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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  
**TO THE ANGELS.**

BY EMMA L. DAVIS.

Angels of love and peace,  
Tell me, is there no night,  
Are there no weary feet,  
And is it always light  
In your sweet home?  
Is there no aching heart,  
No dreadful piercing pain?  
Must we from loved ones part,  
And never meet again  
In your bright home?  
Are all your pathways peace?  
Oh! come and tell me true,  
Will all my sorrows cease,  
And shall I live with you  
In your sweet home?  
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

## The Rostrum.

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LECTURE BY MRS. EMMA HARDINGE

Delivered before the First Association of Spiritualists of Philadelphia, at their Hall, 11, Wood Street, on Friday Evening, Oct. 15, 1869.

NUMBER SEVEN.

Reported Expressly for the Religio-Philosophical Journal by Henry T. Child, M. D.]

INVOCATION.

Father of all, we invoke Thy presence and blessing here on our council this hour. We know that men have adored Thee in every age as God. The Hindoo has worshipped Thee in his long contemplation, of deep silence, in the ancient primeval forests,—in the sacred Banyan grove.

The Egyptian has studied Thee in the wonderful wisdom of Thy creative laws. The Persian has adored Thee in the radiant brightness of the fry god of the day,—in the crimson splendor of his sunset glory. The ancient Chaldean has mapped out Thy footprints on the shining skies; and the Hebrew has heard Thy voice in Sinai's thunder, and in the still small voice of prophecy. The early Christian has approached Thee as his Father.

In all ages, in all climes, amongst all peoples and in all times, the human heart has sought after Thee. We know not how much nearer to Thee we may have advanced, but we remember the words of Thy divine teacher of old, that Thou art a spirit, and by the hands of Thy ministering spirits we have sought to approach nearer Thee. If we are right, stay in the right; if wrong, rebuke us with Thy holy inspiration. We know that Thou art God the spirit, and as such we do invoke Thy presence and blessing on our councils this hour.

LECTURE.

No Spiritualist can afford to take a neutral position on any of the questions of the day. He believes that he has received a new revelation despite the taunt of the modern Athenian, "Give us something new." He stands in an attitude never before paralleled on earth, the attitude of one who has received the doctrines of religion, with the demonstrations of science combined. For him there is an universal appeal, and universal teachings. There is no longer a veil of mystery between his eyes and any proposition which involves even the issues of eternity.—How does he stand related to the belief in a Supreme Being? Our question this morning involves an analysis of the demonstrations which he has received concerning the soul of the universe.

I have already ventured to broach one of the means by which we realize something of the great Intelligent Being, a Being whose personality we never may know, but whose existence we must acknowledge and do homage to. I say we must, if we follow out the course which we have claimed for ourselves, and which we have laid down for others, and prescribed for our rule of faith. We will, therefore carefully analyze the evidence for and against the existence of a Supreme Being.

You say it is the old story and one which has been fought on the battle ground of human opinion in ancient times, but it must be fought again. Hitherto we have brandished our weapons in the air. We propose now to give a demonstration before any form of truth is to be received. We know that all communications to the Spirit World, coincide in these great generalities, and give us the assurance of immortality, which may be received as facts precisely the same as though missionaries from this planet or earth could have been permitted to relate many of their specialties to the inhabitants of another world. These would necessarily be described in general terms. The conditions of that life and all the details must be considered carefully under precisely the same aspect as we judge of human communications.

But we seek for a standard of appeal,—a higher authority than the teachings of spirits in or out of the form. This we shall find in the great gospel of nature, the universal book of God's law, oftentimes consulted but never yet thoroughly interpreted. It must be read by the illuminating light of Spiritualism. Having that light, let us turn to the pages of nature without any uncertain or doubtful theories, but with ab-

solute conviction that all we can read in the scriptures that God has thus written we may accept. It is with this purpose that I commence my analysis.

I have said, thus saith the spirit to the churches, "I believe in God." Who and what is this God? How shall I approach him? what are my relations to Him? These are the questions of the hour. The Spiritualist says "I believe in God," and he goes back to the darkest days of savagism and sees the hand writing that is imprinted on the tablets of the human heart, and then coming forward to the highest conditions of civilization, asks if we have outgrown this primal belief. All other theories, affirmations of belief except those which are written in the intuitions of the spirit, which are an integral part of humanity itself, fall off and sink into the night of oblivion, or disappear in the mists of error.—This one belief remains unchanged,—this fundamental question is ever the same in all the revolving changes of time. It remains a fixed and as immutable as the principles of love, of human affection and human sympathy. Go back to the fundamental constitution of human nature and we find it there. We know that the hand implies movement, manipulation; the eye predicts the nature of human sight, and the ear that of sound. Every organ of the body demands for its exercise some adequate sphere upon which it should be employed. We do not ask how or for what purpose these special functions were incorporated in our constitution. We know that they are, and the fact that they are, is the proof, that they are integral parts of man's being, and can never be uprooted from his nature, and precisely in the same integral nature stands the belief in the immortality of the soul and the belief in God. Socrates said he would not answer the question or attempt to prove the existence of a God.—"The question of spiritual existence," said he, "is wrought in the very constitution of things." You might as well take away the corner stone of the universe and bid it move on in the grand harmonic order of eternal being without the fundamental principles inlaid therein.

I shall not reason upon the question of a God, nor answer you when you would compel me to prove the fact of the soul's existence after death. It is a truth within me, and I can no more explain this question than I can answer how I know anything, or what intelligence is. I shall repeat the spirit says there is a God, and shall never proceed to show you some demonstrations that surround this great principle, and some of the effects that grow out of its acknowledgment. In every age men have believed in the existence of a God. The exceptions are so rare that they are abnormal growths which belong to man's intellectual progress.—We may deal with these hereafter. Setting these abnormal growths apart, we claim that the only varieties in the universal belief are those manifestations in the forms of worship, but not upon the public acknowledgment of a God.

The character of this acknowledgment may be traced to human growth and states of civilization. Take, for example, the first acknowledged worshippers, the historical man, the Hindoo. We find him in the midst of his wild mountains and deep valleys and gorges, and in the profound gloom of his ancient forests, under the burning sky, illumined with a brilliancy of which we have no conception. We find him amid all these, listening to the voices in the storm and tempest, in the artillery of the thunder and in all those violent changes which occur beneath the tropical skies—here he becomes metaphysical. He retires to the forest to gaze upon the wonders in nature. He bows his head, and he is made to compare with the Brahman, the Creator, he who has the four winds of heaven in his hands, who is all powerful, abundant and around whom all creation clusters. Then, Vishnu the preserver; he is ever the incarnate deity, who appears again and again as a savior of the world, and who rises again to the Spirit World to gather strength and return as the incarnate savior of God and lastly, Shiva the destroyer, the evil one, surrounded by those emblems of death peculiar to the Hindoo and Chaldean. This element is represented in nature by the earthquake, the storms and the tempest, the heaving wave of the ocean, and the burning fire, and all the elements which in nature present the destroyer. These are allegorically represented in nature, and these teachings are intended to convey sublime truths.

We find a reiteration of the same truths in the worship of the wise Egyptians. The gods of active life were here presented—the god of the seasons, the strong and the powerful teacher, the friend and instructor of agriculture, the god who inspired the minds of men so that they could advance in science, in arts, so the wisdom of the Egyptians was obviously taught by the attempts to search out God and God's ways in nature. Sometimes he calls his god Jupiter, sometimes Memnon, who, touching the chords of the morning sunlight, uttered his voice in one sweet chord of music that was heard by the whole earth. They had a mystery, the strong, ever dying, ever born again. Here we have another exhibition of the sublime truths of nature, in a different form, especially adapted to the Orient.

In Persia, the idea of God was of something very great and wonderful, something abstract from man, something too wonderful for man's comprehension. We have a repetition of these myths gathered up into one beautiful and sublime form by that inspired man, Zoroaster. He shows us the correspondences of the mysterious principles in nature, how the life-principle corresponds to fire or heat; how knowledge and truth, and the perpetual search for fresh revelations, corresponds to the principle of light. He speaks of Ormuzd the unknown, Ormuzd the great god that fills space, whom the fire worshiper acknowledges in the least grain of dust and the grand shining bodies that strew with fire the heaven above his head. Thus we behold him in all the varied forms of mystery taught by the symbols of the different nations of heathenism. Each one takes that part that pe-

cularly fits their ideas, all of which, like the Greek and Roman deities, merely combined one special attribute of Deity. The philosophic Greeks, who by his wisdom and learning, and influenced by his soft and delicious climate, perceived God manifested in the upper air, as Juno; manifested in the sweet flowers blooming in beauty, as Mercury; in the poisoned breath of the wind, as Apollo; in the dark mystery of the grave, as Pluto; in every form an attribute of Deity the Greek beheld his God. The Hebrew recognized him better through the sublime and wonderful—the storm, the tempest, and in some form of nature, and manifested through inspired men, such as Moses and the prophets. And here let me pause to show you where the standard to which I have called your attention becomes so especially manifested in the Hebrew faith of the utterances of the inspired voices of the good and true, the voices of the prophets when they spoke as they were moved by the Holy Spirit, and which have been handed down to us, we have the strong utterance of Job, the sublimity and poetry of Isaiah, the sorrowful lamentations of Jeremiah, each proclaiming the voice of the true God, the true God, the worship of God, calling man away from the worship of stones and images, to the one God, reminding them continually that He is worshipped by human acts, human deeds.

Again, I ask you to pause on another revelation through Jesus of Nazareth. Oh! how they have mistook him! how they have distorted his true form of the spirit! how they have perverted the purposes of the Infinite in the worship of the god-man! Do you not perceive that up to the time of the Christian dispensation, the race of manhood had only risen to a comprehension of Deity as exhibited in His effects in nature? As a spirit, he was not perceived, but he was seen in some faint glimmering, but it remained for Jesus to reveal the fullness of the nature of God as a spirit. Christ came teaching a spiritual religion, perpetually attempting to prove to man, the union of spirit and matter in himself and all around him, clearly demonstrating the relations which man bears to God, and that he is a spirit, and that portions of Him engraved in the material form, become the children of God, called men.

