3, 00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.]

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

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S. S. JONES, PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR.

CHICAGO, NOVEMBER 26, 1870.

VOL. IX.-NO. 10.

Original Poetry.

Written for the Religio-Philosophical Journal. MANIAC'S LAST HOUR.

BY ADDIE L. BALLOU.

Dead! Dead! and away from me?
My darling cannot be dead!
Let me tear up this marble slab,
And see if it cover her head.

Dead! And is God dead, too.

That he heard not the cry of my heart—
To spare the dear life of my love,
And to let not her spirit depart?

Dead! and the sun is blood
To my life, and the moon is out;
The stars are like serpent's eyes
That look on a heart of doubt.

Mad! Who said I was mad?
Why dare they to plaion me so?
Do they think to divide us by death?
No! I'll sunder the earth but I'll go.

Fiends! bask again to your den,
And bring me the soul that has fied,
Or tear out my own heart and fling
In the waves of the sea of the dead.

Haf ha! she is coming at last; She beckons me over the reef! Just one leap into the dark — Down, walls! and give me relief.

Ha! So!-now the crimson tide From my veins in a torrent starts.

Ah, where are the boits and bars

That can bind up a broken heart?

I'm coming, my love, to you,
On a 'wildered and tempest-tossed wave,
A moment—how dark it grows!
Ah! dying?—God pity—and save!

Written for the Religio-Philosophical Journal. A Rare Book.

The Bible in India.

REVIEW BY D. W. HULL.

It is very seldom I find a book of so much interest as to demand a gratuitous notice; but when I do, justice to the public-not the publisher, demands that I should give the crumbs that fall from the table to the hungering souls about me, and tell them where they may find such a feast as I have had.

Whilst on my way east the newsboy passed by me. Amongst a heap of worthless garbage, I noticed a book entitled "The Bible in India; Hindoo Origin of Hebrew and Caristian Revelation, Translated from 'L: Bble Dans L'Inde.' By Louis Jacolliot. Carleton, Corner Fifth Avenue and Broadway, New York."

I must confess the title of the book attracted me, and I purchased it And, now that 1 have it, ten times the price would not tempt me to part with it without the possibility of procuring another copy.

That your readers may not be compelled to rely on my judgment, I propose to give copious extracts from the work. This will be useful to the reader as an index to the book, and also furnish those who have not the means at command to procure the book, with some of the evidences of the Hiadoo origin of the Hebrew and Caristian Scriptures.

The thought is not a new one to me, as I had been preaching the same ever since I saw the giorious light of the gospel of Spiritu ilism; but the works of Maurice, Sir William Jones, Mrs. Maria Lydia Childs and others, were too voluminous, besides, they did not seem to write with reference to that idea,—all of them, with the exception of Mrs. Childs, being in the interest of the church. But here comes a work, unique and concise, with its direct quotations from the Indian scriptures, placing them in juxtaposition with our Hebre wand Christian scriptures, leaving the reader to make his own

It is so recely necessary that I should refer to the discussion of philology on this book, showing the same types of thought, and the same mode of expression obtains in India, that does in other parts of the globe. Max Muller has presented this subject at still greater length than the book under consideration, and with the same results.

It will doubtless be a relief to Bible believers to know that all Sanscrit scholars admit the common nationality of all the human race, and that this people all "had one speech and one language;" but with the admission of this idea, the unbeliever is furnished with the solution of all religious theories. But we cannot refer to this at the expense of more importane topics treated of, and we pass on.

The only thing that can be questioned, is the antiquity of the Hiadoo books. It will be claimed that they borrowed all their ceremonies from their Jewish neighbors. Our author anticipates this objection, and steps out several times to meet them. He quites the plous Sir William Jones as saying: "We cannot refuse to the Vedas the honor of an ant quity the most distant." " Halhed, the translator of the Lastros." he says, " makes the remark, that no people possess annals of an authority so incompatible as those transmitted to us by the ancient Brahmins; and, in support of his assertion, mentions a book written more than four thousand years ago, which gives a retrospective history of the human race, of many millions of years."

Further along in the book, the matter is discussed at considerable length. Speaking of the Hebrew B ble, he says:

'It speaks here and there, of certain impurities of the man, of the woman, and of certain animals, but all that is flooded right and left, in a confusion of wearisome repetitions, from which it is impossible to extricate the idea that dictated the law. In the Hundon sacred books, an the confusive we find a complete and special on the contrary, we find a complete and special catalogue of all conditions of defilement, and of the objects that occasion it, with the manner of purification, as well as numerous explanations

of the idea that suggested such ordinances.
"Which then must be the precursor of the This may be regarded as a strong argument. A copyist who should be too stupid to compre-

hend the reason of an ordinance, or who should blindly submit to his laws without inquiries as to the reisons for such enactments, quiries as to the réisons for such enactments, would be very likely to copy so much as was n classary for his purpose, and leave that which did not suit him, to give to his subjects. The quotations given from the Hindoo sacred books, fully sustain this position.

We are necessarily compelled to pass over his compari one of the characters of the Indian Manan and the Hebrew Moses, and the castes as prescribed by the two different countries, and by so doing, we are compelled to decrive

and by so doing, we are compelled to deprive the reader of even an idea of the matter con-

tained in over seventy pages of the book.

While it is claimed that our Hebrew books are copied from the Hindoo, interpolations have been thrown in, so as to mar its beauty. No Hindoo would recognize the lex talionis as found in Exodus 21:24, 25 as a moral principle of his sacred books. The author refers to it in the

following language:

"Hail! this first appearance in ancient societies of the barbarous lex talionis! What theocratic I idia and Ezypt were incapable of inventing; what Manou, Boud as, Zirosster and Manes would have repelled with horror, it remained for Judaism and Jehovah to afford us.
This was no imitation, and Moses may claim the
lex talionis as an original flower in his chaplet of legislator!

No doubt all Bible readers have been unable to see the justice of compelling a young man to marry his brother's widow and raising children in the name of his brother. -Deut., 25:5-11 Our author gives us the following reason for this custom:

"T.i: c.s om, of which Judaism can give no explanation, had its origin in the religious beliefs of the Hindoos, introduced into Egypt by immigration, and was adopted by the Hebrews, probably in ignorance of its purport. "Among Hindros, a fa her c n only attain

the shades of the bless d, through explatory sacrifices, and funeral ceremonies, performed by his son on his tomb, and renewed on each anniversary of his death. These sacrifices remove the last stains which prevent the soul's re absorption into the Divine Esence, the supreme felicity prepared for the just. It is, there fore, a first necessity, that every man should have a son, who may open to him the gates of the immortal abode of Brahma; and it is for this that religion makes its appeal to the devotion of brother or kinsman, stigmatizing as infamous the refusal to perform so sacred a duty. If there were no other evidences that our

Bible was a plagiarism, this would be enough. But our author gives page a ter page in his book, showing that one of the books has been copies from the other; and we cannot full to distinguish the genuine from the counterfeit. The same laws exist concerning unclean animals that we find in the Hebrew Scriptures. In. deed, the copyist has not taken the trouble to change the verbiage of the law, or even to substitute different animals.

The ordeal concerning the detection of adul tery by the priest, defilement from contact with the dead, the purifications therefrom, impurities of mothers after childbirth, the support of the priesthood, the eating of blood, are literatim the same, only the Hindoos attach the reasons for these enactments, which the Hebrews sel-

dom take the pains to do.

There is one thing a little remarkable, which our author does not fail to notice, that in all the legislation of Moses, there is very little said about vice. The ordinances generally have reference to the same useless ceremony. The reader will be glad to learn that the original copies from which the Hebrew Bible has been drawn, has never been exposed to this objec-

The laws concerning fermented liquors and leprosy are precisely the same in the two

It is scarcely necessary that I should refer the reader to the creation, as it has long been demonstrated that the narratives are precisely the same, only one is said to have occurred millions of years before the other. The names of the first pair were Adima and Heva, who by transgression fell from their first estate. The story of the offering up of Isaac, was first related concerning Adjigarta and his son Viashagana, who went into the wilderness to

sacrifice a red goat. The goat having escaped, Brahma is reported assaying: " Behold the first fault that thou hast committed, O Acjigartal To efface it, thou shalt imm late thy son that I have given thee, on

this pile-such is my will!' "On hearing these words Adjigarta was seized with profound anguish. He sat himself down upon the sands and tears flowed abun-

dantly from his eyes.
"O Parvady," he exclaimed, "what wilt thou say when thou shalt see me return alone to the house, and what can I answer when th u shalt demand of me what has become of thy first-

"And thus he bemosned himself until the evening, unable to resolve on accomplishing the | them, to the various spiritual papers to which I

grievous sacrifice. Nevertheless, he dreamed not of dis beying the Lord, and Vashagana, notwithstanding his tender age, was firm, and encouraged him to execute the divine commands.

"Having gathered the wood and constructed the pile, with a trembling hand he bound his son, and, raising his arm with the knife of sacrifice, was about to cut his throat, when Vischnou, in the form of a dove, came and sat upon the head of the child.

"'O Adjigarta,' said he, 'cut the victim's hands, and scatter the pile; Grd is satisfied of thy obedience, and thy son, by his courage, hath found grace before him. Let the days of his life be long, for it is from him that shall be born the virgin who shall conceive by a divine

Every B ble defender has felt a difficulty in finding prophecies of the Christian Savior.
Many prophecies having a double meaning have be been cited; but could they have inserted the prophecies after the man had appeared, the language could not have been so dubious. From some cause (perhaps the prophecy was written after the even!) the H ndoo does not labor under the same embarrassment concerning the savior in their religion. Some of these prophers savior in their religion. Some of these prophecies abound with the highest metaphors, of which the poetical language of Isaiah seems to baa miserable copy.

The circumstances concerning the birth of Christna is already familiar to many of the readers of this article. Suffice it to say that Christna was born of a virgin; that his life was sought in infancy; that he was killed for the sins of men; that his body disappeared after his death, etc., etc.

Our author has found that the Hindoos maintain the same moral principles that we do, and thus he accounts for the failure of our missionaries in that country. He quotes a Brahmin

"Why should I change my religion?" demanded a Brahmin with whom I was one day discussing these matters. "Ours is as good as yours, if not better, and you but date it all since eighteen centuries, while our belief is continuous without interruption from the cr ation of the world. God, according to you, and you thus diminish him, required several efforts to provide you with a religion. According to us, he revealed his law in creating us. Whenever man has strayed, he has manifested himself to recall him to the primitive faith. Lastly, he incarnated himself in the person of Christna, who came not to instruct humanity in new laws, but to efface original sin and puti y morals. This incarnation you have adopted as you have adopted our tradition of the creation of Adims and Heya. We still expect another bafore the end of the world,-that of Christna coming to encounter the Prince of Rickelissas, di guised as a horse, and from what you have just told me of your Apocalypse, you have also borrowed this prophecy from us. Your religion is but an infil ration, a souvenir of ours; wherefore, then, desire me to a topt it? It you would succeed, do not begin by teaching me principles that I find in all our holy books, and a morale which we possess in India from long before Europe had opened its eyes to the light of c'vilization." All this was but the exact truth, and

admitted no reply. Mr. Judson has said that he found it very difficult to hold an argument with the Hindoos, from the fact that their mode of thought was different from ours. If the above elequent extract is a specimen, we may suppose that it is different, but in the same way that light is dif-

ferent from darkness. We have continually heard from our missio ? aries, of the ignorance of the Hindoop. Tae following extract from the "Bible in India," presents the matter in a different light.

"We shall be less surprised at this when it is known that there is not a Hindoo, whatever his rank or caste, who does not know the principles of the H dy Scriptures, that is, of the Vedas, and who does not perfectly know how to read and write."

It is said the Hindoos are very fond of discussing with the missionaries the difference between them. From our own experience we should think it pretty hard work to get a discussion with them.

Those of our readers who may wish the book, will find our accommodating publishers ever ready to furnish it to them. Price-\$2.00; postage, 24 cents. This work will soon be followed by another, entitled, "The Son of God," For sale at the office of this paper.

Emma Hardinge to her American Friends.

Once more, favewell, my American friends and fellow-laborers in the beloved cause of Spiritualism. For a season, which I hope to make a brief one, the wide waste of ocean waters will separate us in the sphere of earthly du ties and mortal communion. In the unity of spirit, we know there is no separation, no death. B and to America, the land of my spiritual birth, by the holiest ties that can move the soul or influence the life, it must be the logic of events rather than the yearning of the human will, if I am long absent from the shores of the New World. As I now scratch these hasty lines of farewell, even as the sound of the carriage wheels is heard that are to hear me away to the ship, I see on my table a pile of letters just received, and unanswered by the sheer necessity of my immediate departure. Unfulfilled purposes, unfinished articles, unwritten sketches. fill up the corridors of my busy brain; and yet my tired hands and now lagging feet have lab-ored incessantly up to this, the last moment be-

To all and each who deem letters are due to

would so gladly have contributed, had I not worked far beyond my strength, and up to the last moment of my time, in other directions—to all and sundry, I now say farewell—God speed—and, like the aucient Druid, if I cannot pry every debt I one here, in the hereafter I will surely render justice and acquittance to all

I ask every one who loves Emms Hardinge, and believes or appreciates her work, to meet with her in solemn, fall convention in the spheres of the spirit country, in the year 1970, and at the period that corresponds to the Christ-mas Day of earth. We are immortal. Our loves, m mories, energies and human attractions are undying. We shall all still live—all be gathered into the harvest-fields of immortality. Why should we not demonstrate our faith in these glorious elements of belief, by pledging to ourselves and each other our promise to this meeting? My heart's attractions to my friends and fellow-laborers shall be the focal cord of union, and beneath its urgent magnetism, the union, and beneath its urgent magnetism, the hour and point for reassembling will be felt by all who sympathize in the call. And now, again, farewell. The ship "Abyssinia" will bear me on to the accomplishments of my destiny, as yet unfulfiled on earth.

