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Truth wears no mask, bows at no human shrine, seeks neither place nor applause: she only asks a hearing.

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S. S. JONES, PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR.

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Literary Department

The Battle, and Other Poems.

The author of this volume, Thomas Clarke, was, no doubt, inspired from a high source, for the many predictions he made, have been, or are about to be, realized. It is possible that

"Great experience may attain
To something of prophetic strain,"
which rendered it easy for his mind to catch glimpses of coming events.

"The Ode for the New Year, 1858," was printed in the Springfield (Ill.) Journal, on January 1st of that year, as it is given in this book. It will be seen at a glance, that the prophecy it contains has been verified to the letter.

"The Ode for the New Year, 1859," published in the Union Herald, of Springfield (Ill.), contains a prophecy respecting Great Britain, which is even now on the eye of accomplishment; and which the present generation will doubtless see fulfilled.

His "Fugitive," inscribed to Owen Lovejoy, is indeed beautiful, and in which the reader can see the tender nature of the poet manifested.

Dark and drear was the night, saving when the red moon
Peeped at times through huge masses of laboring clouds;
But such moments were brief, for the heavens were soon
Enveloped once more in funeral shrouds.

And new from the regions around the North
Where night's gloomy curtain more darkly was drawn,
Streams of lightning in rapid succession burst forth,
And follow the far distant thunder-clouds on.

But quick and more quick gleams the lightning's red flash;
And near and more near peals the thunder's loud roar;
And hark! 'tis the thunderbolt's terrible crash,
And earth heaves and trembles from mountain to shore.

As troubled my eye swept along the wild sky,
Wrought to madness extreme by the element's strife,
Midst the hoarse peals of thunder I heard a weak cry,
As of one who lamented the sorrows of life.

'Twas a poor son of Africa, friendless, forlorn;
The salt tears abundant his dark cheek bedew'd;
His locks in despair from his bare head were torn;
And the ground all around with those drenched locks was strewn.

And he cried, "Oh, ye heavens enveloped in flame
Ye clouds that your torrents pour down on my head;
Rage on your fury! Your pity I claim:
Let me here by your grace and my last earthly bed.

For weary my feet have all night pecked the street;
And though hard 's the brunt of the storm to be borne,
No kind glance can I meet, I can find no retreat,
To soothe the sad soul of poor ZAMBA KION.

Behold! how these white men in dwellings of pride,
On their soft, downy beds, sleep secure from the rain;
While I, the poor stranger, outside must abide,
In hunger and pain; seeking death but in vain.

Some feast in their halls, and some revel and sing;
Some dance to the music of timbal and drum;
Whist to me, wretched thing borne on memory's wing,
Their joy brings a sting while I think of my home.

In those sweet days of yore, when on Africa's shore,
I danced on the green with the young and the gay;
Oh! then I was blest—I shall be so no more!
Oh, then I was free and as happy as they!

No wretched and poor have been spurned from my door;
Nor left to lament in the storm and the cold,
They have slept on the very mat on my floor;
For their feast I have told the best lamb of my fold.

"May the curse of the blighted—!" "Oh, hold!"
I exclaimed:
"Son of Africa, 'tis not the land of the free,
We may well feel ashamed that, though Freedom's
proclaim'd."
For all others, here ply alone is for thee."

I stretched out my hand—'tis poor Africa smiled—
"Mix this tear with a kiss, it will gratify delight."
"From the storm raging wild, injure Africa's child,
I will find thee a shelter and supper to-night!"

Midst the torrents of rain and the tempest's wild roar,
We arrived at a door dear to man and to heaven;
Where a refuge is sought—'tis in vain—by the poor;
And where to the fugitive welcome is given!

It is thine, OWEN LOVEJOY! and thine are the deeds,
These alone of the living I invoke to my song,
Which we'd to thy name, through all time that succeeds,
On the bright wings of fame shall be wafted along.

Yes, wafted on high, honored Lincoln, with thine,
The purest of stars in that galaxy bright,
Which with love supernatural and justice divine,
Shall restore a lost race to humanity's light.

Behold! this poor African blessed by your care,
Falls prone in the dust to the Being unknown;
And for you, in the fervor of true, grateful prayer,
Invokes all the blessings that flow from his throne.

He exclaims: "Thou Great Spirit that rulest on high;
Dread form that dost ride on the whirlwind and storm;
When thou shakest the earth, and the sea, and the sky,
In thy mercy, spare those who thy mercy perform!"

Maternity.

A popular treatise for young wives and mothers—by J. S. VESLEY, M. D.
Price—\$3.25; postage, 24 cents. For sale at this office.

Salem Witchcraft.

THE LAST OF PARRIS,
Continued from last week.

Parris' parsonage soon went to ruin, as did some of the dwellings of the "afflicted" children, who learned and practiced certain things in his house which he afterward pronounced to be arts of Satan, and declared to have been pursued without his knowledge and with the cognizance of only his servants (John and Tibba, the Indian and the negress). Barn, and well, and garden disappeared in a sorry tract of rough ground, and the dwelling became a mere handful of broken bricks.

The narrative of the pastor's struggles and devices to retain his pulpit is very interesting; but they are not related to our object here; and all we need to say is, that three sons and sons in law of Mrs. Nurse measured their strength against his, and, without having said an imtemperate or superfluous word, or swerved from the strictest rules of congregational action, sent him out of the parish. He finally opined that "evil angels" had been permitted to tempt him and his coadjutors on either hand; he admitted that some mistakes had been made; and, said he, "I do humbly own this day, before the Lord and his people, that God has been righteously spitting in my face; and I desire to lie low under all this reproach," etc.; but the remonstrants could not again sit under his ministry, and his brethren in the province did not pretend to exculpate him altogether. He buried his wife—against whom no record remains—and departed with his children, the eldest of whom, the "afflicted" child, he had sent away before she had taken harm in the "circle." He drifted from one small outlying congregation to another, neglected and poor, restless and untamed, though mortified, till he died in 1730.

Mr. Noyes died somewhat earlier. He is believed not to have undergone much change, as to either his views or his temper. He was a kind-hearted and amiable man when nothing came in the way; but he could hold no terms with Satan; and in this he insisted to the last that he was right.

Cotton Mather was the survivor of the other two. He died in 1728; and he never was happy again after that last batch of excommunications. He trusted to his merits and the genius he exhibited under the onslaught of Satan, to raise him to the highest post of clerical power in the Province, and to make him—what we desired above all else—President of Harvard University. Mr. Upham presents us with a remarkable meditation written by the unhappy man, so simple and ingenious that it is scarcely possible to read it gravely; but the reader is not the less sensible of his misery.

The argument is a sort of remonstrance with God on the recompense his services have met with. He has been appointed to serve the world, and the world does not regard him; the negroes (who could believe the statement?) are named Cotton Mather in contempt of him; the wise and the unwise despise him; in every company he is avoided and left alone; the female sex, and they speak basely of him; his relatives, and they are such monsters that he may truly say, "I am a brother to dragons;" the Government, and it heaps indignities upon him; the University, and it he wears a block-head, it could not treat him worse than it does. He is to serve all whom he can aid, and nobody ever does anything for him; he is to serve all to whom he can be helpful and happy minister, and yet he is the most afflicted minister in the country; and many consider his afflictions to be so many miscarriages, and his sufferings in proportion to his sins. There was no popularity or power for him from the hour when he stood to see his brother Burroughs put to death on the Hill. He seems never to have got over his surprise at his own failures; but he sat in deeper mortification and a more childish peevishness to the end.

"ONE OF THE AFFLICTED"—HER CONFESSIONS.
Of only one of the class of express accusers—of the "afflicted"—will we speak; but not because she was the only one reclaimed. One bewildered child we have described as remorseful, and brave in her remorse; and others married as they would hardly have done if they had been among the "profligate."

Ann Putnam's case remains the most prominent, and the most pathetic. She was twelve years old when the "circle" at Mr. Parris' was formed. She had no check from her parents, but much countenance and encouragement from her morbidly-disposed mother. She has the bad distinction of having been the last of the witnesses to declare a "vision" against a suspected person; but, on the other hand, she has the honor, such as it is, of having striven to humble herself before the memory of her victims. When she was nineteen her father died, and her mother followed within a fortnight, leaving the poor girl, in bad health and with scanty means, to take care of a family of children so large that there were eight, if not more, dependent on her. No doubt she was aided, and she did what she could; but she died worn out at the age of thirty-six. Ten years before that date she made her peace with the church and society by offering a public confession in the meeting house. In order to show what it was that the accusers did admit, we must make room for Ann Putnam's confession.

"I desire to be humbled before God for that sad and humbling providence that befel my father's family in the year about '32; that I, then being in my childhood, should, by such a providence of God, be made the instrument for the accusing of several persons of a grievous crime, whereby their lives were taken away from them, whom now I have just grounds and good reason to believe they were innocent persons,

and that it was a great delusion of Satan that deceived me in that sad time, whereby I justly fear that I have been instrumental with others, though ignorantly and unwittingly, to bring upon myself and this land the guilt of innocent blood; though what was said and done by me against any person, I can truly and uprightly say, before God and man, I did it not out of anger, malice, or ill-will to any person; for I had no such thing against one of them; but what I did was ignorantly, being deluded by Satan. And particularly, as I was a chief instrument of accusing Godwife Nurse and her two sisters, I desire to lie in the dust, and to be tumbled for it, in that I was a cause, with others, of so sad a calamity to them and their families; for which cause I desire to lie in the dust and earnestly beg forgiveness of God, and from all those unto whom I have given just cause of sorrow and offence, whose relations were taken away or accused.

(Signed) Ann Putnam.
"This confession was read before the congregation, together with her relation, August, 25, 1708; and she acknowledged it."
J. GREEN, Pastor. (Vol. ii. p. 510)

THE TRANSITION.
The most agreeable picture ever afforded by this remarkable community is that which our eyes rest upon at the close of the story. One of the church members had refused to help send Mr. Parris away, on the ground that the village had had four pastors, and had gone through worse strifes with every one; but he saw a change of scene on the advent of the fifth.

The Rev. Joseph Green was precisely the man for the place and occasion. He was young—only two and twenty—and full of hope and cheerfulness, while sobered by the trials of the time. He had a wife and infants, and some private property, so that he could at once plant down a happy home among his people, without any injurious dependence on them. While exemplary in clerical duty, he encouraged an opposite tone of mind to that which had prevailed—he put all devils out of sight, promoted pigeon shooting and fishing, and headed the young men in looking after hostile Indians. Instead of being jealous of the uprising of new churches, he went to lay the foundations, and invited the new brethren to his house. He promoted the claims of the sufferers impoverished by the recent social convulsion; he desired to bury not only delusions, but ill will in silence; and by his hospitality he infused a cheerful social spirit into his stricken people. The very business of "seating" the congregation was so managed under his ministry that members of the sinning and suffering families—members not in too direct an antagonism—were brought together for prayer, singing, and Sabbath-reading, forgiving and forgetting as far as possible. Thus did this excellent pastor create a new scene of peace and good-will, which grew brighter for eighteen years, when he died at the age of forty.

At the earliest moment that was prudent, he induced his church to cancel the excommunication of Rebecca Nurse and Giles Corey. It was ten years more before the hard and haughty mother church in Salem would do its part; but Mr. Green had the satisfaction of seeing that record also cleansed of its foul stains three years before his death.

Judge Sewall had before made his penitential acknowledgment of proud error in full assembly, and had resumed his seat on the bench amid the forgiveness and respect of society; Chief Justice Stoughton had retired from the courts in obstinate rage at his conflict with Satan having been cut short; the physicians hoped they should have no more patients "under the evil hand," to make them look foolish and feel helpless; and the Tragedy was over. There were doubtless secret tears and groans, horrors of shame and remorse by night and day, and indignant removal of the bones of the murdered from out-cast graves; and all a ration of painful pages from books of record, and much stifling of any conversation which could grow into tradition.

The Tragedy was, no doubt, the central interest of society, families, and individuals throughout the Province for the life of one generation. Then, as silence had been kept in the homes as well as at church and market, the next generation entered upon life almost unconscious of the ghastly distinction which would attach to Massachusetts in general, and Salem in particular, as the scene of the Delusion and the Tragedy which showed the New World to be in essentials no wiser than the Old.

How effectually the story of that year 1692 was buried in silence is shown by a remark of Mr. Upham's—that it has too common for the Witch Tragedy to be made a jest of, or at least to be spoken of with levity. We can have no doubt that his labors have put an end to this. It is inconceivable that there can ever again be a joke heard on the subject of Witchcraft in Salem.

But this remark of our author brings us at once to our own country, time, and experience. It suggests the question whether the lesson afforded by this singular perfect piece of history is more or less appropriate to our own day and generation.

THE FETTERED THEORY THEN AND NOW.
We have already observed that at the date of these events, the only possible explanation of the phenomena presented was the fetter solution which had in all ages been resorted to as a matter of course.

The celebrated sermon of the Rev. Mr. Lawson, in the work before us, discloses the elaborate doctrine held by the class of men who were supposed to know best in regard to the powers given by Satan to his agents, and the evils with which he afflicted his victims; and there was not only no reason why the pastor's hearers should question his interpretations, but no possibility that they should supply any of a different kind. The accused themselves, while unable to admit or conceive that they were inspired by Satan, could propose no explanation but that the acts were done by "some bad spirit."

And such has been the fetter tendency to this hour, through all the advance that has been made in science, and in the arts of observation and of reasoning.

The fetter tendency—that of ascribing one's own consciousness to external objects, as when the dog takes a watch to be alive because it ticks, and when the savage thinks his god is angry because it thunders, and when the Puritan catechumen cries out in hysteria that Satan has set a witch to strangle her—that constant tendency to explain everything by the facts, the feelings, and the experience of the individual's own nature, is no nearer dying out now than at the time of the Salem Tragedy; and hence, in part, the seriousness and the instructiveness of this story to the present generation.

Ours is the generation which has seen the spread of Spiritualism in Europe and America, a phenomena which deprives us of a right to treat the Salem Tragedy as a jest, or to adopt a tone of superiority in compassion for the agents in that dismal drama.

Mr. Parris remarked, in 1692, that of old, witches were only ignorant old women; whereas, in his day, they had come to be persons of knowledge, holiness, and devotion who had been drawn into that damnation, and in our day, we hear remarks on the superior refinement of Spirit intercourse, in comparison with the witch doings at Salem; but the cases are essentially the same. In all, some peculiar and inexplicable appearances occur, and are, as a matter of course, when their reality can not be denied, ascribed to spiritual agency. We may believe that we could never act as the citizens of Salem acted in their superstition and their fear; and this may be true; but the course of speculation is, in "spiritual circles," very much the same as in Mr. Parris' parlor.

And how much less excuse there is for our generation than for his! We are very far yet from being able to explain the well-known and undisputed facts which occur from time to time, in all countries where men able and can give an account of themselves; and the phenomena of natural somnambulism, of doubt's consciousness, of suspended sensation while consciousness is awake, and the converse—of a wide range of intellectual and instinctive operations bearing the character of marvels to such as can not see for the action. We are still far from being able to explain such mysteries, in the only true sense of the word explaining—that is, being able to refer the facts to the natural causes to which they belong; but we have an incalculable advantage over the people of former centuries in knowing that for all proved facts there is a natural cause; that every cause are related is destined to become known to us; and that, in the present case, we have learned in what direction to search for it, and have set out on the quest.

None of us can offer even the remotest conjecture as to what the law of the common action of what we call mind and body may be. If we could, the discovery would have been already made. But, instead of necessarily assuming, as the people of Salem did, that what they witnessed was the operation of spiritual upon human beings, we have, as our field of observation and study, a region undreamed of by them—the brain as an organized part of the human frame, and the nervous system, implicating more facts, more secrets, and more marvels than our forefathers attributed to the whole body.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Letter from Dr. Allen, Magnetic Healer.

BROTHER JONES—I have taken up my pen to write you on business connected with the interest of the JOURNAL, but will take the liberty first to allude to another subject in which you are interested, namely, the labors of E. V. Wilson, also Professional business having called me to Dixon, Lee County, this state, it was my good fortune to have enough spare time to attend and listen to the able and convincing lectures to appreciative audiences, delivered there by Brother Wilson; and I also took the needed time to attend his seances. The time thus devoted was profitably spent. Truth, logic and facts were his potent weapons. He invited denial of the matters stated as facts, if they were thought to be untrue; criticisms of his logic if sophistical; and exposure of the error of what he asserted as true, if they were not as stated by him. His lectures being lucid, and generally convincing, little was the dissent expressed, and that little manifested was at once overborne by new and accumulated facts presented, and yet clearer arguments addressed by Mr. Wilson.

His readings and tests in his seances, were very clearly stated, and generally admitted as truthful by those who had personal knowledge of the scenes and former life of the persons described. Did not his already favorable notoriety seem to forbid a recommendation from me, comparatively a private citizen, I would say to the action of the liberal community that has never attended and listened to the lectures of Mr. Wilson, invite him to your locality, and though it should cause you a little individual pecuniary sacrifice, it will richly repay in interest awakened and knowledge gained. God bless Brother Wilson, speed him on his way, and sustain him in the advocacy of the heavenly cause in which he now labors, is the prayer of his friend.
Geneee, Ill.

Written for the Religio-Philosophical Journal. "The American Association."

By Dr. J. K. Bailey.

Brother Henry T. Child, M. D., secretary of this association, in a late number of the JOURNAL, among other things says:—"The plan of representation by state societies has been objected to by many, and we are inclined to think it not as good as the old plan of local representation, because it is not based upon the number of Spiritualists, but on the number of people, or the representation in Congress.

But this is not the reason the association is sick; neither is it from the attack of those who are opposed to organization."

Does Brother Child remember that section 3 of article vii, provides that, "As soon as the necessary data can be compiled, the representation of the aforesaid organizations, shall be based upon a ratio of membership Spiritualists in the respective jurisdiction thereof; and it shall be the duty of the Board of Trustees of this association, to obtain such basis, and fix the ratio of representation thereon, as soon as practicable."

This provision fixes the basis of representation upon the "number of Spiritualists," instead of the "number of people, or the representation in Congress," just to soon as "the Board of Trustees" shall do "the duty" assigned to it by said section. How could this be bettered by any change of the articles? To go back to representation from local societies, would not be any more equalizing, in this respect, while it would open the door to the "sharp practice" and "wire pulling" portrayed in my former article. Indeed, one of the great difficulties is in the fact of "wire pulling,"—private and clique scheming and planning,—the trusting upon the conventions, systems and articles, or amendments that have not been properly discussed, as should obtain through the press, previous to the meetings. I hope the next convention will not commit the blunders of returning to a system, which permits the section of the country, where the meeting is held, to completely control its action.

You are right, friend Child's, in the assumption that a cause lies in the "land of confidence," &c. And, indeed, this is the great trouble. Let something be done to re-establish confidence.

The article of Brother Warren Chase, in BANNER OF LIGHT of 20th ult., which is endorsed by the editor, is not of a hopeful tenor, nor is it calculated to inspire confidence. It seems to my poor judgment, that the statement that the conventions have been "made up mostly of traveling lecturers and mediums, who could in some way make their expenses, and who represented states and localities where they did not reside, and who, however honest and well disposed, had no practical talent for the legislative action necessary, nor for the work of perfecting and carrying on a great national agency for good," and therefore, have "left no accomplished work for the cause," &c.,—is rather startling, in view of the fact, that Brother Chase himself has long been a "traveling lecturer," and while such, helped to make up the conventions, often as delegate from states, in which he did not have a legal residence. He has been a member of most of the committees on organization—articles of association and revision thereof; and having the prefix "Hon." attached to his name, for the reason indicated in "the Life-Line of the Lone One,"—it is fairly presumable that he has *been* a *talented*. If this talent has not had large influence in the conventions which have determined the present status of the Am. Association, then I have not been able to correctly judge. For one, I do not believe that the class of nonpractical and untalented, have had scarcely any—much less, a preponderating influence, in the action of the conventions.

