HARMONIAL PHILOSOPHY

# RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.

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## Lecture

### On the Life and Character of the Late George Peabody.

*By Mrs. Emma Hardinge.*

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

The subject of our address this night, is not selected because it is one which now fills every heart, and stirs all the deepest feelings and warmest emotions of love and sympathy that can be awakened for the great and good. Neither do we intend to offer any tribute or any expression of homage to one so exalted in character as he who forms the subject of our theme this night.

We ask you to meet with us to-night as thinkers; as those whose duty and privilege it is to turn every opportunity to advantage for improving the highest elements of human character; to consider passing events as those opportunities for improving the mind, the heart the conscience, the living principle within us. It is to improve this occasion with the most shining example that the century has offered us for consideration, that we ask you to meet with us to night.

The name of George Peabody is now a "household word" in two hemispheres. In the old and new world alike, all that concerns this great and good man has become as familiar as a well worn story. Long, long ago his history became national history. His virtues, aye every iota of his deeds are public property. There is no need to recite them—no, nor even to comment upon them. We all know them, for he has built a monument in every human heart; the memory of a useful and precious life is engraved in enduring tablets. We shall not repeat to you, then, the details so well known—so truly cherished, but only invite you to consider four elements of his life, so great, so grand, that it becomes us to ponder upon them, and take the lessons they bring to us, no matter how limited may be our sphere.

These four special points relate first to the foundation of his life, and are included in two momentous words, self help. We all know that in this country, the noblest minds that ever wielded its destinies have been self made.

Here is a reality in the life of this man, an illustration of the principle of self help exemplified, first in his own life, and then in his peculiar benefactions. It is to this that we shall call your attention. Then we shall learn of the speciality of that love which he bore to humanity, not as a nation, but as the great divine humanity in the nations of the earth.

Next, we shall point to the fact of how he estimated the title of nobility which was offered to him as a distinction, from the gratitude of the nation, and the power of a mighty aristocracy to lay this at his feet. These are the special points to which we desire to call your attention.

In a brief glance over this man's life, we find that he was a child of obscurity, without the educational advantages which are opened now to all ranks; that when he first launched his little bark upon the stormy ocean of existence, there were none of those opportunities for guiding it and steering it with intellectual knowledge which you now possess.

A child of obscurity, with humble means, compelled even from the tenderest years to practice lessons of discipline peculiar to his character, we find him setting forth at eleven years of age, commencing the foundation of his own individualized career. At a time when others are still clinging to the paternal roof, we find him going forth with this capital,—a capital that throughout the whole of his life has become more and more developed, and upon which we may say the entire of his marvellous career has been built. It was this first indomitable industry—next that peculiar capacity of discernment which we call business talent—next that indomitable spirit of integrity which we do realize so fully in reviewing the career of a long and useful life, as the best policy, and last of all, that grand world-wide benevolence, to whose peculiar characteristics we shall presently call your special attention.

By the aid of these four elements of character, we trace him first exercising his industry and business talents from step to step, until he gains the period of maturity. There is, however, in all this, nothing more than the sturdy development of a noble and consistent character,—a bountiful and industrious life, an honest purpose, and a spirit resolutely bound on doing justice to all men. From point to point, this man learns all these life lessons, which so peculiarly fit him to know the people and to understand their wants.

A child of the people, a struggling man, one who had realized their necessities, their toils and privations, and the powers locked up within the human soul,—with the various opportunities for their development!

Practically he learned all these lessons, practically he demonstrated that all should follow in his shining foot-prints, and measurably realize the value of self help, and the glorious privileges that ever the poor enjoy, when they set forth commissioned to learn life's lessons by even its severest and most practical purposes.

From point to point, then, we trace him until we find him the prosperous Baltimore trader, gradually developing all the four principles that have now secured to him the confidence of all around him; gradually they outworked their natural consequences, and placed him in a position which led to unparalleled prosperity.

We next find him visiting that second hemisphere, where he was destined to make such an immortal mark. We find him in the old country employing his talents, his industry, his business capacity, his integrity and his benevolence. The same system must form there as in his own, a circle around him capable of appreciating so pure and consistent a character.

We now mark the first step in the result. When George Peabody first landed in London, and determined there to establish that celebrated bank, which he has since declared to have been the foundation, not alone of his prosperity and wealth, but of that enormous financial success that gave him the lever of abundant wealth to use it at a period when he determined thus to act in a great financial crisis, the most disastrous and calamitous period that ever existed in their country, it became necessary to negotiate heavy loans.

The American accustomed to view the extent of this vast land, almost immeasurable and boundless in resources, very seldom contemplates the other side of the picture, and remembers that to develop the resources of the largest and grandest country, there are certain things required,—one of which is foreign credit, and another, a large and ample supply of world wide currency. The want of these were bitterly and painfully felt in 1837, in the great financial crisis. It became necessary in order to maintain the strength and rising power, that credit of vast amount should be obtained abroad—then it was that the value of the good character of an individual, as of a nation, was most significantly felt. The credit of the nation had been impaired by a system of currency that was terribly inflated, and it was impossible to obtain credit, and even the resources of this mighty country were insufficient to negotiate the loans required.

It was then that this gentleman was appointed one of the Commissioners for this purpose. By the aid of that capital developed by himself, and of those special qualities which were his, not the world's, not America's, not any country's, but the property of one honest man, then it was that he stood like a mighty Colossus, holding in his hand almost the destiny of a nation. By his benevolence he had won to himself the hearts of all who knew him; by his indomitable perseverance, he had succeeded in establishing a most extensive prosperity.

It was to George Peabody rather than to the nation, that the financiers determined to entrust the vast wealth which America demanded. I do not say that America did not nobly redeem the promises made by her Commissioners.

It was a quality of humanity which transcends all the power of wealth, and which is in itself the staff upon which any nation can lean, that enabled America to negotiate these loans in England, which, at that time, were essential to her credit and prosperity. I merely point to this fact to show the vast debt we all owe,—the world, and every human being, to the good, the honest man.

The next point to which I shall specially call your attention, is that not very long afterward, the first great exhibition of 1851, the great International, world-wide exhibition since called by the favorite name of the Crystal Palace Exhibition, was projected in London.

Then it was that all nations were invited to represent themselves, and send in the evidence of their wealth, their power, their productions, their manufactures, their jewels, everything they had to offer that was rich and fair, beautiful and useful. All nations were invited to send representatives of the vast and inconceivable tides of splendor and beauty and utility into this first great international exhibition. Nothing of the kind had ever been known. It was to be an unprecedented scene,—a gathering of the wealth, the splendor, and the power of the four quarters of the world. Even those who first projected this gigantic undertaking, never conceived of the extent to which it would grow; of the mighty and almost illimitable wealth, and strength, and splendor that would be poured into this great international world-wide fair.

Then it was that the American government failed to make any appropriation to represent in a creditable manner even the grandeur and power of the great New World. It was patent to every American interested in this subject, that when the vast array of space which was set apart for America, which was due to one quarter of the world, and had been set apart by the officers having charge of the undertaking, when they saw that this remained week after week without any decoration, with nothing but bare space—there it was, a great empty space, surrounded by the magnificence sent in by other nations, capable of receiving the representatives of eight millions of square miles of the great New World—that something must be done. Week after week sorrowful faces gazed upon this vacant space, until at length it began to be questioned whether the representation of the New World should not be extinguished to give place to those who were sending their contributions.

Then it was that the liberal hand of the good George Peabody was extended, and the place was soon filled with a splendor worthy of the New World. The mighty space soon became creditable to this nation. His great heart and hand were both alike opened. All that his vast wealth could do was done to supply what the government had failed to do, and by the energy and liberality of George Peabody, the United States department stood forth in its noble grandeur—in all its power, its world-wide splendor—equal to any other department by which it was surrounded.

It was the general opinion that but for the munificence of that patriotic spirit, the noble and unostentatious generosity that never for one moment represented itself, that but for these, America would not have had any representation, or would have had such an one as would not have been creditable to this section of the world.

There are but very few who knew, when they gazed upon the vast and beautiful department of the United States, that it was, in reality, the George Peabody department; that it was his wealth, his liberality, his open hand and patriotic spirit, that were represented there rather than the American Government.

There is yet another point in this noble life, to which I call your attention. It is very little understood, but these are the points which stand out far more grandly and significantly in the midst of his splendid benevolence than, all the millions which he has bestowed upon home institutions.

When we see the credit, the power, the real strength of the country, represented by this one single individual, it seems more grand than when we read the long list of figures which he has bestowed upon the various educational institutions.

This man took the glorious old Stars and Stripes to wave in the far off regions of the North, in a manner which none but a whole-hearted patriot could have done. It seems strange that the unostentatious, quiet name of the great philanthropist, who lived almost in obscurity, retired from public gaze, but little known, his habits scarcely understood, his general footprints scarcely tracked by the stranger, it seems now a new revelation to speak of him as a patriot, though he was known as a great and glorious philanthropist, who poured out the tides of that wealth which his own industry had accumulated, for the benefit and honor of his country.

There is, however, one other place where he stood in the gap, and with the same simple, unostentatious love of country and feeling of duty, never for one moment hesitated to take upon himself a duty which every true American knows belongs to his government; it was on the occasion when Dr. Kane waited to expose the precious life which he since laid down in the cause of science,—waited, and appealed to the world for the opportunity of trying to unlock the mystery of the Arctic Sea. What did he wait for? A ship was most nobly placed at his disposal by Henry Grinnel. Here was the man and the occasion. The mysteries of that wonderful undiscovered country, hid away in those impenetrable regions of ice, was to be explored. The possibilities of tracking the martyr feet of those who had laid down their lives on former expeditions, were fully believed. He was waiting for what? For the sinews of action to be supplied by the United States Government!

How long he would have waited will never be known. The rich hand of the great philanthropist and patriot was again opened, and again supplied the means to redeem the credit of the United States. He furnished the sum which Dr. Kane required for the outfit of the expedition.

I leave these three acts to speak for themselves; I cannot comment upon them; I love America too well. I am myself a spiritually-born child of America, and feel keenly her honor, her glory, her strength and power. I would see her well represented,—a noble power as she is among the nations, and would not yield one jot of that representation when her honor and credit stands in the balance. I, therefore, feel as one of yourselves, that this nation owes a life-long debt of gratitude to this noble man.

I need not speak to you of his beneficence. I simply point to the fact that his acts of charity were not for the relief of the paupers, or for the encouragement of that dreadful system of pauperism which remains as a blot on our civilization. The great philanthropist saw that to remove these evils, we must place men in a condition to help themselves. We must put the staff of intellectual power in their hands, and give them the knowledge which makes man free, and breaks the bondage of ignorance from the neck of the pauper. This was his object; for this we find his benevolence almost unparalleled. There never before was poured out such a vast sum for educational purposes.

During his life he bestowed vast sums for the institution of colleges and schools. There are two points to which I will call your attention in this regard. One is the fact that this man has endowed the educational institutions, and every description of beneficial institutions that minister to the needs of the people, during his lifetime. When do we find those who accumulate wealth with the right hand, disburse it with the left?

I have seen very rich, very noble, very disinterested persons; there are some in this city; there are those known to yourselves, who confidently and benevolently look to the time when their wealth shall be placed at the disposal of the public; when alms-houses for the poor, infirmaries for the sick, colleges and schools for the ignorant, shall become, through their industry, rich, strong, and powerful, by means of the wealth which they have heaped up—when they have done with it themselves.

I have seen this. I have begged for the poor, the outcast, and have been assured that when these vast sums which were now required for adornments, when these evidences of wealth and splendor were no longer needed, no longer useful to their possessor, they would be bestowed upon the poor Magdalens who now wander through the city streets. This has been the case too often with those who have accumulated a vast wealth.

I know that it is not always so. I know that it is right to cultivate the love of the beautiful, but the example of this noble man in the use of his vast means for the good of humanity, while he was living, is worthy of being followed. He who, with such persistant, life long benevolence determined to besiege the very kingdom of heaven,—is there one of us who would not gladly exchange places with him who walked through life with his kind, unostentatious, benevolent purpose, perpetually building up for himself a monument in the hearts of the people. Is there one of us who does not see that George Peabody acted wisely in thus distributing his wealth during his life, and not waiting till it could no longer serve him, or he direct its disposal.

I need not remind you that there gifts for educational purposes, vast and magnificent as they were, were not mere acts of charity and kindness, but they were all designed to relieve the ignorant from their condition,—every one of them evidences of the determination of this great and good man to teach humanity to follow in his footsteps.

There is but one point more to which I desire to call your attention, and it especially belongs to my own country. It is that which above all others has identified Mr. Peabody with the English nation, and given him not only a reputation as a philanthropist, but one that will forever remain as a monument to him in every European country. I speak of his beneficence to the poor of London.

There are very few of you who have not visited this great modern Babylon, who can form the slightest conception of this, the great metropolis of the world. Permit me to invite your attention to the peculiar class whom it was designed to benefit.

London City is supposed to occupy a space of sixteen square miles, every portion of which is thickly set with brick and mortar. Some twenty five years ago, the census of its population was three millions. It is now nearly four millions. Out of this I have myself presented publicly the evidence that there are hundreds of thousands who never have any chance to know what it is to rest by night beneath the shelter of a roof, who wander through the city streets, utterly houseless and homeless, nameless, placeless, with no where to go, even in the bitterest cold of winter. You may see them huddled away, sometimes creeping, with their loathsome rags fluttering in the wind, for shelter and warmth upon the doorsteps, in alleys, and anywhere that they can find the least protection from the inclemency of the weather; anywhere that they can creep away from sight, like loathsome animals, whom nobody cares to keep, nobody wants to see or to love. How they live,—how they maintain their wretched existence,—yet none inquire.

It was not for such as these—it was not for these utterly helpless, hopeless, miserable, degraded ones, that any chance or any possibility of benefit seemed to present itself to the great and wise mind of George Peabody. He looked, as many others have looked, upon the problem of London vagrancy, as one of those things which is built up to destroy itself. It is a monster that has grown so immense and so terrible, that every one who looks upon it sees in it the shadowy death spirit that must ultimately strangle the parent that gave it birth. It is left to its filth, its wretchedness, its suicide.

We know that there is upon an average one human being a day, who starves to death in London. We know this, and none can help it; none can save; none can stretch forth a hand; at least it seems so, for none do it. No one seems able to grapple with this dreadful problem. I have given these statements that you may have some conception of the poor of London.

Next above these wretched beings there is a numerous class who may be seen at the street corners and in many parts of the city, peddling small wares. You may see little sad-looking children, striving in their little way, to do a trade in matches, and in the smallest kind of wares, whilst their parents sit at the street corners with some fruits and vegetables. When they have realized a few pennies, they creep back into their old, delapidated quarters. Every room of the miserable houses accommodates several families. I dare not attempt to give you the details. Suffice it to say, that when I inquired whether I might not venture to one of these places, I was cautioned that it was not safe for a lady to go unprotected. I was told that each corner of the room, and also the middle of the room, every inch, seemed to be occupied.

I turned from these abodes of distress, and asked myself how they lived; how they died; How they strove; how they, like Ishmaelites, lift their hands against society that crushes them down.

That is another phase of the poor of London. They are a little better than the others who live openly upon plunder. There is another phase—yet a little higher character of industry: the costermonger. If you go to certain parts of the town, you may see them before it is light, tramping on their way, to make purchases of small wares. These they carry, generally, a very long distance. From the earliest morning you hear their hoarse cries. It is calculated there are some thirty thousand of these in London. They are generally honest and fair in dealing. They don't know anything but pennies, yet they manage to support their wives and families by very hard labor. They are never old. It is a very great mystery where they all live. Many of them find homes in old-fashioned, tumble down places, that have once been dependencies upon palaces, but have sunk into dilapidated ruins. There are such quarters in London connected with the richest and most aristocratic palaces. There are other parts where there are whole neighborhoods of such dwellings, black and dilapidated, with fantastic old carvings, and here and there large old steps fallen to ruins. There these costermongers and small traders and petty mechanics live, and will live as long as London improvements will let them remain.

I must point to you a special feature of London life. There is a very great desire to renovate and adorn certain parts of the city, to make it fair and beautiful.

You know this is an age of progress, and it is culminating in a wonderful perfection in certain parts of London. During my life time, I can well remember of great improvements which have been made in some parts of that city. Old dwellings have been torn down in great numbers, and their inmates have been compelled to seek new homes, and no one can tell where they must go. You may see them wandering about disconsolate, looking for some place where they may ply their wretched trade. Think of such creatures looking for shelter, for nobody attempts to build lodgings for them. There are lodging houses for the respectable classes. There are set quarters, often very pleasant rows of pretty small dwellings, with little gardens, pleasant homes for them. They look pleasant with the firelight twinkling through their windows, occupied by some poor laboring man, who has been able to rent one; able also to pay for the means of living. In contrast with these, we have the splendid palatial residences. You may pass these for miles and miles, and all look grand and stately, being so finely ornamented.

But we turn to the dwellings of these poor people; these wretched costermongers; these poor mechanics and day laborers; these humble people,—men, women and children, each one foured to toil,—each one striving to keep up some of the decencies of life in that which they call home. But there is no place for them. There has been no endeavor by the philanthrophist, those reformers who are perpetually preaching domestic economy and reform in every direction; there had been no attempt made to care for such as these, until the good George Peabody came amongst us—then it was that his great heart and his wise mind perceived that there was a special point in which a labor of true philanthrophy could be extended, to teach these poor creatures,—first, the value of home; next, to maintain this in cleanliness. For this purpose, he built large tenant houses.

I care not whether they be a failure in the administrations or not,—some of the noblest governments are failures in administrations. The fault, however, is not in the principle, but in those who do not carry it out. I am ashamed of those who failed to procure for these homes the proper conditions.

There was a necessity of enforcing cleanliness, order, and a decent observance of rules, as well as industry. The means of education must be enforced in all these, and although these were wanting, it is enough to know that such were the principles which actuated him in erecting this monument in the great thobbing heart of London.