My address will still be found in the lec'ure's list. For my book, "Modern American Spiritualism," all orders and business connected with is sale and publication can be addressed as usual.

i scale and publication can be addressed, as usual, to the spiritual by k-stores and journal offices; and these, again, will kindly send their orders and make their payments to Albert Day, Esq., 68 Wall street, New York City. This gentleman will most kindly and promptly transact all business for me in reference to my book during my absence. In the hope of a speedy return to the shores of America, and with most kindly greetings to every reader, I am, ever faithfully, The servant of the spirits,

EMMA HARDINGH. Address, Mrs. Hardinge, 9 Vassall Terrace, Kensington, W., London, England. [All the spiritual papers please copy.]

Pennsylvania.

LETTER FROM H. BRENEMAN.

Bro. Jones: - A band of spirits are now giving manifestations at Harrisburg, Pa. They have made a picture or drawing at the house of Bro. Josep's Potts. Tae size is three by six feet, made on paper, of which they request me to inform you and the BANNER OF LIGHT. Tais p'clure is made by the spirits them-elves—no medium; hand is use 1. This picture is shaded with various colors taken from the atmosphere. The colors are thrown upon the picture by a current of electricity (spirits say -o), for they can be seen coming on it. This is a new phase of spirit drawing to me. This picture is a representative of spiri und trutas. Tarough its entire length is a river winding upwards, passing houses, a large gate, and an arched gateway. In this arc's is suspended a pair of scales, or balances, representing Justice. In the right corner of the picture are two churches-in one is seen the sun shining and illuminating the interior so as to see the pews and various kinds of mechanical tools, and on the outside is written, "Christ's workshop." This indicates Industry The other church has a cross on it, and inter. iorly looks dark; it admits no light; its windowsare stained, or frosted like the windows in barrooms of our cities, indicating the reverse of the former church. In the left hand corner are some old decayed trees, on which is perched an owl, and beneath it sits a flisherman, fishing in the stream. Above him in the firmament is the sun. All together this drawing is not so artistically done (for it appears to be an experiment with them), but the manner in which it is done, is really something new to us in spirit manifest ations, and must eventually as onish mankind, and prove the immortality of man beyond a doubt, for here is or u'ar demonstration of the

The following is what Bro. Joseph Potts said of the picture: 'Tais drawing was commenced about the first of October last. The spirits directed us to get the paper, and tack it against the wall in our parlor, close the window blin is, shut the doors and lock them, and they the spirits) would draw us a proure. I did as directed, locked the door and carried the key in my pocket. I unlocked the door and entered the room three or four times in each day to waten the progress mad . They frequently called my attention to it. This evening, Oct 31, 1870, about 7 o' clock, the spirits gave me a communication by torming letters of light on the wall so as to be read by my son William (a med ium), the letters appearing and disappearing as fast as read, when this was given: Darken the room and we will use the medium' hand and write something about the picture. Get us a pencil and paper, and in ten minutes we had

the following written. "Friends of earth, enter the Temple of the living God within thy soul, and from its silent repose, ascend in spirit to the Valley of Truth, and there let thy worshiping soul casut hymns of joy and victory. Let tuy soul mingle invocations with the white r bed worshipers that are on the road through the beau itui ga eways to eternal life. On his ea, mankind, to the voice of spirits that speak s veet tones to you, and be willing to weigh for your-elves when on your journey, toat which requires weighing, and it a book, or a teacher be necessary for your guideance, read from the ever open Book of Na ure, and learn wiedo n from its numerous pages. As you see the fisherm in taking less ins from the owl, put away all care for the external, and look to the robes and endowments of your immortal spirit. Seek for the true light, and having found it follow the road to where it leads you, for the truth will never lead you astray. Be gentle and forbearing, be patient, kind, and ever

ready to bear each other's burthens, and share each others sorrows. Seek for light and you shall find it. God's bounties are spread for your acceptance freely, and on every hand his truths are revealed in every form of Nature, in the sunshine, in the storm, in the cataract, in the rivulet, in the heaving ocean, in the broad lands, in every tree, and shrub, and flowers in every living, moving form are stamped in characters of unmistakable clearness, his holy law, his eternal truth. His power is universal—you need no pompous creed—bound press to reveal to you the hidden mysteries of God's immutable to you the hidden mysteries of God's immutable laws. Open your eyes and read for yourselves by the light of your God-given powers, your reason and your intentitive perception, and do not wait for a self-appointed agent of God to show you the road to immortal life. Open your doors to God's ministering spirits, and let the dear light of truth which your spirit friends shed upon you, be a pillar of fire by day and by night, guiding you onward in the path of inspired wisdom and knowledge, and aid you in your search for hidden gems of light through which your road or pathway of progression may be your road or pathway of progression may be winding I let those who find strengthand faith from chewing the dead leaves of a wornout Theology, be content to go to dark churches, and continue their repast. But those that incline to work in Christs workshop, want to impart life to his brother and to coming generations. They cannot live on husks and garbage, for their souls cry out for the bread of life, and the all—satisfying waters of truth. As you seek, so shall you find churches whose religion is Theology outward—cold and dreary. But God's star-crowned angels of light, are coming to the weak and weary of earth, with golen messages of love. You see the posts and lattice work thickly covered with honey suckles, playing hite and gopeep through the openings, doing all they can to make the naughty old world happy again. This to us is something beautiful, in the idea of those wild vines as well as the fisherman and those wild vines, as well as the fisherman and the owl. Oh! that man would learn a lesson of wisdom from Nature, and let the tender vines of simplicity and affection twide around their hearts and homes, to shield them from the scarching sun rays of avarice, which is withering up the fruit buds of innocence that are waiting to grow and expand in the tree immortal. Friends-we pity you, for you do not know that a thing of beauty is a joy forever. The balance of out thoughts we leave until we complete the next

Your band in love, J. SECRIST.

Nebraska State Convention.

According to previous call, the State Spiritualist Convention assembled at the capital on Friday, the 28th of November, at 2 o'clock.— Attendance small, but harmonious. Brother Isaac Young, President, called the Convention to order. Dr. Dunn and Mrs. Warner from Ill., were present. A committee was appointed to revise constitution and present resolutions.-Dr. Dunn gave us some excellent remarks on a form of constitution and resolutions, which had a grand effect. Dr. Dunn, Dr. Maxwell, Brothther Potter, and Mrs. Warner were selected for that committee, after which we devoted the remainder of the afternoon in conference. Brother Potter, from Washington county, spoke of a union of sentiment throughout the state, and thought this convention would have a grand effect of uniting us all together. At night, Mrs. Warner gave us a glorious lecture to an audience of over three hundred. Saturday it rained all day--no business. Sunday convention called to order. Constitution presented and adopted, then the election of officers took place. For President, S. McConiga; Vice Presidents, G. A. Unthank and Dr. Case; Secretary, Alonz) Rogers; Treasurer, Isaac Young; Committee, Capt. H. E. Pain, W. H. Ball, Brother Har. Ad journed until 2 o'clock. At 2 o'clock Dr. Dunn gave us a grand lecture to an intelligent audience. House well filled. After the clase of the lecture, tuese resolutions were adopt d.

RESOLVED. That we grant to our me ubers the broadest liberty of thought and action, believing that right to every person, is his or per highest idea of right.

RESOLVED, That we do not endors: in them any act of injustice, or violation of j at laws under the government, or a breach of the morals of our country and society. RESILVED That it is the duty of all true Spir-

itualists to labor in union with all I beral Christians, for the advancement of true when we can so do without ignoring any of the glorious principles of Spiritualism. Evening session was devoted to lectures by

Mrs. Warner and Dr. Dunn, three quarters of an hour each, to a crowded house. Great excitement from the people to know more about Spiritualism. One Methodust munister said that if that was Spiritualism he was a Spiritualist.— Monday night Mrs. Warner gave us a grand lecture of an hour and a half, to a crowded house, and at the close related her excerience. It was very interesting, and deeply affected most of the people present. On Tuesday night, Dr. Dunn gave a temperance lecture at the Methodist church. The church was filled to its utmost,-On Sunday following, Dr. Dunn lectured at 2 c'clock His discourse resulted in converting me to Spiritualism. Seats all full. At night a discussion took place b tween Dr. Dunn and our United Breturen Preacher which lasted two hours,—one half hour each alternately, about seven hundred were out to hear. The general cry was the reverend, gentleman was too ignorant to combat with Dr. Dunn. Brother Dunn has made a mark here that will be a blessing to all reformers.

Lincoln, Nebraska.

ALONZO ROGERS, Sec.

Original Essays.

Written for the Religio Philosophical Journal. FALLING STONES IN MEXICO.

They Fall in the House-Appear to Pass Through the Walls-Wonderful Manifestarions.

Everybody has heard of meteoric falling stones, but the falling of stones used as building materials is a phenomenon that is believed to be new under the sun. Such I have this day, witnessed in this

Eight days ago, as attested by a respectable ". family of natives of this city, cobble stones, pebbles, dried morter, and bits of the soft rock used here for the walls of houses, commenced falling around, upon and in, the house occupied by said family, and have continued falling night and day, as witnessed and attested by the family, their driends and neighbors, and also by hundreds of curious citizens up to the present time.

The writer of this paid no attention to the ru more and excitement, believing the whole thing to be a concerted matter, gotten up by mischievous hoys, to frighten the family. To day, however, being assured by a reliable man that he and his wife had slept in the house during the four preeeding consecutive nights, for the comfort and protection of the family-their particular friends. and that cobole stones of considerable size had fallen in the sala (parlor), the doors and windows hoing shut. I was moved to visit the family, and investigate the phenomens.

The house is on the main street one block from the public square. The family belong to the mid-diag class, but rather wealthy. The father and one of the grown sons are absent, having gone to the City of Mexico to dispose of valuable real estate, a quired by inheritance. I am the family physician, and have known them intimately, as such, for reven or eight years, and place full confidence in what they tell me of this affair, just as 1

would if examining one of them under disease.

The call took place at two o'clock in the afteracon, and my observations continued half an hour. The mother was asleep on my arrival. The man and his wife who had slept there the four preceding mighte, were there. I have been their family phynight, were there. I have been their rainly physician, also, for seven or eight years, and know them to be plain, honest trathful persons as any I have ever attended in my official capacity, extending through a period of forty-eight years. They assured me there had fallen in the sala during the four nights they had staid there, the doors and windows being tightly shut, more than an almeed (peck) of stones. I expressed a wish to see them, or specimens. The wife then drew from behind the undervallance of a bed at one end of the sais, o peck measure heaping full of cobble stones, pebbles, dried mortar, etc., that remained of those which had fallen in the sala during the four nights, and which she had gathered, on cleaning up in the morning,—a good many having been carried away by various visitors. One was shown me that had fallen the night previous to their being there,—a blue lime cobble stone, that would weigh, I judged, twelve or fifteen pounds. It struck against the back door, and fell on the mortar floor, leaving its mark on the door, which flew open by reaction. Other specimens would weigh four or five pounds, solid blue limestones, and all sizes below.

The mother then awoke and gave me her story. She was daily expecting her husband and son, having been advised by them that they would leave the Ci y of Mexico on the 15th of August. Loud knockings at the door, eleven nights ago, opened the phenomens. She, supposing her husband and son had arrived, rushed to the door—no body there! Soon loud knockings at the back door—nobody there! Then loud knockings at the windows—nobody there! Then succeeded bowling on the roof, as if a bowling match at ten pins were being played. The roofs here are flat. and mixed with fine peobles, beaten hard. These noises, variously modified, continued three days, and then the stones commenced falling, and have continued till now, day and night, without intermission, but mostly at n'gut, when there are most apacitators, in the evening, after candle lighting.
"Was anybody, hurt?" No !Ano stone of any conciderable size has struck any one. Small stones

had hit several, and caused temporary pain."
While interrogating and cross questioning, too elaborately to write out, a pebble stone fell near my chair, the doors and windows being open. I picked it up, but could not tell where it came from. I rose and went and stood in the back door looking out to the north. The man and his wife had gone out into the yard. A stone weighing two pounds, fell near the man, which I saw roll along on the ground, but not before it struck. I took a chair and seated myself in the shade of the kitchen on the west side of the vard .-- he man and his wife standing in front of me. Looking up at them, I saw a glittering something descending in mid air, at an angle of—say thirty degrees from the zenith, coming from the northeast quarter of the heavens, and distinctly heard it strike on the roof of the house. The man instartly observed that another had fallen, for he heard it strike. In a few minutes one came from the north, and struck the wall of the house over the kitchen roof, and rolled down at our feet. I picked it up-it was one of the size of a hen's egg. Before many minutes, another came from the southeast, and just scraping the top of the house, struck the ground within six feet of me. I have it in my possession—it weighs half a pound.

I then returned home, satisfied that no set of boys could produce this phenomena, but utterly unable to account for what I had seen and been

A week has now elapsed, and all is quiet. I have seen and conversed with others wno have visited the house and seen the stones fall. Don Priscilius Garcia, a gentleman of high birth and character as any citizen of Cadereyta, lives across the street, in front of the said family. He has told me to day, September 12th, that he visited the house many times during the twelve days the family were trouble, and saw many stones fall, and among them the large one—largest of all—that struck the back door and fell on the floor of the sals. He onfirms the account given me that the doors and windows were shut, and the candles burning when that big stone fell inside the sala. and struck the door and opened it. Where it came from, he cannot tell. The walls of the sala are two feet falck, of solid masonry, and the roof is half a root thick, artificial puzztane, without crack or crevice. Garcia told me this to day, in my office, and I consider him as good a youcher as any man living, and his testimony as good as a hundred affidavits, which I could readily get, were it necessary, to back my statements.

I am myself, and have been, all my life, exceedingly pious in my feelings, but as unbelieving in the marvelous and miraculous as any Thomas, or other disciple who can be named. There are oth era so constituted, who will, no doubt, discredit this account. To make it more authentic, I will further state that I early became a member of a Congregational Church in New Englend, and have through a long life, struggled to be a conformist. My heart is in the right place. I can weep at seeing a priest kneel at the altar, or if I read a simple, loving child's communication from the Spirit World, but my head will not believe all things. I therefore ask nobody to believe this statement, for it is past all belief. And a religion founded on such phenomens, like Spiritualism, can never become a universal religion, I thing.

