

# RELIGIO PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL

HARMONIAL PHILOSOPHY

THE ARTS AND SCIENCES, LITERATURE

VOTED TO AL PHILOSOPHY

ROMANCE AND GENERAL REFORM

L. C. DUNN, 26 No. 71  
Box 486

\$3.00 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.]

S. S. JONES, PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR.

CHICAGO, AUGUST 27, 1870.

VOL. VIII.—NO. 23

## Frontier Department.

Entered according to the act of Congress by S. S. Jones, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of Ill.

### DISCUSSION, AT FOND DU LAC, WIS.

Between

E. V. Wilson, ..... Spiritualist,  
Geo. C. Haddock, ..... Methodist.

Photographically reported for the Religio-Philosophical Journal by Miss Josephine R. Smith.  
[Discussion of Tuesday evening, July 28th, continued from last week.]

E. V. WILSON. Mr. Chairman, ladies and gentlemen:

1st. Mr. Haddock says he would like to hear the names of the Methodist ministers that have left the church for Spiritualism. They are easily given for they are well known to all Methodists and Spiritualists. When the Methodist Church gets sore-heads in it, they come over to Spiritualism, and cause us more trouble than all others. These men left the Methodists, and sought to make Leveland the great mogul of the "Christian Spiritualist," and failed.

He has read you the report of the Committee at the Convention at Cleveland, Ohio, from the book "Planchette," but he did not tell you that that Committee was self-appointed, and that that report was voted down, and voted out! I myself arose against it, and fought against it, and assisted in killing it, *ad.* Why did he not tell you that?

He concedes to our remarks on the European war. "It is a lamentable fact, but who is responsible but Louis Napoleon and the Emperor Eugenie, both world-wide Spiritualists?" We accept the concession, and the fact that those who hold the balance of power in Europe are Spiritualists, and hold the destiny of the world in their hands, and the late vote on the "P. B. Edition" received a majority of 6,000,000. Are they deemed worthy the confidence of 40,000,000 Frenchmen? And yesterday's paper states that the war is so popular that the opposition or peace party dare not show their heads. What think you, is Napoleon, the Spiritualist, worthy the confidence and support of the French people?

3. "Spiritualists have claimed Henry Ward Beecher as a believer in spiritualism." Well, whatever Spiritualists may have claimed for the great Beecher, one thing is certain, Mr. Haddock's letter checked this fact. He says, "I don't believe in Spiritualism, or in their religious teachings, but we have no reason to think that intentional deception is practiced." He concedes the unquestionable truth of Spiritualism! Are the people ready to support his concessions?

4. "I want the witness to swear to it, and if they do swear to it, they will swear to a lie." GEO. C. HADDOCK. Mr. Chairman, I rise to a point of order!  
CHAIRMAN. What is your point of order?  
GEO. C. HADDOCK. I did not say what the gentleman says I said!

E. V. WILSON. You said just what I said you said!  
CHAIRMAN. Mr. Haddock, you may make your corrections.  
GEO. C. HADDOCK. I said, "If any witness would come here and swear that such things were done by spirits, they would swear to a lie."  
E. V. WILSON. That is just what I said you said! (Laughter)

CHAIRMAN. Gentlemen, am I to understand that the time taken in interrupting each other is to be included in your half hour?  
WILSON. You are to understand that this debate is to be conducted under strict parliamentary rules!

CHAIRMAN. Then it is not included.  
E. V. WILSON. This is the thirteenth or fourteenth discussion I have engaged in, and this is the first outrageous attack on the character of my witnesses ever made, and is but an effort on the part of the gentleman to pre-empt an audience before hand, and unbecoming a Methodist minister. It is a personal in us, an attack upon the honesty of every Spiritualist present, and even upon the sacred dead.

5. "What does Mr. Wilson mean, has the dog a soul?"  
What I mean is patent to any candid listener, that after the death of the dog, he repeats himself in the kingdom above him, retaining his individual character as a dog, whether hound or mastiff; overthrowing the mastery reason of the man, and enthroning the instincts of the dog. Then asking the question, "Has the dog a soul?" If the animal below can repeat himself in the kingdom above him, shall man be deprived of the same right to repeat himself in the kingdom above him, also, after death? I put in this case as one of the many facts under the head of the "Laws of Life." Has Haddock met it? Nay! I will now read the report:

"A melancholy, and in many respects singular death by hydrophobia occurred last week at Yonkers, Westchester County, New York, where the horrifying circumstance is at present engrossing an unusual amount of attention. To the medical men it is another terrible illustration of the fact, that although the poison conveyed in the bite of a rabid animal, may remain dormant in the system for an indefinite period, its power to torture and destroy life does not deteriorate.

"The victim, Thomas Lamb, who was in his twenty fourth year, was by trade an engineer, and employed at a foundry in the village named, throughout which he was well known as a trustworthy, industrious man. During last winter, while employed in a brewery in a neighboring village, deceased was bitten by a ferocious bloodhound owned by his employer, and, al-

though the wound was not severe, the animal was at once dispatched, and the affected part having rapidly healed, the occurrence was soon forgotten by the deceased. On Tuesday of last week, deceased was married to a young woman whose mother had opposed his attentions to her daughter. Having by a little strategy realized their matrimonial wishes, the married pair had scarcely reached the domicile of the bridegroom, when the mother of the bride made her appearance, and after, on her knees, imploring curses and vengeance on the luckless couple, fervently prayed that her daughter might be a widow in less than three months.

"It appears that the diabolical imprecations of the mother had a most depressing effect on the minds of the young couple, and on the following day deceased evinced symptoms of the awful malady, the seeds of which had been sown in his system some months previously. Medical skill was resorted to without avail, and on Friday, the wretched man in one of his terrible paroxysms, escaped from his attendants, and after reaching some open lots, displayed cat-like agility in bounding over fences, and otherwise deporting like an animal. He was subsequently secured by two police, who found it necessary to handcuff the madman on arriving at his home in Brook street. Either the sight or sound of water would throw the patient into the most agonizing convulsions, and as the malady developed itself, he would bark like a dog, snarl and snapping at those who were near him. He continued to grow more violent and dangerous, so that many hours before his dissolution, it was deemed necessary to bind him with strong cords, and while in this condition his struggles, shrieks and howls were truly shocking, until death ensued as above stated."

There is the report, and it will be seen that the dog repeated himself as a dog, debased the man, and enthroned the instinct of the bloodhound. Depressed by that mother's curse, he is seized with rabid, and goes howling to the grave. Here is the power of mind over matter; for it is in the power of man or woman to invoke the aid of God and the angels to hurl the creature to the dark grave.

6. "Mr. Wilson don't care if the spirits are good or bad."  
No, if the good can come, so can the bad, and the coming of either proves that man is immortal; and there is no other way of knowing that he is immortal. And we know that the good can come also. Those loved ones that have gone before, come to cheer us on our way, with love and sympathy, and by imparting a knowledge of our future life. It explodes the theory that death either makes angels or devils of us, for they come to us unchanged, with the same knowledge and powers, and personify their own selves, till we know that death is merely passing from one state to another.

7. "What good does Spiritualism do?"  
It heals the sick and afflicted, as Jesus did of old. It imparts knowledge of light and truth, and proves that man eternally lives, and that he, by knowledge, can grow better and purer after the change called death. It imparts liberal ideas, and has made, and is making man free.

8. "Mr. Wilson complains that God is a man."  
My friend mistakes, and misrepresents me. The statement I made was that Moses' God was a physical being, and that the God of Jesus was a spirit. Now the God of Moses is a physical God, a man, described in one hundred and fifty-five passages of the Bible. The God of Jesus was a spirit, "and has flesh and bone."—"God is a spirit; and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth." (John, 4:24)

"Behold my hand and my feet that it is I myself; handle me, and see; for a spirit hath not flesh and bone as ye see me have." (Luke, 24:39)

You remember that Mr. H denied a personal, physical God, saying that every one knew, who pretended to know anything of the Bible, that the quotations were metaphors, or figures of speech. Then, again he complains of us, because we deny a personal God, saying he has no need of head, hands or feet. What reason can he give for saying this. None whatever. We claim the God of Jesus, an eternal spirit, omnipresent and omniscient, all love and wisdom, and our Father. Jesus said, "My father and your father."

9. "We are not to assume a position that we cannot prove."  
Why then does he lay down the proposition that the God of Moses is not a physical God? We can prove by the book here that he is. Let him prove that he is not.

10. "The proof of a principle is in the teachings of that principle."  
I accept this proposition, and affirm the platform of Spiritualism. We teach morality, immortality, love toward God and man, and good will toward one another. Because he finds a crime or a criminal in our midst, does this prove we are unworthy of the support of the people? If so, then every religious sect in the world is unworthy, for where is there one with whom there is not sin? None whatever!

Not in the least, sir. We defined it for you in seven clear statements. You have not answered one of them; but instead thereof, have laid down a platform of your own and debated that, not ours, or the resolution.

Spiritualism is readily understood by all who wish to understand it. Webster defines Spiritualism, as that which is opposite to Materialism or materiality.

14. Mr. H defines his platform, a series of *ipse dixit*, followed by a number of quotations from Davis, Potter, Mahan, and Jamieson. Three are Spiritualists, and all concede that Spiritualism is true.

15. "Man's responsibility to God."  
How can man be responsible to a being who falls in one year thirteen times out of four can? And on Haddock's own confession, two-thirds of his converts are failures. How can we rely on his promises? May he not fail to fulfill them, as he has failed so many times before in what he has attempted?

16. "The mind of a man from beyond the sea can influence a man on this side of the sea, and the man does it."  
It is the mind, not the body, that controls here. The spirit of a man effects the control, and is a spirit influence. If an embodied mind can control another, cannot a disembodied one do the same?

17. "Darkness a condition of tricksters."  
If this principle is adopted, every scene that took place in the dark that the Bible tell us of is a lie and a cheat; and God himself is a liar and a cheat, for Creation took place in the dark—there is the Bible for it.

18. "Planchette."  
The instrument is of the church, not of Spiritualism. The churches hugged him to their souls till we used him, to his honor, and the little fellow began to talk Spiritualism, then they threw him overboard. This book is one man's idea, and as a whole is very good.

19. "Spiritual Photography."  
Mumier was fully sustained in Justice B. O'Connell's court, and no cause of fraud found against him. Prof.essor Vasily (electrictian), and Judge Edmunds, Messrs. Livermore, and Gillmore, and others testify to the fact of spirit photography, clearly proving the case.

In 1869, the Methodist Conference in the nine North-Western counties of New York, including Livingston, published in the Danville papers, that they had converted four hundred to God. "This was the work of the Holy Spirit." But, alas! it was a lamentable fact that only one hundred and fifty remained faithful; only this small number were converted after all. How do we know they were converted? This is a greater difference in the ratio than 7:10. Why not pronounce it of mundane origin, and not worthy of the confidence and support of the people?

We want to see it fully demonstrated that it is of the Holy Spirit, and why the Holy Spirit makes such failures. Was it a truthful spirit? Dr. Spencer states that twenty-five per cent. of all converts are under twenty (many of them girls and children) and that seven per cent. go back to the old sin. How can we distinguish the genuine conversion, and is this worthy of your confidence and support?

We were taught that the cause of man's sins lies between the snake and God. We know that the serpent charms the bird, but we cannot believe that he has more power than God over man.

The Holy Spirit throws a man on the floor, and leaves him insensible. Again, we differ, although we do not say that the power that does it is not immortal.

Mr. Haddock has been called to preach the gospel.  
"George C. Haddock rise, go forth, and preach my gospel!" Who heard that call? How do we know that he was called? Let him demonstrate to us that he was called by the Holy Spirit.

Every liberal and progressive idea inside or outside of the church, has grown out of Spiritualism! It recognizes the rights of woman, and the rights of humanity. It recognizes the right of freedom of soul and body for all of God's children. It recognized the rights of the African slave, and the church did not till it was forced to. You never knew a genuine Spiritualist that was pro-slavery! When was the church anti-slavery? When slavery was no more!

Every advance step the church has made in progress, it has been compelled to, by the progress of the age, while Spiritualism is the agitator and pioneer in progressive ideas. See the growth of freedom since the birth of Spiritualism! The church has grown out of hell, and has been compelled to drop infant damnation. In Rome, five hundred and seventy-six blasphemy men in convention, and say, "He who dares to say or think differently from these teachings, let him be anathema! If George C. Haddock or E. V. Wilson say these teachings are not correct, let them be anathema! If they dare to utter a progressive idea, let them be anathema!"

Dr. Tyng was suspended for six months for his liberal ideas. "Dr. Tyng, you may sit down; your teachings are too spiritual; you cannot preach in my church!"  
The dual powers of the mind are a well known fact. Many persons can be in one place while their exact counterpart is seen in another place. Many of you have read of the teacher that could not retain her position in any school because of this dual power of the mind. While in the school-room, attending to her duties, she would be seen in other parts of the school-room, in the garden, and elsewhere. Horne, and others, have well authenticated facts of embodied spirits appearing, and even communicating at great distances from the body. This is another power of the human mind that is as

yet, little understood, but we know it to be a fact.

