement of
battle. Thus we had lain for several hours, when
suddenly the order to fall in was whispered along
the line. Hastily, and silently the men sprang
up from half-slumbered dreams, and formed in line,
shivering with cold, and wet from the heavy dew.

"Forward! double quick!" was the order, and we
moved off swiftly, with hands upon our cartridge
boxes to prevent extra noise. We passed through
the long lines of cannons and wheeled into line
directly in front of them, coming thus to the ex-
treme front of the position. We were then ordered
to prime our pieces, and lie down upon our faces,
not to rise upon peril of our lives, as the artillery
would be obliged to fire over our heads. In our
front was the thicket in which we had fought the
previous day, and behind us, almost within reach,
the threatening mouths of a score of cannons,
double shotted with canister, and ready to hurl
each their iron hail into the enemy. Information
had been received that the rebels, in large force,
were advancing to surprise the position and capture
the artillery, and every disposition was made for
defence, as the loss of this position would have
been the loss of the battle.

When all was in readiness, complete silence again
followed; the wounded, benumbed with cold, and

overcome with exhaustion, had ceased their groans of anguish, and not the slightest sound could be heard throughout that vast host that lay prostrate upon the ground, in eager expectation of the assault. The forest in front was as still as when, centuries before, the Indian, with cat-like tread, crept toward his game. By the pale, uncertain star-light, we could discern the forms of the gunners at their posts, and the black muzzles of the monster guns. Suddenly a low, indistinct murmur came to our ears, like the sound of a coming storm, or a far-off waterfall. Every ear listened to catch the sound—so faint at first that it was impossible to tell whence it came. Slowly and steadily it increased, until we could plainly distinguish that it came from the depths of the forest in our front. Louder, and still more distinct it grew. The gunners stepped closer to their guns, and each man of the host who lay prostrate before the artillery, felt for the lock of his musket. There was no longer any doubt as to the character of the tempest which was coming upon us. It was a storm of fire and death—a hurricane of human foes. The rushing sound, which many had mistaken for the wind among the treetops, was the rattling of countless feet through the dry leaves of the forest. Closer, still closer came the fearful tornado, tearing its way through the almost impassable jungle of low shrubbery; and now we could distinctly hear the word of command—"Steady, men; keep your line." And along our own line was whispered from man to man, the order, "Reserve your fire until the artillery has done its work." Every face was pressed close to the earth to avoid the fire from behind, and every eye strove to pierce the misty night air, and catch the first sight of the enemy when they should appear at the edge of the thicket. We had not long to wait. By the dim light we soon saw that the bushes were beginning to move, and suddenly the whole length of the thicket seemed alive with the gray clad bodies of the foe.

Then came a crash which shook the earth like the explosion of an earthquake, and seemed almost to stop the pulsations of the heart. The whole line of artillery had been discharged at once. The hissing messengers of death passed over us so close as almost to deprive us of consciousness, and tore through the swarming thicket with a sound which no words can describe. The whole scene was lighted for an instant with a glare so bright as to almost blind the sight, and the arms of the enemy glistened with the reflected light. Then followed a darkness most intense, and through that darkness came the most horrible sound of all—the shrieks and screams of those who had stood in the path of the destroying storm of iron. That wail of agony from a hundred throats, still echoes in the memory of all who heard it. Again, and still again, the deafening crash of the artillery jarred the earth, and charge after charge of deadly grape went seething over us, and mowed down the enemy in swaths. We, over whom this storm was passing, durst not even raise our heads to mark the effects of the fire, but lay closely huddled to the trembling ground. In a few minutes, which seemed as many hours, the firing ceased, and the loud echoes rolled far off over the forest-covered plain, and slowly muttered themselves to sleep. We could again hear the rustling of myriad feet through the leafy thicket, but this time the sound was retreating and fast becoming indistinct. The vast wave of treason which had rushed so madly upon us had dashed itself against a shore of iron, and shivered itself into fragments; it wassent back from whence it came.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Dream of an Immortal.

BY EMMA TUTTLE.

Out where the vines are creeping,
Over a lattice white,
I dreamt as the dying daytime
Greeted the coming night.
Far in the blue east trembled
The light of a cream-white star,
And the rims of the clouds of sunset
Were pink as the sea shells are.

The eyes of my life were open,
The springs of my heart leaped high,
Though my outer form was lying
As motionless as when we die.

Down through the twilight distance,
Floating like song along,
Came one whom the world has worshipped
For the mighty gift of song.

At length, in the grape vine shadows,
Near by my side he seemed;
But, oh, what a far-off beauty
Over my spirit beamed.

'Twas grasping a spot of moonlight,
Or holding a song most sweet!
So subtle, so bright, so heavenly,
He seemed from head to feet.

I looked in his face a moment—
So mighty, so all-complete;
I bowed to its burning glory,
And prayed to kiss his feet.

Back from my touch he vanished,
Saying, "Not so, not so,
But raise up thy soul to greet me,
That I need not come so low."

Then, with a graceful motion,
Over my neck he threw
A scarf on which stars were sprinkled
Over a ground of blue.

Reaching a fair hand forward,
Holding a glove of white,
"Wear it, oh, earthly sister,
Wear it," he said, "and write!"

Now, when the snowy gauntlet
Presses upon my hand,
Then I can write the sweetest
Tales of the Better Land.

Angels seem all about me,
Guiding my mind and pen,
And telling the truths of heaven
Unto their fellow men.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Pacific Patent Agency.

I have established myself in business under the name of Pacific Patent Agency, and respectfully solicit the agency for introducing valuable inventions or patented articles into the following States: California, Oregon and Nevada; Territories—Washington, Arizona, Idaho and Utah; Australia, British Provinces and Russian Possessions.

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References: Salmon P. Chase, Chief Justice U. S., and the best men in the principal cities of the Union.
JOSEPH H. ATKINSON.
San Francisco, Cal.

Reported for the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Spiritualists' Grove Meeting in Lewance Co., Michigan, July 21st and 22d.

This is the first meeting of the kind that has ever been held in Southern Michigan. As such it would be worthy of note; yet in itself it was a creditable affair. Reports of these meetings are useful in letting the people know what is being done in different parts of the country, and something of the mental calibre of public workers.

At Rome, in a grove near Andrew Taylor's, people began to assemble on the morning of the 21st, according to appointment. Daniel Marlatt, Chairman, and Loretta Mann, Secretary, were elected *pro tem*. Elijah Woodworth opened the exercises, saying the object of the meeting was social improvement, together with investigation of spiritual things. Spiritualism is new in its present form, but not new in principle. Increased receptivity of the human mind makes all this seem new. We must seek to find new. Old ideas did not organize man only for the present. There was a growth from that idea to the one that human life individualizes itself in the future. The teaching of the present age is based upon that. This topic in various forms is the leading subject. It is being brought nearer to view. When I was a member of a church I spoke of my future life as of some visionary subject. I had but little ideas of the laws of growth. My base for life would not stand the test, so I became an atheist. It was pleasing to me to find a reasonable base for future life. Spiritualism did this. He then explained the law of influence. Psychological impress runs through everything. He must study himself more, and his mythological God less.

He then introduced Mr. J. H. Allen, of Palmyra, formerly of Auburn, N. Y., who gave some of his experience. Was ground through an Orthodox mill, but always felt an "aching void." Fell in with those interested in Spiritualism. Said to wife, "Let us go." Began to look reasonable that there was a connection between the two worlds. Began to think there were not rounds enough in the ladder of Orthodoxy. I am a Spiritualist. It seems profitable in a social point of view to keep up a connection between the two worlds. Spiritualism will develop a brotherhood as strong as family ties can make it.

Mr. Stacy, of Brooklyn, then arose and gave his experience. He then improvised a beautiful little poem on truth, under spirit impression. Others followed, and thus the morning session resolved itself into a conference meeting. Before adjourning the following officers were elected:

Mr. J. H. Allen, President. Mr. Daniel Marlatt and Mrs. C. M. Taylor, Rome, Vice Presidents. Miss Loretta Mann, Secretary. Elijah Woodworth, Mr. Stacy, Mrs. Taylor, Loretta Mann, and Mr. Noble, of Brooklyn, Committee on Resolutions. Meeting adjourned until afternoon.

AFTERNOON SESSION.

Invocation in form of poetry, by Mr. Stacy, followed by singing.

Elijah Woodworth spoke of the spiritual movement under the name of Spiritualism. On some accounts unfortunate that it is becoming so popular; as popularity engenders power, and power is generally the creature of a day. Spiritualism a new garment, Orthodoxy not absolutely wrong; but our souls require a larger garment.

Dr. Mason, of Deerfield, under spirit control: "What went ye out for to see?—a reed shaken by the wind." We come in the spirit of love; but on account of imperfect instruments, sometimes appear but as reeds. Spirit is love. When we wrangle it is over the letter. Spirit is power. Man here has much power to heal; but his disembodied spirit much more. Said it was true that people carried their passions with them into the next world.

Singing.
Elijah Woodworth:—The advantages of understanding the laws of spirit communion. Spirit aura surround each individual so as to give those who are receptive an impress of our character. It would have an elevating influence to feel that all our actions are taken cognizance of. A medium is needed for external sight, so also for spiritual sight, viz: spirit aura. Similar laws control all things.

Singing.
Closing remarks by the President:—He said it was deplorable how little spirit communion there is between people. Crime was sometimes unjustly punished by reason of not being able to read our frowns.
Meeting adjourned.

SUNDAY MORNING SESSION.

An hour spent in conference meeting. Resolutions read for consideration. Beautiful impromptu, (poetry,) by Mr. Stacy.

Dr. Mason spoke of the unphilosophical and contracted idea of the origin of man, and in reality of the whole creation, as taught in the Bible, records at first kept in hieroglyphics. Theology has not been able to translate them correctly, consequently the seeming contradictions.

Mrs. Fowler:—Reasoning faculties only true Bible. Teachings of book called Bible have not yet been practiced. Signs do not follow professed believers as promised to believers. We are yet living upon the principle of an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth. Christ principle not lived. Theology has fought against intelligence and science. Not yet visited by the spirit of Christ. Female principle in nature not recognized.

Man is the whole Bible. Written Bible only a part of him. The reason of so much difference in the character of individuals is because of the different soil upon which the mind is planted. Soul is the same in essence. Conditions make our needs. Laws developed from within take away the necessity for outward restraint. Our book Bible personates principle. There is one principle manifested in three conditions, which personified, is called the Trinity. We must begin to translate the whole Bible in man, instead of trying to confine ourselves to the book Bible.

There was animated questioning by the audience and prompt and clear replies by the spirit control

AFTERNOON SESSION.

The following resolutions were presented, and after being discussed affirmatively, were adopted.

WHEREAS, The theological teaching of the so-called Christian world has had and now has a direct tendency to materialism, culminating in atheism; therefore

Resolved, That we, as Spiritualists, will do all in our power that is reasonable, to spread abroad the knowledge of our Philosophy, which has a tendency to unfold the true nature of our future being.

Resolved, That Spiritualism should not be an imitation of the old theological dogmas, rites, forms, or ceremonies, but cause them to be abandoned and unnecessary burdens.

Resolved, That to worship principles in the form of persons is idolatry.

Resolved, That the scepticism of the so-called Christian world is Anti-Christ.

Resolved, That self-sovereignty is the law of man's nature. That it is more ennobling to regard him as a combination of immortal principles, and to develop them as to become his own guide, than to elect another to lead him. That it is also more conducive to order, in order rests upon principle and not upon force.

Resolved, That a republican government has recognized this truth to a greater extent than any other tried system. That before individual rights can be secured more fully to men, the same rights they now possess must be granted to women. That universal suffrage would be the commencement of a work which in time would lead all to the high destiny of being sovereign over themselves.

Resolved, That the duties of citizenship would no more conflict with the duties of the mother than with those of the father. That such responsibility is necessary to the development of woman as well as to help purify the political atmosphere of the nation.

Resolved, That the present style of dress worn by women is Catholic, and monarchical in principle, and opposed to true ideas of republicanism. The true republicanism is economical, proportional and assigns each individual his or her place, according to the capacity and worth of the individual. That a fashionably dressed woman in an apex, whose base is supported by a crowd of laborers, and in order to show the spirit of a citizen under free institutions she must cease the useless waste of so much labor and means, and put them to higher uses. That all women must lay aside their long skirts and adopt a dress more consistent with health and labor, and the work of responsible citizenship, and having proved themselves capable, they will be recognized.

Resolved, That agitation is a better power that brings about great results. That we, as reformers, agitate boldly the foregoing questions until the great object shall be brought about, and our labor crowned with success.

Resolved, That truth is the harmonious relation of things, and to be in truth is to be harmonious.

Resolved, That we rejoice in the higher development of truth called Spiritualism.