After all said and done, without the laws are un-

folded-the material laws by which these incomprehensible phenomens are produced, all men can not receive them. If they can be reduced to scinot receive them. If they can be reduced to selentific truths, then all, everybody can believe them. For this reason, I long since called for the establishment of a scientific journal, to be conducted by a Tiffany, a Tut le, a Rhen, an Edmonds, or a corps of such men, stancing in the front ranks of the spiritual philosophy, to try and see if anything tangibly scientific could be brought to light out of the spiritual movement of the day. This everlasting harding tunn the cian trap the. This everlasting harping upon the cisp-trap phenomena without any advance toward a scientific explanation, is what is discusting scientists.

Will the RELIGIO PHILESOPHICAL JOURNAL publish this? I wish it to be seen by Spiritualists, and

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for them to reflect on their own incomistency. They are striving to tear down orthodoxy—the Christian religion, established on miraculous phenomena, the changing of water to wine, etc., etc., and siming to build up what they call a rational religion, founded, however, on similar miraculous phenomena.

If this is accepted and published, I hope the editor will throw out some hints accompanying it, on the cause and object of the strange phenomena communicated, whether he considers them natural or spiritual. Whether they are as natural as the meteoric showers that annually cause a stir among the savants, or as spiritual as the "accredited manifestations" of the BANNER OF LIGHT. The cui bono of this phenomena is particularly called for. Can any body offer a rational hypothesis on

the subject? Nobedy knows anything about Spiritualism out here among this simple, primitive race. I think it would be well for the question to be propounded and answered through the mediumship of Mrs. Co-nant, for she gets off some excellent hits. If answered satis actorily, and the law explained by Theodore Parker, or any other spirit, I will give one hundred dollars to the public free circles over which Mrs. Conant presides.

P. S.—Since writing the above, I have been informed of another family in this city that has been visited by showers of falling stones. I will get the particulars and forward them, after knowing the fate of this hasty communication.

Cadereyta, Nuevo Leon, Sept., 1870.

Written for the Religio-Philosophical Journal. "SOCIAL EVILS."

Letter from Roi.

BROTHER JONES :-- A stranger in this city, I am stopping for a few days at one of your hotels, into which the "Life Boat" is thrown in great profu-

It contained many charming morreaux from different, and not always "orthodox" authors. I was pleased with many of the selections, but in the midst of my enjoyment I came to the article, "Social Evil." The manner of treating the subject sent a cold chill through my heart, freezing out all the pleasant things I had enjoyed, and I inwardly asked, is this the orthodox style of treating this subject, and is this orthodox charity?

But to quote the article in question. The writer speaks of "watching the motley crowd. The ladies of the demi monde, dressed in the most expensive silks and satins," of their "inviting glances from brilliant, fiery eyes," and of "others of the same type in carriages, laughing and chattering and smiling to old acquaintances;" tells how "happy and merry they looked," then asks, "Did they feel their degradation? Did the public show anything but admiration.? *

The writer then speaks of "two young girls from the country," "astonished at the magnificent toilets," one of whom expressed the wish that she "was one of those fine ladies." Then says, "This country girl was remarkably beautiful, and in her eyes glowed an amorous fire! Ten to one, if she falls into bad company, she will be numbered among the lost ones who infest our streets." "And the cause of her fall will be the soft hands and gorgeous attire of harlots she saw passing-ad-

mired, not hissed, by man and woman."

He then says, "It seems to us that there is only one way to keep it ('his spelal evil) in bounds." "That is, that every man or woman of that class walking in broad daylight, be sent to the cala-boose. Let them prey by night, with owls and bats, but don't allow them to display the gold of prostitution under God's bright sun at the same time that our wives and daughters visit our streets

and public places."

He speaks of "an old English custom" of employing a beadle to follow prostitutes "whenever she walked in the streets, ringing a cow bell, un il

the gay bird had to decamp."

Then closes as follows: "Let us rise like one man in this city, and put this fearful display of prostitution down. Let us drive them from our houses, public places of amusement, and streets. the latter, at least, during the hours from 6 A. M. to o P. M., and chase them to their haunts." "It is only in this way that we can prevent our chil. dren from contamination with vice; the coming reneration from the most serious infection." A more cold blooded, heartless article, I think I never read. Is this Christian charity? Is this the "evangelical" results of the teachings of him who

Neither do I condemn thee; go and sin no Is this the "only" way to prevent this social evil? Must "every man and woman" join in one univer al "hiss," "ring cow bells," "put them down," "chase them," "drive them from our

houses and streets ?" What an elevating and refising occupation for

our Christian sisters, wives and daughters?

Of Christian charity

Under the sun." All this pharisalcal, vain glorious, self-righteousness, calling on his neighbors to cast the first stone at these poor, unfortunate, heart-sick women, driven to desperation by one false step, no men, driven to desperation by one false step, no turning back, no open door into which they may enter and find shelter and sympathy; no mother's love, nor sister's charity. One false step, taken by a warm, confiding heart, in the delirium of the first tale of love and devotion, told by the lips of some perfidious scoundrel, some Rev. Mr. Cook of fashionable society, brother of the wives and daughters who are to put down, hiss at and drive to destruction and despair the too confiding victim of the treacherous villainy of "nice young men" of the treacherous villainy of "nice young men," of the treacherous villally of "nice young men," who are tondled, flattered and petied by the same ladies who never forgive the victim. The betrayer finds ready forgiveness. His ac; was only "the gaiety of youth," "wild cats," "a little wild now, but will steady down by and by." Tells the orthodox God he is sorry, and he is "cleansed from all sin," becomes "as pure as snow." He has "cast his burden upon Christ," his filthy raiment of lust, and debauchery, and Christ, "ibs silvers of lust and debauchery, and Christ, "the sinless one," is clothed therein, a d he, the guilty, thus purified and regenerated, metamorphosed by vicarious atonement, walks off with garments white as snow, chuckling with de ignt as he thinks how easy it is to exchange old clothes for new; and the effect of the new suit is still more important. His fifth, education in vice is no longor exposed to the public gaze. He is purified, walks with the sanctifi d, and dying, is immediately glorified. He becomes a bright and shining light in the Christian church. His "Brothers" exuibit him as a specimen of their handiwork. They point to him, saying, "Don't you see what nice clean clothes he has on, and only think how fifthy he was yesterday. At our laundry we give new ele n clothes for old filthy ones. Nay, more, we give with the new ones the right hand of fellowship. The recipient becomes a brother who is fit to walk arm in arm with as through golden streets, through all eter-

His miraculous purification renders him fit to associate with angels. Duors are thrown open. fathers and mothers receive the prodigal with open arms, and the daughters smile on rim, and to show himself worthy of such smiles, he, the virtuous, freed from sin by casting his filthy crimes ous, freed from six by cashing his many crimes upon an innocent person, now joins the crusade against the victim of "the glances of his eyes, glowing with amorous fire,"

"I thank thee, Jew, for the words," but would

apply the lash to the tempter, the betrayer and destroyer, and give the victim of his lust rest and shelter in the motherly arms of some pure woman who has the love of God in her heart, and more faith in him as a power for reformetion than she has in a hiss, or a cow belt; whose soul is above a hiss, and who would somer have her tongue par-alyzed than use it in such nefarious work.

So speaks and feels every lover of humanity, and worker for the common weal of our race. go forth, ye mothers, wives and sisters, clothed in your own innocence, purity, and God-like charity, Seek out these fallen women, more sinned against than sioning. Search out the well-springs of their womanly hearts and natures. Touch them with the wand of sympathy, love and charity, and like the rod of Moses of old, it will open the fountain of the pent-up waters of life, quicken their spiritu-al natures, and regenerate and restore them to the virtuous and useful walks of life.

Had the waiter seen the "Sing Sing Address," fourth page, second column, same paper? where, with all a mother's deep affection" a women "pleaded with that young man," not fallen woman, but man. But let us quote. There are sermons in stones, and there is pith and point in this Sing Sing address, which through God's goodness, and the labors of his ministering angels, may be the means of grace, even to those whose nature

it is to hiss: "He tried to stand—he staggered. She held him up—he staggered and fell again. Her love was there, again to raise him to his feet. Again he fell—sgain the loving hand upheld him."

That young man "Bound in the dark prison house of was gradled in the arms of wife labels."

house of woe, cradled in the arms of vice, locked in the embraces of hateful passions,"—I quote from the same Address—lost to all sense of honor or virtue, beastly and disgusting as he was to look upon, yet a woman's heart, pure, tend r, loving and forgiving, sought him out, he three times falling, and she, with an angel's hand, three times raised him and saved him. He was a man, and the world readily forgave

him, but where were the victims of his lusts and 'hateful embraces." Who sought them out, and though three times

falling, three times raised them, and "spoke words of heart-sheer, soul-sympathy and human tenderness?" Why so much sympathy for the soul polluted

wretch, who, with honeyed words, wins the love of an unsuspecting, confiding girl, but to wither with the blighting breath of his hateful passions. and desert, when his villainy is accomplished, leaving her to a world of scorp, which knows no pity, but which, in its evangelical purity, is ready to cast stones, chase, hoot, hiss, and hunt down the frail, broken hearted creature? But if this vile, hellish work is to be done, why

by 'man and woman?" God pity the woman who shall thus disgrace her sex.

But let us look for a moment at the writer's bright array of silks and satins, kid gloves and

carriages, so temptingly displayed.

If he had but listened to the testimony given in every police court throughout the land, he would have learned that all these are furnished by the keepers of the brothels, and that these poor smiling victims were their slaves, brought to their houses by respectable villains, and there deserted, left to starve, or dress in borrowed plumes, hide their pale faces with rouge, and smile and be gay. They ere slaves, bound by chains stronger and more galling than ever disgraced the Southern States, riveted on them by public sentiment, hedged in, with no avenue of escape. Modern Christianity has no olive branch of peace for them. They see the "bell," hear the "hiss," and know that they are "hunted down," and by Christians driven from respectable places into brothels, where they find the only doors open to receive them.

They know their betrayer, and see him flattered and caressed by fair maidens and forgiving mammas who are urged to hiss at and drive from their houses the betrayed. Every door is closed, every avenue of escape is barred. No motherly love for them, no womanly sympathy extended, no human tenderness from either sex, no lifting up, no kind word except from the man who 'locks them in his hateful embrace,' hateful, disgusting and soul abhorred, but it is that, or starvation, suicide and

You cannot look into the recesses of their hearts. the death chambers of their fondest hopes, where, in hot cells, the memories of the "might have been," but now, alas, "never to be" are locked and veiled, secure from mortal eyes. God alone seeth and judgeth and He is merciful.

"He doeth all things weil." Hiss them, hoot them, drive them, chase them. This is "the only" manner of successfully dealing with the "social evil," says the writer in the "Life Boat," who sees in the eyes of "a remarkably pret-ty country girl" the "glow of an amorous fire," and tells it to the young men of this pure metrop-

Why "glow of an amorous fire?" Why not see in this unsophisticated maiden, youthful beauty and eyes glowing with celestial love and true womanly purity, affection and charity, God given to bless mankind, which bespeaks the heart and soul and grace of all womanly charms. Those charms which brighten our home, draw us there and en-chain us with the invisible charm of home induence, so indefinable and indissoluble whose elastic links are never severed, but which lengthen as we wander, and are ever drawing our hearts back, and into the sunshine of those eyes. ever glowing with womanly joy, sympathy and love; a charm never to be broken, here or hereaf-ter, whether from mother, wife or sister. God bless the charm. God bless the eyes. God bless the home where such eyes are found, and God will bless the husband, father, sons or brothers in such a home, basking in the blams of the celes-

Why not see in the eyes of that country maiden. pure and innocent, all those lovely, womanly qualities which every true man seeks, to adorn and enliven his hearthstone, cheering him in despondency and glowing as he returns from a day of toil, with wominly affection and love, dispelling all weariness, and making that home a haven of rest

and joy.

Thus the picture of the "remarkably pretty country girl" locks to us, and thus she doubtless will become the centre of attraction in some charmed circle; the priestess at the shrine in the temple of home and love, where her husband shall lay the offerings of his heart, and her children bring gifts of filial affection.

And may God forbid that her path shall ever he crossed by any blotch of humanity, who sees in the eyes of every "pretty country girl" the glow of

an amorous fire. But then, we do not see through the Orthod ox spectacles of total depravity, nor do we think the "only" or even the best way to check the "social evil," and relieve unfortunate women from the sepulchral grasp of brothels, and help them out of their misfortunes into a life of purity and usefulness, is to follow them with cow bells, his them, drive them, or in any way to put them down. But in God's name, lift them up out of the cesspool of prostitution into the atmosphere of purity, and though some may stumble and fall again, yet again raise them, speak to them kindly, encouragingly, cheeringly, words of comfort, hope and charity, and save them from temptation and sin, by providing them homes, where they can live honorably and usefully. Thus may you earn a blessing from the ips of the unfortunate, the approval of your own conscience, and the smiles of

heaven. But it the baser appetite must be satisfied, then vent your spleen upon the tempter, deceiver and betrayer, that misculine ulcer of society, who mingles with you in all the walks of life, unwhipped by public opinion, whose position in this life is his bulwark of defense, made impregnable by venial gold, which has a miraculous power to settle questions of moral turpitude. There you may find "a foem in worthy of your steel." Put him down, hiss him, drive him from your houses and society. Let your wives and daughters frown upon him and his gold, and brand him as they do the females, and the social evil will cease.

A DETERMINED ADVERTISER.-The following is from a Des Moines paper:

At the funeral of a young man in Des Moines, recently, the services for the dead took place at the dwelling of the parents. After a most pa-thetic address, which brought tears from all the young ladies present the minister inquired if any friend of the deceased wished to say anything on this solemn occasion. A stranger stepped forward, and after expressing sympathy with the friends of the deceased, remarked that the ways of Providence were inscrutible, and, in this connection, he wished to mention that he was the agent for a first rate article of "hair vigor" for the State of Iowa. The corpse had used it for many years with great advantage, and he confidently recommended it, especially to the minister and undertaker present, as he per-ceived both were painfully bald. "Shake the bottle, gentlemen, and rub the matter well in with a stiff brush," said he. At this stage of the proceedings a s.l.ht disturbance occurred. and the "nair vigor" man disappeared.

