



CHICAGO, JUNE 18, 1870. VOL. VIII.—NO. 13. \$8.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE. Truth wears no mask, bows at no human shrine, seeks neither place nor applause; she only asks a hearing. SINGLE COPIES EIGHT CENTS.

Literary Department

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal. SPIRIT MINISTRIES. While treading the rough, thorny pathway of life, Oppressed with its burdens, and faint with its strife...

ADDRESS. BY THOMAS CALES FORSTER, ON THE OCCASION OF THE FUNERAL OF MISS JOSEPHINE BERRY AT HARRISBURG, PENNSYLVANIA, MAY 3, 1870.

"In my Father's house are many mansions." So said a good sister of a century, nearly two thousand years since—notwithstanding which, however, my friends, most of the religions of the past, and most of the religions of the present, would teach that this occasion should be one of gloom and sadness...

who have met this temporary loss, we, too, can not but let fall the tear of sympathy with those who still remain in the form, and whilst humanity can not but appreciate the vacation of the favorite chair, or some spot in the household, they must weep, and weep the tears of love, and we are but human. But remember, friends, that the philosophy of Spiritualism catches the tears as they course down the cheek and lights them up in the prismatic colors of the rainbow, with the smile of the angels.

Oh, then, when you think of her, do not think of her as a lost member of the household at all! Do not think of her as having departed! It is her wish that you should realize that she is here. It is her wish that you should realize what a great consolation her faith has already been to her, that you may know her again by the light of some she will bring to you, by sweet truth she will utter. She bids me say that she has the same smiles. She bids me say that she was a knower, and those who did not know her say it is a bright and glorious pathway. It is all a beautiful theme for a sister's pen.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal. THOUGHT. BY J. L. BATHERLAND. THOUGHT! Who knows what thought is? Is it an entity, a substance, or what is it? Thought is a little understood as the soul itself, —if it is, indeed, distinct from the soul.

DON'T CROWD. Don't crowd! this world is broad enough For you as well as me. The doors of art are open wide— But you must come in by the door. Of all earth's pleasures, 'tis the best To choose the best you can. Providence will give you all you need, And never try to crowd.

PORTLAND, MAINE.—J. W. Hatch writes—For five Sundays, up to the 24th of March, the Spiritualist's hall has been occupied by Miss Susie Davis, of Lowell, and each lecture was a rich treat for the audience.





Religio-Philosophical Journal

H. S. JONES, EDITOR, PUBLISHED BY THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, CHICAGO JUNE 18, 1870.

TERMS OF THE Religio-Philosophical Journal. \$3.00 per year, \$1.00—6 months, \$1.—4mo. Fifty Cents for Three Months on trial TO NEW SUBSCRIBERS.

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LOOK TO YOUR SUBSCRIPTIONS. Upon the margin of each paper, or upon the wrapper, will be found a statement of the time to which payment has been made.

ALL letters and communications should be addressed H. S. JONES, 119 SOUTH CLARK STREET, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

SPIRIT AND MATTER. The Undulations Proceeding from Material and Spiritual Objects.

Columbus, actuated by a spirit of adventure, never faltered until he had discovered the New World. Franklin, impressed with the belief that electricity pervaded all nature, sent his kite heavenward, and when the electric spark spoke to him from the murky cloud, he knew that he had established a grand truth.

elements therein that can melt the hardest iron in the twinkling of an eye. Really, then, being no dividing line between spirit and matter, how is it that the spiritual organization ever became separated from the physical structure? This is, indeed, quite a pertinent question.

Now, the question naturally arises, if such be the case, is there not a dividing line between spirit and matter? The spiritual world is not, you may say, connected with the material world, nor is the spirit body connected with the material body, hence there must exist a "discrete degree" between the two.

Spirit and matter are eternal. They always existed. Spirit exists in matter,—in the tree, the flower, the golden grain, and everything the eye can see.

The spiritual world is invisible to us, from the fact that the pulse-waves or undulation therefrom, impinging on the retina of the eye, are so delicate that they cannot excite it. But deplete the optic nerve and the retina of the eye—by which one, as the retina is only an expansion of the optic nerve—of their animal magnetism, and then let a spirit supply its place with spiritual magnetism, and then those pulse-waves proceeding from spiritual objects, will be transmitted to the mind, and then you can see the scenery of the spirit world.