Which like a bright and glorious sun,
Its race around the earth doth run,
And all who seek may wisdom find,
And truth to elevate mankind.

Dr. Mason gave an excellent discourse on the resolution, "What is truth?" etc. Business matters were then attended to. The following persons were chosen as delegates to represent Southern Michigan in the State Convention of Spiritualists at Battle Creek, July 27th, 28th and 29th: Elijah Woodworth, J. H. Allen, J. N. Chandler, Mr. Noble, and Isaac Cleveland.

Thus ended the two days' meeting. Many things have been omitted, as it is not desirable that such reports should be lengthy. Circle was held both evenings at a private house. There was quite a spirit of inquiry shown by the citizens, as the large sitting room of Daniel Mann was filled, and many stood around the doors and windows. Mrs. J. H. Allen gave a discourse under spirit control, at the circle, which fully equalled anything given on the ground during the days.

The weather interfered some with the proceedings, as it rained occasionally; yet it was estimated there were five hundred people present.

This meeting will long be remembered as a pleasant and profitable season.

LORETTA MANN, Secretary.

Landmarks of the Old Theologies—No. 16.

BY C. BARING PECKHAM.

W. E. Gladstone, Rector of the University of Edinburgh, in his address to the students, takes the occasion to do something like justice to the ancient heathen, in comparison with the so-called people of God. We find the address in the London Times of November 4, 1865, and it must be granted that Mr. Gladstone looks at his subject with much larger vision than is wont to compass the church of Christendom. There may be found some condensation to educational prejudices, but nothing of much note of what Henry James, in *The Radical*, calls "the politronery of the pulpit." Mr. Gladstone speaks as if, out of an honest and good heart, he would do justice to Trojan and Tyrian, nor "would treat the phenomenon as spurious" if found beyond the pasteboard barriers of the Bible. He would consider the Greek intellect as complimenting the Asiatic Spiritualism—the broad ocean as swelling beyond the stream of the Jordan, yet damping no river "as spurious," as all ran into the sea, whether "as flowing from a common fountain head," or from separate varieties in humanity—whether from the group of organs of the front head—of the top, or of the winged ideals whose synchronous action secures the rounded whole. So of the ancient religions, when aptly adjusted to all their parts. Christianity was "a schism in the religious world," as per Eusebius—a Spiritual come-out-ism like modern Spiritualism, sloughing the old theologies. "I submit, then, to you that the true *Preparatio Evangelica*, or the rearing and training of mankind for the gospel was not confined to that eminent and conspicuous part of it, which is represented by the dispensations given to the Patriarchs and the Jews, but extends likewise to other fields of human history and experience"—so that the Heathen were not slow to come up to the help of the Lord against the mighty. "The materials for the old religions outside of Greece and the Greek races were in great part afforded first by the worship of nature, and secondly by the worship of animals. Both of these the early Hellenic system steadily rejected; and their religion took its stand upon the idea which inseparably incorporated duty in the matchless human form."

We should say that the animals in the ancient religions were symbols of the powers or forces in the nature worship understood in their more spiritual sense by the wise heared or initiated, however prone the groundlings might appear to the worship of the symbols. Cherubim and living animals in Ezekiel and St. John are modes of being in the astro-physiological Word, and may to some extent have been transmuted into the literal animals of the worshippers—but we do not think that Greece was altogether exempt in her anthropomorphic religion. Ancient Freemasonry would disclose the anthropomorphic elements, or Word made flesh in the congregation of the Lord. Had Mr. Gladstone pursued his inquiry from the ancient esoteric point of view, he would have seen that Hebrew anthropomorphism, no less than the Greek, contained all the fulness of the Godhead bodily, though curiously presented in Cherubimic animality—nevertheless, the trunk and limbs of a man were shared on the allegorical plan by the passions that mark humanity.

"In the *Odyssey*, indeed, an awful and mystic sacredness attaches to the oxen of the Sun," but as cherub and ox are identical, and when the Lord rode upon a cherub and did fly, it was when the Sun was in the sign of Taurus, or the Bull; and these oxen of the Sun might bear his chariot in excellency on the sky, as well as the horses of the Sun in chariot of Israel and horsemen thereof. If the Greek oxen of the Sun appear to "have been based upon the tales of Phœnician mariners, and certainly to belong to the Phœnician circle of mythology," it is in order

to consider "the chariot of Israel and horsemen thereof," as the mode of sailing in of the Phœnician mariners who were among the first to navigate those parallel streams, which alike, ran into the sea of mythology, whatever the modification of the varying media. "And here we find an example of the manner in which the immense plastic power of Hellenic mind dealt with foreign ideas of all kinds so as to make them its own." Even the Phœnician alphabet, which Greece adopted, comes into the English in those symbolic forms so significant of the Master Building of the ancients, when God was the Geometer in parallel lines, curves and a kinkos.

Mr. Gladstone commends the Hellenic religion for its relation to physiology, in creating fit temples for the Holy Ghost—"an intense admiration of personal beauty, a resentment against, and avoidance of deformity, as a kind of sin against the law of nature, and a marked disposition to associate ignorance with vice"—and though there was an "evil tradition of Aphrodite the promiscuous, there lingered long the rival tradition of Aphrodite the heavenly"—equivalent to the virgin of Israel, and the mother of God. The woman question, a test of civilization in the old time as in the new, puts the Old Testament of God's Word in evil case, as compared with Homer; and Mr. Gladstone, in noble derring, in the sight of all Israel and the Sun, dares thus announce the sum of the matters: "Candor will claim for us a verdict in favor of the position of the Greek as compared with that of the Hebrew woman." Biblical pictures as contrasted with those of Homer, appear somewhat shady, while "the picture of Penelope waiting for her husband through the creeping course of twenty years, and of Odysseus yearning in like manner for his wife, is one of the most remarkable in the whole history of human manners; and it would lose little, if anything, of its deeper significance and force, even if we believed that the persons whom the poet names Odysseus and Penelope have never lived." That is—in the ancient religions, it does not matter whether you have the genuine persons or the personifications—in either case you have the representative humanity with its aspirations in the drama of life. See the application of this mode in doing the Word in Strauss' "Life of Jesus," and in Gen. Hitchcock's "Christ the Spirit," and the allegorical system generally, where from lofty ideals, the anthropomorphic phantasm is built up in the human mind, from many precious stones.

Says Gladstone, "All are aware that the Greek religion was eminently poetical, for it fulfilled in the most striking manner that condition which poetry above all requires—harmony in the relations between the worlds of soul and sense. Every river, fountain, grove, and hill were associated with the heart and imagination of the Greek; subject, however, always to the condition that they should appear as ruled by a presiding spirit, and that that spirit should be impersonated in the human shape. A poetical religion must, it seems, be favorable to art." Thus the spirit to inform the tabernacle of clay or Word, in image of the flesh, was "due to the necessity of condescension to the popular taste in connection with an object of worship." The Greek religion was "the secular counterpart of the gospel" * * * the great intellectual factor of the Christian civilization * * * by which Christian learning has done and will yet do well to profit. * * * If this be so, it is quite plain that the Greeks have their place in the providential, eye, and in the Evangelical preparation, as truly and really as the children of Abraham themselves."

Finally, Mr. Gladstone concludes that God—"Lives through all life, extends through all extent, Spreads undivided, operates unspent."

Though the God of Israel was elemental and averse to human imagery, as in the Persian worship yet was he no less anthropomorphic than in the mind of the Greek, and everywhere with human passions, as well as a consuming fire; but it is pleasant to see Mr. Gladstone taking the stride he does in doing justice to the Heathen—to the intellectual superiority of the Greeks as the great factor in the progress of humanity. We accept both, the intellectual and the spiritual as complimenting each other in a living whole incarnated in the physical, or the Word made flesh. When a blind credulity supercedes the intellect, we have that darkness covering the earth and gross darkness, the people as in the dark ages of the church, till the old Greek intellect was suffered to rise again after a thousand years of blind faith. Even in the Oxford University, at the present day, Professor Max Muller is somewhat shaded by the students who fear his "damned intellect," as per M. D. Conway's letter in the Boston *Commonwealth*, and by the way, this M. D. Conway is one of the best of modern writers, as well as one of the most outspoken.

In one of his letters to the Boston *Radical*, there is an account of a scientific *soiree*, or social gathering, where there is exhibited a human skull embedded in the rock of ages, as a stereotyped witness against the infallibility of Moses and the church. The children of Moses, as they view this landmark grin horribly a ghastly smile at the intruder, that he should thus at this late day, underpin the law and the testimony—a Colenso in the dirty rock before Abraham was—while the geologists are as much delighted with their plum, as "little Jack Horner who sat in his corner, eating his Christmas pie."

But let us see what Muller is doing towards leading the Oxford students out of Egypt. He gives them quite plainly to understand, through three pl English blockheads, that if they walk his parallel grooving, they will fetch a compass to the Biblical mythologies, to be unfolded on the same wise as the cotemporary religions in the regions round about. The key that is to open one must open all; otherwise it cannot be the right key. * * * In the hymns of the Rig Veda, we still have the last chapter of the real theogony of the Aryan races—we just catch a glimpse behind the scenes of the agencies which were at work in producing that magnificent stage effect, witnessed in the drama of the Olympian gods. There in the Veda the *Sphinx* of mythology still atters a few words to betray her own secret, and shows us that it is man, that it is human thought and human language combined, which naturally and inevitably produced that strange conglomeration of ancient fables which has perplexed all rational thinkers from the days of Xenophanes to our own time.

The *Aspis* God of the Veda, came by the way of the East as did the God of Israel, per Ezekiel, and is the same word as the Latin *aspex* and *aspex* the Lamb of God in the best *Paradise* where God is loved, and took away the ancient sins of the world by a very natural process. There was a gradual growth or development of the ancient gods from the functional in nature to the personification thereof, when gods and goddesses were equivalent to the *Word* God through infinite variety of being. Jupiter the supreme Aryan God was translocated into Jehovah on his way from the East, besides the sea change in name from the country of the North, when the two clouds meeting in black encounter,

came rattling on over the Caspian, flanked by the polar megatherium of seven heads and as many horns as were meet for the exigency of the case. "No ideas are more liable to mythological disease than religious ideas, because they transcend those regions of our experience, within which language has its natural origin, and must therefore, according to their very nature, be satisfied with metaphorical expressions. 'Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man,' yet, even the religions of the ancient nations are by no means inevitably and altogether mythological." There were physiological phenomena and spiritual experiences interfacing the historico-mythological framework; and though the mythological disease was as widespread as humanity to the plane of its development, yet there was more or less of a healthy religion where enlightened conscience sat enthroned speaking by the mouth of God.

When St. Paul was caught up to the third heaven, he could not tell whether he was in the body or out, because a spirit in the body and a spirit out, sometimes walk very closely to the same landmark, at the same time the spiritual and mythical might trail each other's skirts through the needlework on both sides; and physiology and astronomy might also dip into each other's heaven, so that when the heavens were rolled together as a scroll, the Queen of the South could come from the utermost parts of the earth, and the Dove take the wings of the morning and fly to the utermost parts of the sea. The heathen religion, pure in its essential life, and the garniture of fable and parable as poetic drapery, as when the Lord God made skins of beasts in order to put Adam and Eve in promenade trim, when the Lord walked in the garden in the cool of the day. We trust that the skirts which the Lord God made were free from the trailing in serpentina, and archetypal of the later costume of the saints in the New Jerusalem. Under the mythical drapery of all the ancient religions, we may get a glimpse of that original stem around which the mythological Word enfolded itself, and without which it could not enjoy even that parasitical existence which has been mistaken for independent vitality. The Homeric religion in its vital essence is a true life apart from its poetic myths—was of the just gods who hate cruel deeds, but honor justice and the righteous works of man including a complete trust in the divine government of the world, so that the Homeric conception of godly guardianship, "though expressed in the language peculiar to the childhood of man, might easily be turned into our own sacred phraseology." Instead of being left out in the cold, according to modern "pulpit stuff," Brother Max gives the heathen an equal share of "the divine afflatus." Their most high being "endowed with nearly all the qualities which we claim for a divine and perfect being." No wonder the pious numbskulls of Oxford wished to silence Max's "damned intellect," when he gives their divinity such a blast of the divine afflatus, because in thus enrobing the Word, it is but a matter of taste whether you prefer the Hebrew or the Gentile old clothes—both being cut to the mythological pattern, and both possessing the basic truth of the religious sentiment whether the image was Aaron's rod which budded, blossomed, and bore almonds—the rod out of the stem of Jesse—or Mercury's wand. "True justice has never been done to the ancient religions of the world, not even to those of the Greeks and Romans, who in so many respects are acknowledged by us as our teachers and models. * * * The hard words, such as idolatry and devil worship, are applied to the prayers and praises of the early believers. * * * Through the whole of St. Augustine's works and through all the works of earlier Christian divines so far as I can judge, there runs the same spirit of hostility blinding them to all that might be good and true and sacred, and magnifying all that is bad, false and corrupt"—instead of being "a preparation and as a necessary part in the education of the human race, not independent of God, nor as the work of an evil, spirit as more idolatry and devil worship. * * * And if in this spirit, we search through the sacred ruins of the ancient world, we shall be surprised to find how much more of true religion there is in what is called heathen mythology than we expected. * * * We can afford to be generous to Jupiter and to his worshippers: nay, we ought to learn to treat the ancient religions with some of the same reverence and awe with which we approach the study of the Jewish and of our own."