Let Josh Billings says: "One of the lardest things for enny man to do, is to fall down on the ice when it is wet and then git up and praze the Lord."

From our Special Correspondent. SPIRITUALISM IN NEW CASTLE, PA.

Letter from Mrs. M. J. Wilcoxson.

It is with feelings of humble satisfaction that report to all friends of our blessed angel sause, our recent successes in this city. On the Sunday of Oct, 16th, I spoke afternoon and evening to an audience of over 600 people,—having obtained the use of White Hall, a lecture room attached to the Presbyterian Church of this city Then I went on to Wheeling, and immediately mon my departure, the ubiquitous and foxy Mc Queen leaped into the very cordial sympathies and approving plans of the Clerical Conclave here, who, following their spunky leader, Rev. Mr. Junkins, of Chicago notoriety, had effectually, by their protests, barred the doors of the lecture room against me. Prof. Mo Queen came just in time, shook hands all around, put up his flaming posters, just a few, and the rest of the announcements were made from the pulpits of New Castle. Almost as courageous as Samson of old, these ministers of the meek and lowly Jesus took up this jaw bone of anand set about slaying the formidable proportions of Spiritualism, by attacking it in the person of an absent woman. The Bible of Moses, not of Christ, was appealed to—the Endor story was ventilated a la witchcraft. Prof. Mc Queen was hailed as the champion of insulted, neglected Orthodoxy, and the people were most earnestly recommended to patronize the great expounder and exposer of this Diabolus,-"this greatest of all humbug! Hand in glove, and clasping the digits of the fortunate Professor in hearty anpreciation; the Clerical tribunal commenced. Mrs. Wilcoxson was called by the Professor an "impostor," "a hypocite," "a deceiver," "a blasphemer," & , while Clerico responded "amen! The Professor kept up the farce the first evening on a free ticket, and seeing the nails clinched with the clergy, announced the modest sum of 25 cents admission for the next evening. Of course, the stereotyped "next evening," he would give them the Cream of the thing. He would "show up" mediumship. He would expose this diabolical trickery. He would "do all that mediums could do!" The auspicious(?) night came. The braying of trumpets had brought out a small assemblage in the interest of the opposition, and for the fun of the thing. who were treated to one of the usual failures of Mc Queen, and found themselves minus their quarters and nothing to compensate them for t but the brass of the Professor. He could shut up his eyes and repeat a poem from L'zzie Doten's collection, and he could do it with his eyes open, just as well! He had cast out spirits by wearing a long needle attached to his hand. by which he had brought mediums out of the trance "mighty quick." The poor dupes laughed, the clericals smiled satisfaction. Meek and gentle christian preachers! Where is Cottoni Mather? He is wanted in the Presbyterian Church of New Castle, and that is why Theodore Parker must not be admitted. We are not quite sure that Mather has not already got into head quarters, and found a medium to suit him exactly. Well, Professor vanished with the quarters, having saved his printing, got a hall at lowest rate, and perhaps his board bill—for he might have lived upon the hospitalities of the Evangelical Alliance. The Courant and Gazette must have a hand in the burning of "witches." and came in for a notice, but the "sharp dodge" of the Carant did not take, and the Gasettle fell behind in picking up a burlesque from that blackguard sheet, the New York World. Oh! wouldn't they demolish the heresy Would that awful woman ever dare come back to New Castie? A few days passed away with the usual rising and setting of the sun, and lo, one morning, the condemned, the scourged, the expatriated and proscribed Mrs. Wilcoxson appeared once more, quietly and calmly pursuing her even course on the public street of New Castle. White Hall was emphatically refused. Mrs. Wilcoxson should not have it at any rate, not even to meet her accusers, and the vilifiers of Spiritualism. A few more days passed as usual, and up went the pos ors in these words. Equal Rights! Free Speech, and no gag-laws for Americans!" SPIRITUALISM! Mrs. Wilcoxson will lecture in Jefferson Hall in this city.

at 2 and 7 P. M., on Sunday next.
Sunday came. A fine au lience listened attentively to Mrs. Wilcoxson's defence of Spiritualism, and her ministry. She dwelt briefly upon the spirit of the clergy and the secular papers in their interest. The former had never come to her; had never conferred with or examined her claims; had denounced her as a hypocrite and imposter, and then refused her hearing. She laid it before the people, appealing to their sense of Justice. She called the clergy to account in such language as this. "Is it not as truly incumbent upon the clergy to obey the command, 'Thou shalt not bear false witness, as upon the common people!'

What is profanation, and what is blasphemy? A poor, rough man, in his coarse garb, oppressed with the burdens of labor, swears at his dog, his horse, and cattle. He says "damn" in a common way, and it is very "profane." The clergyman reproves him in strong B:ble language. And when he, the preacher, feels the swear in himself, perhaps from head to foot, he says "damn" in Bible cr clerical language.— And is this not just as much profanity as in the former case? Mrs. W. challenged the people to give her a subject which she could not have studied, for the evening lecture, and to find any poem she might give as original, in print. At the anpointed hour a packed house was in attendance.

The subject was given by a committee, who stated "there could be no collusion" in the matter," and a lengthy poem was given at the close. "Thus endeth the second lesson" in New Castle. I have but one remark to make in regard to my congregation—they have treated me with great respect and attention; and I am proud to speak in their praise. It is to the sovereign People and not to Priests, we are to lock for justice. Let all remember this. There is a wide difference between Priestcraft, with its unrepublican claims and imposition, and the "ministry of angels" with its toleration and iustice. By request of certain prominent citizens of New Castle, I remain to speak on Tuesday evening next, as my last discourse here for the

Faithful to our glorious cause I remain, tho weak in body, strong in spirit. M. J. WILCONSON.

We the undersigned cheerfully testify to the truth of the above report.

DR. S. SEARLES NATHAN GRIEST W. CARPENTER NEW CASTLE, PA, Nov. 8th 1870.

*It will be remembered that on Mrs. Wilcox. son's first trial in New Castle collusion was charged

upon the parties giving the subject. Major Ben. Perley Poore, the well known journalist, got the Massachusetts premium of \$1,000, offered in 1858 for the best plantation of forest trees, planted before 1860, and

growing in 1870.

An assistant secretary of the British Astronomical Society, Mr. Williams, has just finished a translation of the Chinese records of comets observed for 5,250 years, ending A. D. 1640. This is the only continuous registry of the kind in existence, and is expected to yield important results hereafter.!

UNDERHILL'S AMD PHELPS' DEBATE

Phelps Would not Stand Fire.

One misfortune in the debate was that no

party took stock in Phelps. The churches ignored him, believing him to be a Materialist. Dr. Underhill opened the debate by a dissertation on the true principles of investigation .-affirming that the only ground of knowledge was experiment; that reason and logic, the Aristotlean method which ruled the world unto the days of Lord Bacon, was a reign of ignonorance, superstition and persecution. His next sten was to assent that with the five senses, we could reach truth in all mundane matter. Next he proved the existence of another set of senses adapted to the perception of spiritual truths. He claimed that in physical sciences, authors of good reputation were justly introduced in argument as authority, as, per example, Liebig in Chemistry, Agassiz in Natural history, Laplace, Humboldt and others in Philosophy, and he claimed that his experi-

ments as recorded in "Underhill on Mesmerism." was entitled to be introduced as evidence. Phelps admitted all the facts of mesmerism, but wanted Underhill to explain them. He did not believe in Spiritualism and quoted failures. Dr. Underhill showed conclusively that fail-

ures proved nothing, only that you had succeeded that time; that one success was proof absolute. This he beautifully established by the history of seven successive attempts by a jeweler to anneal an ingot of gold,—weighing each time by the scales from the same papers, the materials in which it was melted on the charcoal with the blow-pipe--six times the process failed, but the seventh was successful. He could not tell wherein the difference existed; so one success amounts to proof positive, while a thousand failures prove only that you have tailed. Underhill took the ground that that which at two different times, at the house of Mr. Thorp, at Warren, Trumbull Co., Ohio, in a well lighted room, with no visible being touching the table, save himself standing upon it, one time, and the next with Mr. Thorp with him on the table, were carried up from two to three feet slowly, and then slowly trought down again, clearly evidenced an invisible intelligent power. The table weighed 150 pounds, he 240 pounds, and Mr. Thorp 150 pounds. Three children sat around the table, and two were carri d up. When he was carried up alone, Mr. Thorn and wife with the chi dren, sat near the table, with ther hands lying in their laps.

The Doctor's facts were numerous, which Phelps did not attempt to answer or rebut, but seemed inclined to walk away some distance from the Doctor, whose hearing is quite deficient, and in a tone of voice too low to be audible to him, instead of argument used terms of derision. such as his age and corporosity defends him. I

would as soon kick my grandmother.
Tuesday morning Dr. Underhill, pursuant to an agreement between himself and Paelps to continue their debate at Aledo in this county, the circuit court being in session there, took the 7 o'clock train, leaving word that he had gone to secure the court house and get up notices; all of which he accomplished, and looked for Phelps on the four o'clock train, But he didn't put in an appearance at all. He remained at New Boston; attempted to get up a lecture on Phrenology, but got no audience. Then, after refusing to ray his share of the expenses at Aledo, although the Doctor had divided equally with him the receipts of the lectures, cleared from town.

WM. DRURY.

New Boston, Ill., Nov. 8th, 1870.

A QUEER GASE.

A Girl "Possessed" by the Spirit of a Bush-

Whacker.

A correspondent of the Alta California, writing from San Jose, September 20th, says:

A short time ago a family of wealth and respectability, who living near this city, went on a visit to their form r home in a western State. and on their return brought back with them a niece, who was in ill-health. Shortly after they had arrived in this county, the girl began to exhibit a very strange condition of mental agitation, which would last for a few minutes and then leave the girl in her proper mind. When questioned as to her strange conduct, she would disclaim any knowledge of her unusual .manifestations, and express the greatest surprise at the inquiries of her relatives. These strange spells continued to grow more frequent and more violent, until finally the girl would make use of the most strong and extravagant speeches. talking in a profane and threatening manner, and professing to be the returned spirit of some hushwhacker who had been hanged by his own relatives in Missouri during the war. Her relatives then began to direct their questions to the spirit who claimed to have possession of the girl, and gained from it an acknowledgement like the following: "I was what you call a bushwhacker, and was killed by this girl's father, and, as I still feel a spirit of revenge against him, I have taken control of her to further my designs; I have nothing against the girl, and intend to do her no harm." Apparently to convince those present of his identity the evil spirit went on to tell many things which had happened between himself and the giri's relativer(all of which was true), and finally told them that there was a letter on the way to them, giving information of the severe sickness of a little sister of the girl whom he was using for his evil purpose. The letter alluded to arrived in a few days, confirming the truth of what had been foretold. The relatives of the girl with whom she was living, thinking that the child might be insane, sent her to a private asylum in Alameda county, a few days ago, and have learned that she is not disturbed any longer by the revengeful monsters. The spirit had told them before that he would leave the girl when she should be removed from among her relatives, but he would enter into some other member of the family. A day or two ago the people here received a letter from Missouri stating that the father of the girl was afflicted in a manner which exactly corresponds with the former disorders of the child. The truth of the above narrative may be relied upon, as it cames from the parties cirectly connected with the strange affair, and who are upright, honorable people.

The Providence Journal, in a recent article, which was republished in these columns on Sunday last, asks us to believe that the star Algol is 49,000,000 miles in diameter, and has an invisible satellite 41,000,000 miles in diameter, which swings round its primary, at a distance of 280,000,000 miles, once in 68 hours and 48 minutes; which would be at the rate of 427 000 miles per minute, or with one twenty sixth part of the velocity of light. The writer of that theory is recommended to try again.

Written for the Religio-Philosophical Journal. MARRIED FOR BEAUTY.

BY FANNIE M. CONLES.

(Cone'uded from last week.)

Alas! In a family where constant jurs, incessant discords and general inharmony are of every day courrence, how can a proper influence be thrown around the children? It is simply impossible. Calldren often see deeper than we give them ercdit for, and mentally decide that both must be in fault, and hence lose their respect for and confidence in both; certainly where, as in this case, when one parent gave an order, the other often countermanded that order. If Mr. Morrell, on leaving in the morning, requested Johnnie to run of some errand for himself or his mother, the spirit of perversity would impell her, even before the father was out of sight, to send him in another direction or say she did not wish for the thing to be sent for. How could it be otherwise than that the boy should often judge both parents to be in the wrong, and care little for restraint from either? Alas! poor misguided child! Poor wretched parents!

On the third Sunday morning after their arrival in the village, Mr. Morrell after breakfast told Johnnie that he was ready to go walking with him to see some places along the bank of the river, which Johnnie had been very anxious to visit, but where neither of his parents thought it safe for him to venture alone.

On the morning in question Johnnie with his fine face lighted up with a smile, his eyes like two stars, ran to his mother.

O3, mother! father is going with me up to Clark's Dam." Toen, seeing clouds arising on her countenance, added, deprecatingly, "You know he can't go on a week day."

Now, it was not because of the day, as she had

often spent half the Sunday out with friends; but his father had proposed it, and it would gratify him; so she opposed it,-in fact, told Johnnie he should not go-" it was wicked."

Johnnie, however, rebeiled; declared his father was as good as his mother, and he had said he might go.