There are, perhaps, many causes of present supineness and distrust. Chief among them, is the lack of confidence set forth by Brother Child's. That lack of confidence is the result of several causes. The most active of these, are the wire pulling tendencies all we mentioned; sectional and personal jealousies, putting into prominent positions, men who care more for self than the cause; and the disposition prevalent, to tear down whatever does not "just please," and more especially emanate from the sources that the great "P" patronize.

Many others might be enumerated, but enough of the retrospective.

The great question should be how to make the Association useful, successful and most efficient.

Let the dead past bury its dead; and let *live*, determined, unselfishly influenced men and women go to the Richmond Convention, and by their work, then and there, show to those hopeless individuals that the American Association is not dead, not dying; that it seeks no absorption of it, or Spiritualism by Unitarian, Liberal, or any heterogeneous combination.

Let any reasonable and just means be used; any good and practical action be taken, that will insure harmony and confidence.

If the resignations of the present Board of Trustees and officers will assist in this work, surely none are so selfish or stubborn as to decline to resign.

Let open counsel and discussion prevail, and all earnestly and industriously apply themselves to the work with renewed vigor, and have no fears but that success will be certain, and the results glorious.
All prejudices and personal ill-will should be left at a distance, and each should resolve to work with all who will work for practical good.
August 24th, 1870.

Dr. Wm Parsons is yet at the Adams House treating the sick with his usual success. His reputation as a healer stands high.

Frontier Department.

Entered according to the act of Congress by S. B. 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 F. Skates.

WEDNESDAY, EVENING, JULY, 27TH.

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

I propose to deal with all the points made by Mr. Haddock last night.

1. "I am discussing Spiritualism,—not the sacred dead, the Methodist church, or any other church."

The resolution opens up the whole question, involving the living and the dead; the character of the church and the Bible. My friend declares that we are unworthy of the support of the people. Why? Because of our crimes and our sins. It is for me to show that no crime exists in Spiritualism, that did not exist before Spiritualism was known. They existed in the Bible and the church, and if because of their existence in the ranks of Spiritualism, Spiritualism is unworthy, then the Bible and church are both unworthy of your support for the same cause. I am in error that no new evil has had its birth in Spiritualism. And why should Spiritualism be free from these sins more than other denominations?

2. "My friend complains that I indulge in personalities toward the sacred dead and Spiritualists."

Was he not personal in his remarks when he called them all liars if they swore to certain things here on this floor? Not only personal, but insulting?

3. "Margaret E. saw spirits, saw hell; the spirits had wings and golden crowns, and yet she saw nothing but the reflection of the minds surrounding her. Who for a moment believes in a literal hell? I don't, nor does the church now."

Here is a clear concession of the truths of Spiritualism, and a confession that between the days of the woman referred to, and to-day, the church has changed, and has accepted the Spiritual idea of future punishment. For this reason alone Spiritualism is doubly worthy of the support and confidence of the people, for it draws the church along, and has drawn them out of hell. It has drawn them to the position they now occupy.

4. "The Methodists don't want Mr. Wilson."

That is just what the Jews said of Jesus. I don't feel bad over it at all. [Laughter.]

5. "The Irish girl sent to prison for six months, and only paid three."

If any one can see the point of this story, and what argument there is in it, they will do more than I can.

6. "All Christians claim to teach from a moral standpoint, and reason."

Of all mistakes that my friend has made, this is the worst, for Mr. Chairman, you, Haddock, and this audience know, that in all evangelical churches, morality is considered as nothing, and all things come through faith and belief,—not reason.

7. "Spiritualism that calls for the reasoning powers, and we accept nothing through faith."

8. "The experiment of telegraphic operators."

We accept that experiment, and apply it as to minds connected with wires and electricity. It is not so with the clairvoyant. They have not the wires, but the minds are connected by electric chains, the embodied and the disembodied.

9. "The watch experiment, acting under the will."

If my friend had read up the "Scientific Congress," he would not have made that absurd statement. I deny in toto the statement; and, as my friend hastily said, "Let him demonstrate it."

10. "Mr. Haddock, referring to trance, says, 'I don't know but little about it, and confess to ignorance of its laws.'"

What right has this man to enter judgment against a principle, or even refer to it as authority, or to use it in any manner whatever, when he knows nothing about it, and confesses to his ignorance upon the subject?

11. "They make no distinction between good and evil."

This again shadows how totally ignorant this man is of the teachings of Spiritualism, and he claims to have read Edmonds, Davis, Finney, Tattle, and all other spiritual literature. He has read them only with an intention to prevent their teachings, and he can do it well.

12. "It is a good thing to have a stop-bowl."

What a stop these churches are making, and if anything in the wide world ever commended itself to the support of the people, it is spiritualism, for we are able to purify these churches, and take in their orthodox stop, and wash it off.

Well, all nature is summed up in the cosmos, man, (who is a microcosm of the universe), beautifully and scientifically, and Spiritualism teaches us to understand ourselves.

We were taught that God made man out of the dust of the earth, and to make him a living being he breathed into him the breath of life. Then he became a living soul. That part of him, the part that "goes to God," we accept. Man's soul, we now understand, is immortal, and possesses powers of unlimited development and progression, and coming from a pure fountain, is naturally pure and God-like.

He says, "What good is Spiritualism doing?" and denies that we heal the sick.

There sits a man who has saved hundreds from the grave through the power given him by spirits,—the same power that Jesus and his apostles possessed. Christ said that they who believe, these signs should follow them. Who is it that hesitates by laying on of hands? Who is it that these signs follow? Not the church. They are not the believers. We have it! We are the believers. We believe in Christ and his teachings, and like him, help the lowly and needy. We teach love toward one another; good will to man, good will to God, and his universal fatherhood. Does the church do that? Look at the Methodist church at Danville, N. Y., last winter! Two repentant women sought religion, declared themselves repentant, and desired to enter the church as members. One of the deacons goes up to the minister and whispers, "They are women of the town, they are harlots," and they were told to leave the house of God; to depart from thence immediately. Was that Christ-like? Christ says, "Neither do I condemn thee. Go thou and sin no more."

Here I must tell you a story to illustrate: A very richly dressed lady was sitting on a ferry-boat, crossing the river from New York to Brooklyn. Another lady came in and took the seat beside her. She immediately drew her dress away from the new-comer, as if fearing contamination, and then walked to the window. Another, a plainly dressed, honest country woman, came in and took the seat she had left, when our first named lady walked from the window up to her and said, "Do you know who

you are sitting beside?"

"Yes: a woman."

"But do you know what she is?"

"She is young, and pretty good looking too."

"Well, but she is a bad woman."

"Oh! Well, that's a hurt me,—it is not catching in our family."

Now, Spiritualists are not afraid; it is not catching in our family. It is, however, in the other household [laughter].

The Christian religion fails to satisfy the people. In New York there are 900,000 Protestants and Catholics, and of this number, only 300,000 attend the church on Sunday. The balance, 599,940, are rushing on to hell. This number in New York City alone,—and then, what is the number in the whole world!

Spiritualism is only twenty years old; it takes in all, sheds light and hope on all, is rapidly growing, and old theology is trembling at the rapidly developing infant.

He has read Gabriel extracts to show that no reliance is to be placed on Spiritualism, because some are incorrect, while we all know that in all these revival meetings, the Holy Spirit makes some big failures. If seven tenths of spirit communion be failures (as he says), and that proves all false, then he will acknowledge two-thirds of the converts to be failures, and that proves all failures. The Holy Spirit converted him, we hear, and he had a big time of it, too; but how do we know but that is one of the failures. It is perfectly absurd to say that all men lie because one lies, and by his own argument, he proves that all conversions are false, are failures of the Holy Spirit. If for this reason, Spiritualism is not worthy, then the church is not worthy of the confidence of the people, for the same reason.

GEO. C. HADDOCK, Mr. Chairman ladies and gentlemen: The question for discussion is not whether the churches are worthy of the support of the people, but whether Spiritualism is. Mr. Wilson's assaults upon the church is to divert me from my subject, but he will fail. I am willing you should judge between us as to who handles the subject that we came here to discuss. I am going to show you that Spiritualism is not worthy of your support, and not that the church is.

I have shown you that, by the acknowledgment of prominent Spiritualists, there is no confidence to be placed in the communications received by them, and I will show you still further. I read to you from the book "Digging for Gold," on page 285, that Judge Carter, of Cincinnati, says, "I cannot point to a single medium, and say he or she is perfectly reliable."

WILSON, Mr. Chairman, I rise to a point of order.

CHAIRMAN, State your point of order.

HADDOCK, This book does not belong to spiritual literature!

HADDOCK, It does.—It is one of the best productions. (Reads from the introductory page.) There, does that satisfy you?

WILSON, I want you to produce your authority, with book and paper, of everything you read here.

HADDOCK, I want you to do the same!

WILSON, I have, and shall.

CHAIRMAN, Proceed, Mr. Haddock.

HADDOCK, Mr. Wilson would like me to carry a ton of books here, but I will not! I have given my authority for everything I have read here, and none are garbled extracts, but I have read them just as they were written by the authors.

Mr. Wilson says Spiritualism takes in the harlots because the disease is not catching. All I have to say upon that point is, that when the small pox goes through a whole family, there is no more to have it! [Laughter.]

Now, ladies and gentlemen I must confess that I am so obese that I cannot understand what Mr. Wilson means about the mad dog! I insist upon his explaining himself! Has the dog a soul? Is that what he means by the dog repeating himself after he is dead? Is the man controlled by the spirit of the dog when he goes mad? I want to understand, this, and I insist upon his explaining himself so that we can understand his meaning!

He says that the French people support Napoleon. You know, I know, and he knows, that if the French people were free to do as in their hearts they would like to, they would overthrow Napoleon to-morrow, and that they, at heart, have no sympathy with this war, and he is waging for self-aggrandizement. He is not loved by the French people at all. The French heart has no love for that blood-thirsty man. He has drawn the sword, and in the end he may find his throne crumbling beneath him!

Perhaps Mr. Wilson may claim the Queen of Spain, the exiled Isabella, as a Spiritualist! May she be. She has the symptoms bad!

My opponent says Spiritualism is worthy of the support of the people, because it proves the immortality of the soul. Every religious sect believes that. Even the soul-sleepers believe in immortality through the Lord Jesus Christ, and in this we agree, for it is common to all religions and creeds.

We believe in a divine personality, an overruling God. Mr. Wilson does not. Spiritualists have no need of a God; they are not responsible to any one but themselves for all their acts. They believe in a divine impersonality that they are not in anything responsible to. He says that Spiritualism, like Christ, is doing good to all, but we fail to see the good they are doing. He deems himself righteous no doubt, but others may disagree with him. We know that sinners must come to repentance! When do Spiritualists repent, and where is the good they do, and wherein do they purge themselves of uncleanness?

The greater part of the Spiritualists have not entirely forgotten their early teachings; for we know that they were early educated into the church, and having gone over to Spiritualism, they still retain their early ideas of God, and are not wholly sunk in the sins of Spiritualism. There are not many Atheists that become Spiritualists. It is those that have been in the church, or brought up by Christian parents. I claim that all of good there is in Spiritualism, is from the seed sown in their early teachings, and challenge Mr. Wilson to show that an Atheist has become a Spiritualist.

My opponent says that the immortality of the soul commences at conception. Let him prove this if he can; we want him to.

Mr. Wilson says that 25 per cent. of our converts are women and children. Is that anything against our religion? Should we not early educate the young? Is not that what they are doing in their Lyceums, that were organized by A. J. Davis? and is it a fallacy because many women join the church? I think not, and that we get the more women, is an evidence that we are worthy of your confidence and support. I don't believe that Mr. Wilson objects to the woman himself, or to the number of them either. If Spiritualism has many women advocates, it is no injury to the cause.

Judge Edmonds states that the raps can be made, and also that through Laura one came that he knew years ago, and so accurately described himself that he recognized him, although he had not seen him for many years, and he afterwards learned that the man was alive. So you see that one mind can influence another even at a great distance. By no test can you be sure of a test from spirit-life.

I also read you from Dr. Hotter, a Spiritualist, that three-fourths of the communications were reflections of minds in the circle, and at a distance. Then where is, and upon what is,

our confidence to be placed in this Spiritualism? Is it worthy of your support?

All Spiritualists believe in the transmigration of souls. I would like to know if that is what Mr. Wilson means by immortality beginning at conception? Perhaps it is. It is a fallacy because nearly all mediums are near destitute of indispensable substratum, a spiritual culture and interior experience, which is essential to a correct formation of judgment as to the precise course whence their impressions emanate.

Speaking of writing mediums, he says, "That the mind of the medium, while absorbed in writing, is unknown to himself, may induce involuntarily his own remembered faults and previous knowledge, with the spiritual dictation. It is no difficult matter for certain spirits to impersonate others, and this they will do if said raps balance adds anything to their communication. Intelligent spirits can psychograph a medium to see them in the style which would produce the deepest impression on the receiver. They can easily represent themselves young or old, in a worldly dress or in a flowing robe, as deemed best suited to accomplish the desired ends of the vocation. It requires on the part of the medium, the seer, the prophet, the predictor, a liberal amount of psychological education and experience to be able, with any degree of truthful discrimination, to detect the difference between impressions received from minds in this world, and those which emanate from the higher spheres."

We had better all go to mediums, had we not?

Banner of Light, Oct. 9th, 1868. Spirit Message Department.

Ques. "I wish to ask with reference to testing spirits that come to us. Can you tell me of any way in which we may always rely?"

Ans. By no possibility can you rely on the receiver, under present circumstances, ever be thoroughly sure of the identity of an returning spirit, because the spirit is out of your sight, beyond the realm and sphere of your natural senses, and the sciences alone are the powers by which you can weigh and measure all things which you come in contact. Now, I may tell you I am a spirit of such an individual who lived at such a time, and I may tell you what is absolutely true. You may believe it, but you cannot know it; you have only my word for it. You find those who deceive here,—who love to deceive. They go to the spirit-world with the same tendencies; they return with the same, and they manifest the same till they have outlived it. Understand us to say, we know of no way by which you can with absolute certainty test the identity of any returning spirit."

There is the value of spirit intercourse! We have not only the testimony of Spiritualists, but the spirits themselves, that there is no reliance to be placed upon, no confidence to be placed in this so-called Spiritual communion.

E. V. WILSON, Mr. Chairman, ladies and gentlemen: There are from seventy-five to one hundred Spiritualists in this house to-night. Nine out of ten can test by the truth of these things, which Mr. Haddock calls delusion and trickery.

Mr. Haddock wants to know how many Atheists become Spiritualists. I can answer, at least two-thirds, and can name myself as one, and hundreds of others.

He says that many Spiritualists were educated in the church, and have forgotten their early teachings, and that the disease is not catching, because it has gone through the whole family. Well, we had the disease while we were in the family of the church, and we have got well of it since we left that family. As there is no new sin found in Spiritualism that the church has not been familiar with since its birth, why, we must suppose that the seed sown in our early teachings, has brought forth its fruit of corruption, and given us the same evils and sins in the ranks of Spiritualism. Every sin found in Spiritualism is revived as a part of Spiritualism; but where is there one that was not therewithal to all religious sects and impregnated with ages ago, before Spiritualism was known, and why should we be free from crime and sin, since we all were educated in the church? Was crime the teaching of Spiritualism before Spiritualism was?

I have right here the names of hundreds of ministers of the gospel guilty of almost every crime in the calendar. They are not Spiritualists, they'd scorn to be Spiritualists; but when the church casts them out, we take them in, and then the cry is raised against the sin in Spiritualism.

God made man in his own image. If man is made in God's image spiritually, he is like God, immortal and infinite; and if physically he is God's image, then God must have the form of a man, as Moses' God had.

Haddock wishes to exclude the church from this discussion, as not a part of the discussion, but this resolution opens up the whole question, involving the living and the dead, we challenge Mr. Wilson to show that an Atheist is unworthy of your support because of crime and sin, then are all other sects unworthy for the same reason, and it is for me to show you that Spiritualism has no more sin and crime than other denominations, and has much more good. And I can bring up in this house now, witnesses to what I say about the good works of Spiritualism.

We have shown that the sick are healed, the fallen raised to manhood and womanhood, the drunkard reformed, and crime detected.

Spiritualism does not cast out the sinner because he is a sinner, but takes him by the hand and calls him brother, and tells him he is God's child, made in a divine likeness, and he can and must be good. That is the way to reform the fallen. Like Christ, say, "Go thou and sin no more!" not like the Christians of Danville, bid them "Hence out of God's house."

Haddock asks, "Has the dog a soul?" I read you the report of the ill-fated young man, and re-state that the dog repeats himself in the kingdom above him, and ask, shall man be deprived of the same right?

The drunken man in the terrors of delirium tremens sees the snakes around him. Will any one ask, has the snake a soul? Shall man not repeat himself as well as the animal? This covers the whole ground.

Spiritualism is revealing the fact that man is a combination of nature's forces, and he is governed by laws that cannot be violated with impunity, and those laws and man's nature are being revealed through Spiritualism. Man is understanding himself.

GEO. C. HADDOCK, Mr. Chairman, ladies and gentlemen: Mr. Wilson has not answered my question, "Has the dog a soul?" and I will keep the dog's tail wagging till he does answer. I insist that he shall answer that question, has the dog a soul?

Our teachings are that man is made in God's image mentally and not physically, and we do deny the immortality of the soul; and we recognize a divine personality and overruling power to whom we are responsible beings. Webster defines the word personal, "Relating to an individual, peculiar or proper to him or her." Now we claim our God is a God of power, wisdom and love, omnipresent and omniscient, to whom we owe our being.

I will now read how worthy this Spiritualism is of your confidence and support.

Spiritual Telegraph editorial says, "Spirits can unquestionably, and often do, personate others, and that, too, with such perfection as to defy every effort to detect deception. And this in

our opinion, is done so often as to very materiality diminish the value of any specific test that may be designed and instituted by the inquirer for the purpose of proving identity, and if direct tests be demanded at all, we should recommend that they be asked for purpose of proving the manifesting influence is that of a spirit rather than to prove what particular spirit is the agent of its production."

RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL,—of which Mr. Wilson is one of the editors,—says, "There is a very great mistake, even among Spiritualists, in supposing that the communications always come directly from their friends, when this seldom happens, not any more frequently on the other side than here, the individual sending the communication acts as the operator."

Also one of Joel Tiffany's lectures, showing the deceptive nature of spirits and all mediums.

"Even those who could get very remarkable manifestations, such as moving in the light, a table with several men upon it, &c."

A. E. Newton, once editor of the Spiritual Age, says "Positive minds in a circle, or positive spirits, may present the image of any person with whom they are familiar, and may appear as reality to the impressionable medium."

Mr. Potter, speaking on the unsatisfactory and unreliability of all communications, says that spirits have very little to do with death scenes, and impersonations that are quite sure to apply to some spirit friend. His father forgot name, age, residence and character, and then he thought his father had very little to do with it.

Also, there are seven spheres belting the earth. No spirit can control a medium or spirit more than one sphere below himself. Spirits in the second sphere control mortals in the first sphere, or earth. Spirits in the third sphere must control a spirit medium in the second sphere, and then that spirit control a mortal. Spirits in the fourth sphere must use a medium in the third and second sphere, and thus send their messages through three different mediums before it gets to their friends, and so through all the spheres. No medium of earth has ever been controlled, or ever can be controlled by a spirit above the second sphere. Spirits of the higher spheres communicate to the next sphere below, and so on down to earth. Not one per cent. of the communications are from a higher origin than the second and third spheres. Now, the lower spheres are the hells of Spiritualism; they are dark places of punishment for the wicked, in which they must stay until they repent and wish to rise higher. So all the communications you get from your friends in what ever sphere they may be, must come through hell. Though they be angels of light in the higher spheres, still every message they send to you must come through several media, and through hell to you. That is a nice arrangement, is it not? A cherishing thought indeed! that no matter how good you are, you must pass through hell to get to heaven, and every message you send to your earth-friends must pass through hell to reach them.