Thank you, Max for thus "speaking right out in meeting," and for coming up with Mr. Gladstone, to the help of the heathen against the mighty, resolved to see fair play in the fight of Michael and the Devil about the body of Moses, and in the fight of Michael and the Dragon, to let justice be done, though the heavens should fall, and their place found no more in heaven.

Over this tilting bout in excellency on the sky, the god of light shines into the darkness, but the darkness comprehends it not. From the Indian generation of the heavens and the earth, the only begotten son of God is readily transmuted into a daughter, as well as into mother of God. "Now, heaven and earth, it must be remembered, are mythologically speaking, the father and mother of India, and if we read in the same that India is somewhat like his mother and his father who began him, this can only be meant to express the same idea, namely, that the active God resides in the sky, rides on the clouds, and hurls his bolts at the demons of darkness." On likewise it was that Jehovah was seen scudding under base poles, flying upon the wings of the wind, and sailing in upon the Cherubim; besides speaking out of the whirlwind to Job and in the still small voice to Elisha, as well as in the whirling of the chariot of Israel and horsemen thereof—in the *Aspis* about the mulberry trees to David, and in the robe *Serpens*, when he came rattling on over the Caspian, besides snaking out Leviathan from the *scrolling* of the Jordan; and altogether presenting a scene not less lively and sublime than *Cotton* Mother's witches riding in excellency or *Devil*hood, or the vision of our advent friends who beheld their Lord a-coming through the air in excellency on cloud chariots, *hauled* by Gabriel, who is going to blow by-and-by.

"The Dawn is called *Durga*, born in the sky, the very adjective would become the title-deed to prove her the daughter of *Dya*, and so she is called. The same with India. He rose from the sky—hence the sky was his father. He rose from the horizon where the sky seems to embrace the earth—hence the earth must be his mother." So we have Abram "the father of elevation"—and Abraham to our father as of a great multitude of stars and of the sands on the seashore, by the Virgin of Israel, as she came up out of the sea in clean and white linen, or Lamb's wife with fleece well washed, and goddess newly up from the simple room and verge enough of the horizon, where the earth and the sea blend with thy kingdom come on earth as it is in heaven—"for the marriage of the Lamb is come, and his wife hath made herself ready," for the bridegroom coming out of his chamber, rejoicing as a strong man to run a race. His going forth from the end of

heaven, and his circuit unto the ends of it; and there is nothing hid from the heat thereof...

Music.

BY MISS JERSE KEMP.

- There is music in the low, and winds that murmur o'er me...

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Religious Aspect of Spiritualism.

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

Spiritualism has been, and is, considered deficient in a vital system of ethics, wanting in a vivifying religious tendency...

them from going mad and laying fleeing hands on the hoards of the wealthy? Ah! I suppose that a human heart in fustian beats as warmly as one in satin!

being as a whole, and the natural, legitimate use of all faculties and powers is equally holy. It is perversion that causes sin and suffering...

others. Such, to my mind, are the outlines, in a general sense, of the work of Spiritualism. Will its advocates and devotees be true to the mission placed upon them?

disposition to give is not created, nor the gift called forth. We shall not lecture you upon your obligations to God and your neighbor...

Let Us Contribute for the Relief of Our Brethren.

By request we publish the following circular letter, and with pleasure ask our brethren all over the country to contribute...

(CIRCULAR LETTER.)

PORTLAND, ME., August, 1866.

The undersigned, a committee from the First Association of Spiritualists in this city, were appointed to confer with our friends in other localities...

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Spiritualism—Its Work.

BY DR. J. K. BAILEY.

No religious or philosophical theory can be of great value to its devotees, or to humanity, which does not inspire vigorous action in the work of practical reform and progress.

VOICES FROM THE PEOPLE.

Letter from Bro. Enos Gay.

Dr. H. P. Fairfield has been speaking here the last two Sabbaths, and delivered four lectures. Having no hall we met in one of God's first temples...

New Lecturers.

Two ladies, both residents of Janesville, Wis., have lately taken the stand as public advocates of the truth of Spiritualism...

Below will be found an appeal for aid on the part of our citizens by the managers of the Washingtonian Home.

To the Benevolent and Liberal Citizens of Chicago:

You are doubtless aware of the existence, if not of the plan, location, management and fruits of this institution.

It is my object in the present notice to invite from the bosom of the community a new man from the depths of misery and degradation...

It is my object in the present notice to invite from the bosom of the community a new man from the depths of misery and degradation...

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question of the rights of all to have a voice in the government under which we live? Does it take in educational interests? Does it include the temperance question? Does it embrace land reform, social reform, or any other reform movement? Or is it merely a sectarian idea with no vitality in it, the greatest object of which is to shut out all new ideas as have the churches, and for the sake of adding to its numbers, admit free discussion because it would call out a variety of ideas, and thus interfere with the harmony of the meetings?"

What is the use of conventions, if all think alike? If no subjects are introduced, except those that all believe in, and think alike upon? Is not agitation of thought the great idea of all such gatherings? Where is the sacrifice of a harmony that must be bought at the sacrifice of principle, and shutting out all those subjects upon which the health, happiness and prosperity of humanity depend?

Do additions to the numbers of a society prove the wisdom of its actions? If so, then the most sectarian of orthodox churches, prove the right of their bigotry and intolerance, for there are often added to their number a greater percentage than was added to the First Rockford Society, on account of its proscriptions. Is proselytizing and adding to our numbers, instead of the promulgating and all-covering of truth, the object of organization? If so, we may expect to see just such intolerance and bigotry as we see in other sectarian societies; and the same spirit that has just shown itself in that convention, and which I had hoped Spiritualists had outgrown.

Not long since, I heard an orthodox minister preach in his church, on the necessity of obedience to physiological laws in regard to dress, diet, etc., as a foundation for sound mental and spiritual growth. Was he preaching religion proper? Shall Spiritualists be behind the churches in reform movements? Verily—with few exceptions—we are not; and my heart is rejoiced when I read such resolutions as have been passed in all the State, and many of the local organizations, taking in the whole welfare of the human family in all its departments of life, for nothing short of such a religion will satisfy a soul that has a broad and deep and extended scope of vision.

Hoping to hear soon from some of our good brothers, what is Spiritualism proper,

I am with fraternal feelings,
JULIUS H. STILLMAN, M. D.

Letter from G. C. Randolph.

DEAR JOURNAL: Having to renew my subscription, I thought I would drop you a few lines, to let your readers know that Spiritualism is entirely unknown in this section. I do not suppose that there is a medium in East Tennessee. Is there some medium in the North or West who is generous enough to pay us a visit and introduce Spiritualism to this benighted people?

If there are any other subscribers to the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL besides myself and Wm. A. Simpson, of London, in East Tennessee, I want to hear from them.

I would like to send you many subscribers to the JOURNAL; but I can do nothing till the people witness the facts of Spiritualism.

Yours for Spiritualism, Truth and Humanity,
G. C. RANDOLPH.

Here is a field for usefulness. Is there not some medium who will adventure in it? Some risks must be taken; but the greatest hazards oftentimes bring the largest rewards. Let not the "Macedonian cry" of our brethren in Tennessee go unheeded. Who will be the first to answer the call?—Ed.

Letter from Lydia Dunbar.

DEAR JOURNAL: I have let my subscription run out, for the reason that I was going on a tour through Wisconsin, York State and Massachusetts. I thought I would not renew until I came back; but on reading the JOURNAL I saw a letter from S. K. Terry, requesting his paper stopped, it being, he says, an abolition paper. I then concluded I would renew my subscription at once, and let my family and neighbors have the privilege of reading it while I am absent.

Hoping that others will do the same, I remain
Yours with respect,
LYDIA DUNBAR.

Bancroft P.O., Freeborn co., Minn.,
August 11, 1866.

Ed. Notiz.—We hope to be remunerated for all losses incurred from sectarian or political interference or bigotry, at least an hundredfold. Such are the indications thus far. We hope all high-minded, liberal, independent freethinkers will take hold in earnest to widen our circulation.

Letter from Dr. Mayhew.

DEAR JOURNAL: Since writing my last, I have been resting to great extent, the hot weather and short evenings being unfavorable for both speaking and hearing to advantage. I have, however, not been altogether idle. My many friends have kept me well occupied this season, in replying to their many kind and welcome epistles. In the commencement of the month of June, I visited Winona, where I was kindly welcomed by my highly esteemed Brother H. C. Train. I found that the Spiritualists here, had to great extent, allied themselves to a free Unitarian Church, where a Unitarian preacher presides, but as it is in all other places, where Spiritualists allow themselves to be drawn into such an alliance, our church and our preachers are considered, to the exclusion of those teachers who feed the people with what they feel to be the truth. I do wish that Spiritualists would be wiser in such matters. While they are so lax, Spiritualism cannot prosper in their midst. Unitarianism and Universalism are doing more to hinder the progress of Spiritualism, than all the other churches combined. Other churches are outspoken, and at least honest in their opposition, but these come with the smile and the extended hand of friendship and brotherhood, that they may the more effectively injure us.

From thence I passed on to Rochester. Here I found also a large band of Spiritual friends who had united with other free minds in what they have styled a Unitarian Church. Brother Walker, who preaches for them, is an undoubted Spiritualist. They have certain church usages, and a liturgy, which I think, however, will not cling to them much longer; indeed, I should not be surprised if they, they dropped the name and defined their position to the public as Spiritualists.

The large majority of the society are Spiritualists. Bro. James Easton and lady were my very kind entertainers during the ten days I labored here. Much of my labor here was in conversations outside of the lecture room, and I trust that some minds were blessed with a few rays of light through those conversations, which they had not before. I had a very good circle for the development of the healing power, which I judge, was tolerably successful, though not so much so as in some other places.

I feel as if this developing gift was one which I shall have to exercise much during the coming season. The memorials of Rochester, and the many dear friends there, are always pleasing to me. My healing powers were somewhat used with good success.

On leaving Rochester, on my way to Pine Island, I stopped over one night with Bro. Culver, at Milton, and expect to visit and lecture in that place some time next month.

In Pine Island, my good Bro. Sylvester Diekle and family gave me a most cordial welcome. I lectured four times in Bro. D.'s hall, and then passed to West Troy to visit a lady who was very much afflicted. I staid a week with her, and think my treatment resulted in permanent good. I received an invitation from her husband, Mr. C. Fox, of West Troy, to visit that neighborhood next month, for the purpose of delivering a course of lectures. I shall then for two weeks continue her further treatment.

From thence I proceeded, in company with Bro. Green and lady, to Guilford; spent a night, and passed on to Lake City, spending a night upon the road with Bro. Bartlett, of Sugar Loaf Valley.

I expect to lecture in Lake City and Wabashaw, some time next month.

After concluding the above labors, I returned to St. Paul, and the following week went down the river to Newport, where I was kindly welcomed by Bro. Reed Parker. Here I delivered seven lectures to very good and appreciative audiences, notwithstanding the heat of the weather and shortness of the evenings.

Thus concludes my labors of the past season. I now rest till the first of September. My route will be this year, first, to that portion of Minnesota around Rochester and Pine Island, then by way of MacGregor into Iowa, next to Albia, then by Keokuk into Illinois, not going south of the Great Western Railroad, and from thence gradually into the State of New York.

Friends who desire my services on, or near this route, will please advise me without delay that I may determine my appointments and send on notices of the same. If you send me word in sufficient time, I will endeavor to meet all your wishes.

Those living east of the Mississippi and in the State of Iowa who wish for a visit, will please direct to me, care of Enos Gay, MacGregor, Iowa. I am yours, for truth and humanity,
JOHN MAYHEW.

St. Paul, Minn., August, 1866.

Religio-Philosophical Journal

CHICAGO, SEPTEMBER 1, 1866.

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

RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION,

PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

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

For terms of subscription see Prospectus on eighth page

"The Pen is mightier than the sword."

To Postmasters.

All Postmasters in the United States and British Provinces

are requested to act as Agents for this paper—to receive and

remittances, for which they will be entitled to retain

fourty cents of each \$3.00 subscription, and TWENTY CENTS of

each \$1.50 (half-year's) subscription.