In the meantime, his elder sister, Mary, came in and joined with her mother, saying her fa-ther was a heretic and she would no go anywhere with him. At this junc'ure the tather entered the room. Johnnie appealed to him, stating that his mother said Father G lbride would be very angry. At the same time Mrs. Morrell opened a tirade of abuse upon him. As I have mentioned before, Morrell was a min of few words, and could never abide a quarrel, Seing that he had his wife, daughter and the priest to contend with, and being anxious only to get out of the reach of their vituperations, turned from the now sobbing boy,—who clung to him, but was forcibly held back by his moth-er and sister,—and without a word left the hous. Unbappy nan! Rage and grief struggled in his soul. But, seeing no hope of change, despair brooded darkly in his heart. S.lently, intensely, he suff red. After some time and unwearied efforts on the part of the affectionate Kitty, Johnnie became quiet and absorbed in a book with her, and had apparently forgotten

the morning defficulty. Dinner time came, but the husband and father came not. Nothing was said upon the subjec, however, except that Kittie, who was her father's friend, said, "I wish father was here to eat his dinner while it is warm." to which Mary replied, "Ic's his own fault if it is cold," But he came not. Sometime after dinner, Mrs. Morrell, who had been lying down, came to inquire for Johnnie. Neither of the girls knew where he was. He was called, but did not answer. S arch was made about the premises, but he was not to be found. At length Mary suggested that he had found his father and gone to the Dam. Soon the mother become uneasy. She wak d from one window to another, but saw nothing of her boy. The girls proposed tea, but this time they could not induce her to come to the table. Her daughters supposed her angry, and tried to prevail upon her not to

At length, when quite dark, Mr. Morrell came in, more completely under the influence of liquor than they had ever seen him. His wife and daughters immediately questioned him in regard to Johnnie. At first he gave no heed to them, but sank into a seat with head drooping upon his breast. But when Kittle came up, and laying her head against his shoulder, told him Johnnie hadn't been seen since dinner, he rose to his feet a soher man. Patting his hand to his brow, he exclaimed in tones of anguish, "My God! how long must I suffer?" Then, turning to his wife, "Agnes! Agnes! would to God I could die out of your way."
"I wish so too, and the sooner the better,"

exclaimed the passionate woman. With a groan of anguish the wretched father left the house, to seek his missing boy. After inquiring of the people in the vicinity without learning anything of him, he continued in the search, aided by the gathering throng.

All the long night they searched. What agony that poor father endured we may not know. Morning came, but no tidings of her darling boy greeted the now frantic mother and weeping sister. The father, silent and despairing, still kept up the search; walking along the river margin, watching every sick of driftwood and every crest of loam upon the dark waters. At length, just by the bridge, where the black waters broke over the rocks, seething and foaming in their maddening whirl, there was a small white object kept rish g and falling. The poor father saw it. With a leap he dashed into the stream, and caught at the white object. It was a small hand. Soon the inanimate form of little Johnnie was drawn forth. Who shall portray the scene as the remains were carried to that doting mother. All unused to control any em tion, she gave utterance to such shricks, such lamentations, such curses of the unhappy father, whom in her wild frenzy she accused of being his murderer in one breath, and in the next accused herself of neglect in not keeping him with her. Even the priest could not obtain the least control ever her in her wild ravings. For days she refused to enter or remain in the room where her husband was.

At length home became so intolerable a place to him he could no longer enter it. To be greetcd with the appellation of wretch, murderer, devil, and other terms and expressions of hate in presence of his remaining children, was more than he could summon fortitude to bear. And as he could not, would not, retort upon the mother of his dead boy, he left his shop one day, and walked on past the village. Life was a burden to him, too great to be borne with such surroundings. Temptation to ead his sorrows and his existence together where Johnnie was found, was strong. The only way was, he felt, to keep at a distance from the spot—to keep moving in an opposite direction. And so he wandered on and on for some days. So absorbed was Mrs. Morrell in grief for her idolized boy, whom she had expected to have seen a powerful man in the Church—so absorbed was she, that she rarely noticed her husband's absence, and then only to repeat that she never wished to see him again, which wish was echoed by Mary with a bitterness quite unnatural in one so young.

Kitlie wept much for the loss of her brother, to whom she was tenderly attached; but her' grief expressed itself, more quietly; and often

in secret she bewailed the absence of her dear father, for whom she had the keenest sympathy. She was the only one who attended to the various domestic duties, while her mother and

elder sister sat in listless idleness, or entertained the various callers with the details of their loss, or deplaing their poverty.
At length a sister of Mrs. Morrell arrived

from the Canada shore. She was the wife of a wealthy merchant in the city of T. Joining with the family in sorrow for the loss of their son and brother, and vituperation against that "accursed heretic," Mrs. Doty proposed a lopting Mary, the eldest, daughter, who, save the present vex d expression of countenance, was a beauty, and bid fair to create as great a sen-sation as her mother had done before her.

The young lady was delighted at the prospect; and the mother, forgetting her own past temptation and folly, as the belle and beauty of society, was getting quite excited in the prospect of her daughter occupying the same position. As the unhappy father was absent, there was no chance of opposition, and Mrs. Daty returned, taking with her the now baughty elder sister.

Kittle remained with her mother, contributing by her needle to supply the wants of the

For a long time John Morrell wandered from place to place, sometimes stopping long enough t) ear a little money; but nothing seemed to calm or soothe the heart broken man. Sometimes he would decide in his own mind to return to his family. But the thought of the sharp reproaches awaiting him-of his eldest daughter, her mind poisoned against him-kept him back. Scarcely a kind or pleasant word could he remember from her. Kutie, too, seemed chilled as she grew older. Her mother and sister were ever cuiding her for-as they expressed it-" acting like a fool around her father.'

Sometimes the idea of suicide would flish across his mind. He longed to be at rest; but the great Unknown beyond was too dark; rest might not be his. S, with a groan of anguish and despair, he kept on.

At length chance brought him to the place where his brother resided. He poured into his sympathizing ear a tithe of his grief. Taey compared notes. Finding that he was not alone in domestic infelicity, and convinced by his brother's arguments and his own inherent sense of honor, instilled by his church educationthat marriage was a tie not to be sundered, albeit broken every hour of the day were the vows which bound them to love, cherish, protect or cbey-convinced that it was his duty to return and wear out the remainder of his life with her who vowed she hated and despised him, and taught his children to do the same, with laggard step and bowed head he retraced his way to the scane of his bitterest grief, received with a burst of anger by his wife, and a timid embrace and showers of tears by poor Lonely Kitcle.

In a few days things resumed their usual cold and monotonous state, broken only by an occasional outbarst of temper on the part of Mrs. M rrell, which usually reacted up on him in the way of a visit to a neighboring liquor-store. Imbibling freely, he would slink away into some out-of the way place to sleep,—"ah! perchance to dream,"—to forget, even for a blief time, the awful past—the brooding present.

The unhappy wife and mather with only her

The unhappy wife and mother, with only her heretic daugnter (for so she termed Kutie, as having been coristened in the Church of Eigland) for companion, grew more and more sad and moody. Broading over her misfortunes, the her hasband with no hope for the future of life, this feeling in common between them only s rved to widen the gulf between these two souls, albeit their persons were doubly and trebly b sund in the matrimonial noose. This one mutual belief was their mistake in marrying each other, and the impossibility, according to the Orthodox teachings of both churches, that any means save death could sever those bonds. Thus neither had the remotest idea of liosing those galling chains which fettered both body and soul, causing each to stray tarther and tarther from hope and happiness, and deeper still 1ato sin, anguish, and despair.

Poor Kittle, const mily under the influence of do nestic inharmony, became sid and silentalmost a misanthrope. Sau declared her intention never to marry, shuaned the society of the opposite sex, and had very few acquaintances among her own; yet, went to work bravely. with the courage of youth, to win for herself the means of living, although the paternal roof shel ered her, nevertheless warped in character, cold and silent in manner-seemingly interested in nothing.

Tais, reader, comprises all of the future histor/ of this unhappy family, so far as known. This is no fancy sketch. With their views of life and its requirements there was no remedy. This yoke not only bands the parents that they cannot rise erect and battle with life, but drags their off-pring down also. Discontent, envy, ill temper, -here is rich soil for development of each unsightly form.

Will not the youth of cur land take warning, and find a surer basis than beauty upon which to build their hopes of happiness and usefulness for the future. Will not those who have tasted these bitter fruits reason upon this matter, and decide whether God hath joined them together by affinities of heart and soul and qualities of heart and brain, which will stand the test of time and friction with the world; or whether their own folly and thoughtlessness weave those meshes about them by man's instrumentality, and which, despite man's degree of sanctity, God has never smiled upon, nor crowned with his blessing.

LETTER FROM AN INVESTIGATOR.

I have often thought of dropping you a line of congratulation, and thank g you for the many good articles in your paper. But that you may understand what manner of man I am, I will say that the future is indeed a blank. My religion consists in doing as near as possible what I conscientiously believe to be right. If the end be annihilation, or existence with lost identity,-all right; if otherwise, I hope and expect to stand a fair chance with the rest. I cannot be a convert to your philosophy, having seen so much to cause doubt, and nothing to assure. I have tried celebrated mediums, and failed; have attended seances and lectures, and read some of your best authors, with the same result-but much pleasure. On the other hand, I have seen the Davenports tied in their cabinet the instant the door was closed, it swung open again; one of these hands extended to catch it, but failed, and was as quickly returned to its position. Again, I happened to be in England when their s ances, wherever Mr. Hargrave followed them, were broken up. They could not untie his knots, or would not be tied by him. Agaia, I have produced shadows on photographs fifteen years ago, and although no clearly proven, everything indicates that Mumler is, or has been hoodwinking the public. Yet, withal, I consider it to be impossible that so many great minds-learned, talented, and of sound judgment-can be going astray; therefore, you must be on the track of some most important but undiscovered science.

You are engaged in a good and noble cause if nothing more than breaking the bonds that bind the masses to that hell begotten theology taught by our forefathers-for, which you have my most hearty good wishes and kindliest feellugs; and with my most ardent desires for your success, I am very truly yours,

JOHN R. MORREL.

NEW HAMPSHIRE

Ske:ches of the Fifth New Hampshire Association of Spiritualists.

. Reported for the Journal by Frank Chase.

Friends of the Journal, it becomes my du-

ty, imposed by angels, to tell you briefly of this

most interesting convention. It was held at Bradford, Nov. 4 h, 5 h and 6 h. It was the first of a new series, which we term Quarterly Conventions, and by a singu-

lar coincidence, it was held at the same place where three years ago, was held the First Annual Convention. There has been within that time four Annual

Conventions,-at Bradford, Munchester, Plymouth and Concord-successively, under a sort of constitution or declaration of principles That form of convention has fulfilled its mission. an important one, and has now been laid aside, and a series of Independent Free Meetings com-

Now, I am to report something as it apprared to me.

Friday noon, as I arrived in Bradford, I saw Brother Mason in the distance, standing in the middle of the street, looking up and then down the street. When I came up to him, he said. "I must go in and see Mr. Hu stoon and a young medium from Unity;" and then went off up the

About three minutes later, found me in the house talking with Brother Huntoon; and being introduced to Miss S. C. ra Davis, one of the most interesting young lades I ever met, she grasped me by the hand, and claimed me

for a schoolmaster of bers. Miss Davis was developed as a test and speaking medium only a short time ago, but came down to Bradford the day before, it the storm, from the interior of the State of Vermont, bacause the spirits told her that she must not fall to attend this convention.

Half past 1 o'clock, P. M., found us all at the railroad station, waiting for the train, when lot not one soul arrived in it for our convention. Great was the disappointment, because nobody

had arrived from the cities.

We repaired to the hall,—a mere inadful of us, and collected and solvered in the corner, close around the stove; and what seemed the most remarkable to me, was the fact, that, although the hall was cold, and most of us were actually shivering with chiliness, as of en as I would open the draft of the stoye to let the fire burn, some one else would immediately close it again. I can truly say that I did not feel at all discouraged; and Miss Davis, and some others

Will, there in the corner, we chose Hon. Hirvey Hantoon, of Unity, President-the same who was President of the First Convention three years ago, at the same place. Mr. Hard, a young man of Newport, was chosen Sccre-

Taus organ'zed, our convention was called to order, and we held a conference there around a cold stove in the corner of a large hall.

I was impressed to speak concerning the situation: that we must not be discouraged because the trains brought no speakers from Biston, for the time had come that we must no longer depend on Beston, New York, or on speakers of tablished reputation from anywhere, for one great object of these conventions was for the development and bringing before the public, of new speakers and mediums, and that it was the destiny of our State to develop a style of speakers and mediums, and of Spirpualists peculiar to itself. These remarks proved to be prophetic, at least so far as this convention was concerned.

Miss Davis and others made some interesting remarks. She was not at all discouraged.

The trains from Boston and other cities, at night brought no addition to help us, except Fred H. Marshall, who was the bearer of a private dispatch from Tocsy, the Indian guide and physician spirit of one of our most successful clairvoyant doctors in the state, -Mrs. Hatch, of Concord. His message to me was, to notice. with the greatest attention, how this convention was managed.

We had a private circle in the evening, controlled mostly by Indian spirits, for developing purposes, and not particularly intended other-

Saturday morning, I arrived at the hall at 10 o'clock, to find our little company still in the corner, but with a good fire in the stove. Our good president, a venerable man of 70 years, now motioned me to be seated beside him, and asked me what we had better do, for he was evidently very near discouraged. In answer, I was promply impressed, and said:

"Let us get out of this corner; let the officers occupy the platform, and we will have a conference, for I have something to say. Let us have convention order, and we shall all feel better. I will speak first, and by the time I get through there will be speakers enough to fill all the time."

When I got through speaking, I introduced a resolution, which pissed unanimously: That it should be considered in order, in our conventions, for persons to introduce themselves. It was interesting afterwards, when more came in, and our convention became a success, to see our fri nds making acquaintances under this

Miss Davis and others were chosen V ce Presidents;

Frank Chase, Wm. H. Marshall and Mis. Cressey were chosen Business Committee; Miss Theresa Harvey, Mrs. Bates, Miss Davis and Frank Chase were chosen a Committee on Resolutions.

But I must wind off this sketch by saying, that from Saturday morning, our convent on became a success, most decided, both in respect to numbers and interest.

We held private circles continually, between convention hours, for development of mediums and speakers.