So, if spirits, it must be low spirits, or spirits in hell, and you cannot tell whether it is a spirit or an embodied mind, or an animal, or a stone or a haystack; and as it is mind only, the action of mind upon mind, you may get a communication from the man in the moon, the Pacific Railroad, or anything else for all you know, when you sit down to converse with your spirit-friends.

"O! everything is lovely, and the goose hangs high" in Spiritualism. I have more to read to you of the beauties of Spiritualism, to show you how worthy it is of your support and confidence.

Phenomenal.

Written for the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

PENNSYLVANIA.

More Spiritualism in Harrisburg—Digging for Treasure.

BY W. BARR.

Certain it is we are living in a wonderful age of progression. Old and new developments are being brought to light throughout the world. Every intelligent man, woman and child appears anxiously seeking for more light. From the numerous letters I received from ministers, editors and others who have read my articles published in your paper, I can not but believe there is an honest desire amongst the mass of our fellow men to investigate the truth of Spiritualism.

I have witnessed in our circles the almost blind restored to sight, the deaf to hear, the lame to walk, crooked limbs made straight, cancer removed without knife, and many other operations and cures performed in a few seconds by spirits in the presence of many witnesses; therefore, I am not afraid nor ashamed to proclaim to the world this gospel of truth, and know it to be the power of God and everlasting benefit to all who believe and follow its teachings. Oh, that all would believe what they preach,—that our angel spirit friends are constantly hovering around, ready to bear the glad tidings home to the spirit land that the dead is alive and the lost is found.

Papers published in Chicago, Boston, Philadelphia and other cities have been sent to me with my former article copied from your paper, which to my mind is strong evidence that there are editors not afraid to publish spiritual truths to the world.

I shall now proceed to give your readers, who have been so anxious for me to publish more about Spiritualism and about digging for treasure on the other side of the river, a truthful statement of the whole transaction as far as came under my own personal observation; and I assure all who read this that you will learn some very strange, and to many very unaccountable things connected with this transaction. I wish you, Mr. Editor, to understand distinctly that I do not wish any gentleman to reply to this article who is ignorant of the subject, and afraid or ashamed to give his name, nor do I wish any of my brother Spiritualists, connected with the transaction, called insane, wicked or infidels. Put all upon me; call me what you please; I am willing to meet any man or set of men, and discuss the truths of Spiritualism. From an article that appeared in your paper a few days past, without name, the writer says that some persons, Spiritualists from Harrisburg, have been digging one whole night on the hill in the rear, and close to their quiet village, and then went away without filling up the hole, which is very large, deep, and endangering the lives of children and cattle. We are charged with such unwarrantable conduct. He further says that the knowing one dug another small hole some distance from the last large one, but not being successful in finding treasure, filled that up and dug the larger, and concludes by saying, "Verily, the fools are not all dead yet." Now see whether the writer of the above, one of the diggers of the large hole, or the Spiritualist, myself with others, was the most successful, or who is the fool for money.

Now for the startling truth. Read it with care; I write that children may read and understand.

SUNDAY EVENING, July 10th, 1870.

Circles met at our spirit rooms, Mother Hopkins' Present, Melrose, Snyder, Kraus, Huggston, Potts, Stone, Fulton, Hopkins, Brenneman, with a number of other brothers and sisters and strangers.

During the progress of our meeting the spirit of Patrick Ocer spoke to us and said: "Wm. Jones and another spirit is waiting. If you will not talk, but sing, the conditions would get good; they would give us one or two nice communications, that would be interesting to us. We all joined in singing a hymn. It was not long until we received two written communications. One fell on the table signed Our Spirit Band, the other handed to me signed Patrick Ocer. On looking over the one for me, I soon saw there was something in it that would not do to read to all in the circle. The other was read to all present, and was heart-cheering. I read Patrick's letter to Mr. Snyder, and told him to say not one word about it. Here I give it as received: I will meet you Tuesday evening, and as my boy (meaning the medium) cannot lose time, Anna will go along (meaning Anna Hopkins, a good looking girl about 13 years old). I will take you to the place Dr. Barr must accompany us. Anna will walk on his right. The Doctor must take a pick and shovel. The rest I will give you to convince some yet doubting. The treasure you get, whether much or little, I don't want you to give my boy (medium) any; I will tell you what to do with it. Meet same place; be prompt, as I cannot keep my boy from his work, and you will not be disappointed.

Your friend, PATRICK OGER.

You will notice in reading Patrick's letter there was no place named, or hour to meet, but same place, and no person named to accompany Anna and me, and I to take a pick and shovel. This was putting a little more on me than I thought I could get through with, the weather being very warm, and I pretty lousy, and not knowing how far or where we were going, thinking it might be as far as the Indians took us, I concluded to take a witness and help all I therefore, with the consent of the spirit asked Mr. Snyder to go along, and carry some of the tools; he at once consented; I cautioned him to say not a word to the medium,—to tell no person but Mother Hopkins and little Anna, and be ready next morning. I met the father of the medium. I told him there was another journey ahead—a test promised. The old gentleman smiled. I read him Patrick's letter, and told him not to say one word to his son or any one, but see whether the spirit would wake up his son in the morning without knowing any thing about it. Then the trouble was for me to get up—not knowing how early we were to start. However, next morning (Tuesday) all alone in my room, doors locked, a spirit approached my bed, awoke me out of a sound sleep. I arose, looked at the time—It was three o'clock—I thought it was a little too early, I laid down again, fell in a dose, when the spirit came again, shook me, and said:

"Go quick, the friends are waiting."

I immediately dressed and started down to Mother Hopkins, when to my astonishment all were ready, waiting, the medium under spirit control. I said, we will now start. I could not get a pick, some persons having borrowed mine. I took a good sharp pointed spade, shovel and a dull hatchet, thinking I could use the hatchet to cut the ground. Now, remember, on reading this, the dull hatchet. I gave Mr. Snyder the shovel, we thinking that we were going out in the country. I told him to go down a square, and we would meet him. All ready, we started. Patrick, the spirit having control of the medium, started with Anna out to Market street, then up to the bridge. I followed close till we came to the toll house. The toll keeper was not up, but the small gate was open. I told the spirit and Anna to go on; I would go look for Mr. Snyder, pay the toll and overtake them. I ran down towards the square, saw Mr. Snyder had lost sight of us; I called to him to come on, that they had gone to the island or over the river.

When we came to the toll gate, we found waiting in bugies and spring wagons Mr. Ely Byers, R. Umort, Kuoche, Dr. Keller, and the party going to their annual encampment. They asked me where I was going so early. I said: a hunting.

We walked very fast, but could not overtake the spirit and Anna on the bridge. They crossed the river, passed on in the rear of the hotel stable, ascended the high bank on the railroad, then stopped until I got up. I then took him by the right hand; Anna to the left. We walked up the road a few hundred yards, when of a sudden he turned into the bushes, along a path leading up the high hill to the small, old graveyard, which perhaps eight or ten feet from the fence, he stopped sudden and looked all around; then stopped down, made a circle movement about three or four feet, and said, "There." I said:

"Patrick, is this the place where we must dig?"

He said, "yes." I cut the weeds and bushes away the best I could with a dull hatchet, took off my coat and vest, commenced digging, first cutting around the sod with the hatchet, but I soon found it an uphill business. I dug about six inches or a foot down. The ground was mixed with yellow slate, very solid, although at one time, perhaps over a hundred years ago, had been dug.

The spirit spoke to me, and said: "Doctor, you had better go to some neighbor, wake him up, and borrow a pick," as we would have to dig deep. I told Mr. Snyder to go down and get a pick and a man to dig, and I would pay him. He left, and soon returned, having aroused a man from his bed, and brought him along with a pick.

During their absence, I dug until I came to the root of a tree. I tried to cut it out with a dull hatchet, but could not; the spirit smiled, and said it was too dull. I then laid it on the ground. Now, remember, how beautiful the spirit of a soldier refers to the pick, shovel and dull hatchet at our next meeting. We dug down about three feet, when the spirit said:

"There, you have thrown out a piece of silver." We all carefully examined the dirt, and to our great joy found it an old silver coin. We then threw out another shovelful of dirt. Patrick's spirit said: "There is a large silver coin." I scratched the dirt away with my fingers and found it. Then the spirit said: "There is another, something like gold." We found it; then said we should dig more up. Under there was gold and silver. After digging down about three feet and a half, gathering up all we could, the spirit said: "Stop, you have enough. I must take my boy medium to his work. He did not want him to know he was away from home. I remained with the other gentleman and filled up the hole. You who have read the gentleman's notice in the Telegraph, published a few days ago, will remember that he said that the fools had dug first a hole near the graveyard, but not succeeding, filled that up. How he was mistaken. I wish he had been with me; he would have seen that, as Patrick said, we got enough. All we have to say: we sought and found. Not a man who believes in the truth of Spiritualism had anything to do with digging that large, dangerous hole. A spirit came to our circle, since the other evening, and said he was here; had seen them dig; that the man who wrote that article, was all out in it and said they did not get one cent; and that they were digging the next Friday night.

Now, as I have heretofore said, I am and

have been opposed to this digging and hunting for money, but I am willing to go any time, anywhere, or distance, with Patrick, for the benefit of the poor and needy. He never denies us. Patrick took his mchom out to work that morning, without him knowing that he was away from home.

While we were digging, I asked the spirit if he could tell how long that money was buried, and who had deposited it there. He said he would tell us in the circle.

On the Wednesday evening following, the circle met as usual; there were twenty-three ladies and gentlemen present. S on the spirit of Benjamin Franklin and Lorenzo Dow manifested their presence, and delivered soul-stirring lectures to us. During our singing, the following communication fell upon the table, written and given to us by a soldier's spirit, who gave his name, the company and regiment he belonged to, where he was killed, and his place of residence before he enlisted, all correct, as we ascertained. Read what he said, and remember my cull hatchet, which, if I had never been convinced of the truth of Spiritulism, that test would have satisfied me that spirits are constantly with us. Here it is:

There stood Andrew and Anna, in moonlight solemn, With three aged friends—one not so many years, And near us, so ancient column, Long scriptures and broken spears; No landscape of eastern beauty With classic and rare, Through no cathedral windows Pans in this dear moonlight fair; But beside the beautiful Bismarck, Gazing up at the mountain grand, Andrew, Anna and the aged in the moonlight stand. As we thought of the past dear vistas, Made sweet by flower and rill, We gazed upon the pick and shovel, While the dull hatchet lay there still. We think of the friends who have trodden With us through the shine and the shade; We hear their music voices Resound through the bushes and glade, And we see the graves of loved ones, Shrouded by the violet smile, While the echo of the pick and shovel, Keep up sweet anthems the while, Aye, more, we had glimpses of faces, Beamed once who left their sweet homes, Who stood in the ranks upon the hill above us, To fight the battles, of which I am one.

I have now given an honest, truthful statement of this spirit manifestation. I have written more than I intended. There are some, I have no doubt, who will read this and ridicule the idea of spirits having the power to return and communicate with their friends. I thought so at one time. Our old prejudices keep our eyes closed on many beautiful sights that would be advantageous to us, if we would only come out like free men and women. We are constantly receiving tests in our circles. They are open, free to all honest investigators. We, therefore, say, Come one, come all. We are promised yet far greater things, and the half has not been told. We are promised yet further developments soon, such as will astonish the world. How pleasant it is to converse with your friends who have gone to the happy Summer Land. How often I converse with my angel wife and children in the presence of many who heard their angel spirit voices.

Don't denounce a matter you know nothing about, lest this come upon you, as spoken by the mouths of the prophets in scripture: Behold, ye deeps, wonder and perish; for I will work a work in you that you will not believe, though a man declare it unto you. We tell you of the things we have seen and handled with our own hands, yet ye receive not our testimony.

Original Poetry.

Written for the Religio-Philosophical Journal. OUR FALLEN SISTERS.

BY GRACE MELBOURNE.

Hark! what mean those mournful voices, Calling, but in vain, for sister souls, Whose tear-stained faces tell us Where their hopes are lowly laid. Lock above you, fallen sisters, We have opened wide the door; Come, and in this peaceful harbor You shall rise to sink no more.

And, though earth friends all have left you, Though there is not one to cheer, From your heart, my erring sister, We would drive each doubt and fear; We would tell you of those mansions, Where the weary ones find rest; There no sorrow ever cometh, In that home so richly blest.

Yes, we know that you are fallen,— Looked upon with scorn and shame, E'en the little children shudder As they murmur your lost name. But the time is surely coming When the stain will all be gone, For the darkness is decreasing, We can almost see the dawn.

From their blessed home of beauty Angel friends will gladly come, They will help you bear your burdens, They will point you to your home; Listen to their gentle warning, Free your soul from every stain, Though 'tis hard, would it try to help you Rise above the world's disdain.

Wearied, tired, crushed and fallen, Death the only boon you crave, Oh, you cannot hide your sorrow In the silence of the grave, Look above, the stars are shining, And your loved ones, true and dear, Held by cords of pure affection, Ever will be hovering near.

O'er your heart so crush'd and bleeding We would pour our healing balm, To your tired and lonely spirit We would bring a holy calm. And remember, erring sister, We have opened wide the door, Come, and in this peaceful harbor You shall rise to sink no more.

Written for the Religio-Philosophical Journal. "DOES GOD KEEP A CAT?"

The Author of the "Other Side" of Life, Sins of Omission and Commission.

BY V. W. MALE.

Although a stranger to you, through the kindness of some unknown being, and I, trust, a friend, too, I have received and read the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL for the last twelve months.

It has always been a welcome visitor, and read with much interest and satisfaction, although we cannot endorse everything we see written therein; yet there are many valuable and finely-written articles published in it, showing conclusively, to our mind, that the paper is in advance of the age, its watchword ever being "Progress, and Truth and Science's comparisons."

We do not claim to be Spiritualists, nor believers in its teachings, yet knowing so little about it, are not willing to close our ears, as well as every other avenue to our senses, and like most of the sects, cry "Humbly!" "Heresy!" etc., but, on the contrary, we believe in the

Christian religion,—the "religion of the Bible," and not in the ridiculous teachings of the orthodox of the day, wherein they present many things not found in the scripture, but in the dicta of men, blind, ignorant, decaulic, fallen and mortal men, prescribed and set for the convenient government of the world years ago, and which we are asked to gulp down unhesitatingly, and without investigation, simply because it is the teaching of "Our Church" (not the Gospel) and unfortunately but few, even in this age, in the light of science and twilight of truth, are willing, and have moral courage enough to say (like Galileo), "Nevertheless the world does move."

We hope to live to see the day of the fullest Religious and Political Toleration, when dissent will not be branded as a crime,—when men and women may freely speak and write their sentiments, without the fear of being excommunicated. When this time shall have rolled up in the history of the world, then will "truth, long crushed to earth, rise again," and many of the theological falsehoods and "non-roses" which hide their hydra heads; the people will be independent, free, prosperous, intelligent and happy. Oh, that we could accelerate the grand consummation.

We were induced to write this article, on account of having read an article in the JOURNAL of the 16th ult., under the heading: "Do's God Keep a Cat?"—"Who is the Author of the Other Side of Life?"

And after writing your article, Mr. Editor, one of the ablest and best on the subject, it has been our good fortune to read for many a day, and calling the attention of the reader to many facts, and asking many questions worthy to be written in letters of gold, and indelibly stamped upon the hearts and consciences of every father, mother, teacher, church-member, preacher and citizen around earth's broad circumference, you wound up by saying, "We cannot answer the question proposed in this article," which, by the way, was proposed by a little girl, after seeing the cat kill a mouse, which interrogatory seemed to be a poser to the, doubtless, orthodox mother.

Whilst we make no pretensions to theological lore,—are not a preacher, nor the son of a preacher of the Gospel, and hoping that this very imperfect article may induce some wayfarer mortal to think a moment for himself or herself, we ask permission to make some suggestions on the very important subject.

It is true, as suggested in the above mentioned article, that "life is indeed made up of contradictions," and it would seem that nature is responsible for her part of these diversities. One man grows to the stature of six feet; another a mere dwarf; here another with a giant mind; there another an idiot; still another born wealthy; another poor; yet all their end in body and soul, while across the way is a poor imbecile invalid, bowed down with grief and sorrow from the cradle to the grave, forced, against his will, to undertake life's uneven journey, without the privilege of declining the trip, or stopping short of the last depot, Death, although he must take the emigrant train, and buffet the waves of time alone, uncared for and unnoticed by those who take "first class" cars, with seats soft and comfortable.

All these, and a thousand more cases of suffering, privation, and heart rending scenes, almost daily burst upon our visions. But shall we conclude that God is unjust, or that nature has decreed all these things? Nay, verily.

It may be true that some of those things are unavoidable, but if we would strive to know ourselves, lay aside all humbug theology and foggy teaching, walk right up to the light of truth and science, our condition as a people would be infinitely better. Ignorance and cowardice has well nigh ruined the world, and blasted the hope of mankind. It is high time that the world should abandon its mastery inactivity, and so much reliance upon the mistake, foolish, yet criminally erroneous idea that God watches the sparrows, and numbers the hairs of our heads, etc., and recognizes the fact that he has done his part of the work of man's creation, and that when he created us, he so organized us that we have the power and capacity, with the means furnished us, to avoid many of the ills of life, and make this world a beautiful, glad, delightful paradise of enjoyment, compared with what we now have it.

Man was created with the propensities, capacities and susceptibilities for good. All our passions and propensities are necessary to our support, defence and propagation; for our happiness and the glory of the God that created us. It is the improper use of these faculties and propensities that brings about this sad state of affairs that we see existing. Herein is to be found the true source of two-thirds of the wars and bloodshed, disease, poverty and wretchedness of which we have been speaking.

May we not, then, say that man should claim the authorship of all the misery in the world, or at least the larger portion of it, and that when we say, "The (God) created the evil and the good," we mean the permits evil, having created us, and made us free agents, with the means in our hands to do either the one or the other, and having chosen evil, we are the author of and are responsible for it?

—Yes, man owns that "other side,"—that fiendish, criminal, burning, agonizing, pestilential side, which was chosen by our ancestors many years ago, and which we retain, simply because we won't think, investigate, and act for ourselves, but let the ignorance and superstition of a thousand years ago bind our consciences, and let the mob spirit that crucified the Savior, hold us spellbound with reverential awe at her shrine.

God's laws and nature's laws are fixed and immutable, governing every thing in the universe, and we do err when we ask God to change those laws to accommodate our present purposes. He has made those laws for man's protection and comfort, and just as surely as man violates any one of them, suffering will be the consequence, and although the violation may have been one or more generations back, as in the case of those poor little wandering, illegitimate children, yet suffering is the consequence of the violation of law, and sooner or later it will demand its dues, and there is no way of averting the dreadful mistsle.

Then, we say, this "other side" of life is not without an author, nor did the God of the Bible create that "other side." Go trace the history and genealogy of "that old man dying in the garret"; that long train of wandering, illegitimate, rosy checked little girls; that poor creature whose life is one continual scene of sorrow and affliction, and who, like old Job, is covered with sores from the crown of her head to the sole of her foot, on account of either early indiscretion or the impety and excesses of his ancestry; and then answer who is the author of the "other side" of life.

"Sins of omission weigh as heavily upon our race as sins of commission. Better, far better to murder our little ones with the dagger, than to permit them to starve in a plentiful country, for nature has endowed us with the capacity of doing either. One requires action, the other non-action. The latter we regard as the more inexcusable.

All, we may say, of the sorrowing and suffering incident to the human family, flow directly or indirectly from the sins of either omission or commission, or both. We would instance one of the greatest errors, one that has caused "countless thousands to mourn," and to-day many are writhing under the wretchedness of their supposed condition, from which they

are taught by the orthodox of the day, they have no power to extricate themselves, or do any thing which might tend in the least to relieve them; that they must wait the time of a God so deaf that millions of prayers loud as seven fold thunder, all offered up in good faith by the faithful, have any ro'of to the sin sick soul. This great error (in our humble judgment) is the canonically received idea that man is under the ban of "total, hereditary depravity," that he is by nature wholly incapable of doing a good act, entertaining a good thought; and that he is all over, altogether, in every bone, tendon, fibre, ligament, vein and muscle, from the crown of the head to the sole of the foot, a sinner, and wholly and totally depraved.