To Our Patrons.

Persons sending post office orders, drafts, etc., are requested

to make them payable to George H. Jones, Secy.

In changing the direction, the old as well as the new ad-

dress should be given.

In renewing subscriptions the date of expiration should be

given.

On subscribing for the JOURNAL, state the number of the

paper at which you wish to commence.

"Spare the Rod."

Corporal punishment for mental derelictions is a

relic of barbarism, and the legitimate offspring of

the doctrine "believe or be damned."

Man, in the early stages of development as a rational

and moral being, partaking more largely of the animal nature,

of necessity manifested the brutal propensity of maintaining the mastery,

by physical force and power; by disabling his adversary,

or causing him such physical pain and suffering as would

compel him to succumb, the weaker to the stronger, practically

demonstrating the doctrine that "might makes right."

Out of this idea, we say, grew the doctrine of penal

corporal punishment for mental or moral wrongs, and by a

priestly interpretation of the crude records of moral and religious

ideas, in the early ages of the human world, the doctrine of

"eternal damnation."

The Mosiac rule "an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth,"

might have been requisite for the government of his people, or

any other people in his age of the world; but it is superstitious

and ridiculous to urge that doctrine now.

Again the rule uttered by the wise (?) Solomon, "Spare the rod

and spoil the child," has been the cruel source of the direst

human suffering. Under this rule has the saintly mend imposed

his tyranny and wreaked the vengeance of his brutal nature

upon imploring suffering innocence and infancy—vide the child-

murderer Lindsley.

Kindred to this we reprint from our city papers the following

paragraphs which need no comment, only that the fine imposed

in this case was excessively small:

A CRUEL FATHER.—Walter Atkins, who resides at No. 85

Carroll street, was brought before the Police Court yesterday

morning, charged with being disorderly. His wife and son,

the latter a lad seventeen years of age and of sickly

appearance, presented themselves as complainants, and testified

to the following facts:

On Sunday before last the boy being quite sick, desired

to remain quietly at home, but the father, who has the

appearance of being a stern, unrelenting man, ordered him

to church. The lad objected, alleging that he was too ill

to go out, and if he did go his disease would be increased

and an additional bill of expenses for medicine

incurred. The father was determined in his purpose, and

finally took the poor boy in his arms and carried him

into the street, where he threw him, with orders not to

again cross his threshold until he had obeyed his command.

Too weak to walk the distance to the church, the boy

remained on the sidewalk until after the close of divine

service, when he made an attempt to enter the house.

Scarcely, however, had he lifted the latch, ere the cruel

father hurried him away and closed the door upon him a

second time. A second and third attempt were made

to gain admittance to the house, with the same result,

walked with the assistance of his mother, the boy, when

with the house of a neighbor, who upon hearing of the

treatment he had received, took him in and gave him a

bed. At this neighbor's house the boy has been staying ever

since, the father refusing to have anything more to do

with him.

Atkins endeavored to explain his conduct by the

delivery of a long harangue on the duty of sons to their

parents, and the necessity of a Christian education, etc.

The magistrate, however, failed to see the necessity of

such cruel treatment, and required the father to pay a

fine of five dollars and costs.

In a visit to the "State Reform School" of Michigan,

we took occasion to inquire of the Superintendent

what form of discipline or punishment was exercised

there? He replied that it "depended upon the nature of

the offence." We put the ques-

tion more direct: "Do you ever whip?" He answered, "Sometimes. We believe that Solomon

knows as much about the government of children as people now-a-days."

We observed in one of our exchanges that the school board of the school where three young

ladies—teachers—bound and brutally whipped a young lady

until she was nearly dead, and re-appointed the same teachers to their

respective positions, thus virtually endorsing their

outrageous brutality. Probably they belonged to the same orthodox

church. We have yet to learn that goodness was ever

whipped into any one, adult or child, and had hoped that that

odious aphorism of Solomon had been forgotten, but it

appears otherwise. It is stated by recruiting officers

who recruited a portion of our army, that at least seven out

of every ten applicants for enlistment, upon examination

discovered marks of the lash upon their persons, and some

of them gave evidence of the most horrid

laceration. It is to be wondered at, that those men

fought against their cruel masters with zeal and unexampled

bravery? We are opposed to the lex talionis—the law of

retaliation—in every form. In the executive or judicial

department of the government of nations, in the government

of churches, societies or schools, and above all in the

government of families, where love should be the law,

and obedience the rule. It is as absurd to think of

whipping affection into an unbeliever, or innocence into

a criminal. Our belief is, that all "houses of correction,"

all prisons, all places of banishment, should be schools

of reformation, and all criminals and offenders against

the peace, happiness and welfare of the world should be

treated as unfortunates. Then "spare the rod," and do not

"spoil the child."

Spiritual Prescription for Cholera.

The following "Prescription for Cholera" with specific

directions for its administration, and general instructions

for the treatment and prevention of the disease," was

sent us by an esteemed correspondent from St. Louis.

The prescription is the result of a consultation of physicians

in one of the medical temples in the Summer Land, and

is given to humanity as a preparation every way

worthy of confidence. It was given through the mediumship

of Mrs. Chas. J. Osborne, with the special request that it

be published in the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.—

Eds.

PRESCRIPTION.

Ninety-six grains sulphate quinine, dissolved in the

smallest quantity of elixir vitriol that will take it up,

adding sufficient water to make one ounce of the whole

and no more; one ounce laudanum; six drachms spirits

camphor; two drachms chloroform. Dose, thirty (30)

drops, or half a teaspoonful, in a little water as it can

be taken.

TREATMENT AND GENERAL HINTS.

As soon as the patient is attacked, by vomiting or

diarrhoea, give a tea-spoonful of salt and the same

quantity of cayenne pepper in a half pint of warm water.

This will at once empty the stomach of its contents.

Then give eight (8) grains of dry calomel, to be immediately

followed by thirty (30) drops, or half a teaspoonful of the

above prescription, adding five (5) drops of the tincture

of *Cannabis Indica* (Indian hemp) and about a fifth of a

teaspoonful, or a good sized pinch of cayenne pepper.

Mix the whole with as small a quantity of water as possible

and administer it at once, for if it is allowed to stand

it will become too strong of pepper to be taken.

Repeat the calomel and mixture as often as it is

when up.

When the mixture is retained half an hour repeat the

dose, omitting the tincture of Indian hemp.

After the second dose is administered wait as long as

the symptoms will allow with safety, before again repeating

it.

If the case is a violent one repeat the mixture when it

has been retained fifteen (15) minutes.

The calomel is not to be repeated after one dose is

retained.

Do not, under any circumstances, allow the patient to

rise from a level position. This is of the greatest importance.

We caution against bathing with warm water, because a

chill throughout the whole system is sure to follow it

in any stage of cholera.

Gentle rubbing is beneficial if it does not make the

patient nervous, or expose the skin to the air.

The best quality of brandy should be given from the

first, with as little water as possible. A tea-spoonful

after it is diluted is sufficient for a dose. It must be

used as a tonic and repeated as often as it is required

to keep up the strength. It should be used according to

the judgment of the nurse, independent of all other

medicines.

A small piece of ice swallowed before each dose of

medicine will greatly assist the stomach in retaining

whatever is administered.

While the salt vomits and throws off any irritating

cause that may be in the stomach, the pepper prevents

coldness and prostration.

The calomel acts on the liver and arouses the vital

energies.

In every dose of thirty (30) drops of the above

prescription the patient will get ten (10) drops of</

To Our Patrons.

Three more numbers of the JOURNAL close the first year of its existence. That we publish a first-class newspaper, in every sense of that term, is admitted by nine hundred and ninety-nine out of every one thousand of the readers.

We have published the JOURNAL for the sake of presenting to its readers the best paper ever printed, and not for the sake of making money from it. Every sensible person must know that we must have a subscription list very much larger than we now have to be able to save a margin to stock-holders from our newspaper business.

L. Judd Pardee.

This gentleman delivered two discourses in Crosby's Music Hall last Sunday morning and evening to a large and appreciative audience.

These subjects, discussed in Mr. Pardee's ornate, though somewhat peculiar style and manner, evidencing a depth of thought and power of analysis attainable by no ordinary mind, must command a due consideration in the minds of all who heard him.

The phase of Mr. Pardee's mind seems to be that of the prophetic, reaching out into the future; and reasoning by analogy from the past, taking into view the conditions and aspect of the present; he ventures boldly to predict the general and ultimate character of the coming time when the Christ principle shall be evolved, and assert the supremacy, and there shall be a trine oneness of love, will and wisdom, which shall have a representative head, whom he denominates the "coming man." But ere this condition of peace and unity shall be attained, there shall be commotions, and strife, and wars, and bloodshed.

We leave Mr. Pardee's hearers to draw their own conclusions from his discussion of these questions—merely noticing the subjects and character of them, to show the drift of his inspirations, and the analytical powers of a laboring mind, that is fast wearing out a feeble body, like a sword that is whetted keener, and burnished all the brighter by being often drawn and sheathed, which soon wears out the scabbard.

Organization.

We have received from William Lynn, Esq., of Muncie, Indiana, "Articles of Association of the Society of Spiritualists of Muncie," for publication. We, and the friends of organization throughout the country, doubtless are glad to hear of this movement on the part of our friends in Muncie, and we trust great good may be accomplished by it; but we have not room to publish the Articles of Association of all the societies in the land, for they are becoming numerous, and more especially as there is a strong similarity between them all.

LATEST NEWS.

Oliver Lovell, for fifty years a resident of Cincinnati, died at Glenn's Fall, N. Y., Aug. 22. Hon. Schuyler Colfax addressed 5,000 people at Wabash, Indiana, August 22, on the issues of the hour. Major General Hooker and staff arrived in Detroit, August 22. The General is in feeble health. It is rumored in Washington that Judge Advocate General Holt will be superseded in a few days. During the month of July, 15,000 acres of public lands were disposed of at the Land Office at Brownsville, Nebraska, nearly all of which was for actual settlement. The receipts of internal revenue since July 1st, are stated to be fifty-two millions. One effect of the last peace proclamation is to reduce the pay of private soldiers from \$16 to \$11 per month. A plot has been discovered among the President's reconstructed friends in New Orleans to assassinate General Sheridan, Commander of the Gulf Department. It was designed to accomplish his death by the explosion of a shell made for the occasion. WASHINGTON, August 22.—There is an official authority for denying the statement that the Secretary of the Treasury has given instructions that no money shall be paid out of the Treasury under the provisions of the civil appropriation law for additional bounties to soldiers. As soon as the regulations governing the payment shall be agreed upon by the Commission it shall be furnished to the Treasury Department, and not until then will be presented for the decision of the Secretary the question of whether the law carries with it an appropriation for the law specified. It is stated that Paymaster General Price will officially inform all soldiers interested in the extra bounty appropriation as soon as their accounts shall be ready for adjustment. The Commissioner of Indian Affairs has recently received many highly satisfactory reports from Indian agents on the frontier. They generally represent that the tribes that have effected treaties with the Government are desirous of perpetuating them, and manifest an intense hatred toward those who have violated their pledges by attacking emigrants and settlers. It has been discovered that stories of Indian depredations are sometimes manufactured by residents in frontier settlements, who desire the presence of troops for profit instead of protection. This has turned out to be the case with regard to

the reported massacres in Paradise Valley, Nevada, in the early part of July. Mrs. J. C. Carlisle, Secretary, has reported the net proceeds of the National Soldiers' and Sailors' Orphans' Fair at \$26,838.84. The Pennsylvania table is credited with \$6,000; New York, \$5,000; Kentucky, \$800; Michigan, \$500; Ohio, \$250; Missouri, \$150.

The Treasury Department has received a draft on Baring Brothers, of England, for the amount of \$1,844,106 10d sterling, as the proceeds of the sale of the surrendered Confederate vessel Shenandoah. The draft has been sent to New York, with directions to deposit the amount to the credit of the United States as the proceeds from the sale of surrendered and abandoned rebel property.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The news from Europe is interesting. Peace negotiations between Austria and Prussia are still pending. Shipments of specie to the United States have been made—now an unusual circumstance. The Mexican Empire has failed to obtain the aid she sought in France, and reports are current that Maximilian will soon be compelled to leave Mexico. The Chinese rebels have experienced severe reverses. Large arrivals of 50 bonds are reported in London. The accounts heretofore given of the attempt to blow up the Parliament House have been greatly exaggerated. The Atlantic Cable proprietors are canvassing an advance in their rates. The Emperor Napoleon is reported to be ill. Russia is said to have become jealous of Prussia's enlargement of territory.

The Ottawa correspondent of the London Globe says: "The House has been frequently disgraced this session by the presence, in the Chamber, of members, and those in high places, in a state of intoxication. To-day, as well as on Friday and Saturday last, very scandalous scenes of this kind occurred."