His mission was to demonstrate the spirituality of life, the spiritual nature of God, and the spiritual destiny of man. For this purpose the spirit was poured out upon him without measure. A pure and sinless man, he worked sinless deeds and signs, possessed the only him who had more than mortal power, and who grasped the hands of spirits. The mission of Christ was to teach man the immortal destiny of the spiritual nature, and the alliance of man with God. They have mistaken the divine incarnation, represented by him, as a pure and sinless man, and worked sinless deeds and signs, possessed the only him who had more than mortal power, and who grasped the hands of spirits. The mission of Christ was to teach man the immortal destiny of the spiritual nature, and the alliance of man with God. 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A TOAST TO THE LADIES

SPEECH OF THEODORE TILTON, AT THE ANNUAL DINNER OF THE OFFICERS OF THE MERCANTILE LIBRARY OF NEW YORK, HELD AT THE GRAND HOTEL, NOV. 9TH, 1869.

MR. PRESIDENT.—In rising at the elbow of my illustrious friend who nods in peaceful slumber at my side, [referring to Mr. Greeley, who was apparently taking a nap] but whom we mean to wake up in time to be the next governor of New York [cheers], I feel a partial embarrassment from the fact that, sound as he is in most of his views, he is unsound on the theme entrusted to me to-night. [Laughter.] Glad as I am to confess his general influence, I shall not permit him in this particular to bias me; I cannot acknowledge him to be my controller. [Laughter.]

For several years, at public dinners in this city, it has been my gentle fate to respond for the gentle sex. But never before has the toast taken the shape which it assumes to-night. On past occasions the word has been "Woman"; on the present the phrase is, "The Ladies." I know well enough that there is a distinction between a woman and a lady. Dr. Leavitt says that women are of God's making—ladies of man's. But I suppose the framers of this toast, not intending any invidious discrimination, expect me to take both ladies and the women, and to mingle these twin, like kindred drops, into one. To this extent I am prompted by the distinguished stranger from France, who has been sitting an honored guest at this board [referring to Father Hyacinthe]—that good man who, like the sweet flower from which he takes his title is filling the world with the fragrance of his name. [Cheers.] In his letter a day or two ago to the American translator of his sermons, in referring to a passage in the prophecy of Ezekiel, he said he would take in one hand the stick whereon was written the name of Judah, and in the other the stick whereon was graven the name of Ephraim, and with Christian charity would press them both together to his breast. In like manner, Mr. President, and not with my hands only, I am willing in loyalty to my toast, to put one arm around the ladies and the other around the women, and with a more than Christian charity to fold them both affectionately to my heart. [Great laughter.]

This toast, sir, bids you and me and every man to think at this moment either of his sweetheart or of his wife. It was a saying of Simonides that "the best thing a man can possess is a good woman, and the worst thing a bad one." I suspect this is true. At all events, if you don't believe it, try it. [Laughter.] Now I have made a discovery. Thirteen years ago, one October night, in Brooklyn church, in the aid of a solemn ceremony in which I stood clad in wedding black, while at my side stood a fair maid clad in wedding white, I was foolish enough to imagine that the one supreme hour of human life occurs when a man's sweetheart becomes his wife. I have since learned better. I have discovered, sir, that the royalty of royalty—the crown of crowns—is when a man's wife remains his sweetheart. [Applause.] Father Hyacinthe could tell you that there has been much discussion in the Catholic Church—yes, and you know there has been much in the Protestant—as to when the long predicted millennium is to come. I believe, Mr. President, that the millennium, if it will not actually have come, will certainly be near its coming, when every man's sweetheart is his wife and every man's wife is his sweetheart. [Laughter and applause.] Shall I open my breast and make a confession? [Voice, Yes.] Well, then, permit me to say that to me the millennium has come already. [Laughter.] A voice: So it has to me [laughter.] I will wager this golden orange [taking one from a fruit basket] that the enthusiastic gentlemen who responds over yonder is happily married. [Laughter.] I cannot testify in the case of his wife. [Great laughter.]

Sir, it is written that Queen Vashti once made a feast exclusively for women in the royal palace. We to-night have spread a feast exclusively for men—in the Grand Hotel. There will come a time when neither in a royal palace nor a grand hotel will any banquet be complete without the commingling society of women and men. I see in this very board a foretoken of the coming time when nothing will be considered well done unless women help in the doing of it; I see in the very fact that this party of men, here assembled, cannot sit through an evening's merrymaking without so far confessing their need of a companionship of ladies as to summon them by toast to grateful remembrance. But shall I tell you what is woman's proper function at this festival? Her function is not to be a regular toast, but to be a regular guest. [Applause.] It is not enough that you ask me at a certain point in your programme, to invoke the ladies as a troop of beauteous but imaginary forms—as a cavalcade of sweet but visionary shapes—as a cloud of attendant but unsubstantial witnesses, to this our celebration. It is my duty to ask you to bring them hither in their actual, vital, and precious estate of flesh and blood. Of course, I am ready to believe that certain gentlemen might prefer that certain ladies should be brought here in imagination rather than in reality. [Laughter.] Some women are such peculiar blessings that we appreciate them most when they are absent. [Laughter.] But there is a charm even in the absence of those whom we wish present; for, as an old song says, older than Shakspeare.

"By absence this good means I gain,  
That I can catch her,  
When none can watch her,  
In some close corner of my brain;  
There I embrace and kiss her,  
And so I both enjoy and miss her."  
It is a credit to our festival, it is a credit to our nature, to find ourselves so hither to the ladies that in their absence we can not help imagining their presence, in order that, though we miss, we may still enjoy them. I hold it to be a good part in a true man to be unashamed of the universal passion. When the Arabs sit at a feast, they are waited on by women, and there is an Arabic proverb: "He that is intoxicated with the cup may recover his senses in the morning; but he that is intoxicated with the cup-bearer shall not recover them till the day of judgment." Perhaps some of you, in emptying your flowing bowls at this toast, may hope to recover your senses in the morning; but as for me, I sweetly banish mine till the day of judgment. [Laughter.]

Permit me now a few serious words. Fidelity to the clients for whom I speak compels me to say that we owe a higher public duty to woman than to quaff her health at a public feast. We sit here at our revel, and, lifting our cups, exclaim: "Here's to the goddess of the world's idolatry." We meet her in her morning walk on the sunny side of Broadway in this chill November; and, taking off our hat, we make a graceful French bow in recognition of her ungracious Grecian bend. [Laughter.] We call to mind how, not long ago, she walked up and down the wards of our military hospitals, scattering soft mercies among the sick and dying, till the wounded soldier turned on his pillow to kiss her shadow as she went past. We enter the art gallery, and, remembering how Raphael once, meeting a woman with a babe in her arms, caught his quick pencil, and with immortal skill transferred the figures to canvas, we exclaim with all the admiring world, "Behold the Madonna and the Christ." Nay, more, we say to which to compare her? I speak compels me to say that we owe a higher public duty to woman than to quaff her health at a public feast. We sit here at our revel, and, lifting our cups, exclaim: "Here's to the goddess of the world's idolatry."

that you have not yet found a fit speech to utter her unutterable worth. You proudly acknowledge that not in all our mother English tongue is there a word golden enough wherewith to gild the name of woman. [Applause.]

This is the view which we fancy to ourselves we hold concerning woman—this the priceless estimate which we think we set upon her precious value. But we are deceiving ourselves. Nay, we are deceiving both ourselves and her. Do you think that this fine sentiment which our lips let fall in our familiar toasts to woman is the prevailing opinion of the stronger sex? No, no, no, no, no, no, no—no—no—a thousand times no. Put it to the proof.

Here is a woman—helpless, poor, dependent. There is no one to support her. She must support herself. Now, how far does this fine sentiment of ours aid her to earn her daily bread? I will tell you. It gives her just a one-hundredth part of the opportunity which it gives to a man. Yes, I speak within bounds when I say that a man has a hundred chances of earning a livelihood where a woman has one. Is there not, then, a shade of mockery in our self-complacent and wince-qualified flatteries of the ladies?

Here is a widow, left penniless—whose only inheritance from her dead lord is a man. Yes, I speak to whom she is now to be both father and mother. She is one of the hundred thousand widows of the war—one of that great multitude of sorrowing women who, with a more than queenly charity, gave their husbands to their country's defense, and who stand, as Mrs. Browning says, "With clasped arms and broken hearts, the weaker sex." This fine sentiment of ours do for her? I will tell you. It weighs down the burden of life, making it tenfold heavier to be borne by a woman who has lost her husband than by a man who has lost his wife. Is there not, then, a drop of bitterness in the cup from which we pour out our annual devotions to the ladies?

Here is a woman—an heiress. She has half a million in her own right. A crafty man—a bankrupt—a beggar—making insidious approaches upon her unsuspecting innocence, deftly woos her for her fortune's sake. He leads her to the church—to the altar—to the priest. Now how does this fine sentiment of ours assist her? I will tell you. It permits the bridegroom to repent from the prayer book, "With all my worldly goods I thee endow" whereas he gives her nothing, but takes all—robbing her of a fortune in the very act of a ceremony which makes him appear to be conferring one upon her. Is there not then a dash of disparity in our voluble eulogy to the ladies?

Here is a woman whom God has endowed with an exquisite instinct as a teacher—for women are the appointed teachers of the race. Our common school system puts her at the head of a department of a hundred scholars; and in the same department it puts a man at the head of another department of an equal number. He is to teach as she is to teach, his responsibilities the same as his, her skill the same as his, her success the same as his. Now, how does this fine sentiment of ours show itself in her behalf? I will tell you. It stands by on every pay day and puts into that woman's hand just one-third as much salary as it puts into that man's. Is there not then a sharp taste of meanness in our epithets of convivial compliments to the ladies?

Here is the New Hampshire woman, whom Wendell Phillips mentions. Her estate was \$75,000. She married a man as poor as Job's turkey—which was too poor for Thanksgiving day. He made a man's use of her property for seven months, and then suddenly died, leaving her a widow. What did this fine sentiment of ours inspire him to put into that will? I will tell you. He bequeathed back to that woman her \$75,000, on the one and only condition—that she should never marry again. [Great laughter.] Is there not, then, a skeleton at our feast, who, on a soundly critted cry at the time which we utter our toast of homage to the ladies?