GEO. C. HADDOCK. Mr. Chairman, ladies and gentlemen—We are here to prove Spiritualism to be either worthy or unworthy of the confidence and support of the people. Mr. Wilson is to affirm and myself to deny. If Mr. Wilson wishes to make this debate personal, he may, but I am going to stick to my subject. I don't expect he will meet my argument, for he cannot. In all my discussions with Spiritualists, I have not found one that would; but instead, throw out accusations against the church so as to divert me from my subject, for its thing does not bear the light of investigation. I am discussing Spiritualism, not the sacred dead or the Methodist Church, or any other church. My friend complains that I indulge in personalities toward the dead, and all Spiritualists. I have not done so. I wish not to be misrepresented, nor do I intend to misrepresent others. I do not wish to call any one a liar, but if any one will swear that such things are done by spirits, they will swear to that which is not so.

Mr. Wilson may relate wonderful spirit visions to prove that Spiritualism is a fact; I can do the same to prove that Spiritualism is not a fact.

Margaretta E., in a somnambule or mesmeric condition, saw spirits, and she saw hell with all its terrors. Now these spirits that she saw, had wings and golden crowns! Spiritualists don't believe spirits have wings, and ridicule the idea of golden crowns. She could not have had a spiritual vision. It was only a reflection of the minds around her, while in a mesmeric state; for those minds surrounding her believed in a local hell, which she described. We know that the church once preached of, and believed in the torments of hell, but who for a moment believes in a literal hell now? I don't, nor does the church. This vision of Margaretta E., was only the reflection of the minds of individuals about her, and all spiritual visions can be accounted for in the same way, under the same law.

Mr. Wilson says that many ministers have become Spiritualists, and they have caused them more trouble than all others. Well, perhaps that is so, for all that have become Spiritualists, we were glad to get rid of, for they were unrepentant and depraved, and of demoralizing influence. Perhaps that is what the Lord has permitted Spiritualism to come upon the earth for, for a sort of a sewer, or slop bowl for us to throw our filth in.

There is also some Spiritualists that have become Methodists, but Mr. Wilson need have no fears, we don't want him.

All physical phenomena can be accounted for very easily, and the causes shown to be human agencies.  
A family was disturbed by physical phenomena, such as knockings and pruntings, tables moving and chairs dancing, and it could not be done by other than spirits. Upon close examination it was found to proceed from the crafty machinations of the Irish girl, who by cunningly contrived devices, with wires and strings, made all these wonderful phenomena. She was sent to prison for six months, but by the intercessions of friends, only staid three.

Now, most of the physical phenomena of the Davenport and other spiritual mediums, can be accounted for in the same cunningly devised trickery.

On page 255 of "Planchette" (Now the book is by a Spiritualist, and considered by Spiritualists as one of their best productions), we find, Judge Carter, of Cincinnati, complains of the deceptive character of many of the mediums. "I cannot," he says, "now point to a single medium, and I know many, and say that he or she is perfectly reliable." Judge Edmunds, in his Spiritual Tract, No. 7, says, "It has been supposed by many that the sounds were such as mortals could not produce. As far as my experience goes, this is a mistake. I have never heard one that I could not imitate, and I have known that mediums, failing to get the sounds, would make them."

Those are acknowledgements of prominent Spiritualists, that there is trickery.  
Telegraphic operators, having control of the electricity, may send over those wires any communication that they choose. Why not call that a spiritual phenomena, as Spiritualists claim to use electricity, and that Spiritualism is a science and a philosophy?

We know that physical bodies can be moved by the will, if touched by the hand. For instance, take the watch, suspend it by a string, holding the string in the hand. You may bid it turn to the right or left, and it will do so,—but suspend it from the wall, and bid it move, and it will not. It is done by the action of the mind, combined with animal magnetism.

As to trance, I must confess I know but little about it; but I do know that what mediums say and do in the so-called trance state, is done by other persons while in the mesmeric condition, and there are no spirits about it.

Spiritualists make no distinction between good and evil. Many say there is no evil, but only an undeveloped, not understood good. Many, also, say that there is no higher power than man, that there is no need of a God! Is this worthy of your confidence and support?  
I will read you more to show that these communications and manifestations are wholly unreliable.  
A. J. Davis, the great Seer of Spiritualism, in his "Present Age," page 20, says, "There is no security in asking questions which come within the jurisdiction of the judgement or intuition of the medium, or questioner."  
Communications are very reliable, are they not?  
Again, Judge Edmunds, in his Spiritual Tract, No. 7, says, "One day their came to me through Laura as a medium, the spirit of one with whom

I had been well acquainted, but from whom I had been separated some fifteen years. It was a very peculiar character, one unlike that of any other man I ever saw; and so strangely marked it was not easy for me to mistake his identity. He was not at all in my mind at the time, and he was unknown to the medium, yet he identified himself unmistakably,—not only by his peculiar character, but by referring to matter unknown to any but him and myself. I took it for granted that he was dead, and was surprised to learn afterwards that he was not. He is yet living."

They can get communications from still embodied minds, and cannot distinguish them from the disembodied,—and I don't know but they get them from dogs, cats, and other animals.

Prof. Mason, of Appleton, told me himself, that he could get as good a communication from a haystack as any thing else, and he is a Spiritualist!

Said an honest man, the father of a medium, "I don't understand these mysterious occurrences, but there is one thing I do know about them, and that is, we can obtain just as intelligent answers from the spirit of the beasts, birds and snakes, as from any spirit that can be called upon. This I know absolutely, for I have made the experiment myself, till I am perfectly satisfied on the subject."

Then what confidence can the people place in such teachings as these? It may be the spirit of a person embodied, hundreds or thousands of miles away, or from the mind of those surrounding the medium, or from the medium's mind, or the mind of the questioner, or it may be a haystack, or a heat or bird, or a stone that you are talking to, when you are happy in the thought of conversing with some loved one.

Ladies and gentlemen, there are natural phenomena in nature that we do not, as yet, understand; there are mesmeric, psychological, and electrical elements that we know comparatively little about, as yet,—the progress of science will develop these mysteries that are now called spirits; and then we will find there is no spirits about it. Spiritualists claim to know all about these laws and sciences that govern their very being, but they don't know any more about it than you or I do. Mr. Wilson says he knows but he don't!

If their teachings are correct, what motive have we for doing good? for the worst man is just as good as the best, and will be just as happy hereafter. If that is so, what matter what we do?

I have volumes that I could read to you in regard to their teachings. I tell you I have read deeply in their literature, and that is the only way to learn of their peculiar teachings. I have not come here without knowing whereof I speak.

J. T. Tiffany, in his discussion with Mahan, says, "Persons have supposed that when they get correct answers they get tests, but when they come to understand that the spirit can come in rapport with minds in the circle, we then discover that he can perceive the thought and get the answer as well as the question from the mind, and then being in communication with the medium, can answer all the questions and give perfect satisfaction as to his identity, while at the same time, he is a far different spirit than what he purports to be."

If getting such communications from you, don't know what, proves the immortality of the soul, then does the communications from animals, stones and haystacks prove the immortality of animals, stones and haystacks? Will Mr. Wilson tell us?

[To be continued.]

### "Artificial Somnambulism."

I have a high appreciation of Dr. Fahnestock's book, and his contributions to your JOURNAL. I hope he will give us more light on the subject of his method of inducing the Somnambule state. Many are doubtless experimenting, and if with his instructions they are enabled to succeed, his theory will be confirmed and established on a solid scientific basis.

Should his methods of healing and inducing clairvoyance be generally and successfully adopted, Dr. Fahnestock will tear off the palm from the magicians, mesmerizers and magnetizers of former ages, and be recognized as one of the greatest benefactors of mankind.

### A first-class Lecturer, and Medium wanted.

C. A. Reed, President of the Oregon State Association of Spiritualists, writes to us as follows, from Salem, Oregon:

In about six weeks from now, the Legislature and our Supreme Court will be in session at the capitol here, and the State Fair will take place early in October. We have a grand hall, "Reeds Opera." Such a lecturer as E. V. Wilson or Emma Hardinge could draw full and paying houses. A medium like Foster or Mansfield, would get repaid for time and trouble in coming out here.

We can not promise that any but first-class would receive paying attention.  
"BANNER OF LIGHT" please insert.  
Salem, Oregon, July 24<sup>th</sup> 1870.

A colored clergyman has returned to Maryland after suffering five years' imprisonment and being sentenced to "perpetual banishment from the United States" (a slight stretch of power, by the way, by the authorities of Maryland), for having in his possession, in 1857, a copy of "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

Original Essays.

ROSICRUCIAN MUSINGS.

By F. H. Dowd.

Passing along the street one fine day, near to a very fashionable lady and gentleman I observed...

had no dignity? Why, he would be the laughing stock of all lawyers; for these are good judges of dignity. Dignity is a great thing to keep people in their place...

erator," or "stirring" from any other part of his body, is no proof that he is in the state of animal magnetism...

Since the above events, the shadowy presence, the specter, has haunted her, and now, on the verge of lunacy, the poor woman constantly talks to the air...

Voices from the People. LAKEVILLE, MINN.—Mrs. H. E. Johnson writes—As my time expires August 30th, and I have been a subscriber for two years, and am seeking for knowledge and the truth...

A GHOST STORY.

An Unhappy Grocer of Cleveland Leaves His Grave and Returns to his Home—Blue Lights, Table-Tipping and Davenport Mysteries.

From the Cleveland Herald.

We have a story to tell. Not a story of fiction, but one where stern fact assumes the mastery...

INDIANA.

Letter from Dr. S. A. Thomas.

BROTHER JONES—When we left your office, our steps were directed to Clarksburg, Decatur county, and there we found our former friends in religious matters...

PORTLAND, MAINE.

F. W. Hatch writes.

While perusing my paper of the 14th inst. I noticed that the time for which it is paid, had expired...

TWO farmers in Kansas recently had a lawsuit about seven pounds of butter. When the jury retired they took with them the butter, procured some crackers, ate them together, and returned a verdict of "No cause for action."

Original Poetry.

Written for the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

THE RADICALS.

BY ELIZA A. PITTSINGER.

Oh! quiver 'neath the morning sun,
Ye arrows, in your speeding,
The radicals have ever won
Their laurels in the leading!

WRITTEN MESSAGES.

A Cause Why They are, in Early Development More Often Mistaken than a Later One, Given in Trance.

LYDIA H. BAKER, MEDIUM.

The human system, with its fine, soft texture of nervous fibre, was made transparent before me, while the spirit voice came in an explanation of the picture, showing me that the magnetic nerve fluid which spirits use to control the medium for writing, and to direct the mental action by, was in its first development unable to permeate this part of the system; that in development the larger and coarser muscles and nerves were first created upon by this magnetic fluid, and did not contain within themselves alone, the ability to retain and use the spiritual magnetic force, without its being more easily diverted from the mental channels giving expression to spirit thought; that it was not infrequently the case that a writing medium, controlled only through this coarser nervous fibre, had the spirit message diverted from its proper channel of thought, and mundane thoughts alone, or a mixture of them and the spirits, without being themselves aware of the change,--when a more complete development, taking control of all the finer nerve centers, distributed through the softer portions of the brain, would add power to the other, and prevent this, showing me that in the spreading of the spiritual magnetic force, to this fine texture of nerve, consisted the development of mediumship; that it was a growth that required time and opportunity to accomplish, and that as it advanced, the system became passive, not manifesting, but little and from that, to not any of the spasmodic action generally apparent; that a perfectly developed control would for this reason, be as easy as natural, as if there were no other spirit controlling but the one owning the body, except in a little change of the expression of the eye, and pallor of the countenance; also showing me that when developed to this condition, mediumship would generally be as perfect as mental capacity would permit, and always as much so as that capacity and its conditions would allow.

THADEUS STEPHENS.

Preferred burial in an obscure burying ground, rather than in either of the two beautiful cemeteries in Lancaster, in both of which he owned lots, because colored people could not be buried there; and over his grave in his obscure resting place, is a plain marble with his own inscription:--"I lie here because the earth is free to all."

THE FIRST VISIT.

Pentecost Mentord gives the following account of a spirit's first communication after leaving earth:

A familiar intelligence had occupied a portion of the evening. At length she remarked: "There is some one here very desirous of speaking with you; some one well known to you; I will give place to her."
There was a moment's pause. The calm, placid expression left the medium's face; the features were a little disturbed; the right hand trembled violently; then it was extended toward me, and a whispered voice came from the lips: "Why don't you speak? Don't you know me?"

You may call it an impression or a guess; the thought came to me and I spoke it. "Is it you, Annie Lockhardt?"
It was now an expression of joy that came over the lady's features. "The voice, still whispering, but eager, said: "Yes, it is me. Come, all of you in the room, nearer to me. It helps me to keep control of her."

She then in a characteristic manner gave way for a moment to expressions of delight at her situation. "The voice now became clearer and rose above a whisper, saying: "Oh, I can control her so as to speak with you can I not? How strange this is. I do not know how I do it, either. I am not within this body, as it seems to you. I stand here," (pointing with the arms behind her) "Tell us, Annie, something about where you are and what you are doing?" said one. "Oh," said she, "there is so much to tell. I can't say what I would wish. When I come again I will try and be better prepared. But this world I am in is so beautiful, inexpressibly beautiful! Such flowers, and birds, and scenery! So grand, so sublime! Why I would not come back to earth if it could be made for me as happy as possible. You know it was not all happy for me. But if I knew my life was to be made happy I would not return. I don't think these intelligences tell you enough of the little things here."

I am happy, yet not entirely happy. I aspire for higher attainments. And such beautiful spirits visit me. They help me, too. But it is ourselves that must make the step; and after we make it we must get on it. I will tell you one thing. We pray here; we do not despise prayer. Some on earth, when they come out of old belief, become too self-willed and scornful in these things. It is the Christ spirit that rules in this life. All must enter in by that door to attain happiness."

