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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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THE BROOK.

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

I come from haunts of coot and hern, I make a sudden sally; And sparkle out among the ferns, Te bicker down the valley.

ask me such a question? I hate to be pestered with useless questions. There, don't spill the coffee over my dressing gown.

"Show him into my sitting room," said Mr. Tracey; "I will be there in a few minutes"

and displeasure. She had been accustomed to regard the latter as a young man, not destitute of intellect or acquirements, whose time was devoted to frivolous, perhaps profligate, pursuits.

and finally he himself took to his bed with some inexplicable complaint. Strange sights were seen and strange noises heard at night which baffled all attempts at explanation.

WILFRED MONTRESSOR. OR, THE SECRET ORDER OF THE SEVEN. A ROMANCE OF MYSTERY AND CRIME.

CHAPTER IX.—A BREAKFAST SCENE. READER, the Seven are in action. Two days have elapsed since the death of Zorah.

These sentences, slowly and distinctly uttered, were listened to by Mrs. Tracey without interruption. The unembarrassed countenance of the listener defied the penetrating gaze of the young man.

"Spare me, Alfred," said Mrs. Tracey, turning abruptly from the newspaper—"Mr. Montessor."

A Haunted House. STRANGE SIGHTS SEEN IN A SUICIDE'S HOUSE. The Nashville (Tenn) Press and Times of Oct. 13, is responsible for the following weird narrative:

The Thimble. The name of this little instrument is said to have been derived from "thumb-bell," being at first thimble and afterward thimble. It is of Dutch invention, and was brought to England about the year 1605, by John Lofting, who commenced its manufacture at Islington, near London.

"Then what the deuce is the reason that you

ask me such a question? I hate to be pestered with useless questions.

"The gentleman is waiting," said the servant.

"The first who came was an Irishman, but his children sickened, his wife became ill

and finally he himself took to his bed with some inexplicable complaint.

Original Essays.

WORRY.

BY N. A. G.

Oh the worry! oh the trouble!
Of this life misunderstood:
Things which the morrow proves a bubble
Seems to day the only good.

new conditions, and the operation of new forms.
How then are these marvelous results obtained?
What is there without or beyond the leaf,
that can say to it: "Thus shalt thou do, and no otherwise."

And so precisely, are unfolded the lineaments of a world;
for series within series, pervading the material in every grade—the inherent and determined element of growth and progress, are combined in the true order of their development.

I am the more urgent on this point, because there is such a strong tendency, at least among the boldest thinkers, to fly off from the gross personality of the mechanical and vindictive Jewish God, to the suicidal idea of no God at all.

I have thus endeavored so clearly to define this leading idea, as to avoid misunderstandings, and to relieve myself of the necessity of explanation in the brief descriptions that must be given of ensuing changes; and thus promising we return to the narrative.

In the gradual process of refinement, we are slowly, but surely conducted into the opening of new eras. The mammoth infusoria in the more liquid, and the great mushroom in the more solid portions of the globe, having fulfilled their work and destiny, gave place to higher orders.

So when at length water was formed, aquatic animals were brought forth. These again acting under still higher conditions, contributed to carry forward the great work of refinement, with vastly increasing power.

Here it should be observed, that the assumption which has been generally maintained by the best scientific writers, that only vegetables can elaborate organism from mineral substances, is not true.

In the unfolding of a single leaf, may be seen the creation of a world. The germ is thrown off from another maturer body, or parent. As an inherent feature or trait in its character, there should be, in due time, the production of leaves.

This was not only wise, but necessary, that the first organisms should be nourished by the abundance of calcareous, and other earthy matter, which in a state of partial solution, were mingled with the waters, and diffused in the air.

open the atmosphere to the changes of night and day.

The marine insects would, necessarily, be established on a solid foundation, because their structures being wrought from the denser portions of the mass could not be suspended in it.

The myriad-fold band of workers still wrought on; and in the course of ages the great bed of the ocean was formed, and the foundations of a solid sphere were established.

And thus the primitive earth stood in its care and desolate grandeur, without a single leaf, or the coolness of a shadow, in the more elevated portions to relieve the ghostly glare of the mountain chains.