This monstrous doctrine, taught in the theological schools, in the churches, on the streets, around the firesides and in the Sunday Schools, has discouraged more good and honest people, drove more to infidelity, caused more violence, bloodshed and wrong, caused more doubt about the justice and mercy of the author of our being, and to the initial and fatal head of our every grievous error than perhaps any one error ever taught. It has caused millions to disbelieve the Bible, charge God with cruelty and injustice in refusing aid to a sinking, suffering, sick and ailing world, whose existence and lamentable conditions have been forced upon them by this same God who refuses the relief so easily granted without impoverishing him, and which is being so earnestly and justly prayed for; in short, it is the rock upon which nations, states, counties, townships, churches, families and individuals have stranded, and went off either into inactivity, or absolute vice and crime, the fruits of which curse the world with ignorance, poverty, misery and wretchedness to-day.

If we could but recognize the truth that God has done his part of the work in creating us with capacities, propensities, a will and a mind, and established fixed laws for the government of the universe, and has given us brain and intellect sufficient to comprehend these laws; has given us a divine law which is a lamp to our feet, an infallible guide to our way, which we may also understand,—we surely would cease praying God to give us what, according to those laws and his will, we must assist ourselves to,—no longer lie down in the shade and pray for rain, when we should be in the field plowing,—no longer gather together in large congregations, and send up our united and general petition to heaven for an outpouring of his spirit upon "lazy, ignorant, benighted and misguided mortals, who have nothing to do to obtain the desired blessing, but to arise, walk in obedience, and cease setting up opposition to God's will and nature's laws,—in short, do your own part of this great work, which is executed on the part of man, and, our word for it, you may cease your troubling, and lift up your hitherto bowed heads, and leap for joy.

Until we learn to do more religion, and not rely so much upon inducing God to give it to us through the efficacy of prayer, or by the use of any other "lip service," the "other side" of life, we fear, will not be changed, and the "How's moans and orphans' sighs" will still be heard amidst the din and bustle of human life.

Again we repeat: man, with his ever mutable passions and desires, is the author of, and responsible for, the "other side" of life; and he alone can remove the cause, when the effect must cease.

If, indeed, it be true, as taught by the world, that God alone has the power to make these "crooked things straight," and remedy the terrors of the dark side of life, it follows, as suggested by the poor imbecile, deserted, orphaned, cripple, that the creature has much more kindness and charity than the Creator, for he'd the mother the power, she would extricate her offspring from every trouble, difficulty and danger into which it might fall, even at the risk of her own life,—who says she would not?

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BRIEF SYNOPSIS OF CONTENTS: In the first scene we are introduced to Paul and Judas who have mounted their spirited steeds, for a day's journey in search of the recluse, JOHN THE BAPTIST. We journey with them—noon they halt for rest and refreshments.

SCENE II.—The bondsmen, Judas, opens out a rich feast in his leather bag, while Paul gives him a feast in turn, which is perfectly bewildering. They resume their journey, and the object of their search alone in a mountain cave, haranguing an imaginary audience. Paul and Judas enter—John frightened and squares himself for a fight; laughable scenes occur, and Paul gets well paid for his journey.

SCENE III.—Graphic description of the Mount of Olives and surrounding country, including the beautiful village of Bethany, the house of Lazarus, his lovely daughter, Martha and Mary; the latter has a strange presentiment; Martha tries to pry into the secret; Mary in tears, etc.

SCENE IV.—Jesus visits the house of Lazarus, after a sojourn of many years in foreign lands. The women—a perplexing mystery solved. Mary swoons; comes to her senses—too good to be true. Jesus and Mary walk by moonlight alone in the garden; what transpired during the interview.

SCENE V.—The baptism; the storm; what John saw. Jesus of Nazareth and John the Baptist; Paul jubilant. The opinion of Judas concerning Jesus, John and others. The multitude scatter; Paul commands Judas to follow Jesus; Judas follows; he obeys; is delighted with his company; and becomes a disciple; what occurred there.

SCENE VI.—Judas returns with a flattering report. Paul encouraged, sends Judas off in search of a fortune-teller. He stops at an inn where he meets an old friend of his youth; he has a jubilant time; secrets disclosed confidentially. A strange character here introduced, who plays an important part in the scenes following. Judas finds a medium and engages a sitting for his master, Saul.

SCENE VII.—The Octagon Temple of Mystery; its gorgeous drapery and furniture; the queenly occupant. Paul's reception and embalmment; the more revelations; Paul delighted and the medium disgusted.

SCENE VIII.—Jesus in his Ghetto, reclines upon a bench and falls into a deep slumber; has a remarkable dream; forecasting his future career and its results, all of which have been literally fulfilled during the past eighteen hundred years.

SCENE IX.—Fifteen hills and verdant slopes surround a fertile spot wherein a village of description of said village and its inhabitants. At the setting of the orb of day, three weary travellers arrived at the Spring of Nazareth. Several lofty incidents; surround the well, one of whom approaches the tallest of the travellers and offers him a drink; a conversation ensues; they go off to their surprise, and what comes of it. The death of Mary, the mother of Jesus, and her funeral; the words and bestowal of a casket, which he opens, and which opens his eyes; a mystery solved.

SCENE X.—Jesus preaches a sermon, and offends a Rabbi; he replies; a warm time; a meeting ensues; Paul's reception and incidents, great excitement.

SCENE XI.—Jesus among the fishermen of Genesareth. A graphic description of the country, the hill of Bethsaida, Simon and his residence, and what occurred on the piazza. Simon's birth-day, and a remarkable draught of fishes. A strange colic disease. By the God of Moses, here comes old Zebedee. He takes a cup of wine, and tells a long story. Judas in ecstasy; he puts a flea in Simon's ear. Simon becomes a fisher of men. Has a more successful journey; kicks up a muss; Judas divides the spoils, and Simon becomes reconciled.

SCENE XII.—Judas and Simon become friends on a basis of mutual interest. John the Baptist breaks up in a row, and Jesus barely escapes with his life. Strange scenes and incidents, great excitement.

SCENE XIII.—Paul begins to be uneasy. Judas in possession of his secret, and he fears an exposure. Paul's meditations upon the precarious situation; a rap at his door—it is Judas. He enters and they take a drink. Judas reports progress. Strange doings at Nazareth. Judas gives an amusing description of the character and personal appearance of Jesus' followers, confidentially.

SCENE XIV.—The City of Jerusalem. The Gorgon's Temple. A minute description of the magnificent structure. The immense Altar of Burnt Sacrifices; the priests at the top; vast inclined planes extend from either side, terminating in well lighted cattle-pens. An immense gathering at the Temple; the priests in the crowd; obtains an elevated position and preaches his radical doctrine; says hard things about the high priests. The people enraptured; a general melee ensues in which the robes of the money-changers are captured, and the thieves and pick-pockets reap a rich harvest.

SCENE XV.—The gorgeous palace of the Sanhedrim. A full description of it and its inmates. The high priests in trouble. Paul's opportunity and how he improves it. The conspiracy; the whole city in confusion and terror. Paul plays a double game, and how he comes out.

SCENE XVI.—Jesus turns up again and preaches another radical sermon. Cosby appears upon the scene, though not recognized—of course not.

SCENE XVII.—The beautiful gate, the largest of nine which gave entrance to the Court of Israel, built of Corinthian brass, ninety feet high by seventy feet wide, covered on both sides with gold plates; curious rain admission and gets into another dispute, and what comes of it.

SCENE XVIII.—Paul gets John the Baptist imprisoned and condemned to death. Jesus visits him; an affecting scene; the execution.

A PLEASANT DIVERSION In which Paul communicates sundry matters of interest to his medium, Alexander Smyth, of Philadelphia.

SCENE XIX.—Martha meets Jesus and informs him of the death of her father Lazarus. They hasten to the house of mourning; the strange things that occurred there, and what was said of them. The priests excited by the stories about concerning the strange transaction.

SCENE XX.—Another sermon another argument in which the priests are confounded.

SCENE XXI.—The woman caught in adultery; her arrest; the condemnation, trial and triumph.

SCENE XXII.—Cosby turns up again; his afflictions and how he is relieved. A ray and festive gift, up to all manner of tricks.

SCENE XXIII.—The great conspiracy ripens.

SCENE XXIV.—The Disciples all meet at Bethany; a grand reunion, and infamous treachery. An accidentally catches a few words of some remark of Judas'. She discovers a plot, and warns Jesus, but he fails to see the point until it is too late. The Father and Mother of Jesus; who are they? We shall see before the close of this scene.

SCENE XXV.—Matters culminating very rapidly. A fearful scene.

SCENE XXVI.—The last supper; strange conduct of the Apostle John. Judas retires from the company; he returns.

SCENE XXVII.—Jesus arrested, and his followers disgusted; their grief, when they find their leader in the hands of the great trial; the witnesses and judges; exciting scenes and incidents. Another prisoner apprehended and brought into court; narrative in the indictment.

SCENE XXVIII.—The magnificent Palace and Fortress of Antonia, built by Herod the Great; the great hall of state. Pontius Pilate; Tiberius Caesar. Herod Antipas comes to the city on business; attends the trial and had a severe trial himself. The Father and Mother of Jesus; who are they? We shall see before the close of this scene.

SCENE XXIX.—Great excitement in Jerusalem and elsewhere. A frantic mother and lover. Ho, for Calvary! The procession; line of march. Marshalls, police executioners, etc. Martha and Mary in tears; Mary swoons and falls into the arms of Cosby, who, for the first time in his life, feels the weight of responsibility. The distressing scenes which follow. Herod Antipas musing in his palace. A strange visitor; her affecting plea. The curious bracelet; an impenetrable monitor; Herod wills; has sent his own son to ignominious death; the scramble for the cross. Alas! too late, too late!

SCENE XXX.—Another scene. The shades of night, and a murky mist hangs over Jerusalem. Paul and Judas under engagement to meet in a secluded spot, by moonlight, at the hour of midnight; Judas on time; his impatient waiting and the strange sensations which come over him; Paul approaches. The freedom papers and bag of gold are presented, and glittering weapons as well. "Are you prepared, Judas; you or I must die this night." The terrible contest; Paul the victor; the dying words of Judas to Paul, such as must thrill the soul of every reader of this remarkable book.

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A Search After God.

Divine Wisdom in Opposite Directions, in evil and good.—Strife Among Animals.—Crimes to High Life.—The Cause of Life Regarded as God, etc.

In our previous article, we briefly alluded to the wonderful antagonism that prevailed in the animal kingdom, and failed to discover therein a manifestation of divine wisdom.

In gazing at the world around us, and surveying those intricate problems connected therewith, we are indeed lost in a whirlpool of thought, enveloped in a maze, perhaps, of our own production, and we struggle therein, endeavoring to penetrate those labyrinths of nature where the human mind has not been accustomed to venture.

Look at that pretty warbler, its throat tuned to heavenly melodies, sending forth its sweet songs of joy and love, which fall upon the human mind like sweet music from an angel's harp. It lives in the branches of yon tree, breathes the pure air, sips the dew-drop that nestles on the flower, and appears to enjoy life exceedingly well. As I gaze upon it, its notes seem to sound forth the tocsin of alarm—it flies around in a large circle, its attention directed towards a large black snake on the ground. Alarmed at the danger, it is powerless to move from it, but flies right into the jaws of death. That hideous monster, the snake, with piercing eyes, forked tongue, long, slimy body, is the very personification of a monster. The little songster is soon devoured by it. Its sweet notes have been stilled, and its life destroyed by a miserable reptile.

It is indeed difficult to find divine wisdom manifested in opposite directions, in two animals, like wild gladiators, for instance, thirsting for each other's blood. In this manifestation of power in the snake, and weakness on the part of the bird, we find a lesson, which if carefully examined, will lead finally to important results. We will not attempt to evade any condition or manifestation of life, in our search after the Divine Architect of the universe. The world has its dark side, its pestilential, poisonous side, its side of crime, hate, animosity and licentiousness, and we propose in our investigation to allude to them, examine them carefully, and see if we can detect therein the presence of God.

Among animals there is a ceaseless warfare. Hate is their love; fighting and contention their peace; and they exhibit no traits of character, seemingly, that point significantly to an omniscient being.

God loves harmony. His love for it should seemingly excite his omniscience and omnipotence to create it. We would look upon the attributes of God as intimately connected together, if at all, and responding to impulses that may arise.

Should God desire to accomplish a certain work, he should call into action his omnipotence, which, of course, would be able to accomplish what he had in hand. In glancing at the animal kingdom, we know that certain conditions exist, and we are certain that there must be a cause for those conditions. Abner Kneeland has well said: "I am just as sure that there is a cause for life, as that life exists; and it is that, by whatever name we call it, that we mean by the term, God. But that is not the question; it is, can there be intelligence without sense, or sense without the organs of sense; or if Deity has the organs of sense, who organized them?"

In the animal kingdom, the antagonism that prevails there, points significantly to some cause. That antagonism is a manifestation of life that exists, and the cause of that life, what we

term God, must be the originator of that antagonism, and designed it for some wise purpose. But it is not our object now to analyze the works of the "Cause of Life,"—what we term God,—and demonstrate that harmony prevails everywhere. We are now glancing at those conditions of life which, seemingly, no man, much less a God, would desire to own as the originator thereof.

This is the primary stage of existence, and as such, should be as perfect in action, as harmoniously organized, and as well adapted to the wants of man, as the sphere where the Light archangel resides, and wields the sceptre of authority. The primary school for the young, should be adapted to them, and just as perfect in its routine of duties as the highest college.

How do we find the condition of affairs on earth? Look at that bright eyed little girl, with flaxen hair and cheeks of rosy hue, and features that gladden joyfully with happiness. She is the daughter of wealthy parents. All the advantages that wealth can bestow are given to this little girl, and she passes along through life, reaping its advantages, a golden harvest, and thanking God for his manifold blessings. But on the opposite side is another little girl, and she is not as nicely clad; her dress is plain, but neat; and she grows up to womanhood just as weeded grows up in the wild forest, and she possesses no education. The former can sing sweetly, converse in the various languages, and render herself agreeable in the discussion of any topic. The latter is ignorant. Her nature is like the wild fields; within it are weeds that the licentious have sown; callous places that cruel ones have made; heart-rending scenes that the hand of poverty has caused; and, in fact, her soul is dwarfed, her energies cramped, and aspirations burning but dimly. Talk to her about leading a virtuous life, and she will laugh at you. She lives within the pestilential, festering pools of the "other side of life." Tell her that there is an all-powerful God, and she will call you idiotic. Life to her is a problem that she cannot solve. She cannot see why she was forced into the world, and while moving along on the magnificent train of life, she cannot understand why she was assigned a car where Buchananian feasts and the mists of licentiousness rise up to envelop her in a cloud.

Does not this condition of affairs as presented go to show the weakness, rather than the strength, of Deity,—ignorance rather than wisdom? Can you reach the city of New York by two roads that diverge largely,—or divine wisdom in those things that stand in antagonistic relation to each other? In the city of New York alone there are not less than 10,000 abortions each year. Place these human germs together, and what a ghastly spectacle it would present! Supposing we collect all these human germs from which the spark of life has been extinguished by the fashionable mothers of society, that reside in the United States, for one year, and just imagine the scene! Horrible beyond calculation!

If the miserable, leathsome worm, buried in its own filth, reveling in a feast of its own young, is perfect in its sphere, perhaps these women whose hands have been raised to extinguish the spark of vital life in the little being that nestled like a fairy queen in the womb, are also perfect in the actions they manifest. In our search, we are not,—of course, attempting to fathom Deity. Theodore Parker has said that, "To form an adequate conception of Deity, and set it forth in words, is not only above human capacity, but impossible in the nature of things. The abyss of Deity can only be fathomed by him who is all in all."

We do not expect in this series of articles to fathom Deity. The vision of the mortals of earth is very circumscribed, but the mind can scan the universe, unfold some of its grandest laws and learn the intention of that power which conceived the present order of things.

The "other side," dark, damning and pestilential, seething and burning with sin, and exhibiting none of the better qualities of human nature, speaks a language significantly grand—does it? That hell, from which emanates the curling, festering smoke of human passions, licentiousness, hate, lust and brutality rising heavenward, points gracefully and significantly towards God, and speaks a divine language—does it? That human fiend, with a glittering dagger in his hand, crazed to madness, actuated by the lowest of brutal feelings, murders a friend for his money, and then holds up his evil and exhibits it like one of the devils of Pandemonium, is embraced within the declaration of the Bible, "God creates the evil and the good," and does the act include within it a spark of divinity?

Is God the author of all things? Shall we use the language of Shelley the poet, as given by Davis, who says: "If there be a God, that God must be the author of all evil; and such a proposition is more revolting than the worst forms of atheism. I would rather credit any absurdity, or commit any conceivable folly, than acknowledge a creed like that. Can we suppose that a God of infinite reason and unlimited power would voluntarily create such a universe as this? Would he give life to beings, only to confer an acquaintance with its exquisite sweetness, and then almost instantly take it away? Would he plant in quivering hearts not only those burning tortures which are of the very essence of hate, but those sorrow stings that follow the rosy feet of gliding love also? Tell me that God made some other world, where perfection is the order of nature, and I may, perhaps, believe you. But ask me not to admit a divine origin for such a desolate sphere as this. Somewhere else, for aught I know or care, there may be harmony. Here I behold nothing but sin and disorder. Pestilence and famine—volcanoes and devouring war—tempest and earthquake, alone reign around us. A wild, wailing howl of agony resounds throughout all lands; and even brute instinct echoes the appalling cry of ruin. Vanity is written, in fire-letters of ruin, on yon starry azure, where pale suns burst in shivered bubbles and vanish away. Urge not that a Deity dug, in void space, this universal sepulcher, haunted alone by the ghost of mourners, by the incalculable millions. Say that it is the work of some terrible demon, and I may entertain the proposition."

Speaking of the words of the poet Wordsworth, "Carnage is God's daughter," a prominent writer says: "We revered and loved the Poet of the Larks, whose genius was an honor to his species, and whose life was an honor to his genius; but seldom has a poet written words more mischievous, untrue, and (unintentionally) blasphemous than these. We all remember Byron's inference from it, 'If Carnage be God's daughter, she must be Christ's sister.' Blasphemous; but the blasphemy is Wordsworth's, not Byron's. Here the sceptic becomes the Christian, and the Christian the blasphemer. If Carnage be God's daughter, so must evil and sin be. No, blessed be the name of our God! He does not smile above the ruin of smoking towns. He does not snuff up the blood of a Borodino, or a Waterloo, at a dark incense. He does not say over a shell split fortress or over the dying decks of a hundred dimasted vessels, drifting down the trembling water on the eve of a day of carnage, 'It is very good.' He is the Prince of Peace, and his reign, when universal, shall be the reign of universal brotherhood. And yet, we will grant to Carnage a royal origin. She is, if not the daughter of our God, yet of a god, of the god of this world. But shame to those who would lay down the bloody burden at the door of the house of the God of Mercy—a door which has opened to many an orphan and many a foundling, but which will not admit this forlorn child of hell."

Was that blasphemous on the part of Wordsworth, Shelley, or a sceptic, to utter words like them, so full of venom and defiance? Had he no right to soliloquize on one of the grandest of themes, and learn a lesson from this "other side of life," which is so full of stings to pierce our body, broken glass to cut our feet, pinching want to cramp our bodies, deaden our aspirations, and make life miserable? Is man so puny, so imbecile, that he will not inquire whether the language of sin is divine, or discord harmony, or the "other side of life" the most desirable for man to live in?

Shelley was inquisitive, and in the grandeur of his soul and the lofty sublimity of his mind, he desired to solve this grand problem, and find the God who would claim the authorship of the "other side of life." We all desire that question solved. The problems of a Kepler, the logarithmic calculations in astronomy, and the abstruse principles of higher mathematics, sink into insignificance by the side of this question: Who created the "other side of life"—and what was his object? It is beautiful to glance at the ease and comfort of so many, and imagine life to be supremely beautiful, and the author thereof omniscient, but when we glance at the seething, burning, festering pools of licentiousness in civil life, and appalled at the sight thereof, we will wonder, why all this.