"Have you done anything in your old occupation?" I asked. "O," said she, "an air of half humorous self-complacency. I have done nothing save lounge and idle since I have been here."
"O," said she, "an air of half humorous self-complacency. I have done nothing save lounge and idle since I have been here."

MIRACULOUS.

An old woman writes a language she never learned.

BY A. C. BOWMAN

Mr. Wm. Wherrett and his wife lived in Columbia, Fayette county, Indiana, in 1845, and for many years previous to that time they had resided there. They were an aged couple and members of the M. E. Church. All who knew them regarded them as honest, truthful and religious persons. Both were benevolent, but Mrs. Wherrett in particular was noted for her kindness and strict regard for good order, and truthfulness among neighbors. This I doubt not, was her latent disposition, but she cultivated it and ascribed it all to grace--the grace of G. d. That is a good way of Spiritual development; which the writer of this enjoyed for many years. All called her "Mother Wherrett," for she was a "Mother in Israel." She was not obtrusive or boastful of her religious experience, but in class meeting and sometimes in private conversation, would relate what she said the Lord had done for her.

One incident of her experience, regarded by her as of this character, she narrated to me, and afterwards in class meeting related the same, saying, as a reason for doing so, that as she was old and might be called away at any time, she thought it was her duty to tell what the Lord had done for her. This is what she said: "When Mr. Wherrett and I were married in Pennsylvania, we moved to Kentucky, and I did not hear from my folks in Pennsylvania for nearly two years, when I received a letter written in Dutch, that I knew was from them; but I could not read it because I never learned to read a such wii lang. I enquired, but could not find a person where we were that could read Dutch. Then I felt much worse than if I had never got my letter, and I went out in the orchard, and I did cry, and pray, and something seemed to say to me, "You may go home now, you can read your letter." I went home and I did read it--every word. It was written in Dutch by two brothers, and I wrote answers to them both in the same language. I had never learned to write it, but they told me afterwards that I did write very well. But I forgot it right away, and never could write any more."

I asked Mother Wherrett, if she thought it was a miracle performed for her. She hesitated a moment, as if studying, I thought, as to what she ought to say, and meekly replied "It would seem as if it was."
I have headed the above "Miraculous," but your readers will recognize it as a Methodist miracle, and Methodist writings of a century ago abound with similar experiences of members of that Society. There is not space enough to

write of the Spiritual phenomena that have occurred among Methodists, and in other denominations of religious people, as well as with all sorts of persons in all ages. If preachers say that miracles ceased with the introduction of Christianity, many of the members of the churches do not believe them. It is but a few months since we read in a Methodist missionary publication, that a certain presiding elder on "returning from his work on the district, found his house and household goods burned, including his books, but his wife and children had escaped but by the merest miracle." I wondered why the writer did not reflect that if G. d wrought a miracle in saving His Servants, wife and children, He could just as easily have saved his house and those G. dly library books from burning!

SPIRIT AND MATTER.

Are they Convertible and Inter-changeable Substances?

BY G. W. LAWSON.

In one of your late numbers, Mr. J. Tinney proposes some views of the relations and difference of spirit and matter, that vary so far from all ancient ideas and positions on the subject, that I beg leave to consider them somewhat in your valuable pages.
He takes the ground that all things are one and alike; but that spirit is the positive and matter the negative side thereof; that all is substance; that the evolution of spirit produces matter; and the action of matter produces spirit; that both states are in constant action. I suppose he means that planets are forms of matter or negative to the laws and principles, or positive, that govern them, their spirit. Now I have thought something of the kind. My view has been that the Universe is G. d.; that all suns and planets are but the body of D. uity, while all laws, principles and intelligences, are the spirit; that atom contains attribute-matter spirit; that all things are positive and negative, male and female; that all are orbital, revolving; and the production of human beings is the conversion of matter into spirit and spirit into matter; that the highest law of motion is orbital, not spiral; is circular and interchanging, passing from positive or spirit, to negative or matter, and vice versa; that human souls and bodies are the product of human parentage of positive and negative in the properties of matter and spirit; that all forms, from an atom to a universe are negative; that all manifestations, from an attribute to a God are positive; and thus they live a double life and have their being; that generation after generation is but the law of orbital and circular or convertible motion,--spirit changing into matter, and matter into spirit.

Now the idea that spirit is the author of matter, or form, and vice versa, is at variance with the Chaldean, Judean, Persian, Hindu, and the oriental belief in general,--that human souls were created in pairs, in some far-off heaven, and sent to earth "to find them bodies here," and some modern mediums, like R. and L. and Hammond, have taught that there is an order, of E. n. or spirits, like crystal points, created in some far off worlds or realms of spirits, and that enter into all space; that they become inhaled into mental, (arenta) organisms, while floating in the impalpable air, and ultimately find them human bodies through the earthly system of human reproduction. Mr. Tinney's theory, that spirits produce bodies, does away with the ancient E. n. theory entirely, and brings us right down to our own earth and ourselves, as the responsible parties in human organization, and teaches us that "like will produce like," and that if parental atoms and attributes are defective and depraved, so will be the newly created soul and body. The atoms that constitute the parentage, are an aggregate of tobacco, whiskey, opium, war, murder, lust, or larceny, the children will inevitably be such as are brought forth in the slimes and purloins of cities. A matter for grave consideration among reformers hinges upon the truth in these premises, for as this planet now is, the negative or female half moves and ever has moved in subjection or restraint to the positive or male half. And the question arises can this earth ever produce its perfect fruit, the complete man and woman, until those atoms and attributes are released to grow in full freedom and expansion like the male; and another also arises, have not children rights as well as women, for action and recognition,--the right to be born of love, and not of lust; of true, healthy hygienic atoms, and nobly spiritual attributes; in fact, to be created of the whole brain, and not of the cerebellum merely, as is too much now the case.

THE WOMAN WHO DARED.

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A Search After God.

In all ages of the world, the question has risen, Is there a God? Even Virgil said:

God goes forth and spreads throughout the whole, The heaven, the earth, the sea, the universal soul, Each at its birth, from him all beings share,

In ancient times, as well as now, the query arose within the mind in reference to the existence of a God, through whose instrumentality worlds and suns were brought into existence,

We never saw God; the ancients never saw him; he never was seen, and never can be seen, hence arises the difficulty in answering the question.

But it matters not what Virgil sang, what Mahomet said, what Luther stated, or hundreds of other speculative philosophers have declared,

We desire to demonstrate the actual existence of a God, or disprove the existence of any such being.

In two previous articles, headed, "Does God Keep a Cat?" we exhibited the misery that existed in the world, and the confusion that seemed to prevail in all departments of the vast universe, and, really, we could not see any evidence of the existence of God there.

Why this discord, contention, strife, animosity, war, famine and pestilence? Where is the divine love manifested in war? Is the cry of the wounded as it goes off on the breeze, dying out in sweet echoes, whispering of the endearments of home, any evidence that God's love and power is being exhibited? The wails of

the widow and orphans, the moans and anguish of those suffering the excruciating torments of disease contracted in camp or on the battle field present to us no evidence of divine wisdom.

Look, for example, at the animal kingdom. The cat eats the mouse, and appears to take great pleasure in so doing. The mouse was created, it is claimed, by the same God that made the cat. But wherein the divine wisdom?

See that hawk, with eyes of piercing brilliancy and glistening plumage, flying high in the air, soaring above the storm-clouds, defying the lightning's flash and thunder's roar,—it preys off the little wren that sings so sweetly around our windows, and makes our life more pleasant and happy.

If divine wisdom in the pleasure of the hawk when making a morning's meal off of the sparrow, there must be divine wisdom also in the pain and fear which the latter suffers when dying.

Then, of course, if there is divine wisdom in all departments of life, it apparently stands in antagonistic relations to itself, for if it exists in the pleasure of the hawk, and in the fear and pain of the sparrow, such must be the case.

We are not, we desire to be understood, finding fault with real Deity,—we are only trying to unveil him. In the animal kingdom, in the manifestation of the peculiar instinctive propensities of different animals, we see now no evidence of a God infinitely wise and loving.

Can we judge of God by his works? Look at that little bird sitting on the limb overhanging our window, its feathers glistening in the sunbeams, and reflecting the variegated tints of the rainbow. It is warbling one of those beautiful songs that seem like angel whispers from some elf on the breeze, and echoing from surrounding objects.

Such an exhibition of stolidity, or of stoicism, or of exalted religious enthusiasm, is very rarely witnessed. Those of us who were acquainted with the prisoner are lost in amazement. —Omaha Herald

There is a constant war and strife in the animal kingdom. The ferocity of the bull-dog, the maliciousness of the hawk, the cunning of the fox, the venom of the rattlesnake, the sting of the wasp, the subtle poison of the antipides, present to us a knotty question for solution.

There is one eternal warfare within the animal kingdom. The strong prey upon the weak, as if there was a design down deep in their nature, prompting them to do so. In the venom of the rattlesnake, and sting of the wasp, and in the maliciousness of all animals, we see no evidence of divine wisdom; for animals are supposed to possess only instinct, and that instinct, if formed by an all-wise Creator, could have been directed in a channel wherein all the animals could have lived harmoniously together, instead of this ceaseless warfare.

The venom of the rattlesnake, when it is infused into the human system, is a curious manifestation of the love of a God for his children. The pain arising from the sting of a poisonous insect, don't prompt us to pay homage to an all-wise God, thanking him for the wails of anguish that it causes. If we should thank him for pleasure, we should also for pain. If the well-formed, healthy man, well developed throughout, should thank God, should not that cripple from birth, whose distorted features, diminutive capacity, dull comprehension, thank him also? If divine wisdom is in one phase of life, it must exist in all phases.

We tell now to see God in the wonderful antagonism that exists in the animal kingdom. We see the wild, glaring eyes of hate and animosity,

to behold the traits of disposition in animals that prompts their possessors to delight in the wails of anguish and fear manifested by those they can conquer. See the glaring eye of the snake, the ferocity of the bull-dog, and the wild contention everywhere; and amidst this din we look in vain for Deity! Appalled at the confusion that exists, and the task before us of harmonizing all things, we retire from the "Search After God" in this article, hoping that, by and by, we may be able to unveil him, and demonstrate that he exists, even in the discord that prevails.

TO BE CONTINUED A Singular Scene.

Judge Lynch in Dakota—Hanging of Matt. Miller, the Murderer—A Clergyman Puts the Question of Life or Death.

My partner, Mr. J. G. Ogden, has just returned from Ponca, where he saw Matt. Miller hung, at 2 o'clock this afternoon. He states that he arrived there in season to see and hear all that transpired on that melancholy occasion.

The prisoner gave notice to the clergyman of the place, that he was willing to make a public confession of the awful crime of murder. Thereupon the sheriff of Dakota county took him to the Lutheran Church, and about three hundred gathered to hear the confession.

Before Miller was permitted to speak to the excited assembly, Rev. M. Beardshear, the Christian or Campbellite minister of Dixon county, arose and with great solemnity, said that he would read a chapter in the Bible about the crucifixion of Christ. He did so, and then sang, and offered up a very fervent prayer.

In his prayer he asked the Almighty to give abundant grace to the penitent and newly-converted prisoner, whereby he would be enabled to make a full and true confession.

After the confession of the prisoner, the Rev. Mr. Beardshear arose, and stated to the awestruck assembly that he fully believed that the prisoner was correct in saying he had repented of his awful crime, and had received full pardon from an offended God.

"But," said he, in a clear, ringing voice, "we have before us a solemn duty to perform. We must all vote on the proposition to hang this young man. I want none of you to attempt to shirk this duty; every one should vote."

The excited assembly called for the question. The clergyman then commanded silence, and all voted in the affirmative on the question put by the minister, except two.

The preacher announced the decision as unanimous for hanging. Immediately after the vote was announced the sheriff was seized and held fast, while the prisoner was removed to a wagon which stood in readiness. The wagon was driven a short distance and halted under the gallows which had been hastily erected.

The rope was fastened around the prisoner's neck, he all the while remaining collected and apparently unmoved. He was asked if he had anything further to say. He replied in a calm, serene and unperturbed manner, that he did not blame any one for what they were about to do. He said he forgave all his enemies; that he had truly and savingly repented of all his sins; that he felt well prepared to die; that God was now reconciled to him, and that heaven was open to receive his regenerated and sanctified soul.

The clergyman told him that he fully believed that the angels were waiting to welcome his soundly converted soul into the midst of the glories of paradise.

The two men who placed the rope around his neck, then shook hands with him, and gave the signal to the driver to start the wagon. The horses started, and as the prisoner was standing on boards placed on the wagon-box, he was forced off and hung dangling in the air.

After writhing, and drawing up his limbs convulsively, for almost twenty-eight minutes, Dr. Addie, the regular physician of Ponca, was called to feel his pulse. He came forward and made an examination, and pronounced him dead. His body was then taken down from the gallows, and placed on boards in the school-house, and no signs of returning life were discoverable.

At least three hundred persons surrounded the gallows. To the very last, the prisoner remained calm and serene as a summer's eve. He even aided in adjusting the fatal noose around his neck.

Such an exhibition of stolidity, or of stoicism, or of exalted religious enthusiasm, is very rarely witnessed. Those of us who were acquainted with the prisoner are lost in amazement. —Omaha Herald

This Rev. Mr. Beardshear was a human monster,—a fiend which the lowest hell the imagination could picture, would be too good a place for him until his nature became awakened to the fact that it is well to have charity, even in this life.