PERSONAL AND LOCAL.

Miss Minnie Ream has, by resolution of Congress, been intrusted with making a marble statue of Lincoln, for \$10,000. If J. W. Cowen, who is lecturing in the West, will send us his address for the "Register," he will oblige some of his friends who are inquiring for him. We have good reason to believe that Dr. J. B. Ferguson will re-visit England in November next. Should he come, many of his old friends will be glad to welcome him. Mr. Cooper has returned to the Davenport. He sends us a brief account of his doings; but it has reached us too late for insertion. "Spiritual Times," (England.) A. L. E. NASH.—The following note from our worthy co-laborer in the cause of human redemption explains itself. Our brother informs us that he "still lives." May all such workers in the cause of humanity "live a thousand years" on earth: ROCHESTER, N. Y., Aug. 14, 1866.

EDITORS JOURNAL: I noticed that you have left my name out of the Speaker's Register, and that you did not wish to publish dead matter. Now I wish you to strictly understand that I don't rank with dead matter. There is not a man in the field that labors harder for our philosophy than my humble self. I speak twice every Sunday, and often three times. The reason that you do not hear of me is from the fact that I go to the back places in the country, where the people have never had the gospel preached to them—such places where our twenty-five dollar speakers would not think of going. Please put my name back where it belongs, and it will oblige me much. Yours for the truth, A. L. E. NASH.

PEN AND SCISSORS.

But has intemperance anything to do with cholera? Much every way. The connection between the use of intoxicating drinks and the fearful ravages of cholera is so marked that I wonder no word of warning has been lifted. In examining this fact, I find the following, which New York, and every other city in the land, ought to look at. Here is the record entered by the physicians all over the world: "In India a native physician declares that people who do not take spirits or opium do not catch the disorder, even when they are with those who have it." As the pestilence swept over India years ago, it was stated that, "In the army consisting of 8,000 men, more than half of the men died in the first twelve days; the free use of intoxicating liquor was assigned as the cause."

Better than any quantity of medical advice or doctors' prescriptions is the simple injunction—"Avoid all excess." A number of fatal cases of disease have occurred lately, among well-to-do business men, having at command every social comfort, but who were too free in their style of living. They did not realize to its full extent the necessity for abstaining from every form of inordinate indulgence. There was never a time better than now to practice moderation in everything relating to diet. "Dunker Hill Aurora."

When we are alone we have our thoughts to watch, in the family, our tempers, in company, our tongues. How beautiful, how comforting, the thought, and how full of promise, that these germs of nobler things, these promises of better lives, that we feel so strong within us, may some time blossom; and the tree that now seems so barren, bend beneath its glory of rich fruits which it bears as a crown of blessing!

A writer in the Christian Inquirer says that "The common Church, which calls itself Orthodox, though in some respects a great success, is in many respects a great failure. The admission to it of many persons is only a habit, a convenience, or a personal interest, not an approbation and a belief. The Church in its own preaching does not announce itself successful, except in regard to the very small numbers who make profession of its faith, and call themselves converted."

A facetious foreign cotemporary represents Schleswig and Holstein as a pair of trousers, Austria and Prussia each having got one leg in, and violently struggling for undivided ownership of the entire garment. The solution of the sketch is, that Prussia ultimately becomes sole possessor, Austria walking off with a bag of money to indemnify her for her struggle, and comfort her in her defeat.

UNKNOWN.—In many instances, however, the working operation of any specific material is quite unknown, and not even the vaguest theory can be assigned for the mode of action of any particular agent. There must be something in a name, notwithstanding what Shakespeare has said, as the following would indicate:

A Mr. A. J. Whips, of Covington, Ky., was arrested recently for whipping a negro girl, and fined fifty dollars. He claimed that as the child was in his employment he had a right to whip her as much

as he pleased, and refused to pay the fine, whereupon he was consigned to the care of Jeff. C. Davis, at Louisville. The affidavits in the case state that the girl was stripped entirely naked, and whipped with a raw hide for fifteen minutes, leaving her back badly lacerated.

We have just heard a good story connected with a revival in a certain town. An invitation being given to those desiring to join "the army of the Lord," a half-witted fellow made his appearance at the anxious seat. Finally he "got through," and stepping up and taking the minister by the hand, he gravely demanded his bounty.

How many things are in one which have never been developed—another and a better soul, perhaps, which has not strength to rise. Why are not these upward soars, these powerful wings, that I have sometimes felt, blotted in life and actions? These delayed germs remain in me, too late for this life, but in time, no doubt, for another.

All we need say to gentlemen who think Spiritualists insane, and mediums impostors, is, go ahead, knocking your hard heads against the still harder facts of Spiritualism; your heads will crack in time, if they are not cracked already, and you may yet be grateful to Spiritualism the healer, for making them whole again.—"Spiritual Times."

Jefferson Davis is said to be gradually going down to the grave in a deep decline. A writer in a Memphis Journal observes: "Mark my prediction! The only trial that Mr. Davis will ever have will be at the bar of Eternal Judgment!"

Deaths.

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

In Appleton, Wis., August 5, 1866, CLARENCE A., only child of Joy N. and Chloe A. Blanchard, aged two years and four months. Funeral discourse by Mrs. E. E. Warner.

MR. HIRAM JONES passed on to the better land May 17, 1866. He was born in Pembroke, Genesee county, New York, on the 17th of April, 1817. About nine years since he became developed as a healing medium, and worked faithfully without remuneration among the afflicted, often walking miles to do good in this way. He was one of the pioneers of our heavenly faith in Western New York, and as such his home was ever open to all seekers or believers in its ministrations. He ever gave to the poor from his store. Watchful to save, he sought out the weary and imparted the instruction which the angels gave to him so freely. He has found a brighter home beyond. Many are the sincere mourners left behind, both in his own household and among those his liberal hand has blessed. He has arisen, and in the bright Summer Land is crowned immortal. S. K. S.

BUSINESS MATTERS.

OUR BOOK TRADE.—Orders by mail are filled out as soon as they reach this office, but it sometimes happens that we may be out of some book ordered. That may cause a few days' delay until our stock is replenished. We say this, that those ordering books may not be disappointed if they sometimes get a part of the order on one day and the remainder on another day. We intend to be prompt in filling orders for the paper and for books. If either should fail to come to hand within a reasonable time, we urgently request our friends to advise us of the fact, giving names of persons, places of residences, and the amount of money sent, when the order was mailed, and to whom directed.

All such orders should be addressed to Geo. H. Jones, Secretary RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION, drawer 6325, Chicago, Ill. EMMA HARDINGE'S LECTURES ON THEOLOGY AND NATURE.—This book contains six lectures given through that highly developed and well-known trance-medium, Miss Emma Hardinge, besides much other very interesting matter. The following subjects are treated of in a masterly manner, viz.: 1. Astronomical Religion. 2. Religion of Nature. 3. The Creator and His Attributes. 4. Spirit—its Origin and Destiny. 5. Sin and Death. 6. Hades, the Land of the Dead. Together with the outline of a plan for a humane enterprise and an autobiographical introduction with an appendix containing the sayings and sentiments of many well-known Spiritualists and other reformers. This volume also contains a fine steel engraving of the author, by Donnelly. For sale at this office. Price, in paper, 75 cents, bound in cloth, \$1.00. Sent by mail postpaid on receipt of the price.

CLAIRVOYANT AND HOMEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN.—Miss Lowry will remain in Chicago a short time, at No. 300 1/2 State street, where she will examine the human system clairvoyantly, and give a diagnosis of the diseased organs, and a statement of the cause of their diseased state, and treat the same. Will also give psychometrical diagnosis of diseases of those who are at a distance, either by a lock of their hair, their autographs or photographs; and by the same means give a delineation of character, and direct their minds to the profession or occupation for which their organizations are best adapted. Price for examination, \$1.00. Consultation, Free. Hours for Consultation, from 9 to 11, A. M., and from 1 to 5, P. M. [24-1]

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

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

Mrs. M. C. JORDAN, Test and Business Medium, 251 South Jefferson street; take Clinton street cars on Randolph street.

HEALING THE SICK BY THE LAYING ON OF HANDS.—Dr. Persons, late of the Dynamic Institute, Milwaukee, who has treated over 33,000 patients the last three years, and whose cures have never been surpassed in the world's history, will heal the sick at the following places: Marshalltown, Iowa, at the Marshall House for twenty days, from Aug. 15th to Sept. 4th. Cedar Rapids, Iowa, at the American House for fifteen days, from Sept. 5th to Sept. 20th. Lyons, Iowa, at the Randall House for fifteen days, from Sept. 21st to Oct. 6th.

Dog days are fairly upon us, and this is truly the sickly season. Do not be without a supply of Coe's Dyspepsia Cure in the house. It cures cholera morbus, cramps, pains and cholic in either stomach or bowels, is the only remedy ever discovered that is a sure cure for dyspepsia, and is a splendid antidote for disorders occasioned by a change of water or diet; being prompt, harmless and certain in its action, we cheerfully commend it to all classes.

PROGRESSIVE GATHERINGS. Picnic at Johnson's Creek. The annual picnic of the Spiritualists of Johnson's Creek will be held on the first day of September next. E. S. LORAN, Secretary.

Grove Meeting. "Forget not the assembling of yourselves together." The Spiritualists and Friends of Progressive Reform will hold a two days meeting at Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio, on the 1st and 2d of September. Speakers—Mrs. H. F. M. Brown, Mrs. Sarah Thompson, Dr. Cooper, and others, are expected. A beautiful grove, near the "Old Maid's Kitchen," at the Big Falls, is secured for the occasion—an attractively romantic spot, where the devotional heart may bow at nature's sacred shrine, and worship the All-Father in his "temple not made with

hands." A cordial invitation is extended to all who desire that the light of truth be made more manifest, and who search for it as for hidden treasures—not forgetting the desired presence of our angel friends who come with the gospel of the new commandment in their hearts. HARRIS J. STONE, Corresponding Secretary.

Grove Meeting at Turner, Ill. A two days' Grove Meeting will be held at Turner, (Galena Junction,) DuPage county, Ill., Saturday and Sunday, 1st and 2d of September. R. H. Winslow and Miss S. A. Nutt are engaged and other speakers expected. A general invitation is given to all, and a good time may be expected. Mediums who can be there are invited to write to J. S. Barber, Turner, Ill., that arrangements for them may be made, and the friends know who to expect. Per order of the committee.

Notice of Meeting. The next annual meeting of the Northern Wisconsin Spiritualist Association will be held at the city of Berlin Green, Lake Co., on the second Saturday and Sunday of September next. The speakers engaged are W. F. Jamieson, Mrs. S. E. Warner and Mrs. H. F. M. Brown. J. P. GALLUP, Secretary. Oshkosh, Wis., August 4, 1866.

Annual Grove Meeting. The Spiritualists and Friends of Progressive Reform county, Illinois, will hold their annual meeting at Bellevue, Illinois, on Friday, Saturday and Sunday, September 7th, 8th and 9th, 1866. A grand basket picnic will be held the 7th, with such amusements as will make the occasion pleasant. Good music and dancing will constitute a part of the programme. Mrs. A. Wilhelm, M. D., Miss Sarah A. Nutt, and other speakers are expected to attend the meeting. All are invited. Per order of Committee.

NOTICE OF MEETINGS.

MEETINGS AT CHICAGO.—Regular morning and evening meetings are held by the First Society of Spiritualists in Chicago, every Sunday, at Crosby's Opera House Hall—entrance on Broadway.—Hours of meeting at 10 1/2 A. M., and 7 1/2 P. M. Children's Progressive Lyceum meets at the same hall every Sunday at 12:20 P. M. SPRINGFIELD, ILL.—Spiritualists hold meetings regularly in their hall, and the Children's Progressive Lyceum meets every Sunday afternoon at 2 o'clock. QUINCY, ILL.—The Association of Spiritualists and Friends of Progressive Reform meet every Sunday, at 2 1/2 P. M., for conference and addresses. Hall, No. 130 Main street, third floor. STURGEON, MICH.—Regular meetings of the "Harmonical Society" morning and evening in the "Free Church." Children's Progressive Lyceum meets every Sunday at the same place at 12:20 P. M. CINCINNATI.—The Spiritualists of Cincinnati, organized under the laws of the State of Ohio, as a "Religious Society of Progressive Spiritualists," hold regular meetings on Sundays, at Metropolitan Hall, corner Walnut and Ninth streets at 11 A. M., and 7 1/2 P. M. The Children's Progressive Lyceum, under the auspices of this Society, meets in the same hall, every Sunday at 9 1/2 A. M. Seats free.

