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## Literary Department.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal  
Self-Inspection and Government.

What can we say of our passing time  
Whom dwell our thoughts in life's musical rhyme,  
At noon, at noon and the twilight of even,  
Are they gazing with ha, or the spirit of heaven.

else are we about to protect,—society generally? Then it is supposed that the murderer would repeat his crime upon society if he were let alone; but why let them alone to do this. The first question that arises, is there no other way to protect society than by repeating the crime of killing, doing the same thing? We shall tell you that in the prison the murderer is not likely to repeat his crime.

In order to judge of this subject correctly, we must take facts, not hypothesis. What are the facts concerning the crime of murder? It is committed under three classes of impulses; one passion, violent emotion of any kind whatsoever. Another of insanity, openly proved. Third, pre-meditated. I shall show that society is not in danger from any one of these three classes after a murder has once been committed. The first class of persons does not premeditate the crime; he does it under the impulse of passion and violent emotion. Let us see how the world deems this character of mind. I must speak to you plainly, you Mr. Sikes, how you kept the crime when Mr. Sikes murdered Mr. Deems, openly, under the influence of jealousy. The American people deemed the plea sufficient to acquit him, set him free, justify his act; the plea was sufficient to induce an enlightened nation to set him free, and give the precedent that violent emotion, violent passion, is sufficient in the judgment of an enlightened community, to extenuate for the crime of murder. I will not speak of the class of the murderer at all. I will not degrade my subject by a-saming that this could operate upon the minds of the community. The circumstances were deemed sufficient to extenuate the crime, and those who thus deemed it, did not suppose the community was in any danger from this man, nor was there. They deemed rightly that what ever violent emotion had induced him to commit this crime, found a remedy in the inevitable anguish, agony and shame, the destruction of peace, which must have ensued. His great agony was supposed to be sufficient and has proved itself so. The man who committed it, has since become one of those members of the community whom the American people claim to be proud of. I am not speaking in extenuation of the crime. This case applied to every one of the kind where there are strong and violent emotions. Such persons are dangerous; all crime is really madness, because it is an obliquity of reason, and therefore it is insanity and should be dealt with accordingly—the person should be restrained. We don't kill our lunatics. We don't kill every madman for the sake of society, even the most dangerous among them; we only reduce to this great necessity that we don't know how to deal with them and therefore we kill them. Every wild and unmanageable passion is an act of madness and should be so treated. Ninety nine per cent, of crime is committed under the stimulus of unmanageable passion. Judge for yourselves, therefore whether we are privileged to take the life of a man, who in an unmanageable moment of passion, strikes down and kills another, and who, the very next moment, is a prey to the most agonizing remorse, and does not really know what he has done, and we do not really know what we are doing, should take him and execute him in anger and revenge, without any possibility of gain, without any of those stimuli to action which have excited the madman to perpetrate the crime, we coldly and deliberately repeat it upon himself. I need not ask if it is not opposed to common sense. I need not question what the community is to gain,—whether we attain any end, whether the community has received any benefit by this act.

apply to the judge and jury. There is no equality, and you cannot do justice to the victim. Whom are you to do justice to. What kind of justice is that which quenches out the life, disposes of the power of thought, puts the criminal asleep forever, and gives him no chance to atone for his crime. There is no justice in this to him, but again you plead society! Do you perform any justice to society? You may give society all opportunity of revenge, but justice there is none. There is no atonement, no compensation, no retribution done either to the victim, nor yet to society.

Justice requires that you should be disposing of something over which you have a right. Have you a right over life? Who gave you this right? You protest against it, even to the very gallows foot. You protest against the right of one man to deal with the life of another, even with the loudest tongue by which you can proclaim "Thou shalt do no murder," and every protest that you utter is a moral condemnation of the hypocritical society that proclaims to one man "Thou shalt not kill," but does not apply this to twelve; does not apply it to the great State, that assembles together, as on a public holiday, to see a man publicly strangled—done to death—killed—murdered, and all because society must be protected.

Death is always considered very remote, so far distant that those who commit crime, very seldom contemplate it. That is not the case in penal service, and solitary confinement there, even to the most hardened criminals, are schools of reform.

There are many instances on record of the time when the death penalty was inflicted for the most petty crimes, of their being committed in the most reckless manner. It is well known that juries and judges are loath to do this thing. When brought face to face with the necessity of writing that word that shall put their fellow creatures out of life, it is most difficult to induce juries to convict these. It became impossible to procure just conviction. Many instances were brought before us of the fact. I need cite but one. It is well known that, when in England capital punishment was inflicted for the crime of forgery, no conviction could be had, and the bankers, to the number of one thousand, petitioned for the abolition of the law. It was abolished, and forgeries became much more rare. Those who commit them are mostly of a higher class than the hardened criminal. They have a much greater fear of imprisonment.

one edict that he set up; that if we were to obey literally, would change the face of society. It was said by him, "An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth," blood for blood. He also enunciated, on another occasion, two solemn sentences—sentences which, if you must refer to Moses, for our legislative acts, must have their effect. They let us take the sentences which Moses received amid the thunders of Sinai. "Thou shalt not kill." Thou shalt do no murder. Did this apply only to ignorant men? Did this apply only to the insane, who knew not what they did? or to twelve men, who did know? If our lives are in danger from the midnight robber, if he breaks in upon us and we strive with him and kill him for the sake of preserving our own lives, in the midst of this bitter strife, and conflict we know not what we do; but if for the sake of preserving our own lives we kill our enemy, we can not but look upon our own work. But supposing we were to obey our edict and still preserve his life; supposing that we bind him and carry him away and place him under restraint, put him where he can do us no more injury, and we then would look upon his shame and degradation and utter taunting him with his crime, make a spectacle of him, we then coldly and deliberately slay him. Is this murder? Supposing we attempt to extenuate our crime by saying to the world he was very violent. We spoke to him of his crime; we told him how he could obtain pardon, and yet we let him after we had placed him in a lock up and penitentiary house of ours; yet we kill him after we have asked the Father to pardon him, we kill him, we deliberately slay him. Or suppose he is unrepentant or that God would not pardon him, yet we put him out of life, put him beyond the means of return here, kill him in his sin and give him no chance to leave the crime he has committed or to atone for the same. Just do this, extenuate his sin, and a Christian country called it law, justice and religion. We take the murderer, we prevent him, by shutting him up, from doing any more harm, and then we make him a sinner or make him penitent, either a hardened ruffian, not to die, or a saint too good to live. Whenever conditions are made him to, we deliberately kill him. There is the difference whether I, or you, or you, twelve, kill him.

## The Rostrum.

(Reported expressly for the Journal, by H. T. Child, M.D., and secured by Copyright.)

LECTURE BY MRS. EMMA HARDINGE.

Delivered Friday Evening, Oct. 23, 1869, on the subject of Capital Punishment. One of the most striking features which appears to greet me to-day at the very outset of this discourse, is the anomaly that any human being should be called upon in the nineteenth century to address an audience of civilized, christian people concerning the question of the institution of legalized murder; that in an age when every form of civilization is culminating to its very highest possible pitch; when we know with what keen analytical power every institution is scrutinized, that there should exist an occasion for one human being to rise up and plead with the mass to do no murder. Such is the position in which I stand before you to-night. It is possible that I may be addressing veterans in the cause, whilst, I myself, am but the youngest soldier amongst you. Nevertheless, although I can offer you nothing new, present you no arguments but what have already become well nigh too familiar, but so long as that dreadful institution exists, the legalized public shames, just so long does it become every man and woman that comprehends its nature to arise and protest against it; therefore am I here to-night. I do not propose to appeal to you, for I know that every friend to the cause of humanity, feels as I do, ashamed of the subject of which I speak. I believe that every sad friend of humanity feeling this, requires no appeal. I shall simply reiterate, for our own strength and counsel, those arguments which I deem to be most necessary as applicable to the work with which we are called upon to deal. We must commence by putting the feelings of humanity, the emotions of charity and kindness, and even the appeal to shame out of the question. We must take only the expediency. We have to do, it seems, with legislators, not with men of hearts, certainly with men who practically reverse the edicts of the christian religion. Therefore, I repeat, we must deal with the world, and with those whom we would influence upon the strict principles of expediency. On this ground I shall attempt to be the mouth-piece of some present, and show you how we may act to remove this relic of barbarism. In the first place, the death penalty inflicted as it is by law, by legalized acts of a state, is made up by the various forms of judge and jury, who meet together deliberately and publicly to protest against murder. I say such an institution is opposed first to common sense, next to justice, next to morality, and finally to religion; the religion which you all profess; the religion by which Europe and America claims to live, to legislate, to act and to think. It is opposed to common sense. We must suppose that no condition of man would be guilty of murder, by which I mean killing a man, unless they had the strongest reason to believe that in so doing they were performing some act absolutely necessary for the well being of some one or many individuals. This is expediency you perceive. I shall show you there is no expediency in this act, and therefore it is opposed to common sense,—defeats the very purpose attempted. One of these assumptions is that it is to protect individual life. The victim of the murderer—for the death penalty is only inflicted for murder—can no more be benefited, he is out of the question. Who

we read that a mark was set upon the brow of Cain, the first murderer, which, instead of teaching this terrible lesson of murder, was placed as a protection. I have seen one of the most awful spectacles in the face of the murderer with such a mark that every man should recognize them, and ought to fear to slay them, but instead of this, it is done with impunity. We take man's life into our own hands, and deal with it as we please. But in the act of committing this public murder, what do we produce besides this disrespect for human life? Do we not render those who thus become familiar with it so indifferent to it that it scarcely seems a punishment? Sympathy is excited; does it not produce the most terrible psychological effects? There is contagion in the very act, and when we wander to this morbid appetite which is so common, for the terrible, do we not conjure up the very phantoms of death until, in morbid and diseased minds, they produce a repetition of the act? We know that public executions have been the most vile and terrible leeches of murder. We know from established facts, as from keen observation of the human mind, that very often the murderer is one who has constantly attended executions. We have had many known a case to fall, where the brutalized and ignorant man has perpetrated murder, that he has not again and again attended public executions. He has thus become familiar with this frightful spectacle, and perceives in it either the glory of martyrdom, and blank indifference to death itself, or has laughed at the fears of the poor victim, and has learned to understand that there is nothing to fear in death.