Man has nothing to say in his creation. He is forced into the world, and finds himself, perhaps in a position where his energies are cramped and his mind tortured with all the elements of sin. Perhaps he comes into the world a criminal, a candidate for the gallows or the penitentiary. He sins; he violates the laws of civil society, and revels in the Buchananian feast, the companion of the lowest debauchees; he is a bundle of festering sores, which he opens upon society, the poisonous influence of which affects the very atmosphere we breathe. Nestled in the womb, he was the unconscious recipient of those forces which built up a fabric, a human organization, that had darkness for its light, and licentious thoughts of the mother showered down upon it, preparing it for the life of the debauchee. The child is born, having been moulded in a peculiar manner, and it will follow that life that the impression of the mother gave.

The laws that built up this human fiend—who originated them, who placed them under the control of human kind, that they might manufacture demons, and flood the world with crime and misery? Shall we exclaim with Emerson, when presented by Davis with his demonstrations of the existence of a Deity, "It is order that has done all this?" Surely it was, but view the result.

In the examination of this problem, we can only solve its nature by the effect produced. We would examine the character of God as we would that of man, by his works. We would not glance alone at the rainbow-tinted flowers, and the beautiful fields that blush under their load of golden grain, or at the galaxy of stars that are gathered together in the fields above, beautiful gems of light, or at the ruddy hue of health that glitters on the cheek of those living in happiness and comfort, but connected therewith is the dark and pestilential side of life, and in our search for God we would ignore nothing in existence. Or shall we say, like Davis in his reply to Shelley: Such blasphemies are horrible to hear. * * * I can listen to any other man with patience. I can bear with the poor Pagan, who honestly bows the knee to his idol, painted with blood though it be. I can sympathize with the Polytheist, who beholds a separate God in every object of beauty and of wonder. I recognize a brother man struggling through the deep gloom of superstition, striving to reach the light. But I recoil instinctively from an unprincipled atheist. I realize the fearful presence of some dark spirit of a different order. But let us trace the objection seriously, according to the strictest rules of logic. We remark, in the first place, that it is not an objection to the argument, as such, but a mere truculent tirade against the conclusion established. And even so to this, it is wholly irrelevant. It lies, if it be of any worth at all, not against the being, but the attributes of the Deity. The presence of evil may, or may not, furnish a valid reason for pronouncing as to the moral character of a power. It certainly does not touch the question of existence at a single point whatsoever. The problem of the origin of evil has positively nothing to do with the proposition that God is. It belongs to a very different category—the inquiry as to whether God is good. The problem of evil has been professedly solved in many opposite ways. Every creed presents its own solution. Free-will, predestination, optimism, the fall of man, transitive progress, and several minor theories, are so many methods of explanation. We shall not attempt to attempt an account of it. Such a tentative, however ingenious, can at least be but pure hypothesis. Nay, it is demonstrably insoluble without a direct revelation from heaven; and for the obvious reason that the existence of evil is a contingent, not a necessary truth, in

the metaphysical sense. It is not based upon any principle of eternal reason, from which it may be deduced and expressed in analytical formulas. It is, on the contrary, a fact of experience, the origin of which can only be comprehended by actual or historical survey. But when, or where, or how it originated, who shall declare? The true question, embodying the whole difficulty, is this—"Why did the Deity purpose to permit it,—or to cause it, if the wording suit you better?"

As life exists, we know there must be a cause for it—it cannot be otherwise; and if that cause is intelligent consciousness, endowed with perceptions and capacities in an infinite degree, it knew, of course, just exactly what it was doing, and the result that would flow therefrom. It is no less true, that the cause of life must be intimately connected with life as created, and must permeate every part of it. That which creates is required to sustain. Withdraw the cause of life, and you destroy the foothold of humanity. The steam that develops force is also required to sustain it.

If, then, the cause of life is intelligent consciousness, it understood the forces at its command, and united them to form a desired result. The man whose organization is of that character that prompts him to lead a virtuous life, has the forces within him differently combined from the one who is licentious, and who is a thief from birth. The Organizer, then, the Builder, the Divine Architect, or the Cause of Life, is responsible for the acts of that life—is he? To be continued.

This Week's Journal. The JOURNAL of this week will be found unusually interesting. On the 6th page, the lecture of G. W. Lawson is well worthy of a careful perusal. Warren Chase has an excellent article on "Organization," taken from the Banner; by the way, "Written for the Journal" is over it, placed there by mistake. Sida Bailey has also a pleasant article on the same subject. Addie L. Ballou's "Explanation" rights a wrong which we committed in reference to her mediumship, etc. Moses Hull explains his past connection with the Adventists. Mr. H. S. Barrett has a brief article on "Miracles."

On the 21 page will be found the debate of Wilson and Haddock. It is full of interest. W. Barr gives an account of Spiritualism in Pennsylvania. It is a splendid article.

On the first page will be found "Poetry by Mr. Clark," the "Salem witchcraft," and a pithy article from Dr. Bailey, all of which will be read with interest.

Dr. Childs, on the 5th page, gives many items of great value in regard to Spiritualism.

On the 8th page will be found an article on the Mormon question, by D. W. Hall. It contains some good points. Other articles on third page.

On the 4th page will be found a continuation of the article, "A Search after God," pointing out many problems remaining yet to be solved. The personal items point out the whereabouts of all the speakers and mediums we have heard from during the week.

The JOURNAL is truly devoted to Spiritualism, connected with which is Magnetism, Mesmerism, Psychology and Somnambulism (all members of one family) the Rights of Woman, the Nature of Mind, Explanation of the Workings of Nature's Laws, Theories in Reference to Deity, etc., etc. The JOURNAL will lead the way for the advancing hosts. We aim to make each number worth the price of a year's subscription.

Gone to Her Spirit Home. Mrs. Hannah Thomas, of Topeka, Kansas, died at 2 A. M., on the 23rd ult., and was buried from her late residence on First street, at 5 P. M., the same day. Mrs. Thomas has been a resident of Topeka and vicinity for nearly two years, and for most of the time has filled the place of what would be called pastor in other churches, of the First Society of Spiritualists of Topeka. She has spoken twice nearly every Sabbath, and usually to large audiences. She was very much beloved by the society for which she lectured, and was held in high estimation by all who were acquainted with her. She was a Quakeress by birth and education, and although she left that society years ago, she, up to her death, followed the practice of that society, of never speaking in public until "moved by the spirit." From whatever source came her thoughts and words, those who had been in the habit of listening to her, agreed that she had but few superiors in close logical reasoning. She seldom faltered, and usually had a command of words, that, to the uninitiated, was wonderful, when it was known that her education was limited, and that for years, owing to weak eyes, she had read but little. When the cause of temperance and kindred subjects were being considered, but few could equal her in eloquence and severe denunciation.

Mrs. Thomas was a native of Columbiana County, Ohio, and fifty-six years of age on the 25th day of May last. The funeral services were conducted by Mrs. Torrey, of Texas, who has been in the city a few weeks, and who bids fair, after a little more experience, to equal the most talented lecturers in the field, as she already does in several other phases of her calling.

Mrs. A. H. Robinson. This healing and test medium continues to give universal satisfaction to all who apply to her, either by letter or personal calls. Her success in treating the sick, however remote they may be from her, is a practical demonstration that distance is comparatively annihilated on the spiritual plane of life. When she is brought in rapport with a sick person by a lock of hair, she seems to stand by their side, and sees the exact nature of the disease, and knows what to prescribe as a certain remedy. See her advertisement.

Nothing like it.—We refer to "Nature's Hair Restorative," advertised in another column. It is in one bottle, and as clear as ice. No gum, no filth, no poison. Examine it. See advertisement.

Personal and Local.

Dr. Kayser, of Erie, Penn., an able lecturer and excellent clairvoyant, will answer calls to lecture in Illinois, Indiana, or the other Western states. Mrs. A. C. Smith, of Aurora, Illinois, endorses him in the BANNER as follows: "We have lately had two excellent lectures here from D. P. Kayser, M. D., clairvoyant physician, of Erie, Pennsylvania, on clairvoyance and Spiritualism. The doctor is one of the best lecturers in the field—clear, logical and forcible—at times rising in his inspirations to a sublimity that cannot fail to elevate his audience. He is a first class speaker, and we consider him one of the best seers and most reliable clairvoyants we have met. Such workers should be kept in the field, and be amply remunerated by their friends for their labors."

Dr. J. K. Bailey, still engaged in the good work, spoke at La Salle, Ill., on Sunday, the 23rd ult. On the 21st ult., he spoke in the Universalist church at Mendota.

Mrs. Allen, the well known trance-medium, is to be found at No. 61, Third Avenue, Chicago.

Mrs. M. M. Jenks, of Chicago, is a newly developed medium of excellent powers for tests and healing.

Mrs. Trego lectured at Richmond, Pennsylvania, last week. We are informed by Joel Maryott that she gave many convincing tests.

Miss Helen Grover's address is Bloomington, Ill. She has been east for some time.

We understand that Henry C. Wright was engaged in reading a manuscript to a friend at the time he was struck down, and did not again revive, but died soon after, remaining insensible to the last.

Miss Lottie Fowler is creating quite a sensation in Hartford, Connecticut. The Courier says that "Persons who have visited her, and had incidents in their lives vividly brought up, express the greatest surprise at the wonderful gift she possesses. Miss Fowler is a young woman of pleasing appearance. Among those who recently called at her rooms, were several ladies, and a number of our substantial citizens." The Evening Register of New Haven, Connecticut, says that her performances are quite as marvellous and difficult of comprehension as the telegraph, lightning, or any other electric agent.

Mrs. M. J. Wilcoxson is still east. Prof. Denton, one of the most eloquent lecturers in the field, speaks in New York during September, and in Music Hall, Boston, in October.

Mrs. Abbot's, the celebrated developing medium, has, after several weeks' absence, enjoying herself in the fruit region of Michigan, returned to Chicago, and may be found at the "Spiritualists Home," Mrs. Robinson's boarding house, No. 148 Fourth Avenue.

The illustrious Emma Hardinge lectures in Apollo Hall, New York, before going to England. She starts for there the last of October.

Mrs. F. A. L'gan has been lecturing to large and enthusiastic audiences at San Jose, Ill. Thomas Gales Foster lectures in New York during October. He is a noble man, and will do good wherever employed.

Mrs. Fannie T. Young will answer calls to lecture, attend funerals, or perform the marriage ceremony, (being legally licensed by the Religio-Philosophical Society) during the summer and fall months. She goes south in the winter. Address her care of G. W. Jeffers, Gloverville, New York.

Mrs. Mary E. Beach, of San Jose, Cal., is becoming developed as a very fine medium. Her lectures are eloquent, and tests convincing.

On August 23d, Mrs. A. P. Brown spoke at Stewart's Town Hollow, N. H. E. S. Wheeler is now in Mass. Mrs. Addie M. Seven's permanent address is Claremont, N. H. She spoke at Corydon, N. H., Aug. 23d.

Mrs. S. A. Rogers is represented as an excellent lecturer and test medium. Her address is Rock Island, Ill., care of A. J. Grover, M. D.

Miss Nellie L. Davis's Lowell address is 49 Butterfield St., to which direction all communications should be sent till Sept. 1st.

Mrs. Jennie S. Rudd, an excellent medium, is now suffering from lung difficulties. A BANNER correspondent speaks of her as follows: "After long and faithfully serving the invisibles, toiling through summer's heat and winter's cold, at last the frail body refuses longer to perform its functions, although the spirit is willing. She is now among the mountains of the 'Granite State,' where we hope the 'prayers of righteous' friends and especially the salubrious air of those grand old hills, will restore her again to health and strength."

The police of St. Louis have been collecting and carefully classifying statistics of prostitution in that city. They are required to report the names and residence of the owners of the buildings, and strange to relate, they have discovered that many of the houses are owned by pious church members!

I. P. Greenleaf spoke in Seitate, Massachusetts, Aug. 28th, and in Stafford, Connecticut, Sep. 4th.

Mrs. Addie L. Ballou, one of our most gifted and eloquent lecturers, has been suffering for some time from painful illness, but now, we are happy to say, has recovered, and is prepared to take the field again in the cause of Spiritualism.

In another column will be found a brief communication from Henry C. Wright, who recently passed away at Pawtucket, Rhode Island, through the mediumship of Dr. Farnsworth. The old veteran still lives, and will be instrumental in doing good to humanity.

The Reverend J. M. Peebles speaks at Crosby's Music Hall, the first three Sundays of September. He will lecture week day evenings in the vicinity of Chicago, on the following subjects: "Travel, its Lessons and Relations to Progress; Social Life in Turkey; Walks in Pompeii and Herculaneum; Rome and Roman Catholicism vs. Liberalism."

Dr. Lewis and wife, excellent test and healing mediums, are to be found at No. 75 Third Avenue.

Dr. Wilbur, the old and well-known healer, is still attending to his professional calls in Chicago. Peter West, the test medium, is to be found at the Reception Rooms of this office, 189 South Clark street.

Mrs. Lovring, the trance healing medium, is yet visiting towns adjacent to Chicago. She may be addressed care of this office.

Brother A. B. Whiting continues to draw large houses at Music Hall, Crosby's Opera House. He is one of our ablest and best speakers, and always has something new and original and intensely interesting to say.

Philadelphia Department.

BY..... H. T. CHILD, M. D.

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

History of Spiritualism and the Progress of Spiritual Ideas:—Number 10.

Chapter Second:—Section Fifth.

THE TRADITIONAL PERIOD CONTINUED.

We have said that for five hundred thousand years man has been groping his way up the hill of time.

After the acceptance of such a belief, how absurd and preposterous is the idea that six thousand years would carry you back to the period of that evolution, which mankind in their traditions and histories, have foolishly called creation.

We have spoken of a period called the stone age, which commenced about one hundred and twenty five thousand years ago,—according to our archaeological investigations a little later,—and within one hundred thousand years, we have two other eras or ages, called the Iron age and the Bronze age—that these occurred very long before the period spoken of by Moses at the creation of the world, must be evident from the fact that within two or three generations of his fabled Adam and Eve, he speaks of one Tubal Cain, who was a worker in brass.

These three ages were presented at widely different periods, by different families in different sections of the earth, and mostly without any intercourse or information from one tribe to another. Many of these tribes lived near to each other for centuries, without any communication.

The evolution of man on the earth, occurred at various periods, ranging through about twenty five thousand years. The highest and most perfectly developed races of to-day, are not so, because they were the first on the stage of action. Climate, soil, atmospheric, and electric conditions in the different localities, had much more to do with unfolding the race than the time of their origin. The conditions of plants and animals, as well as the mineral kingdom, have always exercised a very important influence upon the human family. There is a mutual relation and interdependence between man and all these. Brother E. V. Wilson said you take one thousand men and women, all of them of a high moral and intellectual character, and have them live twenty years upon a tract of land in a harmonious manner, and without any discordant influences among them, and you will find that the soil, the plants and the animals of that place will give evidence of a higher degree of progression, than has ever been known.

It in the succeeding twenty years, you place one thousand persons together, who were discordant and in moral in their lives, and you will find that the soil will be cursed, the plants and animals will deteriorate, and fall back even below their former standard.

Man, therefore, is the creator,—not only of conditions within himself, but of many around him, and when he fully understands this, he will accomplish much more in all these directions. The men of the period to which we refer, were doing a mighty work, although they knew not what they did. They were working as man always has, better than they knew, and accomplishing much of which they were entirely ignorant.

The germs of thought which budded forth freely in their undeveloped minds, were destined to blossom into magnificent and grandly beautiful floral ideas in the higher and more progressed conditions of the after-life.

Thus, in these rude primeval times, we can trace the origin of those grand and sublime thoughts which have gleamed out all along the line of history, like stars amid the darkness of night, that have lighted up the pathway of humanity, and will continue so to do, and inspire him with an enthusiasm that shall lead him upward and onward throughout the endless ages of eternity.

These thoughts, originating away back in the infancy of the race, are the links in the golden chain of mind that binds up humanity into one grand brotherhood.

The traditional age was marked by the gathering up of these immortal ideas, and vitalizing them with new force, and no thought that has thus been vitalized by the living magnetism of humanity, ever has been or ever can be lost. It has been supposed that history, and especially the improvement of modern times, which have given such taste opportunities for crystallizing and fixing human thoughts, so that they may be readily transmitted among the people, and from generation to generation, were essential to the preservation of the truths which mankind have discovered.

It is not so. We admit that they are very important aids, and have done much to promote that desirable progress, which is to elevate the race; but we assert that there are not, and never have been, any lost arts; that if the printing press, and even the art of writing, were obliterated, no essential and practical truth could or would be lost to humanity.

All truth is spiritual, and has its record in the soul of man, just as rapidly as the capacity is unfolded for its reception, and all the external forms of expression which it has taken in the various ages of the world, are but so many garments that too often conceal, rather than reveal the grand and sublime truths of which they are the external expression. During the long traditional period, man was thus laying the foundations for the records of history, and whoever shall be able to analyze the ideas of these early and primitive records, and trace them back to their origin, will find that they sprung up among the rude minds of ages, long before those in which they are supposed to have originated. But we need not thus speculate, it is our intention to review the earlier writings that mark the dawn of the historical period.

Number Eleven.

Chapter Third:—Section Sixth.

END OF THE TRADITIONAL PERIOD.

We have given a brief outline of the origin of man, and traced his progress through two important eras, the ante-traditional and the traditional. We now come to an era, the commencement of which is as much involved in mystery to the materialistic philosopher, as either of the former.

The earliest records were made upon the sweeping sands of the deserts, the sea-shore, and upon articles so perishable, that they were but little more permanent than the traditions of which they were formed.

The first footprints of man as a physical being, upon the soft substances over which he walked,

may be said to be his first historical records, and eggs rolled away, when they were the only books by which man read the character of his fellow men, and yet these simple and barbarous observers did this much better than you do to-day. The records of their journeys, their conflicts, their fights and their various labors, were thus transmitted from nation to nation, and from generation to generation, and were in reality the beginning of that mighty engine, the printing press which to-day scatters broadcast, its myriads of leaves for the healing of the nations.

From these rude impressions, mankind obtained the idea of molding in clay and soft substances, representations of thoughts and ideas, which they desired first to embody for themselves, and then to present to others. The first records which man made, were hieroglyphs,—representations of his religious ideas, and although these were exceedingly crude and imperfect, they conveyed a meaning to those who were initiated, and by their mystic character, invoked a blind and implicit faith in the ignorant masses, akin to that which has ever marked blind religious worship in all ages of the past, and of which there is abundance to-day, even in the most enlightened nations.

Prior to the Sanscrit language, which, Sir Wm. Jones, remarks, was very perfect twenty five thousand years ago, and the origin of which, as a language, may be traced to a period three times as far back as that. We know that one hundred thousand years ago, in various sections of the Asiatic Continent, there were evidences of written languages, crude and imperfect, but still the basis and foreshadowing of that beautiful language which was to follow them, and which, Sir Wm. Jones declares, was more perfect than any of the modern languages.

The sacred priesthood who walked in the groves of Hindoostan, a hundred thousand years ago, had their sacred rites inscribed upon their rude temples, and especially upon the utensils which they used in their religious ceremonies. Among the earliest of these, was a representation of a human eye, immensely magnified, which was one of their representatives of the Deity, illustrating this all-seeing power. Another symbol was a human arm and hand, also much enlarged as a representation of the power of God.

The sexual organs were also presented as types of the infinite all-productive power. Those ancient priests had no idea that there was anything obscene or immodest in any of the works of nature. They lived so far beyond the period assigned to Adam and Eve by Moses, that they had not learned that they were naked, and in their climate had no necessity to make clothes, even of fig-leaves,—much less to ask God to make clothes for them, as Moses declares the more modern progenitors of the race, of whom he speaks, were compelled to. In all ages, and more especially so in those to which we now refer, the blind veneration and ignorance of the masses, has given a color and interpretation to the religious ideas and beliefs which has been very different from that of the more intelligent individuals, who have been the leading promulgators thereof, and hence the superficial observer, and even the historian are generally very incorrect in their statements, in regard to these things.