CLEVELAND, OH.—Regular meetings every Sunday in Temperance Hall, on Superior street, at 10 1/2 A. M., and 7 1/2 P. M. Children's Progressive Lyceum holds its sessions every Sunday at 1 P. M. CINCINNATI, OH.—The Religio-Philosophical Society of Cincinnati, holds regular meetings on the first Sunday of each month, and Conference Meetings on intervening Sundays, at 2 o'clock, in Joseph Smith's Spirit Room. ST. LOUIS, MO.—The Society of Spiritualists and Friends of Progressive Reform have rented Mercantile Library (small) Hall, and have regular lectures every Sunday at 10 1/2 A. M. and 7 1/2 P. M. Seats free. The Children's Progressive Lyceum meets in the same hall every Sunday afternoon, at 2 1/2 o'clock. BOSTON.—MELROSE.—The Lyceum Society of Spiritualists will hold meetings on Sundays at 2 1/2 and 7 1/2 o'clock. Admission free. LOWELL.—Spiritualists hold meetings in Lee Street Church, afternoon and evening. The Children's Progressive Lyceum meets in the forenoon.

WORCESTER, MASS.—Meetings are held in Horticultural Hall every Sunday afternoon and evening. Children's Progressive Lyceum meets at 11 1/2 A. M. every Sunday. PROGRESSIVE MEETINGS IN NEW YORK.—The Society of Progressive Spiritualists hold meetings every Sunday morning and evening, in Ebbitt Hall, No. 65 West 33d street, near Broadway. The Children's Progressive Lyceum, a new and very attractive Sunday school, meets at the same hall every Sunday afternoon at 2 o'clock, in Joseph Smith's Spirit Room. Speakers wishing to make engagements to lecture in Ebbitt Hall, should address P. E. Farnsworth, Secretary, P. O. Box 5679, New York City.

NEW YORK CITY.—The First Society of Spiritualists holds meetings every Sunday in Jewett's Hall, 2d Street. WILLIAMSBURG, N. Y.—Spiritual meetings are held one evening each week, in Continental Hall. MORRISANIA, N. Y.—First Society of Progressive Spiritualists—Assembly Room, corner Washington avenue and Fifth street. Services at 3 1/2 P. M. PHILADELPHIA, PA.—Progressive Spiritualists hold regular meetings on Sundays in Sanson Street Hall at 10 1/2 A. M., and 7 1/2 P. M. Children's Progressive Lyceum holds sessions every Sunday afternoon in same place at 2 1/2 o'clock. PHILADELPHIA, PA.—Friends of Progress hold meetings in their new hall, (formerly a church), Phoenix street, every Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock P. M. Children's Progressive Lyceum holds regular Sunday sessions at 10 A. M., in the same place. PROVIDENCE, R. I.—Meetings are held in Pratt's Hall, Way-bowset street, Sunday afternoons at 3 and 7 1/2 o'clock. Progressive Lyceum meets every Sunday forenoon, at 10 1/2 o'clock.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—Progressive Spiritualists hold regular meetings on Sundays in Sanson Street Hall at 10 1/2 A. M., and 7 1/2 P. M. Children's Progressive Lyceum holds sessions every Sunday afternoon in same place at 2 1/2 o'clock. PHILADELPHIA, PA.—Friends of Progress hold meetings in their new hall, (formerly a church), Phoenix street, every Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock P. M. Children's Progressive Lyceum holds regular Sunday sessions at 10 A. M., in the same place. PROVIDENCE, R. I.—Meetings are held in Pratt's Hall, Way-bowset street, Sunday afternoons at 3 and 7 1/2 o'clock. Progressive Lyceum meets every Sunday forenoon, at 10 1/2 o'clock.

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SPEAKERS' REGISTER.

SPEAKERS for whom we advertise are solicited to act as agents for the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL. Rev. Orrin Abbott. Address Laporte, Ind. J. Madison Allen, trance and inspirational speaker. Address, Woodstock, Vt., care of Thomas Middleton. C. Fannie Allen. Address Woodstock, Vt. W. P. Anderson, Spirit Artist. Address P. O. Box 2521 New York City. Mrs. N. R. Andrews. Address Dilton, Sank Co., Wis. Dr. J. K. Bailey, Quincy, Ill., will answer calls to lecture. Rev. Adin Ballou, Hopedale, Mass. Mrs. Addie L. Ballou, inspirational speaker, Mankato, Minn. S. M. Beck, inspirational and normal speaker. Address Rochester, Olmstead county, Minn. Lovel Beebe, trance speaker, North Ridgeville, Ohio. C. C. Blake. Address Dahlonega, Wapello Co., Iowa. Mrs. E. A. Bliss, Springfield, Mass. L. B. Brown will answer calls to lecture. Address Drawer 6325, Chicago, Ill. Mrs. H. F. M. Brown. Address drawer 5513, Chicago, Ill. Mrs. Emma F. Jay Bullone's address is 32 Fifth street, New York. B. J. Batts. Address Hopedale, Mass. Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes. Address 87 Spring street, East Cambridge, Mass. Albert E. Carpenter will answer calls to lecture. Address, Putnam, Conn. Judge A. G. W. Carter. Address Cincinnati, Ohio. Annie Lord Chamberlin, Musical Medium. Address Banner of Light office, Boston, Mass. Warren Chase will lecture in Cleveland, Ohio, during July; in Geneva, Ohio, August 5th; in Windsor, Ct., August 12th and 19th; in Chicago, during October; in Davenport, Iowa, during November; in Rock Island, Ill., during December. Henry T. Child, M. D., 834 Race street, Philadelphia, Pa. Seth C. Child, inspirational speaker. Address Frankfort, Ross Co., Ohio. Prof. J. Edwin Churchill will answer calls to speak on Sundays at a distance. Week day evenings, convenient to Pontiac, Mich. Address Pontiac, Mich. Mrs. Bliza C. Clark, inspirational speaker. Address care of Banner of Light office. Mrs. Amelia H. Colby, trance speaker, Monmouth, Ill. Dr. L. K. Cooley. Address Vineland, N. J. Dr. James Cooper will speak at Cuyahoga Falls, Summit county, Ohio, on the 1st and 2d of September. He will have a supply of books, and take subscriptions for the "Religio-Philosophical Journal," "Little Bouquet," and "Banner of Light." Dean Clark, inspirational speaker, will answer calls to lecture. Address Rutland, Vt., P. O. Box 110. Dr. James Cooper, Bellefontaine, O. Mrs. Mary J. Coulburn, Champlain, Otsego Co., Minn. Mrs. Augusta A. Currier. Address Box 215, Lowell, Mass. Mrs. Laura Cuddy's address is San Francisco, Cal. Andrew Jackson and Mary F. Davis can be addressed at Orange, N. J. Lizzie Doton. Address Pavilion, St. Praxedis, Boston. J. T. Dow lectures in Robinson, Ill., September 2d, Janesville, Wis., September 16. Dr. R. O. Dunn. Address Rockford, Ill. Dr. H. P. Dutton, trance speaker. Address Berlin, Wis. Rev. James Francis will answer calls to lecture. Address, Mankato, Minn.

S. J. Finney lectures in Lowell, Mass., September, October and November; Troy, New York, December, January and February; Philadelphia, Penn., March. Address accordingly, or Ann Arbor, Mich.

Mrs. Dr. D. A. Gallion will answer calls to lecture, under spirit control. Address Keokuk, Iowa. Isaac P. Greenleaf. Address Lowell, Mass. N. B. Greenleaf. Address Lowell, Mass. Dr. Jos. J. Hattinger, Trance Speaker. Address 26 Court street, New Haven, Conn. J. B. Harrison, Kendallville, Noble Co., Ind. D. H. Hamilton. Address Hammon, N. J. G. D. Hascall, M. D., will answer calls to lecture in Wisconsin. Address, Waterloo, Wis. W. H. Houghton, lecturer. Address, Farmington, Wis. Mrs. S. A. Horton. Address Brandon, Vt. M. Henry Houghton. Address West Paris, Me. Lyman C. Howe, trance speaker, Clear Creek, N. Y. W. A. D. Home will answer calls to lecture, on Spiritualism and all progressive subjects. Address, Cleveland, West Side P. O., Ohio.

Mrs. Ruth A. Hutchinsan. Address East Brookfield, Vt. W. F. Jamieson will lecture in Turnage Junction, Ill., September 7th and 8th; in Berlin, Wis., September 8th and 9th; in Wheaton, Ill., September 16th. Address Drawer 6325, Chicago, Ill. Wm. Kilpatrick lectures on Spiritualism, Phrenology and Physiology. Will receive calls for stock in the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION for the JOURNAL and LITTLE BOUQUET. Address, Oshkosh, Mich. George P. Kittredge. Address Grand Rapids, Mich. J. E. Loveland will answer calls to lecture, and will pay special attention to the establishment of Children's Lyceums. Address, Grand Rapids, Mich. Charles S. March, semi-trance speaker, Wauvee, Wis. Mrs. Emma M. Martin, inspirational speaker, Birmingham, Michigan. Anna M. Middlebrook, Box 778, Bridgeport, Conn. Mrs. H. M. Miller, Elmira, N. Y., care of Wm. E. Hatch. Mrs. Mary A. Mitchell will answer calls to lecture. Address Box 221, Chicago, Ill. Miss A. P. Mudgett. Address Atlanta, Ill. A. L. E. Nash will answer calls to lecture and attend funerals, in Western New York. Address Rochester, N. Y. Sarah A. Nutt speaks in Aurora, Ill., during August; in Belvidere, September; in Elgin, October; in Beloit, Wis., November. Address accordingly. Mrs. Lydia Ann Pearsall, inspirational speaker, Disco, Mich. J. M. Peebles, box 1402, Cincinnati, Ohio. George A. Peirce, Auburn, Me. A. A. Pond, inspirational speaker. Address, North West, O. J. L. Potter, trance speaker. Address Cedar Falls, Iowa. Mrs. Anna M. L. Potts, M. D., lecturer. Address, Adrian, Michigan.

Dr. W. K. Ripley. Address Box 95, Foxboro, Mass. G. W. Rice, trance speaking medium, will answer calls to lecture. Address, Broadhead, Green county, Wis. Miss Belle Scougal, inspirational speaker, Rockford, Ill. Austin E. Simmons will speak in Woodstock, Vt., on the first Sunday in Bridgewater on the second Sunday, and in Coe's Bethel on the fourth Sunday of every month during the coming year. Address, Woodstock, Vt. Mrs. Fannie Davis Smith, Milford, Mass. Mrs. Mary Louisa Smith, trance speaker, Toledo, O. Dr. John Mayhew will resume his labors for the coming season on the first of September, traveling through Southern Minnesota, Iowa, Northern Illinois, to Chicago; from there eastward to the State of New York. All applications for lectures must be made without delay from Southern Minnesota, direct to St. Paul. For other points of his route, to care of Enos Gay, McGregor, Iowa.

J. W. Sewer, Byron, N. Y., inspirational speaker, will answer calls to lecture and attend funerals in Western N. Y. Mrs. H. S. Stearns will answer calls to lecture in the West. Address, Detroit, Mich. H. B. Storer, Brooklyn, N. Y. Mrs. C. M. Stone will answer calls to lecture in the Pacific States and Territories. Address San Jose, Cal. Mrs. Sarah M. Thompson, inspirational speaker, 36 Bank street, Cleveland, O. Benjamin Todd. Address San Jose, California. Hudson Tuttle, Berlin Heights, Ohio. J. Wm. Van Namee, Brooklyn, N. Y. Selah Van Sickle, Maple Rapids, Mich., will answer calls to lecture in that vicinity. F. L. Wadsworth. Address care of Bela Marsh, Boston, Mass.

Louis Wainwright can be addressed at BANNER OF LIGHT office, Boston, Mass., till October; at J. J. Foster, Wyoming Co., N. Y., during October. Will receive calls westward for the winter. Mrs. S. E. Warner. Address Berlin, Wis. E. S. Wheeler, inspirational speaker, will answer calls to lecture. Address Banner of Light office. N. Frank White. Address Seymour, Conn., July and August; will lecture in Detroit, Mich., in October; Chicago in November and December; Louisville, Ky., January and February, 1867. Will answer calls to lecture week evenings in vicinity of Sunday at appointments.

A. B. Whiting, Albany, Mich. Mrs. Alminda Wilhelm, M. D., inspirational speaker, is engaged in Illinois until the Fall. Will be at the Belvidere Convention, in Sept. Address, until further notice, Box 50, Monmouth, Warren Co., Ill. Mrs. M. J. Wilcoxson is engaged till Oct. 1st, in Western New York; after that will receive calls to lecture in Central and Southern Ohio and Indiana. Address at Laona, Chautauque Co., N. Y., till October. A. W. Williams, healing medium. Address, Vermont, Fulton Co., Ill. Mrs. N. J. Willis, trance speaker. Address Boston, Mass. F. L. H. Willis, M. D. Address care of Banner of Light. Capt. E. V. Wilson's address for the summer months will be Menasha, Oconto Co., Wis. Mrs. Mary M. Wood. Address 11 Dewey street, Worcester, Mass.