Now Judge for yourselves, how his name must be honored; how his kind face; his stately form, with quiet gate, as he passed through the streets of London, was revered. The snows of many a winter had silvered over his head, and now that his presence has gone out from their midst, it is like a star quenched. It matters not that his purposes might have been defeated, by mal-administration,—there is the example; there is the intention for the people; there is the same determination to promote self help, the determination not to degrade humanity by making paupers of them, but to help them by giving them the means of helping themselves. Now, that he has gone from us,—gone in one sense, but I can not pass over the scenes of his departure, the memory of what that blank is, which he has left, without inviting you once more to linger amidst those scenes which he has glorified, and pause with me for a few brief moments of retrospect, where they laid his ashes in peace, and sang the grand old anthem, that his soul lives. They took him to West Minster Abbey, to the place where lie the ashes of the kingly dead; they took him to the grand cloistered cathedral, which for a thousand years has upreared its mighty head to the skies, to that place which contains the history of that wonderful little island, from which so many of us sprang. There the history of century upon century is mapped out and recorded in the long line of descended kings, heroes, warriors, statesmen, princes, poets, discoverers, navigators,—many who have been great and wonderful and strong, find there a record in the grandest specimens of art that our eyes have ever looked upon. Beneath the everlasting roof of this wonderful abbey they laid him, and it is not many days since London's thronging millions were all alive and pouring in one vast line of humanity. I am told that there was not a single point on the line that was not reverently draped with black. The tall masts, which by thousands pierce the skies from east to west for five miles long in the docks of the Thames, were hung in mourning. All the stores were closed, and the bells poured forth the requiem notes, and above them sounded the heavy boomings from St. Pauls and West Minster Abbey, which never sound, never give their solemn murmur to the wind, except in honor of royalty. Now, these gigantic thunder peals [illegible] swinging with their mournful cadences to the wind, and for the space of more than twelve [illegible] the procession moved in the midst of these vast and solemn requiem tones, through all London, with the deep hoarse booming of these bells, which never sounded except in honor of royalty. Again they tolled out to the wind that a kingly man had gone home; that the sovereign of philanthropy was no more. The people mourned for the great loyal heart of George Peabody, and on they poured;—those living tides of life,—all in one direction—down to the grand old abbey. They came by hundreds and by thousands into its cloistered arches. They were there from all parts of the country. There were strangers there who had never looked upon his face, who had never felt the grasp of his kind hand, and yet

CONTINUED ON EIGHTH PAGE.

*Written for the Religio-Philosophical Journal.*

## ORIGINAL SIN, OR MAN'S FALLEN CONDITION.

The doctrine of Original Sin is still adhered to by the Orthodox Churches, and proclaimed from the various pulpits by the clergy of all denominations. The usual quotation offered by them as an argument in its favor, is that of St. Paul, where he says:

"As by one man sin entered the world, and death by sin, so death passed upon all, for all sinned."

This is the doctrine of man's fallen condition, as contained in the Bible, where we are told that the result was the effect of *one man's sin*, and that the transgression of a given law is to effect his whole posterity. Below is a communication I received from Dr. Hare, in answer to a question upon this subject I propounded to him several years ago, viz: "Is man a fallen being?" The answer was given on the 25th of February, 1860, and is too good not to be frequently known. It is as follows:

"WM. B. FAHNESTOCK: DEAR BROTHER, your question of last evening I could have answered as well then as now, so far as I am able to answer it at all.

"Question:—*Is Man a Fallen Being?*

"Answer:—Not in the sense in which it has been heretofore held, by any means. Man, however is not as perfect as God, nor can he ever be. In order that we may to some extent understand the subject, it will be necessary to go back to first principles.

"God was good—was perfect. He created man less than himself,—less pure, less wise, less good. Now this must be self evident; because if man had been created equal in goodness, wisdom and purity to God (had this been possible), then there could have been no God. Now, as the consequence of man's being less wise than God, there must have been a degree of ignorance in man, and as the misdirection of good, through ignorance, produces evil, man must, of necessity, become evil in proportion to his ignorance. The misdirection of good resulting in greater ignorance, the deterioration of the adult race was the consequence.

Now, as moral ignorance must, in its nature, produce infraction of physical laws, physical malformations would, in time, be the result. Hence, may be accounted for, the phrenological discrepancies daily occurring, and which clearly indicate difference in infants, who are thus made to suffer the penalty of infracted physical laws on the part of parents.

Now you will perceive that although when man came first from the hand of his Creator, the amount of ignorance, and of course evil, connected with the race, was small, comparatively; yet through a series of ages that misdirection was increased, until self became his only God,—murder, theft, rapine and debauchery the the only result of his life. Now, this condition must have continued to increase, had it not been for the efforts of progress made by reformers in various ages, which stayed, to some extent, the tide of evil sweeping over the world.

That the race, as a race, is to a certain extent, less pure than it was originally, is true, but that it now is much better than it was in the days of Judaism, is also true.

These facts may be clearly demonstrated. All moral impurity is productive of physical disease, and, of course, premature decay and death. Now the lives of men are of shorter duration than they were in the first ages, but a comparison of the moral condition of the present race in Christendom, will clearly show that they are better men than David and his associates.

Now, a question occurs: How does the action of reformers restore the race to purity? Simply by removing the ignorance by which men are surrounded, and teaching truth and wisdom, by which evil is, of necessity, removed, and man is instructed to use the mercies and good of heaven as they were intended to be used.

It follows, then, that when wisdom directs man's actions evil cannot exist, and as all progress implies increased wisdom, all progress implies increased good, and, of course, redemption from the fall, understood as defined. The fall, as understood by religionists, being, in reality, merely an unmeaning jargon of senseless phrases, alike destitute of reason and common sense; as God wanted to know if man would be obedient, and in order to try him, set up an apple tree, and told him not to eat of its fruit,—and then a snake, being opposed to God, persuaded the woman to do that which God (by their own showing) knew she would do before he made the trial. Is not this the veriest trash?

Now, to be serious, I am persuaded that the exposition which I have given of the fall, although imperfect, from the fact that few spirits understand things which took place so long before their existence, is nearer the truth than any you have on the subject.

There may some good result from this view, as man may, by the observance of his nature and condition, learn the necessity of rejecting ignorance, as the cause not only of his own evils, but also of those by which he finds himself surrounded.

ROBERT HARE."

After the above was given, an orthodox preacher of this place, who passed into spirit life some years before, took possession of the medium's hand, and gave his view in opposition to the above. Dr. Hare replied the next evening, and was again answered by the same spirit, to which the Doctor made a final reply, which was unanswerable.

Altogether, this spirit controversy is rich and instructive. If you would like to have all for publication, I will copy and send them to you.

Fraternally,
WM B FAHNESTOCK.

## DR W. J. PHELPS CHALLENGES DISCUSSION.

FRIEND JONES: As a subscriber to your JOURNAL, I do not design (am in arrears now) to pay subscription and postage without reading and noting its contentents, and I freely acknowledge that I am entertained by articles from Dr. Underhill, and other contributors, more than pleased with the words of Austin Kent, F. B. Dowd, and many other noble minds.

As this language will somewhat expose my thoughts, I will add that I have often contemplated writing you comments upon the views, stated facts and theories of many of your contributors, but have been deterred from fear of imposing upon over-filled columns, the magnitude, and, perhaps, uselessness of the labor to comment on all I like or dislike; and lastly, because I am continually learning more about that neutral space on the "debatable land between this world and the next."

Again an impress would come booming over the wave of thought that I might be thrown into "the waste," and my labors fall to naught; and again, if accepted, I might find myself climbing the fence, and only entitled to belligerant rights, but as there is a "tide" in all things, and a fatuity in organic law, I must submit to the pressure and expansion.

Being of skeptical mind, I have watched the phenomena of Spiritualism closely, because I had hopes like other men, and would like to see immortality established beyond and without faith.

After many years of careful investigation of mental phenomena, and the use of all available powers and means, and a special inquiry into the views and methods of induction manifested by others, I am compelled in honesty to my own soul, to acknowledge a disbelief in the *publicly prevailing, advocated and published* faiths of Spiritualism, and to rate them as dogmas growing out of mistaken interpretations of facts, and misunderstood causes of effects.

In the JOURNAL of the 20th inst., I notice a descussion between E. V. Wilson and G. C. Haddock upon a resolution offered by Mr. W, "which covers the whole ground," and is the first I have seen not open to objections.

As the lecturing season is now opening, and I expect to be about, I will state that I am willing to defend the negative of that resolution at any convenient time, and place within my reach, and should any or many of the numerous advocates of, or lecturers on, the philosophy of spiritual intercourse, think it either profitable or interesting to discuss that resolution with me, they can address me for pre arrangements at this locality.

P. S.—If this is accepted, I hope to see it inserted soon. My proposition is not made in any spirit of selfish boasting, and I mention public, not private views, as the world does not own our or others' private views, and I enclose one of my small *bills*, that you may estimate whether I will prove an unworthy antagonist.

Respectfully yours,
Dr. W. J. PHELPS,
Professor of Phrenology and Ontolology.
Canton, Lewis Co. Mo. Box 301.

*Written for the Religio-Philosophical Journal.*

## UNDERHILL VERSUS FAHNESTOCK

### Interesting Particulars in Reference to Clairvoyance.

DEAR JOURNAL:—In your last number your correspondent, Dr. Fahnestock, writes upon 'Clear Seeing.' I say no clairvoyant can see any further than their nervous fluid reaches. Entranced persons may, and do, sometimes, leave the body and make journeys, perhaps, to the moon or planets; but that which is light to them,—that which brings to the perceptive powers a knowledge of objects, not visible to the eyes, is this nervous fluid, the existence of which the doctor so persistently denies. It is a life chain, connecting all who love each other. Those who read my work, entitled "Underhill on Mesmerism," will find facts that go to prove this. Hence, what numerous cases of presentiment arise from this. A young man in Western New York left the plow and went to the house with his hand pressing against his body, near the stomach, and said to his friend, "My brother is killed by a shot striking him here." His brother was in the battle of Buena Vista, Mexico, that day, and killed by a shot in the spot he indicated, and about that time of day. They were twin brothers. A kindred case occurred in Duchess county, New York, in 1812, whilst I was there. A bachelor farmer had adopted two orphan nephews. They were bedfellows, and greatly attached to each other. The uncle, that spring, put the eldest in a store at upper Red Hook Landing; and now the younger slept with his uncle. His uncle put him to bed before dark, and retired to read. In a few minutes the boy was screaming. The uncle rushed to him, and found that his cry was, "Brother is drowning, brother's drowning!" The uncle, believing that he was only dreaming, shook him, and bid him wake up. His reply was, "Uncle, I am not asleep. I saw him go down three times, and I see him now on the bottom of the river." Think you that there was no telegraph wire of magnetic fluid between the brothers?

Dr. Justinus Kerner has published the "Magicon," of which I got four volumes. They came out once a year, beginning about 1837. He was the author of the "Prophetess of Provost." They are full of interesting modern facts. Take the following:

"A young Frenchman died in New Orleans in 1818, I think, and just as he expired he extended both arms and cried, "Father, I die." That night the father in Paris, France, was sleeping, and dreamed that he saw his son's extended arms, and was awakened by the cry of, "Father, I die." He jumped out of bed, made a note of the time, and took the first ship for New Orleans. He reached his son's boarding house, and inquired for him. He had died the night that the father heard the cry, and learned that the cry and extended arms was a fact."

I asked a brilliant clairvoyant how she knew when the bottle of water was magnetized. "Why, I taste it," was the reply. I filled the bottle before I put her to sleep, then put several in communication with her to ask questions. She would always tell me when the water was magnetized, when I had attempted to do it without her knowledge. Once I went to the farther end of the room, thinking, as she was very busy, that she might not know that I was magnetizing the water. I had just begun when she broke off her conversation to say: "He's got so far off with that water that I don't know as I can taste it there." She reached it with her nervous or magnetic fluid. The doctor makes the the subject too independent. I know that some carry a *resolution* into their sleep that they will not talk when magnetized, and persist in the determination. I just *will* them to be some other person, and they talk freely even about their not talking. I will leave until my next, remarks about sensation and feeling. When utterly insensible to needles in their own flesh they may feel anything that I feel. More anon.

S. UNDERHILL.

## WHENCE COMES IT?

### The "Old Mohawk's" Denial of Prof. Fahnestock's Magnetic and Clairvoyant Theory

Mr. Fahnestock's third article on "Spirit Control and Animal Magnetism" in the JOURNAL of the 27th ult, was read to the "Old Mohawk" as soon as received. The old chief (Indian control of Dr. Herring) heard patiently to the end, and without waiting for questions, immediately remarked in his close, direct way; "Mr. Fahnestock knows a great deal, but does he know anything outside of himself?"

The old Mohawks question is most pertinent. There is no query on the face of this grand phenomena of "Control," "Clairvoyance," "Magnetism," &c. All see it. The point is, what forces are behind; what causes it? Of course, Mr. F. *knows* nothing about it; he can only theorize like the rest of us.

It is different with the Mohawk. He is where he can know. He is behind the curtain. He can speak to the point. He knows the source of this wonderful power, if he knows anything. But Mr. Fahnestock says, "Spirits are not perfect; their "say so" is no proof that a thing *is so*."

Is the Mohawk then reliable? In the thousand examinations made, and the thousands of questions asked him, we have never discovered the least deviation from the facts as far as could be known. When he states a thing positively, we have always found the proof exactly in accordance with the statement.

Mr. Fahnestock says, 'Spirits can aid in healing, but they can only do it by impressing the mind of the patient;' in other words, by working through his faith.

The old Indian spirit says the fact must be otherwise. "How," he asks, "can spirits draw healthy Magnetism from the medium as they do, and take it to sick patients hundreds of miles away? How can we operate on the faith of a person asleep, crazy, or who has no faith at all?"

Mr. Fahnestock cites the case of a boy who could see and describe the position of the French and Prussian armies after the spirits had withdrawn their control. The Mohawk says, "The boy could see nothing independently. The spirits knew the position of the armies, and they brought it before the mind of the boy, and then he could see and describe. That's just what there was to that."

Mr. F. speaks further of the boy being able now to "throw himself into insensible condition without the aid of some other spirit in the body or out" He says, "There are always spirits enough present to control the boy, if he desires it. He can do nothing unless the spirits choose to control him"

Incidently in speaking of magnetic influence, the Indian says the spirits magnetized the pool of water spoken of in the Bible; and the person who first went into the water, received the benefit of the magnetism, and was healed. A second would receive no such benefit.

The question was asked, 'Why are spirits so charry of the little simple facts and dates of their former lives, that would serve as tests if given us?' The Mohawk replies, "We can magnetize and control the upper part of the medium's brain much easier than we can the the lower. The memory of facts lies down in the lowest and darkest frontal organs. These little facts are perfectly clear to ourselves, but it is difficult, usually, for us to express ourselves through the medium's organ of memory."

There is always something to be learned from the old Mohawk. He is clear, concise, cogent, holding himself to the facts, and not given to exageration or vain speculation.

MILWAUKEE.

## GONE TO THE SUMMER-LAND.

As another of the early pioneers in reform has just passed over the river, we deem it but meet that more than a short notice of his departure should be given to the readers of the Spiritualist papers.

Ephraim S. Bartlett, of Greensprings, Ohio, on the eve of July 28th, left the worn out body, and became one of those bright angel forms, which sometimes, in our clearer vision, we see around about us. His was no common mind. He was firm and true always for the right; one who opposed all forms of bigotry and slavery. He was born in the year 1797 in Thomaston, Massachusetts (now Maine). He served in the War of 1812, and followed the sea for many years. He united with the Baptist Church, with a firm conviction of right at an early age; finally leaving, on becoming satisfied of their errors,—objecting to the use of wine at the communion table,—so firm was he in his temperance principles.

He was an Abolitionist, voting the first ticket in the county of Seneca, helping the slaves to Canada for years. His life was one of persecution and danger. Radical on all subjects, a firm believer in spirit communion, his life-record is one of interest. Many of our lecturers will remember him and his kindnesses. Many a poor slave will drop a tear for "Uncle Eph," as he was familiarly called.

Kind, benevolent, with a heart overflowing in sympathy, we shall miss him when we go to see those he has left behind. But we have bid him farewell in mortal life, and in the inspired words of Bro. A. B. French, on the occasion of laying away the worn out garment, we say: "Good bye, Uncle Eph. Tell Voltaire, Volney, Hume, Rosseau, Gibbon and Paine, that the world is beginning to think. Tell them that already theology is tottering and crumbling away; that the chains are being broken. Good bye, Uncle Eph. Tell Washington, Franklin, Jefferson, and Lincoln, that the world moves, and that freedom is triumphant. Already we hear the sound across the waters, of the clashing of arms, that foretells of coming events."

*Banner of Light*, and *American Spiritualist* please copy.

FRANCES A. TUTTLE.
Clyde, Aug. 5th, 1870.

## THE ANSWER.

### By S. Underhill, M. D.

You kindly ask me if I am in earnest. I am in earnest, dear Brother. Suppose that you should become acquainted with phenomena that did convince thousands of future existence, whose minds had lost all confidence in the history of phenomena on which you had always believed, would you not be in earnest in presenting them to the world?

Paul said we had come to meet spirits of just men made perfect. The Jews rejected Jesus, saying, "We know God spake unto Moses," and they claimed that that was enough. You admit that Moses, Elias and Jesus returned, and say that that is enough for us—how like.

I affirm that we want fresh evidence just as much as the Jews did. With the millions expended in preaching those ancient facts and phenomena, the world is full of infidelity, and a large portion of the unbelievers are church members.

I think Spiritualists are the only consistent believers in the New Testament. It is brim-full of spiritual phenomena which I believe, and also believe that these phenomena were to continue in the church. Some say you must believe all or none, but as I never heard a good reason for that saying, I reject it. You believe the phenomena recorded in the Bible because they are recorded in the *Bible*. I believe them because I have witnessed similar in this day. You believe that men anciently wrote under spiritual influence. I believe they did, because sometimes I do so write.

Thanking you for the kind spirit in which you have written, I am yours,

S. UNDERHILL, M. D.

## THE SABLE POET.

"We's be nearer to de Lord
Den de white folks, and de know it,
See de glory gate onbarred,
Walk in darkies past de guard.
Bet yer a dollar He won't close it:

"Walk in darkies, troo de gate,
Hark! de cullered angels holler,
Go way white folks, you's too late,
We's de winning color; wait
Till de trumpet blows to foller.

"Halleloojah, tanks to praise,
Long enough we've borne our crosses,
Now we's de sooperior race;
And wid Gorramighty's grace
We's going to Hebben afore de bosses."

☞ Since Queen Victoria took her place on the English throne, thirty-three years ago, every throne in Europe, from the least unto the greatest, has changed occupants.

## "NO MAN CAN DO AS YOU CAN."

For twenty years I have ridiculed and turned a deaf ear to all spiritual manifestations and spiritual healing, but now my former good faith and strong convictions have received a raking broadside from the following incident:

Some two months since, while sitting near a table upon which were writing materials, with a good friend of mine, my fore-arm and elbow was suddenly seized by some strong invisible power,—firmly, painfully and rapidly shaken, and pushed toward my surprised friend, then instantly thrust forward, grasping the pen, and immediately writing:

*"No man can do as you can"*

Astonished, confounded, trembling, and actually weeping from the great surprise, and sharp painful shaking in my elbow joint, and the above sentence so strangely and suddenly written in a plain, coarse hand, burning in my brain, I attempted to rise and rush from its presence and the room, but could not stir. There I was transfixed, and time and again dashed off this wild sentence:

*"No man can do as you can"*

What to do, where to look, where to go, what to ask and what to think of this sudden painful manifestation, I knew not; yet glowing and burning in radiant light, and staring me full in the face from that pure white sheet was this ominous sentence, seven times plainly written thereon:

*"No man can do as you can."*

Again and again it was dashed off, burning deeper and deeper in my very soul; again and again I tried in vain to thrust pen and paper from me, yet as firmly and as steadily as the march of time, it would dash off:

*"No man can do as you can"*

Quite counter to my long life of spiritual persecution and spiritual repulsion in its every feature, I was thus conquered, and gently bowing my head, mentally prayed, "Thy will, O Lord, not mine be done."