Take the retina of the eye. Science tells us that four hundred and seventy-seven trillions of these pulse waves per second, impinging upon the eye, cause the sensation of red. But how different the pulse-waves from the spirit scenes! Indeed, they so far exceed those from material objects, in rapidity, that the wisest mathematician in the spirit world would hesitate before trying to compute them.

visualized matter and spirit has its sphere of action in matter and spirit diffused, and that spirit is the outgrowth of matter in the same sense that the mist overspreading the sea is an outgrowth of the same; that is, spirit is incorporated with matter the same as the mist is with the sea.

H. W. Beecher's Views on Spiritualism.

The Rev. George Haddock, of Appleton, Wisconsin, says in a letter, "You cannot be expected to follow up all the things, good, bad and indifferent, which are constantly being said about you, but from the fact that Spiritualists, very generally, claim you, I should be glad to receive from you a denial of those statements, if they are not correct."

"We reply, categorically, that we are not believers in Spiritualism, neither in the spiritual origin of the phenomena, nor in the religious teachings which are propagated in the books and papers issued in the interest of this new sect."

"But what shall one do? After seeing, listening, pondering, belief does not come, and the case grows worse, and not better."

It was remarked by an ancient seaman, that all men, particularly great men, had a vein of idocy permeating their natures, which, at times, made them appear exceedingly ridiculous; and that the more profound the philosopher, the larger the vein.

Speaking of the literature of Spiritualism, he uses only disparaging terms. He is, like Newton, so intensely interested in the solution of some knotty question, that he fails to recognize the fact that by simply a change of base, the truth of Spiritualism would at once flash upon his mind.

Spirit is communicating as compelled to use the organism of another, which is, of course, exceedingly difficult, and it is not to be wondered at that many blunders and mistakes are made. Yet we are prepared to show that the literature of Spiritualism is broader, more comprehensive in its details, and embraces grander truths than all the systems he has ever written, or the literature of all the religious denominations combined.

And he said, "Hear thou, therefore, the word of the Lord; I saw the Lord sitting on his throne, and all the host of heaven standing by him, on his right hand and on his left."

Bathsheba, of her innocent purity, and then, with his heart actuated by a malicious spirit, murdered her husband. In the thirty-eighth Psalm he avows himself afflicted with those disorders that often distinguish the lowest debauchee.

Now, therefore, hold him not guiltless, for thou art a wise man, and knowest what thou oughtest to do unto him; but his head being thinned down to the grave with blood."

LETTER FROM AUSTIN KENT. BROTHER JONES? In view of your late suggestion that I send you a receipt per JOURNAL of all money that I get through your patrons, I give the following, as near as I can get it since my general report in February, which it has been in the Journal since it came through you to me.

- Mrs. J. H. Bradshaw, \$1.00 Mrs. Adelle L. Ballou, 1.00 L. M. & M. S. Severance, 5.00 J. B. Ferguson, 5.00 Mrs. M. C. Young, 2.00 J. M. Winlow, 2.00 P. Hayward, 1.00 Warren Chase, 1.00 R. S. Pond, 1.00 Phelix Shelling, 1.00 Etta Jessup, \$0.50, Ezra Seilen, \$2.50, J. D. Jones, \$3.50, Frank Searies, 5.00 Total, \$30.00

THE JOURNAL. This week's number will be found unusually interesting. The lecture of Mrs. Emma Harding, on the sixth page, is replete with sound logic, and will be read with interest.

On the second page, the Report of the Northwestern Speakers' Convention contains much that will interest mediums. The new theory in reference to the Structure of the Earth, and the probable discovery of a "new world," will be read, with the wish arising that it may prove true.

On the third page, the thrilling story of "Estrangement," will be perused with pleasure. On the eighth page, Brother Wilson's Department contains many valuable truths.

On the eighth page, Brother Wilson's Department contains many valuable truths. In Brother Child's Department, is an interesting communication, showing the condition of Spirit Life.

MR. AND MRS. J. M. GRANT, M. D. Our Brother, Dr. Grant, late of San Francisco, California, who has performed some truly wonderful cures as a healing medium, during his sojourn in Chicago, has not been idle in other things, while not engaged as a healing medium.

Among the other things that the Dr. has done, is to attend the requisite terms of lectures at the Eclectic Medical College of Chicago, and to graduate as a well-read physician.

VALUABLE NEW BOOKS. We are in receipt of a new invoice of "Talks to My Patients" and "Health by God-Living," and have filled all orders on hand.