The idea of a supreme being, a great spirit, represented as we have said, by various symbols, has always been the basis of all religious systems. Next, the idea that it was necessary to appease this being from whence originated their ceremonial, devotional and sacrificial, and thirdly the belief in a future existence,—all of which may be said to have been universal and co-extensive with the race of man.

These fundamental elements of religion, we perceive to have existed in embryo, at least, prior even to the traditional period, and all through that period, they were becoming more prominent; so that when we come to the dawn of the historical era, it is not to be wondered at that they should form the first records in the most ancient hieroglyphs.

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.

Good speakers have been secured, and an earnest request is made for speakers in Iowa to come and aid us in making this an interesting and profitable meeting. We hope the Spiritualists of Iowa will feel the necessity of having the State fully represented. We had reduction of fare on some railroads last year, and expect it on more this time. Papers friendly, please copy. In behalf of the Committee. J. P. Davis, Pass'g.

OHIO STATE ASSOCIATION OF SPIRITUALISTS.

Fourth Annual Convention.

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 20th, 10th and 11th, 1870, commencing at 11 o'clock a. m.

Local Societies and Lyceums will be entitled to two delegates for each fifty members or fractional part thereof, and two for each additional fifty members and one for each fraction thereof. Arrangements will be made for securing board at reduced rates. Menus Hardinge and other distinguished speakers will be in attendance.

Hudson Tuttle, Pres't. George Wm. Wilson, Sec'y.

NEBRASKA STATE CONVENTION.

The Executive Committee of the State Association have appointed Friday, Saturday and Sunday, 24th, 25th and 30th of October next for the State Association, to be held in the State Capitol at Lincoln.

There will be good lectures for the occasion. We cordially invite all lecturers and Free Thinkers to participate with us. Come and see our young State Capitol, where we can speak our minds freely.

By order of the Committee; ALONZO ROGERS, Corresponding Secretary.

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.—The District of Columbia to send two delegates,—to attend and participate in the business that will come before this meeting.

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

The Board will meet on Monday, the 19th of September at 2 o'clock p. m., at the hall above named.

NOTICE.

The Society of Spiritualists of Nunda, Michigan, will hold their 4th arly meeting on Saturday and Sunday, the 17th and 18th of September, at the Bartholomew School House, commencing on Saturday, at 2 o'clock P. M. Mrs. S. A. Peckall is engaged as speaker. Other good speakers will be in attendance. A cordial invitation is extended to all. Friends from a distance will be provided for. ALONZO BARTHOLOMEW.

Obituary.

Passed on to dwell with the angels in the Spirit Land, on Saturday morning, the 22nd ult., at 20 minutes past three o'clock, from Grand View Hill, Mary Alice, daughter of Dr. Thomas and Minnie Garth, aged one year, two months, and four days.

Africa T. wife of J. B. Hunt, at Lake City Minnesota, on the 6th inst., adopted daughter of James H. and Matilda A. McCord, of St. Louis Mo.

PROF. HOWE'S

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of GRAMMAR.

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During the month of September, I have engaged the valuable assistance of Dr. E. O. Dunn, and J. M. Peckles in the missionary work. Mr. Peckles can co-operate with us only weak evenings. Friends in any part of the State, asking for such services, will please address us at Glen Boubah, Wisconsin.

The management of the missionary work in Wisconsin having been entrusted to me, by the consent of the other members of the Executive Board, I most cheerfully recommend Mrs. N. E. Andross as a missionary. Our Sister is a trance-spirit, and a most worthy woman. Let the friends far and near open the way for her most welcome labors in the cause we love. Address:—Belton, Wisconsin. J. O. Barrett, State Missionary. Glen Boubah, Wisconsin. Aug. 19th, '70. vs 221 ft.

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The Rostrum.

PHYSIOLOGY-COSMICAL-PSYCHICAL.

A Lecture by G. W. Lawson, of Oregon.

Reported for the Journal.

If, as has been long credited, "the proper study of mankind is man," and that subject of study is a microcosm of nature, there is physiology, -planetary, human, animal, vegetable, mineral, universal, -the proper field for man's investigation and research.

Cosmical physiology relates to the objective universe. It is what the eye can see of forms and substance, around, above, beneath; whether they be the vast and mighty planets, space-diminished by the telescope, or the infinitesimal mite magnified by the microscope. It is the education of vision.

Gazing into space on a starry night, the human eye beholds a universe of suns and planets.

"Pale stars glimmering, far and pure, In the deep chasms of everlasting blue, Ungathered and unmarshalled, one by one, Like outposts of the lunar garrison."

The thought arises, what composes that starry field, and what are its uses? Constructing instruments for measurement of distances and diameters, he is struck dumb with the indomitable number and the inconceivable magnitude of the rolling worlds that surround him.

Still observing, with the telescope and the triangle, he discovers that each planet has points of departure and return; that each sun and system of suns, with their unnumbered trains of planets and satellites, revolve around some transiting and imperative centre. He discovers that all is motion - all is law, obedience, order. The moon revolves around the planet; the planet around the sun; the sun around the central pole of its own system; the systems around a still grander centre; and he is lost in the magnitude of the astral field that surrounds him.

Returning to himself, he can yet observe the sun and planets of his own sphere. Physiologically, the sun seems like a mighty mother, whose rays, the planets, revolve around her in the order of their birth. This earth, of which he is a denizen, is one of her dwarfs. It has but one moon, while Jupiter and Saturn, proportionally larger, have several. He directs his attention to the uses of the satellites, and finds that they subserve in the order of their birth. This earth, of which he is a denizen, is one of her dwarfs. It has but one moon, while Jupiter and Saturn, proportionally larger, have several. He directs his attention to the uses of the satellites, and finds that they subserve in the order of their birth.

Thus, to the physiologist, it appears that atom contains attributes and universe, intelligence. The sum of atoms forming the visible body of the universe, and the sum of attributes, laws and principles, its definite intelligence - what we call God.

To the physiologist, man appears to be the result of an aggregation of atoms and attributes, peculiar to the planet on which he is formed. He stands forth amid a universe of the infinite worlds, above and below him. Of his body, he is of the earth, earthy. Of his mind, he is of laws, principles and intelligence, a spirit immortal, by virtue of his undying atoms united to his unchangeable and indestructible attributes as a planetary ultimate.

In ascending or planetary flame is the first observable state of a planet. Then comes the mineral, or earthy state; then the vegetable, then the animal, then man. Each of these degrees is accompanied by an ascending grade of laws. With mineral, is motion; with vegetable, life; with animal, sensation; with man, intelligence. The last and highest center in a form which is the ultimate crown of all the preceding attributes and organizations.

That man contains all previous degrees and forces, he has but to look around him. His body is a walking cabinet of mineralogy; his blood is full of iron; his skull is a stone mansion, with auditoriums, doors and windows. He has lime, magnesia and silica in his bones, and the enamel of his teeth is a chemical compound much like the calcined sides of his cupboard-ware and window lights. He is also a compound of vegetables in their constituents, - albumen, gluten, fibre, casein, choline; and he is also a laboratory of all animalities. He has nerves, trachea, fibres, muscles, flexor, bones, nails, hair, sensation; in short, man can trace himself back into the earth with the certainty of the thread of Ariadne in the labyrinth. See I man eats animals and vegetables; animals eat vegetables; vegetables eat the ground. The last atoms that compose these different forms and phases of progress, have not died; they have simply changed degrees from lower to higher. They must be kin to us, for by our eating them, they enter into life relations with us, and daily become our mortal being!

This is the observation of the physiologist on the life of atoms and forms. Now, what does he perceive psychologically, on the side of attribute? (By attribute is meant justice, mercy, truth, goodness, love, wisdom, self-hood, etc.) In the spinal cord of all animals, birds, fishes, he finds motor and sensation ganglia, or nerve centres. This, in some low types, is the residence of instinct and attributes; but in higher types, there is superimposed upon this spinal cord, a portion of brain, the cerebellum, in which resides and manifests superior instincts and attributes; and for still superior types of animals, as the domesticated classes, he finds still another brain superimposed upon the cerebellum. In the case of man, the cerebrum is greatly diversified, and shares in animals the arrangement of several groups, and the possessors of these groups have invariably shown the exercise of different faculties, instincts and attributes.

Man combines in his brain all these groups of faculties in the aggregate, that he has found in manifestation in the singular, in the animal kingdom, besides his own groups that are peculiarly human. In the physiology of animals, he discovers ruling groups, as destructiveness and secretiveness in the cat; fidelity in the dog; nobility in the horse; concentration or self-hood in the hog, etc. In one man, or in a race of men, he finds a combination of groups so peculiar to some class of animals as to suggest their similar physiology, - their natural derivation. For instance, the Indian predominates in these groups of faculties, - destructiveness and cunning lawless, that distinguish the entire canine and carnivorous kingdom. He is the child of the forest. Destructive and unamiable, he will not work, and cannot be enslaved. His head is thick set through the ear. Like the cat and the panther, he delights in killing and in torturing helpless prey. His wigwag smells like a fox kennel. He is the Wild Beast Man evolved by the changes of atom and attribute from the animal kingdom, up into the human.

The next race most highly marked in points of animal and human physiology is the African. This type presents the ovine groups in predominance. The Negro smells like the sheep, - his hair kinks like wool. He can make a battering ram of his head, like that animal, without injury to his brain. Nationally he is headstrong, obstinate, like the sheep, and therefore easily enslaved. His ruling groups of brain are the affectional and the semi-intellectual. Scripturally, the ovine is the emblem of innocence and non-aggression, the opposite of the canine and Indian.

The Jewish race, or crown of the porcine kingdom, coming up into the human, is next in prominence of appearance and traits. The porcine will not mix or affiliate with any other race, nor will the Jew. The nasal protuberance is often of astonishing dimensions. His body is plump, and he has a peculiar white porcine skin, like the hog, he is not a producer, but a consumer; can live on anything, is seldom sick. The Jews, like the porcine family, band together and defend each other. They are a "peculiar people," - the self-caring group is predominant. They are religious and intellectual enough, but the type from which they have been evolved is so marked in them that they cannot fraternize with the world generally. Thus in their religion, a savior who came not exclusively to them, could not be received, and they are still looking for some self or race-aggrandizing Solomon to gather them into some separate sacred valley, and rebuild in kingly glory an exclusive New Jerusalem.

The fourth type is the bovine kingdom. Its strongest representative on earth is the Johnny Bull of Europe. This type is distinguished by a grand desire for good pasture, and the great Briton or bovine has always carried out his animal evolution in his desire for the best of the best of earth. Wherever he has found a good green spot upon this terrestrial ball, he has appropriated it, if he could. As the poet has sung of him, "His flag is never furled, His morning drum is beating round the world." "Beating" might be rendered below, and the animal in the human shows its originality. In this family are found the best of human forms, - well fed, well cared for, well housed, - a solid and substantial race, capable of vast progress, to be outdone only by the equine.

The fifth type or human concentration of attributes peculiar in animal groups, is the gallinine or bird kingdom. - The barn yard fowl below the representation in a domesticated state, of the whole feathered kingdom. Its human prototype is found in the frog eating Frenchman. The strutting, fussing, fighting, gallus Gaul, fit counterpart of that vicious hen of France, who, always adjusting her feathers in fantastic fashions, has become the world's acknowledged Queen of Humage, the human lover of soft cashmeres, velvets and shining satins and flossy feathers. The gallinine, male or female, has ever led the world of human attire, and perhaps ever will. Its derivation from the feathered and plum-gad kingdom, would indicate that deity.

The last and highest type is the equine or horse kingdom. This type is noted for speed of motion, endurance, patience, fidelity, nobility. This is the American group, - the race that builds rail roads and steamboats, and runs them, too; that set up rods and caught the lightning; laid wires across the ocean in order to expel light to Europe. To be unlike the bovine or porcine kingdoms, the equine, with a nobility and magnanimity of soul, otherwise unknown on earth, opens their ports and offers their lands and country as the refuge and asylum of the oppressed of all nations and peoples. It is the equine spirit that now governs the American continent, and justly so. The equine must prevail, it is in this flag alone, of all banners of earth, that all nations have or can safely and peaceably here congregate. The Wild Beast Man is not extinguished, but is placed upon reservations. The ovine man is given free pasturage and protection; the porcine man can here sell "cheap clothing;" his hair's content, and watch out for the coming of a new Messiah; the Briton and the Gaul come here and expand their peculiarities, or harmlessly interblend with the generous equine. On this continent, physiologically speaking, the lion and the lamb are lying down together. It is true, the canine man once held the whole continent, but the ovine man came upon the south and east, and the red man slowly departed toward the north and west, and on this vast continent for a field, those forces are now nearly balanced. The little child that shall lead them will be the "complete man," that has now a prospect of origination upon this continent. The types I have described are of complete nature, because certain faculties preponderate. Faculties will just balance in the coming man, - not too much canine, ovine, porcine, gallinine, or equine, but an equilibrium of each. In him shall culminate and combine representative atoms of all the planets of all the universe, attended and actuated by all the laws, principles and attributes of the Deity in finite perfection.

You ask, how is this to be accomplished? I answer, by the same rule that all degrees of atomic changes and advancement have been heretofore attained by progression onward and upward. On this continent, all minerals, all vegetables, all animals, all types of men, have the same law constantly dying, as we say, changing their forms. As the types of men die, they cast their atoms into the circumambient atmosphere, that grand laboratory of disintegrated atoms and deserved attractions. These atoms, alive with their attributes, are drawn by the ever upward and upward tendency of attractive energy, into new and more harmonious organizations. A few generations hence the true born American will not present specimens of the dog head, the horse head, the bird head, or the sheep head, but will show that rounded and complete fullness and perfectness of form, that now, sometimes found in individuals, excites in the observing physiologist, the sweetest satisfaction and hope.

With a few references to prove my main position, that man is anatomically related to his inferior friends, the domestic stripes or races I have mentioned, I will submit my argument to the judgment of my enlightened audience. The peculiar diseases of these animal groups become epidemics amongst the young of the human type. We have the "cow pox," the "chicken pox," the "hog measles," the "dog itch," the "horse whooping cough," the "sheep scab scarratina," etc.

Perhaps I ought to mention that the rest of the nations of the earth are mixtures of the six prominent classes I have named. The French is gallinine, porcine and bovine, hence he polishes and beins porcine or self appropriate, is jealous; as the poet has sung of him, "The turbaned Turk, he scorns the world, He struts about with his whiskers curled, He's a hundred wives under lock and key, That nobody else but himself may see."

The Russian is canine, porcine and bovine, which combination gives his temperament or cross of the "Russian bear," the Chinaman is porcine, ovine and bovine; the Egyptian is canine and ovine; the Equinman is porcine and canine; the Irishman is porcine, ovine and bovine; the German is strongly porcine, and can come near mixing with the Jew, than any other people.

Animals also have their combinations. The bear is a hog and wolf, or porcine and canine. The lion is a bison and cat, bovine and feline. The elephant is a bison and hog. The camel is a bison and sheep. Fish also have their resemblances and relationship. The salmon is a sea dog; the walrus a sea-horse; the porpoise a sea hog; the whale a sea cow or bison. But I have not time now to further analyze.

To recapitulate my theory and nomenclature, with the ruling groups of brain organs: 1st, or lowest: Canine. Indian, - the carnivorous kingdom, the Wild Beast Man, ruling group in the human brain, - the destructive. 2d, "Ovine," Negro, - the sheep kingdom, the clan and hippopotamus. Group of brain, adjectives and the affectional. 3d, Gallinine: Frenchman, - the bird kingdom, plumage, dress, fashions, polygamic, fighting. Secretive group predomina leg; of course highly modified by the intellectual. 4th, The porcine or hog kingdom: the Jew, - exclusive, a "peculiar people," mixing with no other. Self-caring race, combining, group of faculties, - the alimentative and gustive. 5th, The bovine or bison kingdom: the Johnny Bull, his highest earthly type and representative. Group of faculties, - the approbative. 6th, The equine or horse kingdom: The American, the nation of speed, action, energy, free pasturage of the world; of steam boats, rail roads, lightning trains. Will equalize the world. The whole ruling group of faculties, self-conscious power, energy, or esteem.

A Quakeress, jealous of her husband, watched his movements, and one morning actually discovered the truant kissing and hugging the servant girl. Broadbrim was not long in discovering the face of his wife as she peeped through the half-open door, and rising with all the coolness of a general officer, he thus addressed her: "Betsey, thee had better leave off peeping; or thee will cause a disturbance in the family."

A Spanish proverb says: Oas "I did, is worth two" "I wi I had."

Written for the Religio-Philosophical Journal. ORGANIZATION.

Views of Warren Chase.

For six years we have labored to secure a practical and useful national organization of Spiritualists and liberal minds generally, but find many of the best liberal minds are still jealous of Spiritualists, fearing they will become sectarian and only seek to build up a new sect of persecuting bigots, and hence they keep aloof and take no part in the movement. Among the Spiritualists are also a large and intelligent number, who, actuated by the same fear, as's kept entirely aloof from the movement. Still another large number keep away from personal prejudice, jealous and envious feelings toward the actors in the organic movement, believing, no doubt, honestly, that they are much more pure in their lives and conduct than those who from their public position have been slandered, abused, and covered with his for years by the who seek to drive them from the field. Still another class neglect the organic movement from apathy and careless neglect, and still another from an honest belief that the time has not yet come, nor the persons appeared, to give the movement a useful, successful and practical start. This latter class seem earnestly to have evidence and argument on their side. The imperfect and inefficient local and State organizations have thus far left the National without that practical talent in members that would, or could, carry forward any organic movement to useful purpose - made up mostly of traveling lecturers and mediums who could in some way make their expenses, and who represented States and localities where they did not reside, and who, however honest and well disposed, had no practical talent for the legislative action necessary, nor for the work of perfecting and carrying on a great national agency for good; full of good speeches, messages and greetings, they could, and did, give of what they had to the people of the locality where we met, and to their fellow visitors, and had a good time, made and renewed acquaintances with one another, and went away feeling they had been benefited, but left no accomplished work for the cause except this. Hence the people asked "what have you done?" and we said nothing, but we expect to do something. When a movement was made for missionary work and a school, it was not sustained, mainly for want of confidence in the movement and its leaders, and it all fell through. When we ask what shall be done, no one answers, or no two, alike.

The last convention held at Buffalo did nothing, and seems not to have elicited much, if any comment, for comment was unnecessary. The next seems likely to do less, unless some new life is infused, and a new and practical set of delegates take hold of the matter, which, from the imperfect state of local organizations, does not seem likely to be done. What next? We do not yet see, but feel sure that a practical organic action will come - not of Spiritualists alone, but of all liberals - to effectually resist the encroachments of Christian bigotry and superstition, and the concentration of the sects for persecuting purposes. To us it seems that self defence will prompt and require the liberal minds to unite and organize on a broader basis than the Infidels, or Spiritualists, or Free Religionists have yet adopted. It draws show which way the wind blows, Rutland, Hartford and Utica Spiritualists' Conventions - show the drift and tendency of liberal minds toward a general and united action, and the meeting of the Free Religionists point in the same direction; so also do the restless agitations of the Infidels. All these fragmentary movements seem to us to point to a general and united effort, from which may spring up an organization that shall be able to protect the liberal principles we have secured in this country, and more steadily forward in adopting others for the more perfect security of religious and civil liberty. That these principles are in danger no one can doubt, when Governors and Judges of the Supreme Court sign petitions and calls for conventions to take steps to put a God, a Christ, and a Bible into our Constitution, and when our President, Vice-President, and Secretary of State, endorse and recommend Evangelical unions of churches, who have the same object in view. However weak these efforts may now seem, they may steal a march on us, if we are not prepared for them, by concert of action. - Banner of Light.

Written for the Religio-Philosophical Journal. ORGANIZATION. Communication from Sada Bailey.

Long and earnestly as I have wished to see Mrs. Harding's I did not call upon her during her short sojourn here. I thought those two quiet days were sacred to her rest, from faithful unselfish toil in the cause we love. I heard some of her brave sayings repeated at our conference, after her departure.