The results, however, prove that where the death penalty has been abolished, the safety of the community and the good order of society have been promoted. There was a time, when in England the death penalty was inflicted for many petty crimes—for stealing and forgery. Statistics prove that these crimes had diminished since its abolition. One of the jail chaplains in London assured me that the effect of imprisonment was far more deterrent than the death penalty itself.

Now, if this obtain in one class of crime, it obtains in all; if it obtain in petty offences, it obtains in larger cases. Not but what juries may be much more careful and more guarded in pronouncing the death penalty than for small offences. But consider the difficulties that surround the evidence; consider the difficulty of obtaining accurate information. If this be so in petty offences, which are less guarded in their commission, how much more in crimes of great magnitude. I was furnished by a magistrate in England with an account of seven executions which had come under his immediate observation as a magistrate on the bench, in which the victims were afterwards conclusively proved to have been innocent. The cases are on record. If but one in a single life time had been unjustly publicly hanged—if but one innocent man had been thus sacrificed before a glaring and hideous crime, should not the whole world have put on mourning? Should not all mankind have blushed to remember that by their barbarous and savage laws they had destroyed one innocent being? If it were but for the possibility of a mistake, the possibility that we might recklessly take into our hands the life of an innocent being, that should be sufficient to prevent it. I plead against it first because it will teach our children that life is not sacred, although we have prated about it, because of the very fact that we are committing the dark and hideous crime, because it impresses us with the contagion of crime, because it hardens those who look upon it, and creates that sympathy which is well known to have followed executions with the very spirit of murder. There is no more of a plea to be set up for the perpetrators of this legal murder but one, and that one is made in the name of religion. It is said that the great Jewish Lawgiver declared that "Whoso sheddeth blood, by man shall his blood be shed." I have heard his argument, on the one hand, set up as an excuse for this crime, and they claim that the legislators do not know how to deal with murderers in any other way while this command stands. I propose to glance at this position. I insist that it has no deterrent effect either on the murderer or on society. The infliction of the death penalty can not be of the smallest use in this way. I insist that whatever means we may take with our lunatics, with those who are afflicted with contagious diseases, with those who are morally or socially dangerous, we can and should do the same with the murderer. Granted that we consider ourselves compelled to kill because we do not know what to do with the murderer; granted that we assume the most terrible position of crime for the sake of putting him out of the way, are we not equally bound to put out of the way all other persons physically, morally or socially dangerous? Is this our last resort? What are our tall steeples for that are our churches for? What are our churches for? Are they not moral hospitals? Are not these priests and surgeons and physicians for ached consciences and diseased moral beings? Why do we not call upon these to deal with our criminals? The argument truly fails, for we are compelled by them to inflict upon society the evil and shame and disgrace of the public gibbet—the shame of seeing twelve men steep their hands in their fellow's blood—the shocking crime of murder, coolly perpetrated without the common excuse of the murderer. That of this place it is any possible good; if you can see any use, as Burke says, you can put a man to by hanging him.

My last argument is in reference to certain sentences enunciated by the Jewish Lawgiver. If we take all that Moses ever said, we must remodel our society, our institutions, our Sabbaths, our customs. There are many other things besides this

which of the two commandments in your Scripture will you take? You must decide between Moses the lawgiver and the law giver who gave order to Moses, for we must go back to the olden times before Moses. We had a higher altar than his, one before which the first murderer was placed. Here is divine authority and divine wisdom; here is a precedent how to deal with the murderer. What said the infinite One to the first murderer, Cain? Did He say him? Did He give any man leave to slay him? No! He put a mark upon him, lest any man finding him should slay him. He said that any man who should slay him upon those who slay Cain.

If we want to know how to punish the murderer—if we want to know how to make his heart smelt of his crime—if we desire to pierce his heart and yet do justice to the victim, let us be an ungodly and a vagabond. Ob, let him cry with Cain, "My punishment is heavier than I can bear." I suppose we are more merciful than the great God that sent Cain to. We don't want to inflict a punishment heavier than the murderer can bear. On what do we base our punishment? We go back to the primitive days when the law was a justice, when the All Father of the race was the judge and judge before whose tribunal man was arraigned, and there learn what vengeance He takes. The wife of the Lord unto Cain made him carry his own retribution. The mark is on him which can never fail to make the murderer an outcast and a vagabond. Let us be wiser than the murderer, let us dream of a higher tower, a higher possibility of ever extenuating the crime; let him be dead forever amongst his fellows. But let us live, or you become a murderer yourself. Don't steep your hands in that blood which you can never wipe away. Don't usurp the prerogative of the great and mighty One who has not intruded the destiny of your fellow to you. Don't care to quench that light which you can never relight; slip your hand when you would attempt to quench this fearful crime; dare not to do it and make outcasts and vagabonds of every creature that thus infuriated dares to raise his hand against his fellow. Be sure that the punishment of Cain is better than the repetition of the crime, which you commit when you inflict the death penalty.

But you are Christians and can speak to me of religion, in the same breath that you can pronounce the name of that merciful Man, who, in the presence of his murderers, prayed to the Father in heaven to forgive them because they knew not what they did. You can speak to me of the religion that calls them the followers of him who bids you forgive your brother seventy times seven—who bids you resist not evil; to return good for evil; who raised not his hand, and suffered not his followers to raise their hands to protect his own sacred life. Prate to me of your religion; profess to be followers of him who wept at the grave of Lazarus, who extended kindness to the publicans and sinners and money dealers, and in the last great moment of death had more pity and consideration for his murderers than for himself. Even if you could set up the word of Moses dealing with savages; if you could set up the great law giver, who, finding himself surrounded by a wild nomadic people who knew not a hereafter, knew not religion, who saw nothing but the darkness of the grave; the very rudest society, wandering in the wilderness—a wild people, in the midst of whom Moses came—if it would not be adapted to this age. But when you speak of the religion of Jesus, you should never dare to raise your hand against your fellow man, and yet it is done by professed Christians everywhere. I have seen the case of a young girl, she was but sixteen. I was called upon to speak to her in the damp cell of the prison where she lay condemned to die for the crime of infanticide. She was a servant girl, very ignorant. She had a stern mother and father at home, and their ignorant child, who knew not her right hand from her left, became the victim of a gentleman who knew his right hand from his left, a wise, rich and powerful gentleman, who forsook her. She was left alone in her shame and despair, turned from the house by a harsh, cruel mistress, who would have protected her, cast out alone in the world, driven from parents and friends, and society in the bitter streets, a wretched wanderer; her child was

Pacific Department.

State of Oregon.

Having returned from California with our wife and baby, we have taken up our residence in the "Land of web feet" for the coming year.

Albany, Oct. 6th.—We left Salem in the stage for Albany, twenty-five miles distant, there to strike our first blow in the year's work that lies before us.

The Methodist church has been in a quarrel for a long time among themselves with regard to instrumental music in their Sunday meetings.

We would not fail to mention the family of Perry Dimes, who are the foundation and front of Spiritualism in the place.

A Grave Injustice.

In the JOURNAL of Oct. 23-d, is an article entitled, "Spiritualism on the Pacific Coast," bearing the signature of "Love of truth," which demands a reply from us, from the fact that we were instrumental in introducing the articles of "Satan Junior."

This is not Satan rebuking sin, like the old adage, but it is sin and falsehood rebuking "Satan, Junior."

So far as attacking the "reputation of the exponents of the spiritual cause," at divers times and in every place, we have been charged to be an unqualified falsehood.

Four men, his temper has become sour from some cause or other, but he is harmless where he is well known.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

A Radical Wedding.

This is said to be a progressive age, and we were most happy to see it verified on the 21st inst., in the marriage, at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Wells Brown, of the well known and popular speaker, Mrs. Frank Reed and Mr. William Knowles.

Under the circumstances, it was decided that the next best thing would be for the parties to marry themselves. Accordingly, after a few moments consultation, the following ceremony was repeated by the parties, and legalized by Justice Hulbert.

"Frank, with your consent, before these witnesses, I acknowledge you as my true and loving wife."

The bride responding, "I, too, William, with your consent, before these witnesses, receive you as my loved and lawful husband; our souls united, we shall be true to each other here, and in the grand hereafter."