Mary Woodhull lectures on Spiritualism, Laws of Life and Health. Address Mattawan, Mich. Elijah Woodworth. Address, Leslie, Mich. Warren Woodson, trance speaker, Hastings, N. Y. Miss H. Maria Worthing, trance speaker, Oswego, Ill. Henry C. Wright. Address care Bela Marsh, Boston.

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PUBLISHERS' NOTICES.

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

Another Inducement.

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

Renewals of Subscribers.

If our subscribers would be so kind and renew their subscriptions three weeks before they expire, they would ensure a complete success, and a full series of continued articles. It requires a considerable outlay to adjust our printing machine when a subscription fully expires, before being renewed. Let each one renew the money for renewal in a letter addressed to George H. Jones, Secretary, Drawer 6325, Chicago, Ill., about three weeks before his subscription expires, and everything will work systematically without cause of complaint or unnecessary delay.

Another New Premium for Subscribers.

Any person who will send us six dollars for new subscribers for the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL and BOUQUET, shall receive by return mail, prepaid, either of the following named steel engravings, viz.: General Grant, Lieutenant General Sherman, Major General Sheridan, Major General Thomas, Hon. S. P. Chase, Vice Admiral Farragut.

COMMUNICATIONS FROM THE INNER LIFE.

"He shall give His angels charge concerning thee."

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

Public Circles for these communications will be held at the Reception Room of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION, (room 87, upper story, Lombard Block, first building 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 31.

INVOCATION.

Life of all life, Spirit of all truth, our Father and our Mother! We would approach Thee in spirit and in truth. We would have our hearts full of gratitude, and never murmur at the many changes through which we may have to pass.

Infinite is Thy wisdom! Mysterious, yet grand and beautiful, are Thy ways. We realize that Thou art constantly blessing us; and that every child of Thine is the constant recipient of Thy bounteous love!

To-day we feel the desires of our brothers and our sisters in the past, their hopeful aspirations in the present, and we feel, oh, Parents of Light, that all desires will be answered by Thee!

May we all realize Thy will and divine power in all things. May we feel that strength within, that hope, that trust, that shall forever lift our souls above and beyond strife—contention. May each and every one of us be filled with that perfect love that shall enable us to deal gently with one another, and enable us to realize Thy power, Thy goodness, Thy perfecting influence at all times, and in all places.

Light! more light, more knowledge, more sincerity of heart and purpose is the desire of millions of Thy children to-day. We feel that their desires are not in vain. We feel that all true desires have their center in Thee, our Father and our Mother.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

QUESTIONS BY D. A. DEALE.

Q. Is the passage of Scripture correct which states that Daniel was cast into the lion's den? Also, the passage which states that Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego were cast into the fiery furnace? Was Nebuchadnezzar made to eat grass and live in the field, as stated?

A. Our friend would know if such and such passages of Scripture are correct.

We cannot speak from experience, from the fact that the history was given long before we had an existence.

We have no desire to trace up those questions to see whether they are correct or not.

We see nothing impossible in the transactions narrated. Yet we are not able to say whether such scenes were enacted or not.

If our questioner should have the same desire, when he comes to the spirit plane of life, he will have a grand opportunity to continue the investigation to his own satisfaction.

QUESTION BY WM. HICKS, LAPHAMVILLE, MICH.

Q. Will man, according to his phenological development here, carry with him a desire for the gratification of the same in the spirit world?

A. We reply that it is necessary for the unfolding of the spiritual he will carry with him. Those things which are necessary for the existence of the physical you will perceive, of course, he has no longer any need for, consequently does not retain, but all that is necessary for the development and unfolding of the spiritual faculties he will retain—and woman, too. We would be very sorry to have man carry his nature into the spirit world, and woman not hers. She holds her individuality in spirit life.

TRYPHENA C. PARDES

sends a lock of hair and the following question:

Will the Editor of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL please place this lock of hair upon the table in his circle, and call the spirit to whom it belonged on earth to communicate?

A. We trust that in accordance with the truthfulness of the desire herein manifested, so it will be granted unto her.

***, DAVENPORT, IOWA,

asks several lengthy questions, which the correspondent thinks a discerning person, in or out of the form, can distinguish and answer, the substance of which is, Why is it that some persons who possess mediumistic power, and the ability to benefit their fellow beings through that power, do not have a desire to do so? On the other hand, others, who have not the power, feel an earnest desire to do good, and a longing for that spiritual help?

A. My friend, it is not desire that constitutes the power by which spirits are actuated. It is owing to the peculiarity of organism—you might say peculiarity of temperament, etc.

Many persons that are very desirous of being influenced by spirits are anxious for their own gratification—that they may be assured of the power outside of the individuals (mediums) themselves.

We do not believe there are any who are not influenced by spirits. All are acted upon, to a greater or less degree. Even our friend, who has asked the question, has the organism to accomplish the work, either by the aid of disembodied spirits, or by the aid of the questioner's own spirit.

We would say, persevere. Do all that is possible, and certainly spirits will do their part. There seems to be a peculiar condition of the physical system necessary for spirits to take possession of an organism and make it subservient to their will. It is not so much the spirit that occupies the organism on which mediumship depends, as upon the organism itself.

As we said before, all persons are influenced in a measure. That we know to be the case, and we think that the varied experiences of individuals will prove this. For instance, there are many times that they will set aside certain things to be accomplished at a certain hour, and yet conditions will so shape themselves that they are not able to accomplish what they intended at the time determined

upon. They are acted upon, and have no power to control conditions then existing.

JULY 19.

LOREN M. LEONARD.

I want to say to my friends that if by none but the pure in heart know bliss—sweet joy—according to their ideas of purity—there would be very few to know that joy.

As sinful as my life was, (that is, sinful in the eyes of the world,) as often as my soul was sent to perdition by men who seemed to know all about it; as dark as my life was, I believe that to-day I am as happy as most others. I will tell you why I believe that. I lived out externally just what I was internally. I lived out just the life that was given me by my parents; and I do not think that it is at all strange that children should possess discordant natures when parents, prior to their birth, live in such unholy conditions as they too often do.

While I was on earth, my spirit, my life, manifested itself through that organism that was so discordant in itself.

I did not carry that organization with me to this world. Another grand matter here is, that we are surrounded, to a greater or less extent, by kind, whole-souled, noble individuals. If there is a word of rebuke, it is given in the most kind and gentle tone. There are no harsh sounds to grate upon our ears. There is nothing here calculated to excite the grosser nature.

I said in the first place that if none but the "pure in heart" know bliss, according to their ideas of purity, there will be few who will know anything about it. There are to-day thousands of individuals that are professed Christians; but I say—God have mercy on them—I cannot find their possession. They profess, but they do not possess. I tell you there is to-day a world of preaching Christ and practicing Moses. And if that kind of teaching—that kind of practice—is right for the converting of souls for their own happiness, then in God's name let them go on. But I tell you that it is a mask you can carry only while you are upon the earth. You will find when you come here that there is no more masking your transactions than your individualities.

I am glad to-day, and believe I ever shall be glad, that I possessed strength enough within myself to act myself—not act one thing and feel another, or say one thing and act another.

Now, I have not the slightest objection to the reading of all I have said to all my relations and acquaintances; for I am well aware that my conduct was such—the course I pursued—that I could not have friends—that is, in the true sense. I could not have them, because they were persons who would condemn me to death because I did openly and boldly what they did in secret. Will not the impartial Judge, who seeth all things, condemn evil deeds done in secret as well as those done openly?

There are many who know me. The last few years—the last seven years, of my stay upon earth was in that Christian city—that one noted for goodness and truth. I wish that it possessed all that is claimed for it, and which it has the name of having. There are many of your class—i. e., believers in your philosophy—in that city. I did not believe in it because I never had the facts. If I had had them plainly demonstrated to me, I would have received them, because in my soul there was a love of truth. If there was that which was evil and sinful in my nature, there was, too, the power of receiving goodness, love and truth.

Now, friends—friends upon both the material and spiritual planes of life—let me thank you here, before these strangers, thank you for all that you have ever done for me; for every act of kindness; for every kind, forgiving thought that you ever had for me.

To these strangers I would give my thanks, sincerely, for their kindness to me while I have been here.

Those that are relations and acquaintances, far from here, let me say that it was not for any particular pleasure for you that I came here and took possession of this body. It was for my own individual self that I have said what I have. To me, what I have said is true.

The deeds I committed I shall not speak of. They are well known to you. But happiness to-day and in the future I am sure of. And let me say here, that if you do not want disobedient, ungrateful children, do not live such lives yourselves as you do. Loren M. Leonard.

There is one point I have forgotten which I had intended to speak of—the manner and circumstances attending my death, but I will forego that now. Perhaps in the future I will be able to give the account.

JAMES.

I shall not reach you, father—shall not come as you expected me to come. You needn't look any longer for letters from me—for letters addressed to you in the way you are expecting them—they will not reach you.

A few days ago I learned that I could relieve that nervous anxiety by coming here and sending you a line—not a letter, but a few, very few, words—to tell you that the long looked for message from me you will not get.

I do not want you to grieve for me, because here I am free from all toils and vexations to which I was subjected while upon the earth.

I no longer desire to come home to you in my earthly body. I come now at will, and although I am not recognized by you, I have the pleasure of myself knowing that I am with you. Do not grieve; do not let one tear of sorrow find its way down your cheek by thinking I am dead. Father, should a tear start, let it be one of rejoicing. I know that you will regret that I have not changed my course, but as I find things now it is equally well as though I had made a profession of religion, and claimed all the riches and privileges that your faith could have given me. I could not have carried the faith here. It would not have prevented death coming.

There are but a few shillings left—not enough for you to care to get. All that I had was left at my lodgings where I was sick. There was where I died. I said there was but a trifle left, after paying all necessary expenses of my funeral. I am glad that I had enough to pay them. I had saved more carefully than usual.

For five months before I died, (it is three months since I died,) you looked anxiously, hopefully, for a letter from me every time the mail came in. This is all I can give you, father—all the way I have of sending a letter—and yet it is now to me, as it will be to you. I believe what these friends here say. Their countenances bespeak truth; their souls manifest kindness. I will trust to them to have this safely conveyed to you.

Perhaps, as years roll by, and you find yourself here, enjoying all that is to be enjoyed, you will improve the same opportunity. It is but a little while, and you will be where you can enjoy all that

I enjoy, and more, for father, you have lived a noble, honorable, good life.

You know mine. Three months, I said, I had been here—a short three months to me. The next three months will be shorter still; for I shall have relieved your mind from watching for me.

Mother is here, Norris is here, Charles is here, Carroll is here, and Matilda is here. Oh, yes, they are all here. We shall be almost complete when you come.

It is your son James—your own son, father—that says this. Write to Joseph. Tell him of this, and ask him concerning me, and he will tell you that I am dead. Then you will see that what I have said is true.

Good bye, good friends. (Good bye.)

SARAH BAILEY.

[Spirit opened the medium's eyes and said:] I expect we have a right to be ourselves if we come here, and if we are ourselves we can use our eyes as well as our organs of speech.

This is so perfectly new to me that I do not know how I shall succeed. This is something that I never attempted before, although I have now been in the spirit world for fourteen years. My object in coming is to tell my relatives that all the pleasures, all the enjoyments, of that number of years cannot destroy in any way the love that a child bears towards its parents, or a sister for a sister, or a sister to a brother.

I often think now that I was removed from earth just in the right time. I never had known sorrow for sixteen years. Yes, those sixteen years were full of earth-pleasures—the enjoyments of earth, blessed with a loving father and mother, and a happy home.

I think, now, since so many changes have come over you, that if I had said I should have experienced the same changes, and by that experience would have learned that sorrow was. As it is I know no sorrow, except deep sympathy for friends in distress. This world where I am is full of kind and loving hearts—men and women with noble souls are ready and willing to make all that come here as happy as it lies in their power to make them, and, also, to lend a helping hand to individuals upon earth.

It is not because I want you to change your form of belief, for I see that such a change would bring about many obstacles, and of such a character, too, that they would be hard to surmount.

It is not strictly necessary, I have learned, for persons to come out openly and avow their belief in order to hold communion with friends—spirits, as we are called.

There are many unpleasant things for you as it is, and the fact of conversing with us would not remove them, i. e., not altogether. It would furnish you a few hours, if no more, of pleasure—greater pleasure than you enjoy now—besides giving us much happiness. It would take too much time for me to go on and give you my first few months' experience after I came here. I will tell you what I do now.