Gentlemen, perhaps, as I am the custodian of this sentiment, it is my duty to speak well of it; certainly not to speak ill of it. But I confess that, if I were one of the ladies whom this toast pledges, I would turn round upon you and say, "Gentlemen, that's the definition for me. A lady is the equal of her lord! Freed not from her duty to him, but freed from her subjection to him. A lady is a wife, equal with a husband; a sister, equal with a brother; a woman, equal with a man. Now sir, I want to make every woman in the land a lady—a lady not by the obsequious verdict of a fashionable society; a lady not by the homage of a grand house and gay attire; a lady not because of her daily platoon in Central Park; a lady not merely as the ornamental appendage of a rich man's estate; a lady not merely by the nobler title of beautiful manners and cultivated tastes; but a lady in the grand old Anglo-Saxon sense, free and equal with her lord, (applause)—his equal in the family, his equal in society, his equal in the church, his equal in the state—his equal in every rank, in every sphere, in every place. That, sir, is my own idea of a lady. It may differ a little from my friend Mr. Greeley's; but I think it is a more useful and an improvement upon his. (Laughter and applause.)

A few weeks ago, one morning about the break of day, as I stood on the Narragansett rocks fishing for bass, I saw the eastern sky streaked with scattering rays, heralding the unrisen sun; and then, as I stood gazing, with my rod and reel, and my fishing tackle, I suddenly gathered all these stray and promontory beams into one central, fiery focus, from which they evermore sprang forth and to which they evermore returned—themselves their source. Gentlemen, in that moral firmament into which we look to discern the signs of the times, there are now dawning upon us a score of stray and scattered questions concerning the persons whom my toast applauds—questions of woman's rights, woman's duties, woman's wages, woman's education, woman's destiny—questions which, to those who have eyes to see, all spring out of one central and all-comprehending question that is just bursting with great glory above the horizon—and that is woman's enfranchisement. (Applause.)

My creed, sir, is the equal civil and political rights of all classes of American citizens, without distinction of color and without distinction of sex. (Applause.) One-half of this creed has been passed, like Mohammed's, to a victory by fire and sword. The other half is to win for itself a serene conquest by an appeal to the judgment, to the conscience, to the soul. In lifting your glasses to drink this toast to the female sex, I use my proud privilege as its respondent, to ask you to pledge the swift success of this good cause; for it is this and this only that we, the lords, can pay our noblest homage to the ladies of the land. (Cheers.)

Letter from Almon Hemenway.  
MY DEAR SIR.—I have read your JOURNAL since last March, having been a trial subscriber. I think it an excellent organ for the dissemination of spiritual facts and philosophy; but I am aged, unable to labor, nearly blind, and poor in this world's goods, but rich in spiritual faith—therefore I enclose fifty cents, for which, send me as many papers as you please, then discontinue them. I have made some effort for new subscribers and have obtained two. I think they will become permanent subscribers.  
West Windsor, Vt.

Original Essays.

INDIANA. Spiritualism—The Davenport's—The Charges of Theology.

BY L. D. WILSON.

For several months past thinking people in these parts have been considerably exercised over the subject of Spiritualism. The last State Convention of Indiana, perhaps, more than any one thing, started an agitation of the subject, and it has been kept alive since by the advent among us of Dr Henry Slade, of Michigan, the Brothers Davenport and others who opportunely came here, or from time to time appeared before the public in communication or otherwise, until it can be safely said that the question of spirit presence and communication have been more thoroughly discussed than ever before among the people of Indiana. And we can also say without fear of successful contradiction, that in the ranks of believers in the Phenomena of Spiritualism, there are more men and women of general intelligence and learning, than we ever heard before. This is gratifying to believers, but very annoying to the would-be wise men of the times, who cling to the idea of humbug and delusion, which, in times past, have been the silencing arguments of the opposers of this so-called religion. And it is not a little remarkable that orthodox and infidel clasp hands and join shoulders in their opposition to us. Why is this? These men, calling themselves Liberals, Free Thinkers, and Reformers, are they honest in their pretensions? I sometimes doubt it. They frequently tell us, when we relate our experience to them, that if they could see the same, they, too, would be willing to endorse our theory of the manifestations; but bring them face to face with them and they say, "Oh! we don't understand all the tricks of jugglery. Your mediums are very clever tricksters, but we don't profess to be able to explain it; but we know it is not spirits! I have for a long time flattered myself that I could discern wisdom in there being a wide difference in human thought, and have in my own judgment admitted the necessity for a disagreement among men in order to develop the intellect, expand the mind and ascertain the truth through the channels God intended them to do it; but I am at loss to account for the conduct of some men and their palpable inconsistency in what they designate their reason, professing not to believe anything except what they ascertain or acquire through their senses; yet these same men are willing to make use of all kinds of hearsay testimony, if it suit their convenience or will accomplish their purpose. Let some ignoramus write an expose, as many have already done, of the Davenport's or any other medium, having no more actual sense or truth in them, when we come to examine the real manifestation for ourselves, than there would be in the assertion that to-morrow was mid night, and these self styled Liberals will herald night to the end of the earth, relying implicitly upon every assertion, and endorse, to the most extreme conclusion, every idea put forth. Pray what is it that prompts me to do this? It cannot be a desire to perpetrate the truth, and I do not like to say that I believe they do it maliciously. But I have come to this conclusion, and I think it applicable to many in these parts, that jugglery so much talked about by professing liberals, and the devil argument of orthodox, are identical, and I consider it a victory when we drive liberalism to seek shelter under the cloak of jugglery, and orthodox to extricate themselves through the agency of the devil. These are the arguments of fools, and men who use them, have mistaken their calling. They should bear burdens, but never venture to give opinions. Some times I almost lose temper or, rather, my control of temper, so to speak, when professing intelligent men resort to this argument. In the name of all truth, tell me how we are to reach such persons? How are we to meet them? Show them a plain simple manifestation when they are in the full enjoyment of all their senses, and they test it by all means within their power, and they coolly assert that they believe the medium is honest, but "It is the devil," says our orthodox, slave to creed. "No," says the infidel, there is no devil; he is a myth, but it is jugglery. What is jugglery? Webster defines it in one word, "Legerdemain," and Legerdemain is defined to be, "Sight of hand, a deceptive performance which depends on dexterity of hand; a trick performed with such art and adroitness that the manner or art eludes observation. Is there anything in this so called mysterious art, that men of intelligence can not detect when permitted to examine it carefully? The main feature of the whole thing is to prevent people from seeing, or to "elude observation," and the moment a juggler will permit an honest committee to carefully examine "his traps," his occupation is gone; his tricks are no longer mysterious, and in good faith and honesty, I submit that persons who profess so much faith in this new devil, which, for convenience sake is called jugglery, expose in themselves, a degree of ignorance intolerable and inexcusable, in the afternoon of the nineteenth century. In a word, I doubt the honesty in many instances of those who cry jugglery, because I deem them more intelligent, and they profess to seek the truth more earnestly than those who attribute it to demonology. The latter are excusable to a great extent by reason of their religious training and lack of moral courage to break away from the teachings of past theology, but men who call themselves free and honest in their intelligence, should meet this question in the light of science and knowledge, though their long cherished theories are proved false by it. And as Spiritualism, I feel like going these men into a fair honest recognition of the merits of mediumism, the phenomena presented through them or in their presence, or have them assign better reasons for unbelief than the orthodox devil or the modern devil, jugglery. We can meet them with argument, with tests, with reason, and we ought to demand the respect that we are justly entitled to, peacefully if they will grant it upon such terms, but if refused, then by a war of words and the force of reason.

Indianapolis, Nov. 19th, 1869.

Short Sermons on Scripture Texts.

BY WARREN CHASE.

NUMBER THREE.

"And the serpent said unto the woman, thou shalt not surely die; for God doth know that in the day ye eat thereof, your eyes shall be opened and ye shall be as gods knowing good and evil."—Genesis 3: 4, 5.

This holy Word of God spoken through His medium, a snake, commonly supposed to be the Devil, is like all the rest, to be taken literally, by all who can not understand it figuratively, and to be believed without criticism, qualification or dissent. It is apparent from this and other passages that God used the Devil, if not a snake, to convey His word to man, which we are required to take as infallible, however imperfect the medium through which it came, or even though he be the "father of lies." But in this case, so far as dying was concerned, and of knowing good from evil, the snake-devil seems to have told the truth. So far as their being

like gods is concerned, we can not say. If the narrative is any way reliable, and the Christian theory correct, the gods are not only all males, but all old bachelors, and having no women in heaven that we have any account of, we do not see how the act which Adam and Eve committed by this advice of the snake, could have made them like the gods by that they should have discovered their nakedness and be ashamed. Some of the mythologies have accounts of goddesses, but the Jewish and Christian have none, while both give accounts of the gods coming to earth to begot children, and as the Bible had no account of this kind till after this passionate freak of Eve, we do not see how this could have made them like the gods unless the older heathen gods were referred to, with which both the Jehovah of the Jews and the Devil of the Christians seem to have been acquainted, and probably the snake, too, as he had been an object of worship elsewhere according to other historic dates.

What is most remarkable in this Word of God history is, that what Christians term the sinful act of eating of the tree that stood in the midst of the garden, and should be continued ever since, and still be a sin against God as much as ever, not even eradicated by the drowning flood, the circumcised Jews, or the heart-changed Christians, and that even this sin can be sanctified as well as permitted by a priest, so that God will forgive the sinner even though the shame and painful penalties still follow it here as set forth in the perfect Word of God, as spoken by the snake-devil.

In our boyhood, we used to wonder if the Eve which God made out of Adam's rib, was really the first woman He ever saw, and if she was really an invention started from the necessity of Adam, who being made in the image of the three gods, or one of them, was so unlike them as to have necessities they did not have; but since we have found other scriptures, we are not so puzzled with the short comings of this Paradise had a poor chance in a Jewish or Christian heaven, or its churches on earth, until science, infidelity and Spiritualism brought them forward for an equal share of both heaven and earth.