Just think of it,—a minister of God, an humble follower of the gentle Nazarene, staining his hands in the life-blood of a fellow-being, and exulting in the fact that he was about to be launched into eternity! Is this Beardshear any better than a wild Comanche Indian, who, as he sees his victim roasting at the stake, exults in his pains?

"I want none of you to shirk this duty; every one should vote." Galigula, Haynau, Nero, and all the monsters of the world, seem to have been concentrated in this orthodox divine.

Perhaps the criminal was a bad man; a dangerous citizen of society, and should have been punished. But this blood thirsty divine will yet atone for his mad act; and on the stool of repentance cry out for mercy, which he would not extend to the criminal, for even he has rights which those less unfortunate are bound to respect.

With his hands stained with the blood of a human being, his nature distorted, and like a rank, poisonous weed, he should be plied by every Spiritualist and true man, and so seled upon by them that he would see the error of his ways, and lead such a life, that his marks of crime would be overshadowed by good deeds. Which is the greater criminal, Matt. Miller or Rev. Beardshear?

The Psalms of Life.

"The editor seems to have gone over the whole range of poetry, and exercises a fine taste in his selections. As a 'Hand-Book of Poetry,' it is worth four times the price at which it is sold." —Boston Transcript.

"It comprises much of the living poetry of the day, and such of the ancient as possesses vitality; treating upon living subjects to operate upon the hearts of living men." —Evening Gazette.

"We have never met with a more complete or beautiful collection of Sacred Melody." —Anglo-Saxon.

The great merit of this work, combined with its low price, is eliciting large sales. See advertisement.

The Religio-Philosophical Journal, "A Bold Pioneer."

The BANNER OF LIGHT commenting on the removal of the Present Age to Chicago, says:

"The RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, long published in Chicago, holds its own in the field of reform. It has passed through great vicissitudes in times past, and we should be exceedingly grieved if any untoward circumstances intervened at this late day to dim its lustre. It has been and is a bold pioneer in the field of religious liberty in the West, has aided in causing Spiritualism to expand there to its utmost proportions, and deserves to be well patronized by our people, as we are assured it is. May its shadow never be less. The cause we advocate is, as the Age says, 'great and grand,' and with harmony among its leaders, can and will produce mighty results in the universe of mind and matter, for both, we hold, are inseparably connected."

Thank you, Brother Colby, for the complimentary notice in the columns of the glorious old BANNER OF LIGHT. With you we ever have been, and hope ever to be, in harmony.

"The cause we advocate is great and grand,"—aye, more, as you say, the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL "has been," is now, and will continue to be, "a bold pioneer in the fields of religious liberty." Its boldness has aroused the ire of some, less than a baker's dozen, and made the JOURNAL a favorite with as many thousands, thus verifying the adage, "Truth is mighty and will prevail."

Upon the question of "harmony among its leaders," we would crave an explanation. Who are leaders? Would-be "leaders" are just the class of men that the JOURNAL has been compelled to contend against. Not much harmony there!

That selfish policy which sought to take a fee of five dollars from each person before he or she could become a member of the "American Association of Spiritualists," and put it into the pockets of "leaders," is just what the JOURNAL has not been in harmony with, and if we are correctly informed, our good friends of the BANNER stand by our side in the contest.

We hope ever to be in harmony with truth—never with error. But we do most devoutly pray for light from the supernal spheres, and that our columns may never be perverted from their legitimate purpose, of disseminating the spiritual philosophy, void of all sectarian dogmas, and that we may be bold and fearless in exposing error, however inharmonious with it we may be in the contest.

We owe no allegiance to, and hope never to be in harmony with, error.

Henry C. Wright.

Henry C. Wright, the speaker and author died suddenly a few days ago, at Pawtucket, R. I., of apoplexy. He was truly devoted to Spiritualism, and his whole soul seemed to be imbued with a philanthropic spirit. He was opposed to slavery in all its forms, was an earnest and eloquent speaker, and the seeds that he has sown will germinate, and producing an hundred fold, will ever bless his name. He was a terse and easy writer, his words cutting like a two edged sword. He is the author of the "Empire of the Mother"; "Errors of the Bible"; "Marriage and Parentage, etc." The cause has lost in him a noble advocate, and the material world a pure philanthropist.

A Word to Old Friends.

"The summer is past, and the harvest is ended; nearly so, and millions of souls are 'not saved' from that fear which tormenteth,—the fear of annihilation, or never-ending hell torments after death. What is the duty of every true philanthropist, of every one who would like to see his or her neighbor happy in the full knowledge of the life hereafter,—of eternal progression, of the power of the loved-ones of spirit-life to commune with mortals? It is to give them light, even as you receive it. But for some circumstance, trifling in itself, we,—you and I, might have been to-day in the bonds of ignorance in regard to the spirit land,—the accidental reading of a newspaper, a book, or perchance a brief conversation with some one who recommended the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL as an exponent of Spiritualism, leading to a subscription for it,—then to a full understanding of its philosophy and truth.

Our field of labor is broad, and demands the hearty co-operation of every liberal mind. The RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL is an exponent of the truths of Spiritualism! It has no dogmatic creeds to urge upon the minds of the people, but seeks to know and present truths as they actually exist, and unfold from day to day.

To the point: we want our friends everywhere to aid in increasing the circulation of the JOURNAL, to place it where it has never been before. To that end we offer to send it for three months to any person, who has never taken it, for fifty cents, which is just the cost of the blank paper on which it is printed, and the expense of folding and mailing.

We continue this offer for the reasons above stated, and ask our subscribers to send it as a present to friends, when they can afford to do so, and to solicit liberal minded men and women to try it for three months, at this nominal price.

The RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL has already demonstrated itself to be a permanent institution, and every one can speak of it as such, without fear of failure, as unfortunately has been the case with almost every spiritual paper started.

Will our friends heed this urgent request? We trust so,—your past efforts are duly appreciated, and the many thousands of new subscribers which the JOURNAL has received during the last two years, is mainly attributable,—first, to a superior paper, then to the masterly efforts of friends inspired from the Spirit World, to give circulation to a paper they have confidence in; that the same effort will be continued this fall, we doubt not. The Spirit World, speaking through thousands of mediums in all parts of the country, affirm the same great truth—the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL must and shall be sustained.

Spirit Artists.

Among the most remarkable spirit artists of the present day, Brother N. B. Starr, of Port Huron, Mich., stands high.

Brother Starr is controlled by eminent artists, now in spirit-life, to use the brush and oil-paint, as was their custom when in the earth-life. His work is executed with great rapidity, and often with an artistic skill which excites the admiration of connoisseurs of the fine arts.

We have two specimens executed through his mediumship in a few minutes' time, to which we invite the attention of our friends who may call at our Reception Room.

Dr. Persons' Book.

Theory and Success in the Treatment of Diseases, by Dr. Wm. Persons, the Successful Magnetic Healer, is the title of a pamphlet of 80 pages. Warren Chase & Co., News Dealers, St. Louis, publishers.

This work contains an interesting "introduction," with "testimony, ancient, and modern." It also treats of the Medical profession and Philosophy.

The remainder of the work contains numerous testimonials from eminent men and women, of the Doctor's skill in the healing art. It is a little pamphlet, well executed mechanically, and is destined to impart knowledge to tens of thousands of invalids in regard to their afflictions, teaching them that they must not despair of again recovering their lost health, as hundreds of others afflicted in a like manner, have been made whole through spirit-power.

This valuable work will be sent to any address, on the receipt of five cents, to cover expenses of mailing. Address Warren Chase & Co., 601 North 5th street, St. Louis, Mo.

D. W. Ballard.

Writes to Mr. Jones, but does not give his Post Office address. He says he is going to Illinois. Some one who knows, will oblige by informing us of his post office address.

Hobart.

There will be a meeting of the Spiritists at Hobart, Indiana, on the 28th, 27th and 28th inst. A grand good time is expected there.

The Journal of the Gynecological Society.

This Journal has been a decided success, its circulation having been equal to that of any other medical journal published in the United States, during its first year of existence. Mr. Jas. Campbell, publisher, Boston.

Fraternal Call.

John S. Lindsay and Fred T. Ferris, who have been sojourning in England for several months, gave us a call a few days ago. They are connected with the Salt Lake Tribune, an ably edited and conducted paper.

A. B. Whiting.

A. B. Whiting's lectures are creating considerable interest at Crosby's Music Hall. His address last Sunday on "Guardian Angels," was replete with beautiful thoughts, and exhibited the grandeur of Spiritualism in a manner that pleased all. He is one of our most efficient laborers, and should be kept constantly employed.

Personal and Local.

—Dr. H. P. Fairchild will lecture in Lynn, Mass., during September, and in Salem, same state, during the Sundays of October. His address is in care of Dr. John Gordon, Lynn, Mass.

—J. H. Powell's permanent address is No. 162 Chelsea St., East Boston.

—Thomas Gates Forster lectured twice in Rockport, Mass., receiving therefor \$2, 50. What a miserly audience!

—We received a fraternal call from Brother Moses Hull, who has recently returned from an eastern tour. He is looking well and manifests his usual exuberance of spirits.

—Dr. J. K. Bailey has been lecturing and holding circles in various parts of Minnesota. He lectured at Mendota, Ill., on Sunday last. He is doing a good work, and should be kept constantly employed.

—Moses Hull speaks during September and October in Cincinnati—will lecture week day evenings in adjacent places.

Amusements.

DEARBORN THEATRE.

Grand Matinee this afternoon and to-night, and last performance of the great bill for this week, of Manning's Minstrels. Bob Hart's great Stump Speech, Scenes at the Armory, the Belle and Prince of Fashion, Peter Pips, Characteristic Pi-nation Dance, are the distinguishing characteristics of this minstrel troupe. Next week, a very laughable burlesque, with everything new, entitled "Sonnambula."

AIKEN'S MUSEUM.

Two grand performances to-day, afternoon and evening. This Saturday, August 20th, Grand Matinee at half past two o'clock. Evening, at eight o'clock. Last performance of "M. P." To conclude with the musical burlesque of "Black Eyed Susan; or, the Little Bill that was Taken up."

Monday, only Grand Matinee of "East Lynne." Monday evening, Charles Reid's great Dramatization, "Courier of Lyons."

M'VICKER'S THEATRE.

Last afternoon and evening of the great Irish Comedian and Vocalist, Mr. John Collins, this Saturday, August 20th, in "King O'Neil; or, the Irish Brigade, and the Irish Post." Mr. Collins, with song, Widow Macreuch, and other favorite songs. Next week, on Monday evening, August 23d, the eminent American comedian, Mr. J. S. Clark, will make his first appearance in Chicago. OROBY'S OPERA HOUSE. On Monday evening, August 23d, 1870, ever evening and Saturday Matinee, Harry Beckett's British Blond Burlesque troupe, in "Luna."

Philadelphia Department.

H. T. CHILD, M. D.

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

Funeral of William H. Bayley.

Remarks of Henry T. Child, M. D., and Thomas Gale Forster.

Dr. Child said: Again we are called upon in this family, to perform the last solemn rites over the remains of a departed one.

To those whose faith and want of knowledge of the conditions of the hereafter, give them no realizing sense of the presence of the loved ones around them, such repeated bereavements would seem overwhelming.

Within a few hours, I have had a vision of this dear brother, and a beautiful group of young friends who were his associates and companions, who have gone from our lyceums here, to join the liberty group in the spheres.

I could not retain a recollection of the words, much less convey to you the sweet and heavenly tones of music that fell upon my spiritual ear, and thrilled my whole being.

Like our souls he had just entered upon manhood, full of hope and ambition, but the old casket was no longer fit to retain the gem, and the work which he was to do like ours, must be done here.

Tell the lone mother and the dear sisters and brother, that he is with them now; that he will be a stay and comfort to them all through the journey of life; that they shall know and realize his presence and influence all along life's pathway.

You need just such influences as come from the young and ardent souls, who have graduated from the lyceums of earth, and who with renewed interest and earnest purpose, are continuing here the good work thus begun.

ABSTRACT OF THE ADDRESS BY THOMAS GALES FORSTER.

When Jesus of Nazareth said that his disciples possessed that which the world could neither give nor take away, he but expressed the power of that living faith claimed for the Spiritualists, which makes one feel the certainty of their attainments, and the consciousness of their positions.

Then, my friends, we should rejoice that the dear brother has been relieved from the muddy vesture of decay. We should rejoice that consumption no longer holds its sway over him, and that he has gone where he can breathe and rest, and walk without pain; that he has gone where he can look back upon his dear mother and sisters and brother, and be more to them now than he could have been, if he had remained in the form.

Oh, then, whilst we may let fall the tear of sympathy, let no tear be shed in sorrow for him. If there be a tear in his behalf, let it be this grand and beautiful philosophy which it with the rainbow hues of eternal joy, for his feet are already slipped in the mud of trials of peace, whilst his angelic brow is already wreathed with the lyceum coronal, that his former companions have placed there.

Truth is ever beautiful; truth is progressive, and this dear brother will, ere long, come back and tell you how much he has progressed, how much he has been benefited on the other side of the Niagara of death.

destined to be located within haunts for an indefinite period, but to be awakened and united with the old matter.

In contradistinction to these,—oh, how beautiful and philosophical, and how glorious and truthful a faith was that of the dear brother, recognizing a higher and more glorious truth.

For instance, if it were not for the light, and for some object to reflect the light, you would not be enabled to see. If it were possible to annihilate the light, the mind might remain in its complete perfection, and yet sight would be extinguished.