MRS. SAWYER'S SEARCHES. Mrs. Sawyer continues to hold seances every day in the week as heretofore, at the Reception Rooms of this Publishing House.

MRS. A. S. ROBINSON, HEALING, PSYCHOMETRIC AND BUSINESS MEDIUM, 148, Fourth Avenue.

We are now prepared to supply our subscribers with Prof. Prusson's great work, "Fresh Eggs and Yellow Butter." Upon the receipt of \$5.00 we will forward a copy, postage paid.

Mrs. Abbott, the Developing Medium, is yet to be found at No. 148 Fourth Avenue. She is a most excellent developing medium.

EMMA HARDING. This distinguished lady was again greeted with a large and enthusiastic audience at Music Hall, on Sunday last. She ably sustains the reputation that preceded her.

Personal and Local.

Dr. Kayser, Clairvoyant Physician, of Erie, Pennsylvania, called at our office on Tuesday, on his way home, from the West, and gave us an example of his Clairvoyant powers.

Mrs. Adelle L. Ballou is now prepared to make arrangements for lecturing during the summer and fall months. From the numerous commendations sent to us from the various fields where she has labored, we judge that she has been doing grand work for the cause.

Mrs. Elizabeth Golden, of Reynoldsville, Pennsylvania, would be glad to entertain any speaker who may give her a call.

Dr. H. P. Fairchild speaks in Philadelphia, this month, and in Williamstown, Connecticut, during July.

Dr. Henry Houghton's address, for June, is Ashland, Massachusetts.

Dean Clark can be addressed at Salisbury, Vermont. He is a fine lecturer and a first-class medium.

The Springfield Republican—it ought to know—says that there is a bar-room in Boston, owned by a church.

Mrs. Wilcoxson is engaged to speak to the Spiritual Association in Lockport, on the 19th of this month; and Dr. D. B. Kayser, Clairvoyant Physician, of Erie, Pennsylvania, is engaged to speak at Joliet, June 21st and 22nd, and at Lockport, July 21st and 22nd.

Mrs. S. M. Jorgensen has changed her residence, and may be found at No. 60 Cass street, between Indiana and Ohio. She is a Symbolic Seer and inspirational adviser.

Dr. H. S. Brown speaks of the Sparta, (Wis.) State Convention, held on the 17th, as follows: "I have just been informed that the Davenport Brothers have agreed to be in Sparta, Wisconsin, at our State Convention, on the 17th of June."

Mrs. Harding's appointments for August and September, are as follows: Geneva, O., Sunday, Aug. 7th. Ashland, " Tuesday Eve., Aug. 9th. Jefferson, " Thursday " 11th. Painesville, " Saturday and Sunday, Aug. 13th and 14th.

Mrs. Harding's appointments for August and September, are as follows: Geneva, O., Sunday, Aug. 7th. Ashland, " Tuesday Eve., Aug. 9th. Jefferson, " Thursday " 11th. Painesville, " Saturday and Sunday, Aug. 13th and 14th.

The friends who desire Mrs. Harding's services any of the unoccupied time during these two months, and within reasonable distance of Cleveland, should make arrangements at once, which they can do by addressing—A. A. Wheeler, 47 Prospect St., Cleveland, Ohio.

MRS. A. S. ROBINSON, Healing, Psychometric and Business Medium, 148, Fourth Avenue.

Mrs. Robinson, while under spirit control, on receiving a lock of hair of a sick patient, will diagnose the nature of the disease most perfectly, and prescribe the proper remedy. Yet, as the most speedy cure is the essential object in view, rather than to gratify idle curiosity, the better practice is to send along with a lock of hair, a brief statement of the sex, age, leading symptoms and duration of the disease of the sick person, when she will without delay return a most potent prescription and remedy for eradicating the disease and permanently curing the patient in all curable cases.

Of herself she claims no knowledge of the healing art, but when her spirit guides are brought "as a spirit" with a sick person through her mediumship, they never fail to give immediate and permanent relief in curable cases, through the positive and negative forces latent in the system and in nature. This prescription is sent by mail, and is an internal remedy, or an external application, it should be given or applied precisely as directed in the accompanying letter of instructions, however simple it may seem to be; remember it is not the quantity of the compound, but the chemical effect that is produced, that science takes cognizance of.