There are curious complications in this story of Eve and the serpent, Adam and the apple, and the Christian interpretation by which the serpent, which was only a snake in the early Jewish history, becomes the Devil in Christian sermons, a being created for especial purpose long after the story was written, and only carried back by Milton in his history of the war in heaven, by which his earlier angelic character and his fall became known to us, by which he was substituted for the snake to cause the fall of Eve, who was to be the instrument in the fall of the perfect Adam. God made man in His own image out of the dust of the earth, which dust He had made out of nothing and that in the darkness when there was no light. Later, and in the light, He made Eve without a pattern, out of the improved material of Adam's body, a small part of which He took for that purpose, even without Adam's consent, and as the story runs, from a necessity for companionship which he had not felt in himself, nor thought of in Adam when He made him, but found from his loneliness as being over the beasts and birds of this world. Another singular feature is, that the command what to eat and what not to eat, was given only to Adam and not to Eve, as she had not been made at the time, and hence could not be subject to the command, except as she had it from Adam, and it is hardly probable that either of them could have understood the nature of the crime, since they did not know good from evil, and not even shame. Being both innocent and ignorant, they could not have sinned.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

A NEW SYSTEM.

Letter from G. Hardeste.

BROTHER JONES:—I am a constant reader of the JOURNAL. Especially am I caused to think in the perusal of its pages how well a plan of mine with reference to the names of persons would work. A few years ago I presented substantially the same plan to an eastern paper, but it probably gained no favor and was not presented to the public. This effort may prove alike fruitless. We will see. The plan is what Spiritualists need more than any other class, for they are scattered over the earth, equal to that of the Jews.

My plan, as I call it, is to supply the following need. To illustrate, I will use the following names, etc.

- No. 1. J. Brown, G. M. 55.
No. 2. J. Brown, L. M. 50.
No. 3. J. Brown, G. 16.
No. 4. J. Brown, L. 18.
No. 5. J. Brown, G. W. 60.
No. 6. J. Brown, G. M. 65.
No. 7. J. Brown, L. M. 29.

The explanation is as follows: No. 1 (addition to signature G. M. 55) stands for married gentlemen; age 55 years. No. 2 (L. M. 50) stands for name of lady; age 50. No. 3 stands for simply one of the male persuasion; age 16. No. 4, a lady of 18. No. 5 is J. Brown, a gentleman widower of 60. No. 6 is J. Brown, a married gentleman of 65, and No. 7 is a married lady of 29; but it is to be hoped not the wife of No. 6, for

"Birds of a feather should flock together."

The above is my idea crudely illustrated, of a need long felt. I feel it in the case of almost every correspondent or author. Besides, it is "bringing down" the dominant male as far as signature is concerned, the latter the signatures numbers 3, 4 and 7, determining the sex, etc. In the old way, it would be number two is Mrs. J. Brown, number four, Miss J. Brown. Of course, it would be optional as to the age, but if one has any interest in the writings of another, they would certainly like to have such little information as the age, etc. of the person. But my main idea is, that women shall not be troubled with the writing of Miss or Mrs., no more than men are with writing Mr. Besides, Mr. is indefinite as to the married or single state. The advantage of this system will be readily seen. Some may think that the signs following one's signature will conflict with those of the many professions but they can parenthesize such, as they are but a very few comparatively. Of course, if this idea be adopted to become generally understood, it will have to be published in book-form, and in this case, I would suggest that it be put in the Manual for the Children's Progressive Lyceum. Herein you have the idea unelaborated. Individuals can think for themselves of the many advantages of this plan, which are not mentioned,—space and time forbidding. I should like comments from able pens and more constructive genius. It will suit my purpose to have you give this publicity, or better, give the subject a little thought and treat us with your own pen.

G. HARDESTE.

Quincy, Ill., Nov. 1869.

Three thousand tons of coal are used each day in the gas works of London. The aggregate consumption per year is 10, 000,000 cubic feet.

A young lady, eighteen years of age, died recently, at Baltimore, of hydrophobia, produced by the bite of a dog nearly two years previous

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal THE POLITICAL PRESS.

The Duties of Spiritualists in Reference to those Papers Constantly Abusing Them.

In a review of the late Spiritual convention, I deserved a resolution in regard to the ungenerous manner which the editors of most of the New York papers are in the habit of noticing the phenomenal demonstrations connected with Spiritualism, and suggesting a remedy which although retaliating in its nature, is by them richly observed, and ought to be carried out, if for nothing else than to teach them charity at their own expense.

It is time that those who have no regard for truth, should be made to feel that they can not outrage the feelings of others with impunity, and that if positive demonstrations of spirit communion, and a true exposition of our principles are not received in a spirit that is due to truth, and our convictions as rational beings, that we make them feel that there is a way to reach them, although they may deem themselves secure.

Let all spiritual conventions pass resolutions and recommend that every Spiritualist shall avoid such publications, papers or journals, etc., as they would a pestilence; and do all in their power to influence others not to patronize them, and depend upon it—a "change will soon come over the spirit of their journals."

The war against Spiritualism is not confined to the City of New York. There is scarcely a paper, a journal or a periodical published in the country, that does not embrace every opportunity to say something about Spiritualism that is derogatory, and as false as it is uncharitable. Editors, preachers, reporters and all who court favor with the Orthodox, combine in the general cry against all who dare to think for themselves.

I am sorry to say that the pulpit, from whence of all other places, truth, forbearance and charity ought to be promulgated,—Spiritualism has been the most persecuted, misrepresented and abused; the very facts in the Bible in regard to spirit communion disputed and sacrificed, with the same spirit of persecution that crucified Christ, and would now be carried out against others as it was against him, if they dared to push matters to extremes which might recoil upon themselves. Fortunately, the days of Pontius Pilot and Cotton Marther are passed, and Spiritualists have become a host in themselves. Eleven millions of thinkers are not to be intimidated, turned from their purpose, nor ridiculed with impunity. I would, therefore, say to Spiritualists and all others who desire to think for themselves, let your shafts be directed to the only vulnerable parts of all those who sacrifice truth for the "almighty dollar." In other words, do not give your money to those persons or institutions, from whence abuse may come, and if we do not get them to speak the truth, we will at least compel them to yield us their silent respect.

WM. B. FARNESTOCK.

Leicester, Aug. 20, 1869.

Voices from the People.

Letter from B. Hill.

DEAR SIR:—Your excellent JOURNAL has greeted me for the last three months, bearing rich messages of love and good will to our undeveloped race. I have read it and re read it, and circulated it, until some of the numbers are nearly worn out. May God bless the JOURNAL and its fearless editor. Long may he live to bless and reform the race.

Permit me to be frank, for I have nothing to conceal. Next week I enter upon my 74th year, and am quite feeble and infirm and also poor. I have been a member of an orthodox church over 47 years. In 1854, the claims of Spiritualism were presented for my consideration, and at the first sitting, I gained evidences of immortality which to me seemed incontrovertible. The phenomena clustered about me, and I soon became a medium for several phases of manifestations. My services were soon in requisition in the field, and I spent much time in healing the sick, giving tests, etc., till infirmity drove me from the field with empty pockets; but I was impelled to labor, and while others gained pecuniarily, I laid up a rich experience, that is invaluable to me. I would by no means undo what I have done in that respect. I expect to soon pass the point of want.

It has been no dark valley full of dismal shadows, to frighten me away. I approach the Jordan; "neither is death an everlasting sleep," but the waking up out of one, with nobler powers and gifts, that will continue to unfold and grow brighter and still brighter, till we shall live with Gabriel in our aspirations to be and do good. O, let us have strong faith in God, Spiritualists, to lighten me away. I approach the Jordan; "neither is death an everlasting sleep," but the waking up out of one, with nobler powers and gifts, that will continue to unfold and grow brighter and still brighter, till we shall live with Gabriel in our aspirations to be and do good. O, let us have strong faith in God, Spiritualists, to lighten me away. I approach the Jordan; "neither is death an everlasting sleep," but the waking up out of one, with nobler powers and gifts, that will continue to unfold and grow brighter and still brighter, till we shall live with Gabriel in our aspirations to be and do good. 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S. S. JONES, EDITOR, PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR.

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"The Pen is mightier than the sword."

INDIVIDUALITY.

The Boulder—The Icicle—The Palace.

"We are all parts of one stupendous whole, Whose body nature is, and God the soul!"

Grand truth! A thought from the Central Source of all thought, bearing upon it the impress of Divinity! Man is regarded as the noblest work of God. The mechanism of that star-lit dome, the wondrous regularity in the movements of those brilliant orbs that deck the fair surface of the sky, those grand laws embraced in the formation of worlds and systems of worlds, and the grandeur of those scenes in the Summer-Land, seem to sink into insignificance before the majesty of man. His physical organizations, how wonderful in its make-up! Then his mind, how towering! how noble! In our contemplation of the nature of man, the Universe of God and the wonderful machinery thereof seems like naught, for it is to the mind alone, that intelligent principle that is incorporated within each one of us, that plans the construction of planets and stars, that assigns them a place in the regions of space, and sets in operation those laws that are made automatic in action, and which move on throughout the endless ages of eternity, unless interfered with by that superior intelligence that brought them into existence. Thus, it is plain to be seen that man stands at the head of all created things. And why should he not? It was not our intention, however, in this article to discuss those intricate relations that exist between man and the Universe of God—we simply desired in our preliminary remarks to express our opinion that man stands at the head of all created things, and yet

"It is only a part of one stupendous whole, Whose body nature is, and God the soul."

As such, one man bears an intimate relationship with all the rest of humanity. In fact, no truer expression was ever made than this: "God our Father, Nature our Mother, all humanity our brothers!" Notwithstanding this, we find a disposition among all classes to become intensely individualized. "I will do as I choose," says one, "I propose to maintain my individuality, and will do just as I please in all respects, regardless of others. I will live isolated from the rest of the world, if I desire to—live for myself alone, not caring for the joys or sorrows of others, for I am an individualized entity, and I wish to assert the prerogatives of the same." Thus we find Spiritualists, particularly, becoming intensely individualized, in many places sectarianized, much to their own injury as well as the rest of humanity. We will teach a lesson from Nature.