Continued from last week

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

STRAWS.

BY JAMES THOMPSON.

DEAR JOURNAL: As the order of the day in cars, steamboats, and other modes of travel is to count political "straws," and note the direction in which popular currents are drifting them, it may not be amiss; (and also to fulfill a promise which I see you hinted at lately in your paper) to note the drifting of a few progressive-straws, and see the direction in which they are tending.

First, a lady who has just returned from a visit East, and was spending the evening at a house where Planchette was one of the amusements; among other things was told of the death of a dear friend, who had departed since the lady's return, and the name given; since proved to be true.

Second, the daughter of a business man (and both members of the Methodist church in this city), at the very first trial was so convinced of a power outside and superior to the operator, or instrument, that she has since laid Planchette away, and using the pencil herself has given numerous tests, both of spirit influence and of her own mediumship; among others, telling the contents of a letter her father had just taken out of the office and had not yet opened.

Other "straws" in several other circles I have noted, not perhaps so well marked but all partaking of the peculiarities of intelligence, whether in its contradictions, its unaccountable truths, its perverseness, its stubbornness, its dumbness, its loquacity, sometimes telling too much, as for instance where some of the lords of creation spend their evenings; when they put their night-key in their pockets, leaving the impression at home that they have gone to the club.

No wonder it is sometimes excommunicated. I noted a "straw" of another colour last week, pointing unmistakably in the direction of the coming conflict between "Rome and Reason," in the shape of a lecture by the Roman Catholic Bishop Hennessey of Dubuque, who is out on a lecturing tour on "education" under the direction of the Jesuit Fathers.

This was not only wise, but necessary, that the first organisms should be nourished by the abundance of calcareous, and other earthy matter, which in a state of partial solution, were mingled with the waters, and diffused in the air.

ing the terrors of the church or all believers who will persist in sending their children to those "schools of atheism." O I tell you Mr. Editor, I admired his pluck; I like to see sharp lines drawn.

When Robert Toombs, said he would count the roll of his slaves at the foot of Bunker Hill Monument; that was good, it was drawing a sharp line, he was in earnest, it made men take sides, it woke up the "Rip Van Winkles;" for either that will be done, or we shall put free speech, free schools and freemen to the gulf of Mexico.

My next "straw" is H. Melville Fay, — I see by one correspondent, that he left St. Louis in a great hurry, and by another asking for his whereabouts: As to that, there are several here also who would like to find that out too; at least they would like him to come back and fulfill one or two engagements, for the purpose of testing his mediumship as he promised.

The next and last "straw" is glorious and golden, blowing in the right direction. I have just heard that Henry C. Wright, is engaged to lecture in this region, beginning in Rock Island next Sunday.

In nature the bane and the antidote, are never far apart,—we have heard the embodiment of blind unquestioned dogmatic authority; we will never have the pleasure of hearing the very incarnation of individuality.

Davenport, Iowa, Oct. 30th, 1868.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Important Statistics.

BY O. W. TRUE.

To bachelors and maids, and to us all, for all who have any interest in those things which are of the most vital importance upon our whole life-line, morally, hygienically, and progressively. Important are they, indeed, bearing directly as they do upon the whole social connections and, also, because we hear it sometimes said, by some of one class; "a life of single blessedness is the life for me, because a married life brings so many cares and perplexities, so many anxieties and sicknesses, so many premature old ages and deaths into a family, to weary each and every one, that it more than balances the sweet and congenial influences clustering around family and home loves, were they possessed of all that poet's song ascribes to them, it seems to me."

But, stop! please, dear reader, and not go quite so far in your conclusions. Let us see what statistics have to say upon this great life question.

Dr. Stark, a medical officer attached to the Registrar General's Department in Scotland, makes the following statements: "From twenty to twenty-five years of age, out of every 100,000 unmarried men, 1,174 died during the year, but out of a like number of married men, only 597, or just half the number. In other words, between the age of twenty and twenty-five years, the death-rate of the bachelors was exactly double that of the married men.