One prescription is usually sufficient; but in case the patient is not permanently cured by one prescription, the application for a second, or more if required, should be made in about ten days after the last, each time stating any changes that may be apparent in the symptoms of the disease.

Mrs. Robinson also, through her mediumship, diagnoses the disease of any one who will apply for her at her residence. The facility with which the spirit controlling her accomplishes the same, is done as well when the application is by letter as when the patient is present. Her gifts are very remarkable, not only in the healing art, but as a psychometric, test, business and trance medium.



The Postum.

LECTURE NO. XVIII.

By Mrs. Emma Handberg, on the Amusements of the People.—Delivered before the First Association of Spiritualists of Philadelphia, on Friday, Evening, Nov. 13th, 1869.

(Reported expressly for the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, and Recurred by Law, by Henry T. Child, M. D.)

The subject of this evening's address will be the Amusements of the People, and I ask your attention to these three propositions—first, that amusement or recreation in some form is as absolutely essential to the well-being of man as education; next, that amusement in the home circle should be promoted as carefully by the parent as education; lastly, that amusements for the people should be legislated for with just as much care as any other branch of legislative action by the government of the country.

It may seem to you that the word "amusement" signifies a subject scarcely worthy of a methodical speaker. Nevertheless, if I can demonstrate these propositions, I shall show you that amusements are of just as much importance as any other branch of interest that belongs to man.

In the first place, I invite your attention to a defense of my first proposition, namely: that amusement is absolutely essential to the well-being of man,—as much so as we consider it a necessity for children. We have five senses, each of which is associated with a faculty, which the soul is informed and the intellect instructed or the mind enlightened. Every one of these five senses is an absolute demand which our structure makes upon its Creator for a supply. Demand and supply have been given liberally. We are made to know, through the sense of hearing, requires such action as produces sound. The sense of feeling conveys a variety of information to the mind by touch. The sense of taste is not a mere incentive to appetite, but it is an absolute demand to inform the intellect of the quality of the food. The sense of smell, with equally appreciative force, demands emanations or auras from matter. All these senses are designed not only for instruction, but for growth, for enjoyment, for all the various purposes of life which we call action. If, for instance, our eye merely unconsciously perceived objects as simply instructive us,—how wearisome would the world become to us. Deprive us of the faculty which realizes beauty, and which, it has been asserted, is not necessary for instruction, and what becomes of refinement? The influence of the glorious forms of nature which God has made so beautiful, is lost upon us unless the eye has the capacity to discriminate and appreciate that beauty. Yet, beauty is not absolutely necessary for us. We can understand size, color, shape, form and distance, and all the attributes of matter which the eye can take in without beauty, but the very moment the eye perceives beauty, a fresh set of emotions is awakened, other faculties are called into play, aspiration mounts into worship, and admiration is the foundation of the love of the grand,—the love of God. Even so with the sense of hearing,—it is not absolutely necessary that the warbling notes of the city streets, the rattling sounds that we call noise,—it is not necessary that these should be converted into music, to instruct us in the various motions that are pursued; yet, what a different set of sentiments are awakened between noise and music! However we may be instructed by the ear, it is not to the extent that we are by the other. Noise is information. Music is the speech of heaven. As we drink in the one, we may be instructed simply in the characteristic movements which produce sounds; as we listen to the other, our spirits are touched, our affections are awakened, our feelings are called into play, all the faculties of the mind are opened. So of every sense; even that lowest of all, taste, is not only calculated to discriminate amidst the qualities of food, as also calculated to produce that pleasure which elevates above the mere sensuous act of supplying the body with objects of proper food for the repair of the daily waste; but produces a refined sentiment which dignifies the act and makes it a satisfaction to us. So also of the senses of touch and smell. The enjoyments of the senses are their highest functions,—the operation of the senses for discrimination, their lowest.