The mind or soul, the intelligent principle,—all that makes the man, is capable of remembering, of recollecting, of conceiving and combining. It is capable of loving, of fearing, and of a feeling of hope, and these are manifested totally independent of any impressions from the external world, calculated in any manner to effect or influence these emotions.

Theology seems to forget this; materialism certainly has forgotten it. Again, the beautiful faith of the brother enjoins upon every individual, to recollect that in their more quiet and reflecting moments, every person feels within themselves a power independent of, and superior to any of the functions of the body.

Spiritualism teaches that these changes of the interior principle,—that all these capacities that belong to the individual mind of man are independent,—not only of impressions from the external, but are independent even of the physical body, for it is a well known fact that every function may remain perfect, yet the mind may be raging with passion, fear and despair.

It is well known that the body may be racked by physical pain or by protracted disease, and yet the mind remain in perfect tranquility and happiness, as was the dear brother at time. Spiritualism is teaching man to look into the philosophy of these matters, and to draw those deductions which flow from such glorious phenomenal facts as those which were presented to the dear brother upon the eve of his departure.

Therefore, Spiritualism says to the outside world, to the objector to this beautiful truth, that to assert that anything mental can die, when it is a well known fact that nothing corporeal can perish, is wholly unwarrantable, and by no rule of philosophical inquiry admissible; consequently, those who have this glorious faith, those who can sympathize with the idea of the dear brother seeing the spirits beckoning him on to the higher life, may rest satisfied with this consolation of the scientific fact of this glorious faith, that so well prepared him for the change he has already entered upon.

Oh, then, let the family, let the friends take consolation from this religion founded in the affections of humanity, and known to be grounded on the eternal principles of truth, and in all the attributes of the divine.

Then, my friends, we should rejoice that the dear brother has been relieved from the muddy vesture of decay. We should rejoice that consumption no longer holds its sway over him, and that he has gone where he can breathe and rest, and walk without pain; that he has gone where he can look back upon his dear mother and sisters and brother, and be more to them now than he could have been, if he had remained in the form.

Oh, then, whilst we may let fall the tear of sympathy, let no tear be shed in sorrow for him. If there be a tear in his behalf, let it be this grand and beautiful philosophy which it with the rainbow hues of eternal joy, for his feet are already slipped in the mud of trials of peace, whilst his angelic brow is already wreathed with the lyceum coronal, that his former companions have placed there.

Truth is ever beautiful; truth is progressive, and this dear brother will, ere long, come back and tell you how much he has progressed, how much he has been benefited on the other side of the Niagara of death.

Spiritualism, then, the brother's beautiful faith, should cheer this household. Oh, how we sympathize with households where the angels are not recognized. Oh, how we sympathize with those households who cannot realize but what their friends are lost! But, dear sister, dear brother, you can realize that your vanished loved ones are not lost, are not gone; that your beloved Willie remains your beloved, and will remain thus throughout the endless ages of eternity, and that he will be enabled to come back and satisfy each and all of you of his personality, and the individuality of his spirit, the grandeur and glory of the destiny of which, his beautiful faith has unfolded to him.

In conclusion he says, "Tell us, Oh, friends, where is death. We do not find it here; we are where the flowers pour forth their fragrant breath, and no one in these heavenly bowers can tell us of death. No," he said, "that we are dead, and must slumber in the ground, until at some far off future day, we hear the trumpets sound. But list, sweet tones of melody are floating on the air. We know our home is heaven, for angels bright are here. We saw the burning

tear-drops fall upon our pallid brow, we heard the cry of agony. Oh, could you have seen the angel through that bore your dear ones away, you would not have shed another tear upon your pulseless clay. Then never say, dear friends, that we are in the grave. Could you see the crystal font in which we have, and could you feel upon your cheek, our warm seraphic breath, you would know that we have never felt the chilling kiss of death."

Delegates to Convention.

Through the kindness of the officers of the Pennsylvania Railroad, one of the very best roads in the country, we have been enabled to make the following arrangements for delegates and friends going to the Meeting of the American Association of Spiritualists at Richmond, on the 20th of September.

Table with columns for route and price. Includes entries for Pittsburgh to Richmond, Harrisburg to Pittsburgh, and Baltimore to Columbus, Ohio.

All persons going to the Convention on any part of the Pan Handle route, from Pittsburgh to Richmond, will be entitled to free return passes.

Spiritual Meetings, Conventions &c.

THE IOWA SPIRITUAL ASSOCIATION

Will hold its third anniversary at Des Moines, on the 7th, 8th, and 9th of October, commencing at 9 o'clock a. m. at Spiritualists' Hall, over Citizens' Bank.

SPIRITUAL GROVE MEETING.

There will be a Two Days Grove Meeting at Brother Jones How's in the town of Hyman, near Parker's Lake, on the Medina road from Hinton, Saturday and Sunday, the 31st and 1st of September.

GROVE MEETING.

The Spiritualists will hold their Seventh Annual Grove Meeting in John Haskell's Grove, at Cicero, on Saturday and Sunday, August 27th and 28th.

OHIO STATE ASSOCIATION OF SPIRITUALISTS.

The Fourth Annual Convention of the State Association of Spiritualists will be held in Lyceum Hall, in the city of Cleveland, on Friday, Saturday and Sunday, September 2nd, 10th and 11th, 1870, commencing at 11 o'clock a. m.

NEBRASKA STATE CONVENTION.

The Executive Committee of the State Association have appointed Friday, Saturday and Sunday, 24th, 25th and 26th of October next for the State Association, to be held in the State Capitol at Lincoln.

MEDIUM AND SPEAKER'S CONVENTION, AT LAKE N. Y.

A Quarterly Convention of Mediums and Speakers will be held at Lake Ontario, N. Y., on Saturday and Sunday, September 24 and 25th, commencing at 10 o'clock, a. m.

This Convention is called at Lake Ontario by the solicitation of friends residing there, and they propose to hospitably entertain those who may attend from abroad.

FOURTH ANNUAL CONVENTION OF NEW HAMPSHIRE SPIRITUALIST ASSOCIATION.

This Convention will be held at Kearsley Hall, in the city of Concord, commencing Wednesday, the last day of August, 1870.

SEVENTH NATIONAL CONVENTION.

The American Association of Spiritualists.

The Seventh Annual Meeting will be held at the Hall of the Spiritualists, Richmond, Indiana, on Tuesday, the 20th day of September, 1870, at 10 o'clock a. m.

Each State Organization is invited to send the same number of Delegates that they have Representatives in Congress; and each Territory and Province having organized Societies, is invited to send delegates, according to the number of representatives.

By Direction of the Board of Trustees: HENRY T. CHILD, M. D., Secretary. 634 Race St. Philadelphia.

GROVE MEETINGS IN WISCONSIN.

At Neenah, on Saturday and Sunday, August 27th and 28th J. M. Peebles and J. O. Barrett will be present as speakers.

GROVE MEETING.

The Strong Society of Spiritualists will hold their yearly meeting on the 1st Saturday and Sunday, 3d and 4th of September, in a grove 1/2 mile east of Utica, Macomb County, Michigan.

Obituary.

Passed to the Spirit Home, of Hemoptisis, Frederick Merrick Carl, on the 31st day of March, 1870, son of Dr. J. and S. P. Carl, aged 22 years.

Passed from earth to the "Evergreen Shore," Charles Edward Everett Davis, second son of S. W. and Rebecca Davis, of Sidney, O., August 5th, 1870, aged two years less one day.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

The Missionary Work in Wisconsin.

During the month of September, I have engaged the valuable assistance of Dr. E. O. Dunn, and J. M. Peebles in our missionary work.

MEDICINA PSYCHICA!

"Dico hominem externum esse animal: Internum vero non animal sed imaginem DEI VERAM!" VAN HELMONT.

THEIR ODDLY WAFERS.

The most safe, salutary, and effectual Nerve Medium Developer, and curative in all

DISEASES OF THE NERVES.

Including Neuralgia, Epilepsy, Hysteria, Dyspepsia, Rheumatism, Gout, Lumbago, Sclerosis, Chorea (St. Vitus' Dance), Depression of Spirits, Melancholy, &c.

W. F. J. THOMAS, M. D., No. 234 East Thirty-sixth St., between 24 and 31 Avenues, New York.

MRS. A. H. 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.

Of herself she claims no knowledge of the healing art; but when her spirit guides are brought "en rapport" 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.

Mrs. Robinson also, through her mediumship, diagnoses the diseases of any one who calls upon her at her residence. The facility with which the spirits controlling her accomplish the same, is done as well when the application is by letter as when the patient is present.

healing art, but as a psychometric test, business and trance medium.

One agent wanted in every town in the United States to canvass for a New Book "Fresh Eggs and Yellow Butter."

NEW BOOKS.

THE PSALMS OF LIFE,

A COMPILATION OF PSALMS, HYMNS, ANTHEMS, CHANTS, ETC., Embodying the Spiritual, Progressive, and Reformatory Sentiment of the Present Age.

This work has been prepared with special reference to the large and increasing demand for a volume expressing the sentiments and views of the advanced minds of the present times and meeting the requirements of every species of Reform.

It combines the advantage of "Hymn" and "Tune" Book. It is profusely illustrated with a Classification of Subjects, and Complete Index of First Lines, Tunes and Metres; and being of convenient size, is generally accepted as the Standard Music Book of Spiritualism, Radicalism and General Reform.

It is desirable for the LECTURE-ROOM and the HOMES OF THE PEOPLE.

PRICE:—Paper cover, 50 cents; 60 cents; cloth-bound, 80 cents.

For Sale at the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL BOOK STORE, 187 and 189 South Clark St., Chicago, Ill.

A REVELATION!!!

EXTRAORDINARY VISITATION OF DEPARTED SPIRITS!

Of Distinguished Men and Women of all Nations, as Manifested through the Living Bodies of the "Shakers."

The Spirits of WASHINGTON, FRANKLIN PENN, GIRARD, ST. PATRICK, NAPOLEON, JOHN WESLEY, BYRON, GEO. FOX and Hosts of Celebrated Characters of the Past, who take Possession of and Discourse through the Living Bodies of the "Shakers" of New York, giving Wonderful Information respecting the Events of their Lifetime, and their Opinions of Present Criticisms concerning those Events, as well as their immediate Condition in the World of Spirits.

ADDRESS:—RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, 187 and 189 S. Clark Street, Chicago, Ill.

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THE CAREER OF THE GOD-IDEA.

A COMPANION VOLUME TO "THE CAREER OF THE GOD-IDEA," BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

I Introductory; II Career of the Christ-Idea in Hindostan and among other Races; III Prophecies of the Advent of Jesus; IV Conception and Genealogy; V Birth of Jesus; VI John the Baptist—his relation to Jesus; VII The sermon on the Mount; VIII Miracles; IX sending forth the Apostles; X The fatal Journey; XI Burial and Resurrection; XII The Descent into Hell XIII The Gospels; XIV Resume of the Life and Character of Jesus; XV Cause of the Extension of Christianity; XVI The ultimate of the Christ-Idea.

Price \$1.25. Postage 16 cents. The demand for these new works of Hudson Tuttle both in this country and Europe, is unprecedented.

THE LIFE AND MORAL APHORISMS OF CONFUCIUS.

BY MARCEUS R. K. WRIGHT.

This little volume, newly revised, greatly enlarged and neatly printed, and containing a correct likeness of the Great Chinese Philosopher, is now for sale at the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, 189 South Clark street, Chicago, Ill.

To those who Love Justice, Admire Goodness, and desire to follow a life well recommended for its representation of worthy deeds and exemplary conduct among men, this code of moral precepts is particularly recommended.

PRICE:—50 cents; Postage 4 cents.

SOUL READING.

Or Psychometrical Delineation of Character.

Able Lord would announce to the public that those who wish and will visit her in person, or send their autograph, lock of hair or likeness, she will give an accurate description of their leading traits of character and peculiarities of disposition, marked changes in past or future life, physical disease, with prescription therefor, what business to follow in order to be successful, the physical and mental adaptation of those intending marriage, hints to the harmoniously married, directions how to govern children and rear them so that the delicate ones may become beautiful and robust. Full delineation, \$2.00. Brief, \$1.00 and two three-cent stamps.

## The Rostrum.

A LECTURE.

BY N. FRANK WHITE.

Delivered at Concert Hall, Philadelphia, on the Religion of Spiritualism.

Reported for the Journal by H. T. Child, M. D.

I am impressed to present for your consideration "The Religion of Spiritualism." It is common for those who are ignorant of its distinctive position in regard to Spiritualism to assume that we have no religion in the matter, only a bare, cold philosophy which offers no comfort and consolation to the soul.

It is easy to see where this assumption originates. Educated under the religions of the past,—religions largely composed of mysterious and extravagant supernatural manifestations,—they cannot understand how a plain simple movement can form a basis for religion. They cannot understand how, without certain distinctive forms and recorded creeds, there can be built up a heaven, a temple and a religion.

The world has supposed that religion and philosophy must be divorced. Cold, calculating reason, said theologians, must come in conflict with religious aspirations, must quench the flames of religion, and leave only the bare, cold stones of scepticism in the place of that which is lovely and desirable. It is easy to perceive how they arrived at this conclusion. All through the history of the past, we find that where religious beliefs have been presented, they were not in opposition to the philosophy of the age. In fact, we shall find that they have been presented for the purpose of keeping abreast with the systems of philosophy. But the latter have made rapid strides upward and onward, while, unfortunately, religion has ever made its standards inflexible. However great and glorious they were at the commencement, they have ever committed the mistake of throwing the shield of infallibility around them, which, however well it may protect the system, is certain to prevent its growth and progress, and, sooner or later, men and women who seek the truths of philosophy, find themselves leaving the old level of religion, which philosophy has outstripped.