Look at the huge Boulder on the top of yonder cloud-capped mountain. For ages it has remained there, a proud monarch, defying winds and storms, and while it listened to the thunderbolts sent through the firmament, or saw the vivid flash of lightning or witnessed the fairy movements of the clouds beneath or heard the pattering of the little rain-drops on the fields below, it thought to itself, "How noble and exalted my position!" No clouds obscure its gaze into the starry firmament—there it stands on its peerless heights, proudly defying the elements, and maintaining its individuality. Soon the soil beneath it, tired of its heavy weight, resolves to leave. So particle after particle slipped out from beneath it, and slid down the mountain's side, or was watted away on some genial gale. By and by we noticed a tremulous motion in that huge Boulder. It moves! Watch it carefully, for it is determined, apparently, to change its programme of action. Look, it trembles—it starts! Behold it, that individualized entity moving down that mountain side. The oak towering skyward, the majestic pine and the thick underbrush, yield to it like the tiny form of an infant before a giant stroke. What a crash! The giants of the forest fell before it, and moving with fearful rapidity, carrying destruction in its pathway, it finally stopped in its weird career, in a quiet hamlet at the base of the mountain. As it glanced back on its pathway, saw the devastation and ruin, it exulted over its course and its individualized strength. The scenes around it were new. It now beheld the works of man, and saw busy life on all sides, yet, it still proudly and defiantly maintains its individuality. Ages pass away, and still it retains the same condition, doing no good, for it can not, it is so intensely individualized. By and by, we pass by that proud Boulder, and notice a change. Its rugged sides seemed lit up with a happy genial smile, and its rude heart appeared to beat with warm emotions, for it had resolved to change its programme of action. There was rejoicing then in all nature. The dark clouds moved with more gallant strides; the winds seemed to sing a sweeter anthem; the air appeared to move in joyous glee, while the tiny seed and tender plants apprehended a great change. It was a gala day in all nature, for that huge Boulder had changed its programme of action—had resolved to lose its individuality. It conse-

quently invited all the elements to act upon it, when lo! it commenced to crumble to pieces; commenced disintegrating, and by and by it became fine, rich soil. There was rejoicing then, for in losing its individuality, its destiny became transcendently grand. It now glistens in the flowers, sparkles in the golden grain, or moves around in the physical organization of man. Glorious old Boulder! once standing on the mountain side, now on a mission of mercy to all the world, doing good wherever it can!

Look at that Icicle, pendant on yonder roof—cold cheerless, isolated, forsaken, it remains there year after year. It is intensely individualized, too, and refuses to act in accordance with the dictates of justice. "I will not stir," it says, "my individuality must be maintained, and here, pendant, I propose to remain." How cold and dismal it looks. It freezes the warm genial nature to look at it, and sends a cold shudder throughout the sensitive organism. What good can it accomplish there, so intensely individualized? Nothing. We find, however, that it, too, resolves to change its programme of action. It had heard from the Boulder, and desired to see if a glorious mission could not be opened before it as well. We noticed a desire for a change. It seemed more cheerful and transparent, as if a divine mission had commenced to send its beautiful rays into its soul. Finally it invites the sunshine to come and kiss it; entreats the zephyrs to move and throw around it their soft, affectionate arms; prays for the air to breathe upon it a holy genial influence, when lo! another wonderful change! The Icicle fades away like a pleasant dream; it dances heavenward to the clouds on a ray of light, and then as it gazes on the grandeur of the arched heavens, listens to the moaning of the thunders, and holds converse with the electric elements, it moves around in joyous glee; and, as it travels along on the ethereal currents of the higher spheres, we hear it exclaim, "By losing my individuality, I gained it!" But its mission was not to remain in that dark portentous cloud. It descends to the earth in the form of dew-drops, and lights on the bosom of some fragile flower, for a night's repose, dreaming of the grandeur just disclosed to its view. In the morning, as the golden sun rises, it dances heavenward again to the murky cloud,—and, joining the pattering rain-drops it falls into the cup of a weary traveler and slakes his thirst. In its brilliant career does not end there. It joins that moving current in the system, the blood, and passing into the veins, it finally, in its career, reaches the lungs, when it is made as red as a cherry, and is freighted with vitality for various parts of the system. What a glorious mission for that Icicle—grand indeed! In its individualized, isolated condition, it was of no benefit to itself or humanity, but now, in endless cycles it will move on, dispensing its errands of mercy and rejoicing that in losing its individuality, a glorious career opened before it.

A Palatial Residence stands before us. It, too, is intensely individualized. For ages it has stood there, refusing to open its heart to the cries of suffering humanity. How grand and beautiful in its outward appearance, yet there is an expression of extreme sadness that seems to permeate every part of it. The doors had refused to turn on their hinges; the huge bolts had obstinately resisted all attempts to move them; the curtains within had pushed back the light and the glorious sunshine, and told the zephyrs not to come near with their offensive breath; the little dew drops dare not visit the flowers beneath its windows; the pattering rain was never heard on its roof; the wind avoided it as it would a festering canker; the stars blushed and held back their feeble rays, fearing they might touch this individualized monster. Year after year this palace remains unoccupied, for it is so intensely individualized that no one can approach it. It is no benefit to itself or humanity. By and by, it, too, changes its programme of action. Its exterior seems brighter, the flowers under the windows and the clambering vines near its side seem to glisten with additional luster. By and by the curtains move back and the glorious sunshine enters therein! The huge bolts move, the hinges creak, and the doors open, and then there was great rejoicing. There is pleasure manifested in all nature at its conversion. But that was not all. The weary traveler enters its doors and is protected by it from the ravages of a fearful storm. Grand is its mission now. Its walls resound with the joyous, happy voices of those made glad by its change of programme!

Dear reader, we wish to impress you with a grand lesson now. Remember that you are only a speck in existence, but as such you are interlinked with all humanity in such a manner that you must not become too intensely individualized and isolated from the world. Remember that as a Spiritualist, you should contribute to assist the unfortunate, to cheer the down-trodden and lift those up below you. By remaining away from lectures even, you strike a blow at our beautiful Harmonical Philosophy, and when you, like the miser, close your purse strings to the wants of lecturers and suffering humanity, you become like that Icicle, so intensely individualized that you are useless. When you refuse to attend lectures, to assist the unfortunate and contribute to their support, like that Palace, the doors of your heart refuse to move, and the windows thereof will not admit the divine rays of benevolence; and in maintaining your individuality, you will lose it—sink to the lower spheres.

That man maintains his individuality when he visits the house of the destitute, cheers by his presence the unfortunate, contributes his means for the promulgation of truth, and who is willing to march patiently along in the grand procession from the cradle to the grave, trying to assist others, that were he placed in their condition or circumstances, he would expect some one to lend him a helping hand. The poet has truthfully said:

"Think truly, and thy thoughts Shall the world's famine feed; Speak truly, and each word of thine Shall be a fruitful seed; Live truly, and thy life shall be A great and noble deed."

The Book of Life will contain your life. Try and have it brilliant with deeds of charity and heroic devotion to the right, ever remembering that your individuality can be rendered noble only by going forth like the Icicle and joining that grand procession which is moving on from the cradle to the grave, and as the Icicle joined the murky cloud, imparted its sweetness to the dew drop, cooled the bosom of the sweet flower, slaked the thirst of the weary traveler—so do you go forth and impart to those less fortunate than yourself, that which you can spare, bearing in mind that all your acts are recorded, for even the ground is all memoranda and signatures, bearing evidence of your truthfulness to your own higher nature.

Would that we could impress humanity with those "Better Views of Living," and show them that beautiful chain that connects all humanity in one common brotherhood, and convince them that when one link is weak, another moderately strong, another inflexible, resolute and unyielding, that each is none the less a part of that mighty chain that unites together the throbbing heart of humanity, and that each one is acting its part, none the less, and none the more important, whatever its condition may be and whatever its position on the scale of existence.

ALCINDA WILHELM SLADE.

A multitude of our readers were startled at the obituary notice in our last week's issue, concerning the decease of our well beloved Sister, Alcinda Wilhelm Slade.

We were indebted to Bro. Robinson, of Galesburg, Ill., at whose house she was stopping at the time of her decease, for the intelligence of her sudden demise, and at that date, only had time to make the usual obituary notice.

Another worker in the spiritual vineyard has passed on to that higher life, the beauties and realities of which she has so often portrayed to eager listeners, who have been alike moved by her eloquence and convinced by her logic. For several months her health had been somewhat impaired, but an indomitable will, aided by an intense devotion to the cause of truth, left her in the lecture field until about a week before her death,—the immediate cause of which was hemorrhage of the bowels.

It may be literally said of her, "She died with the harness on and the glory of her works around her." She was at the American House, Galesburg, Illinois. Though far removed from home and kindred, with the exception of her beloved husband, Bro. Henry Slade, who was with her through her illness, she received every care and attention from kind physicians and sympathizing friends of her faith. The funeral oration was delivered by Bro. A. B. Whiting, the well known trance medium, at the Unitarian Church in Kalamazoo, her residence. In accordance with her desire, her remains were taken to Albion, Mich., and interred by the side of the father, sister, and former wife of Dr. Slade. Her bereaved husband, sister and other near kindred, have the heart-felt sympathies of the vast multitude of those who have known and admired her for her great ability as a public speaker, and sterling worth as a true-hearted, noble woman in all the realities of life.

We are indebted to Bro. Whiting for the particulars in regard to the funeral and burial of Sister Slade.

Many of our readers have had the pleasure of listening to the eloquent lectures of our dear departed sister during the last ten years that she has been before the public, and we may be permitted to say that no one has ever given more general satisfaction. Her inspiration has not been confined to the Spiritual Philosophy, except in general terms; as occasion required, so she was inspired to speak. During the years of our national struggle, she was traveling from State to State, speaking to the assembled multitudes of all phases of religious faith, cheering the brave and despondent to noble deeds in defence of the imperiled republic, as well as to acts of benevolence and charity in procuring necessities for the sick and destitute soldiers and their needy families.

When Alcinda Wilhelm presented herself before promiscuous audiences in those terrible days of our country's trials, all murmurs, at other times so common in such audiences against Spiritualism, was hushed to silence! The brave noble woman received applause and unfeigned respect from all. Her name will not only live in the memory of Spiritualists, but with lively recollection of hundreds and thousands of men and women—patriots of all phases of religious faith throughout the length and breadth of our country.