The principal speakers were as follows: Miss Davis, who was brilliant as a speaker, as well as a good test medium; Father Dean, of Warner, formerly a Methodist clergyman, and whose life is being prolonged to work in these con ventions; Aifred Kelley, of Warner, developed recently as a Spiritualist and medium, and formerly an Adventist; Miss Theresa Harvey, of Sutton; Mr. Huntoon, of Unity; Frank Chase: Brother John Eaton, of Sutton, an aged pillar of the Freewill Baptist Church in that town, and among the instrumentalities of his conver sion, is reckoned your good JOURNAL, which you will, Brother Jones, remember that I sent for, for him. His conversion to Spiritualism has not only created a profound sensation, being known as a rich and an honest man, but he has been engaged of late in writing letters to his old friends and acquaintances, calling their attention to the subject of Modern Spiritual-

Our convention has thus proved a great success, like all of the others, when their results are held in consideration.

The next convention is to be held at what is called Lempster street, the first Friday of FebNEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

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lism upon diseased subjects.

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Mrs. E. A. Blair, Spirit Artist, 160 Ride St., Salem, Mass

BY LOIS WAISBROOKER.

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men in the progressive ranks.

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"As I gazed, and as I listence, there came a page blace footed maiden,
Eyes filled with lurid light;
Her body bent with sicknes, her lone heartheavy laden.
Her home had been the roofless street,
Her day had been the night:
First wept the angel sadly—then smiled the angel glading and caught the maiden madly rushing through

open door: And I heard a chorus swelling, Grand beyond a mortal's telling, Enter, sister, thou art pure, thou art sinless evercome,"

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The great interest now being telt in all subject relating to Human Development, will make the book of interest to every one. Besides the information obtained by its persal, tree tring of the various subjects treated in improving and giving a higher direction and value to human life

can not be over-estimated. This work contains the latest and most important discoveries in the Anatomy and Physiology of the Sexes: explains the origin of Human Life; How and when Menstrustion, Impregnation, and Conception occur; giving the laws by which the number and sex of offspring are controlled, and valuable information in regard to the begeiting and rearing of beautiful and healthy children. It is high-toned and should be read by every family. With eighty fine on-

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Religio-Zuilosophical Journal

s, s, Jones.

EDITOR, PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR Office, 187 & 189 South Clark Street.

ELICIO-PHILOGOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE.

CHICAGO, NOVEMBER 26, 1870.

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whether he has substribed or not—in reputative for payment.

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All letters and communications should be addressed S. S. JOHN, 189 SOUTH CLARK STREET; CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

A SEARCH AFTER GOD.

Boes Fesign in Nature Indicate the Existence of a God.

NUMBER SIXTEEN.

SUBLIMATED.

A halo round his head. Like one who is transfigured He was. "Still Man, I am God-man," he said.

He spake. His voice, at will, It had strange power to soothe or thrill-Music to re-create a soul, or kill.

I did not seem to hear His voice with merely sensuous ear : It thrilled within me: heart stood still with fear.

From him did presence well: About him glory visible I saw. Upon my face in fear I fell.

"A thing of limits-laws-Long ages since," quoth he "I was-Mistaking what was mere effect for cause. "Upon the ultimate

I could but dream and speculate; Then sit me sadly down-or work and wait. "Oft feverishly I wrought, Quarrying out in deeds my thought;

But found a phantom in the good I sought, "To be-I knew not why-

To think I was, and then to die: What after that came next? That knew not I. "Through all my thought there ran The leverish phantasy: I can Be more than this; there's more than this in man.

"So human history-My toil and struggle to be free !-Taus dimly self expression unto me.

"As one who hath been sent, Thouga blindly, to and fro I went-Knowing not even what my massage meant.

"Would I decipher it And read-it was to me but fitful, vague, and uninterpretable writ.

"I am," quoth he. "Is won The goal. The work is ended—done: Jehovah, God who spake, and Man are one.

"As if I were its soul, Matter doth feel my weird control-Tarills, blossoms, lives. I animate the whole.

"All thing phenomenal In quick ephemera I call. I will they shall be, merely: that is all.

No traval. With immediate thrill, All stirs and palpitates: I merely will. "I toil not, neither plod To compass what I will or would:

"I need no tools-no skill-

Repeating in myself the self of God. "Yet I am Man, as when Jehovah walked and talked with men

In dim, prismatic symbols-Man as then. "No nation-prejudice Have I. Broad as himself Man is;

And Earth a single proud cosmopolis." A halo round his head, Like one who is transfigured

He was or one who speaketh from the dead. He ceased—was gone. Since then Have I more faith and joy in men,

And things beyond mere philosophic ken. For though the mist be dense, Faith giveth me this recompense: To see beyond, as with an inner sense.

To know that, though mere cled Or serf under the master's rod. There comes a Man Historic, who is God. -Modern Thinker.

WHAT WE BELIEVE, Inquirer. I understand you do not believe in a Personal God or a great First Cause. Positivist. We neither deny nor affirm respecting either. There may be a God such as Christians and Mohammedans generally acc pt as existing, but they no more than we can dem

onstrate the fact, if it be a fact. . Inquirer. Then your religion does not recog-

nize any God at all. Positivist. 'Oh yee, it does. John Stuart Mill has done us a grievous injury in saying that August Comte propounded a religion without a God or a future state; whereas we, with Com-te, believe in both, if allowed to define what we mean. Our Supreme B. ing is Humanity, whom we love and serve. We say the only God man can know, or whose existence can be demonstrated, is the collective Man-the sum of all human

personalities, past, present and future.

Inquirer. This strikes me as vague. How can you make a Thing or a Person out of what is clearly an abstract conception?

Politicist. But the human mind does very readily personify abstract conceptions. The Town, the State, the Nation, the Church are no more actual things or entities than is Hu manity; yet they are—they convey a definite impression to the rudest intelligence. Now Humanity clearly exists as a subjective conception no less than an objective phenomenon.

Inquirer. But how about the Creator? How do you account for the origin of the universe? Positivist. We knew nothing of the beginning of things. It is beyond our ken. So far as we know, matter and force are eternal. Science proves this in that no atom of ma ter can be destroyed or any force wasted. Each can take a d.fferent form, but the precise quantity or energy of the one or the other always exists in the same definite proportions. Hence to the human scientific mind there never was a beginning-there never can be an end. Eternity with us is a circle; in other words, the old Hindoo symbol—the serrent with his tail in his mouth. The ordinary conception is that of a straight line with a beginning and end.

Inquirer. When you discriminate between matter and force, do you mean that there is any real d flerence between them?

Positivist. Oh, I speak in a popular way of course. We want what Mr. Live in called the plain people" to understand us. We know of matter only through force; that is, through its changes-by the impression it makes upon us; but this cor ception, which is simple enough to you or me, is too sub ile for common comprehension, and hence we speak of matter and force as two distinct entities.

Inquirer. But the ordinary conception of God must have some valid basis.

Positivist. So it has. All gods are idealiza-tions of man himself. They are man made. Every attribute, with two important exceptions, which the human race in its past history has ascribed to its gods, is purely human. Thus love, justice, wisdom, mercy, as well as revengefulness, vanity and lust-in short, all the emotions and passions which have been attributed to Deity, are purely human. To these have been added corceptions of the Infinite and Ab solute, which are extra-human. The Jewish Jehoyah was stern, revengeful, jealous, vain; the Christian G. d is a tender, loving Father; the more human or man like the God, the better he is—hence the noblest deity of all is the man Carist Jesus. In short, this b ief and imperfect analysis shows us that Humanity is, after all, the only pure metal in this alloy of gods. Let us consecrate all our energies to the service of the only Supreme Being we can ever know-Humanity. There may be in addition an Infi nite and Absolute Deity; we do not say there is not; but we hold with S.r William Hamilton, Prof. Mansell, and Herbert Spencer, that from the laws of our being we can never know or d Him: He is out of all relation with us. Unlike Herbert Spencer, we regard the worship of an unknowable God as a renk ab surdity. His ways cannot be as our ways, nor his thoughts as our thoughts. He is for us as if he were not. Such is the verdict of modern Philosophy and Science,
Inquirer. How about Immortality? If a man

die, shall he live again? Positivist. We know we live upon this earth. We do not know that we shall continue our personal conciousness after death. It may be so, but we cannot demonstrate it by any scientific proof. If the phenomenon of Spiritualism so-called could be proven, all would be plain salling; but it resists scientific tests. There is, however, a real immortality which we are scientifically sure of. We know that the materials of which we are composed are indestructible. Every atom which has formed a part of this body of mine from birth to death will exist forever. And so too of the torces I generate; they cannot be lost or wasted. "The good I do lives after me.' I live in my children—in the work I do-in what I hand down from those who came before to those who will follow me. The machine becomes unusable and decays, but the forces to which it gave birth live forever.

Inquirer. But does not life lose much of its interest and glory by being confined to this earth, and the lew, the very lew years we spend

upon it? Positivist. We must take things as they are, and not as we would like them to be. No doubt the hope of a personal, conscious immortality has done much in times past to soften and brighten the harsh lot of myriads of human beings who else would have been given over to despair from the wretchedness of their material surroundings; but not withstanding the comfort men have got from this and other pleasant illusions, we Positivists decline countenancing the dogma of conscious immortality until it is proven. So far it has no basis to rest upon. If it ever should be demonstrated, we should believe

in it; but we do not think this possible. Inquirer. Do I understand you to wish to unsettle the faith of the mass of mankind in a Personal Creator of the universe and a Person al Immortality?

Positivist. By no means. The prevalent disbelief and scepticism is to us a worse symptom of the times than current theological illusions. Any religion, even the most basiless, is better than the bald atheism and materialism which is gaining such hold upon the age. We want to build up a religion to supply the spiritual needs of mankind, and one which is based upon the facts of nature. The old faiths upon supernatural authority and revelation; the new, upon demonstrated facts-in other words, upon science. The priest of the Past appealed to the Unknown; the priest of the Future will be the expounder, or rather the declarer, of the Known. -Ibid.

The modern theory, however, at which we seem to be tending is, that light, heat, electricity, life itself, are only forms of motion, and that death is merely the cessation of this motion; that the Deity is throughout the universe, the embodiment (since that is the only word I can think of to express myself) of motion itself; and that all which dies, or in other words, ceases to move, talls back into the universe, and is absorbed into the Deity. This was the belief of the Buddhist—the framer or acceptor of a pure and beautiful religion; and to this belief modern science and the enlargement of knowledge slowly tend. - Macmillan's Magazine.

The man who knows most of the universe knows most of God; and who is he? The scientific man, of course; and he is the best theologian, although he does not have that reputation. The speaker referred to Humboldt, and

said he knew the most of Nature in his day, and was the best fitted to talk about God, but he was considered by those who old not know anything of the universe, but had Goo's name continually on their lips, as an atheist. The God mostly preached was a false God; the people who worshiped him heathen; and it was our duty, as reformers, to enlighten them. - Discourse of Prof. Wm. Denton

IS DESIGN AN EVIDENCE OF THE EXISTENCE OF A GOD?

The worlds of space! The suns, stars and comets that float in the ethereal realms of the Universe, in constant motion, traversing the paths designed them, and dancing to the music of unseen forces, is there a Divine Engineer. that formed each one, assigned it a place, and s'arted it on a glorious career, to move throughout all time with automatic regularity? Is there a Personal Intelligence, an Infinite Intelli gence, or Blind Force, that organized and sus tains the worlds around us? Design, what art thou? Art thou the shadow which the Designer uses to indicate his existence? A design indicates a designer so far as works of art are concerned. The house indicates a builder; the watch a watchmaker; the painting an artist: the engine the machinist; the statue the sculptor,-in fact we are well aware that in all cases in art, the design points significantly to a des'gner. Watches do not grow; engines are not developed and brought forth in exquisite shape by nature's forces, as manifested in the works around us: the painting with its beautiful shades is not perfected as the flower that comes forth from the stalk. Design, ther, indicates a designer in all the wa'ks of life.

Man works with (wo hands. His eyes guide them; his ears are servicable in various ways; his sense of feeling, too, aids him materially. All designers on earth possess a like physical organization. Each one moves in a particular sphere. Each one has the organs of sense, and through their instrumentality, he operates. All designers so far as we know, have two eyes, two ears, two hands, two feet, etc. If a design indicates a designer on earth, in the works of art, all organized just the same, and if we can infer from that position that a design in nature indicates a designer, then to complete the analogy, he must have two hands, two eyes, two f.et, etc., and resemble man. You can not close the analogy just where it suits you. If you adopt this course of reasoning to establish the existence of a God, you must carry it out as vou commence.

1. There is a design in the works of art, hence a designer.

2. All designers that we know have two eyes, two hands, two legs, etc.

3. There is a design exhibited in Nature, hence a Designer. To complete the analogy, he has two eyes, two hands, two legs, and recembles human beings, hence the only God or Gods resembles man,

Remember Those in Prison.

POST OFFICE, CARLINVILLE, ILL, (Nov. 7th, 1870.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE RELIGIO PHILOSOPH-ICAL JOURNAL:

Pursuant to instructions from the Postmaster General, I beg leave to inform you that your paper addressed to Harry Falls is not taken out, but remains dead in this office. You will please discontinue the same.

H. M. KIMBALL, P. M. REASON: In the penitentiary at Joliet, Ill. REMARKS.

Poor fellow! If his parents had had the RE-LIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOUNAL to read, instead of the catechism and other theological works, they would, doubtless, have been capable of impressing upon the brain of their offspring a higher tone. He might have been an orgament to society, instead of a convicied feloa. We will feed his poor dwarfed soul, and aid him in his spiritual growth. One of these days, in the tar-off future, in spirit life, he is to be an angel of light. The Journal shall go to him during the period of his imprisonment free. States Prison wardens have learned that they cannot withhold the Religio-Philosophical Jour-NAL from convicts, if they would. The Ohio man (?) is the only one who has attempted to

Lyman C. Howe.

This distinguished trance speaker has been occupying the rostrum at Music Hall the last three Sundays, and we are free to say that he has nobly sastained the reputation that preceeded him here. His discourses are logical, elo quent, and well calculated to instruct the most critical audience. His poetic improvisations are grand, and calculated to instil, within the miad a love of the beautiful.