A new inspiration becomes necessary. The great soul of humanity, ever progressing and advancing with the years, finds that the altars of religion are fed by smothered brands of the past. The fire is there, but it will not burn, and these theologians do not seem to understand what is the matter, and so they run here and there with their worthless efforts to keep up the fires with the damp and rotten wood of the past.

Then, from their high places, they bewail the degeneracy of the age, and ignoring the living present, deplore the loss of the dead past to the world. Knowing, then, how they arrive at this assumption, we see as clearly, that it is entirely without foundation. We find that it comes from the false idea, that religion consists of the feeble flames that come from the brands of the past.

Our position to-day as Spiritualists is sufficient to supply that want. We present to the world a philosophy and religion combined. Spiritualism, recognizing the uselessness of these smothered brands upon the altars of religion, has gone at once boldly to work. It has swept all these brands off the altar, preserving the living coals only. It has fed these coals with science and philosophy, and we see the flames rise to-day, giving no uncertain light.

Spiritualism presents to the world a religion and philosophy combined; a philosophy so well adapted to the wants of the soul, that while it supplies a digestible feast to the simplest mind, it also furnishes food for the sublimest intellect. Close by its side, as its sister, we have religion,—a religion which has no dogmatism. With its co-worker, it forms a combination possessing a mighty power.

I know that, so far, I am only making bold assertions. I do not mean to cram these down your throats; neither do I assert that the forms of religion which have been high in authority, ancient or modern, are authority in themselves. We have had enough of this cramming and forcing operation in the past.

I ought, perhaps, to prove, as well as assert, that Spiritualism presents to the world a religion, which, while it responds to every demand of the soul, has no necessity to fortify itself by authority.

First, we present to the world a religion not of hope, because it gives a knowledge of the future existence of man. We do not ask you simply to believe this, because belief is not a matter of choice. Though ten thousand writers assert that there is a future existence, it does not convince my reason. I am not satisfied, and if this is not evidence, my soul reaches out into the great darkness and demands of these theologians, who recognize that demand of the soul, to answer it, and they would certainly endeavor to do this, if they were not so much engaged in explaining some infinite degrees of depravity, or something equally absurd, so that they have no time to spend in instructions in regard to the soul's wants.

The great soul of humanity to-day demands living knowledge. The fact cannot be denied, that within the last twenty-one years, millions in this country, through this communion, have come into a knowledge of the future existence. Then, who shall assume that we have not a religion? Who shall arrogate to himself or herself the right to declare that man can choose a belief as he would choose a new hat? We repeat, the millions in the last twenty-one years, who were before shrouded in uncertainty as to the future, basing their hopes upon a blind faith, have to-day come to such a knowledge of the future existence as to be entirely satisfied.

Spiritualism, then, presents to the world a religion of knowledge, for it brings it to a comprehension of the laws which govern it. Further, it brings it to a recognition of the fact that these laws must invariably ultimate in good. It leads the soul out of the follies of ignorance into the broad fields of knowledge. It bids the soul enter that arena as it throws off its garments of limitation, and is willing to accept the conclusions of the past as helpful to its own conclusions.

The soul feels free to reject the inflexible standards, and so it comes into a comprehension of the laws, which it knows must ultimate in good.

So, through the influence of spiritual communion, we come into a religion of trust and confidence,—not based on a blind faith, but upon a comprehension of facts. Neither is it a selfish trust, which ignores its own light and relies upon some power to which it has no right. This noble, manly trust is recognized as a distinguishing part of our religion, which enables us to look upon all the deep thinkers outside of our ranks, with respect and admiration, though this may be pronounced by the ignorant as a manifestation of depravity. We submit to be judged by these.

Next, we come through this communion into the religion of charity,—not that which, in the language of an old writer, is "as sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal." I know it is said that the Christian Church accepted this charity before we did. Good Lord, deliver us from the distinctive charity of the Christian Church,—the charity that gathers its treasures to build

monuments to God, while it neglects squalid poverty and want around it; the charity that bewails the degeneracy of the present, while, at the same time, it is pushing some soul deeper down in the degradation, for fear that its garments may be soiled; the charity that sheds tears over those who differ in religious opinion, and condemns the erring,—those whom Jesus commanded to "go and sin no more";—while they pass proudly by, with carefully gathered robes.

We have taken a step in the right direction, for the religion of Spiritualism teaches us the necessity of experience. It teaches us that all these have their uses, and while we pity those poor souls down in their agony, we learn not to despise or scorn any. So thousands of hands have grown more gentle, thousands of eyes have lost their look of scorn.

Spiritualism also presents to the world a great amount of consolation. It has brought to the world a balm all through life. I know it is said that the Christian Church furnishes all this. It is said that Christ removes all sorrow from those who believe in him. Suppose, for the sake of the argument, he could remove the difficulty. If I were wrecked upon a broad ocean, floating upon a frail spar, a wilderness of waters about me, drenching me, my frail support driven hither and thither at the mercy of the waves, what would I avail should I receive a hal from some distant mariner, that if I would I come to them I should be saved. In vain I implore for help. In God's name come to my support! You have a boat; you have strong arms; I am exhausted,—come to me! But I am left floating at random.

The cases are exactly parallel. I am floating upon the broad ocean of life—all that makes existence valuable taken away from me. They have reached some distant shore, where all is peace, comfort and joy. Shall I some day reach that shore? If so, I should be satisfied. If so, the rough waves would no longer have any roughness for me. I see a boat in the distance; it may bring me some information. I hear a voice. I receive an answer that there is such a shore. I struggle on,—ah, how I struggle with the great waves! Am I to be mocked by the tantalizing cry, "Come unto me, and ye shall be saved?"

You cannot forsake the ways of reason,—try ever so hard; and even if you could reach that boat, you would find that you were still afloat upon the waves. You would only forget the reality under the satisfying influence of blind faith.

Now, Spiritualism does not float at a distance, mocking us with a tantalizing cry. "Come unto me," when we cannot, but it comes floating beautifully down to us, with its waves of light, bringing us the forms of the departed, showing us that they live. We know them as they come to us, and the great waves of life no longer have any roughness for us; the storms which sweep all around us are hearing us on to higher and better conditions. All around us are the forms of the departed, loved ones, with their messages of love and instruction,—instruction, too, that does not lash up the waves of reason, but increases their power.

Such is the religion of comfort and consolation brought to us through these manifestations of Spiritualism. It is a religion which is universal in its application, opening the door for the admission of all the world, without regard to belief or condition.

From such a religion as this we have nothing to fear, but every thing to hope. It must make noble, grand and strong; it must break down the great barriers of uncharitableness, until the rough, harsh features of condemnation will no longer be heard, and in the place thereof we shall have gentle and loving words. Under this religion all mankind will of necessity become one great brotherhood, bound by no fetters, and separated by no creeds. Then humanity will no longer dwell in the deep, dark valleys of past superstition, but their lives will be lighted up with bright, fresh sunbeams of truth, full of significance.

The tree of Spiritualism is growing, and it casts no sickening shadows of despair. There may be those who say, "You present us a tree, but we see no fruit, the fifth of a century has passed and we see no fruit. I do not admit this, yet it is true, it would not be strange. It cannot be denied that its fruits are reaching out away through the ages, neither can it be denied that its branches are far-reaching. Having witnessed many winters of neglect, its branches to-day are thrifty and strong, and many a graft is sought for to be placed upon the withered old tree of theology.

I defy any religion in the first twenty-one years of its growth to present such greenness, such evidences of fruit. Prejudice does not care to see the fruit, so she goes all round, never lifting her eyes, lest she might see the fruit. We know there are those who are ready to declare that no good has come from this tree, who are not ready to see any good that has come from it. They are not ready to hear of this joy, which comes up from thousands of souls who have arrived at a knowledge of the future through this communion,—who are made happy by the trust and confidence of this religion. All this falls unheeded upon their ears. But let some poor, unfortunate soul commit some folly or indiscretion, or even crime, and all eyes and ears are upon him, and their tongues are ready to proclaim, "These are the legitimate fruits of Spiritualism."

The religion of Spiritualism does not teach us that we can escape any trial by changing our condition. It does not teach us that we can escape any penalty through the goodness and mercy of any power, be that power God himself. It teaches us that experiences have their uses, which, however severe they may be, we shall some day recognize. It teaches us a universal order; of law fixed, and not to be set aside. It teaches us that every soul is destined to an eternity of progress; not a temporary allowance upon some one else. It teaches us that there is no dodging, no cowardly shrinking in this matter.

What must be the chief of such teachings as these upon the soul? Would it naturally lead the soul to live in vice, or would it naturally lead it to struggle away from vice and sin? The latter result is the only legitimate one that can follow from this.

If a man were plunged in the boiling rapids which were bearing him on to the falls that must destroy him, and were informed that there was a projecting ledge at the very edge of the cataract, which he could reach by a single feeble effort; if assured that he could reach this, he might be willing to fling down and catch that ledge, but if he was assured that he could only escape through his own individual exertions, and were shown that the further he went down, the more difficult it would be to rescue himself, he would doubtless make the exertion. Common sense, then, must decide what will be the effect upon the soul, and we are willing to leave it to the decision of common sense in the matter.

Our religion does not teach us to look for humanity to be redeemed in a moment, or in a few brief years. It will do for visionary theorists to talk of a strange mysterious millennium to be inaugurated with wonders and miracles, when the lion and lamb shall lie down together.

The religion of Spiritualism does not lead us to hope for any such sudden change. It teaches us that progress comes through slow, discrete development. Now and then, it is true, there comes a flood-wave which dashes us far ahead of time, but the tide flows on evenly. The his-

tory of the past should be sufficient to teach us that we need not expect such sudden growth.

When the Christians demand to know of us why in twenty-one years we have produced no more fruit, they seem to forget their own infancy time. Cursing our fig tree, they seem to forget that theirs was almost barren for centuries, and indeed we might even now question the character of their fruit.

We know that these growths must come by gradual development. We can work for it hopefully and confidently, knowing that it will come. Evil after evil will be eradicated; error after error will be removed; vice after vice will be overcome. There is no fear but that the fruits of our glorious religion will be manifested. The Church has been experimenting for eighteen centuries, and if we cannot produce something better than the gnarly, knotty, worm eaten fruits presented by the tree of Christianity, then it will be time to condemn us.

Humanity will ever continue to reach out after something better.

Born of the Infinite, the soul cannot be confined by any limitation. It will overcome all these obstructions, and reach continually out for the higher. It will find a pathway for itself, in which nothing can obstruct it.

Our religion is well adapted to the wants of the human soul. It is adapted to an age in which reason is determined to assert its supremacy. It has no limits in its influence. It is only, as it were, giving us glimpses, grand and sublime glimpses, of the great beyond.

As one sees the great mountains of which he has only dreamed, mountains almost hidden in the mist of obscurity, yet giving the promise of glorious exploration,—mountains checked all over by sunshine and shadow, yet full of promise in the luxuriant foliage which grows around their bases, and in the glory that floods their summits,—so, through these glimpses we are continually approaching these eternal realities. Exists there a soul so fossilized with the ideas of the past as not to recognize the beauty of this religion? Exists there a soul so bound down by the chain of authority that it cannot see the brightness of this holy standard, or so cringingly slavish and cowardly that it dares not look upon it because its leaders forbid it? It must speak or remain silent, shut or open its eyes, walk or stand still, until the flame of its soul-aspirations shall melt away these chains.

In the name of consistency, let not these assert that this standard does not exist. Our standard is not composed of such thin and gummy material that reason will sweep it away. Spersification has not disfigured it with her unsightly impressions.

Broad as the universe, expansive as the human soul, free as the air of heaven, it floats over all humanity to-day.

At the close of the lecture, the following poem on "The Banner of Our Religion," was improvised:

Beneath its folds the timid soul grows strong,  
And dares its glorious Godhood, birthright, claim,  
Throws off the fetters which have bound it long,  
And bows no longer with its load of shame.  
Erect in conscious majesty it stands,  
The ignorance mingles from its shoulders cast;  
The mystery blinded eye, the fettered hands,  
But nightmare shadows of the perished past.  
The heavy clouds that gather round the path  
O'er which the millions of the earth must tread,  
Frighted with hurricanes of vengeful wrath,  
Or mournful wailings for the precious dead,  
Are scattered like the transient mist of morn  
Before the banner-fold's reflected light.  
Before its radiant flashes, heaven born,  
Disperse the shadows of the darkest night.  
Then silent be the lip that dares deny  
The living truth brought by these banner-pleas;  
Dumb be the tongue encumbered with the lie,  
Till the bright flashing is not what it seems.  
O'er all the temples of the perished past,  
O'er all the living altars of to-day,  
Religion re-er before such glories cast  
As those which now around her banners play.

## Phenomenal.

[Continued from last week.]

## SALEM WITCHCRAFT.

Parris and his "circle."

THE PROCTOR FAMILY.