In answer to the question, "In what way can persons with means best apply them, to advance the cause of Spiritualism?" She replied: "I can not say, use them to build up organizations, when I know that hosts of spirits are working against organization."

The question chosen for conference was the following: "If spirits have the power, why do they not influence Spiritualists in different localities to work together in organization?" I remarked, "The answer to me is plain. We are not yet prepared for true organization. Other systems of religion have succeeded in forming popular organizations, and the result has been priestcraft and slavish adherence to the behests of the tyrant St. Custom."

Spiritualists are above the fear and slavery of orthodox theology, but not yet developed to spiritualistic freedom.

Spirits of freedom, truth and love, will favor organization as far as we work, - not for a show before the world, but for soul growth. A good brother remarked that, perhaps we could most effectively labor in small circles for development, and for the different phases of manifestations, endeavoring to unfold within our own beings sweet peace of mind, and the harmonious cultivation of our faculties. An earnest sister replied, "In union there is strength." I will know that this noble sister, who labors for humanity with all diligence, alluded to the true union and the true strength; but, too often is there a union of strength to persecute and slander each other, - especially those who assert and act out the right of individual freedom. "What," methinks I hear some reader of this article exclaim, "Are not Spiritualists willing for each individual to do what he or she thinks right? Willing for each to obey their deepest soul intuitions?"

Not all are thus willing. Many seek to gain respectability at the expense of individual freedom; - seek to make their organizations popular; and for each individual who does this, there is a host of spirits who work against such efforts. Deluded ones, you defeat your own object, and if the cause of Spiritualism can be injured, you harm it far more than those who, fearless of public opinion, freely act out their convictions of right and duty, seeking to obey the law of charity and love, striving to exercise in harmony the physical, mental, moral, social and spiritual faculties of their being.

Why are philanthropists and reformers generally found outside of church organization? be-

cause these organizations sacrifice individual freedom, from which flows humanities rights, - in short, sacrifice humanitarian principles for the success of the organization.

Spiritualism can not live in such organizations, for Spiritualism is truth itself. Behold! A. J. Davis has given the highest lycum group the pure and celestial name of Liberty!

Oa, Spiritualists, let us aim to build our societies upon the respectability, - not of this, but of the angel world. Then, and not until then, will we be successful in organization.

Shall we not work for this? for every time we try, we assert in developing our powers toward divine organization; every time we fail, we learn something.

Three pupils of mine were one day much perplexed in regard to a mathematical problem. The first said, "The answer is not in my book. I will not try to solve the example." The second said, "I know the answer in my book is not true, but I want my answer like it." The third said, "I know the answer in my book is correct, but I have worked hard all day, and have it not. What have I accomplished?" "My dear pupil," I replied, "by your earnest toil you have accomplished much. By exercise you develop your powers of mind."

"All right," she replied; "I will work on until I obtain the true answer."

Those Spiritualists who do not believe in organization, I compare to the first pupil, - those who seek to make their organizations popular, to the second, - those who work on for true organization, to the third.

God has solved the problem of organization. The correct answer is written upon the beautiful pages of nature's perfect book. There, let us go to study our lessons, working on for the true solution.

Laport, Ind., Aug. 16th, 1870.

EXPLANATORY.

Letter from Mrs. Addie L. Ballou.

DEAR JOURNAL: - For some time I have tried to get "in the vein" for writing you, but through being overtaxed and over exposure, I have been some time suffering from a painful and somewhat protracted illness, which, however, has now the indications of abatement.

Notwithstanding the meant kindness of the JOURNAL in the comment it made recently regarding my mediocrity gifts, viz., those of giving tests and taking spirit pictures, - the result has been as I feared, and I write at this time to undeceive the people, who are laboring under the impression. I find, by continually accumulating correspondence, that the people think that I am still in the use of these gifts, for the public pleasure, and as I cannot in my present state of health reply to all these inquiries from the anxious ones, I beg leave to make a general reply through the columns of the JOURNAL.

1st. - I give no private sittings, at any time, - my time when able to serve the public, being devoted to lecturing, which seems to better please my guides, and is better adapted to my health.

2d. - I do often, when physically able, and when the condition of my audiences will warrant, - that is, when sufficiently en rapport or in sympathy with me and my subject, write in the negative state that follows a lecture, describe spirits, tell incidents in the lives of persons present, or read character.

3d. - Though my hand has been the instrument through which several very good spirit sketches have been made, and of themselves remarkable tests, yet it is a phase of mediumship utterly impracticable for me to attempt to follow, for of all conditions necessary for the furtherance of mediumship, its development, etc., the first are required for the taking of pencil pictures with me, and in order to be at all successful, I should be obliged to have my own room unmolesed or disturbed by other magnetisms, - besides the greatest possible amount of personal quiet and rest, and even then, the influence controlling, who seems to be a stern old German of rather immoderate habits, is so unpleasantly powerful as to prostrate me in health for several days, the causes for which are not as yet generally thoroughly understood, but upon which I may at some future convenience, more fully explain, as they are imparted to me, and which may throw a little light upon a singular and interesting subject.

4th. - Hoping that these hints may serve to answer the many letters of inquiry which have come to me recently, and hoping to be able to be soon again in the field of action, I remain, yours fraternally,

Joliet, Ill. ADDIE L. BALLOU.

THE HULLS - WERE THEY PREACHERS?

Letter from Moses Hull.

BRO. S. S. JONES: - I see by the JOURNAL that Brother Potter has been ranked in with Adventist ministers, who have revived the old "sour grapes" cry, "Moses Hull never was an Adventist minister."

If you will be kind enough to print the following, it will null that falsehood. I do not consider that it is any glory, or even honor to me, but I was as popular as any man in the world as an Adventist minister. Many of my old documents, and even the certificate of my first ordination in 1858, have been carelessly misplaced. Here, however, are all the documents necessary. The originals can be seen by those who wish.

This is to certify that Elder Moses Hull was ordained a minister of the Seventh Day Adventists, at Crane's Grove, Stephenson County, Ill., on the 23rd day of August, A. D. 1858.

James White, Officiating Elders. J. H. Waggoner, Isaac Sanborn.

"This is to certify that Elder Moses Hull, of Battle Creek, Mich., is a minister in good standing in the Michigan Annual Conference of Seventh Day Adventists."

This recommendation is good for this Conference year. Joseph Bates, Chairman. U. Smith Smith, Clerk. Monterey, Mich., Oct. 6th, 1862.

I have other documents, both earlier and later than this, but as these are all sufficient, I will not copy any more now.

Editors have a first rate time in Texas. The ladies of a town down there have given to the editor of the paper an embroidered shirt, which contains a pictorial history of Texas, including the war with Mexico, and the meeting of the first legislature, and also pictures of the fruits and cereals of the State, all worked in red worsted. The editor never wore a shirt in his life, and he thought it was a banner for the temperance procession which was to come off next week. So he made a little speech of thanks, in which he said he would fling it out forever to the breezes of heaven, that they might kiss its folds and that until his hand pained it should never be trailed in the dust - never! The ladies didn't understand him, they blushed, and said they were sorry they made it too long. But a committee man took the editor aside and explained the shirt to him in a whisper, and the next day he appeared at the office with that shirt mounted over his coat, and he wrote four columns of explanation for his paper. The shirt is much admired by the boys of the town, and whenever the editor goes out for a walk they follow him in regiments, studying the history of Texas and the fine arts of the back of his shirt.

MIRACLES! The Question arises Whether They Have Ceased.

LETTER FROM H. E. BARRETT.

SUSANVILLE, LASSEN CO., CAL. FRIEND JONES: - We have some old-fashioned Methodist revivals and camp meetings here. Had one about three weeks ago. I got the ear of their big gun, E. J. Taylor, formerly a Professor in a Theological College in Missouri. I remarked after a brief conversation with him, that I thought him too smart a man to believe in the doctrine that he advocated. On the instant, a member of the church reproved me for the assertion. I replied, "Could I be allowed, I would prove it by Bro. Taylor himself." The bait was eagerly caught at, and I was requested to prove my assertion. As Bro. Taylor was ascending the platform, he was handed a request to speak from Mark 16:14. He commenced by saying that miracles ceased with the Apostles, but failed to prove it. He quoted many authors to prove his position, and in his closing remarks, said that he had presented his views of the passage given him to speak from, and that he thought that miracles or signs had ceased.

Bro. Anderson, orthodox Elder, rose and said that Brother Taylor had not treated the subject correctly, and went on to prove that miracles had not ceased; that he himself had cured with prayer the sister of the local preacher, Mr. White, who was present, confirmed his assertion by his silence. The expose was complete, and a more unfounded set of preachers I never saw. A great many of the congregation saw the dilemma in which they, the preachers, were placed, and an opportunity was offered of making a very favorable impression for the cause of truth. I regretted much that I had not a hundred or two of tracts of the right kind to have distributed. The only thing appropriate that I had with me was Danton's "Common Sense Thoughts on the Bible." The church members who reproved me for my attack on Taylor, borrowed it, and it has gone into the very hot-bed of Methodism. I hope it may open their eyes a little to their folly.

I don't despair of the ultimate success of right and truth.

"We can conceive of nothing so earnestly and so long wanted as an improvement in our Church Psalmody. A large portion of the contents of our books of sacred music has been a standing libel upon the poetical taste of many generations. With new soul notes, springing up like bright flowers all around us, breathing out their inspirations of love and charity and good will, the harsh, gloomy inspirings of ignorance and superstition have still held undisputed sway, until the very tunes to whose music our infant pulses beat have become weary and distasteful. Therefore, right gladly do we welcome those grand old tunes wedded to bright and beautiful thoughts, - the melody of the past blending with the harmony of the present." - Banner of Light.

"SPiritUALISM IN IT." BY J. G. WHITTIER.

So soon times comes to soul and sense, The feeling which is evidence That very near about us lies The realm of spiritual mysteries. The sphere of spiritual powers Impinges on this life of ours. The low and dark horizon lifts; The light of science trembles; The breath of a divine fire Blows down the answer of a prayer: So to the calmly gathered thought, The incense of truth is taught, The mystery dimly understood, The love of God is love of good, And chief, its divinest trace In him of Nazareth's holy face; That to be saved is only life, Salvation from our selfishness, From more than elemental fire, The soul's unending desire, From sin itself, and not the pain That warms us of its chafing chain: That worship's deeper meaning lies In him who saves the poor and blind, Not proud humilities of sense And posturing of penitence, But love's untold obedience; That to be saved is only love, To man, not God, - for earth, not heaven - The blessed meekness to hold fast ends, Not masters, but benignant friends; That the dear Christ that dwells not far, The King of some remote star! Listening at times with feathered ear To homage wung from selfless fear, But here amidst the poor and blind, The bow'd and suffering of our kind, In words we do, in prayers we pray, "Life of our life, he lives to-day."

LOULOU.

BY EMMA TUTTLE.

She had gathered her hands full of roses, And wreathed a few buds in her hair, And thrown herself down on the sofa - A picture of beauty and grace. Her black eyes looked languid and drooping; Her cheeks and her lips were aglow; A shawl of black ringlets went reaching Adown 'er shoulders of snow.

"You are beautiful," Loulou, I murmured, "As hours in Elysium of the Beat; Oh come to my bosom, my darling, Fill your young heart with life in my breast." I showered her with passionate kisses, I chained her with love's flowery band, And Loulou, my beautiful girl, gave me The pledge of her heart and her hand.

Life it's dashed like a nectar-dipped goblet As long as she staid by my side; We drank it together, and I was glad, My darling bride, pushed it aside. Oh, she was the bride of my spirit, I won her for life - that is long - And it matters not though she were an angel, And I am of earth's jostling throng.

It was long, long ago that I won her, My hair is now silver then brown; My form was then youthful and stately; My shoulders are now stooping down. I've crowded along on life's highway, And know not but little of rest; And true to my early vows, Loulou, I've borne all the way in my breast.

Written for the Religio-Philosophical Journal. ACROSS THE RIVER.

Just across the river lies A land where flowers bloom; Just across the river lies A home beyond the tomb; Just across the river lies, Eternal and sublime, The Summer Land and gorgeous skies, Beyond the reach of time.

Just across the river wait The loved of long ago; Just across the river stand The loved we knew below; Just across the river deep Are many angels bright, To bid us welcome to that home of joy and pure delight.

Just across the river stand Are throbbing hearts of love; Just within the Summer Land, In God's bright worlds above, Angels, in their robes of light, Are waiting there for thee, And when within those mansions bright, Oh, breathe one prayer for me.

Price-List of Books.

LIST OF BOOKS FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE. All orders by mail, with the price of books desired, and the additional amount mentioned in the following list of prices for postage, will meet with prompt attention.

Person and Brains, by A. J. Davis, \$1.50 28
The Philosophy of the Bible, by A. J. Davis, \$1.50 28
The Philosophy of the Bible, by A. J. Davis, \$1.50 28
The Philosophy of the Bible, by A. J. Davis, \$1.50 28

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CONTENTS.
Chapter I.—The Holy City.
Chapter II.—Spiritual Messages.
Chapter III.—The Spirit's Echo.

Written for the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

THE MORMONS.

What shall we do with them?

BY D. W. HULL.

This inquiry meets us at every turn, and on every street corner; as if the Mormons were our wards, and somehow or other depending on us for help.

We really want to know how we shall punish them, or what we shall make them do,—for we have really come to the conclusion that we must do their thinking for them, that is, to dictate to them morals, and make them do them, or to be more plain,—we'll study up the mischief and make them do the dirty work.

In answer to the above inquiry, I have always replied that "we will mind our own business, and not be meddling with somebody else's so much."

"Oh," answer these pious inquisitors, "we can not receive them into our confederacy with their polygamy!"

Just wait till they ask to be taken in. It is the disposition of nearly ten out of every nine church members to be very much concerned about their neighbor's affairs.

"Neighbor Smith and his wife quarrel," "Sister Jones is jealous of her husband," and "Mr. Brown works on Sundays."

Although it is very easy to see small notes in their neighbor's eyes, you can't insult them worse than by referring to the beam which unfortunately obscures their vision.

"The Mormons are going to be troublesome," and something more or less, but how is it to be done? Why, legislate on it, of course, and enforce the laws! Yes, yes, that's it, and when you have done with that, you'll be wanting to annex Heaven as a state, and if the Almighty has some peculiarities which you don't like, which he is sure to have, we'll again be tormented with the question, "what are we going to do with the upper world?"

We certainly would not be willing to take in a country which gave to its rulers thirty-two women! See Num. 31: 40. That the Almighty has become a ward of the churches, imposed upon by every little dirty-faced boy he meets, is evident from the fact that they are calling upon the government to establish an inquisition to avenge the insults heaped upon their baby God!

For if they thought him capable of taking care of himself, they would not display so much nervousness, as if they thought he might get out of their house, and the care run over him, fall into the will barrel and drown himself, or meet with some other accident. In any event, their God savors more of the finite, and is scarcely worth a sane man's attention.

There is not a house of all fame, nor even a prostitute in the City of Salt Lake. All the trouble is, the people have out-grown the church people, till they fill their Bibles; but no more. Hence they are better Bible Christians than we are, and what is strange for Bible worshippers, they live in peace and harmony with each other, and would live at peace with the rest of the world, if only we would mind our own affairs and let them alone.

We would martyr the man who opposes having the Bible read in public schools, and no punishment would be bad enough for the one who followed its examples. Horace Cook abandons his wife for another, and is justified by his church. Elder Lamb, late of Columbia City, Ind., established his corporate rights in his parish at the expense of the character of the virgin whom he has victimized, but the church, although they may hear the little Lambs bleat every day, clear the old sheep, and disgrace the unfortunate ewe. Vvrrily, I had rather be among the goats than the sheep.

While these unfortunate girls are driven from society to houses of ill fame (no other doors being open to them), to support their unwelcome offspring, Elder Lamb still has the privilege of the world, sent forth by the church to steal virtue, denounce sin, and counsel the Government concerning Mormons.

Talk about bad women— you never have any where there are no bad men! When such men as Elder Lamb denounce those who would help his victims, and preach of "righteousness, temperance and judgment to come," who cannot help believing that this religion is all a hollow mockery!

"The church have been very unfortunate here within the last few years," Bader, this has reference to your village or city. I don't care where you live; I meet it nearly everywhere I go,—sometimes with a little variation, thus: "The church has had bad luck with their preachers here," then they will tell me about A. B. C. and D., giving each of their histories, yet these same preachers are driven from station to station to tell the churches that "Spiritualists are free-lovers," and ruin the characters of the unsuspecting. These are the ones who are going to legislate their opinions upon us, and force the Mormons to live more virtuous.

Here, then, is the point. Each one of the leading Mormons has from two to twenty wives, while many of the orthodox ministers and leading church members have several concubines.

The Mormons support their wives and children, but the orthodox drive their victims and their children out of society, and starve them to public prostitution, and look about them for new victims. Which is the worst? Then what check we must put on, to make a law that the Mormon shall have but one wife.

But what would you do with such persons? inquires one. Would you let them come into the Government with all their wives? If I would not, I should let them make a government of their own. Which is the worst? Then what check we must put on, to make a law that the Mormon shall have but one wife.

Now, I'll tell you what we'll do with the Mormons. We'll mind our own business, and let them alone till we all come to the standard of morality and virtue where they are, and when we shall have outgrown them, we will reach out our hands and say, "Brother, you seem weak, shall we help you?" and as the blessed angels shall hand golden truths down to us, so shall we hand down to our weaker brethren. Then we shall need no laws to enforce morality, for when we shall have learned to live moral and virtuous—we shall live it not because of laws, but because the good of humanity demands it.

To save the church any troubles concerning my views of polygamy, I will say I don't believe in it, and further, that my wife is never jealous.

Hobart, Ind.

Communication from Henry C. Wright.

To Thomas Richmond.

The fifth day from the death of Henry C. Wright, the following communication was handed to me by Dr. Farnsworth, writing medium, who was then stopping for a few days at my house.

The writing through him by spirits, is done by their using his hand mechanically. When he handed it to me he did not know who wrote it and was surprised when I told him that it was from Henry C. Wright.

The following is the letter. All of his old acquaintances will recognize him:

FRIEND RICHMOND:—I find that I am Henry C. Wright, the same that I was when I lived with you upon earth. And I see that Jesus Christ is no better than you or any other man.

Now, friend, be true to Thomas Richmond. Do all you can for him. He is engaged in a good work, and great results will follow. Glory to God in the highest! I am happy; am free from that body of mine, that served my purpose well when I lived upon earth.

To say more when I have more power to communicate. Your friend and brother, H. C. WRIGHT.

Literary Notices.

MATERNITY: A Popular Treatise for Young Wives and Mothers. By Dr. V. Verd, M. D. Vol. 12, no. 459 pages; laid, toned paper; bevelled boards, extra cloth. Price, \$3 25. New York. J. B. Ford & Co., Publishers, 35 Park Row.

We have received through S. C. G. Iggs, & Co., 117 and 119 State Street, Chicago, this valuable book.

Dr. Verd, the author of this admirable and complete little work, is a physician of the Homeopathic School in Washington, D. C., where he has been well known for years as an unusually successful practitioner, being employed largely among the most intelligent and influential of those who reside permanently, or make brief official sojourns in that peculiar climate. He has such testimonials of reliability as are afforded by diplomas from foreign and American Schools and Medical Institutions, membership of prominent medical and scientific associations, and best of all, many years of successful practice in his profession.

His book deals with delicate subjects indeed—but subjects which are constantly bringing young wives and young mothers to seek oral advice and information from their physicians.

Richly, the book treats of Pregnancy, its symptoms, its disorders and their relief; Labor and its necessities and helps; Infants, and the daily care of them from the very moment of birth; Child's Diseases, their prevention and detailed medical treatment; Accidents; Poisons and their antidotes; Medicines, their preparation and administration; the physical and moral training of boys and girls; Marriage; General Suggestions to Parents.