After the ceremony the guests, some fifty in number, partook of a bountiful and handsomely arranged repast.

It is to be distinctly understood that this is not an ordinary, as Mrs. Knowles does not leave the lecture field, but will continue as ever an earnest worker for the cause.

The officers of the society being present, were very desirous that the new speaker, Mrs. Knowles, should, notwithstanding she had so recently emigrated to the state of matrimony, fill the appointment previously made for Sister Horton, which she did on the following Sunday, in her usual happy style.

The friends in Coldwater have also engaged Mrs. Knowles for their Convention on the 15th and 16th inst.; and Brother Tuttle of Decatur, for the Van Buren Co. Convention in J. Guesary.

Breedsville, Dec. 11th, 1869.

The Norwalk Experiment thinks he has heard equally as good an interesting discourse from the village preachers as the discourse of Rev. S. H. Tyng, at that place for which the people paid \$50.

Burlingame and suite dined with the King and Queen of Prussia.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal. Have Charity for All.

BY H. P. WILDER.

When'er you chance to meet a man That's sicken'd low in sin, Scorn not, but find out if you can, The cause that led him in.

Perhaps the man was tempted long Before in sin he fell; You might, if tempted just as strong Do overcome as well.

The man who tarrys at the cup, And froes his brain with rum, With kindness may be lifted up, And back to Temperance come.

The fallen sister doubts fell By trusting heartless men; She loved "not wisely, but too well," Oh, help her if you can.

Where'er you see a fallen one, Stretch forth a helping hand; An act of mercy thus begun May lead to deeds more grand.

Original Essays.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal. MIRACLES.

Healing of the dead—Christ on the Waters—Individuals seen at different places at the same time.

Miracles, according to the common acceptation of the term, means something wonderful, supernatural, or out of the common order of nature, and nine-tenths of those who profess Christianity at the present day, believe that the healing and other seeming wonders which occurred in the time of Christ and his Apostles, were "bona fide" miracles, or supernatural effects, produced by them, outside of the laws of nature.

Christ must have had correct views in regard to this matter, when he said—(upon several occasions), "They fail to comprehend the whole," and in this brief expression we have the whole truth, or at least the main part of it.

How the spirit of the living Swedenborg crossed the sea, it is impossible to say; but that it did so—and, when there, conversed with the husband of the lady for whom he made the journey—there can be no more doubt than that the spirit of the then living Christ walked upon the water and conversed with his disciples.

Will you permit me, through your columns to give my opinion upon the origin of Christ and his powers, and the effects of his teachings. In the first place, God rules and moves all things by eternal laws, and every species or kind of living existences have laws relative to their own peculiar condition and generation.

The first four are said to have been restored by Jesus; the second and third of which, were emphatically declared by Jesus himself, not to be dead but sleeping, and it is nowhere stated that he ever said the others were dead, and from what he did say before he "cried with a loud voice" for Lazarus to come forth, he evidently knew that he was not dead.

A singular case, that of a young girl, occurred in Baltimore, about eighteen months since, who lay in a trance, giving no signs of life, save that the color of the lips, and general appearance was not materially changed.

was begotten of a woman in any other way than what all the sons of God are, would be to deny one eternal law of generation, and cause God to vary in his dealings with humanity, and in consequence, expressed, as to whether she was dead, but finally after six or eight days she was buried.

With regard to the third question,—viz: that of Christ's walking upon the water, I have but to say, I believe that his disciples (who were all noted mediums), did see the spirit of Christ walk upon the water, and as we have many instances, even at the present day, where a partial separation of the spirit from the body has taken place, so as to be seen by other persons (and especially by those who are mediums, clairvoyants or somnambulists), it is not impossible or outside of natural laws, that Christ should have had the same powers in an eminent degree.

Every one, too, must remember the well authenticated account which went the rounds of the papers and periodicals, detailing the remarkable fact that a somnambulist upon a vessel in distress, visited while on that state another vessel several miles distant, and at the deck and absolutely wrote upon the slate, "Steer North."

Here is a case of absolute writing by the spirit of a living man whose natural body was at the time many leagues distant. But as no person saw the spirit come or go, it is impossible to know whether it walked upon the sea or not, but it is no great stretch of the imagination to conceive that, having been there, it might as well have walked upon the water as any other way.

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Whatever be their origin—whether produced by one agency alone, or by a combination of causes, there is, at times, great power manifested in dreams. We often hear instances related of persons having had events made known to them in sleep, that afterwards really did occur just as had previously been shown them in their dream.

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and her thoughts are not wholly on the beauty around her; there is a strong tie to what she left behind that soon takes her back; so there is a close link binding soul and body that will not admit of long separation, until the Keeper of both, intimates that they have worked in union long enough. Then will be a long sleep to the body.

Is not the thought beautiful and pleasing, that the slumbering of the body is the awaking of the better part, and that as these periodical slumberings are followed by short awakings, so the last long sleep will precede an awakening that knows no more dull slumbering.

Correspondence in Brief.

GENESSEE, ILL.—Paul Davis says.—We can not do without the JOURNAL. It is quite as essential as our daily food, and we hope to receive its weekly visits as long as we remain in the form. We think every number grows better, and hope you will long live to send it forth a blessing to the world.

BAKER CITY, OR.—Wm. F. McGraw writes.—The work in this part of the country goes bravely on. I hope soon to be able to send you a new list of permanent subscribers. Many of our most prominent citizens are becoming much interested, and we have no fears of the result, after a candid investigation of our beautiful philosophy.

LYNDON, ILL.—Milton A. McKay writes.—I see by the little monitor on my paper that the three months for which I subscribed is about up. I enclosed one dollar and fifty cents for the next six months, this sum being all I can spare at one time, for if a rich man shall hardly enter the kingdom of heaven, I shall go on a run.

ANAMOSA, IOWA.—Geo. W. Field writes.—I am much pleased with the improved appearance of the JOURNAL. It is growing in favor, and it is a general sentiment of its readers that it is a first-class paper and is all they ask for. The cause here is in statu quo. There is no special interest. We contemplate a course of lectures this winter.

DES MOINES, IOWA.—A. Harvey writes.—In your paper of Nov. 20th, J. Bacon says, "There may be many things God can not do." I wish to ask you then, does he? If it is a thing does it not show that he can do it? But says he, "God can not make a man live without it." I consider it simply saying God can't make a God—being precisely the antipode of saying—God can't make anything.

CORNOVA, ILL.—J. Hoke writes.—I notice the time of my subscription has expired. You will please find enclosed \$5.00, for which send me the JOURNAL twenty months. We all love the JOURNAL, and can not well live without it. We like the bold, free, outspoken manner in which you treat subjects that come before you.

BARRE, MASS.—J. M. Winslow writes.—I send one dollar for Austin Kent, and hope others will do likewise.

PHILADELPHIA, PENN.—Henry T. Child, M. D., writes.—A scamp, assuming the name of George Wood, has been about here borrowing money of the Spiritualists. He says he is a medium, and that his wife is one also. We suppose him to be the McDougal to whom the BANNER refers, and think it well to caution the Spiritualists. He goes to the post office and finding who takes the JOURNAL of BANNER, pounces upon them with a story of his pocketbook having been taken, or some other trouble.

NORTHWEST, OHIO.—Wm. Morgan writes.—I will give one penny to erect a monument for Adam and Eve for the first time for a serpent, but not one penny will I ever give to erect a monument to the God that flubbed to them about their dying. He has fooled people so much, the quicker he can be forgotten the better. He is now lying at the point of death, and would soon expire if the preacher did not pump the breath of life into him. You may think this is hard for an old man, sixty two years of age, but then, I can't help it.

CANASTOTA, N. Y.—G. F. Phillips writes.—Enclosed find N. Y. draft for \$9.00 to pay up for the JOURNAL and one year in advance. I should have remitted a long time ago, but had the misfortune of being burned out, and have been very poorly off since. I am sorry to hear of your illness. Thank you for your kindness in sending me the JOURNAL for so long a time without being paid.

REMARKS.—We publish the foregoing letter, as it shows the spirit of true manhood, as in bold contrast with another, a letter we published a few weeks since, where the party abused us for compelling him to pay postage for two years on our paper, with the intelligence that he was not a Spiritualist, and did not wish us longer to send him the paper. The writer of the above is a Spiritualist, the other was not. Can our orthodox opposers, who so often enquire what good Spiritualism does, see the point?

WESTON, MO.—L. Grasmuck writes.—According to promise, I write you to report the success of our meeting here last week. Brother E. V. Wilson spoke to large and attentive audiences four evenings. The house was full, although we charged fifty cents admission at the door. The result of his engagement here has been a complete clearing of the mental world among us. It is the subject of conversation in all places and on all occasions, and the bitter trades of the clergy after he left, only add fuel to the fire he kindled. Some how the impression has got abroad that Brother Wilson is a good medium, but an eccentric speaker. Nothing could be further from the truth. His power and eloquence are something truly wonderful, as admitted by all who heard him here. In his delineations of character, he was correct to a fault—never failed, but quite a number of incidents of the past in the lives of persons were not recognized at the time, while many have, upon mature reflection, brought them to mind afterwards. Several of the descriptions of spirits were very startling, and were at once recognized. Two ministers of the Christian church were present and gave respectful attention, and have acted fairly with us, while others were too holy to attend, but not too holy to misrepresent, and abuse him when gone. The actions of one of our Methodist brethren on last Sunday showed that he was badly hurt—his fine church was almost empty, while Wilson had a full house. We were successful financially and have some money left. We want another good speaker at once. They will be welcome and have large audiences, for the people are hungry. Please find money enclosed for subscription. Will send more anon.