To live such a life and pass to the higher sphere thus beloved, is a boon greatly to be desired.

Such has been the good fortune of one, who, in her early public career, faced adversity and overcome it, in part, by her own intrinsic powers of endurance, but more especially by her fidelity to the Angel World—a band of guardian spirits, who inspired her in life and awaited and received her to the spirit home in the Summer Land the moment of her transition.

"LIFE, MOTION MATTER."

Z. Houghton, of Jamestown, Wis., writes as follows in reference to the JOURNAL:

"Your articles on Life, Motion, Mind and Matter, were to me worth four times the cost of the JOURNAL for one year."

We are gratified to know that our efforts are duly appreciated by our readers. Those articles foreshadowed grand truths, which will follow when the proper time arrives. Henry Ward Beecher takes the same position assumed by us in regard to "Mind Diffused," but foolishly ascribes to the effects thereof the name of Holy Ghost. We shall allude to that sermon in due time.

The Career of the God Idea in History.

Having just finished the perusal of the recent work of Hudson Tuttle, under the above suggestive title, we are impelled to offer a word of comment. While scores and hundreds of volumes are written which are but a waste of the materials used, and whose highest claim to notice is the neatness of their mechanical execution, it is indeed refreshing to find one which the good sense of the age demands, and which treats of subjects of a religious character, without the usual partiality, prejudice and cant. The author has presented in this volume, the central idea of all historic religions, and of all sacred books, showing most clearly, that, from the first crude conceptions of Deity, growing out of the mere contact of savage man with the forces of nature, to the highest metaphysical speculations, the God-Idea has kept pace with the culture and civilization of the race.

The universality of the God-Idea is disproved by the testimony of missionaries and travelers among races who have no forms of worship, and whose languages have no words representing God; also the popular belief in the pure monotheism of the Jewish people, is ably combated by the declarations of their own most prominent and authentic writers. The conflicting representations of God, the Trinitarian myth, and the deity devil of the Bible, form an interesting chapter. In his conclusion the author has shown the false reasoning upon the cherished doctrine of "Design in nature," demolishing the pedestal upon which theologians have so boastfully reared their anthropomorphic deity, and the realm of the unknown, closed against the profanation of ceaseless inquiry, by the easy postulation of a final cause, the author would ruthlessly expose to the researches of unregenerate reason, through the demonstrations of positive science. The volume embraces a field of unusual interest to the thoughtful reader, and though the unavoidable conclusion ignores the "divine origin," the darling theory of all the systems of religion which it reviews, yet it will meet a wide demand, and doubtless excite the most bitter condemnation of illiberal religionists, as well as elicit high encomiums from all unbiased readers.

REASONS FOR REJOICING—A REQUEST.

All have reason to rejoice at the rapid promulgation of the principles of the philosophy of life—Spiritualism, with its legitimate results of loosening the bonds of sectarianism, and the elevation of human character.

We, with many others, rejoice at the rapidly increasing, cumulative evidence that the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL is doing the great work in this sphere, designed by its projectors in spirit-life. We further rejoice in the knowledge of the fact that thousands of the readers of the JOURNAL are being inspired to make special personal efforts to induce their neighbors to become subscribers, while those in arrears are becoming conscious that it is unjust to longer delay payment.

Good friends of the JOURNAL have sent us 213 new subscribers during the last week, ranging from one to seventeen each.

No person can appreciate these favors more forcibly than we do. We certainly have reason to rejoice.

In conclusion, allow us to make one request, and that is, that every subscriber make it a special business to induce as many persons as possible to subscribe for the JOURNAL, for three months, on trial, between now and the first of January next, at the nominal sum of FIFTY CENTS each. Such a subscription would be a nice holiday present, to be made by those who are able to do so, to such of their friends as would never otherwise have their attention called to a spiritual paper. If such an effort is made, many thousands of new subscribers will be added to our list, the evidences of the truth of our philosophy will be scattered broad cast among the people, and a desire to commune with loved ones who have gone before, will be awakened in the minds of, and sought for by thousands who have now no faith in its possibility, and be fully realized, experimentally, to the great joy of those whose communion has been severed eternally, as was supposed, by the so-called relentless destroyer—death.

NOTHING IS LOST.

"Nothing is lost. The drop of dew That trembles on the leaf or flower, Is but exhaled to fall anew In summer's thunder shower; Perchance to shine within the bow That fronts the sun at fall of day; Perchance to sparkle in the flow Of fountains far away.

So with our deeds, for good or ill, They have their power scarce understood, Then let us use our better will To make them rift with good; Like circles on a lake they go, Ring within ring, and never stay, Oh! that our deeds were fashioned so That they might bloom alway."

Nothing lost! How true the thought! In a world of change—constant, ceaseless change, yet nothing annihilated! A flower to-day, glistening with variegated tints! to-morrow the mildew and damp has driven them from its leaves, to glow with beauty—where? Are these beautiful tints lost that nestled with so much grace and loveliness on those leaves? If not lost, where are they? Joined the vast laboratory of nature, there to remain until conducted by little tendrils and a tiny stalk, to the leaves of a blossom again—there to shine forth as freshly as ever. It is consoling to us to know that nothing is lost. Our deeds live after us; they become a part of us.

Whatever changes takes place in the natural world, we know full well that nothing is lost, and that nothing is added to the grand volume of Infinite matter.

Societies desiring the services of Mrs. Ballou during the winter months, can address her in care of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, Chicago

CHOICE LANGUAGE.

A writer in the Christian Intelligencer says: "Boston has of late become notorious for the choice language of its ministers. At the Temperance Convention, Revs. Messrs. Miner, Thompson, and Usher, freely used 'rascal,' 'scamps,' and etc. and it was hoped Unitarian ministers monopolized such kind of 'slang'; but Mr. Murray, of Park street church, seems to run a race with this detestable class, and vie with them in dispensing his vulgar diction. Last Sunday evening, in alluding to such as failed in presenting fully taxable property, he called them 'liars and villains.'"

Well, why should those belonging to the various Orthodox Churches object to the free use of slang words, or those which express the condition of an action, when it is well known that the Bible contains words bearing great resemblance to those used in the Temperance Convention. On examination, we find the following passages:

"If a man say I love God, and hateth his brother, he is a liar."

"He that saith, I know him, and keepeth not his commandments, is a liar."

"Ye are of your father the Devil, and the lusts of your father ye will do. He was a liar from the beginning."

"Men of high degree are a lie."

"Therefore hearken not ye to your prophets, for they prophesy a lie unto you."

Had not those high dignitaries a right to use the refined language the Bible contains? If the Bible is the Word of God, of course, He inspired His worthy prophets to use the language therein contained. Spiritualists, however, rarely use language as coarse and vulgar as that ascribed to those participating in the proceedings of that Temperance Convention, for they do not find it necessary to do so in order to clearly express their ideas. They can battle with error without resorting to slang phrases, or using those obscene expressions that abound in the writings of the Scriptures, and which an Orthodox would blush to read in his family. It is easy to say "liar," "villain," "scamp," but they mean but little, if anything, if not accompanied with the evidence.

SPIRITUALISM IN CINCINNATI.

The Inquirer, speaking of Mrs. Addie L. Ballou's, closing lecture, says:

"Mrs. Addie L. Ballou delivered the closing lecture of her series at Greenwood Hall last night before quite a large audience. She opened with a poem by a disembodied spirit, entitled the 'Streets of Baltimore.' Then followed an 'invocation' after which the fair lecturer spoke for upward of an hour on inspiration."

She concluded her lecture with the following remarks:

"My life is dear to me, because scattered through the West—parts of that life, and dependent upon it are my children. Therefore I shall live and labor so long as I can. I have not yet done with you, but having scattered the seeds I want to come back among you in harvest time. I may have disappointed you; you have not disappointed me, because I felt you before you came. As one who taught great morals more than 1800 years ago, and bore all the great torments inflicted upon Him, so may I bear my share of suffering. Most all of our speakers are discouraged. Thank God, the angels are with us. Had we depended on mortals alone, we would long since have perished by the wayside, as we are now dying, inch by inch. All of us love our audiences the instant we stand before them, and only ask one little word of encouragement. The poor mediums call down blessings upon all who cast even one little flower in their path."

Mrs. Ballou closed with an appeal in behalf of the cause and of the many suffering laborers in it, and then bade a touching farewell to the audience in the manner previously given to the readers of the ENQUIRER.

HOW AND WHY I BECAME A SPIRITUALIST.

Wash A. Danskins, of Baltimore, has published the fourth edition of the above entitled work. It is interesting, and finds a ready sale. Brother Danskin stands high as a business man, and is inferior to none in a social point of view, and yet is bold to declare his faith in spirit communion, and publishes to the world the evidence he received that convinced him of the immortality of the soul and its power to commune with loved ones in earth life, after passing to "that bourne from whence (it has been falsely said) no traveler return."

AN INQUIRY.

W. Pierce, of Palmyra, Ohio, writes as follows:

"How and where can I find the first chapter on disorderly christians. I desire to obtain it. I will try and send a few cases shortly which I have on hand, though rather fresh to send so far."

In reply to our Brother's inquiry, we would say that he can obtain the first chapter with reference to "disorderly christians," of L. H. Perkins, of Kansas city, Mo. During the last two years, he has clipped from the political and secular press over three hundred cases of seduction, rape, murder, larceny, etc., committed by ministers of the gospel and prominent church members.

A LECTURE TOUR AND SPIRIT SEANCES.

In connection with Hiram Taylor, of Lenawee Co., Michigan, a test clairvoyant and describer of spirits, Elijah Woodworth will visit, through Dec., 1869, Branch Co., Mich.; Jan., 1870, Stuben Co., Ind.; Feb. and March, Lenawee Co., Mich., and Fulton Co., Ohio. Address Elijah Woodworth, Coldwater Mich., during Dec., 1869, and Jan., 1870.

MRS. DR. C. M. HANNING.

The above named most excellent medium's address will be found in our advertising columns. Her powers are very remarkable as a healer, seer and psychometrist. Those seeking for a true delineation of character and a prophetic unfolding of the future, should not fail to give her a call and thus oblige themselves as well as the advertiser.