Use this as you may, yet I solicit from your large circle of readers a solution to the above, and ask how, when and where am I to know whether the above was only a test of spiritual presence, or that its import will prove true in its literal sense.

Yours, E. J. FARNELL, M. D.
Aurora, Ill., Aug. 24th, 1870.

## EARLY SPIRITUAL MANIFESTATIONS.

BROTHER JONES:—Conversing with friends a short time since, on our early recollections of Spiritualism, the following incident was related by my brother, who was a resident of Albany at the time. You will see by the date that the manifestations occurred thirty-five years since. Albany was too Dutch at the time to learn their significance, and as the Dutchman said of his wife:

"She is now pretty much no better as she was."

H. ROSSEAU.

In the year 1834, spiritual manifestations were developed in the City of Albany, New York, of a remarkable character. There lived on Daniels street a family by the name of Beal. It consisted of a mother and three children,—the eldest a daughter of sixteen years. She was a weaver, and had her loom in the basement. In the month of April, while the daughter was at the loom, she heard dull heavy sounds overhead. She, supposing her mother required her attendance, hastened up stairs, and was much surprised to learn that she had not called her. While they were conversing, the sounds were again heard, this time under their feet, as if in the basement. This so astonished them, that the neighbors were called in. This only increased their difficulty, because it added to the number of the frightened ones, and spread the alarm. The sounds continuing with but little interruption, it was soon noised throughout the city, and many Albanians had the satisfaction of knowing that there was something they did not understand.

Among the number of those who called to hear the sounds, was the Reverend Mr. Kirk, a Presbyterian clergyman of note. After an investigation, the reverend gentleman was evidently convinced that the phenomena was supernatural, and that God could control and remove the cause. We know this from the fact that he offered prayer, not to expose the humbug, but to still the noise, and give quietness to the family. This was all very well; but it had not the least effect on the rappers or the Lord. The sounds continuing, the visitors increased to such extent to hear and see the bewitched loom, that another effort was made to remove the evil; accordingly, a witch-doctor was employed to quiet the supposed imp of darkness. His incantations and magical charms not proving effectual, he resorted to brimstone fumigation for the purpose of driving the imaginary demon to that place where brimstone is supposed to be the only commodity in use. The rapping power being superior to church and brimstone, it was deemed expedient to resort to other measures for relief.

Accordingly, the young lady was next heard from a few miles west of Albany. Report said the visit was to shield her from the cholera—be that as it may, wherever she went, the sounds followed. As an experiment to free her from the invisible power, she was placed upon a swing suspended from two apple trees. As soon as the swing was set in motion, it so amused and pleased the spirits that they beat the rat-tat-too loud and double quick on a sour apple tree.

When the cholera disappeared, the rapping quietly passed away.

## SPIRIT COMMUNICATION.

### From Gen. George H. Thomas.

BROTHER JONES:—I send you a communication from General George H. Thomas, which will explain itself.

N. E. DAGGETT.

On Wednesday evening, April 6th, 1870, General George H. Thomas had the pleasure of coming back to earth through a medium, George L. Converse, in the City of Chicago, at the private residence of Russell Green, and for some time he conversed with this gentleman and his lady; also with Mr. and Mrs. Daggett, of Elgin, Ill. Upon that evening, and at the time he was in conversation with the above named persons, he could distinctly hear the firing of heavy cannon, and saw the coffin that contained his own remains; saw the procession, etc., as it moved from place to place. He also conversed freely upon the parade that was being made over his exit from the form to spirit life. Was greatly surprised at the change, and doubtful of its duration. A cigar was handed him. The medium took it in his hand,—it was tangible. Truly it was a cigar, and its use did him more good, he said, than any other cigar he ever smoked, for after he had finished smoking, his mind was clearer, vision more distinct.

Yet all this time he had control of another person. He was somewhat bewildered. The medium was a smaller and younger person than himself. He had no sword, no uniform; in fact, it was himself and yet not himself. Past and present were crowded upon his mind. Finally he controlled his thoughts to speak freely, and still continue to visit Mr. and Mrs. Daggett in their home in Elgin, Ill., through George L. Converse, the medium through whom he made his first visit back to earth after his exit from the form.

Elgin, Ill., July 21st, 1870.

☞ California develops humor. There poor Dow Jr., ground out his patent sermons and drank himself to death; there John Phoenix wrote his mirth-provoking Phoenixiana; there, too, Mark Twain graduated from a newspaper office as the court jester of a whole people.

# Voices from the People.

WOOD, WISCONSIN.—O. W. Pitts writes.—I would say that the paper is doing much toward freeing the creed bound minds of many here. If we could have a good test medium, like E. V. Wilson, many would believe our heaven born religion.

MEDFORD, MINN.—Mrs. Bell Chamberlain writes.—Being fairly launched upon the field of Spiritualism, as one of the many who hope to be useful as pilots to those to whom the waters are strange, I feel it proper that I report to your valuable paper my successes, and the state of the cause as I may find it in the various places I may visit in my itinerant labors. I wish my name placed in the Speaker's Register.

LINCOLN.—Mrs E. A. Corwin writes.—I hereby acknowledge the receipt of the four papers you so kindly and generously sent me, and have given them all away except one. The JOURNAL is universally liked and praised by all for its many noble qualities, sound and instructive arguments, and the glorious cause it so fearlessly defends.

MASON.—H. J. Wilson writes.—I would not be deprived of the pleasure that reading of the paper affords me, for twice the price of it. Long may it wave.

QUINCY, ILL.—S. J. Lowe writes.—I have been a constant reader of your paper for the last six months, and can say that I am very much delighted with its teachings, and am willing to do all I can for the furtherance of its circulation in the community, as I think it will throw a great deal of light on the minds of some of our benighted friends in this city. I like it for its free and open principles.

RICHMOND, PENN.—Joel Maryott writes.—We have a society here, of about forty members. Have built a hall for the purpose of holding meetings, and have it now completed. We have been for the last six months holding little family circles, and there are now eight mediums being developed for different phases of mediumship. Last week, Mrs. Trego came to this place and gave two lectures, and held two seances. She gave some very good tests, and it was a refreshing time to the thirsty soul.

MONTVILLE, OHIO.—S. B. Hart writes.—Inclosed you will find three dollars to renew my subscription. I can not tell you how much I like the paper, and how often I thank God that he has given to the world and to the cause of truth, such a man as stands at its head.

EYOTA, MINN.—G. M. Willis writes.—You may consider me a permanent reader of the paper while here on this mundane shore, for the older it grows, the better it becomes in tone and scientific knowledge, and I will do all I can to extend its circulation.

BLOOMFIELD, CAL.—A. B. Grover writes.—The margin of the paper puts me in mind of my dues to you, so you will find inclosed three dollars, for a renewal of my subscription for I could not do without the paper under the present circumstances. The spiritual food it contains, satisfies my soul's desires. It is finding its way into almost every family of our neighborhood, and the people are becoming more liberal after reading it, so much so, that Spiritualism is becoming very popular, although we have had no public lectures since Mr. B. F. Todd left. He promised us a Pacific Department in your valuable paper. I really wish you would send us out some good speaker and test mediums. They would be received with welcome hands and warm hearts, and well paid for their trip to the Pacific, as all seem anxious to investigate for the truth. We have some good mediums here, speaking and healing, but prophets are without honor in their own country. So it is with us. Yet we live in one of the finest counties in the state. I would advise all liberal minded men coming to our state to call upon our county before locating elsewhere, if they wish to do well and prosper, for our crops never fail. The climate is delightful, so much so, that people never die,—they sometimes dry up and blow away, but they always blow back again in spirit, if not in body for at times we have some glorious communications assuring us of their presence among us again, and the word death should be forever blotted from our minds.

MIDDLEBURY.—Anna Tett writes.—We have just had the question settled by the Reverend Mack, presiding elder of the M. E. Church, stationed at Goshen, Ind., in a discussion on the divinity of Christ, in which he labored hard to makes him the very God, and brought Christ's own words to substantiate the fact, where he says, 'No man hath power to take my life,' and in the next breath, says, "for this his enemies pursued and killed him."

WINONA, MINN.—Jane M. Davis writes.—I love the paper now better than ever. May you ever have help in your good work.

HASTINGS, MINN.—Wm C. Hall writes.—You will find inclosed one dollar and fifty cents. Send on your paper. I like it because it teaches that man cannot sin, and then whine out of it without paying the score.

Wm. McKay writes.—You will find three dollars inclosed, being one year's subscription for your most valuable paper. I took it for three months on trial for fifty cents, to see if I would like it, and to be candid with you, I would not be without it if it cost five times the sum. The lectures of Emme Hardinge and others, more than pay for the paper; but above all, give me such food as the debate between E. V. Wilson, Spiritualist, and G. C. Haddock, Methodist. Such brings it home to the very soul of all parties, and shows who is right and who wrong. Without prejudice to either of the gentlemen, I think the Reverend has made a very poor start. I am sorry to see any sane man pretend to discuss or debate with another upon a subject that millions of the most intelligent of our race have examined to the fullest extent and proven it to be the only religion known to man that can bring forward facts to substantiate the truth of the immortality of the soul. Without the philosophy of Spiritualism, all is wild conjecture, and others, as well as myself, might have continued atheists and deists till now, if it had not been for the soul saving, life-giving philosophy of Spiritualism.

CONCORD, MINN.—A. E. Castice writes.—I cannot think of doing without your paper. It is read by three or four families, and I think it is doing a great deal of good. There are many liberal-minded people here, and I think a good lecturer would be well received. There never has been a spiritual lecture delivered in this place, and most of the people know nothing about our philosophy.

PRINCETON, IOWA.—Elvira Hallerman writes. Will you permit me through the paper, to say a few words in regard to Mrs. S. A. Rogers, who has been here some two or three times, always giving good satisfaction. I consider her a good lecturer, a pure high minded woman, one ardently working for the cause she loves so well. As a circle medium, there are few her equals. The beautiful emblems and spirits she sees and describes for those she sits with, makes them feel that they are most in the Spirit Land, her language and descriptions are so fine. Through her mediumship I became a firm believer in the spiritual philosophy, and a subscriber to this paper, which I love dearly. I find therein many fine manifestations, through different mediums, such as E. V. Wilson, Addie L. Ballou, and many others, but I have never seen or read of any that equal hers. As a psychometrist, there are few better. As she thinks of going to the New England states, we can recommend her to all requiring such a medium, as one of the best psychometric clairvoyants. She would stop on her way to lecture, if any society should need her services. Her post office address is Rock Island, Ill., care of A. J. Grover, M. D.

☞ The great musical festival lately held in New York, was in memory of Beethoven, who was born a hundred years ago. The singing is said to have been glorious. The festival lasted a week, and the best musicians in America lent their aid to make it worthy of the memory of the old composer.

# Original Poetry.

*Written for the Religio-Philosophical Journal.*

## AN IMPROMPTU POEM.

*Respectfully Inscribed to Mrs. Julia Brewer, of Hartford, Connecticut.*

BY ELIZA A. PITTSINGER.

Friend of my soul, how swiftly flee
My thoughts—my sympathies to thee!
Friend of my soul, all friends above,
Upon the golden wings of love,
That know no change, oh, let me bear
A tender blessing and a prayer!
Thou mayest above thine earnest life
Are clouds with wintry shadows rife;
That from the dark and devious way
Sweet Hope shuts out her starry ray;
That pale disease and wan despair,
With many a dim, o'ershadowing care,
Still settles o'er thee, like the blight
That falls upon a starless night.

Dear friend, oh, would that I could bear
Upon the silent wings of air,
Or by the flight of some sweet dove,
To thee the olive branch of love!
Or yet upon the breath of morn,
Ere sunlight brightens o'er the lawn,
Oh, would my spirit fondly flee,
And bear its deepest tones to thee!
Oh, in the hour of sweet twilight,
Ere yet the stars shed down their light,
How oft my weary spirit yearns,
While every hope within me burns,
As in the dearest days of yore
To clasp thee to my heart once more!
How oft at midnight's silent hour,
When inspiration's magic power,
Like some far-off, sweet waterfall,
Upon my waking dreams doth fall,
Do I the veil of distance rend,
And gaze on thee, my dearest friend!

'Tis said that in the quiet hour
Of night, the spirit hath a power
All buoyant, disengaged and free,
From its rude prison house to flee!
That flesh or substance may not bind
The soul, the spirit or the mind!

If so, then who would seek to shun
From truth such potent lessons won?
If so, who would not seek to win,
From out the turmoil and the din
Of life, the ecstacy and bliss,
Emblending with our own, like this?

One midnight hour, not long ago,
With fancies flitting to and fro,
I saw beside me, flushed and warm,
The gentle face, the matron form,
Of one whose missive brought the light
Emblending with those visions bright,
That sweetest ecstacy and spell,
From her I loved so long and well.

For her, the absent one, prolong,
Oh, Love, your deepest, sweetest song!
While yet the token of its power
Shall bind me to that midnight hour;
Dear symbols, in your language seek
To breathe the thoughts I fain would speak,
To chant the music ere it dies,
And in the gloom of silence lies!

Oh, Music, send your fondest strain
Across the broad, expansive plain,
Until her ravished ear hath caught
The cadence of each lingering thought!
Until her glowing eyes behold,
The threads of purple and of gold,
Whose varied shades may bear the proof
Of love-spent web and silken woof.

I know not how it is, my friend,
But as these hasty lines are penned,
My spirit seems to thee so near
I clearly understand and hear
Thy very thoughts, while on thy face
The rapture of thy soul I trace!

Thy locks of glowing auburn hair,
To my rapt vision seem more fair
Than when upon thy brow my hand
Thy two-fold destiny I planned!

Thy two-fold destiny! ah, me!
How blest it is, my friend, to be
An instrument of love and power
To those whose frailties are their dower!

Strive on, oh, absent one, and gain
Thy future recompense from pain!
Strive in thy strength, and kindly lead
The lowly to thine own high creed!
Strive in thy woman-love to win,
From out the chaos and the din
Of life, the golden amulet,
Whose diamond-pointed rays are set
In colors that serenely shine
Upon the breast of love divine!

Speed on thy mission! Upward bear
With thee the poet's earnest prayer!
Speed on thy mission, in the strife
For freedom and a better life;
Until in each libation flows
The human balm for human woes!

Crichton Hall, La Porte, Ind. Sept 1st.

## MODERN SPIRITUALISM.

**Strange Incidents in the History of an Investigator—Interesting Particulars.**

BY AUGUSTA MOORE.

From the Congregationalist and Recorder.

[This communication will be read with interest, as the tests given were of the most convincing character, but the conclusions that the writer comes to, that demons alone did the work, shows an unpardonable weakness on his part, or that he is badly afflicted with orthodoxy.—ED. JOURNAL.]

The scornful assumption that "there is nothing, or merely humbug in Spiritualism," is an arrogance and a weakness. Those who assume this are often the first ones to "go over," when confronted by experience of the facts of the case. The true course is ever the safe course, and any one who attempts the investigation of Spiritualism with the idea that probably his Bible has told him all about it before, will not be likely to be won to change his faith in Jesus and his gospel for a pretended gospel preached by devils—even if they do work lying wonders, personating one's dearest friends and relatives. And now, at the risk of my reputation, I wish to state a few facts. Hundreds of persons could tell as strange a story, if they dared; but there is too great a dread of being laughed at, or considered credulous. This is wrong; self should not stand in the way of efforts to do good—to warn our fellows.

I was induced to go to hear what a clairvoyant would say over a letter and a lock of hair of my brother, lost in California. Contrary to my expectations she asked no questions; but, sinking into a strange sort of sleep, began talking. First, she correctly described Herbert, with his long, curling auburn hair, and mark of India ink, which he had in childhood pricked into his arm. She read the name "Jene," sat in silent amazement, my eyes fastened on her face, over which alternated pallor and a blue black hue that produced a sort of horror in my mind. She told me how he went, and why he went, and many things of his adventures that I knew were true; and other things she told that then I did not know, but when letters from friends in California came, they were confirmed, in so much that my uncle declared "that woman must be the devil." Then she told me of a dreadful storm, a shipwreck, a fall, an injured skull—of robbers coming with the morning (over a sand bar, which proved to be there, and the boat fast on it—so found by my uncle) and carrying Herbert, who alone remained in the little vessel, to the mountains, or to wilds where they resorted; and much more, which I must not take space to repeat. Of course I could not readily forget this adventure, nor make up my mind what to think of it. Some time after, I walked into the room of a noted "medium" on Broadway, and asked, without introducing myself "Have you here any spirits who will talk with me?"

At the time, there were several persons sitting about a table, in the center of an (I think, uncarpeted room. They all moved back. I was bid to put my hands on the table, and the moment I touched it I was greeted by a concert of raps. I started back. All in the room exclaimed. No one that morning had been able to get much response until I came. The medium brightened up perceptibly: "There are enough to talk with *you*," he said, a faint smile playing over his *very* pale face.

But I was suspicious of trickery. "Sit farther away from that table" I said. He moved at once. I lifted it, turned it over, examined its legs, its thickness—saw that it was an *honest*, thin-topped table, and replaced it. The moment I laid my hand upon it again, the knocks were renewed. "They want the alphabet," said the medium. "I will not use it," returned I. "Let them write through you." "You can't dictate to the spirits in that fashion," said the man looking curiously at me. "If they are friendly to me, they will do as I wish them to; if they are not, I want nothing to do with them," said I. Everybody stared at this promulgation, but no one replied.

Suddenly the right arm of the medium was flung violently out. He moved quickly to the table saying, "Give me a pencil"—one was handed him, also paper. He wrote furiously, down one page of foolscap, then turned it, and on, almost to the bottom of the next page; then signed with a name I knew before he had half written it, but which he could not make out when it was finished.

"Can you tell what the name is?" he asked.

"It is Herbert, my brother, who we fear has died in California," I replied, and taking the paper read to them all a statement, *written in my brother's well known hand*, confirming what the woman had said, and further saying, that the robbers had shot him, in his efforts to escape from them; that they had been keeping him in hopes of a ransom; that he had longed for a chance to communicate with me; that he was nearer to me than when in California; that he was glad I had found employment for my pen, but that Mr. —— would not fulfill the expectations he had raised; that he saw our mother every day, but did not live in the same place with her. That he would bring her to me,' etc., etc.

"Is it true?" asked several voices, in tones of interest and awe. I knew well that my face was by this time pale as that of the cavern-eyed medium.

"So far as I know, it is true," I replied; and now came more raps, calls for the alphabet, etc., and then came communications from what professed to be the spirit of my mother. I had made up my mind to see the the thing through; I cannot repeat half that was written and done, but there can be no such thing as *explaining* it by any theory of deceptions used by *human* agents. That medium had never seen, nor did he know, me or mine; and as to *writing what was in my mind*, to do that, he must have had superhuman knowledge, and he wrote what was *not* in my mind.