We have sketched the life of one family out of many, and we will leave the rest for such of our readers as may choose to learn more. Some of the statements in the book before us disclose a whole family history in a few words; and the following in relation to John Proctor and his wife:

"The bitterness of the prosecutors against Proctor was so vehement that they not only arrested, and tried to destroy, his wife and all his family above the age of infancy in Salem, but all her relatives in Lynn, many of whom were thrown into prison. The helpless children were left destitute, and the house swept of its provisions by the sheriff. Proctor's wife gave birth to a child about a fortnight after his execution. This incident to what alone she owed her life. John Proctor had spoken so boldly against the proceedings, and all who had part in them, that it was thought to be necessary to put him out of the way." (Vol. ii, p. 312)

The Rev. Mr. Noyes, the worthy coadjutor of Mr. Parris, refused to pray with Mr. Proctor before his death, unless he would confess; and the more danger there seemed to be of a revival of pity, humility and reason, the more zealous was the wrath of the pious pastors against the Enemy of Salem. When, on the fearful 22d of September, Mr. Noyes stood looking at the execution, he exclaimed that it was a sad thing to see eight firebrands of hell hanging there! The spectacle was never seen again on Witches Hill.

## THE JACOBS FAMILY.

The Jacobs family was signalized by the confession of one of its members,—Margaret, one of the "fifteen" girls. She brought her grandfather to the gallows, and suffered as much as a weak, ignorant, irresponsible person under evil influences could suffer from doubt and remorse. But she married well seven years afterward—still feeling enough in regard to the past to refuse to be married by Mr. Noyes. She deserved such peace of mind as she obtained, for she retracted the confession of witchcraft which she made, and went to prison. It was too late then to save her victims, Mr. Burroughs and her grandfather, but she obtained their full and free forgiveness. At that time this was the condition of the family:

"No account has come to us of the department of George Jacob, Sen., at his execution. As he was remarkable in life for his firmness of mind, so he probably was in death. He had made his will before the delusion arose. It is dated January 20, 1692, and shows that he, like Proctor, had considerable estate. In his infirm old age he had been condemned to die for a crime of which he knew himself innocent, and which there is some reason to believe he did not think any one capable of committing. He regarded the whole thing as a wicked conspiracy and an absurd fabrication. He had to end his long life upon the scaffold in a week from that day. His house was desolated, and his property sequestered. His only son, charged with the same crime, had eluded the sheriff,—leaving his

family, in the hurry of his flight, unprovided for,—and was an exile in foreign lands. The crazy wife of that son was in prison and in chains, awaiting trial on the same charge; her little children, including an unweaned infant, left in a deserted and destitute condition in the woods. The older children were scattered here and there, while one of them had completed the bitterness of his lot by becoming a convict, upon being arrested with her mother as a witch. This granddaughter, Margaret, overwhelmed with fright and horror, bewildered by the statements of the accusers, and controlled probably by the arguments and arbitrary methods of address employed by her minister, Mr. Noyes,—whose peculiar function in those proceedings seems to have been to drive persons accused to make confession—had been betrayed into that position, and became a confessor and accuser of others." (Vol. ii, p. 312)

## GILES AND MARTHA COREY.

The life and death of a prominent citizen, Giles Corey, should not be altogether passed over in a survey of such a community and at such a time. He had land, and was called "Goodman Corey," but he was unpopular from being too rough for even so young a state of society. He was once tried for the death of a man whom he had used roughly, and only fined. He had strikes and lawsuits with his neighbors; but he was three wives and there was due affection between him and his children. He was eighty years old when the Witch Delusion broke out, and was living alone with his wife Martha, a devout woman who spent much time on her knees, praying against the snares of Satan, that is, the delusion about witchcraft. She spoke freely of the tricks of children, the blindness of the magistrates, and the falling away of many from common sense and the word of God; and while her husband attended every public meeting, stayed at home to pray. In his fanaticism, he quarreled with her, and she was at once marked out for a victim, and one of the earliest. When visited by examiners, she smiled and conversed with composure, declaring that she was no witch, and that "she did not think there was any witches." By such sayings, and by the expressions of vexation that fell from her husband, and the fanaticism of her four sons-in-law, she was soon brought to extremity. But her husband was present under accusation, and much amazed was he at his position. His wife was one of the eight "firebrands of hell" whom Mr. Noyes saw swung off on the 22d of September. "Martha Corey," said the record, "protesting her innocence, concluded her life on the scaffold with an eminent prayer." Her husband had been supposed certain to die in the same way, but he had chosen a different one. His anguish at his rash folly at the outset of the delusion, excited the strongest desire to bear testimony on behalf of his wife and other innocent persons, and to give an emphatic blessing to the two sons-in-law who had been brave and faithful in his wife's cause. He executed a deed by which he presented his excellent children with his property in honor of their mother's memory; and aware that if tried he would be condemned, and executed, and his property forfeited, he resolved not to plead, and to submit to the consequences of standing mute. Old as he was, he endured it. He stood mute, and the court had, as the authorities believed, no alternative. He was pressed to death, as devoted husbands and fathers were here and there, in the Middle Ages, when they chose to save their families from the consequences of attainders by dying untried. We will not sicken our readers with the details of the slow, cruel and disgusting death. He bore it, only praying for heavier weights to shorten his agony. Such a death and such a testimony, and the execution of his wife two days later, weighed on every heart in the community, and no revival of old charges against the rough colonist had any effect in the presence of such an act as his last. He was long believed to haunt the places where he lived and died, and the attempt made by the ministers and one of their "fifteen" agents to impress the church and society with a vision which announced his damnation, was a failure. Cotton Mather showed that Ann Putnam had received a divine communication, proving Giles Corey a murderer, and Ann Putnam's father laid the facts before the Judge. But it was too late now for visions, and for insinuations to the Judges, and for glover agitation to have any success. Brother Noyes hurried on a church meeting while Giles Corey was actually lying under the weights, to excommunicate him for witchcraft on the one hand, or suicide on the other, and the ordinance was passed, but was of no avail against the rising tide of reason and sympathy.

This was the last vision, and the last attempt to establish one in Salem, if not in the Province. It remained for Mr. Noyes, and the Mathers, and Mr. Parris and every clergyman concerned, to endure the popular hatred and their own self-questioning for the rest of their days. The lay authorities were stricken with remorse and humbled with grief, but their share of the retribution was more endurable than that of the pastors who had proved so wolfish toward their flock.

## DECLINE OF THE DELUSION

In the month of September, 1692, they believed themselves in the thick of "the fight between the Devil and the Lamb." Cotton Mather was nimble and triumphant on the Witches Hill whenever there were "firebrands of hell" swinging there; and they hoped to do much good work for the Lord yet, for they had lists of suspected persons in their pockets, who must be brought into the court's month by month, and carted off to the hill. One of the gayest and most complacent letters on the subject of this "fight" in the correspondence of Cotton Mather, is dated on the 20th of September, 1692, within a month of the day when he was improving the occasion at the foot of the gallows where the former pastor, Rev. George Burroughs, and four others were hung. In the interval, fifteen more received sentence of death; Giles Corey had received his fearful death the day before; and in two days after, Cory's widow and seven more were hanged. Mather, Noyes, and Parris had no idea that there eight would be the last. But so it was. Thus far one only had escaped after being made sure of in the courts. The married daughter of a clergyman had been condemned, was relieved by the Governor, and was at last discharged on the ground of the insufficiency of the evidence. Henceforth, after that fearful September day, no evidence was found sufficient. The accusers had grown too audacious in their selection of victims; their clerical patrons had become too openly determined to give no quarter. The Rev. Francis Dane signed memorials to the Legislature and the Courts on the 18th of October, against the prosecutions. He had reason to know something about them, for we hear of nine at least of his children, grandchildren, relatives, and servants who had been brought under accusation. He pointed out the snare by which the public mind, as well as the accused themselves, had been misled—the escape afforded to such as would confess. When one spoke out, others followed. When a reasonable explanation was afforded, ordinary people were only too thankful to seize upon it. Though the prisons were filled, and the courts occupied over and over again, there were no more horrors; and the accused were all acquitted; and in the following May, Sir William Phips discharged all the prisoners by proclamation. "Such a jail-delivery has never been known in New England," is the testimony handed down. The Governor was aware that the clergy, magistrates, and judges, hitherto active, were

full of wrath at his course; but public opinion now demanded a reversal of the administration of the last fearful year.

## THE PHYSIO-PATHOLOGICAL CAUSES OF THE TROUBLE.

As to the striking feature of the case—the confessions of so large a proportion of the accused—Mr. Upham manifests the perplexity which we encounter in almost all narrators of similar scenes. In all countries and times in which trials for witchcraft have taken place, we find the historian dealing anxiously with the question—how it could happen that so many persons declared themselves guilty of an impossible offence, when the confession must seal their doom? The solution most commonly offered is one that may apply to a case here and there, but certainly cannot be accepted as disposing of any large number. It is assumed that the victim preferred to be killed to living on under suspicion, insult, and ill-will under the imputation of having dealt with the Devil. Probably as this may be in the case of a stout hearted, reasoning, forecasting persons possessed with nerve to carry out a policy of suicide, it can never be believed of a considerable proportion of the ordinary run of old men and women charged with sorcery. The love of life, and the horror of a cruel death at the hands of the mob or of the hangman, are too strong to admit of a deliberate sacrifice so bold, on the part of terrified old people like the vast majority of the accused; while the few of a higher order, of exalted minds, and stronger nerves would not be likely to effect their escape from an unhappy life by a lie of the utmost conceivable gravity. If, in the Salem case, life was saved by a confession toward the last, it was for a special reason, and it seems to be a single instance of such an escape. Some other explanation is needed, and the observations of modern inquiry supply it. There can be no doubt now that the sufferers under nervous disturbances, the subjects of abnormal conditions, found themselves in possession of strange faculties, and thought themselves able to do new and wonderful things. When urged upon to explain how it was, they could only suppose, as so many of the Salem victims did, that it was by "some evil spirit," and except where there was such an intriguing agency as Mr. Parris' "circle," the only supposition was that the intercourse between the evil spirit and themselves was direct. It is impossible even now to witness the curious phenomena of somnambulism and catalepsy without a keen sense of how natural and even inevitable it was for similar subjects of the middle ages, and in Pagan times, to believe themselves ensnared by Satan, and actually endowed with his gifts, and to confess their calamity was the only relief to their scared and miserable minds. This explanation seems not to have occurred to the mind of Mr. Upham; and, for want of it, he falls into great amazement at the elaborate artifices with which the victims invented their confessions and adapted them to the state of mind of the authorities and the public. With the right-key in his hand, he would have seen what was simple and natural, where he now bids us marvel at the pitch of artfulness and skill attained by poor wretches scared out of their natural wits.

The spectacle of the ruin that was left is very melancholy. Orphan children were dispersed; homes were shut up, and properties lost; and what the temper was in which these transactions left the churches and the village, and the society of the towns, the pastors and the flocks, the Lord's table, the social gathering, the justice hall, the market, and every place where men were wont to meet, we can conceive. It was evidently long before anything like a reasonable and genial temper returned to society in and about Salem. The acknowledgements of error made long after, were half-hearted, and so were the expressions of grief and pity in regard to the intolerable woes of the victims. It is scarcely intelligible how the admissions on behalf of the wronged should have been so reluctant, and the sympathy with the devoted love of their nearest and dearest so cold. We must cite what Mr. Upham says in honor of these last, for such solace is needed.

"While, in the course of our story, we have witnessed some shocking instances of the violation of the most sacred affections and obligations of life, in husbands and wives, parents and children, testifying against each other, and exerting themselves for mutual destruction, we most not overlook the many instances in which filial, parental, and fraternal fidelity and love have shone conspicuously. It was dangerous to befriend an accused person. Proctor stood by his wife to protect her, and it cost him his life. Children protested against the treatment of their parents, and were all thrown into prison. Daniel Andrew, a citizen of high standing, who had been deputy to the General Court, asserted, in the boldest language, his belief of Rebecca Nurse's innocence; and he had to fly the country to save his life. Many devoted sons and daughters clung to their parents, visited them in prison in defiance of a blood thirsty mob; kept by their side on the way to execution; expressed their love, sympathy, and reverence to the last, and by brave and perilous enterprises, got possession of their remains, and bore them back under cover of midnight to their own thresholds, and to graves kept consecrated by their prayers and tears. One young man is said to have effected his mother's escape from the jail, and secreted her in the woods until after the delusion had passed away, provided food and clothing for her, erected a wigwam for shelter, and surrounded her with every comfort her situation would admit of. The poor creature's mother, however, had endured a great amount of suffering; for one of her larger limbs was fractured in the all but desperate attempt to rescue her from the prison walls." (Vol. ii, p. 343)

The act of reversal of attainder, passed early in the next century, tells us that "some of the principal accusers and witnesses in those dark and severe persecutions have since discovered themselves to be persons of profligate and vicious conversation;" and on another authority we are assured that, "not without spect before, they became afterward abandoned to open vice." This was doubtless true of some; but of many it was not.

## [TO BE CONTINUED.]

## RESURRECTION.

There is a rainbow in the cloud  
That overshadows the grave; the shroud  
Is tinged with its meek glory hues,  
And lo! the dead there is good news.

The man is weary, and weak and old,  
His heart is drowsy as a dumb with pain;  
He falls asleep; he is still and cold  
He never will wake or rise again.

So sinks the sun, so falls the leaf!  
So the flowers unfold and fade!  
So the beautiful—frail and brief—  
In the dreary, wintry grave are laid.

But do not weep, though the sun may sleep,  
And dark and cloudy may be the night,  
For the day will break, and the sun shall wake,  
And scatter the clouds with his morning light.

And to the leaf, and to the flowers,  
Winter is dreary and dark and cold;  
But spring will come with her warm and showery,  
And leaves and blossoms again unfold.