Beyond and beyond all these senses is the sixth sense, perception,—perception of all things in nature;—a sense which gathers up all the various incidents of information that we receive through the five senses, and arranges them before the judgement. If we call these senses into operation without any description of what we feel, we call amusement, triflingness, recreation, and allow the judgement only to operate, the sense of perception to be perpetually called upon to pronounce upon intellectual topics, and only exercise those faculties of the mind which inform it, and you will find that the organism will wear out the senses and the rest of the powers of the mind, will degenerate under the vast tax upon the peculiar organs which are thus called to make up the judgement. This will produce that description of information which, sooner or later, ends in insanity or idiocy. If the brave martyrs have gone singing through the streets, and their souls were lifted up in harmony, and they knew naught till they had ceased to be in the form. There is not only melody in music, but it is impossible to listen to the sounds of it without feeling holier, and better. This is one of those elements of inspiration, of instruction, of elevation, which we should bring into the powers of raising the mind upon the wings of harmony, which is simply treated as an accomplishment to be taught your children provided they manifest a taste for it. Were every family in Evans County sufficiently instructed in music as well as in reading, writing and ciphering, so that when the evening comes they should group themselves together in the family circle and each one be able to take their part, there would be little fear of crime. It might prove bad for the alehouses and the gambling saloons.

It might music should be considered as a part of public education and be brought into the curriculum of schools, and practiced every day in your families. If this was thus admitted into the various systems of education that are now so rife among you, you need not repeat the ten commandments so often. You would not have so much occasion for your police officers. Your streets would not be degraded by the sounds that we now hear; you would be more moral, more spiritual. I commend this thought to every good mother and father. I repeat, and I know that I say, being myself a Professor of music, that there is no child of two years old that may not be taught more accurately than we are instructed in the art to be taught its letters, spelling or ciphering. They read scraps of music as they go, and they have a constant and unceasing source of amusement. Another source of amusement is dancing. What does it signify, my good follower of Geo. Fox, and the worthy disciples of our last day sects, who look upon the very last device of the enemy for capturing souls, I wonder if these Christians ever question the purpose of dancing in the days of King David? If they ever understood it fully in its moral influence as well as physical; if they ever com-

prehended what dancing means? If any of you have ever paid a visit to that strange people, the Shakers, you would find this to be a part of their worship. Has it ever entered into the conception of our orthodox brethren, who protest against dancing, and assert that the body is the temple of the Holy Spirit, and that some means of culturing the mind is to be had by the study of letters, as well as the intellect should be carefully considered by parents? It may be asserted that the exercises that our children are required to take in labor is sufficient. There is no species of exercise which is so restful as that performed to the sound of rhythmic music. Under these circumstances, many persons find themselves scarcely able to restrain the action of the muscles, that seem imperatively to demand this. I cannot speak from experience, but I can speak from practical observation, that some form of exercise, which combines amusement, that which can produce the highest and most exalted condition of ecstasy, cannot be entirely wrong. There must be something in this exercise of dancing which the old Hebrews found so efficacious in this act of worship, that the Romans, the Greeks and the Hebrews and all nations of antiquity, practiced with such regard to it. The march and dance seems almost an inevitable demand of the body. In many parts of the world these form a part of religious worship. Those who sneer at the thought of employing these as a means of culture for the body and recreation of the mind, are in the wrong. I know that they are subject to abuse, and when I advise you to cultivate music, I do not mean that it should be done so the exclusion of other useful knowledge. I do not ask you to apply the sweet strains of music to those low and vulgar and demoralizing habits of life, that degrade mankind, but to cultivate that healthful form of motion—its graceful dancing by crowding young people in close, unventilated halls. I do not ask you to violate the sweet order of native modesty by precipitating yourselves into the arms of strangers, whom you only chance to meet in the ball-room.

There are many things connected with dancing, which are not suitable for my pleading for the good of recreation which the young and old alike plead for, and would protest against that silence and solitude, of morbid and misanthropic evenings at home, where sullen mothers and sullen fathers sit coldly and disconsolably over the fire, and the occasional visit of a friend, from home, to cultivate that healthful form of motion—its graceful dancing by crowding young people in close, unventilated halls. I do not ask you to violate the sweet order of native modesty by precipitating yourselves into the arms of strangers, whom you only chance to meet in the ball-room.

I now propose to speak of that third form of amusement which carries us away from home. The question of theatrical and operatic amusements appear to me to take a negative form rather than an affirmative. I ask upon what positive principle can we denounce them? We can denounce them, as when we abuse should be denounced,—all they give rise to many forms of employment,—absolutely necessary to the household. So we may denounce the use of what when you convert it into whisky; when you pour it down the throat in intoxicating fire-water,—it is very different from its use as a beverage. The highest and noblest of what lect, the bread of life in these pictures, which combine painting, sculpture, music and poetry, high morals, grand sentiments,—every form of instruction that the mind can desire, can be found in the drama, from the realms of poetry and music, philosophy, science and morals. I do not think that the drama was one of the highest and noblest institutions for the amelioration of the people in classical days. It was something more than amusement amongst the Greeks and Romans,—it was the secular church where all that was noble and elevating was presented. I need not remind you that the drama, as it is among the grandest and noblest of the present day, is one of the most instructive lessons that can be given in the name of the classics.