"I guess you'd be a believer," remarked one present.

"'Tis seldom we have such decided manifestations," declared the medium.

"Are you convinced?"

For a time I knew not what to say. That *handwriting*—the familiar forms of expression that had been used—the antic capers of a chair set in motion by what pretended to be Herbert's spirit, and which answered strangely and forcibly to his style when in a merry mood, and, truth to tell, a spell over me as of the actual, though unseen presence of my beloved ones, almost overwhelmed me.

But my mother, while she was yet with me, had faithfully taught me to test and judge everything by the written Word of God; to make that my rule and guide in all my ways.

And now—how does knowledge of it save us!—its words "seducing spirits," "lying wonders," seeming like "angels of light," came to my help, and with a violent effort I threw off the spell, and said earnestly in the hearing of them all:

"Convinced of *what?* Do you suppose that I believe *my mother*, who has been with Christ in heaven these ten years, has come here to this public room to knock and write for me, when if she did long to commune with me she might find me alone? Will I believe that my friends can commune with me through a stranger, when they cannot when I am alone and yearning for their presence? Now, I must tell you (to the medium) of what I *am* convinced, and I warn you to care for your own safety. The Bible tells of things like these; and, sir, I do truly believe that you are possessed by evil and deceiving spirits, just as men used to be when Christ was on the earth."

He was, apparently, not offended; but a little alarmed for me.

"I should think," he said simply, "you would be afraid to talk so, when you have had such proof that the spirits are about you."

"Why afraid?" I asked. "If your views are correct, they are my own friends, and they know I am speaking as I think. They will not harm me; if my view is the right one, I defy them to hurt me. He in whom I trust will protect me when I testify against them. As for you, sir, please remember what I say. They will certainly do *you* harm, unless you resist and overcome them."

Then I came away. The promise of these spirits that they would come to me again, and in my own room, has not been kept. I did not expect it would be. But never can I feel that it is justifiable in those who should be leaders and teachers of the people, to neglect and keep silence on such a subject.

There is really a dark and dangerous reality to Spiritism. I do not doubt that Satan is all the better pleased to have so many who could fight powerfully against these particular wiles of his, merely laugh at them, or quietly pass them by, as nothing. They are drawing souls in multitudes away from all that is sure and safe, to trust in lying vanities, and there is not one in a hundred of the ministers, or the religious editors of the land, that consider the matter worth especial attention.

Let them consider if God has not provided them *in this very thing*, the means of putting to silence those who are trying to destroy all faith in angels and spirits, if not in a personal God.


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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—at noon they halt for rest and refreshments.

SCENE II.

The bondsman, Judas, opens out a rich feast from his leathern bag, while Paul gives him a feast in turn, which is perfectly bewildering. They resume their journey, and find 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 home of Lazarus, his lovely daughters 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 welcome—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 offended, and John distressed; Paul [illegible]. The opinion of Judas concerning Jesus, John and others. The multitude [illegible]; Paul commands Judas to follow Jesus to his [illegible]; he [illegible], is delighted with his company, and becomes a disciple. What occurred there.

SCENE VI.

Judas returns with a flattering report. Paul encouraged, [illegible] in search of a [illegible]. He stops at an inn where he meets an old friend of his youth; has a jubilant time; secrets disclosed confidentially. A [illegible] character here introduced, who plays an important part in the scenes following. Judas finds a medium and [illegible] a sitting for his master, Saul.

SCENE VII.

The Octagon Temple of Mystery: its gorgeous drapery and furniture; the [illegible]; [illegible] received and embarrassment; strange revelations; Paul delighted and the medium disgusted.

SCENE VIII.

Jesus in his Grotto, reclines upon a bench and falls into a deep slumber; has a remarkable dream; foreshadowing 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 where in a village stands. Description of said village and its inhabitants. At the setting of the orb of day, three weary travelers arrived at the Spring of Nazareth. Several lovely maidens surround the well, one of whom approaches the tallest of the travelers and offers him a drink; a conversation ensues; they go off together. A surprise, and what comes of it. The death of Mary, the reputed mother of Jesus: her parting 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; meeting breaks up in a row, and Jesus barely escapes with his life. Strange scenes and incidents, great excitement.

SCENE XI.

Jesus among the fishermen of Genesereth. A graphic description of the country. The Hill of Beatitudes. The Town of Capernium and Village of Bethsaida. Simon and his residence, and what occurred on the piazza. Simon's birth-day, and a remarkable draught of fishes. A strange coincidence. "By the God of Moses, here comes old Zebedee." He takes a cup of wine, and tells a long story. Judas in ecstacies; he puts a flee in Simon's ear. Simon pleased with the prospect of becoming a great man, becomes a fisher of men. Has poor success pecuniarily; 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 declared crazy; has a dispute; his opponents get mad, and leave in disgust. *Cosby*, a strange character, appears. An exciting scene.

SCENE XIII.

Paul begins to be uneasy. Judas in possession of his secrets, and he fears an expose. 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 *Gorgeous Temple*. A minute description of the stupendous structure. The immense Altar of Burnt Sacrifices; the priests at the top; vast inclined planes extend from either side, terminating in well filled cattle-yards. An immense gathering at the Temple; Jesus mingles in the crowd; obtains an elevated position and preaches his radical doctrines; says hard things about the high priests. The people enraged; a general melee ensues in which the tables of the money-changers are capsized, 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. Jesus gains 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 XX.

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 afloat concerning the strange transaction. Another sermon and 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 gay and festive gent, 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. Mary accidentally catches a few words of some [illegible] of Judas. She discovers a plot, and warns Jesus, but he fails to see the point until it's too late. An infamous document sent by an officer from the great Sanhedrim; an immediate reply demanded and answered.

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 game was up; fishing for fish more lucrative. The great trial; the witnesses and judges; exciting scenes and incidents. Another prisoner apprehended and brought into court; nine counts in the indictment.

SCENE XXVIII.

The magnificent Palace and Fortress of Antonia, built by Herod the Great; the great hall of state. Pontious Pilate; Tiberius Cæsar. 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, &c. Martha and Mary in the crowd: 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 impregnable monitor; Herod wilts; 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.

SCENE XXXI.

Final communication of Saul to Alexander Smyth, through whom these strange and startling revelations were given, which will be read with intense interest.

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NUMBER SIX.

*The Origin of the Orthodox God—Garden of Eden a Myth—Does Prayer Avail Anything?*

Continued from last week.

In our previous article, we plainly demonstrated that the Orthodox God is only half crystalized, only half formed; and that hideous now, he would appear more so when fully completed. There are various methods adopted by men of profound minds to determine not only the character of God, but His very existence. We do not propose at present to review the various ideas presented by prominent personages and show their utter absurdity, but rather to let our mind ramble among the traditions of the past, searching therein for the footprints of a God,—some mark that will betoken his presence, and forever establish his existence. Our mind goes back among ancient traditions, enters that locality denominated the "Garden of Eden," raises the curtain of the past, and reviews its scenes.

What a mistake, what a gigantic blunder the various Orthodox Churches have made in selecting this locality as the birthplace of the first pair! Those who connected this plan as the starting point of creation, knew at the time that it had no foundation in fact, but was originated merely as the nucleus for one of the most gigantic frauds ever perpetrated upon the human family. Moses, the distinguished law-giver, is the one who is responsible for this allegory. He was dealing with a people who could only be controlled by acting upon their fears, teaching them that if they did not lead a life characterized by great virtue, that an angry God would punish them severely; and in order that his teachings might have something of a basis, he wrote an account of the creation of this earth, and the worlds and systems of worlds that deck the fair surface of the sky. They wanted a reason for all this, the same as the men sailing with Columbus were clamorous to know the cause of the variation of the compass, and would not proceed on their voyage until he had given an explanation therefor, which convincing to them, was no more correct than Moses' account of creation.

This statement of his was originated for a certain purpose, and it answered well to appease the everlasting fury of those under his immediate control, to understand when, where, how, and by whom, all things were made.

The more barbarous a people, the more necessary it is for them to worship a God whom they think will punish them for all their misteps, and who is vindictive and jealous, and who, while he guards and protects those who serve him, is terribly severe on those who venture to disobey his *divine* decrees. Moses understood this; far in advance of those he controlled, he grasped those abstruse problems that govern human nature, and knew better than any other man living at that time the character of the God that should receive the homage of those under his immediate command.

But in order that his God might have a firm basis in the minds of the illiterate mass, he concocted the scheme of creation, not for a moment entertaining an idea that it would be transmitted to posterity as a grand truth, upon which should repose in kingly majesty, the very God he had commanded crystalizing.

Moses the law-giver really perpetrated a joke, and that has been incorporated in the theology of the present day, as a beautiful truth. This grand scheme of creation, so gotten up by this indefatigable ruler, has no real sense or consistency connected therewith. It is simply an allegory, out of joint and distorted, and ill adapted to meet the wants of the present age.

The germ of the Orthodox God was first started in the Garden of Eden, and finally grew into gigantic proportions, and though only half crystalized, is worshiped by millions of people. The mere fact that through the instrumentality of his commands alone, the earth and all found therein was created, shows conclusively the weakness of Moses in his fabrication of the event. Then, his statement that he became weary and rested from his labors, is an evidence that his power of endurance was inadequate for the task, and that he required recuperation and quietude, the same as any mortal.

We may come to the conclusion, then, that this scheme concocted by Moses, was only intended for a particular class of people, and to answer a certain purpose.

Then, the Garden of Eden was a myth, Adam and Eve never existed, the flaming swords were a *flaming lie*, and the tree, with its luscious fruit, created to entice the happy pair from the paths of virtue, only had a place in the fertile brain of that prolific law giver, Moses.

The various Orthodox Churches to-day are only worshiping a myth of Moses' brain. They bow to a fictitious idea, and show no more consistency in so doing than the Israelites did in making the golden calf, and worshiping that. While the various Orthodox members are bowing before an idea of God, an idea that originated in the plastic brain of Moses, and are just as much Idolaters and pagans as the Hindoos who kneel before Brahm (who is only the phantasm of some mind that lived in the misty past), they think they are worshiping the only true Deity, when, in fact, he is only a "castle in the air," that originated with man, and which represent a living romance.

In our search after Deity, then, we have found the origin of the Orthodox God to have been within the finite conceptions of one who controlled a stubborn people, and ruled them through fear.

When, however, his people desired to form a God for themselves, he would not allow them to do it, but required them to worship one that had its first inception in his mind, thereby really establishing himself as the only true Deity. The orthodox, then, are simply paying homage to Moses, only reverence him when they bow before the altar, for he must be superior to anything he could create in his imagination.

It is a fact, then, that the real God cannot be found within the precincts of the various Orthodox churches. They have no true conceptions of Deity. They have crystalized a God, and are just as much idolaters as the Indians of Mexico that worship the sun. To-day we would rather bow in reverential awe before the grandeur and majesty of the sun, than utter in prayer with any circle that bend the knee before the idea of that being that had its first inception within the plastic mind of Moses; yes, we would rather prostrate ourself before a molten calf, a stone or a planet than to the fictitious idea of this law giver.

Really, then, the various churches are in a deplorable condition,—are without a God,—are worshiping a myth, and their prayers instead of finding response in the corridors of heaven, fall lifeless at their feet, a representative of the folly and foolishness of man.

We cannot find God in the Bible, for he is there defined, and Ferguson has wisely said if you define God, you lose him, for

"He lies throughout all life,
Extends through all extent,
Spreads undivided,
And operates unspent."

Now, if the Orthodox God is a verity, and is so ready to respond to the million of prayers that are constantly emanating from human hearts, could he not be induced in the plenitude of his mercy to indicate His presence in some manner, and thereby enthrone himself in the hearts of the people more securely.

Were it possible, in our Search After God, we would organize a grand prayer meeting, the object of which should be to entreat God to manifest his presence to the world, thereby banishing idolatry, infidelity, and doing a vast amount of good. We would place Henry Ward Beecher at the head of it, and D. L. Moody, a prominent divine of this city, at the foot; the former distinguished for his strong brains, and the latter for his strong lungs,—and the Young Men's Christian Association, we would employ to distribute tracts, that those who are engaged in prayer, might as they chanced occasionally, from their arduous duties, have something to interest them. Thus organized, we would have the whole world on its knees, and engaged for twenty four hours in ceaseless prayer for a sign. The scintillations of Beecher's mind, contrasted with the strong brain things and utterances of Moody's lungs, would afford a beautiful contrast, while the numerous tracts distributed, would relieve the tedium of the day. Would not such a prayer-meeting be glorious? The whole world bowing before an idea of Moses, and straining their lungs and throats in the loudness of their entreaties for it to manifest itself in some peculiar way!

Well, such a prayer-meeting, if any, would have a tendency to cause God to show his face instead of his back parts (as related by the law-giver), and thus banish all infidelity, cleanse the world, and make mankind purer, wiser and better in every particular.

He who numbers the very hairs of our head, and watches the sweet little sparrow as so carefully, will he not condescend to gratify the insatiable world, and present some indication of His real existence, even by promoting the prosperity of all?

A prayer-meeting of this character would certainly have a good effect (if any) in inducing God to prove his own existence through the instrumentality of a sign, for he could not, seemingly, resist the outpouring of ardent, honest hearts, for a solution of this grand problem. Still the prayers would not be attended with any success. The world would be no better or wiser after a twenty four hours' prayer and supplication than before.

Perhaps the Divine Being would reverence us as my hairs to number, or sparrows to watch, to take notice of the wild and extravagant prayers of millions of people. We have no faith in a God who spends a portion of His time in numbering the numberless hairs of the heads of his children, and watching the sparrows, but who will not listen to the agonizing prayer of those in distress and relieve their many wants. Being, however, only an idea of Moses, it is not strange that he is deaf, blind, and senseless,—in fact, without an existence.

Where, then, shall we go next in our search? We ventured in the misty past, traveled among the traditions of ancient times, conversed with the sages of history, and brought our mind *en rapport* with scenes of olden times, yet we have failed to observe the footprints of Deity, or find a place that has echoed his voice. The dark ages of the past have never been illuminated with the countenance or genial smile of a personal God; the earth has never felt the press of his foot, nor the air in thrilling accents conducted his voice to the ears of mortals. He never said "*Let there be light*," *and there was light*.

What! are the churches laboring under an hallucination, in prostrating themselves before the God of Moses? Certainly they are. Their prayers have been fruitless, their efforts have availed them nothing, and they find to-day that they have been worshiping the Idea of Moses, a man, who, though an eminent *lawyer* in his day, could not be elected alderman of any city at the present time. Their prayers have been answered only so far as they have been, by their own acts, or by strict obedience to principle.

Humanity seems to require a God. Nations have sought for one. Pailosophers have attempted to unveil the Architect of the Universe. The Indians worship the Great Spirit.

"The unwearied sun, from day to day,
Doth his creators powers display,
And publishes to every land
The work of an almighty hand."

hence the Indians of Mexico made a God of it. The old Egyptians carved out an ugly sphinx, and bowed before it in humble adoration. The sturdy old Greek, full of the fire of patriotism and devotion, cut of Parian stone, sculptured a statue of Phœbus Apollo, the God of the Sun, and made it an object of worship. The Orthodox make a statue of the Virgin Mary, paint it, and then bend the knee to it. The *Orthodox* bows before an image of Moses' brain—the most miserable God in existence! The ugly Sphynx, or the Parian marble representing Phœbus Apollo, is superior to that crystalized God.

Appalled at the darkness encompassing us in this Search for Deity, we feel like struggling with renewed exertion, in order to find some ancient landmark, whose index finger points out the pathway that we should follow, in order to unveil the nature of Him who was in existence when the "Morning Stars first sang together," and within whose breast there glistens, "Love for all, with malice toward none." We shall continue our pilgrimage in the regions of history and philosophy, searching the records of ancient minds, and viewing ancient landmarks, until we can cry aloud in our exultation, "We have found Deity! We have unveiled the Divine Engineer of the moving worlds of Space."

TO BE CONTINUED.

## Old Adam, Bachelor Paul, and Susan B Anthony.

The demand of the present age is that woman should be allowed equal privileges with man,—not only in the various pursuits of life, but in all respects his equal in the eyes of the law. Susan B. Anthony, who is now nearly fifty years of age, yet as sprightly and enthusiastic as many young ladies in their teens, has done more to advance the cause of woman than all the papers published in America. When she first went forth as an advocate for the cause of woman, she was regarded by some as insane, by others as mad, yet when she adjusted her spectacles and gesticulated to give emphasis to her remarks, all were willing to admit that "if mad," there was wonderful method in her madness. Susan B. is not eloquent. Her sentences, proceeding in beautiful melody from her tongue, put us in mind of a boy stripping the bark from a gnarly tree, and her gesticulations while speaking, would prompt us to believe that she was fighting mosquitoes, instead of adding pungency or emphasis to her remarks. She is really the "girl of the period," of whom we have read so much, and to-day, resting on her laurels as the representative of the "sunny side of fifty," she has the strength and ability to do a great work. Now, Miss Anthony is the Webster of the woman cause; Anna Dickinson the Henry Clay, at one hundred dollars a night, or no speech.

Miss Anthony is methodical and systematic, and will work for the cause, if she is compelled to do so gratuitously. Anna Dickinson loves the cause of woman at one hundred dollars a night. But we do not wish to draw a comparison between Miss Anthony and others engaged in the reformatory movement. We simply wish to call the attention of Miss Anthony, to certain passages of the Bible, and desire her to explain the same.

Now it is well known that on a certain occasion the Lord was walking in the garden in the cool of the day, showing that he had a taste for "cool things," as well as his children in the city of Chicago, and while enjoying himself only as a God is capable, he cried out in a stentorian voice:

"Adam, where art thou?"

Adam, poor fellow, his limbs trembling, lungs heaving and hair standing erect, approached him and said:

"I was afraid, because I was naked."

After a few preliminary inquiries, he said:

"And because thou hast hearkened unto the voice of thy wife, and hast eaten of the tree of which I commanded thee, saying, thou shalt not eat of it, cursed is the ground for thy sake; in sorrow shalt thou eat of it all the days of thy life; thorns, also, and thistles shall it bring forth to thee; and thou shalt eat the herb of the field. *In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread*, till thou return to the ground; for out of it wast thou taken; dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return."

He then expresses his rage to the woman, as follows:

"Unto the woman he said, I will greatly multiply thy sorrow and thy conceptions, in sorrow shalt thou bring forth children; and thy desire shall be to thy husband, *and he shall rule over thee.*"

Now, if Miss A. will direct her attention to the above knotty questions,—first adjusting her spectacles so she can bring the meaning thereof within a proper focus of the same, she will do a signal service to those who believe that such a man as Adam and such a woman as Eve ever existed; the first created from dust and the latter from a rib. According to an *eminent* historian's statement, as published in the New York *World*, Adam was 495 feet, or thirty rods in height, and Eve 330 feet or twenty rods in height; presenting two subjects for the acute mind of Miss Anthony to analyze. We hope she will favor us with an article on the subject.