Between the ages of forty and forty-five, while

1,686 died, out of every 100,000 bachelors, only 1,248 died out of an equal number of married men. At the ages of sixty to sixty-five, while 4,330 died during the year out of every 100,000 bachelors, only 3,385 died out of a like number of married men.

In explanation of this great difference, Dr. Stark assigns two prominent reasons: The weak, the delicate, those suffering from disease of any kind, the dissipated, the licentious do not marry."

The married man is "more regular in his habits, is better housed, better fed, and better attended to" than the unmarried, which, in a great measure, is true of the married man, but the reasons given for those who do not marry, are not applicable to us. My observations go to show that the sick are quite as likely to marry as the robust.

Although these statements and comparisons are made in another country, and drawn up among another people and may not agree exactly—mathematically—with results that would be obtained from a like comparison among us, as a nation, yet the great fundamental truth is the same, that the affectional nature of man—the law of love—has a great influence, not only over the mental man, but also, equally over the physiological man, an influence in no way unworthy of recognition.

Upon this last point, Professor H. P. Gatchell, in an article in the American Home Observer, (from which these extracts are made,) commenting upon these statistics exclaims, "what a sermon is contained in the facts," and then goes on to say:

"But there is another cause not alluded to perhaps by Dr. Stark, and that is the more full development of the affections on the part of the married. The affections are the strength of the character. Douglass' capacity for friendship and love of society and not his intellect bound his followers to him. Webster was much his superior intellectually, but Webster never had such a throng of personally attached adherents as did Douglass.

How meagre, in general, is the affectional nature of the unmarried as compared with that of the married. But the affectional nature is not limited in its influence to the mental, it extends also to the physiological.

Physiological processes are conducted more vigorously with the strong emotional nature, than with the weak."

Many interesting and valuable deductions come welling up from these statistics, in their relative bearings upon the sexes, their relations, and the social questions of the day, pertaining thereunto, which are left for abler hands, and till then, to each reader, to draw, with pen, or in imagination's rich store house the lessons of the passing hour.

May each their lesson, faithfully to themselves draw.

Voices From The People.

Letter from Sister Hutchinson.

Messrs Publishers of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, you will please excuse my late renewal of subscription to your paper, and I hope to be more prompt in future, as I mean to be a constant reader of the JOURNAL as long as it waves its banner in the defense of truth and progress.

Mrs. J. HUTCHINSON.

Monro, Cal., Oct. 6, 1868.

REMARKS.

Our California friends are mindful of us. They send us the precious metal, and that too, promptly and with it ever welcome words of cheer.

Don't Approve of it.

SIR: You will oblige me by sending no longer the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL to Mrs. H. B. Bounetheau. I cannot approve of what I read therein.

H. B. BOUNETHEAU.

Augusta, Ga. Sept. 7th, 1868.

[Remarks: The foregoing missive, we received from the husband of one of our subscribers, in Augusta, Georgia.

The lady will pardon us for giving the name of the self-constituted guardian of her rights, and pray for the hour to come, for wives to be emancipated from the worse than African slavery, that they can have the privilege of reading a newspaper of their choice, even if it does not happen to agree with the religious views of a bigoted husband.

We beg leave to say to the gentleman, that his wife's paper is paid for until the 12th of Nov. and we shall continue to send it to her, and hope she will have the independence to read it, and when the time is up, to renew her subscription, even at the peril of a divorce.

Will not the liberal minded men and women, all over the country, despise such acts and pity the actor? Poor soul, we pity thee.]

Letter From Robert Thomas.

DEAR SIR: Enclosed please find \$1.50 the price of subscription for six months. My former subscription expired the 12th of September, last, but, through your kind indulgence, you have continued to send it me, to the present date. I have been a subscriber to the paper ever since its first appearance, as an advocate of the Spiritual Philosophy; and hope so to continue while it so ably advocates the cause dearest my heart. Two numbers of the enlarged sheets, has reached me, I was as rejoiced to meet it as an old and absent friend. I am an old man, my years have already numbered three-score years and ten, and I cannot expect to continue on this sphere but a short time longer; and as Spiritualism is the anchor on which I have stayed my frail barque, in the many storms