Go back and acquire their meaning when they were first presented? They were gems of instruction in cultivated form by living action of painting, of scenery; they were noble histories, which, instead of being read by your fire-side, were presented in the form of living action. The witty Aristophanes and the cutting humor of the satirist, were scarcely a vice of the day that was not lashed by him. He was again and again rewarded by the most wonderful public honors that could be lavished upon any one. Although he afterwards fell into disgrace, it was he who was the highest seat in the contemporary form of vice lashed by him, with his keen and bitter satire, which effected far more reform in that direction than even the stern arm of the law could do.

Even so the noblest sentiments were fostered and cultivated by the inspired Euripides and Socrates, and various noble writers among the Greeks and Romans. The dramas of these celebrated writers you find a form of language unit for the present day; but consider the purposes which the drama of that day subserved. It was a great school of teaching. It was not alone the source of those wondrous lines which were noted for that grand and beauty which were among their highest attributes. It was the means of inspiring the noblest sentiments,—of stimulating the bravery of the warrior, the virtue of the citizen, the honesty of all, the modesty of the nation. In their dramatic performances, every noble deed was celebrated upon the stage. From the sacred mysteries were performed. The Bible and the subjects of religious teachings were constantly performed at stated periods. Sacred histories were read and illustrated by actors. I think the advantage is considerable on the score of action. We gain, besides the imagination, when the subject is presented with all the vivid force of action, grace, coloring and scenery,—with all those surroundings which represent the idea so clearly to the mind. Thus Christmas and the various holidays celebrated in the Catholic churches, were invariably accompanied by the drama of the dramatic scene. Nothing died out of any country during this period. Its most flourishing existence was in the day of the noblest and most inspired man, except those whom we acknowledge as religious,—William Shakespeare,—who presented in his writings every theory that has ever been put forth. Can you see any single expression of his, which is not chronicled and described in this man's vivid delineations? Can you conceive of any description or imagery which is not represented by Shakespeare—a single sentiment which is not put in better language and finer form than any other poet has done before him? Can you

conceive of any event of life-history,—social, religious or political, which is not represented there with a delicacy, grace, force, beauty, that brings it home to your mind with such intense power that you cannot get away from a play of Shakespeare's, fairly presented, without realizing the transcendent force that the great poet has in the drama. You are compelled to live over again the scenes of history. When you read of these, and by your utmost exertions attempt to place yourselves in the position of him or her of whom you read, you will fall; but when you behold it, you see it placed before you with all the scenery necessary to illustrate it, at you once stand in the presence of the mighty dead. You realize the powers of great sorrow,—of mighty grief and joys,—the wild flights of imagination that fill the mind. You realize the wild, fantastic beings, the witches and spirits are brought so vividly before your mind that they seem to be realities. You cannot get away from a noble play—an instructive tragedy, well enacted—without feeling elevated. You do not leave a well acted drama without an impression upon your mind. You realize that you do not speak of the abuse,—I do not speak of certain French plays which degrade the standard of morals. It is for this reason that I ask that government shall legislate for the amusements of the people, as in olden times.

There should be a censor over the drama and public games,—all those opportunities in which the people take recreation. If they are elevating, pure, wholly instructive,—if their purpose be not only amusement, but instruction,—then the government may form out of the amusements of the people one of the noblest public schools, where for the first time in the child's lifetime, man has not so very much changed. I do not know that the stage should occupy a very different place from that which it did in the days of Plato, Socrates, and those noble ancients who labelled the church of the present day, as the church of the people. It was in the days of Queen Beza, when Shakespeare was recognized as one of the people's teachers—as one of those who, as Philip Sydney says, had caught the inspiration of amusement and the power of striking prior of its make; therefore I commend the drama, as old as one of the people's teachers,—provided always that it is under the censorship of those who are determined that the people shall be instructed as well as amused.