After interpreting the above, and showing conclusively that man has no right to domineer over fragile woman, or even those of strong minds and obstreperous dispositions, we would suggest that she adjust her spectacles on Paul, bring him within the focus of her acute mind, and decide what the old fellow meant when he said, "wives, obey your husbands."

The fact of it is, Paul was a crusty old bachelor, who, having no one to comb his hair, wash his shirts, or tell him how much "she loved him," became irritable, haughty, socially bilious and mentally dyspeptic,—in fact, he might be called a monomaniac on the subject of wives, for he was eternally exhorting them to obey their husbands. Not having a very high opinion of Paul, we should like to have Miss Anthony adjust her spectacles on him, diagnose his disease, and prescribe a remedy that would have cured him. In our opinion, he was socially bilious, and mentally dyspeptic. Adopting an exclusive life, like Miss Anthony, he might in his day have been denominated the "boy of the period."

Now is an excellent time for some of the leading women of the day to immortalize their names by attacking Paul,—put him in an address and a frame ten by twelve inches, and travel over the country, delivering the "address" and exhibiting the "frame" at ten cents admission, children half price. The lady who would have the boldness to do this, might well be regarded as the "girl of the period," and whether twenty or fifty years of age, with or without spectacles, she would soon immortalize her name.

The circumstances under which Paul made that command, were peculiar. He had on a dirty shirt; his garments were ripped in numerous places, and he looked "forlorn" as any old bachelor ever seen trying to thread the "eye of a needle," or attempting to darn his stockings with a tooth pick. Ah! who will distinguish themselves by attacking this Bible personage, disturbing thereby the character of the illustrious dead? Who will adjust their spectacles on him, analyze his character, and explain his foolish saying that has bound in chains millions of earth's children? This is a grand subject for Miss A, would make her popular, and from which she would realize a fortune.

In regard to her operations, Miss Anthony writes as follows to the *Revolution*:

"My financial recklessness has been much talked of. Let me tell you how this recklessness worked itself out. Always, when there was need of greater outlay, I never thought of curtailing the amount of work to lessen the amount of cash needed, but always doubled, quadrupled, it need be, efforts to raise the needed sum; at once rushed to every one who had professed love or interest in the cause, for contributions. If it was 20,000 tracts for Kansas, the thought never entered my head to lessen the number—only to rush up and down Broadway, through the scorching suns of July and August, for advertisements to meet the necessary cost. If to meet the expenses of printing the *Revolution* I, wasn't to pinch printer or laborer, but to make a foray upon some money king. For, during my two years and a half of struggle to keep that brave banner afloat, the only woman's rights woman who ever gave me a dollar, over and above their subscriptions, were D. U. S. Lozier, of New York City—the best friend and helper, the most justly appreciative woman of all—and Mrs. Barnett, of Lockport, Ill, and Mrs. P. W. Davis.

I have borrowed money, and debts are still due, every dollar of which is to be paid—$10,000. And I am tugging away, lecturing amid these burning suns, for no other reason than to keep pulling down, hundred by hundred, that tremendous pile. I sanguinely hope to cancel this debt in two years of hard work, and I must cheerfully look forward to the turning of every possible dollar into that channel; for if you to day should hold $25 00 in your hand and ask me to choose between the possession of it by this hour, in place of the agitation, the immense work done by my *Revolution* during those twenty nine months by which I sank that amount, I should lose the work done—not the cash in hand."

Outside of the vein of humor in which we have written, we desire to say, that, in our opinion, Miss Anthony stands at the head of the movement for the amelioration of the condition of woman, having accomplished more real substantial good for her sex than any other person, male or female, in the United States. Her lectures are practical, full of good sound sense, and will interest any audience. Societies that engage her services will not be compelled to borrow money to pay her.

## Personal and Local.

—The friends in Kansas wishing to have Warren Chase lecture for them, can be accommodated on very reasonable terms, before December 1st, by writing to him soon. Direct to him at 601 North Fifth Street, St. Louis, Mo.

—August 21st, Cora Green, the 8 years of age, of the Lyceum of Birmingham, passed away. She was a sweet little girl in life, and beloved by all. Emma Hardinge and Hudson Tuttle conducted the burial services.

—Daniel W. Hull, an indefatigable laborer, is going East in November, to labor during the winter months.

—Remember that Mrs. M. J. Wilcoxson will travel westward again the last of September or first of October. All along the line of route from New York and Philadelphia who wish to secure her services, should address her at once, at Flushing, Long Island. After the last of September, address her in care of this office.

—A. S. Hayward, the healer, has returned to Boston.

—Miss Lottie Fowler, of whom we made mention a short time ago, continues to hold her test seances in Hartford, Conn.

—Dr. H. Slade has left Boston.

—Mrs. S. A. Jospin, magnetic medium, has returned from St. Johns, New Brunswick.

—N. Frank White speaks at Vineland, New Jersey, during November.

—The Lenawee County Circle of Spiritualists, hold their Quarterly Meeting, commencing to day, September 17th, and continuing over Sunday.

—Wash Dankin gives an account of a Spiritualist who said, "I have been a Spiritualist seventeen years, and thank God, *it has never cost me a cent.*" He may thank God, too, if he gets out of the lowest spheres any time during the next hundred years.

—Mrs. F. O. Hyzer is still lecturing in Baltimore. She has an organism admirably adapted to the control of those distinguished poets, Byron, Burns, Pope, Poe and others, and at a glance the hearer can detect the peculiar style of each. She can not be excelled as an inspirational speaker.

—D. S. Underhill writes to us from Sterling Michigan. The doctor, though considerably advanced in years, is still one of the most vigorous advocates of our philosophy.

—The meetings of the Lyceum at Baltimore, have been resumed.

—The *New Life* has been temporarily suspended. Its publication will be resumed soon, under the auspices of a new company with increased capital.

—Some kind friend sends us the Sacramento *Union*, containing the sermon of Reverend D. Wythe, on "True and False Spiritualism." Will find room for it in the JOURNAL sometime. Thanks to the Concr.

—Dr. Underhill speaks in high terms of the lectures of E. V. Wilson, at Dixon, having listened to four of his masterly efforts.

—There are two spiritual associations in Baltimore.

—P. P. Butler, of Topeka, Kansas, writes: "Our lecturer, Mrs. Thomas, passed on on the 23rd inst. We desire a speaker. We have a good resident parsonage for a small family, which we give to our speaker. Last year we raised twenty-five dollars a month, besides this rent for Mrs. Thomas. I suppose the amount we could raise for the next year, would depend somewhat upon the ability displayed. Here is an opening for a speaker who could do something else toward a living. Can you give us any information that will lead to a correspondence with a view to an engagement?

—Thanks to the friend that sent us the Otago *Daily Times*, published at New Zealand. Many items of interest therein.

—A letter from Sturgis, Michigan, says: The attention of the people for the moment has been attracted to what purports to be a strange phenomenon in the art of photography. Mr. Bostwick's rooms were crowded yesterday by many of our most intelligent citizens, to examine an ambrotype representing a child sitting in the ordinary position, and the hand and hands of a lady, seemingly looking from behind and at one side of the screen. How the picture of the lady came there is the query. Mr. Bostwick says he can not account for it. The child is the daughter of a Mrs. Neer, of Lexington, Ind., whose picture he took a few days since, when this image also was mysteriously developed with that of the child.

—A friend sent us the *Ledger*, published at New Albany. Thanks. It contains a valuable item of news.

—Mrs. Mary A. Mitchell, M. D., will receive calls to lecture in Illinois and Missouri. Subjects:

"True Religion," "Psychometry," and "Medical Reform." Address box 91, Huntley, Ill.

—The friends have a two days' meeting at Roscoe, Ill., Saturday and Sunday, September 17th and 18th. A large turn out and a good time is expected.

—J. M. Peebles spoke at Beloit, Wisconsin, on last Thursday evening.

—"The Woman who Dared." If you want to read one of Epes Sargent's best works, send for the above. Those who are interested in woman's elevation, should have a copy. See advertisement.

—Rev J. O. Barrett spoke at Sparta, Wis, on the 21st and 22d.

—We are informed that Miss Eliza A. Pittsinger, the celebrated California poetess, will give readings from her own productions the coming season, among which will be a new original poem on California, which is said to be a splendid production. We have published several of her poems, and there was a vein of beauty connected therewith, that attracted great attention.

—To day, September 17th, the meeting at Nunica, Wisconsin, commences, and will continue over Sunday. Mrs. L. A. Pearsall is the speaker engaged.

—Ettie Brown, trance and test medium, can be found at her rooms, 138 West Washington Street. She is an eloquent advocate of our cause, and will answer calls to lecture.

—Mrs. Addie L. Ballou's lectures at Belvidere were a grand success,—her tests given were nearly all recognized. She is doing a good work. The people were so well pleased with her efforts that she was engaged to give another course of lectures.

—We learn from the friends at Aurora, that Dr. J. K. Bailey has recently paid them a visit, and given a lecture to the satisfaction of those who had the pleasure of hearing him. The doctor is now itinerating through the West, and will answer calls to speak on subjects appertaining to the spiritual philosophy. On his way home from labors in Minnesota and elsewhere, the doctor gave us a fraternal call on Saturday last. He reports good success in his routes for the last few weeks, and that renewed interest is everywhere apparent. From La Porte, Ind, he goes to the convention at Richmond.

—We have received a copy of Brother Moses Hull's "Letters to Miles Grant, a notice of which, was crowded out this week. Will appear next.

—J. O. Barrett, J. M. Peebles and Dr. Dunn are doing a noble work in Wisconsin. A list of appointments was sent to us by Brother Barrett, but were mislaid until too late for publication. Keep us posted in your doings and appointments, brother, and they shall be promptly published.

—The Wilson and Hedstrom discussion will be continued next week. Our reporter was unable to furnish copy in time for this week's issue.

—J. O. Barrett, Dr. Dunn, and others, hold a meeting at Janesville, Wis, September 24th and 25th.

—It is said that over five thousand were in attendance at the meeting of the Friends of Progress at Hemlock Hall, Street, Erie County, N. Y.

—The lecture of J. M. Peebles at Music Hall, on Sunday last, was a grand success.

# 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 13.

*Chapter second, Section Seventh.*

We were speaking of the value and importance of correct speech. Not only in your prize essays and upon great occasions is this necessary, but in all your intercourse with your fellow-men, and in the most common and ordinary events of life, habits of chasteness and purity of language are important, and just as readily formed as those of the use of careless, profane and vulgar expressions.

There is a vein of low and sensuous wit that was not known in our day upon the earth, resulting from the activity of certain faculties, which find their expression in this manner. Spiritually minded persons cannot fail to perceive the sources from whence these proceed, and to regret the disposition to use them, knowing as they do, that this is the means of cultivating and strengthening these faculties.

In the good time coming, when the sensuality which has marked certain periods in the history of the race, and which have left those secret and hidden effects, has entirely passed away, men and women will speak out from the depths of pure and loving souls the sentiments and feelings which should be cultivated.

Then every expression of a low and sensual character, will be abandoned, and a pure chaste language will grace every department of life, not only the profane and vulgar forms, but the harsh and unkind will give place to the pure and the beautiful, the loving and the kind, and all language as an expression of the conditions of humanity as it is, will be poetical and beautiful.

Springing from pure and holy fountains in ones soul, will always awaken and strengthen similar feelings in others. There is no more potent external influence either with you or us than language, and hence we have dwelt upon this subject in the hope of impressing upon mortals the necessity of a reform which each individual must feel and then labor for.

The sweet and endearing tones of love and affection are felt by all. Kindness is a link that has bound the angel world to humanity, and humanity together in stronger ties than anything else, and yet how few truly realize and appreciate these.

The language of the period to which we refer, the earliest historical era, which is far beyond any date known to man at present, was much less perfect than that of your time. But in that era as in this, there were individuals who, in the use of language, were able to convey Spiritual thought, that were very impressive to their hearers.

There are many persons who are so entirely on the external plane, that spirits cannot recognize anything they say; there is another and a larger class consisting of the majority of mankind, who have some expressions that are spiritual, and reach the interior or soul nature and others that are on a superficial plane and cannot thus be perceived while the truly spiritually minded always stamp the impress of their Spirituality upon what they say. Their language is imbued with the life of the spirit so that listening angels catch the echoing notes of their soul-language, and read the rhythmic music of their lives. The language of little children is often highly spiritual and very instructive both to spirits and to mortals, because in their innocence, the waves of soul-life flow out into the exterior.

The world has always been blessed by little children, and they will always continue to be saviours of humanity, because their innocence and purity gives greater freedom to the soul-nature to flow out to those around them.

Even the rudest and most cruel savages of our era, were melted to a condition of tenderness, which was spiritual, by their children who were thus leading the way to heaven or higher conditions.

It was a profound truth of nature long before any scripture record that the elder shall serve the younger," and a little child shall lead them."

While, therefore, we consider language as an expression of the condition of man, we also know that it has an influence upon him, in various ways, and every expression from the course vulgar and profane to the soft sweet flute like tones of music of the most spiritual, has its reacting effect upon the individual from whom it springs. We would therefore encourage all to cultivate chaste and pure expressions on all occasions, and never give way even to indifferent and careless expressions, because habits are easily formed. Thus shall you be enabled to help onward a reform which is much needed, spirituality will more abound, and the good work which the angels are seeking to promote will be carried forward to a higher and grander consummation.

## The Fundamental Principles of Spiritualism.

In the midst of the variety of grand and beautiful truths that are from time to time, presented by spirits as constituting the religion and philosophy of modern Spiritualism, there are certain basic principles which it is well to hold up before the world prominently.

The first of these is the fact that man is a spirit now, clothed with a material body, but as really and essentially a spirit as he will ever be.

Second that this spirit, which is connected with and controls the physical body by the animating principle or life, has continued existence and does not put on immortality at their death of the body, but goes right on in its course, when it, like the crab, has cast off its shell, which we call the body. Whether these spirits had an existence prior to their connection with the body, is an open question, some believing they have always existed. We do know that the spirit, under favorable conditions, increases in its power over matter, all through life, and Spiritualism proves that although its powers may be changed at death, no essential part of them is lost, and by means of this power, we have the phenomenal manifestations, which have marked the new era.

The third principle or fact, established by modern Spiritualism, is that spirits can and do communicate with mortals under certain conditions, which are becoming much more general, as mankind learn in what they consist.

From this grand trinity as a basis, we are enabled to evolve a system of religion and philosophy, which is calculated to meet the demands of humanity better than anything which has heretofore been presented.

The fundamental and distinctive traits of which may be summed up in those grand but simple propositions.

First, that every human soul will be saved.

Second, that Universal law of Progress reaches all and is the means of salvation.

Third, that knowledge is the only saviour of man, here or hereafter, and that Progression means Salvation.

We shall briefly review these propositions. First, Universal Salvation. This is a peculiar and distinguishing idea which had never been presented in its broadest and fullest sense prior to the advent of Modern Spiritualism. Science had asserted the important fact, that not an atom of matter could by any possibility be destroyed or lost, and whilst a blind theology was loudly proclaiming that the mass of mankind would be either lost or destroyed, a few progressive minds were discussing the idea, and were timidly asserting the probability that all mankind might be saved. Spiritualism fearlessly and boldly declares that all mankind will be saved; that whatever may be the depths of degradation and corruption into which any human being may fall, the universal and eternal law of Progress will not permit any one to escape from its influence, but, sooner or later, in time or in eternity, they will change from their downward course under its influence, and ascend toward the hill-tops of purity and perfection into the glorious and ever unfolding realms of immortal bliss.

Second, that Progression means Salvation, and there is no other way or means. The popular theological idea that we are to be saved from a burning hell and an imaginary devil, has been exploded by science, as well as by the revelations of Spiritualism, hence we are not to be saved from these, but there is need for us all to be saved from ignorance and undevelopment, and this law of Progression, this power of the human mind of seeing something desirable beyond the present, and aspiring after it, which is the result of a natural growth and unfoldment of the human soul, is the means of this salvation through that which we call our, third proposition, that knowledge is the only saviour. On the physical plane, mankind have long known that knowledge was power, and the means of Salvation. Intellectually the same is true, and just in proportion as man knows the laws and principles which govern the objects around him, so does he become able to control and regulate them. The progress of civilization, the arts and sciences, and all that makes man grand and god like is thus saving him. Everywhere throughout the endless chain of being, man will find that the rounds in the ladder of progress, are formed of knowledge, and as he learns to lay hold earnestly upon these, he shall surely ascend, but it will be only to perceive higher and more sublime truth in the beyond.

The light of knowledge dawns upon man like that of the outward sun in the first grey twilight, we perceive things dimly, and we find that we recognize the character of those objects with which we are familiar first and most readily; then as the light grows brighter, other objects are discovered and understood, provided we do not close the windows of our souls and shut out the light.

The laws of progress belongs to the soul of man, and is recognized by the fact that the soul first perceives objects dimly, as in the twilight, and then more clearly as in the full blaze of sunlight. All progress, all growth is from the interior, by the expansion and unfoldment of the germs that are implanted in the soul, which as they grow, being immortal in their nature, continually find new scenes and objects around them, which are drawing them farther out, and into the great arcana of nature, the exhaustless fields of which will supply the demands of the soul in this direction through all eternity. It is not therefore a question to be settled, whether man shall be saved or lost; but whether he will reach the good that is set before him now, or in some far off future. It is for us to choose for ourselves, whether we will labor earnestly for the attainment of these things now, or float along idly and wait for them in some future condition. One thing we may rest assured of, there never will be a time when an attainment will be easier than in the present. Delay with the hope that it may be obtained with less effort, is certain to lead to want.

Let us then seize the present opportunity, and with firm resolution, press forward towards the highest unfoldments which we can realize.

Doing the best we can to day, we may be assured that something be ter lies before us for to-morrow, and in the realization of this, Spiritualism, our beloved religion and philosophy will ever be our; ideal, growing brighter and brighter into the perfect day.

## Mrs. A. H. Robinson as a Healing Medium.

The undersigned having seen a notice in the JOURNAL, of Mrs. A. H. Robinson's remarkable powers as a business and healing medium, and being greatly perplexed about important business involving many thousands of dollars, called upon her at her residence, 148, 4th Avenue, Chicago, to consult her, or the power, whatever it may be, that controls her while in a trance state, upon the subject.

I found that while in an an unconscious trance, the intelligence that controlled her, knew all that I did about my business, and, as has proved since, very much more.

I was told exactly what to do to insure success in the business then so agitating my mind, which directions I followed, and the result has been exactly what I was informed it would be. I confess it could not have been a reflection of my own mind, as I was greatly depressed upon the subject, while the information I received was most cheering.

I feel it to be a debt of gratitude I owe, not only to the medium, but to the intelligence communicating through her, to make this matter known, and more especially, that others who may be situated as I was, may be able through her mediumship to obtain valuable advice, which will lead to success when disappointment seems to be overwhelming. Any one who may desire the details of this matter, will be most welcome to call upon me for the same, at my residence, corner of Campbell Avenue and Harrison street, Chicago.