PHILADELPHIA.—Thomas M'Clintock writes.—I have just risen from the perusal of an article in the JOURNAL of 27th ult., headed "Confession of Saul of Tarsus, as given by him through Alexander Smythe." I have no recollection of ever before reading a production which gave origin to such unpleasant feelings. I can only compare it to a pall of darkness spread over the serenity of my spirit. I can not give it credence as a veritable history of the career of the Apostle Paul. Say, if we please, from the evidence extant of his actions and writings during his apostolic life that like other men, he was fallible, sometimes inconsistent, even absurd and puerile; say that his rabbinical learning and other educational influences, often detrimentally obscured his mental vision. But that his whole course, preliminary to and first and last throughout his ministry, was a studied imposture, and that all the beautiful gems of inspiration which sparkle in his writings were part and parcel of that imposture, is too monstrous an absurdity—too contradictory of all legitimate rules of judging human character, to be rationally believed, no matter who are the mediums, or who the spirit purporting to communicate.

REMARKS.—The extract from that wonderful book given through that most excellent medium, Alexander Smythe, and purporting to come from the spirit of St. Paul, is undoubtedly calculated to elicit more criticism and thought than any other book yet published under the dictation of spirits. It is a work that every person should read. For sale at this office. [See Book List.]

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal. MEDIA; OR THE CHARMED LIFE: A Story of Fact, Phenomena and Mystery. BY GEORGE SOMMERVILLE.

CHAPTER XVII. THE ANONYMOUS NOTE—A DESPERATE GAME—DEBAUCHERY.

"It is the basest fabrication—why, do you not remember, Media, the evening named in the note, is the very one on which we enjoyed our pleasant drive in the country, the very evening I passed in your company exclusively?" So reasoned Dr. Stettler, as having arisen from Media's side, he stood beneath the chandelier in the center of the room, scanning narrowly the contents of a note which Media had placed in his hand, and now sat resting her head on her hand, and said: "The letter was from Linda Ray, giving briefly the base treatment she had received on the evening in question, at the hands of Stettler on the banks of the Schuyler."

"I now remember Doctor," said Media tremblingly, "that you arrived here that evening quite late, and not a little alarmed. Oh, Milford, to be thus deceived, I never dreamed." "And I remember now, Media, there was a time—you suspected well, at least impugned my motives—is it not so, fair one?" "O God! too late, it has come too late, undone, and my misery mocked at. Can heaven forgive—oh! pity pity!" She reeled from the sofa, and fell to the floor near the doctors feet, who gathered her head in his arms, and carried her back to the sofa, then hurried to obtain a glass of water. The cooling beverage applied to her quivering lips, she drank, and opened her languid eyes.

"Oh Milford, what will become of me—will you not fulfill your promise, and avert my shame?" "Media, be calm. If you indulge in such frenzies as these, I can not be responsible. You must not give way to these impulses of excitement." "Impulses of excitement. Oh Milford, how could you have grown! how changed from the man I loved. Yet I'll be calm, and Milford you will not forsake me?" "Poor Media could no longer restrain her fears, and now they freely flowed glistening down her cheeks like pearl drops." "Desert you! Media, no, never. Dry those tears, and be calm." "Tears!" said she looking up through them with a melancholy smile. "Ah! welcome, thrice welcome to grief, kind messengers of relief. Yes I will be calm. O Milford, you will wonder, I'll be so calm!" "Media, I have a proposition. Listen." "Well, you see I am calm."

"Will you pass a period in the country, until—?" "He leaned forward and whispered the conclusion in her ear, lest the very walls should hear, she started from him as if stung by an adder, and as she shrank in horror away, exclaimed in answer: "Milford! can this be you, who makes a suggestion so base! Nay, is the prince of fiends that triumphs now! No, no, never can I consent to act a part so wicked. I'll hear meekly the very worst, but to renounce the pang of self-accusation—the scorn and derision of an unfeeling world. But murder, never—no Milford, I will not consent to that." "Then get thee to the country and—?" "Yes, any thing but murder—"

"And bring unto the world an—?" "Wretch, sayest thou so?" She sprung on him like the tiger, clutching at his throat. Media, said he in a changed and milder tone. She instantly relaxed her hold, and changing her manner she said, "Forgive me, Milford. But you should not make a neck of me. I was not myself. Yet I'll be calm, very calm. I'll leave the city, do cheerfully what you wish. But, oh! you must not mock me." "Humph! ahem, Media. You would really excel in the drama. Your carriage is queenly, your declamation majestic, and, in truth, you appear gifted sufficiently for the most splendid stage effect. Make the drama your study, and I'll—"

"Milford Stettler, stay—I'll hear no more of this. Cease your heartless taunts, or as there is a God above us—"

"He must delight in—"

"Finish it Media, Stettler sneered again. The insulted Media gave flushed evidence of her keen sense of the wicked taunt, and with a sudden twinge of agony went on: "As there is a God of justice, a law of recompense, I'll be avenged for this!" Leaning forward now, her soul thrilling with intense excitement, until her face almost touched his, she gazed into his eyes, and in a voice of stern resolve, hissed, "Doctor Milford Stettler, you have a reputation—sneer at me again, and I will blast it forever." "Silly girl, that would but hasten your own ruin." "I care not. I'll post you to the world. Society shall know you. I'll blast your name, though it involve my life."

As the doctor entered, he glanced hastily about him, then advancing to the door of the third room, gave three low significant raps, and the door was opened slightly ajar, the attendant still holding it firmly, and demanding the pass, which being promptly imparted, Stettler was at once admitted. The lights of this room were even more brilliant than those of the second, and the furniture and costly style. Beside, a splendidly figured and pliable brussels covering the floor, numerous pictures and mirrors, gilded the exquisitely painted walls. There are a number of gaming tables arranged throughout the room, round which are seated, all absorbed with the wild changes and chances of the game, men of various callings, from the age of two and twenty up to fifty years. A sorry sight is this, to see the aged parent, whose locks are sprinkled with the silvings of may hap, fifty winters, and youth, just blooming into manhood, waiving their health, reputation, character, and talents, and precious time, in the intoxication of the midnight revel, prostituting their energies to the peace destroying passion of gambling.

"Well, doctor, good evening doctor," fell in socially familiar salutation from several members of the club, as Doctor Milford Stettler entered their midst. "Why how pale you look, doctor, what has happened you. How have you left Media?" "Ha! on my honor, the doctor looks as if his fast 'days' had been running away with him this evening." Really frightened, pale as a ghost, and quite as interesting. Had he fifty to five boys that the spirited Media has been taking him down," said another. "There is something in the wind, something brewing sure, I'll stand the wine that she has been reading him another lecture on the danger and frequent fatality of prostration," another chimed. "Then come doctor, repeat the story, give us the benefit of the lecture."

"No!" said he in answer, petulently, and throwing down a bank bill on the table, added, with the man who will cover that I will contend until one of us cries 'hold! enough.' I am sad to-night and must have excitement. Come, the game, others threw bills on the table, and they were soon engaged with cards. Without lingering to note the varied phases of alternate change which the play assumed, suffice it, that in excitement and intense interest, it soon became the leading game of the club for the night, drawing all present round the board, and when it closed in the morning, the sun shone in the place, and on the haggard face of Stettler, paler even than it suddenly blanched the night before. Wildly he paced the floor in the delectable of defeat. With his arms locked tightly on his chest, he compressed, and bit his lips with chagrin until they grew purple and bleed, and anon his body trembled and withered in the terrible struggle of torture-humbled feeding. He had bet extravagantly, and lost all—recklessly staked his beautiful bays, and forfeited them, put up his carriage, and it, too, was swept from his grasp, by the infernal intimation of a flimsy sack of cards. In the mad frenzy of the moment he fled to the bar, and calling for liquor, he drank quickly, and passing into the middle room, threw himself on a lounge, in despair. Covering his face in his hands, he buried his teeth deep into his crimsoned lips, and reflected in torturing anguish, on the stern obligation of initiation into the O—club. Springing to his feet, he again stood at the bar, calling for more liquor. Poor, Milford Stettler! how ominous the words of the lightly given challenge.

CHAPTER XVIII. HAPPY SIBBEE—AN EPISODE—ROBERTY—THE SECRET.