Lastly, I speak of the novel,—chiefly as an entertainment for the home. Here we must also discriminate. What is a tale of fiction? What is fiction? Is there any tale of fiction? Is not always a reproduction of the images that have been? Is there any image which the mind can create that never has been before? Imagination is but a reproduction of that which is already in the mind. When we are broken, fragmented, therefore we imagine, and when we are not broken, but whole, we do not imagine, but we see things as they are, that which is usual called is but a reproduction to us of living images, as a mirror in which we think we are gazing upon the faces of our ancestors, but we are, in reality, looking upon our own. When they tell us to turn our eyes inward, we shrink from it; but when they bid us look upon a neighbor, how soon we draw out skillfully enough—how very apt we are to discover faults! Sometimes, indeed, we can perceive beauty; thus we learn to understand human nature, and great deal better from the actions of our neighbors than from their words. What are novels? Nothing more than the life-pictures of our neighbors, presenting to us reflected images of ourselves.

We always approve most highly of that novel which brings closest to us some experience which we have passed through. We always comment with most favor upon that tale which is nearest to most life-like, most natural, most near to our own experience. Thus, it is represented in some form in every tale of fiction. A well-written tale of fiction is a beautiful work of art. We gaze upon it, and do not think that our eyes are not seeing the realities, just as when we look upon the life statue, upon the marble or bronze statue, upon lovely forms, and upon the glowing skies,—upon the clouds with their many-colored hues, as God has made them. Every one of these is a painting put into words, making a living landscape where human beings write trees and flowers, with stars and sun and sky, and various objects of nature, are presented as living pictures for humanity. I maintain that we gain much instruction from these living pictures.

There are two classes of writers, one of whom pictures the dark and revolting scenes of human character, and dresses up vice and crime; it has nothing to say in favor of these. But when you take the other class of literature, represented in England by Charles Dickens, I can speak from personal experience. The old effete institutions of law have suffered more from the hands of Charles Dickens than from any other source. Through the bitter, scathing tone of ridicule in which he has represented them, he has reached that which nothing else could have reached so effectively. The words of Charles Dickens have done more to reform the poor of England than all other reformatory efforts.

In your own land you have had a Cooper, a Washington Irving and a host of others, and also many able magazine-writers and sketch-writers, who have done good service in these directions. We must look this great question of amusements in the face. We shall find as we sit, do not sit in the writers' evening, at a writing board, when the family is gathered together. If you can have music and dancing and reading aloud, you will find it a far better means of gathering the members into the sweet relations of home, than to see our young ladies going out to the streets to find amusement, and daughters waiting until some one comes to take them out.

Make home the most attractive place, and they will not seek to go out after amusement. At the same time I would have refining and instructive public amusement, and, at suitable seasons, picnics. I commend them as a wholesome means of amusement, when they are abused. Healthful exercise, mutual intercourse and association with each other,—these should be encouraged everywhere, their abuse we can all readily understand. We do not know the value of interesting each other, and we do not know the value of life. We do not know the value of life; we do not know the use of change. If we studied as carefully amusement as we do science, and art and ethics, and would give them their appropriate places, as means of instruction, we shall all enjoy life more fully.

Some years ago I was permitted to spend some of my life in the cell of a poor convict. He told me that he had been a very bad man. He had much to be sorry for, much to regret, but he might have been much worse. He said, "There is a certain memory which was retained through life, and I have been a villainous man. I kept me from many and many a worse deed than those for which I am convicted." That tall, thin man was his first glimpse of the woods and forests, and green fields. Said he, "When I was a little, wretched child, I attended one of those ragged schools. I was one of those who were gathered up from the streets and the streets of London, where I had lived all my life as a little thief, and the first seen I went to that school, I determined to give the children a treat, and take them into the country. They did so, and for the first time, I saw the woods and forest." He told me that he had seen the grass in London, but he had seen the grass of those green old trees, he had seen the grass in the grave yards. He had only seen so much of the blue sky as from time to time shone upon his eager face through the bars of his prison, but that day took him out in the country and gave him a view of all the great expanse of one of Nature's noblest cathedral. Through the swaying, over-arching columns of forest trees, and the wide, unbounded expanse of blue sky, with fields covered with primroses, and reeked with May blossoms, and soft green grass beneath his feet, and babbling brooks and butterflies and insects chasing each other. The children were shrieking with joy; but this child uttered no word of thankfulness or pleasure. He went away behind some sweet-scented briar, and close by a hedge, he knelt down and prayed. He thought to himself, "This is where God lives. I have found out His home, where I have been for the first time. He has come to me now." The poor child felt his Father's arms around him, and trod softly upon the green grass and flowers, and looked up very reverently in the blue sky, and that day, he said, he felt, child that he was, that he had been with God.