H. S. LEE.

Chicago, Ill., Sept. 8th, 1870

☞ We unhesitatingly endorse all that Mr. Lee says in favor of the powers of Mrs. Robinson as a business medium. As a healing medium also, she is not excelled.

See her advertisement in another column. —ED JOURNAL.

## Opium Habit.

There is shortly to issue from the Publishing House of the RELIGIO PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, a pamphlet addressed to "opium eaters," containing the letters of Fitz Hugh Ludlow and others, addressed to Dr. S. B. Collins, of La Porte, Ind., regarding what is conceded by scientific men the world over, as the most remarkable medical discovery of the Nineteenth century—a painless cure for the "opium habit."

We bespeak for this neat and interesting little book a wide circulation, and a careful reading by the thousands of those whom the demon of Opium has claimed for his own.

## J. B. Ferguson.

This able and eloquent advocate of our cause, passed to the Summer land, August 27th at his residence at Nashville, Tenn. September 5th, his presence was manifested at a circle in St. Louis.

In the death of Brother Ferguson, our cause has lost a noble advocate, one who has been instumental in doing a vast amount of good. As an orator, he had few equals in our ranks.

## Mrs. F. W. Calkins.

The above named lady is a very fine medium for healing, business, tests, etc.

Mrs. Calkins proposes to visit towns in Northern Illinois, or Indiana, and stop for a few weeks in a place, at such times as shall be agreeable to the friends. Address her at her residence, Peotone, Will Co., Ill.

# Spiritual Meetings, Conventions &c.

## QUARTERLY MEETING.

The Regular Quarterly Meeting of the First Spiritualist Society of Lowell Kent Co. Mich., will be held in Union Hall, on the first and second days of October next.

Ones . A. Andrus and Mrs. E. N. Talmadge have been engaged as speakers.

All are invited to join with us for the cause.

Miss N. B. Purple, *Pres't.*

H. B. Alden, *Sec'y.*

## 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, Pres't.

## NEBRASKA STATE CONVENTION.

The Executive Committee of the State Association have appointed Friday, Saturday and Sunday, 28th, 29th 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 T. 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.


## MRS. A. H. ROBINSON,

*Healing, Psychometric and Business Medium,*

**148, Fourth Avenue.**

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

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

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

MRS. ROBINSON also, through her mediumship, diagnoses the diseases of any one who calls upon her at her residence. The facility with which the spirits controling her accomplish the same, is done as well when the application is by letter as when the the patient is present. Her gifts are very remarkable, not only in the healing art, but as a psychometric, test, business and trance medium.

Terms:—First prescription, $2.00; each subsequent, $1.00. The money should accompany the application, to insure a reply.

# NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

**LETTERS TO ELDER MILES GRANT.**

*Being a Review of*

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BY REV. MOSES HULL.

Author of "The Question Settled," "That Terrible Question," etc., etc.

This sharp and brilliant little book, by one of our acutest thinkers and most efficient speakers should be read by all.

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People from the country can be supplied with new sets of teeth the same day on which they leave orders.

Terms satisfactory.

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*Wm. H. Sharp, & Co., General Agents.*

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Samples and terms to agents furnished on application.

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We will give to every one buying a FLORENCE SEWING MACHINE through our House TEN DOLLARS' worth of any of the books advertised in our book-list, or of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, or a part of each as a premium or inducement.

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We will furnish descriptive circulars and samples on application.

We have sold a large number of these machines, and they have given the most perfect satisfaction in every case.

Call on or address:—

RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, 187 and 189 South Clark street, Chicago.


## The Missionary Work in Wisconsin.

During the month of September, I have engaged the valuable assistance of Dr. E. C. Dunn, and J. M. Peebles in the missionary work. Mr. Peebles can co-operate with us only week evenings. Friends in any part of the State, asking for such services, will please address us at Glen Beulah, 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. K. Andross as a missionary. Our Sister is a trance-speaker, 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 her:—Delton, Wisconsin.

J. O. Barrett, State Missionary.

Glen Beulah, Wisconsin. Aug. 19th, '70

v8 n23 4t


**M. L. MARBLE,**

Will answer calls as TRANCE, PSYCOMETRIC DELINEATIONS, CLAIRVOYANT and HEALING MEDIUM, to sit in circles in families.

His powers have been tested by his friends in the East, and for reference apply to Benjamin Starbuck, Troy, N. Y., where he is well known and highly appreciated.

Address him at Ripon, Wis., during September.

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WANTED A RELIABLE MEDICAL CLAIRVOYANT who can both diagnose and prescribe correctly for diseases. Address J. B. Mayo, M. D, Elk River, Sherburne Co, Minn.

Reference. Dr. T. J. Lewis, No 75 3d Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

MEDICINA PSYCHICA! ANIMA MEDICA!!

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

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

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# SOUL READING.

*Or Psychometrical Delineation of Character.*

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

Address:

ABBA LORD Box 166, Dixon, Ill.

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BENJAMIN PETERS: an Undeveloped Spirit's History, Francis H. Smith, Medium. Price, 10 cents. For sale at this office.

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*SEVEN-HOUR SYSTEM*

*of*

# GRAMMAR.

The writer of this useful book has had a practical experience in the art of teaching of upwards of thirty years. He had long been impressed that a shorter pathway to grammar than that which led through the perplexing subtleties of the text books could be secured, and with much skill devised his "seven-Hour system" of oral teaching. Appeals from his audiences and requests from correspondents abroad became so numerous and repeated, that he was compelled to put his ideas into print to satisfy the public demand. His discoveries in the science are many and startling, reducing the labor, in many instances, from years to minutes. The limited governing power of the Transitive Verb from 3,000 words to seven; his rotating or vibrating "it," securing syntactical agreement between the Verb and Noun; his exposition of the subjunctive Mood and Preposition, with many other interesting features of the work, are not only original, but might with great propriety be considered inspirational. These are of the utmost value to the public writer, the platform speaker, the clergyman, or the senator. Fifteen minutes attention to any one of them will protect any intelligent person from erring once in a lifetime.

The work is got up in pamphlet form of about 50 pages, strong and neat covers, with large plain type, containing everything within, in its simplest essence, to constitute the PRACTICAL GRAMMARIAN. It is not sold for the value of the paper print or binding but for the "SEVEN-HOUR" grammatical education contained within.

Price:—Cloth, $1.00. Paper, 50 cents. For sale by the Religio-Philosophical Publishing House, 187 and 189 Clark street, Chicago.

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**The Biography of Satan;**

*or an Historical Exposition of the*

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disclosing the oriental origin of the belief in a Devil and Future Endless Punishment. All about the

**BOTTOMLESS PIT KEYS OF HELL,**

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By K. GRAVES, author of "Christianity Before Christ." Price:—35 cents. The Trade Supplied at Liberal Rates.

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**BELVIDERE SEMINARY.**

The next term of the Belvidere Seminary will commence Wednesday, Sept 14th and continue ten months. The location is healthy and beautiful. Terms moderate. For catalogue, address,

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Spiritualists visiting Chicago, will find a pleasant home at 148, 4th Avenue, on the South side. Only five minutes' walk from the Post-Office.

☞ Good mediums always in attendance.

# Phenomenal.

## GHOSTLY PHENOMENON IN LAWRENCE, MASS.

**Death of a Lady and Sudden Appearance of Her Face in a Window Glass.--The Apparition Photographed.**

From the New York Herald, Aug. 30.

Since the fall of the Pemberton Mills the city of Lawrence has known no such excitement as that produced on Saturday, the 20th inst., by the unaccountable appearance of a female's features in a light of glass in the window of a house on Broadway. It appears that a few days previous to the discovery of the phenomenon an elderly lady, after a long and wearying sickness, had died. The day succeeding that on which the funeral occurred a lady who was visiting one of the tenants of the same house, in passing saw a figure in the attic window, which she instantly recognized as that of the deceased lady, and with great consternation communicated the fact to the other occupants of the building, and in a short time the entire neighborhood was made acquainted with the strange and exciting discovery. The window of the room in which the woman had died was immediately under that in the attic, and was the usual sitting place of the deceased. Some suppose that by some means her face had become impressed upon the glass; but the fact that it was not in the room occupied by her, and in a room that was usually unoccupied, displaces all belief in this idea. During the day and evening the story of a ghost on Broadway was widely circulated throughout the city, and early the next morning, which was the Sabbath, people began to gather about the ill-fated and haunted house, much to the annoyance of its inmates and immediate neighbors. None professed to believe a word of the wild story, and were only convinced upon an actual view with their own eyes. A sister of the deceased, hearing of the matter, visited the place, and pronounced the likeness to be that of her relative. The only remaining members of the family are two small children. The excitement momentarily increased, as also did the crowd in the street, and by noon it was so great as to render the passage of the horse cars quite difficult. The inmates tried various means to remove the figure from the glass, but were unsuccessful, and, with a view to sending the crowds away, removed the sash to the rear of the building; but as a means of scattering the people it was only successful in drawing them away from the front of the building to the rear, where the face was seen to still better advantage, though it seemed to have a somewhat different appearance. It was only when the sash had been removed and secreted in the house that the crowd began to disperse and wander back to their homes, each having an idea as to the cause of the singular vision, and all agreeing that "there was something in it, anyway."

Early on Monday morning another crowd gathered around the house, and Dr. Wm. D. Lamb, a prominent physician, obtained permission to remove the sash to his office, on Essex street. Here it was placed in his window, opening upon the main business street in the city, and every one could get a fine view from below. The window was examined by intelligent and scientific men, and while some were of the opinion that it might be the result of the action of lightning, when some person had been sitting near, others thought this theory one of impossibility. Of course, the many superstitious were satisfied that it was the "ghost of the dear woman, and nothing more." There is one thing about it, at least, that seems strange, and that is the fact that no face or figure is to be seen in looking out from the inside. During the day a drm of photographers, after several attempts succeeded in getting a very good likeness of the sash and the face it contained.

No one can account for this strange phenomenon, but men who are practical, and possessed of a good share of common sense, conclude that it must be one of those curious defects that will sometimes appear in window glass. The strangest thing in its connection is that it was not discovered until after the death of the inmate of the house. Those who believe in the "spiritual" are making the most of the circumstance, and, doubtless, there seldom occurs such instances upon which they can surely reach the partially superstitious mind. Ghost or not, there has nothing occurred in the city of Lawrence of this nature that has produced such wonderment since the well-remembered stories of various apparitions in connection with the fall of the Pemberton Mills.

## A VISION.

**Wonderful Manifestations, Spirits Seen, Described, etc.**

LETTER FROM J. B. HOVER.

S. S. JONES—DEAR SIR:—The Rev. Thomas Ladd, while preparing his sermon on the evening of the 2nd of August, 1870, became entranced, and remained in that state for the space of two hours, and was conducted away by the spirits. What he saw and heard, I will give in his own language:

"I was guided by a bright angel through a dense forest, and as I passed along, I saw a great variety of wild birds flitting from branch to branch. Each seemed happy in the presence of the God of Nature. I was led by my angel guide, and soon emerged from the dense forest, and found myself in the center of a vast plain. I stood on an elevation with a gradual descent in every direction, surrounded with trees bearing every variety of the most luscious fruits, and the whole surface of the plain was covered with flowers of every hue and variety; and throughout all the plain, gathered in groups, and differing from others, I discovered flowers of a scarlet hue, and while I stood contemplating the beauties of the landscape, I saw the flowers of a scarlet color droop and fade, and soon I beheld approaching from every direction an innumerable host of angels, and as they entered the plain, began to pick the scarlet flowers, throwing them into the air, and crying with a loud voice, "Peace on earth and good will to men". I asked my angel guide what all this meant. He told me that it represented the final overthrow of Orthodoxy, and pointing to a tall seraph, said, "That is Wilson the musical leader of the Spiritual Band." I heard other music, the most lovely, above me, and desired to go up, but my guide said, "Not so, Brother, you must return to the body—there is work for you to do. Go, say to the sons and daughters of God; that religion is reason and spiritual development." I returned to the body.

On the evening of the 4th of August ult., at a meeting held at the house of the Rev. Thomas Ladd—present, myself, H. S. Mellinger, Jesse McWilliams, and Miss Molly Scott—We placed the table in the center of the room, and seated ourselves around it. We had the room very dark. Our sitting was from eight to nine o'clock. There was a dim light seen by Miss Scott and myself. An occasional tip was heard on the table by all the circle. No very positive demonstration of the spirit was manifested. Miss Mary Scott, says, "About one o'clock last night I awoke from a sound sleep, and an odor filled my room like unto that produced by the most delicious flowers."

August 7th.—This evening the room appeared light at times to all the members of the circle, and numerous spirits were distinctly seen by Miss Scott and myself. Our spirit friend Wilson, who seems to take the direction of our circle, instructed J. B. Hover, by impression, to procure music, and immediately Jesse McWilliams heard above his head, very distinctly, a noise like that made by the singing of bees.

August 10th.—Piano played upon again in my room by professor Isaac Miller. Miss Scott saw a hand moving silently above the head of the Rev. Thomas Ladd. Numerous visitors were seen about the room by Jesse McWilliams and Miss Scott. Each seemed eager in some way to express their wishes and affection for the members of the circle. I was touched several times on my cheek by a soft hand,—that of my beloved aunt, Mrs. Mary Scott.

"Last night, about twelve o' clock," says the Rev. Thomas Ladd, "I saw on the wall above my head, a graphic picture of a living raccoon. I saw it continuously for the space of five minutes, it then noiselessly disappeared.

August 12th.—This evening, the controlling spirit seemed to be Mr. Wilson. The table moved around as if it were a living thing, and a halo of golden light o'ershadowed the room in which we sat, and frequent movements of the table indicated that there were a number of spirit visitors with us, and one was distinctly seen gazing upon Miss Scott, when she was unexpectedly placed under the control of Mrs. Steel, a spirit, and a pencil which lay on the table moved toward her, and she was directed by a spirit friend to write. She took the pencil, and the spirit dictated a message to my family, which I will not make public at this time.

August 14th.—This evening we had the room brilliantly lighted while seated around the table. H. S. Mellinger was mesmerized and strangely controlled by the spirit of Adam Spitsnagle. He arose from his seat and talked very fluently upon the subject of Spiritualism for about fifteen minutes. He then sawed his medium at the table, took up a pencil, and wrote a communication to the church, and strange to tell, it was the only legible hand he was ever known to write. At this moment, Professor Miller again favored us with a march on the piano.

August 16th.—This evening, Jesse McWilliams controlled; and the appointment having been made public, the room was filled with anxious spectators. Mr. McWilliams was blindfolded, a piece of money was taken and passed through the crowd, and finally placed in the vest pocket of a young man in the back part of the room. The medium went directly to the young man and took the money from his pocket. He was then tried with numerous other articles, such as finger-rings and silver coins, but every case was attended with the same success as the first, and this proved to all who saw him, that he was peculiarly proficient in this line.

All further developments will be communicated.

Cascade, Putnam county, Ohio.

## A HOUSE STONED BY INVISIBLE HANDS.

From the Leavenworth (Ind.) Independent.

About fifteen miles from Leavenworth, near the Benham Salt Works, stands a house that seems to have fallen under the displeasure of some spirit or spirits, apparently not of this world. It is occupied by Mr. Benham, and is a new one.

About six weeks ago commenced these mysterious doings. Stones weighing from two to four pounds are being constantly hurled at the house, and mysterious knockings and rappings are heard at all times, of day and night. When the throwing of stones first commenced, the occupants of the house supposed it to have been the work of some malicious person, and accordingly a watch was set to discover the mischief-maker, but in vain. Not a stone would be thrown while any one was on the watch, but just as soon as the guard was withdrawn, then the rocks would commence striking the house. What is more mysterious still, the rocks are invisible at mid-day until they strike the house.

About forty persons determined, if possible to solve the mystery. Accordingly, the entire party went on guard around the house. Hour after hour passed, and not a stone was thrown. Half the guards were withdrawn, and placed inside the house. Still nothing unusual occurred. All the guards, except one, were called in. Everything remained quiet; not a stone was cast. The remaining guard was called in, and scarcely had the door closed behind him, when whack! bang! crash! went half a dozen stones against the house. The door was thrown open and all rushed out. Not a thing was to be seen. The door was again closed with all the watchers inside, and rocks struck the house as before. Then came a knocking at the door. It was immediately opened, but nothing was to be seen. Two men stood holding to the door-knob, and as soon as the first tap was given they threw the door violently open and sprang out, but no cause for the knocking could be discovered. The owner of the house has frequently concealed himself under the porch, and would crawl out when the noises commenced, but just as soon as he would get into a position to see, all noises would cease. The larger the crowd seeking to discover the mystery the more frequent and more violent are the demonstrations. For six weeks has this state of affairs existed, and the mystery is no nearer a solution than at the beginning.

The yard around the house is literally covered with stones thrown by this invisible hand. The house is covered with dents made by the flying missiles. The windows have been slatted up, it being impossible to keep glass in them. As yet no one has been struck by the stones, though there have been some narrow escapes. Every inch of ground within two hundred yards of the house on every side has been carefully searched, and no hiding place of any kind has been discovered. The family continue to reside in the house, and express their determination to remain as long as there is a plank to protect them from the stones.

Various theories as to the cause of these mysterious doings have been suggested, and abandoned for want of grounds to support them.

## MORE DISORDERLY CHRISTIANS.

When the leaders of the chosen flock go astray, we note it, that we may keep it before our orthodox brethren throughout the country. We are a quiet people down here in "Egypt," but now and then the ministers leave their disciples, and are at war with each other.

About eighteen months ago, a Reverend Mr. A. and a Reverend Mr. L., both Methodist preachers, were about to make a trade concerning some cattle and hogs owned by Mr. A. Mr. L. not doing as he agreed, Mr. A. sold his cattle and hogs to another party, whereupon Mr. L. entered suit in the Circuit Court against Mr. A. for five thousand dollars damages, and also had Mr. A. brought before the church and tried for swindling. There was nothing done in the church, and last week the trial came off before the court at this place. We listened at the case attentively, which lasted three days. In this trial the Reverend Mr. A. had the joke turned, and had Mr. L. impeached, bringing fourteen of Mr. L.'s neighbors who swore they would not believe him (Mr. L.) under oath.

How is this for conduct, especially from those who claim they are the elect and called of God to preach the gospel to the erring sons and daughters of earth? We know all the parties above spoken of. WI——.

Mount Vernon, Ill., August 22nd, 1870.

*Written for the Religio-Philosophical Journal.*

## THOUGHTS CONCERNING PRAYER.

**By Dr. E. H. Weelock.**

Who by taking thought can add to his stature, or stay the tide of Niagara's foaming waters? Who by tears and supplication can push back the blazing comet's etherial flight, or stay the lightning's flash? Who by prayer can hush to silence the ocean's wave, or the reverberating echo of the awful thunder's roar? Who by taking thought, or by united supplication, can stay the silent tread of mother earth, as she walks along her bright, etherial pathway, amid the myriad diamond worlds, that ever dance their unceasing cotillions along the blue vault of the etherial heavens?