The glittering lights burned brilliantly and cheerfully, pleasantly shone smiling faces, while soft, bright laughing eyes, sparkling with the fire of easy, congeniality, betokening the real pleasure experienced by the favored ones who attended the happy voice of Annie and Randolph Haines. Ella Russell, Amelia Stephens and the count, Linda Ray, and Sylvan her beau; Josephine Kennedy, and her gallant, Fred Weldon, were there in all their easy flow of fun. Pleasant, indeed, charming was the scene. How lovely, happily unconscious of her parents strange fate, said Annie to Randolph in low tones, as their eyes rested momentarily upon the sweet face of the blithesome Linda Ray. "Yes, and it would appear almost unpardonable in one who would voluntarily inflict the pain which its sudden knowledge would give her." Good angels lead her on gently through life, until, if, indeed, the disclosure must be made, so shield her—that she may profitably hear it, claimed the gentle Annie. Linda at this moment though in a distant part of the room, and as if by the influence of mind on mind, looked up and met their glances resting on her. A modest blush crimsoned slightly her face as she immediately sped to where Annie had removed from her husband's side. Reaching out her hand and smiling, she said playfully, "Your pardon Annie. What were you saying of me a moment ago?" Annie kissed her and answered, "Not the least harm, I assure you, Linda. We were speaking of your mother. Is she well?" "Quite well, thank you. You must favor us with a visit, Annie."

"Thanks, I shall. How do you like your new home?" "Right well, I assure you, and we are doing excellently since we removed."

"Real happy to hear it. I do wish, Randolph would permit me to open a similar store on a busy thoroughfare. But he only laughs at me, and says there is no need of it yet. I know I should enjoy better health, if engaged in some such occupation."

Some of the company calling now for music, Annie declined, and prevailed on Linda to favor them. The apartment was soon made vocal with a beautiful sonnet, and Annie seating herself at the piano, started, by a lively air, the entire company off into a happy dance. Anon they were whirling through polka and schottisch, till giddy at length with pleasure, they ceased. Gentle good-bys were imparted, invitations extended, the kissing of hands in lively adieu, and anon darkness settled round the mansion, late so resplendent with light and pleasure. Annie and Randolph, had retired, and nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep visited them soothingly, and they very soon wrapt in slumber quite profound. Nestling closely to its mother's breast, lay the pretty babe, also fast asleep, and smiling anon, as if pleased with some visits to its sinless pillow. But, hark! there is a muffled attempt to open the chamber door. As it opens slowly, we catch the sound of subdued and hasty whispering. As it opens wider, we catch by the dim light of a small lamp, a glimpse of two men hideously disguised. Stealthily they glide into the room, and one of them leaning noiselessly over the sleeping ones, hastily applies to their nostrils a small uncorked vial, and the strong smell of chloroform pervades the place, with stifling effect. They now ransack the apartment, searching closets and every place appearing to contain anything of value. Leaving here with some eleven hundred dollars, which they took from the bureau, and Randolph's gold chronometer, they descended to the lower rooms, and entering the parlors, the late scene of so much gaiety and joy, they help themselves to the unfurnished feast, cakes, wines, etc. Then forcing the

family 'safe,' stripped it of every article of silverware, plate, &c, which it contained, and left the house without detection. The unconscious sleepers are still under the influence of heavy sleep, and the strange effects of the drug, the latter applied by the villain Stettler, who indeed planned and led the midnight robbery.

Maddened by his heavy losses at gambling, he plunged deeper and still deeper into the vicious vortex of dissipation and crime—neglected his medical practice, of course, losing all reputation he may once have possessed in his profession, he now became the sworn confederate of a band of outlaws, and a greedy partaker in all their unwritten crimes and vices. Near mid-day the sleeping ones awoke. The babe, fortunately, not inhaling much of the drug, and feeling the cravings of hunger, awoke first, and creeping over the mother, so disturbed her that she awoke also, and pressing her darling gently to the source of its nourishment and its joy, raised her head partially only, to see with surprise that the sun was shining at meridian. As she sprang to the floor, a peculiar weariness came over her, and she only saved herself from falling by catching hold of the bedside. She roused Randolph, who complained, also, of giddiness, and wondered at their slumbering so late. Proceeding with his dressing, he missed his watch, a sudden tremor passed over him, and rubbing his eyes, he looked closely about him. Closets and wardrobe opened and their contents scattered about in confusion, and the dejection of the bureau stared him in the face. In a shuddering voice, as the truth flashed on his brain, he gasped, "Heavens! Annie, we have been robbed. My watch is gone, and look at those closets and drawers forced, and money gone!"

As Annie followed him to the lower portion of the mansion, entering the parlors, he continued: "Yes, yes, Annie, it is even so. Our silver is also gone. The villains have made a clear sweep of everything of any value to them. How strange, that all this could have been done without disturbing us!"

"See—here they have left something. What is this?" said the trembling wife, as picking from the floor a small emptied vial, she passed it to her husband.

"Explained!" he ejaculated. "Drugged, while sleeping, and then effectually plundered. A villain capable of this would scarcely hesitate to do murder!"

A grateful exclamation, for their escape from the latter, burst from Annie's full heart. The unhappy Randolph failed in all his efforts to recover the stolen property, and after a season of much trial, he sailed for Australia, to try his fortune there.

Voices from the People.

Matter, Mind, Life and Motion. LETTER FROM Z. HOUGHTON.

I have been a close reader of the JOURNAL, for nine months, to ascertain the drift of its publishers. I had not a very favorable opinion of it at its commencement the last time for the reason that when it changed to a *Review* called Spiritual Republic, I was disgusted with it, and made up my mind that the whole clique connected with it, were managing and laboring for the earthly instead of the spiritual; but since it has returned to its first love, we had its weekly visits with joy and gladness. Your article on Life, Motion, Mind and Matter, was to me worth four times the cost of the paper. Why? Because some ten years since, the same ideas were advanced to me by the spirits, and I accepted them as truth, and have availed myself of the same since, and have never found but one Spiritualist who acted with impartiality in my own case, and I thank God, that the spirit of eternal truth is, and ever will be working, to develop and manifest itself to the children of earth, through the various media which it may search out. Yes, Bro. Jones, you and I have always existed; our physical, mental and spiritual, are co-existent with matter, but not concentrated; and God the prime moving element of all matter, is interblended with it. I believe the time will come when man will so understand the laws governing all things; that he will be enabled to govern and control all things, in and through the exercise of these powers given him by this eternal prime moving element in matter, which is God. But I did not intend to write a sermon. Go on, Bro. Jones, and may the Great Spirit of eternal truth, going through the angel world, ever guide and direct you into all truth. Jamestown, Grant Co., Wis.

Letter from S. Jenkins

Being one of your subscribers, and having passed the meridian of life, and my robes whitening for the other shore, and wishing to do all I can for the cause of truth as revealed to us, and owning a large farm of 1000 acres—700 under plow—and my health, and that of my wife also, having failed, we propose to sell our farm in 50, 80 and 100 acre lots, to Spiritualists, as we feel very desirous of establishing a Spiritual colony in this vicinity. My farm is considered the best in the State. I raised over ten thousand bushels of grain this season. It will yield from three to five hundred tons of hay yearly. It is well watered. Its location is four miles Rosmont, and four from Farmington, on the Minn. Central Railroad; also four miles from Bayfield, on the Hastings and Dakota Road—located within four miles of three stations, in one of the best agricultural counties in Minn. Having a desire to devote my time more fully to the cause of truth as revealed to me from the other side of the river, and not being able to carry on my farm and do as I am requested, is the reason that I offer my farm to our brothers in the faith of our immortality. There are quite a number of Spiritualists in this county, but they are very much scattered. They compose some of the best talent in the county. We lack teachers, and how can we learn without teachers? We want one or two good lecturers to come and locate with us, as there is a good field for labor. Lakeville, Dakota Co., Minn.

INDIANA—K. GRAVES IN THE FIELD AGAIN. We learn that Mr. Graves's labors since his return to lecturing field, are attended with immense success. The people turn out en masse, and are much pleased and benefitted with his able discourses. We give place to the following testimonial of his usefulness:

WHEREAS, We, the Fountain County Society of the Friends of Progress, in Convention assembled, on the 16th of November, 1869, have been highly delighted and greatly instructed by a course of lectures by K. Graves, of Richmond, State missionary for Indiana, on the Spiritual Philosophy, Theological Reform, and kindred topics, in which was ably, forcibly and eloquently set forth the necessity of a higher plane of moral, religious and spiritual development or unfoldment, as a practical recognition of the great law of human progress; therefore, RESOLVED, That we take great pleasure in cordially recommending Bro. Graves as an eloquent, logical and powerful expounder of the principles and claims of the new Spiritual Dispensation. HENRY CRANE, Pres't. JACOB ROMINE, Sec'y.

SPEAKER'S REGISTER.

PUBLISHED GRATEFULLY EVERY WEEK. (To be useful, this should be reliable. It therefore behooves lecturers to promptly notify us of changes whenever they occur. This column is intended for lecturers only, and it is rapidly increasing in numbers that we are compelled to restrict it to the simple address, having particulars to be learned by special correspondence with the individuals.)

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Communications from the Inner Life.

If you will give this article charge concerning them.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal. GOOD, EVIL, ETC.

Communication from Henry Whittemore—Mrs. L. Smith, Medium.