He called at our office the other day, and was immediately seized upon by the angels of the higher spheres, who entranced and held him for nearly an hour; and during all that time, such strains of eloquence, such soul-elevating words, cheering us onward in our noble works. we never before heard from the lips of man or

He will answer calls to lecture in the West. Wherever employed, he will do a good work for the cause.

Attention.

Missing numbers will be sent, on request. Errors will be corrected as soon as discovered. Our friends should keep a close watch of the figures which denote their account with the JOURNAL, to be found on the margin of each week's issue, or on the wrapper. If mistakes are discovered, notify us without delay, and they shall be corrected promptly.

Never leave it to a postmaster to give notice when you want the Journal discontinued. Do it yourself, and remit all dues.

Some eccentric individual deposited a ballot at Bordentown, N. J., at the recent election, from which the name of every candidate had been

ANOTHER FAILURE.

It did not r quire the prescience of a prophet to foretell that the half-d zen aspirants to leadership, who had attempted to foist a second State organization upon the Spiritualists of Illinois, without their knowledge and consent, would prove a failure.

In number six of the Journal, we published their call for a ratification, and in the same number we emphatically predicted the failure which did transpire on the day of their meeting. Not a society in the state heeded their call. But one individual came to attend the meeting from abroad. He, "solitary and alone," after much personal solicitation from the principal fugleman of of this would be State organization, wended his way to Chicago, and to the advertised place of meeting; and great was his indignation on arriving there to find that he had

It is to be regretted, perhaps, that several honorable gentlemen's names were used in connection with effices in this bogus organization. without their knowledge or consent. It should be generally known that the twenty persons, all told, who constituted the great organization, will take more in on receipt of one dollar per head. Who bids for a chance to be taken in?

The Benevolent Fund.

All remittances made to this fund will be sacredly applied to the sending the Journal free to poor widows and orphans who may desire to read it. Address S. S. Jones, 189 South Clark street,

Benevolence Brings Its Own Reward.

(See Miss Carey's Letter in No. 4 Vol. 1X.)

Philadelphia, Pa., Oct., 16th, 1870. BRO JONES:—I am a stranger to you, but not to your JOURNAL. Allow me to assist a ltttle in Miss A. M. Carey's case. If you will be so kind, send me the amount of her father's bill for the Journal, and I will remit the same to you with pleasure.

S K. RICH, M. D.

REMARKS.

DEAR BROTHER :- The amount of the indebtedness referred to was six dollars at the time of the decease of our good friend. Although it was freely cancelled by us, your kind proposition will, we doubt not, be duly appreciated by the sister referred to, and certainly we shall place it in the benevolent fund to be used to supply poor widows and orphans with the Journal. free of charge.

Letter from Sylvester Butler.

BROTHER JONES:-- I sent you fifty cents for your Journal three months, which I see runs out this week. I like it better the longer I take it. There are some reformatory articles in it that just suit me, and I would like above all to read to its termination "The Search After God."

But I have been unfortunate. I'a place in August, bired a house and went to work at my trade, j. iner and carpenter. Six weeks ago I was taken sick, and have been very unwell until about a week sgo, I commenced getting better very slowly, but am reduced down so that I don't think I shall be able to earn anything this winter. I am very sorry to have the paper stopped, but as things are with me, you will have to throw me overboard. I hope to see more of it sometime. Yours truly,

Beres, Ohio, Nov. 13.h. 1870. REMARKS:-By no means, my brother. You shall have the JOURNAL. We know you will pay us when you get able. Some good spirit will inspire some whole-souled man or woman to make special donation to the Benevolent Fund, to meet your case, and we shall report it when it comes to hand, in the columns of the JOURNAL.

TESTIMONIAL.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE RELIGIO PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.

Will you be so kind as to allow me the use of your columns, to make known to the sick where they can be cured.

I had been suffering mentally and physically, for many months. I was nearly all the time covered with a cold, clammy sweat,—indigestion and general debility rendered me incompetent to attend to business. I sought for, but could get no relief, until I learned of the remarkable healing power of Mrs. A. H. Robinson, the medium, and called upon and received treatment at her real-dence No. 148 Fourth Avenue Chicago. dence, No. 148 Fourth Avenue, Chicago. After receiving about five treatments, in less than two week's time I was quite restored in body and mind, to health, and returned to my usual business. I deem it a duty to make known these facts, that

the sick energwhere may avail themselves of her monderful powers. The presence of the sick person is not required, unless convenient for them. She treats patients wherever they may be—simply by receiving a lock of their hair. She will tell the nature of their disease or complaint without asking a single question, and prescribe a sure remedy. I know this from my own observation and experience.

Any one wishing to see me, is at literty to call on me at my place of havings.

on me at my place of business. JAMES HARDY. Bookkeeper at B. F. Norris & Co., Wholesal Jewelry store, 123 Lake and 35 Clark streets, Chi

"The Spiritual Monthly and Lyceum Record."

We have received the second number of this Monthly, edited by J. H. Powell and are well pleased with its general appearance. It is ably edited, and will answer the end desired.

The November Meteor.

Professor Newton, of Yale College, writes to the New York Post as follows:

"On the morning of the 14th, six observers counted 153 in four hours and forty minutes. About one-half of them were true members of the November group. Two years ago there were about 7,000 seen on one morning by a

somewhat larger party.
"Last year the number was much smaller at places where the clouds allowed anything to be seen, but was much larger than we saw this

"It seems that either the earth had not reached the margin of the great meteor stream by sunrise last Monday morning, or else that the stream itself, which for several years has been crossing the earth's orbit at a velocity of about one hundred thousand miles an hour, has a'l passed by, to return about the year 1900."

Bersonal and Tocal.

-Judge Edmonds, in preparing a difficult case for Court, and being in doubt in regard to the best course to pursue, on looking up from his papere. he saw three spirits, two of whom he knew, Chief Justice Marshall and Chancellor Kent. They had all come to assist him.

-An exchange says that Rev. Maxwell P. Gaddis has been indicted by the United States Grand Jury, for receiving bribes to defraud the Government in collection of revenue, during his term as Asses. sor of the Second District of Ohio.

-Henry Ward Beecher says: "I believe that the great realm of life goes on without the body very much as it does with the body. And, there as here, the mother is not only the guardian of her children whom she loves, but foresees that bad associates and evil influences threaten them, but draws them back and shields them from the impending danger."

-Charles H. Read, the physical medium, writes: "I am having very fine audiences. Crowded houses greet me everywhere."

-Those who desire the services of Dr. J. K. Bailey can addrest him at Bainbridge, New York. His permanent address is box 394, La Porte, Ind.

-Clairvoyants have seen standing by the side of Henry Ward Beecher a spirit who inspired him and knew exactly what his instrument was going to

-Our brother, Warren Chase, writes to us as follows, in reterence to meetings in St. Louis: "We commenced our meetings for the winter in Lyceum Hall, on the southeast corner of Ninth street and Washington Avenue, October 6th, where they will be held every Sunday, at half past ten in the morning, and half past seven in the evening. Having hired the half and opened the meetings without any organization, officers or committee, and en-tirely upon my own responsibility, I shall lecture there during November, until arrangements can be made to pay other speakers when they shall be secured. All who are friendly to the meeting, will please call at my office, 601 North Fifth street, and contribute whatever they can afford toward the same, as the meetings will be free and open to all while I have the control of them, and none will be requested to contribute who are not both able and

-An exchange graphically alludes to Mrs. Collins. who is pushing forward a railroad contract, in the following language: "Gradually we rust, we shall cet used to it. Mrs. Collins is pushing forward her contract on the Connecticut Valley Roal, just below Haddam, with great energy. The con race was taken by her father, but since his deam she has assumed it. She superintends the work, pays off the men, and shows true business capa littles. Has Mrs. Collins ever reflected that by this reprehensible step, she is probably robbing some ancifending man of the opportunity to earn an honest penny? How long will masculine chivalry stand this invasion of rights? We ask in sorrow

-Ergagements can be made with Miss M. Lon Hopper, the inspirational speaker and clairvoyant medium, to lecture in the West and Southwest. curing the winter.

- J. M. Norris, of Rock Island, Ill , has entered the lecturing field. He is an old pioneer in the

-Thanks to Sister Chute for those valuable clip-

-The Spiritualists of Washington have been acking President Grant why they can't be represented on the Indian Commission. No answer as yet. -Hudson Tuttle, the well known author of "Arcanaof Nature," "Arcana of Spiritualism," "Career of

the God Idea," and other valuable works, will visit

Boston this month. Sccieties that desire hisservices, can address him in care of the BANNER OF LIGHT. -If you want to have good health, buy "Health by Good Living," by W. W. Hall, M. D., one of most sersible and practical books ever printed.

Sent to any address upon the receipt of \$1, 75 at the office of this paper. -The American Spiritualist speaks as follows in reference to Father Baker: "This dear, good. brother, formerly one of the editors of the American Spiritualist, and an earnest worker and speaker in the gospel of angels, is now in a disabled condi-tion. He is very poor, and almost helpless. He has recently had paralytic shocks, benumbing his limbs and side. He is unable to earn anything, even scarcely write a letter, yet his head is clear, and his heart full of love. For months he has been expecting to be called to the Spirit World. Now, brothers and sisters, there is no one more descriving of our love in the shape of dollars than

Brother Baker. We too, shall grow old by and by. Give him a greeting that has soul in it. Send your heaven bleet gifts to Joseph Baker, Janes--A. A. Noe, writing from Gahanna, Ohio, speaks as follows in reference to one of the Sherman Brothers' seances: "After the seance was over, we repaired to a brother's house and had a private circle, where we had some of the most remarkable tests 1 ever witnessed; such as describing those that once lived in the flesh, and telling what caused their death. Among others, the writer's sister, who passed to the higher life a year ago, was so correctly described that all who knew her could not fail to recognize her as the identical person; and this done, too, by a medium who was not acquainted with any of the family. Never shall I forget, the feeling that suddenly came over me on having my departed sister described to me as there by my side. I will ever thank the Angel World for thus proving to me that though my sister is dead, the still lives. Thanks to the angels for thus proving to me the immortality of

-Thousands of people are squandering money on doctors, when they have the means within their own reach of getting well and keeping well. If you don't believe it, send for "Health by Good" Living." and learn how it is done. See book list in another column.

-Our esteemed friend, Brother W. Noble, is now stopping with his friends in Vermont. He is devoted to the spiritual philosophy, and though old in years, he writes a plain, bold hand, and his mind is as vigorous as ever.

-Mrs. Kelgwin, of Louisville, Kentucky. is a remarkable medium for various phases of manifestations. A physician of a very skeptical turn of mind was recently standing in front of her house. when he heard a voice in the air above, addressing him. For some time he held a very pleasant conversation with the invisible personage, and no doubt was fully convinced thereby of the immor tality of the soul. We have published several accounts of this remarkable lady's mediumship.

-Judge S. B. McCracken, of Detroit, Michigan, has entered the lecturing field.

-Dr. and Mrs. L. M. Sherman, late of California, have taken rooms at 308 South Clark street, Chicago. The Doctor's advertisement will be found in another column. He comes well recommended as a healer. The sick will do well to call upon, him. Mrs. Sherman has the reputation of a first

class psychometrist. -Thanks, Brother Ho.ton, for that clipping from the Commercial.

-Mrs. M. J. Wilcexson speke in Wheeling, Vir ginis, on Sunday last. She has also been engaged to lecture at Moundville and G'en Easton. She is doing a noble work for the cause, and gives entire satisfaction wherever employed.

NOVEMBER 26, 1870.

-The Michigan Association of Spiritualists holds its Fifth Annual Mee.log in the city of Marshall, commencing Friday, December 9th. We have about fifteen hundred subscribers in that state, yet the Secretary has neglected to furnish us a notice of the meeting.

-Mediums for writing on the slate are becoming quite numerous. In this city are two children in whose presence w.i.ing on the state is produced. Dr. Slade is another medium for this kind of manifestation. Mrs. Hollis, of Loui.ville, Kentucky., possesses this, with many other phases. In her presence a slate held under a shawl or in a drawer will come out covered with writing.

-The renowned analytical physician, Dr. Damont C. Dake, will heal for a tew weeks at the Newcomb House, Davenport, Iowa.

-Dr. A. J. Grover, of Rock Island, Illinois, has exhibited remarkable skill in surgery by removing from Mrs. W. H. Thompson a tumor weighing twenty rounds. The operation was exceedingly difficult, yet under his skill the patient was saved.

-The friends in lows are to be favored with a visit from our worthy brother, Dr. Dake. This distinguished analytical physician is winning golden, opinions from the press, the sick and the suffering. The Doctor will heal at the Newcomb House, Davenport, for a few weeks, on and after the first of this month.

-The troub'e with the great Methodist Book Concorn is not yet ended. The latest development is that Dr. Lanahan has be n suspended from office, and charges against him are to be investigated by the Book Concern.

-We have received a report of a lecture delivered by Brother Fishback at Port Huron, which we shall publish soon.

-Mrs. Addie L. Ballou, who has been lecturing at Joliet, has received a call from Champaigne, Ill., where she will deliver a course of lectures. In a letter to the BANNER, she gets off the following, spicy and appropriate: "But the purpose of this letter is not to philosophize or speculate, but only to chat a moment, in a tangible way, with those who, in my long silence, might anticipate a "post mortem" greeting through Mrs. Conant's columns. And, as health returns with a 'fresher boon,' the Master of ceremonies will not long have occasion to say, 'Why stand ye here all the day idle?' for work settles as surely upon the shoulders able and willing to hear it, as the sun to his western glory of purple and golden rest."

-A clergyman, reading a chapter of the Bible for his congregation, found himself at the bottom of the page, with the words, "And the Lord gave Noah a wife," then, turning over two pages instead of one, he continued, "And he pitched her within and without with pitch."

-In another column will be found the certificate of Mr. James Har'y, in regard to his remarkable cure, through the mediumship of Mrs. A. H. Robinson, 148 Fourth Avenue, Chicago.