Yes, in all humility, we ask, who by simple prayer alone can make the Sierra Nevada mountains less, or the gigantic Alleghanies more? Or who can cause the wilderness to blossom as the rose, or earth's rivers to flow up inclined plains, or the forest trees to grow in form triangular?

O ye Christians, how oft ye take the name of God in vain, by asking a change in the holy order of his immutable laws. The dew-drop and the mountain must each obey the law of gravitation. The Storm King will ever ride his own chariot.

> The fish will inhabit the sea,
> The birds will live in the air;
> Honey is made for the bee,
> Independent of "faith,"
> Independent of prayer.

But is there no balm in Gilead? Is there no room for devotion—for sacred and consistent prayer? Let us hear the voice of reason, and wisely contemplate her answer.

As no prayer can be answerable except it be in conformity with the order and law of the universe, or in harmony with the infinite and divine element of God's providence,—how important, then, that we study these, that henceforth all men may pray aright.

Know ye, then, that all of God's ways are ways of right, and all human prayers that can, in the nature of things, be answerable, must be in conformity with these.

Just as certain as unerring wisdom stands at the helm of the universe, will she reach the celestial harbor of beatitude and peace. What if rocks, and shoals, and eddies, and heaving tides of misdirection are seen by us along the sea of time, should we commence a protracted howl, and pray God to change the order of the universe? Is not such the view of the "Christian" Church? And if so, how blasphemous! Yet prayer, *true* prayer, is universal. To the Spiritual philosopher, it is everywhere manifest. The grand, the holy, the unceasing prayer of the vegetable kingdom, is to repeat itself. Natural aspirations and modes of life are the prayers of the animal kingdom, and of the feathered tribes that live in air, and of the fish that are in the sea as well.

The bird sings as its nature prompts; and this is prayer. The panther's screams, the lion's terrific roar which causes Africa's jungles to tremble, and her mountains to re-echo, are but the voices of prayer,—the prayer of beasts.

Yes, whatever lives true to the laws of its being, and is working out its own inherent elements, and its manifest destiny, is living true to prayer—the natural prayer of its existence.

The human type (if unwarped by false education) would ever make a better, truer prayer.

The above, in part, illustrates the science of prayer. But to elucidate still further, I will endeavor to give some illustrative views.

Is it not self-evident that the law of gravitation is a law of God? Hence, all fluids, from necessity, must seek their lowest level. Therefore, I pray, O Father, let thy will—thy law be done! Permit me to be in harmony with thee; to be reconciled—that water should run down hill. Thus I pray in faith, believing that all prayer which is not of "faith," is "taking the name of God in vain," without practical benefit or use.

Again, human nature, or human spirits, are movable and sympathetic. God in spirit is immovable,—"the same yesterday, to-day and forever. How absurd, then, to pray God for pity or mercy, as though he could be cajoled, coaxed or teased from an eternal purpose.

But let us illustrate again our conception of the ability and purpose of prayer, when addressing the Supreme Father.

Suppose we contemplate ourselves as floating in some beautiful gondola, upon the mirror surface of some broad and beautiful lake, whose diamond shores are still in view, upon which may be seen the waving palm and the orange tree, with golden-paved walks, all skirted with flowers of richest hue; also birds innumerable, with "plumage gay," whose sweet music wafts over waters in the gentle breeze, while in the distance is seen the flocks and herds, and costly temples of science and learning, and (if you please) the home of spirits—of "just men made perfect."

Suppose, now, that the "gods" have decreed that we shall reach this most beautiful shore,—that we, unconsciously, are being waited thither,—but being impatient, and by the promptings of an innate desire, over spiritual Adviron kneels in prayer. Using language as things appear, we find him speaking thus:

"O beautiful, most beautiful shore! Thy diamonds, thy sparkling diamonds—oh, how rich! Thy golden walks,—thy golden streets,—all bedecked and skirted with choicest flowers of richest hue! Draw near, draw sensibly near unto us, with all thy terrestrial and celestial enchantments

"O ye orange groves! ye trees of Lebanon! bow ye down, and give us fruit; give us of the orange and the pomegranate, for our waiting spirits are longing for thee. Come, oh, come, ye beautiful birds, with plumage so brilliant and gay! come, give us thy song. Strike the key note, and bring our souls in celestial rapport with thee.

"O ye angels! just men in higher pefection made, invite us to thy shore, give us thy hand, welcome us to thine Elysian bowers!

"O ye home of the blessed—thou land of the free! Rejoice! rejoice! ye friends of our crew, dear brothers and sisters, the shore has come! Let us arise, and in the name of our queen! whose motto is, *Progress and Truth*, possess th. land,—that is, in *faith*, if not in fact.—AMEN."

The language of the above supplication can not be justified in the supposition that the fixed and immovable shore was induced to come out and visit this devotional crew, in answer to the prayer of an infallible pope. But when we consider the action, or the effect, as bearing on the boat, or upon the crew, or upon humanity, giving these results,—then it is well, and the prayer is useful.

☞ The great cause of so many young people being gray-headed is on account of their having used the vile compounds which have flooded the market so long. NATURE'S HAIR RESTORATIVE is a sure remedy for this. Clear as crystal; no poison; pure, sweet, clean and reliable. All druggists sell it. See advertisement.

*Written for the Religio-Philosophical Journal.*

## PROBABLE COALESCIVE RESULTS OF MATTER AND SPIRIT.

**"There are more things in Heaven and Earth, Horatio, than are Dreamed of in your Philosophy."**

W. N. BRYANT.

I apprehend that the ideas I am about to promulgate may, in this age of bigotry and religious intolerance, awaken and call forth mirth and ridicule from the sceptical element of society, and, perhaps, subject their author to the anathemas of our cotemporary would-be sages. No truth has ever been established without a terrible conflict with error, and hence, though in my day and generation no infallible and systematized method may be established, and no practical results ensue from the theory I am about to enunciate, yet, Galileo like, my consolation shall be—notwithstanding the opposition, notwithstanding the failure to reap practical results at once, yet;—"the world does move." If in coming generations the little ball I now set in motion should gather unto itself and cast off such truths as shall radiate the universe, as a mile post on the highway of progress, I shall have "done the state some service," and the knowledge, in the after life, that I have contributed my quota towards man's spiritual unfoldment, on this plane, will correspondingly elevate me in the supernal spheres, is my conscientious conviction; and if permitted to return from "that bourne whence"—not as Shakspeare says, but as I believe—humanity do return (when understanding the geography of that "undiscovered country," the charts and maps of which must be studied before going in quest of it); if, as I said before, I am permitted to return, and participate in the concerns of those who were dear to me in this transitory life, and the "tree" I am now planting shall have "brought forth good fruit" to gladden the hearts of mankind and bring him nearer to God,—surely the knowledge of this will fully compensate for the persecution I may experience here in this behalf. This much by way of prelude.

Science has demonstrated that the mineral and vegetable kingdoms are undergoing perpetual changes, and with each transition a higher state of development is attained. Though decay seems to be stamped upon all matter, yet there is nothing lost, and each transition is really a reforming influence, bringing it out of its crude state into a more perfect development. It is no longer a matter of debate, but an established and incontrovertible fact, that man, the grandest microcosm of the universe, has a conscious and progressive state beyond this life. We know that both matter and spirit possess within themselves all the elements necessary for their perfect unfoldment; and hence all life is progress. The return of disembodied spirits through media establishes the fact of the inseperability of matter and spirit.

On this plane of life there seems to be no limit, no line of demarcation, where man's dominion of material things ceases. He adapts them to his uses and purposes, often in ways inconceivably grand; and with each cycle of time we behold him upon the apex of fame, as it were, as compared to his condition in the preceding generation. The spiritual philosophy, as taught by the angel world, unfolds for man a still higher destiny. So "when this mortal shall have put on immortality," with its new conditions and enlarged powers, so unmistakably illustrated by the correspondencies of nature, why may not man have dominion over and subdue the elements to his purposes, and subvert them to mediums for the trans-communication of worlds?

The inseperability of matter and spirit being established, why may not the lightnings, or the electrical forces of nature (controlled and materialized, as it were, by supermundane intelligences) supply the battery, and (used in conjunction with wires and other necessary appliances), manipulated by these unseen intelligencies, open up communication between this and all other inhabited planets of the vast universe, and prove as effective and reliable in its method as the present system of intercommunication? I put the question as an original idea, although the same thoughts may have suggested themselves to other minds.

Until a better system shall have been established, I propose the following method to bring about the results speculated upon. Provide an instrument, such as are in present use with telegraphic operators, or something more simple, that will answer the same purpose, and the more delicate the instrument may be formed the easier may spirit presence be indicated by it, however feeble the forces desiring to communicate. Set the instrument in the centre of a table constructed and put together with wooden pegs, instead of nails. Bore two holes in the top of the table, about one foot apart, equi-distant from the instrument; make the holes about one inch deep and 1½ inches in diameter. Have two glasses made to exactly fit these holes—solid, except as to a small opening, extending half way through the centre of each, just large enough to admit a small wire with difficulty, and to hold it there tightly when inserted. Now take two wires, and insert one end of each in the two glasses; sink the two glasses in the apertures, or holes, on the table, and form a junction with the two wires equi-distant between the instrument and the glasses spoken of. Twist together the wires from the point where they form a junction to the ends that are disengaged, and attach these two wires, so united, to the instrument. Arrange another wire from the instrument through the table, earthward, to carry off the currents, or the same wires may be used for both purposes. Operators could the better prescribe rules in this particular. Adopt the same sounds (as to the signification of letters and words) as are now in use in our present system of telegraphy, and have some one in attendance competent to receive and literally render them.

[In this connection I would suggest that some one not skeptical as to spirit communication would be preferable.]

I propose that a good physical medium (i. e., a medium for physical manifestations) shall form *not the battery, but the* RECEPTACLE *for the centralization of the electrical forces*, that shall make up the battery; and the medium's hands being placed upon the table, in conjunction with the wires, shall form the aqueduct for the transmission of the electrical currents. Let half a dozen healthy magnetisms form a circle around the table, all uniting hands except the two persons on opposite sides of the medium. Let these two place their hand nearest the medium upon his or her shoulder, and with the other grasp the hand of the person next to them. Let no one's hands, but the medium's come in contact with table. By the manner indicated, the magnetisms of the others will be tributaries, as it were, to the main stream, and thereby strengthen the battery; whereas, if all the hands were placed upon the table, distracting influences would be the result.

As it is necessary in our present telegraphic system to have an operator at each end of the wire, it will be an indispensable rule in this, my method, as well. Therefore, the spirit circle that desires to co-operate in bringing about systematic intercourse will have to provide an operator capable of manipulating the battery, and in shutting off and letting on the fluids at will, so as to insure the transmittal of intelligible messages.

Discipline and organization are conditions necessary to the success of any enterprise. Be punctual in holding circles, having "office hours," as it were, and this will be an incentive to your unseen friends to cultivate the intercourse. If, indeed, as I have no doubt, this plan of spirit telegraphy is feasible and tangible, such a concert of action would soon bring it to a high state of perfection. This result may not, of course, be expected at once, and it may require large experiences and unremitting perseverance, before anything entirely satisfactory is realized. Indeed, it may be that defeat will often be encountered, and success but seldom attained, except so far as to incoherent and unintelligible sounds. But the independency of the sounds, alone and of themselves, should be, and would be, a sure indicative of spirit presence, or an invisible organization, and this fact should stimulate the investigator to persevere, until at least *this mystery* is elucidated.

Though communication, in the main, may be vague and unsatisfactory, except so far as to relate to the signification of the monosyllables of "yes" and "no," yet if all the surroundings are of a harmonious character, and punctuality marks your appointments with the invisibles, messages *of an entirely unsatisfactory nature must follow*, for the consummation of one involves, as an absolute certainty, the possibility and practicability of the other.

The superiority of my plan over the ordinary method of "spirit rapping," is this: that it purports to be a systematized method by which *intelligible* communications may be obtained, instead of vague and contradictory communications, as by the method we have thus far employed, seems to be the general experience.

We do not design, by this method, to transmit messages to distant parts. We already have a telegraph that answers fully our needs in this regard. There is no necessity for establishing another of the same kind. We desire to open up communication with our spirit friends, only through and by this system, and hence we require no continuous lines of wires, or telegraphic poles. We are after the sounds only, and don't desire to transmit them beyond our hearing. By this method, our spirit friends would have the facilities of communicating with everybody that is liberal enough to open the door and invite communication.

I expect these ideas, like all new scientific discoveries, to be deemed chimerical, illusory, and the product of a disordered intellect, or of "eating too hearty a supper before going to bed;" yet I firmly believe the future will not only prove my plan to be feasible, but eminently successful, in electro-communication between this planet and the denizens of space.

The triumph of the electric telegraph was established against oceans of skepticism, and though the grandest triumph of the nineteenth century, or, indeed, of any age, it has ceased to be a marvel.

The planetary system, the invention and adaptation of steam and electricity, and this, my plan of enlarging and multiplying the uses of the latter, are all links in the endless chain of progression that shall ultimately bring man up to that high state of spiritual perfection, when under his dominion, the "lion and the lamb shall lie down together, and a little child shall lead them." Then, indeed, the millenium will have dawned, and man will understand the hitherto mystery of his own being, and his relation to the Infinite; then will the grave be robbed of its terrors, and death, instead of being linked to hell (that theological nightmare—that abode of eternal misery and interminable woe) and inspiring awe as a grave-visaged and unrelenting genius, be welcomed and longed for, as the white winged messenger that shall bear us on to the habitations of the just, even unto the courts of the New Jerusalem.

*Written for the Religio-Philosophical Journal.*

## The Night of Error Past.

*By F. Skinner.*

In my childhood's summer hours,
When the earth was strewn with flowers,
And their fragrance filled the breath of morn,
When the clouds of heaven long gathering,
And the distant thunder murmuring,
Told the coming of the fitful storm.

Oh, that dark and stormy night!
How it filled my soul with fright,—
Fearing death and the anger of my God,
For the teachings of my childhood
Made my soul's ideal wildwood,
As along the path of life I trod.

Though the earth was strewn with flowers,
Though there was music in her bowers,
Yet beyond the earth life all was gloom.
I no narrow way had chosen,—
All my soul's ideals frozen
In the life that lies beyond the tomb.

But our loved ones come as teachers
Who were gathered by death's reapers,
And they tell us of that future shore,
That its land is strewn with flowers,
Fairer far than earth-life's bowers,
No endless hell awaits us evermore.

Now has fled that night of error
Which so filled my soul with terror,
And we meet no angry God above,
For our fathers and our mothers,
And our sisters and our brothers
Tell us 'tis a land of light and love.

Let us join in one grand chorus,
With the loved ones gone before us,
Till the earth our praises shall resound,
For the future of our pathway
Leads to brightness through death's doorway,
Where the soul's rest evermore is found.

## SPIRIT COMMUNICTION.

The following is from my son, Charles G. Richmond, written through Dr. Farnsworth, on the morning of the 27th of August. Charles passed away on the 22nd of July. On the seventh day after, I received a message from him; on the twenty-first day, quite a lengthy letter, and on the twenty-ninth day, the following communication:

DEAR FATHER:—Again I am made happy to communicate to you. When I lived upon earth, I did not comprehend, as I now do, the importance of your labors relating to spirit communion. Although you have lost your reputation in the active, business world, the confidence of men in that direction,—you have gained a higher importance and influence among minds occupying a higher position. I am now with you with all my energies and enthusiasm.

Follow the light that is given you, and make the best use of all the means under your control. Consider that there is no more comparison between the days of earth and those of spirit life, than there is between light and darkness. I will communicate often to you. Your son,

C. G. RICHMOND.

Henry C. Wright and my son were probably better acquainted, personally, than any other two to be found,—the former in the moral and literary department, and the latter in the business world. He was known as a business man, almost from the Atlantic to the Pacific ocean.

Eleven years consecutively he was agent of the New York Central Railroad, and of the line of steamers connected with it upon the lakes. From his youth he was engaged in the lake trade and commerce of the East.

T. RICHMOND.

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*TABLE OF CONTENTS.*

| Author. | Subject. |
|---|---|
| Henry J. Raymond, | To the New York Public. |
| Margaret Fuller, | Literature in Spirit-Life. |
| Lord Byron, | To his Accusers. |
| Nathaniel Hawthorne, | Apparitions. |
| Washington Irving. | Visit to Henry Clay. |
| W. M. Thackeray, | His Post Mortem Experience. |
| Archbishop Hughes, | Two natural Religions. |
| Edgar A. Poe, | The Lost Soul. |
| Jean Paul Richter, | Invisible Influences. |
| Charlotte Bronte, | Agnes Reef. A Tale. |
| Elizabeth B. Browning, | To Her Husband. |
| Artemus Ward, | In and out of Purgatory. |
| Lady Blessington, | Distinguished Women. |
| Professor Olmstead, | Locality of the Spirit-World. |
| Adah Isaacs Menken, | Hold Me Not |
| N. P. Willis, | Off Hand Sketches. |
| Margaret Fuller, | In Spirit-Life. |
| Gilbert Stewart, | Conversations on Art. |
| Edward Everett, | Government. |
| Frederika Bremer, | Flight to My Starry Home. |
| Rev. Lyman Beecher, | The Sabbath—Its Uses. |
| Prof. George Bush, | Marriage in Spirit-Life. |
| Junius Brutus Booth, | Acting by Spirit Influence. |
| Rev. John Wesley, | Church of Christ. |
| N. P. Willis, | A Spirit Revisiting Earth. |
| Anonymous, | Alone. |
| Baron Von Humboldt, | Earthquakes. |
| Sir David Brewster, | Naturalness of Spirit-Life. |
| H. T. Buckle, | Mormons. |
| W. E. Burton, | Drama in Spirit-Life. |
| Charles E. Elliott, | Painting in Spirit-Life. |
| Comedian's Poetry, | Rollicking Song. |
| Lady Hester Stanhope, | Prophecy. |
| Professor Mitchel, | The Planets. |
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*Chicago and Northwestern Railroad—Council Bluffs and Omaha Line—Depot North Wells street*

Ticket Office, south-east corner of Clark and Lake streets.

| | Leave. | Arrive. |
|---|---|---|
| Cedar Rapids Passenger | 8:15 a. m. | 6:50 p. m. |
| Pacific Fast Line | *10:30 a. m. | 3:50 p. m |
| Rock Island Express | 10.30 a. m | *3:50 p. m. |
| Pacific Night Express | 10:15 p. m. | 7:00 a. m. |
| Rock Island Night Passenger | 10:15 p. m | 7.00 a. m |
| Dixon Passenger | *4:00 p. m. | *11:10 a. m. |

*Freeport Line.*

| | Leave. | Arrive. |
|---|---|---|
| Freeport and Dunleith Pass | *9:00 a. m. | *2:30 p. m |
| Freeport and Dunleith Pass | *9:45 p. m. | *8:00 p. m. |
| Rockford, Elgin, Fox River and State Line | *4:00 p. m. | *11:5 a. m. |
| Geneva and Elgin Passenger | *5:30 p. m. | *8:45 a. m. |
| Junction Passenger | 5:50 p. m. | 8:10 a. m. |
| Lombard Accommodation | *6:10 p. m. | *6:50 a. m. |

*Milwaukee Division—Depot corner of Canal and Kinzie street.*

| | Leave. | Arrive. |
|---|---|---|
| Milwaukee Mail | *8:00 a. m. | *10:15 a. m. |
| Day Express | *10.00 a. m. | *4:30 p. m. |
| Evanston Accommodation | *1:40 a. m. | *2.00 p. m. |
| Rose Hill, Evanston, and Highland Park | 1.30 p. m. | 4.00 p. m. |
| Afternoon Pass | *5:00 p. m. | *8:07 p.m. |
| Kenosha Pass | *4:15 p m. | *9.10 a.m. |
| Waukegan Passenger | *5:45 p.m. | *4:40 a. m. |
| Waukegan do | *6:1. p.m. | *7.55 am |
| Milwaukee do | 11:00 p.m. | 5:0 a.m |

Kenosha and Waukegan trains leave from Wells street Depot.