There are, as you well know, little children that have not lived one year upon earth, who are constantly passing to this plane of life! You know not what pleasure it is to me to receive those tender, innocent buds of promise into my arms. It gives me greater pleasure than anything else I could do. There is no sorrow, no regret, in their little breasts at leaving their friends. They seem, as it were, to awaken in all their innocence and purity, and look up into my face with, as it seems to me, a blessing for me. It is not my mission to take charge of them; but only to receive them, and then give them into the hands of those who take care of them in the future.

I took the two little buds—I received them in my arms—that left your homes so recently. I thought then that I would exert myself and seek an opportunity of communicating with you, but it seemed every time that I approached you for that purpose as if there was the same obstacle in the way, and I have waited until now. By the kindness of those who have charge of this organism, I am enabled to talk with you as I do.

I said I was glad that I left the earth when I did. I am glad that I am permitted to perform the mission that I do, of receiving little children. Great as is the pleasure it gives me, I feel that it will give me a still greater one to converse with you for the first time at home. I see the many things that are necessary for your happiness. I will be glad to be the instrument to furnish some of those things. I believe now, by the permission of friends, that I shall come again before a great while, too. When I say before a great while, I mean in the course of a few months, and then I will tell you more. Until that time I remain your loving daughter and sister, Sarah Bailey.

HENRY L. SCOTT.

Before I died I found it quite natural for me to reason. Every new truth, every great accomplishment—no matter in what form—has been dreaded by the theological world, and charged with having its origin with—you all know who I mean—the devil.

I want you to think of this—you now enjoy the benefit of those truths. You would be a very miserable man without them, so would the members of your own family around you be miserable, deprived of the benefits of those mighty truths—yes, you would be wretched if those truths, which had their supposed origin with his Satanic majesty, were taken from you.

The spiritual and the material are so closely connected that the inhabitants of both can hold communion with one another, thereby removing all the horrors of death, and making individuals upon both planes much happier. Take that truth from you, and you would be a wretched man. I do not want to force you out of your way, or have you believe anything ridiculous or absurd of itself. That you may not be in the dark, shut out in the cold, I would have you enjoy communion with your friends departed—to seek communion with them.

It is not so much because people have been so prejudiced and bigoted, that the persons on the spirit plane have not manifested themselves. Everything is becoming more refined in its nature—more ethereal. And inasmuch as the material world, in which you now exist, has reached a high degree of refinement, individuals upon the spirit plane can manifest themselves to you. That is my course of reasoning.

You would like to have me go on and explain how it is that I can talk and manifest myself through the organism of another. I am not going to explain it now—that is all the reason I give. It is not because I cannot do it, but because I do not feel to do it.

I am not going to try to move you out of your way, but simply to tell you what is for your good. Use a little reason, and if by that course you are called foolish or insane, remember that the calling

is not always the truth. Calling a person insane does not make him so.

I want you to think a little—reason a little. It has been no trouble for me to say that I have. Have not put myself out in the least. I have visited these persons here gathered together, who have been kind enough to give me their attention; and this gentleman (alluding to the reporter) has also been kind enough to give you a fair and correct report of what I have said. It costs you nothing—only your time to read—and it is well that you should read a little to agitate thought.

I am obliged to these friends, very much obliged, and hope that you will feel it a duty, and also a pleasure, to let them know that you received this message, and recognized your brother, Henry L. Scott.

AUGUST 14.

GEORGE DOLE.

[The spirit now controlling opened the medium's eyes, and said:] I came here for the purpose of giving a word or two to my mother and my wife, with your permission.

I will endeavor to give these few words just as briefly as possible. Whatever mistakes I make, dear mother and beloved wife, you must attribute to the means through which I manifest myself, and not to me as an individualized being.

You often desired, prayed and implored God, the giver of all goodness, to permit me to speak to you, if it was possible for any person to speak.

I am not going to blame you in the least for anything you have done, or for anything you have said, but I do want you, when you read this, to let your reason act a little. Now this may not be exactly like me. I may do better some time. I do the best I can now. I want to tell you how very strange, and unlike anything that I had expected to see, was everything here. Everything and every person was lost to me. For several days I was lost to myself, if not to God. Those days were the ones that you suffered the most. It was when you laid away my body, took the last look, and you expected that you had heard the last word from me until you would meet me in heaven.

There are a good many things about business affairs that I would like to tell you of, but I know full well that you could not receive advice in regard to business, because you think I am beyond such things—should not interest myself in them. If I am beyond business relations, I am not beyond the ties that bind kindred and loving souls together. If I am not beyond such ties, I am not beyond that which interests you. There are two different views to take of this—two different constructions. You look well upon the one side; now I want you to look at the other.

Five years and four months since I died—died to you in form, but not in feeling. It is a little over two years since you prayed so earnestly to hear from me. Now, you think, it has been so long since, that it is no use for you to look. But I want you to remember this: all your prayers are not answered within a day or a week, a month or a year, and it is but two years now. It will not be two years longer before there will be several that are near and dear to you—to mother, as near as myself, to my wife, not so near. They will come here, and your attention will be drawn to this plane of life and this mode of conversing or talking.

I do not tell you this to make you trouble; but I want you to know that I can see it and know it, and I want you to be prepared for it. I want you to reason upon this. You will not feel as badly when they come as you did when I came. Be happy, be cheerful, and trust in the Father that cares well for all of His children. Have confidence in Him for the future. Believe in all that is good. Seek every opportunity to converse with me, and I will do the same to converse with you, and when I come again I will tell you in regard to those business matters of which I have told you here.

It is a pleasure for me to talk here, but it is not so easy.

I am still, in spite of all the changes through which you have passed, and through which I have passed, your dutiful son and loving husband, George Dole. [To the reporter.] Remember the name, for if there is one mistake, even in that one thing, [speaking the name,] it would cause them to waver in their minds about the whole. The other night, in your prayer, you said, "My son, when you do come, give me your name. Give it to me in full, and tell me why it was that I called you George." It was for your brother who was lost at sea, that you named me George. [To the reporter.] I thank you, sir, for your kindness to me. [You are welcome.]

SAM TERRY.

That man that was just here tells about "trust in God." If God does all things, He does them well. But I do not believe that He does all things. A man is put into the world without his consent, and taken out against his wishes—before he has lived half his days out, and I am not satisfied—I mean with the way I was taken out of the world. I do not believe God did it. I believe He is just—do not believe that He does everything; that's the idea.

There are a good many things that I want to tell you, but I cannot, because it is not worth while. I did not promise certain and sure. I told you if God would give me the power—and I now want to keep my promise. Rough as I was, hard as I was, I helped people in need.

There are so many confounded laws that I do not know as we can believe in anything. By thunder, I do not believe they can believe their own senses. I will tell you why, because the devil of it is they say motion is quicker than sight, and that you can be deceived when you see, and yet sight is the best sense you have got. It is a grand discomfounded mess.

Well, now, if I talked like an angel here you would say there was some mistake about it. After a body is dead he is just the same.

There is Bronson—Bronson—yes, that is it—be was—well—just as good a Christian as they had, and, by George, he is just the same as he was—no more angel than I am. So you see that Christ-like views, and Christ-like life, do not make you an angel after you get here. I don't believe, if God is what He is represented to be, that He puts people into the world and jerks them out again—just for the pastime. But it is not so—no wisdom in it. It is no use for me to try to get sympathy by palavering to my folks to make them believe that I am better than I am. I am myself, and would not be anybody else anyhow, for I tell you, the long and the short of it is, I have never seen anybody but what had failings.

You wanted me to tell you how things are, etc., etc. I find things just exactly as nice as before I left you. A good many persons here have told me that this world is just what you make it. Now, that is a lie, for the world is already made, by thunder!

I am not altogether suited. I cannot be suited. I have watched round here—I know—and every body—well, a good share, are afraid of saying anything that will not come up to their ideas of heaven. What is the use of telling a fine story when it is so coming a thing? There are folks dying every day—coming here every day. Some are Christians, you thought, and some that you thought were the worst come right along here, and, for my part, I do not see any great difference between them and the Christians.

If I had the management of things I would let everybody tell where they belonged, have them know all that was for them to know.

[To the audience.] You can all take it as well as you get here. [To the reporter.] You always a little restless; I don't know what you mean by restless. [Why, moving about uneasy?] No, I am not restless. It was the devilish doctor. If I had been let alone I would have come out a right. I would have got through all the sickness, but there was so much confounded, ridiculous stuff, so I took it and took it. I am just what I am any more. I don't know whether God made me, or the devil made me, who made me, but I will always be just what I am. [Apparently conversing with another spirit.] Don't you worry. I will go when I am ready. [Who are you are conversing with?] Well, some folks are as I am, trying to come. But I have got possession and mean to keep it. [Possession is supposed to be a strong point in law.] Well, I am going to keep possession until I get ready to go away.

I do not care about giving you any advice. I know what you would say, that I was not in a condition to give you any, but I can give you advice—one or two things. Unless you want to die, you get sick, don't have anything to do with the doctors. If you do not want to get looted by you get here, you need not expect to see me in place. You will get ultimately fooled if you do. Two things I know. I have not learned them from any book—I know them myself. [Apparently addressing a spirit.] Don't worry. I expect that when I dress there will be a chance for you.

If everybody would tell just what they know about the devilish doctors go—if that had been so I would have been with you now. The doctors don't know anything about you when you are dead—just a mere grab-bag affair. They make believe they know all about you, for the sake of getting some money. I am not satisfied.

Uncle Hultz can smooth things over, and make them just as nice as he has a mind to, by thunder. It is just like plaster—on one side it is all smooth and nice, but go round on the other side, and it is all rough as the devil. [To the reporter.] I may just say, sir, that Sam Terry is not going to send any love, or anything else. Do not know as I shall try to be contented until things turn aright. [To reporter.] I am pretty well obliged to you for what you have done, sir. [Would you not be happier to look upon the bright side?] What the devil is the use when the back side of the plaster is rough as the devil? [You need not look on the rough side.] Oh, yes, that is the way with the doctors and the rest of you. [To the reporter.] Good day. [Good day.] He said good day very much by thunder!—g-o-o-d-d-a-y!

CARRIE TO HER FATHER.

Dear father, this is the land of the blest, the land of beauty, the land of sunshine, and the land of glory.

If, after all we suffer upon earth, we did not reach that heaven of rest, purity and love, there are many strong, noble minds on earth that would feel a burden upon the burdens imposed upon them. If you are one of that number, it is but a faint glimpse of the beauties of our world that I can give you. It will not lessen my happiness, and will add to yours. So many sorrows are heaped upon you—so many that are near and dear to you, who are constantly being taken away from you, that you feel that you are left quite alone. But, dear father, we have all passed away from you in spirit, only passed away from your earthly vision. Day and night we are with you in many of your darkest hours. We are with you when you are tempted to end your existence. We heard you when you said, "Had it not been for the voice you heard speaking to you to come back, come back! you certainly should have put an end to your life." Oh, dear father, you could not end your life—you could not put an end to your existence that had been given you by a higher, more noble power. You could only put an end to the scenes of earth, by precipitating yourself into the world. As much as we would desire to have you with us, we would not have you hasten that period by any act of your own. It would cause a dark spot on the canvas of your experience, and it would take too long a time to erase it. Trust to the matter within. It seems best to divine wisdom in you to stay, and then mother and all the children that are here—your father and mother, your sister and your brothers, will bid you welcome—will meet you with that happy smile of welcome that will make you feel there is happiness. Look to father, look up, you have suffered. Look up, trust, hope, be cheerful, and feel assured that I am a ways by you in your darkest hours on earth. Altho' I cannot manifest myself to your external senses, yet I can be with you, and I can whisper to you in the night. Walk with patience. There is a bright glorious day awaiting you in the future.

Your daughter, Carrie, is ever with you, and has been, ever since her spirit left its earthly form, and will ever watch over you whatever may come, and will be with you when your eyes are closed upon earth, and will be one to present to your spirit the scenes and beauties of this lovely world. Then, let me say be cheerful, be happy, be hopeful, be good.

NO NAME.

My dear mother, you have wished to know if my home was perfect here. It is perfect when I am at home. It is perfect when I am in the other world, but I tell you not perfect here, now. Do not know how it is, mother. My arms feel bad, my back feels bad, my head feels bad. I don't want to stay here—no, I would rather be in my other home. I have a sound back, and a sound arm there.

Baby came here before I did, and I have seen Cordelia. I am not troubled any more with bad feelings.

I made my name in printed letters there with the medium's hand, and that was all that I could make. You said you wanted me to come and talk one of those days, and not write, but I cannot now, though.

I know where you live, now—Bloomington. I know it. [To the reporter.] Good bye, sir. [Good bye.] Thank you, sir. [You are welcome.]

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