Philadelphia Department.

Subscription will be received, and papers may be obtained at wholesale or retail, at 634 Race street, Philadelphia.

LIFE—NUMBER TEN.

The Means of Preserving, Accumulating the Powers of Life.

An ancient philosopher, inspired by the facts all around him in nature, and, perhaps, by the spirits of the departed, declared "that the fathers had eaten sour grapes and the childrens teeth were set on edge." In every department of life from the lowest plant up to man, its transmission from one generation to another is the first, and one of the most important steps towards the attainment of conditions favorable for power.

Those engaged in rearing animals of all kinds, are as fully aware of its importance, and know that their success depends in a great measure upon a proper selection and arrangement of the parents of their stock. It would be well if mankind were as careful in regard to their own species, as they are in regard to the lower animals.

How often in our experience have we heard truths reiterated in our hearing time after time, and, at length, when the germs in our souls had been awakened so that we could perceive and receive them, we have been astonished that we did not see them before.

When you wake in the morning upon a bed filled with exhalations from your body through the night, did you rise immediately and opening wider your apartments, give access to abundance of pure air, and, performing your ablutions, prepare for the days work? or did you turn over under the stupefying influence of the impure air, and yield again to the influence of sleep.

Let us in our journey through life, seek for wisdom, ask for knowledge, and in calmness and serenity, wait for the unfolding light which shall come to us, confident that the broad and beautiful basis of knowledge on which we now stand, will be continually widened and strengthened, and we shall go forth, clothed in the radiant beauty, that wisdom which is profitable to direct in all things.

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By a medicinal law in relation to the diffusion of gases when we thus take in a small portion of pure air, it is distributed through all the air cells and mingles with that which remains there. But we have the power by voluntary action of filling the chest to its utmost capacity, and there is no better means at our disposal for increasing our physical and intellectual powers, than frequent full inspirations of pure air.

By a medicinal law in relation to the diffusion of gases when we thus take in a small portion of pure air, it is distributed through all the air cells and mingles with that which remains there. But we have the power by voluntary action of filling the chest to its utmost capacity, and there is no better means at our disposal for increasing our physical and intellectual powers, than frequent full inspirations of pure air.

We should all be on our guard as to the prodigal use of our powers. At the same time have no fears in regard to proper exertion, for this does not exhaust, but tends to accumulate power. We have spoken of diet, &c., in former articles. It is a great waste of power to enter upon any kind of mental or physical labor immediately after taking food, and there should always be a pause from these before we take our meals.

us a grand opportunity to discuss questions which have too often been prohibited. We shall avail ourselves of this, and ask our readers to go with us into the investigation of all things which relate to the welfare of our common humanity.

A Review.

In the BANER OF LIGHT, of Nov. 6th, we find a report of an admirable lecture on "Reminiscences by our gifted sister, Cora L. V. Tappan.

It was one of the most profound discourses we have ever read. We propose to review it, and if we do not accept all of its propositions, we rejoice at the suggestions which it offers. Herein lies the secret of real merit in such essays, for the soul is strengthened in grappling with great ideas, even though it may not be able to carry them at once.

We are just as well satisfied that there has been a past eternity, and there will be a future eternity, as we are that there is a present existence. In the clear visions of soul-life, we realize all these things, and could not know of the present without the other two. We should be in the condition of Bishop Berkeley and his followers, who believed that all things were merely subjective; that there were no realities, either in the material or spiritual planes.

"Reminiscences are not memories. There can be no recollection of anything, event or scene which the soul has not experienced. There can be no recollection or remembrance. It is yourself. Not that you remember an occurrence, but that you are an occurrence; not that you recollect an event, but the event is a part of you. It is said that Plato remarked concerning a favorite pupil, I do not teach that child, these thoughts are there, the remnants of a past existence, the expression of a soul's knowledge; and doubt not, my friend, whence that knowledge came. My mission is to awaken it, to give that immortal part an opportunity to express itself,—to watch and receive the already ripening fruits of another existence."

How often in our experience have we heard truths reiterated in our hearing time after time, and, at length, when the germs in our souls had been awakened so that we could perceive and receive them, we have been astonished that we did not see them before.

One of the secrets of the success of Modern Spiritualism, lies in the fact that spirits know how to present the truths to humanity that shall awaken the dormant perceptions of the soul.

Mrs. Tappan says: "It books could make knowledge, you would long ago have become paragons of learning, and would not now be waiting to catch a glimpse of light from the life immortal. Reminiscence is prophetic, all that is, and all that will be."

"The soul in its eternal course of progress may take on one form after another, and exist there as you do cast-off garments, only reserving such experiences as are valuable to the growth of the spirit. But we cannot quote sufficiently from the discourse.—It should be read and studied by all. For many years, we have had a dim consciousness of the former conditions of soul-life, glimpses in which we have seen the light and heard the music of the ages as it echoed through the dim aisles and corridors of the vast eternity of the past.

One of our friends in spirit life, who has given his experience through us, speaks of different forms of consciousness which are entirely distinct. We know these exist here, and we believe that in the coming ages we may turn that which is now the dark lantern of a future eternity backward so that its light may shine upon and reveal the hidden mysteries of the long ago, and we shall be able to string all these forms of consciousness upon our life-line. There are those who say the present is enough for them. We know it is rich in experience and full of good works, but to the unfolded soul the past, the present and the future are one. The beetle and butterfly do not appear to have any consciousness of the name from whence they spring.

Let us in our journey through life, seek for wisdom, ask for knowledge, and in calmness and serenity, wait for the unfolding light which shall come to us, confident that the broad and beautiful basis of knowledge on which we now stand, will be continually widened and strengthened, and we shall go forth, clothed in the radiant beauty, that wisdom which is profitable to direct in all things.

The consciousness of a past and a future eternity, or, rather, an eternity which must be both, is the most consoling that can come to the human soul, not as removing any responsibility, but showing us that we walk in the universe as gods—children of our Father God and Mother Nature, allied to both now and forever.

A Religious Dog.

"An exchange tells us of a wonderful dog in the village of Ludlow, Ky., who exhibits remarkably pious proclivities. This canine specimen, answering to the name of "Joe," is evidently a marvel in his way. He is a constant attendant at the Christian Church, and during the service he posts himself near the pulpit. During the hour of worship he observes the strictest decorum, never barking or making the least noise to disturb the most fastidious; he seems rather favorable to spirited sermons always lending a listening ear to what may be said. During prayer Joe rises to his feet, and with his head inclined to the floor, assumes an humble position, and seems inspired with the solemnity of the occasion. Though his dogship is not desired in the assembly of the faithful, he treats the frowns and rebuffs he receives from their hands with a forgiving spirit. Notwithstanding he is often ruthlessly ejected with kicks and bruises from the holy walls, his love is so strong for Divine service that at all hazards he seeks admission again. Turn out what the phenomenon may be in the end, he is a wonderful dog. Though not fair to look upon, he has a noble nature, and is withal intuitively religious."

If the above be true, there is but one explanation, and that is that spirits can influence the dog. We have an account in an ancient record of a certain long eared animal that on one occasion spoke and rebuked his rider. As a physiologist, we have strong doubt about the vocal organs of this wonderful animal being capable of doing anything but braying, and have always doubted that story until we have heard spirit voices. Now we can readily understand how this marvelous thing happened.

At least twelve years ago, we were riding along the street, and heard the name "Henry" called out, just as distinctly as we were accustomed to hear it when a boy. For many years the term doctor has been substituted for that. On hearing this name we stopped the horse and looked all around us. It was a clear cold

morning, and there was no one within eight. We did not suppose it was our horse, though he was an intelligent animal, as we shall show presently. That evening, at a small circle, we had this sentence spelled out by the raps. "My dear Henry, did they hear me call thee, this morning?" I remarked that I heard someone, and the response from the spirit was, it was me, and the name of the dearly loved spirit was spelled out. We were informed that ere long many other spirits would be able to speak to us, a prediction which has been fulfilled. We recollect seeing an advertisement which for want of proper punctuation, read as follows: "Wanted a coachman to take care of a pair of horses of a religious turn of mind."

Our excellent old horse, Don, has often reminded us of this. We were in the habit of going to Friend's meeting on First days (vulgarily called Sundays), and the old horse knew just as well to turn into the yard and go to his place under a shed on that day on other days he would pass by the meeting-house and make no effort to go in. Perhaps, the half reasoning beast saw that there were very few wagons on the streets on Sundays.

But about spirits influencing dogs, we have known several instances where they have appeared to see spirits. The late Professor Mapes says he was at a dark circle, and they were having wonderful physical manifestations. There was a little dog present; he requested the spirit mentally, to pinch his tail. He had scarcely formed the idea in his mind before they were very much amused at the expense of the dog by hearing "K-i-l-l-a-c." He informed the circle what he had requested, and the experiment was tried by others, and repeated. It is a well known fact that dogs dream, and I think it would be very rash to deny that they and many other animals are influenced by spirits.

We are well aware that the power of spirits to communicate, is modified by the character of the medium. "The spirits of the prophets are subject to the prophets."

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RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION PRINTERS. The Medium, in his address to the public says: "The Medium (David Corless, of Huntley's Grove, McHenry Co., Ill.) through whom this work was given, has been a careful observer of the phenomena of 'Modern Spiritualism' for over twenty years and during that time he has been the humble Medium through which hundreds of philosophical and scientific lectures have been given to attentive listeners. Of himself, he can only say he is an uneducated farmer, far advanced in years. He asks for this pamphlet a careful and attentive perusal. The introduction entitled 'The Unveiling,' treats of man as the grand objective ultimate of Life's Unfoldings. He also stands at the pinnacle of all organized life in the native purity of all things. On page twenty-four, the author treats of 'the way mediums paint likenesses, in the true order of the development of the arts and sciences. On part second, under the general head of mysteries Revealed, the author treats of 'How Mankind Manifest their presence through Physical Bodies of Mediums. How the writing is done. How we influence Mediums to speak. The fullness of all kinds of language investigated. The ring feat and the carrying of Musical Instruments around the room explained.' This work is neatly got up and consists of seventy-three closely printed pages and we hesitate not to say that it contains more original thought upon important subjects, a few only of which we have enumerated, than any other work of equal size we have seen. The work will be sent by mail from this office to any one on receipt of fifty cents. Address, S. S. JONES, 139 South Clark Street, Chicago, Ill.