*Wisconsin Division—Depot corner of Canal and Kinzie street*

| | Leave. | Arrive. |
|---|---|---|
| St Paul Express | *10:00 a. m. | *7:15 p. m |
| Night Passenger | *5:00 p. m. | *5:20 a. m |
| Janesville Accommodation | *5:50 p. m. | *1:00 p. m |
| Woodstock Accommodation | *4:30 p. m. | *10:10p m |
| Barrington Accommodation | 6:10 p.m. | 7:45 a m. |

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| | Leave. | Arrive. |
|---|---|---|
| Mail | *7:30 a. m. | *7:50 p m |
| Special N Y Express | *11:30 a. m. | *4:00 p. m |
| Elkhardt Accommodation | *3 30 p.m | *10 30 a. m. |
| Atlantic Express (daily) | 5:15 p. m. | 7:00 a. m. |
| Night Express | *9:00 p. m. | †6:30 a. m |

*Detroit and Grand Rapids Line.*

| | Leave. | Arrive. |
|---|---|---|
| Day Express | *7:30 a. m. | *7.50 p. m. |
| Night " " | *9:00 p. m. | †6:30 a. m. |

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|---|---|---|
| Mail Train | *5:00 a. m. | *8:05 p. m |
| Fast New York Express | *11 ... a. m. | *4:30 p. m. |
| Atlantic Express (daily) | 5:15 p. m. | †7:00 a. m. |
| Night Express | †9 00 p. m. | †6:30 a. m. |
| Kalamazoo Accommodation | *4:30 p. m. | *12:00 m |

*Cincinnati and Louisville Trains*

| | Leave. | Arrive. |
|---|---|---|
| Day Express | *9 00 a. m. | *9.20 p. m. |
| Through Express | 14.32 p.m. | †6:30 a. m. |

*for St. Joseph via New Buffalo.*

| | Leave. | Arrive. |
|---|---|---|
| Day Express | *9.00 a. m. | *1 30 a. m |
| Accommodation | *4 30 p. m. | *5.05 p. m |

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|---|---|---|
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| Mail and Express | †7:40 a. m. | 3:40 p. m. |
| Pacific Fast Line | *10:45 a. m. | *4 15 p.m |
| Hinsdale Accommodation | *1.30 p. m. | *5.3) p. m. |
| Mendota Passenger | *4.15 p. m. | *10 10 a. m. |
| Evening Express | *5:00 p. m. | *7:30 p. m |
| Aurora Passenger, | *5:30 p. m. | *6:15 a. m. |
| Hinsdale Accommodation | *6.15 p. m | *6 50 a m. |
| Pacific Night Express | †11:30 p. m. | †9:40 a. m |

ROBERT HARRIS, Superintendent.

SAMUEL POWELL, Gen'l Ticket Agt. Office in Gt. Cent. Depot

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| | Leave. | Arrive. |
|---|---|---|
| Cairo Mail | *9:30 a. m. | *7 15 p. m |
| Cairo Express | †8:30 p. m. | *7:00 a. m. |
| Keokuk Day Passenger | *9:30 a. m. | *7:45 p. m. |
| Keokuk Night Passenger | *6:30 p. m. | *7:00 a. m. |
| On Saturdays this train will leave at | 4:45 p. m. | |
| Champaign Passenger | *4:45 p. m. | *8.50 a. m. |
| Hyde Park and Oak Woods | *6:40 a. m. | *7:45 a. m. |
| " " " | *9:00 a. m. | *9:15 a. m. |
| " " " | *12:10 p. m. | *1:50 p. m. |
| " " " | *3:00 p. m. | *5:15 p. m. |
| " " " | *6:10 p. m. | *7:25 p. m. |

(St. Louis through Trains.)

| | Leave. | Arrive. |
|---|---|---|
| Day Express | *9:30 a. m. | *7:45 p. m. |
| Fast Line | †8:30 p. m. | *7:00 a. m. |

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| | Leave. | Arrive. |
|---|---|---|
| Mail | 6:40 a. m. | 6:10 p. m. |
| Day Express | *11:00 a. m. | 6:00 a. m. |
| Pacific Express | 5 15 p. m. | 3.00 p. m. |
| New York Express | 9 00 p. m. | 9.00 a. m. |
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| Joliet Accommodation | †4:00 p. m. | †2:45 a. m |
| Night Express | †7:05 p. m. | †12:45 p. m. |
| Lightning Express | †11.00 p. m. | †7:10 a. m. |

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| Columbus Express | *6:45 a. m. | *2:25 p. m. |
| Cincinnati Night Express | †7:45 p. m. | *9:25 p. m. |
| Columbus Night Express | †7:45 p. m. | |
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CONCLUDED FROM FIRST PAGE.

there were tears streaming down their face, for they felt as if a father was taken from them. They passed in, these masses, and listened to the solemn voice of the preacher, the thunder tones of the mighty organ waking up the dim stillness of these mighty arches as the old anthem was heard. There his body rests in peace, and his soul lives forever.

Such were the funeral obsequies of George Peabody. There is one other event that I must recall. I refer to the fact of the offer made to confer the title of nobility upon him. You will look with kindness on the act which was a recognition of a stranger, an American, a foreigner, who had done more for her starving poor than ever she could. When this lady recognizing in this great and good man the benefacter of her people, stretched forth her royal hand, feeling that it was all the honor she could give, and extended to him an offer of the title of the patent of nobility—however grand, it was the highest gift that she could lay at his feet. You know the answer; you know that with that same simple unostentatious spirit which has ever marked his life, he modestly declined as an American citizen, to receive any title from the nation. but such as came from those who alone had the right to confer it—his own people. What title these have given him, you all know, as we stand by the open grave and lay therein the untitled remains of an American,—"The God-like Man." It is a nobler title than ever yet was bestowed by sovereign. He could well renounce all their titles and rank, because he already had a higher one. He went down to the grave and closed his noble life, put off the old garments, returned them to the dust from whence they came, and his towering, glorious spirit is enshrined in the heart of every one of the millions of human creatures that pronounce his name. He went out from amongst us,—George Peabody, the God like man. There is no other inscription worthy; there is no other title worthy of him; there is no other monument but that inscribed in the great heart of humanity, that can be erected to do justice and honor to him.

Ere I close, let me remind you of one little event, one closing scene in the drama of this noble life. It is a very little act, perhaps will never be heard of elsewhere:

Decorations were being prepared for receiving with all due funeral pomp and honor, the last remains of the great philanthropist. During the various preparations that were being made for this purpose, a pale young lad presented himself to some of the officials, and with very great diffidence tendered a tablet which he had engraved for the dear good man in the hope that it might be permitted to occupy a place. It was a simple piece of white carved work, very beautifully prepared in imitation of marble, and engraved with most exquisite chirography, and contained four verses from the poems of Whittier. The whole tablet was surrounded by a very fine wreath of amaranths, all drawn with a pen. When questioned why he brought this tablet, the boy said he was a New England lad, an orphan, friendless and poor, who had received an education, and the means of knowledge and power to execute this beautiful writing, through the benevolence of George Peabody. He had been educated at Danvers, beneath the shadow of a building erected by the philanthropy of George Peabody. He had been the father, the hope, the pole star of this lad's life. He had gone to London, carried thither by one who employed him as an assistant in teaching writing. His life was failing, he knew he was following his benefactor to the land of light, and he only asked permission to leave this little memento of deep gratitude, which he felt for the man who had taught him to write. The memento was declined—no doubt it was out of place. The decorations were the most appropriate they could suggest. Everything that could be done in honor of George Peabody, was done. But the token was considered out of place. A gentleman who stood by, and heard the lad's tale, gladly offered to purchase the memento, with a view of preserving such a specimen of writing, but this was indignantly refused. That which he intended as a free offering, could not be purchased with money. He was, however, permitted to make a copy of the lines, and he was informed that they were written by J. G. Whittier, of New England. A copy of these verses were sent to me this morning, with this little history, which I have given you; therefore I will close this brief humble tribute to the memory of the great and good man, the friend of humanity, by reciting the poem.

We who know that he lives forever, feel that we have not lost him.

He may build no more shelters for the poor amongst us. He will raise no more grand monuments of patriotism.

He will no more disperse the proceeds of his industrious and useful life to bless and benefit mankind, but surely, surely, in the brighter and grander vistas of eternity, in the land where heaven is no mere idle rest, but use, activity, blessings; surely, surely, his angel spirit will still labor for humanity, and like the poor New England lad, whom he educated, we feel that he is in our midst, blessing us, and we appeal to his exalted spirit once more, to minister to humanity.

The words of the poem are:

With silence as their only benediction,
God's angels come,
When in the shadow of this great affliction,
Our souls sit dumb.

Yet must we say that every heart approveth,
Our Father will,
Calling to him the dear one whom he loveth,
In mercy still.

Not upon us or ours the solemn angel
Hath evil wrought,
The funeral anthem is a good evangel,
The good die not.

God calls our loved one, but we lose not wholly
What he hath given;
He lives on earth in thought and deed,
As truly as his soul in heaven.

## A Wonderful Medium.

*A Medium Under Two Controls—Gives Tests and Paints Beautiful Pictures.*

To-day I leave in your office a spirit painting, which I hope you will permit to remain a few days. It was painted by Mrs. S. M. Blair, at Salem, Mass., under the following conditions:

Linen cloths were wet in cold water, and doubled to thirty-two thicknesses, and laid over and pressed down upon her eyes. Then a large linen handkerchief was tightly bound over the eyes, pressing the cloths down so tightly that it would seem impossible for her to open them, and if she could, certainly it would be impossible for her to see through all them cloths. This being done, she passed into an unconscious trance, her brain being influenced by an Indian, and her hand by an Italian artist.

She will, under the Indian influence, often give tests all the time the Italian influence controls her to paint.

The picture I hang in your room for the inspection of all who may chance to see it, speaks for itself. It was painted in less than one hour, under the conditions above named. She has painted in my public audiences more than fifty times, never having made a single failure.

Those wishing pictures can secure them by addressing her at Montpelier, Vt.

The prices of her pictures, I believe are:

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As works of art, the pictures are worth twice the money. As evidences of spirit existence and power, they are invaluable.

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Moses Hull.

Remarks:—The painting referred to by Brother Hull is now on exhibition in the Reception Rooms of the Religio-Philosophical Publishing House, where it can be seen by any one disposed to call. It is the representation of a beautiful wreath of flowers in brilliant colors,—the following inscription splendidly wrought within the circle:

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## The Bible in the Balance.

From the advance sheets of a volumn bearing the above significant title, from the pen of our able co laborer, J. G. Fish, we are happy to say to our readers, that the author has performed a work which they have but to read to appreciate and recommend to their friends, as one replete with historical, chronological and scientific instruction, that, from the high authorities quoted, place it at once entirely above criticism. This work supplies an important desideratum; for while Colenso has attacked the historic certitude of the pentateuch, Bunson and others the Bible chronology, Denton its scientific inaccuracies, Paine its vulgarity of style and immoral teachings, and others of no less note and ability, its plagiarisms, both of theology and ritual, as well as New Testament central character, our author has combined the whole in sixteen chapters, with a clearness and pungency that attest to the reader with what ability and faithfulness he has performed his work. The need of this book has long been felt, that the general reader might have at one glance and in one volume, the arguments that various authors have presented in their several works, against the claims set up for the Bible by the clergy of the present time. This book of three hundred and twenty pages, is a library in itself, of Bible history and chronology. It proves a biblical canon a myth, an Alexandrian council not a historical verity, and, of course, a Septuagint translation of the Old Testament, never to have occurred. It shows revelations to be a forgery, and a New Testament canon to exist only in name.

He shows where and how the Jews obtained their theology and ritual, christianity its doctrines of religion and morals, and how an ancient Hindoo god becomes the central character of the christian scriptures.

The two chapters on Pre-Adamite Monumental History, by Prof. Charles Morris, will be read with peculiar interest and profit. He traces man back by monumental records into untold pre-adamite ages, and shows that the story of the fall, if it has any historic foundation whatever, it can only have reference to a lapse from a high ancient civilization, to the comparative ignorance of most of the oriental nations, about four thousand years ago.

By acknowledged and indisputable geological data, he gives man a lapidary history of so high antiquity,—as, in the comparison, to divest those monumental records of all that is hoary and old in their history. As testimony that has never been used before by any chronologist or scientific writer, touching the antiquity of man, he has had recourse to the mound records of the great Mississippi valley, exposed both the exterior and interior of those huge structures to view, with the bones and relics they contain in a chapter and a series of well executed plates, (the contribution of the great Mississippi explorer, Dr. M. W. Dickison), and thus awakened a voice from the past, in our own borders, that mingles with the echoes from the sepulchers of the oriental world.

We might extend this review to a much greater length, but it must suffice to say that each chapter is a volume of itself, and the balance, held with an even and unwavering hand, the scale preponderates by the force of inevitable induction from stubborn and acknowledged facts, and not by the dictum of the author.

The work, as the author tells us, is the result of twenty five years investigation, and over one hundred and fifty authors have been consulted in its preparation, and we can but congratulate him upon his success in its writing, and the reader in its possession, as a work of reference and truth.

See advertisement in another column.

## Letter from Dr. D. P. Kayner.

Bro. S. S. Jones:—Yours of the 23d, reached me Saturday night, while at the Collins yearly meeting.

It was a glorious turnout to meet and greet the angels through their "appointed," in old "Hemlock Hall," in "Tucker's Grove." The Friday session was not large, but was excellent. Many spirits known to the audience while in the form made themselves manifest through different mediums. I had the pleasure to open the afternoon services that day, and help kindle the great fire of inspiration, that warmed up the entire heart of the audience.

Saturday the attendance was large, and was addressed by Giles B. Stebbins, Brother Wheelock, of the *American Spiritualist*, and others; and another excellent days' work in breaking the soul-fetters of humanity was accomplished.

But it was reserved to Sunday to learn the deepness of the current against popular superstition, when from two to three thousand people came together to hear the words of inspiration from mortal lips, and be made to feel that the dear departed were ever near. Brothers Stebbins, Wheelock, and Lyman C. Howe, were the principal speakers, and the meeting was closed by Mrs. Hazen and George Taylor.

There are not Œcumenical Councils enough on earth to stop the ball set in motion in "old Hemlock Hall." May the good angels help us to keep the little stone cut out of the mountain rolling, until it shall fill the whole earth and embrace all humanity.

Although the agents of three or four other papers were there, and profuse in presenting their claims, I took the liberty to represent the Journal, and as a result send you inclosed a list of eight trial subscribers, and two renewals; for which find inclosed a post office order for the amount.

Remarks:—Many thanks, dear brother. Go on as you have begun, and the angels will bless you, and inspire thousands to subscribe for the bold and invulnerable exponent of the spiritual philosophy, the Religio Philosophical Journal.

## We Have been to Minnesota.

We like Minnesota, with her rolling prairies, her green groves, her golden fields of wheat and green fields of corn; but above and beyond all, we like her people,—the freedom loving people of Minnesota. It is true our stay was short—all too short—and yet during that stay, friendships were formed whose sympathies will blend in love and truth beyond the river that flows by the throne of God. Old memories were revived, old acquaintances renewed, our childhood home revisited, we were once more a boy, in memory sporting in the rippling waves of old Oneida Lake, and we remembered, how sweet the thought, that in spirit-life we can commune with friends long since passed on.

At Northfield, a merry group of oldish boys and girls came on the cars. We felt them before we heard them, and heard them before we saw them, and knew that they were of ours. Among these, Brother Jamieson, fresh and fair, with eyes brightly beaming forth love for all. Then came hand shaking, soul greeting, with words of cheer outflowing from souls full of love of God, because he is good. The formalities past, we entered into a social chat, full of that peculiar spirit that makes one feel free in very word and deed. Brother Jamieson has much improved, and we heard good reports of his work wherever we went, and he informed us that he had never done as well as now.

But while these greetings were being carried on, on rolled the cars, and the loud shrill one,—one-third shriek, one third scream, one-third whistle, producing a compound sound as of the howl of the wolf, the bellowing of the ox and the roaring of the lion, mingled with the shrill cry of the panther, reminded us that we were near our stopping place, Farmington, Minnesota.

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## THE CELEBRATED CASE
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Skilful Physicians fail to cure it.
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HE FINALLY TAKES THE
**POSITIVE POWDERS,**
IS CURED,
*AND GAINS FIFTY FIVE POUNDS IN FLESH.*

Brownsville, Nebraska, Dec., 22, 1869.

This is to certify that I, Huston Russell, was taken on the 24th day of September, 1867, with a pain in my eye and head, and it was so severe that I thought I would rather die than live. I called on Dr. Hoover, and he attended me for some twenty days; at times I was easy, when under the influence of medicine, but confined to my bed. I called on another doctor, by the advice of Dr. Hoover. Under a new system of treatment entirely, he gave me no medicine at first, but pricked me with instruments and put on something to blister; but it had no effect. Then I called on two other doctors, who had me under their treatment for several months without any permanent relief. On the 18th of September, 1868, I called on Dr. Arnold, and he had me under his treatment until April, 1869. I used the shower 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 Positives 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.

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

I also certify that I have been acquainted with Huston Russel for twelve years, and that he was seriously afflicted for a long time, and I regard his as one of the wonderful cures

WILLIAM POLLOCK.
Postmaster at Brownville, Nebraska.

On the 29th day of September 1867, Huston Russel came to me with a pain in his left eye, which I treated for the Neuralgia, and treated him several times afterwards for the same, but the complaint returned each time after treatment. He was under treatment by several physicians afterwards, but got but little relief. I have used Spence's Positive and Negative Powders in Scarlet Fever and Diarrhoea, and found them to be good for those complaints.

JEROME HOOVER.

On the fifteenth of September, 1868, Huston Russel 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

State of Nebraska, County of Nemaha.

I hereby certify that I am acquainted with Huston Russel, 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.

Seal of Nemaha County, Nebraska. Witness my hand, and seal of said County, this 22nd day of December 1869.
JAMES M. HACKER.
County Clerk

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Vol 7 No 11