As a family manual, the book is sure to have a large sale, for the information contained in it is most valuable to all heads of families; it is information which must be had, either in conversation with physicians or from such a source as this—evidently the preferable mode of learning for a delicate and sensitive woman. Plain and intelligible, but without offense to the most fastidious taste, the style of this book must commend it to careful perusal.

It does not attempt to supersede the physician, but to help him in his tasks; to make clear many things which he most unwillingly has to explain to his patients; to suggest helps and remedies for many minor pains and troubles of the mother, before and after the birth of her child, and of the infant and growing child as well, with explicit directions for the treatment of all the troubles and diseases of childhood.

We might write a column review, and still not do the book justice. In fact, this volume on Maternity is an invaluable book, the worth of which is not to be measured with money.

GOOD HEALTH. Boston.—Alexander Moore, Publisher. We are in receipt of the September number of this admirable Magazine. It contains more and higher recommendations from the press than any other work of the kind in the world.

The Atlantic Monthly, for September, is a very readable number of this most excellent magazine.

We mention as among the most interesting articles: Charles Albert Fechter, by Kate Field; and Means and Ends, by George W. Peck. A Reminiscence of Benton; A Day with the Shovel Makers.

A New Book: Letters to Elder Miles Grant, being a review of his book against Spiritualism. By Moses Hull. To those who know of the versatility of this author, and his terse and laconic way of taking off an opponent, not a word need be said. For the benefit of others, it may be well to say that this book is the grandest combination of argument and logic yet brought to bear against the opponent of Spiritualism. Elder Grant, known more extensively than any other man in the world as an opponent of Spiritualism, is met at every point. Logic, wit and sarcasm are so perfectly interblended as to interest every one, while the opponent is met and taken off at every point.

"Reading Suited to the Season and the Times." Terms, \$3 a year, single Nos. 20 cts. A single glance at the Religio-Philosophical Journal and Packard's Magazine, for September, will convince any one of the truth of this condensed criticism. The Magazine should be read by every family in the land; for it is thoroughly American, highly entertaining, solidly instructive and purely moral in tone. We commend especially the articles on John Sartain, the American Engraver; Objections to Purgatory; Concord, Mass.; Lowell; General Joseph E. Johnston; Western Emigration; Scripture Names; Is there Room Enough in the World? etc. The publisher, S. R. Wells, 339 Broadway, New York, is offering one of these fine chromos, "The Doctor," published at \$5.00, to all who subscribe at once, and send 20 cents extra for mailing the chromo. A very liberal offer.

The Eclectic Magazine for September comes to us illustrated as usual with the choicest selections from the English Reviews and Magazines, and embellished with a fine steel engraving of Moliere, the great comic poet of France. The Eclectic is for sale by all news dealers. Published by E. R. Pelton, New York.

Seven Hour System of Grammar. By Professor D. P. Howe. This valuable little book is meeting with a large sale. As the author says, it is not sold for the value of the paper, printing, or binding, but for the Seven Hour grammatical education contained therein. See advertisement.

Peterson's Magazine for September was received early, and should have been noticed in a previous number. The double size colored steel fashion-plate is superb; and, in addition, there are some fifty wood cuts of dresses, bonnets, collars, etc., etc. One of the most valuable articles is "Our Every Day Dresses," illustrated with engravings, showing how stylish and fashionable dresses can be made at home, and economically. Peterson's is the only magazine that gives these articles, and one appears every month. Every family ought to take the magazine. Terms, \$2 a year, with 10 reductions to clubs. Published by Charles J. Peterson, 306 Chestnut street, Philadelphia.

Our Young Folks, for September, like all the previous numbers of this magazine, is filled with highly entertaining and instructive reading, not only for young folks, but for older ones, whom we frequently see reading it. We again take occasion to repeat what we have often said before, that "Our Young Folks" is the very best magazine of the kind in the world. Fields, Osgood & Co., Boston, Publishers.

E. V. Wilson's Appointments for September, 1870. On Tuesday and Wednesday, August 30th and 31st, at 8 o'clock and Friday, September 1st and 2d, at Clinton, Ill., on 11 o'clock. G. R.—four lectures. This will be our last visit in Southern Illinois this year. These lectures will be in the evening, at early candle light.

On Saturday evening and Sunday at half past ten A. M. and half past two, P. M.—three lectures in Dixon, Ill., September 3d and 4th.

On Monday and Tuesday evening, September 5th and 6th, in the Universalist Church, Morrison, Whiteside Co., Ill.

On Saturdays, Sundays and Mondays, September 10th, 11th, 12th, 17th, 18th, 19th, 24th, 25th, 26th and October 1st, 2d and 3rd,—we shall be at Council Bluffs, Iowa. Let friends be governed accordingly.

On the 13th, 14th, 15th and 16th of September, we expect to visit Kansas City, Mo. Will J. A. Turner write us at Council Bluffs, and arrange according to our letter of the 21st of August.

On the 20th, 21st, 22nd and 23rd of September, we shall be in St. Joseph, Mo.—four lectures. Will J. C. Bender, Esq., arrange according to our letter of August 21st.

On the 27th, 28th, 29th and 30th of September,—four evening lectures and two afternoon Matinees. Will those people in Des Moines who die all over, inside and out, make a note of this appointment. This course consists of four engagements in Des Moines, Iowa, for the present. Our appointments will be along the line of the Central R. R., Iowa Division, during October. In Cleveland, Ohio, during Sundays of November. In Cincinnati, during

December, in Washington, D. C., during the Sundays of January.

Will the friends in the vicinity of these cities desiring week evening lectures, write us on reading these notices.

Orders taken for any book or books advertised in the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL. Parties in arrears for our paper, will bear in mind that the golden opportunity of settling their accounts without risk of loss by mail, or expense of postage is now offered.

Our address for September, will be Council Bluffs, Iowa. Home address, Lombard, Du Page Co. Ill. Correspondents will bear in mind not to address letters to us at places where we are engaged for week day evenings. We are sure of our letters when sent to our Sunday appointments, or directed to our home.

Amusements.

James Robinson's Great Circus And Animal Show, with a splendid troupe of Equestrians and Gymnasts, will pitch their Mammoth tent at the foot of Randolph Street, Monday, Sept. the 5th, and will remain one week, giving two performances each day, after noons and evenings.

The bare mention of the name of JAMES ROBINSON, is to guarantee a full tent at every performance. He is the acknowledged champion rider of the world, and aside from all the other interesting features on the bills of this famous circus company, this alone would be worth more than the price of admission. We bespeak for them a grand success. Admission, 50 cents. Children, 25 cents.

DEARBORN THEATRE. Manning's Minstrels. Grand Matinee this afternoon, and to night last performance of the bill for this week. Last performance of the great burlesque "Gommamamba." Challenge double fig. Who stole that pistol? O'Hooligan's Shmilla, Grand Vocal Duet, Lardard Watch, etc., etc. Everything funny, sparkling and refined.

AIKEN'S MUSIEM. Frank E. Aiken, Proprietor and Manager. Two Grand Performances to day, afternoon and evening. This Saturday, August 27th, Grand Matinee at half past two o'clock; evening at eight o'clock. Positively last performance of Charles Reade's thrilling drama, "Gouvier of Lyons," and Burard's musical burlesque of "Black-Eyed Susan; or, the Little Bill that was Taken Up." Monday, Robertson's Comedy, "Society." Monday Matinee, "Camill."

M'VICKEY'S THEATRE. Two performances, Matinee and night. This Saturday evening, August 27th, the great comedian, Mr. John S. Clark, in two delightful comedies, "The Millie Major," and "Waddy the Fat Boy." First Clark Matinee this afternoon, commencing at two o'clock. The charming comedy of "A Widow Hunt." Mr. Clark in the Millie Major.

CROSBY'S OPERA HOUSE. Friday evening, August 26th, 1870, and every evening until further notice, Harry Becker's British Blond Burlesque Troupe, in "Luna." Grand "Luna" Matinee, Saturday, at 2 P. M. Monday, August 29th, "Forty Thieves."

FAIRWELL HALL. "Hagar," a beautiful statue, representing Hagar as she appeared in the wilderness, by Miss Edmonds Lewis the young and gifted colored sculptor, of Rome, Italy. Commencing Monday, August 29th. An exhibition from 8 a. m. to 8 p. m. Admission 25 cents; children 15 cts.

CROSBY'S MUSIC HALL. Monday evening, August 23. Free private lectures to gentlemen, on "The Origin of Life," etc., by Dr. Payne, Anthropological Author.

NEW BOOK! entitled "FRESH EGGS AND YELLOW BUTTER." This work is an exhaustive treatise on these subjects, and shows how to keep eggs fresh for a year at an expense of less than one half cent per dozen!

There are two egg seasons each year; first, April and May; second, from middle of July to middle of September, when eggs can be purchased from 10 to 15 cents per dozen, and if preserved until winter, they can be sold from 30 to 35 cents per dozen. The processes are sure and reliable.

Over three hundred thousand egg engagers already preserved this season by persons who tested Dr. B's processes last year.

Rancid Butter, (which can be bought for less than one-half the price of good butter), may be restored to a perfectly sweet condition. White and streaked butter made to imitate's good June butter; and an Improved Butter Preserver, for keeping new butter in a sweet state.

Kerosene Oil Barrels rendered clean and suitable for all purposes. This book also contains many other new and valuable formulas, with full directions, so that any one can prepare and use them, being the result of fifteen years' research and experience by a practical chemist. This invaluable work should be in the hands of every grocer, produce-dealer, dairyman, farmer, manufacturer, and other who wish to engage in a profitable business.

For further particulars, send for Descriptive Circular. Sent free. Address: Dr. W. C. Bruson, Author and Publisher. 145 LaSalle St. Chicago. vs23 ct.

A NEW BOOK on the subject of Bee-Culture, called THE SECRETS OF BEE-KEEPING. It is got up in a very condensed and cheap form, to meet the wants of Bee-keepers in every department of Apicultural Science; it contains more practical information, and treats upon more subjects than any other book of its kind yet published, and is embellished with numerous cuts and engravings, and contains nearly as many words as a book that usually sells for \$2.00. Published by E. P. KIDDER, Burlington, Vermont. Price in paper covers, 50 cts., bound, 75 cts. Sent by mail on receipt of price. Address S. S. Jones, No. 159 South Clark St., Chicago, Ill. no11 vt



THE WHALER, of Rochester, N. Y., treats all diseases with success. "Eni Generis" nose but itself can be parallel. The Doctor is now operating in the West. Permanent success, care of this office, 380 So. Clark Street, Send for circular. Astounding cure. Dr. Dako is a genuine healer, and a true Spiritualist, and is fully controlled by a band of spirits in manipulating and healing the afflicted. He and House, Rockford, Illinois, until further notice.

NATURE'S PATENT HAIR RESTORATIVE. Contains no Lac Sulphur, no Sugar of Lead, no Litharge, No Nitrate of Silver, and is entirely free from the Poisonous and Health-Destroying drugs used in other Hair Preparations.

Transparent and Clear as Crystal, It will not soil the finest fabric,—perfectly SAFE, CLEAN, and EFFICIENT,—decolorations long sought for and Found at Last!

It restores and prevents the hair from becoming grey imparts a soft, glossy appearance, removes dandruff, it cool and refreshing to the head, checks the hair from falling off, and restores to a great extent when prematurely lost, prevents it from falling out, cures all humors, cutaneous eruptions, and unsocial hair.

AS A DRESSING FOR THE HAIR IT IS THE BEST ARTICLE IN THE MARKET. Dr. G. Smith, Patentee, Groton Junction, Mass. Prepared only by PROCTER BROTHERS, Gloucester, Mass.

The genuine is put up in a panel bottle, made expressly for it, with the name of the article blown in the glass.

ASK YOUR DRUGGIST FOR Nature's Hair Restorative, And take no other. At Wholesale by S. BURNHAM & SON, Wholesale Druggists, 1 & 2 Randolph St., Chicago, and by J. O. BUNDY, 187 and 179 S. Clark Street, Chicago, Illinois. vs18 2ct.

DUPLEX IMPROVED FAMILY SEWING MACHINE. A triumph in mechanical science. "Entirely new," and manufactured under the very latest United States Patents, with many important superior and valuable improvements, which render it in its perfect completeness, and for beauty and strength of its stitch, speed, durability and elegance, surpasses every other machine. It is entirely original in its construction, and does not infringe upon any others. This wonderful and extraordinary achievement of mechanical ingenuity, works upon a table. It is perfectly noiseless, easy to learn, rapid and reliable, makes the beautiful, strong and reliable Duplex Stitch; and will do all kinds of work with ease and neatness. Sews with all kinds of thread, double or single; cannot get out of order and is what is wanted in every family. It has received premiums and the full approval of the principal journals, and of all those who have used it.

"This machine works like a charm, and sews neat and rapid. It is what every family requires."—N. Y. World. "We have visited the salesrooms and examined the machines, and pronounce them well worthy of all the praise claimed."—Illustrated News. "A great triumph in mechanical science."—Chronicle, Augusta Georgia.

Single machines all complete, packed in a box to any part of the country by express, on receipt of price—\$5.00. Single delivery guaranteed. Agents wanted. Circulars containing extra inducements, free. Address:—Duplex Machine Co., 697 Broadway, N. Y.

For sale or exchange for improved or wild lands, or other property, valuable works of art that, with proper management, will meet with a ready sale, and cannot fail to produce an income of, at least, \$5 000 per annum. Will be sold for cash, or improved or unimproved real estate, if pleasantly located, and with the prospect of an increase in value.

The present owner is permanently engaged in other business, which is the only reason for wanting to sell. The property is valued at \$5,150. This is a rare chance for the person of moderate means to procure a permanent, pleasant and profitable business. No one need apply unless he means business, as this is no humbug.

For particulars, apply or write to J. C. BUNDY, Room 19, 169 S. Clark St., Chicago, Ill.

DR. J. A. CLARK'S ELECTRO-MAGNETIC INSTITUTE, Cor. Dearborn and Monroe Sts. Sheppard Block, Rooms 13 and 14, Chicago, Ill. Office hours, from 9 a. m. to 4 p. m. vs17 1ct.

ECLECTIC MEDICAL COLLEGE. Lectures commence October 3d, 1870. Fees for the course, \$50. No other expenses. Send for Announcement. Joseph Siles, M. D.—DRAW, 614 Pine street, Philadelphia. vs14 1ct.

NEW EDITION—REVISED AND CORRECTED. THE VOICES Three Poems. VOICE OF SUPERSTITION. VOICE OF NATURE. VOICE OF A PEBBLE. By Warren Sumner Barlow.

THIS volume is starting in its originality of purpose, and is destined to make deeper inroads among sectarian bigots than any work that has hitherto appeared. The VOICES OF SUPERSTITION takes the creeds at their word, and proves by numerous passages from the Bible that the God of Moses has been debased by Satan, from the Garden of Eden to Mount Calvary!

The VOICE OF NATURE represents God in the light of Reason and Philosophy—in His unchangeable and glorious attributes. While there is no deity, the author has erected a beautiful Temple on the ruins of Superstition. Judge Baker, of New York, in his review of this poem, says: "It will unquestionably cause the author to be classed among the ablest and most gifted didactic poets of the age."

The VOICE OF A PEBBLE delineates the individuality of matter and mind, fraternal Charity and Love. The book is a repository of original thought, awakening noble conceptions of God and man, forcible and pleasing in style, and is one of the few works that will grow with its years and mature with the centuries. It is already admired by its thousand readers.

Printed in beautiful type, on heavy, fine paper, bound in bevelled boards, in good style; nearly 200 pages. Price \$1.25, postage 10 cents. Very liberal discount to the trade. For sale by RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, 159 South Clark St., Chicago, Ill. no11 vt

ABRIDGED EDITION OF THE SPIRITUAL HARP, PRICE—\$1.00. Postage 16 cents. For sale at the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, 159 S. Clark St., Chicago, Ill.

To Medical Students. THE BENNETT COLLEGE OF ECLECTIC MEDICINE AND SURGERY of Chicago.—Winter session commences October 4th 1870. Fees, \$30. For announcement and full particulars address A. L. Clark, M. D., Dean, 131 Madison street, Chicago, Ill. vs23 ct.

PREMIUMS Immense Premiums! PREMIUMS! \$100.00, IN GOLD. \$200.00, IN GOLD. \$300.00, IN GOLD. \$400.00, IN GOLD. \$500.00, IN GOLD. \$600.00, IN GOLD. \$700.00, IN GOLD. \$800.00, IN GOLD. \$900.00, IN GOLD. \$1,000.00, IN GOLD. MAGNIFICENT!

The above Premiums are offered to agents of the Positive and Negative Powders. Such immense Premiums in addition to the very large and liberal commissions which are given to agents of the Positive and Negative Powders, make such an agency more profitable than any other that can be undertaken. For the terms and conditions on which the above Premiums will be given, and for all other information, address PROF. PATTON SPENCE, M. D., BOX 5817, NEW YORK CITY. Also read the rest of this column.

THE CELEBRATED CASE OF HUSTON RUSSELL

Terrific Attack of Tic-Douloureux, or Neuralgia, lasting nearly two years. Skillful Physicians fail to cure it. Surgery and Hydropathy give only partial relief. Patient prostrated, reduced to a skeleton, and his life despaired of.

HE FINALLY TAKES THE POSITIVE POWDERS. IS CURED, AND GAINS FIFTY FIVE POUNDS IN FLESH.

Brownville, Nebraska, Dec. 24, 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 15th of September, 1868, I called on Dr. Arnold, and he had me under his treatment until April, 1869. I used the powder bath every morning during the treatment of Arnold. Under his treatment I improved some, but the pain never left me until I commenced taking the Powders called Spence's Positive and Negative Powders. Six boxes of the Positive 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 25 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. Nebraska County, Nebraska. 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 20th 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 afterward, 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 Drs. 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 Nebraska County, 1869. JAMES M. HOOKER, County Clerk.

For further information about the Positive and Negative Powders, see advertisement below.

THE GREAT SPIRITUAL REMEDY MRS. SPENCE'S POSITIVE & NEGATIVE POWDERS.

The Magic control of the Positive and Negative Powders over disease of all kinds, is wonderful beyond all precedent. They do violence to the system, causing no purging, no nauseating, no vomiting, no narcotizing. Men, Women and Children stand a silent but a sure success.

The Positive cure Neuralgia, Headache, Rheumatism, Pains of all kinds; Diarrhoea, Dysentery, Vomiting, Dyspepsia, Flatulence, Worms, all Female Weaknesses and Derangements; It's, Cramps, St. Vitus' Dance, Spasms; all high grades of Fever, Small Pox, Measles, Scarlatina, Erysipelas; all Inflammations, acute or chronic, of the Kidney, Liver, Lungs, Womb, Bladder, or any other organ of the body; Catarrh, Consumption, Bronchitis, Coughs, Colds; Scrofula, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, &c.

The Negative cures Paralysis, or Palsy, whether of the muscles or of the nerves, as in Pildrosis, Deafness, loss of taste, smell, feeling or motion; all Low Fevers, such as the Typhoid and the Typhus; extreme nervous or muscular Prostration or Relaxation.

Both the Positive and Negative are needed in Cholera and Fever. Physicians are delighted with them. Agents and Druggists send ready sale for them. Printed terms to Agents, Druggists and Physicians, sent free. Fuller list of Diseases and Directions accompany each box and also sent free to any address. Send a brief description of your disease, if you prefer Special Written Directions.

Mailed 1 Box, 44 Pos. Powders, \$1.00 1 " 44 Neg. " 1.00 Postpaid 1 " 22 Pos. & 22 Neg. 1.00 at these 2 Boxes, " 2.00 Prices; 12 " 2.00

Send money at our risk. Sums of \$5 or more, if sent by mail, should be in the form of Money Orders, or Drafts, or else in Registered Letters.

OFFICE, 37 1/2 St. Mark's Place, New York. Address, PROF. PATTON SPENCE, M. D., Box 5817, New York City.

If your Druggist hasn't the Powders, send your money at once to PROF. SPENCE, as above directed. To sale also at the Office of the Religio-Philosophical Journal, 157 and 159 South Clark Street.

vs17 1ct