MY DEAR SISTERS:—Allow us to occupy a little of your time in the framing of fresh thoughts or spirit revelations. We come, from time to time, to engrain thoughts now foreign to you at least—to assist in your development, and perhaps through you, a large class of readers who look to these plain matter-of-fact utterances for the explanation which more scientific revelations cannot approach. All classes of mind require their own peculiar aliment, and what is best adapted to the one, affords no nutriment to the other. All forms of communication are needed for the unfolding of the spiritual theory and every phase of its wonderful working power. We listen for the time to the tiny little rap, asking admission for our claims; this granted, we have spoken, written, and in various ways calculated to draw out all the opposition there is in man's nature, and by these means prove how futile are all his attempts to overthrow our efforts. Next comes higher forms of manifestation, viz: the exercise of the reasoning powers more thoroughly developed, where before only loving words were spoken, as friend communicated to friend. Scientific problems are now being solved with certainty, and minds generally being brought upon a higher plane,—more largely diffused than at any time before since the world began.

There is a world-wide difference but with spirit revelation and the substance of thought proper—that is, your thoughts and ours. We come and suggest—present ideas foreign altogether from what originated spontaneously there; but once you have incorporated them, they become an component part of yourselves. No longer are they revelations, but settled convictions. So with the majority of mediums; we find the food for their consumption, of which they partake, and for which it becomes an active, living principle with them, forgetful even that they were not always supplied from the same fountain. We suggest thought—enlarge mind, by the reception of its necessary aliment, and man attributes the source from whence it flows no longer to us, but to his own individual effort—vainly supposing himself equal to the solution of all truth without extraneous aid. Man grasps at truth with eagerness—grasps it as the only life-giving, tenaciously—accepts it all as placed in his keeping without limits to commence with, but after a time he sees imperfections, discovers errors; then his investigations commence, he is more ready to examine minutely—draw conclusions, or carry on his researches, than in the beginning, because more thoroughly unfolded for the work. And this brings us to that portion of our subject which we wish to tender for your consideration, and ask not for your acceptance of a single theory advanced, unless it meet with your fullest approbation. "The study of Evil,—its various causes,—what it is, &c." Theologians define it in this wise: "The opposite of goodness, virtue and morality; the innate principle of anarchy, confusion, disorder,—a disorganizer of all that is abiding, demoralizing, accretive, &c." While we, on the other hand, perceive it to be a growth, indigenous to earth, subject to change, improvement, perfection even—an index of that which is to come,—a first formation out of which good shall result, agreeable to nature's law, an imperfect condition, but not necessarily the false, but on the contrary every way truthful, as we hope to be able to point out to your fullest comprehension. Evil is chaotic matter, out of which formation must come. Material not wanting, but arrangement of particles not yet cohered together. Eruptions, volcanic eruptions, must arise, and strata after strata become disrupted with internal convulsions—nature's processes for throwing off waste matter; each evolution giving higher forms or conditions of life. Evil, then, is a natural result—a working out of the imperfect into more beautiful, harmonious development. All life is more or less imperfect, consequently evil, according to our understanding of the term, and its varied forms and manifestations, co-existent with its first faint pulsations of conceptual power, because departed from nature's highest behest, truthful formation. This first departure gave organization, and the individual works according to the letter of the law within himself, ever dependent, even as earth in its mighty, grand changes, created within and of itself, its wondrous working power toward purification, as we ascend step by step from chaotic, interminable abyss, to the present home of man, and its ultimate growth always present, but faithless—the spirit's home. Man is accounted evil in all that he does, and taking our view of the subject according to scientific survey of earth's growth from its bed of chaotic warfare, he is most emphatically so. But if, on the other hand, you can prove by analytical evidence, that the earth at any period of its existence has been in a higher state of advancement, and man more perfect than at the present time, then we fail to show our premise correct.

History is pregnant with facts which go to show that with each separate epoch, there has been advancement, growth, progress, and as we look back, so may we not look forward in expectation of that which is to be in the wide-spreading future?

Let us look at some of the evils in society cursorily, and note and learn as to the paramount influence of this good or evil principle, whichever it may be learned from daily experience which is the absolute, positive or grand motive power, or inferior agent or negative principle, in the effect of the subject. Prior to birth comes law creating, and cause back of cause underlies all social fabrics, so that man is but a cause within a cause, and disturbance after disturbance equalizes and breathes of harmony in prospective, not present, but to come. The grand working principle of the universe is Love,—the interior high resolve, or angelic perm power, and told within fold, it lies hidden far from sight, but evil answering, as it unquestionably does, to the effect of a cause, as the body was created, not the creator, remember.

You may now see that the grand working principle in nature is good, but the natural life, or effects of birth, the growing out, to higher forms, convulsion like—spasmodic—revolutionary, like earth's troubled throes for deliverance, or inferior agent or negative principle, in the effect of the subject. Prior to birth comes law creating, and cause back of cause underlies all social fabrics, so that man is but a cause within a cause, and disturbance after disturbance equalizes and breathes of harmony in prospective, not present, but to come. The grand working principle of the universe is Love,—the interior high resolve, or angelic perm power, and told within fold, it lies hidden far from sight, but evil answering, as it unquestionably does, to the effect of a cause, as the body was created, not the creator, remember.

That good may come, evil must wear itself out, struggle and come to the surface, rack its patient wofully sometimes, and well nigh drag them down to perdition, that they be purified. Man is ignorant of the uses of tobacco, likewise its pernicious effects upon the system. He has realized none of its evil tendencies as yet. Becomes fond of it and craves that indulgence with an earnest longing. You may preach to that man with zeal and a determination to imprint upon his soul a detestation of the vile compound; pour forth volumes of denunciation, and what have you done more than to exact a promise for the time being, which he will put into execution only to break that promise again? You have not convinced the man. It stands in the place of good to him, he loves it, and has not yet renounced it. Argument has settled the point in his head, but not taken the love from the heart. But this is all that you can do and you have done your duty. Struggle on. His conviction and conversion only come from interior resolve, and you have done very little toward that. But how are we going to convert the

man? You are not going to do it. One resolution strengthens another, the conflict is going on in his own mind now. You have aroused an inquiry meeting within the precincts of brain to further its own investigation, and regular arguments are there being held and resolutions are formed, which, according to strength of purpose thereby gained, attain or defeat said object. The seed has been sown, which, if it has taken deep root, will bear its fruit in due time. Now which is the strongest working principle? Is it all evil now? It predominates to a fearful extent perhaps, but the little heaven leaveneth the whole lump. Again,—virtue versus vice. That boys organize says thick. Small benevolence, large secretiveness, acquisitiveness. He borrows from his neighbor that which he most desires,—money perhaps. Lack of benevolence says he need not it,—I must and will have it. The money is taken. No one knows it. His purposes are strengthened because not defeated, and a life of wickedness follows. Mark that man's career. Recklessness, wantonness, vice, are sure to follow. The good he secures by wickedness hardens the heart. Granted. From the beginning it was not so, but evil is strengthening. Is there hope for the underlying of so great a vice with good, which shall regenerate the sinner? We hope so. Wait a moment. Has not God implanted in the formation of that child in its mother's womb, the vital spark of life from His own immaculate purity? Then see your working out on the same principle of goodness some day.

(To be continued.)

FRANK'S JOURNAL.

FRANCIS H. SMITH, OF BALTIMORE—MEDIUM. Walter Walker.

I lived in the reign of Edward I. I hope you will let me come. I have a curious history to give. I am a little confused, for this is new to me, but I hope I shall be able to manage it.

I was a halberdier, having command of a company. I stood guard over Walker when he was captured, and also witnessed his execution. After that occurrence, the war ended and I returned home to my father—he had a small farm in Sommerset, and I helped him to work it. We got along pretty well. Peace had discharged many soldiers who were roaming about, deprecating whenever they had a chance. I had to keep constant watch, for my father was aged and infirm.

One day there came a man who asked for employment, but we had none to give, for I could do all that was required about the farm. He appeared greatly disappointed, and seemed to be suffering for want of food. This excited my compassion, and I placed before him an abundance—he ate like one famished. When satisfied, he expressed his gratitude and took his leave. After awhile he returned, and said he came to inform me of a plot intended to burn my house. He revealed all their plans, and offered his aid for protection. The time fixed, was two days off, and gladly did I accept his offer. As the hour drew nigh I became much excited, and anxiously watched for the evening's approach; but the night passed and no alarm was given. Another night was spent in the same way. At length I suspected that the whole was a great ruse to get a few days' bread. Seeing no sign of an enemy, I seized him by the throat and threatened his life if he did not confess his recital. But he made a vigorous resistance, and being a much stronger man than myself, he got the mastery and was about to set his foot upon my neck, when I sprang up, dealt him a ponderous blow, which felled him to the floor, and instantly my knife was in his heart. No one was near,—but there lay the body, and what was to be done with it? I hid it under the stairs until night, then took it to a deep chasm not far from the house and covered it up; not leaving a trace of the deed. I slept none that night nor for several more thereafter. My health began to fail, giving my father much anxiety. Every day I strolled near that spot to see if any discovery had been made; but no change had taken place. After a few months, I became easy in mind, and gradually recovered my health. But this quiet was only as to fear of detection, for a most miserable man was I. How could I get over this terrible deed? I tried to pacify myself by saying it was in self-defense; but that availed me little, as small comfort was afforded me from that reflection.

I lived on in this way until my father's death which occurred about three years after the murder. I then took possession of the property, and in a few months began to look about for a wife. I made claim of a farmer's daughter, living in the neighborhood. She was a sweet girl, and made me a loving companion. But I could not resist telling her of my quarrel and its terrible result. She could not resist telling it to her mother, and she to her husband, and he to his friends, and soon all the country knew of it. The chasm was searched, the remains found, and I committed to jail. Knowing there was no evidence against me, and that the confession to my wife could not be received, I kept silent—all believed me guilty, but I was acquitted.