Then do not weep! Neither dark nor deep  
The grave shall be to believing eyes;  
The Lord hath risen, and he will raise the  
And all who sleep in the grave shall rise.

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Phenomenal.

Written for the Religio-Philosophical Journal, New Jersey.

Interesting Facts at Whitehill—Startling Demonstrations.

By Wm C. Waters

Truthfully, no doubt, it has been said, "Gods mills grind slow," still they grind some, even here in New Jersey. Recently there has been a little stir touching spiritual things at Whitehill, which is one of the suburban outposts of Bordertown, lying about one mile below the town. "Old Ironsides," or in other words, the brave Commodore Stuart, lived and died there during the past year. Of late there have been some interesting spirit manifestations there, coming through the mediumship of two or three boys. The governing spirit in the manifestations, seems to be one Dr. Cook, a very popular and talented physician, who died in this place a few years since.

More or less of the manifestations are given through the Planchette. One of the doctor's lady patients being present at a seance, desired the doctor, as a test, to give her, through the Planchette, a fac simile of a prescription he wrote for her on a certain occasion during his life time. It was promptly written, and when she went home, she found it correct on comparing the two.

On another occasion, a young man desired to know if a friend of his residing in a town some miles away, was well, and what he was doing at that hour. He was informed that the friend was not well, but in the place of telling what he was then doing, drew the figure of a wagon wheel.

The next day the friend came, and the young man inquired of him what he was doing the previous day at a certain hour. Upon deliberate calculation, he decided that he was standing by a wagon wheel, having intended to go upon it, but did not feel well enough to go to work.

One evening the party were desired by the doctor to put out the lights and sit around the table. The Planchette was lighted up by a star of light resting on it, and each of the party was slapped on the back. Each one then changed his neighbor with striking him or her upon the back, all of which was stoutly denied. But to shut off all chance for fraud, they joined hands, and then finding themselves all the more soundly struck, they suddenly broke up in a fright.

Not long since a young lady was drowned while bathing in the Delaware River, opposite Bordertown. The body was not recovered for a day or two. Meantime, the spirits came to this circle, and with the Planchette gave a drawing of the wharf at Whitehill, and pointed out the spot where she lay. It is interesting to know that the spot where the body was found, it was at the point indicated by the drawing.

A married lady having attended one of the seances, the next day she was telling some neighbors that she was obliged to sit in the room in which the manifestations were given. A gentleman present informed her that none but fools believed in anything of the sort. The lady courteously thanked him for the information, and said that she had sometimes thought herself to be a fool, but had never met with any one before who was so ready to tell her of it, she doubted not the gentleman himself belonged to an entirely opposite class.

Does not this answer prove that greater is a woman that ruleth her own spirit than one that breaks up in a storm? Very likely some of those of those popular churchmen whose belief is abundant on statements that run so far back into the dust and darkness of the past that no proof can be had; but never thinks of doubting the sanity of one who believes that quails cannot come up from the sea, to cover an area of some sixty miles, several feet deep, or that two thousand pigs ran capering down to the sea, freighted with invisible devils.

Of course, little fancy stories of this kind are all right. But to believe that Dr. Cook could come back and give testimony of his presence, as counsel to the sick, and words of comfort to his earthly friends, must be downright lunacy—stark madness. To be sure, the sacred record does say that Moses and Elias came back and talked, but the wary, tender footed churchman says, "I guess that such things in this age, he don't permit it now." Oh, shades of the departed, does God really make blunders, back down and conclude to do nothing more about it? Has he broken down the law, torn up the track, or drawn up the ladder upon which Jacob saw angels descending and ascending? Do these dear Christians really want the truth, or do they only want to grovel and rot and fossilize around the supposed infallibility of a book, of which it has been aptly said, "points more ways on nearly every subject, than the many hands of a Hindoo deity at the crossing of roads."

Bordertown has some legends, and to us of ghostly visitors in years gone by, though they are not authenticated in the manner of the present manifestations. Just over the road from where I am now writing, stands a house built many years ago by Joseph Bonaparte, Ex King of Spain. It stands in a vale of some standing beauty, surrounded with tall weeping willows. By an aged boy servant of Bonaparte I have been told that the Ex-King set these willows down himself when they were little sticks. Joseph Bonaparte resided here for many years, and was greatly beloved as a noble hearted, generous, sympathetic man, in whom the noblest feelings of humanity were blended. He was really a French Republican, and I am inclined to think that Plerrie Bonaparte, lately distinguished as the murderer of a French Republican, once lived in the same house. The building has stood vacant much of the time for some twenty years, and I have heard it said that tenants complain that "spirits, white, red and grey," hold nightly revels there.

I am told, was once the residence of that robust innid, Thomas Paine. I have been told that some persons in years gone by, think they have seen Thomas wandering in the lonely garrets of his former dwelling place. Had he been really there, he would not have been the same time, it might have been proof to an unmitigated sceptic, that it must have been Thom's, for after writing the "Age of Reason," it would be expected to take him a long time to shake off the odors of his tropical home.

Bordertown, N. J., Aug. 1870.

A Singular Story.

Attempted Assassination, and the Cause.

On the second of May last a terrible affray occurred in a house of ill-fame in Louisville, Ky., instigated by a woman named Annie Rabourne, in which a young man named Daniel Powers was shot and killed by John H. Morton, son of a prominent banker. Both men were ensnared of a frail inmate of the establishment, hence the quarrel. After the shooting was over, Morton was arrested, and held in \$10,000 bail for trial. He claimed that the shooting was done in self defense, and the testimony of Annie Rabourne sustained that plea, and she is one of the most important witnesses for the defense.

On Friday morning last, Alfred Powers called at the house of Miss Rabourne, was admitted, and immediately proceeded to the lady's room. She was standing near the bureau, and a negro girl was tying a ribbon around her neck. Powers said: "Miss Ann, I want to see you."

She said: "Well, here I am." To which he replied: "I would rather see you alone." She turned toward him, when he drew his pistol and fired. Miss Rabourne exclaimed: "My God, what have I done?" and fell into the arms of the negro girl, and then to the floor. Powers walked out of the room, and on the stairway met one of the girls. He pointed a pistol at her, and said: "If you say a word I will kill you."

He then walked out of the house and went to the corner of Green and Preston, where he surrendered himself to Officer John Corcoran, saying that he had shot Annie Rabourne because she held his brother while he was killed, and gave the officer the pistol which he had used.

"That is what I did it with." He was committed for trial. On Sunday the murderer was interviewed by a reporter of the Louisville Courier-Journal, when the following conversation took place: Reporter.—"Al, how is it that you put this off so long?"

Prisoner.—"Well, I'll tell you. Shortly after Dan's death, I was quietly lying in bed one night, trying to go to sleep, and all at once he came into my bedside and said: "I want you to go and kill that woman for me; it is impossible for me to do it." I told him that I would do it, and after talking awhile, he left me and I went to sleep. Next day I thought the matter over and concluded that it was all a dream, and that I would not act on the suggestion of a dream. Three or four nights after that, and every time I went to bed, I thought about what he told me. I never saw him again until about six nights after his first visit, when he came again and asked me why I had not done as he requested me. I replied that I could not realize that he had been to see me, and that is why I did not do it. He then told me that if I loved him as a brother, he wanted me to go and kill that woman, and he insisted that I should do it. I then told him again that I would do it. He then went away again. The next day I went and tried to get a pistol for a friend, but did not succeed. I was glad that I did not get one, as I did not want to kill her. I went home that night and tried to sleep, but it was impossible, and in an hour or so after I retired, he came to my bedside and said: "Al, if you don't go and kill that woman, I will kill you."

I told him that I could get no pistol, and that I had tried but had failed. He told me to go and soak my coat and take the money to buy a pistol, and go immediately and kill the woman. I told him that I would do so, and that I was going. I took my coat and got \$3.75 for it, and bought the pistol, as my dear brother told me, and tried to kill her. Since my arrest Dan has not been to see me.

An Old Woman Returns. Mrs. William Healy, writing from Wheeling, Va. gives the following rumors: Since I commenced this letter, I have been informed that an old lady who left the farm last fall, has returned and made quite a stir in the neighborhood. It seems she left forty dollars with a son to give the priest to say mass for the good of her soul; but the son keeping the money and not giving it to the priest, is the cause of the difficulty. This is the third year. I cannot vouch for its correctness. She has been seen in day light, and gives those in the house some trouble.

California. Extract from a Letter by Maria Culp. The medium I refer to, is Mary Beach, who crossed the plains some five or six years since, when there was so much trouble with the Indians. She was frequently controlled by the spirit of an Indian, and talked with them, so of course, their company had no trouble with them. She is a good medium now, and is becoming more developed daily. Her spirit guides say they are going to make her one of the best speakers and test mediums. I do not think that she could be excelled now, if she only had a little better health, which I hope and trust that she will have soon. We had a circle last evening. The manifestations were wonderful, consisting of prayer, singing, poetry, speaking and personating. I have not time to describe any of them now, but oh! it is beautiful to have our dear friends come and show that they care for us still. I often long to be with them, but strive to be patient, and willing to remain until my work is done here. San Jose, Cal.

A Reverend Speculator. Letter from G. W. Hudson. The Reverend Mr. Green, Baptist preacher, of Greensburg, Indiana, who came to this city three or four months ago, and engaged his services for one year to the church, at one thousand dollars, procured five hundred dollars of the money, preached to suit the congregation, lectured to the children and young people, and was apparently a very pious man.

After making a plea for his son's indebtedness, he borrowed nineteen hundred dollars from the bank, giving church members for security. He also bought a watch and chain for two hundred dollars, paying only ten dollars down. After a few days, the preacher became a little suspicious, and recovered his property again. This caused some uneasiness among his endorsers, and they desired him to give them something to secure them from loss. He said he had some notes that would cover the endorsements, which he placed in the bank, and this act secured him from further suspicion. He then shipped two boxes and a package to Richmond, Virginia.

On the 20th of July, himself, wife and little girl six or eight years old, took a walk of five miles to the nearest rail road station, and left on the first train, and have not been heard from since. The notes which he left in the bank are said to be forged. The above facts were related to me by one of his endorsers. Greensburg, Aug 8th, 1870.

Letter from J. M. Moulthrop. BROTHER JONES:—Inclosed, find three dollars and a half for the present year's subscription to your excellent paper. Do please pardon me for neglecting to remit the same sooner. However, the energetic little paper has come faithfully on its weekly mission, so full of everything that is soul-inspiring, that we could not do without it. Already it has worked its way to hundreds of homes in the great west as well as east. May its circulation continue to increase, and may its inspiring, publishing be rewarded, for his indefatigable labors in our behalf and prosperity. We have been blessed with those soul-inspiring lectures from Mrs. Emma Harding, to crowded and appreciative audiences. Such discourses must have a salutary effect upon hundreds who have scarcely thought for themselves before, as well as upon those who have long been seeking the true way, and have scarcely known how to find it. Circles are held every Sunday evening at Bartlett's Hall. Aside from what I have written, there is but little that will be of interest to communicate from this place, as there is no society organized at present. Rockford, Ill.

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Brownville, Nebraska, Dec. 22, 1869. This is to certify that I, Huston Russell, was taken on the 24th day of September, 1867, with a pain in my eye and head, and it was so severe that I thought I would rather die than live. I called on Dr. Hoover, and he attended me for some twenty days; at times I was easy, when under the influence of medicine, but confined to my bed. I called on another doctor, by the advice of Dr. Hoover. Under a new system of treatment entirely, he gave me no medicine at first, but pricked me with instruments and put on something to blister, but it had no effect. Then I called on two other doctors, who had me under their treatment for several months without any permanent relief. On the 16th of September, 1868, I called on Dr. Arnold, and he had me under his treatment until April, 1869. I used the Positive and Negative Powders, but the pain never left me until I commenced taking the Powders called Spence's Positive and Negative Powders. Six boxes of the Positive Powders have cured me of the pain. And I had the Liver Complaint for several years, and the Diabetes, and now I believe I am entirely well. At one time the doctors and friends gave me up to die; but thank God on the 25th of May 1869, I commenced taking Spence's Positive Powders. My weight then was 132 pounds; now it is 187, and I know that it was the Positive Powders that cured me.

HUSTON RUSSELL. Subscribed and sworn to, before me this 22nd day of December, 1869. JAMES H. HACKER, County Clerk of Nebraska County, Nebraska.

I also certify that I have been acquainted with Huston Russell for twelve years, and that he was seriously afflicted for a long time, and I regard him as one of the wonderful cures WILLIAM POLLOCK, Postmaster at Brownville, Nebraska.

On the 9th day of September 1867, Huston Russell came to me with a pain in his left eye, which I treated for the Neuralgia, and treated him several times afterwards for the same, but the complaint returned each time after treatment. He was under treatment by several physicians afterwards, but got but little relief. I have used Spence's Positive and Negative Powders in Scarlet Fever and Diarrhoea, and found them to be good for those complaints. JEROME HOOVER.

On the fifteenth of September, 1869, Huston Russell came to me with a furious Tic-Douloureux, Neuralgia, had him under treatment until last April, 1869, at which time he was dismissed improved. WM. ARNOLD. I hereby certify that I am acquainted with Huston Russell, and that I know him to have been sick, and I also certify that I am acquainted with Dr. Wm. Arnold and Jerome Hoover, and know them to be practicing physicians. Witness my hand, and seal of said County, this 22nd day of December 1869. JAMES M. HACKER, County Clerk Nebraska.

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