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Communications from the Inner Life

He shall give his name charge concerning thee.

For The Religio-Philosophical Journal.

FRANK'S JOURNAL—No. 39.

BY FRANCIS H. SMITH, OF BALTIMORE—MEDIUM.

Immanuel Lemmon.

Give me a chance to make a confession. I am Immanuel Lemmon. I lived in the reign of Charles II, and had a situation in the Customs.

During the time of Cromwell Pritanism prevailed throughout the land, making few converts but many hypocrites. When Charles came, what a change flashed over the realm!

All this had a prodigious effect upon public morals. Even the semblance of purity was disregarded, and corruption became course everywhere.

It was in such a school that I was brought up. You can form no idea of the temptations that assailed me on every side.

How could a young man like me, of prepossessing manners and some acquirements, resist such appeals to his vanity?

I had fallen in love with a young lady, the daughter of a nobleman. At first, the family objected because of my dissipated character.

I knew that I had caused her death by my wickedness, and for a long time my anguish was intense.

I had formed an attachment for a lady living in London, of respectable family and considerable wealth.

You are but a link between spirits and mortals. It is astonishing with what facility I impart my thoughts upon your brain.

presenting the two aspects, the first with a smile, the second with a frown.

I strove to banish the thought, but in vain. As the hour approached, a tremor seized upon me, becoming worse and worse every day.

The clerks around me looked on in wonder to see a man, at a certain hour every day, become paralyzed with fear.

other filled my place. Poverty set in; I was harassed by creditors; could not pay my board; applied to my wife's father for relief.

In committing the last act, I had no fear of a future state, for I believed in none.

I looked on nature, she told one unvarying story. The beasts came and live and die, and there is the end.

I opened my eyes upon a vast dome above, dark and dismal. In vain did I try to pierce the distance; all was far beyond the reach of my vision.

I soon became sensible there was a being near, but could form no idea of what being it could be.

As we proceeded, what a change had come. Nature wore another garb. Grass and flowers, birds and trees, flowing brooks and rippling rills were everywhere around.

We are now of one family, no difference between us, love alone the band which unites us.

You are but a link between spirits and mortals. It is astonishing with what facility I impart my thoughts upon your brain.

MODERN SPIRITUALISM.

A Strange Story of the Nineteenth Century.

A YOUNG MAN AT WATERTOWN CLAIMED TO BE POSSESSED OF EVIL SPIRITS FOR TWENTY YEARS, AND HOW THE CATHOLIC PRIESTS HAVE BEEN TRYING TO CAST THEM OUT.

Madison (Wis.) State Journal.

In our State items, the other day, appeared a paragraph in regard to some strange doings at Watertown—the demoniacal behavior of a young man there alleged to be possessed of evil spirits.

The Wisconsin writer went to Watertown, Friday, and in company with Mr. Sleeper, the depot agent, Mr. Coe of the Republican, and Mr. March, the artist and interpreter, went in the evening to the home of the young man.

We found the young man, Seige, in his shirt sleeves, sitting by a little old pine table, trying to polish his face with a razor.

About twenty years ago, when the young man was but five years of age, his next older sister found a duck's egg with a small pin-hole in it, deposited under a tree near their door.

I returned from the funeral and sought my room, but hardly had I thrown myself upon the bed, when there stood my wife just as I had first known her, resplendent in her bridal beauty.

He eked out a feeble existence for the six years following, when the diabolical agencies seem to have come in and got the upper hand of him entirely.

But trouble pursued our hapless family across the waters. Soon after their arrival in Watertown, one of their little girls, a pretty, confiding little miss of sixteen, was put to living in the family of the Lutheran minister in the city.

After the advent of the little stranger, the old demonic symptoms broke forth upon the young man with added violence.

Such troubles could hardly be borne. Early last winter they called in Doctor Quinney, son of the great Stockbridge Indian chief, to apply his skill.

The Catholic priest was next applied to, but he declined to engage the devils, because the young man was not a Catholic.

Some four weeks ago, a Catholic convocation was held at Watertown, attended by seven priests.

Thursday, four weeks ago, was set as the day for the grand casting out of the evil spirits.

The Catholic brethren say the evil spirit spoke out many times in strange tongues, and especially in the Irish and Latin tongues.

On Monday evening last Home News was present by special invitation, at what is called a Spiritual Seance at the residence of Prof. J. H. Powell, in this city.

On Thursday, the four devils were cast out on Thursday. On Friday three more were said to have been expelled.

The Wisconsin writer gravely appends to his account of the Watertown affair a statement as to what Milwaukee "spirits" say about it.

A bill giving women who are tax payers the right to vote in school district meetings, was recently lost in the Vermont Legislature, by a vote of 122 against 92.

There are now 550 young American students at German universities, and upward of 1,000 American youths and girls attending the higher schools and educational institutions.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal

MRS. BETSY BALLOU.

Modern Spiritualism over Twenty-one Years of Age.

BY MRS. SUSAN C. SIMMONS.

DEAR SIR:—THE ACCOUNT of Mrs. Birney, of Ohio, in your JOURNAL of Sept. 5th, reminds me of a trance speaker I once knew in Crown Point, New York, a Mrs. Betsy Ballou, then a resident of that place, and a member of the Baptist church.

She lost the power of locomotion when entranced; never rose to her feet like the trance speakers of the present day.

She made a most earnest and affecting exhortation and prayer. I do not know whether she took a text at that time.

She made no appointments, only preached "when the spirit moved, (or got control) wherever she was at home or abroad.

She enjoyed an average amount of health, did her house work, spinning, sewing and knitting, and took care of her children, four in number.

One day, after Mrs. Ballou had gone through with these exercises in her strange way, in my private room, I told her what she had been doing, and expressed some wonder at the strange phenomena.

She visited us once after that, in the summer of 43 or 44, and preached twice at our house; she told us that she went to sleep on the cars twice on different trains, and when she waked, and looked up, she knew at her, that she had been preaching.

She used to sing and pray before sermon as well as after. She could not sing a tune, and never attempted it in her normal condition.

I do not recollect ever seeing any allusion to either Mrs. Ballou or Miss Baker, in any of the Spiritual papers, although I have often thought of them in connection with similar cases of the present day.

On Monday evening last Home News was present by special invitation, at what is called a Spiritual Seance at the residence of Prof. J. H. Powell, in this city.

The Red Man Returns to the Hunting Ground of his Father.

From the Munice Times

On Monday evening last Home News was present by special invitation, at what is called a Spiritual Seance at the residence of Prof. J. H. Powell, in this city.

In a short time after our arrival, the room was comfortable filled up, and Mrs. P. retired to an adjoining room, accompanied by other ladies, to dress for the salutary exercises which were to follow.

Next Christmas Eve is set for the marriage of some five hundred cousins in New Hampshire, as after that date the intermarriage of first cousins will be prohibited there.

joined with beads and fanciful work. She also joined the circle, and stood quiescent for a few moments. Shortly her breast began to heave.

After the dancing was over the proposition was made that Mrs. P. should exhibit her powers as a healing medium.

Taking the entire exhibition together it disclosed some remarkable features. Here was the body of an English woman, possessed and controlled, as it is claimed by the spirit of a deceased Indian.

Another thing: If Mrs. P. never danced in her normal condition, who taught her the proper steps in an abnormal condition?

AUSTIN KENT.

"Do Unto Others as ye Would that Others Should Do Unto you."

BROTHER JONES.—Will it be asking too much of you to publish another appeal in behalf of our suffering and needy brother, Austin Kent, of Stockholm, N. Y.

We would say to the Spiritualists, and all who may have a good supply of the "milk of human kindness," that a fine opportunity is now presented to them for doing an act of kindness.

Spiritualists, as a class, ought not to be selfish. We are always ready to expatiate upon our glorious belief whenever a suitable occasion presents itself.

There are many in our ranks who are needy and deserve to be aided by those who have the wherewithal to give.

For my part, I mean business with my proposition. I can give Brother Kent six dollars a year and receive compound interest for my money.

I presume Brother Jones would have no objection to acting in the capacity of treasurer, and at the same time publish the names of individuals who are willing to respond to my proposition.

For my part, I mean business with my proposition. I can give Brother Kent six dollars a year and receive compound interest for my money.

J. M. WINSLOW.

Barre, Mass., Nov. 20th 1869.

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Vegetable Syrup: Remedicates Humors: cures Cancer, Scrofula, Rheumatism, and all chronic diseases.

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Nerve Syrup: Bronchial and Pulmonary Cordial, Children's Cordial, for Cough, Croup, &c., And Worm Syrup.

By permission, the following parties are referred to: Berkeley Street, Cambridge, Mass., Feb. 5, 1869.

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Mrs. DANFORTH - I feel you are advertising the medicine of Dr. Clark's spirit...

Mrs. MILLERSON, New York City, writes: "Was under treatment at Dr. Danforth's residence three weeks last winter for ulcerated inflammatory sore eyes."

ABBY M. LAFLIN PERRE, Georgetown, D. C., writes: Vegetable Syrup sent to her milk woman's husband, who was suffering with pain and internal troubles...

CHARLES H. WATERS, ISRAEL HALL, Toledo, O. CHARLES S. KINSEY, Cincinnati, O. PAUL BREHOND, Houston, Tex.

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LIST OF BOOKS AND ENGRAVINGS FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE. All orders by mail, with the following list of prices for postage, will meet with prompt attention.

Table listing various books and their prices, including 'A Revelation of Departed Spirits among the Shakers', 'The Koran', 'The Bible', 'The Life of Jesus', etc.

The Dynamic Cure, by Leroy Sunderland. \$1.00. The Book of the Ages, by J. M. Peelle. \$1.00. Tale of a Physician, by J. H. Davis. \$1.00.

The Orphan's Struggle, by Mrs. H. N. Green. \$1.00. The Orphan's Struggle, by Mrs. H. N. Green. \$1.00.

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