Remember the most terrible, now took possession of my wife—I had already forgiven her, but she could not forgive herself. Kind and loving was I to her, striving to efface this act of folly from her mind,—but many months elapsed before anything like peace was restored. About this time, Lord Chief Justice Fanning came to hold court in Pomfrey, our shire town. He had heard of the charge, and felt a curiosity to see me—the moment my eyes glanced upon him, it seemed that my victim stood before me. Fear, the most overpowering took entire possession, and I fell to the ground helpless as a child. It was some time before I could recover strength enough to stand. Lord Fanning the while looking on with astonishment. I could only gaspe out, "Go away, go away," nor could I lift my eyes upon him again. A great excitement prevailed, and none could devise the cause. I was carried home half dead with fright. Not a word was said to my wife, but made pretences that I had fainted. Many months elapsed before anything like fear came to my bosom.

I lived to the age of fifty-one, leaving four children. My wife followed me the year after. I had been a member of the church ever since I was a boy, and believed all that was taught from the pulpit. I believed that I had repented of that crime, and that God had forgiven me.

I do not know how long I lay asleep after my death; but when I awoke, the first one I saw, was my victim—there he stood looking at me, but said not a word; and beside him stood Lord Fanning his father, as much alike as ever were father and son. I did not tremble, but went right up and asked his forgiveness. He wept and gave me his hand, saying, that sorrow had brought forth repentance, and repentance had washed away the sin.

I am now a bright spirit, and delight in helping others. I visit the undeveloped, and strive to win them to a better life. It was in one of these rambles that I wandered here and heard you addressing that Methodist preacher,—I listened with deep attention, and was astonished to hear so much good sense coming from one in mortal form. I endeavored to keep it in remembrance that I might repeat it to others.

Farewell, my friend. I thank you for receiving this confession, it has afforded me much pleasure.

GOD.

Prof. Agassiz, Humboldt, etc. BY L. H. BAKER.

There is an extract from Prof. Agassiz's speech at the Humboldt Centennial Celebration at Boston, published in the *Washington Argus*, upon which I wish to ask a few questions, doubting whether the Prof. could himself enlighten us upon his ethical logic.

After stating that the modern school of Atheists claim Humboldt as their leader, he says, "It is difficult to find in Humboldt any clue to the exact nature of his convictions. He had too great a regard for truth, and he knew too well the alien origin of the traditions collected by the Jews, to give his countenance to any creed based upon them. Indeed, it was one of his aims to free our civilization from the pressure of Jewish tradition; but it is impossible to become familiar with his writings, without feeling that if Humboldt was not a believer, he was no scoffer."

Does the Prof. deny the origin of the Old Testament? Or does he make a distinction between its tradition and inspiration? A part of it, if not the whole, must be tradition. Where do we get our authority to claim a part of Jewish sacred while we condemn the whole? If Humboldt refused his countenance to any creed based upon Jewish tradition, could he be a theologian? Again, he says, "Like a true philosopher, he knew that the time had not yet come for a scientific investigation into the origin of all things. Before he attempted to discuss the direct action of a Creator, in bringing about the present condition of the Universe, he knew that the physical laws that govern the material world must be first understood; that it would be a mistake to ascribe to the agency of a Supreme Power, occurrences and phenomena which could be deduced from the continued agency of natural causes."

Until some limit to the action of these various causes has been found, there is no place in scientific discussion, as such, for the consideration of the intervention of a Creator. Where is the line between the inevitable action of law, and the intervention of a higher power? "There are those who affirm that, inasmuch as force and matter are found to be sufficient ground for so many physical phenomena, we are justified in assuming that the whole Universe, including organic life, has no further origin. To these, I venture to say, Humboldt did not belong. He had too logical a mind to assume that a harmoniously combined whole is the result of accidental occurrences."

If there is no line between the inevitable action of law and the Creator, and all is a harmoniously combined Whole, how can there be an intervention of the Creator without destroying the harmony of the Whole? And if there is, as ever is to be, such a line, by whose hands is it to be drawn? If the answer be, God's, it must be through the fallible source of inspiration, for as the finite can not comprehend the Infinite, all inspiration is necessarily fallible, leaving all the decrees and commandments of man subject to public opinion, making void the traditions of theology also.

If we must wait until there is a limit to natural causes, before we can discuss the supernatural, how long will it be? It is a mistake to ascribe to a Supreme Power occurrences that could be deduced from natural causes, is God the Creator of nature, or have we the old mythological creation—one good and one evil—God being the former of the good and Diabolos of the evil? And if so, upon his assumption, is not Diabolos the creator of physical nature, including the planetary system?

I am at a loss to understand the Professor's logic in any other light. If the God-power is not the author of occurrences from natural causes, is it the author of anything having form? Or, since everything has form, and there would be nothing left for God to manifest Himself through, how do we know there is a God? If we have no right to ascribe any of the occurrences of nature to God, how did the direct action of the Creator bring about the present condition of things, for does not the present condition of things depend in some measure upon physical nature?

Will not the learned Professor make some of his ethical reasoning sufficiently logical for the general reader? Many of our theologians in this darkest corner of the world are at a great loss to comprehend it as those who have emerged from the fog of its mythology. Can he tell us, too, when will come for scientific investigation into all things? Or, if we have no right to investigate religion, had we not better go back to Popery or Judaism? And upon what plea does he justify himself for renouncing the Atlantic dispensation?

Lancaster, Texas.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Short Sermons on Scripture Texts.

BY WARREN CHASE.

NO. IV.

"And the ass said unto Balaam, Am not I thine ass, which thou hast ridden ever since I was thine unto this day? and I have never went to do so unto thee? And he said, yea."

This word of God Text (Num. 22: 30), is a small part of a very interesting story which is worth reading by all who have forgotten it, as it shows, first, one of the different kinds of mediums through which the Jewish Jehovah gave His Holy Word to the human race, this being quite a different speaking medium from the snake-devil of our last text; but, still, one not much more talkative generally. Second, in this case, the medium is said to have seen a ghost, and as good spirits do not come to the earth, it must have been either the devil or the Holy Ghost. As the story runs, the ghost also talked to Balaam after the ass was done.—"Spake as the Lord God, with authority, and as he had a sword—talked about slaying Balaam and letting the ass live. It is most likely it was the Jewish God, as this was in accordance with his previous character. Third, this is one of our evidences that the Jewish God, who was not a very well developed or harmonious spirit, or used his power of ventriloquism to cheat his servants, or else had power to make beasts talk as no power in our day can, not even in the better days of modern spirits that visit the earth. These passages prove the great imperfection of this spirit that set himself up as the God of the Jews—who was so weak as to often get angry and vindictive, when nothing but human blood would pacify him—so weak that Moses is said to have turned his mind by pleading with good reasons. Abram greatly modified his feelings in the case of Sodom by treating him to a good dinner of kid and cakes. Often wonder if this is the same God our Orthodox churches praise so loudly and pray to so fervently. If it is, I think they might do better with arguments such as Moses used. This Jewish God, whose character is so plainly portrayed in the Old Testament—who made so many blunders—seems to me to be far more imperfect than any one of the spirits that I know of as communicating in our day, and not much better than the character latterly given to the devil, especially the devil to which our Orthodox brethren attribute the modern Spiritual manifestations, and certainly not more power-

ful, as he could not do much fighting against chariots of iron—modern columnads would have been perfectly invulnerable to him. He certainly was somewhat sneaky as well as unlish. We may find some case where he used the lying lips of lying men to give his Holy Word to lips. In the case of our text, the poor ass-medium got sorely whipped for a fault which seems to have been the ghost's fault entirely, which did not or could not make Balaam see as sure as the beast did.

Views of a Free Thinker on Matter God etc.

From the Rock Island (Ill.) Union.

MATTER AND SPIRIT.

The two divisions of nature are Matter and Spirit. Matter, the material of which every thing is made. Spirit, the pure, ethereal force or life. Matter is composed of atoms; an atom of matter the invisible center from which force emanates. Spirit, unseen, unfeeling and unknown, except through its forces. There is no force in nature except that of spirit. The relations between Matter and Spirit are inseparably, co-existent and eternal.

GOD.

The omnipresent, life-principle that pervades the universe, we recognize as God—God the Soul of nature; the universe his mode of existence; the laws of nature his mode of action. Outside of nature all is void; hence, the supernatural is impossible. The Infinite can only act in accordance with his unchangeable attributes, which are manifest in the laws and principles of nature. God omnipresent—not personal personality and omnipresence stand in contradiction to each other.

LIFE.

Life is eternal, and pervades all matter. Every particle of matter acts or is acted upon, and feels its relationship to the great whole. The forces that give form to the dew drop, drops of falling rain, the snow flake, and to all forms of crystallization, are as truly living forces as those that give form to the blade of grass, or to the animal. Through natural forces rain drops and worlds are formed from pre-existing material.

LIVING FORMS.