"The memory of that day never left him; and whenever wicked thoughts pressed upon him, it came to him, and he wished he was that boy again, and then he would not do the deed. He wished they would take him to God's home. I have met with many such scenes as this, where for the first time the child has seen the face of heaven. There is something in beauty which elevates us; there is something in sweet sounds, there is something in the face of Nature, with all her varied loveliness, which does make an impression, a silent and unconscious one it may be, we know not how or why. Even with the least of the working man of the city, who has bowed down to mammon as he has served himself until they fear to tread one step aside lest they may lose something, if they can get into the country, and hear its anthems sounding in their ears,—although they cannot interpret its voice, yet there is a grand page written there which man never can understand. The power of recreation in its forms will some day be recognized as a part of true religion. They will not be stigmatized as amusements only, they will be regarded as a waste of time. Properly regulated amusements, encouraged and practiced by legislative action, will supersede in a great measure the afflictions and the asylum, and especially the jail and the penitentiary.

I am convinced that such lessons as these, by giving more balance to the overtaxed organs of the mind, will relieve us of the dangers of those who are perpetually grading each other until they wear them away,—and either send us to our graves, or to the lunatic asylum, and the asylum for the people at home and abroad, are essential to the well-being of individuals and of society, and I commend the subject most heartily to you all.

It is that long, long years ago. When all the world was of one use, so it is that then my heart blushed too. My heart beat fast for love and you; There was a music in the air I felt to my soul anywhere.

And so, when Spring comes wandering by, I lose the threat of a misdeed. Trusting the promise of her prayer, I tune my voice to sing her praise; And chest myself with the sweet pain That in the Spring Love blooms again.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal. THE DISCUSSION. Addie L. Ballou, Spiritualist, and B. F. Underwood, Materialist, Disputants. LETTER FROM GEORGE LYNN.

BROTHER JONES.—You have doubtless been made acquainted with the proceedings of the Convention at Joliet. It was my good luck to be able to attend the second day, at the close of which our sister, Addie L. Ballou, gave a challenge to Mr. Underwood, for a joint discussion on the following question: "Man has an intelligent, immortal spirit or soul, that lives after death, and is capable of receiving a *deceit* visit, and communicate with mortals in this life after bodily dissolution."

Mrs. Ballou affirmed and Mr. Underwood denied. The discussion took place on the evening of June 1st, Mayor Mann presiding. The Court House was full at the appointed time, and throughout the debate the audience was very orderly.

Mr. Underwood is connected with the Boston Investigator, is very talented, and in manner a perfect gentleman. Mrs. Ballou was very pleasant during the debate, though she regretted that they were confined to one evening, as it was to short a time to do justice to the question. The speakers were allowed twenty minutes and three times each, making the whole time two hours.

The debate was one of the most pleasant affairs I have ever attended. Our cause is safe in the hands of Sister Ballou! The evidence she adduced in favor of continuing life was as fully denied in the public manner the Investigator school treats such matters. The last speech of Mrs. Ballou was very fine, and reached the core of the question, in its earnest appeal to the heart and mind. I think most of the audience felt how very futile, simple and logic in its appeal to the universal, divine, and almost universal consciousness. Without desiring to be the least unjust to Mr. U., whom I truly esteem, I can but think his flat denial of the positive evidence that Clairvoyance, Psychometry and the physical manifestations furnished, about as reasonable as the position of the old school. I look grounds against the truth of Astronomy in space, by the positive affirmation that the world rested on a rock. On being questioned in regard to the foundation of the rock, replied another rock. "And pray what does that other rock rest upon?" This was too much for the old lady's conceit, and she replied in the most positive and commanding manner, "You fool, there is rocks all the way down!"

"At the close of Mr. Underwood's last speech, he said Mrs. B. and friends quite a compliment by declaring that Spiritualism was far safer than Orthodoxy, and advised a gentleman (who had not already subscribed for the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, and acquaint themselves with our principles. This discussion will do good, for it will call the attention of some of the ablest persons unacquainted with Spiritualism to investigate its claims. Lookout, Ill. June 24, 1870.

PRICE-LIST OF BOOKS.

Table listing various books for sale at this office, including titles like 'Artificial Somnambulism', 'The Chester Family', and 'Waters' New Scale Pianos'.

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