The lowest cognizable form of life is that of a simple cell, which may be regarded as the primal organic form. All organic forms of life are made up of cellular tissue, or by the addition of cell upon cell. Through the operation of organic laws, the inherent life principle utilizes or individualizes itself into forms of life.

PHYSICAL MAN.

These organic forms of life, have passed from a monad through countless changes under the modifying influence of changing condition; through almost infinite durations of past time, ascending up through the scale of progressive development, and branching off into all the diversity of life, until the inherent Spirit principle culminated in Man; Man, the ultimate, or terminal link in the creative chain. Thus man physically, was developed from a monad through the complex gradations of past creations, and is thus related to all forms of existence.

SPIRITUAL MAN.

Man is the first fruit of the Tree of life—the receptacle of the individualized principle of the Infinite—impregnated with a spark of divinity. The physical life a period of spiritual gestation; at death we are born—born into spirit life. Physical death our spiritual birth. Man being the fruit of the tree of life, containing within himself the impregnated germ of immortality, bursts forth from this physical state of being into spirit life. Every individual spirit is a finite expression of the Infinite, an organ through which the Infinite contemplates himself. Every individual spirit is born into spirit-life with just such an individualized character as the modifying influences of his or her earth-life must naturally develop. High spiritual development only attainable through pure, harmonious lives and spirit culture, and also through a full recognition of the bond of relationship that unites the whole human race; we win Heaven to ourselves through deeds of love and charity. Heaven and Hell are conditions of mind—whether here, or hereafter. We have such a Heaven or Hell as we create unto ourselves.

Spiritual philosophy is the religion of nature—its Trinity, Science, Philosophy and Religion, harmonized into an inseparable unity. Its object, the uplifting of humanity. It comes down to all the practical relations of life. Through the bodily organs the senses relate only to material forms or combinations of matter. Under certain conditions the mind, even while in the body, can see, feel or hear spiritually, independent of the bodily organs. Through the exercise of this faculty man has been made cognizant of spiritual existence and the reality of a future life.

MAN'S DIVINITY.

In past history, people have ascribed to different individuals a divine character—to Osiris, Krishna, Buddha, Jesus, etc. The views here presented accept the doctrine of "God manifested in the flesh," but apply it to the whole human race: accept the Divinity of Man—God manifested in man.

RELIGION VS. MYTHOLOGY.

Religion and Inspiration natural—not supernatural, nor the gift of any particular race. Every human soul is an impregnation of Divinity; hence a receptacle of inspiration just in proportion as the mind is in a condition to receive the divine influx, or in accordance with the measure and characteristic qualities of spiritual development. But inspiration, coming through the imperfections of human organization, is never free from the imperfection of human nature. Religious systems and holy books are but the out growths of the religious sentiment of the age in which they originate, each in its time serving an important purpose in the progress of religious development. All systems and creeds must ultimately be tried before the tribunal of science. What ever is not founded on the principles of nature, but only on the authority of tradition, will finally receive a place among the fossils of mythology.

Apology.

Hallsport, N. Y.—Job Smyth writes:—Enclosed please find \$10, and place it to my credit on account. I have many apologies to make for not sending you money before, and for not sending more now; but I must only say this is the best I can do. I will continue to send you pay as fast as I can. Do the best you can by me. I feel that I could not do without the paper. I have a little advantage of you in some respects. I saw you at a convention in Philadelphia and studied your nature, and I profess to be able to read character by tone, and consequently I do thank you very justly by me.

REMARKS.

—You are a most excellent judge of character? It is only the fear of justice, which we so love and practice, that makes certain persons whose names it is not worth while to mention speak evil of us. Thank you, brother, for your truthful words, as well as for the ten dollars.

WASHINGTON.

Spiritualism at the Capital.—Rev. Dr. Royce on.

From the Ann Arbor (Mich.) Courier.

Rev. Dr. Roynton, ex-Chaplain of the House of representatives, is creating quite a sensation every Sabbath in the discourses on Spiritualism of the Bible and spiritual manifestations. In his evening discourse of last Sabbath he said, that the question is pertinently asked, "if spiritual manifestations occurred during the ministry of Christ and his apostles, why do not such powers appear now?" He, Mr. B. believed that spiritual powers were designed to be permanent. For 400 years previous to the Christian era, miraculous or spiritual powers did not exist, and were renewed under the Christian dispensation, and were intended as a standing evidence of truth in the church. For 1500 years and until Luther's protest, the only Church on earth was the Catholic. Will Protestants say that the Holy Ghost or the baptism of the spirit has ceased through all this period? that the signs that should follow them that believe in Christ were to be perpetual? But through the coldness and unfaithfulness of the christian ministry, only here and there spiritual powers were manifested. There are three stages in man's spiritual development. We are now living in the first, and if the Church now lived according to its exalted privileges, the day of Pentecost would be repeated. Unless we reject all the evidences of the New Testament, we must admit the possibility of spiritual manifestations. Every minister baptized with the Holy Ghost will carry with him the commanding power of an angel ministry. It is said by Jesus, not yet that speak, but the spirit that speaks in you. This supernatural spiritual power remains in the Church, and it would be folly to deny it. These signs and wonders are claimed now to exist by thousands of living witnesses, and is therefore more a question of fact than of faith. I am inclined to believe there is more of the supernatural at the present day than the Church is willing to admit.

The second stage in man's spiritual development will partake of more of the supernatural than even the remarkable manifestations at the day of Pentecost. Unless I discard all human testimony, I must believe we are on the threshold of a most remarkable era of spiritual development. But with regard to the acceptance of any revelation from spirits, even of the most undoubted character, he would despise all such as evil, that rejected Christ as the only Savior of men. We have reason to fear if undoubted spirit manifestations come to any Church in this city, the rest of the Churches would persecute them. He acknowledged that the admission of manifestation from our departed friends was attended with doubt, he had no evidence personally of the fact. He said Christ's appearance was in his resurrection body; Moses' and Elias' appearance was to the disciples while they were in a trance, and that Samuel's return appeared to favor the possibility of the spirit's return.

The speaker said nothing of the angel that appeared to John claiming to have been one of the prophets, but admitted that death did not destroy the affectionate relation between friends united in the bonds of pure and holy friendship nor did it affect the memory of earth life associations. He believes that our departed friends are often near us to warn us of danger, encourage us in well doing. The love they bore for me here is intensified and sanctified there, and he saw nothing in the Bible to deny to them the exercise of their guardian care and allowed affection.

LIFE.

The findings are spreading. LETTERS FROM C. A. IRWIN.

DEAR SIR:—Permit me through your column to give to the world a short testimony of the wonderful healing power demonstrated through the agency of Dr. Carman, of Ladoga, Indiana, in Spiritual medium.

Dr. Carman not only banished ailments of recent, but of long continued standing, with the power of magnetism. Mrs. M. Lindsey, an old and established resident of our city, who had not jumped, ran or reached her hand to her foot for the space of twenty years or more, sprang up and down with perfect ease, reaching her hand to her foot with ease after one treatment; and her cure was confirmed after three operations.

Miss Maggie Burgess, of Shelby County, visiting with a friend in this city, had not walked for seven long weeks, without placing her knee upon a chair, the effect of an ugly fracture, walked across the room alone, after one treatment, and from that time, entirely dispensed with any assistance whatever. We could mention several other quite remarkable cases, but desire, with one or two incidents of spirit communication.

Dr. Carman came to our city as a Magnetic Healer, but while visiting with us, he held several developing sances, he often passing under control, and giving at once astonishing and convincing tests of the presence and identity of departed spirits. I will be brief.

During one of our sances, there were present several gentlemen who were not Spiritualists—among them one who had been a soldier, a fact known to but few persons in the room. A number of his old departed army comrades came, and proved their identity to their old companion; but one most astonishing case was that of a poor boy who had been missed from the regiment; he was supposed to have been kidnapped, and was never heard from, much to the sorrow and regret of the entire regiment, and the great agony and distress of his friends. He said he had been treated most inhumanly and cruelly by the rebels, and then brutally hung; he also gave his old companion messages to deliver to his friends on earth, and spoke to the friends assembled in beautiful language. The company were affected to tears, and the gentleman astonished and surprised, recognized the manners and speech of the poor lost soldier boy toward whom he had felt such sympathy.

These are a few of the number of wonderful tests given which prove the fact of the power of spirits influence to communicate through the physical organism of different individuals. "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth Peace good will to men." Shelbyville Ind.

Letter from J. W. Madden.

Mary's, Ill.—W. J. Madden writes:—By chance I had the pleasure, last evening, of seeing your paper for the first time. Many articles appeared, to me very ridiculous, but on the other hand—many were very philosophical and good. Although not a Spiritualist, I advocate many of your theories. That it is beyond cavil that spirits, being of a kindred nature, can, and, perhaps, do commune one with the other. I agree with you; but that they produce the effects asserted by the Spiritualistic brotherhood, I am not, as yet, so credulous as to believe. However, I am open to conviction, and as my curiosity is aroused, I intend to examine the subject farther. For this purpose, I desire your paper. I would like very much to see an article on "spirit and matter," or how a purely spiritual subject can act upon a material object. One is tangible, the other is not—one sensible, the other not. I exclude, however, the operation of the soul upon the body, whilst dwelling upon this subject. If one of the brotherhood would be kind enough to treat this matter, he would confer a favor upon many.

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