-R. C. Kerr writes: "It is useless for me to say anything in praise of your valuable paper-it speaks for itself. Suffice it to say that I take three dailies, and I would abandon the whole before the

-It is a striking fact that what are called the great benevolent societies of the Church are organizations for the propagation of theological doctrines, and not for the diffusion of practical beneficence. Take the Bible societies, the tract societies, the missionary societies, the church-extension societies, the evangelical knowledge societies-take all the well known brotherhood of societies which, like the twelve tribes that went up to Jerusalem, go up to celebrate in sweet unison their May anniversaries—and they are all dedicated to the theoretical, rather than to the practical side of religion. The Protestant churches of this country have established great and glorious institutions for sending Bibles to the destitute, tracts to the wayfarers, and catechisms to the heathen; but they have never yet thought of organizing a similar instrumentality for sending bread to the hungry, medicines to the sick, and clothes to the noked. Of course we know that many notable charitable foundations exist for each and all of these purposes; but these organizations are mainly secular, not religious. The Church makes it her chief business to propagate her creed, and commits to the world the task of carrying out the practical charities which this creed is content simply to incalcate.

-Mrs. A. E. Allen, at 122 West Washington street, is an excellent medium for various phases of manifestations. The Indian spirits that control her are of a high order, and the advice they give is always of an elevating char-

Amusements.

M'VICKER'S THEATRE.

Last two performances of everybody's favorite, Maggie Mitchell, this Saturday evening, November 19.h. Maggie Mitchell's new play, in a pro-logue and four acts, by C. W. Taylenie, entitled, "Jane Eyre." Maggie Mitchell as Jane Eyre. Satnrday at ernoon, Matinee, Maggie Mitcheil's great specialty of "Fanchon, the Cricket."

FARWELL HALL.

Y. M. C. A. Hon. Charles Sumner, Monday evening, November 21st. "The Duel Between France and Germany, and its Lessons to Civilization." Tickets, 50 cents. Reserved seats, 25 cents extra. For sale at the head box office from 9 to 12 and 2 to 5.

AIKEN'S MUSEUM.

Frank E. Aiken, Proprietor and Manager. Saturday, November 19.h, two Grand Performances—a Great Double bill. Afternoon at half past two; evening, at seven o'clock and forty-five minutes. "Rapparee; or, the Treaty of Limerick." Mr. F. E. Aiken as Roderick O'Malley. To conclude with the 'Gunmaker of Moscow." Four grand performances, Thanksgiving day, at 11 in the morning, half past two and 5 in the afternoon, and 8

DEARBORN THEATRE.

Manning's Minstrels. Matinee and night. Last two performances of the excellent bill for this week, Paturday, November 19th, the great sensa-tion, "Across the Continent," "The Sudden Ar-rival," "The Baujo Lesson," "Den I was gone," etc., etc. Precisely the same bill afternoon and evening. Monday's great new burlesque, Mad. Sea Bass as "My Dear." Thanksgiving—two per-

CROSBI'S OPERA HOUSE.

Marie Seebach, the great tragedienne. For one week only. Opening night, Monday, November 21. Debut in Chicago of Mmc. Marie Seebach in Schiller's renown d tragedy, in five ects, "Mary Stuart." Marie Seebach in her great role, Mary Stuart." Mathilde Veneta as Elizabeth. The en-tire star company in the cast. Tucsday, Novem-ber 22nd, will be produced an original adaptation of Charlotte Bronte's celebrated novel.

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ubs ription will be received, and papers may be obtained at wholesale or retail, at 664 Race street, Philadelphia;

BY H. T. OHILD, M. D.

What shall we do to be Saved?

NUMBER THREE.

We have seen a few of the things that we can do to be saved on the physical plane. We have seen also tha man's physical powers alone do not enable him to accomplish as much in this direction as those of the animals do for them.-It remains to be seen what aid his mental powers will render him in this.

The instinct in the animal guides it from the earliest moments of its existence in the selection of its food. Tous the chick when pecking i's way out of the shell, will seize upon and deyour a fly if it happens to be there. Not so with human beings. The young child will take poison or food with equal avidity. Hence from the earliest moments of existence, the judgment which results from the mental powers is required during the first years from others, but as soon as the individual powers are developed these should be withdrawn so that the child may learn to use its own powers in the direction to save the physical. All through life, there is a continued action and reaction between the physical and mental, and the highest development of the one, is dependent up in that

of the other. Physical habits exercise an influence upon both mind and body, the tendency of every act is towards repetition, and when thus repeated for a time, a condition is established in which this tendency will accumulate with such power as to overcome all the restrain's which the indi vidual can bring to bear. Herein lies the greatest obligation of society to its individual members,—not only to remove all the temptations, as in the case of the inebriate, but to bring all the mental and moral aid which we can to save them from the effects of the disease which expresses itself with overwhelming power in the repetition of physical violations. The jails and penitentiaries, as well as our reformatory institutions, begin at the wrong end. They only pluck off a portion of the ripened fruit from the great tree of error, which, growing in the lux uriant soil of false conditions, continues to produce more and more fruit. We should begin at the root of the matter, and endeavor to nip in the bud all evil habits, however trifling they may seem. We should remove the temptations from those who are not strong enough to withstand them, and by the knowledge which our intuitions will give us of their conditions, and the true sympathy which they will prompt us to extend toward them, and thus give them strength to overcome the mo t dreadful of all forms of slavery,-the tyranny of bad habits.

The united action of the mental and physical powers, is of the highest importance in this work. Our progress here and hereafter must depend on this. This forms the basis of the spiritual religion, which, in conjunction with the angel world, we are endeavoring to spread over the earth that mankind may realize life's true mission.

The subject is exhaus'less. The question what shall we do to be saved on the mental plane is an interesting one.

Man's mental powers distinguish him from all other beings on the earth,—not because they are exclusively his, but because in him alone are they capable of being indefinitely cultivated and extended. In order that man may be saved by these, there must be a harmonious exercise various powers of mind

The greatest geniuses have almost always been the most unhappy beings, because their powers were in angular and inharm mious forms. It is a law of our nature that in proportion to the power of suff ring, will be the power of enjoyment, and vice versa; hence the greatest minds, when plunged into the agony of remorse, drink most deeply of its bitter wa ers. To remedy and prevent these cvils, we need the most perfect and harmonious development of all the mental facultics. It is a very superficial system of education that ad's fuel to the already rapidly consuming flame in certain faculties, and puts its extinguishing powers effectually upon others, which have been smouldering, and need all the help that can be given to bring them forth in

to proper activity and strength. The most judicious teacher recognizes the condition of the pupil's mind, and is able to discover not only the points that need restraining, but also those which require strengthening and de velopment. This forms the true basis of the best self culture. The first great lesson of life is to learn to know ourselves. The next, to learn to bring about a harmonious and well balanced condition of all the faculties. The individual of moderate capacity, who thus brings all his faculties into proper action, may accomplish much more than those whose erratic flights of genius dazzle the eye, but too often, meteor like, pass from our view without leaving any permanent

impression. We have thus briefly renewed the divisions of man's nature, it remains for us to ask the question, What shall man do spiritually to be saved? We shall extend the inquiry beyond this life, and ask our friends of the interior life, What they co to be saved? We have no reference to the theclogical idea of being sayed from hell fire,-that does not belong to our system. We ignore the whole thing, and by being saved, we simply me in being placed in the best conditions attain able now, but not the ultimate.

Poetry and its Source.

We have an innate love of poetry, without the power to produce it. If you mean by Poetry, "retrical lines and rhyming verses," we think there is a broader and more comprehensive meaning to the same. Emerson Bennett has well said, "God is the great Poet, and the universe the grand Poem." Life is a poem sublimely grand!

Since the word Poetry and the words to make are synonym us, it is true that God, as the maker of all things, is THE Poet. Man makes many things, hence the mechanic, the agriculturalist, and the artizan are poets. He is the best poet who reads, comprehends and translates Nature most truly and beautifully. Shakspeare speaks

"Sermons in stones, books in running brooks, And good in everything." That is poetical. The same Li ted poet says:

"The poet's eye in a fine frenzy rolling, Doth giance from earth to heaven—
From heaven to earth—and as imagination
Bodies forth the forms of things
Unknown, the poet's pen turns them to shape,
And gives to airy nothings a local habitation and s

Some one has said, "All are poets," and perhaps there is some truth in this, for all are makers and interpreters of Nature, -and this is Poetry; but too many of us are not harmonious enough to bring out the music of Nature, and

make sweet melody of words. We know there is a poer's braven, and we expect to visit it sometime, as well as all other heavens, as there is something in each calculated to unfold the soul, and give it more of that beauty which is a j y forever.

We shall present our readers here with an origi al poem by Brother T. L. Harris. It was improvised by him, and taken in short-hand by us, in November, 1854 Our notes say, "Given in ten minutes."

THE SOURCE OF POETRY.

"No mortal man can comprehend the power That measures out bright thoughts; the immortal dower Of human hearts. The temples of the stars Are theirs, and they are borne in golden cars.

Through unknown galaxies their path is laid, Where spheres are fashioned and heaving are made; And they are piloted by mighty forms Through regions where the elemental storms.

That desolate the earth, have never blown. In God's unfathomed life they find their home; They are like mystic argonauts who keep, Columbus-like, their path across the deep,

Discovering new-born continents of truth. These dwell with morning in its deathless youth ; These are they which shake the world, and c st A glory o'er the future and the past,

And o'er the dim present scatter glories down From heaven, the new born golden age to crown: These are they who bid the world awake,-Bravely they trample on the crawling snake

Of Ignorance and Fear, that feeds upon The human heart. Their end in life is one. When they have poured their hearts' melodious breath In golden waves, and charmed away dull death

From human bosoms. Then from earth they rise, Being translated to their native skies. Ask not what power inspires them; canst then tell What star in heaven first cast its spell,

Not one but many stars burn bright on high; Not one but many angels cast their light Of spirit thought, and breathe divine delight O'er the young children of the muse. The sun Hath countless glories, though its form is one. So the great inspirations that descend

From heaven's accordant orchestra, and blend

And lights its love lamp in the evening sky?

In music in the poet's heart below, From choiring multitudes of angels flow. One God-one heaven-one hope inspires the strain; It comes from God, and flows to God again.

Obituary.

On the evening of the 21st of October the Death Angel entered and conveyed away from our domic.l to the realm of eternal light and beauty, Mary Silena Bal com, daughter of E. M. and R. B. Balcom, aged three years and five months.

Oh, we miss our darling Mary, Yet we would not call her back From these flowery fields of beauty To tread with us life's thorny track. Genesee, Wis.

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and social management from this good-natured mentor.

-The Nation, N. Y.

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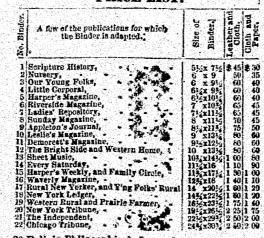
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A Mother comes to a Circle - says she was murdered a -describes her child-The Child found - Wonderfeel Shower of Stones -Strange Developments at Maqueketa, Iowa.

COMMUNICATI N FROM CHARLES BRADWAY.

(Concluded from last week)

CHAPTER II,

Now we come to another chapter, as interesting in this connection; in fact, it is more so to the parties immediately concerned, than what I have related. After the closing up of the above case, the parties all retired and left me alone in the parior for a long time-longer, a great deal, than at former conference. I awaited, apprehensive of what was coming. At last they all came in and sat down. I saw something new was agitatic g them, and although I fel they all wished within thems: eves to keep it from me, yet they could not, for the very excited state they were in, and perplexity to know what was they were in, and perplexity to know what was going on—what it meant—placed them, for the time being, in suspense, between hope and fear. They were sure something dreadful was going to happen to some of the family.

Here I will say that one of the council, their mearest neighbor, came, I think he said, from Newmont to Illinois, but before leaving Van

Vermont to Illinois; but before leaving Vermont he had become a little acquainted with Spiritu lism—and but's little. This man ac'ed as spokesman in opening this new phase of the case, as Mr. and Mrs. Parkhill knew nothing about it, except that it was the work of demons. and none but the mean, low, vulgar part of the community had anything to do with it. The

first question asked was: "Where were you on last Friday night, Sept. 30 h, just one week before I got there?

I said I was sitting in a circle at Calvin Breeden's, in the evening, stayed with Amass Ballou the balance of the night, had another little circle there between 11 and 13 o'clock at night.

"The mother of this girl came to your circle?" I sa'd, "Yes, but could not control the medium very well."

Question:—"Do you recollect exactly or about the time she came?"
"I could not tell exactly, but thought just

about nine o'clock" 'Where were you on Saturday night?'

I told them I was at my son's. These questions were pressed and repeated. The next

"Can spirits raise heavy rocks—rocks of a ton weight?"

I told them that I supposed the united efforts of them e uld move such bodies; that we had accounts of their moving planes weighing over 560 pounds; also that they took Mr. Home, in England, out of a window 60 feet high, carried him through the air, and put him in at another window, a long distance from where they took him out; that they frequently picked up small things, carried them about and threw them down, etc., and that they did it in accordance with natural law, which (when we shall understand it) will be seen to be plainly possible, and

the mystery will disappear. Nat greation: Could the spirit, while controlling over there at your circles, have control of matter here at the same time, so as to produce any physical phenomena?"

I said I thought it pass be for the spirit to do it at the same time. They do not have any idea might as well tell them all. Trey all agreed; so

Mr. James Parkbill c m nerced. He said: "On last Friday night,—which was the 30 h of Septemb r, 1870, - just one week before I got there,—after himself, wife, and a little girl about thirteen or fourteen years old, whom they had taken after they had given Mary Leola Swart (as I shall call her) away, had all gone to bed the hired man was the only one left of the family,-he had gone away somewhere that evening), the wife and girl asleep,—the latter slept in the same room with Mr. and Mrs. Parkhill; -now, Mr. Parkhill says it was moonlight, but all was still and quiet,—the wife and girl asleep—he was lying wide a wake, just about nine o'clock in the evening thinking over the incidents of this girl, and he said to himself, "This Bradway is a base impostor." And just at that very instant down came something with a crash in the next room. The next room was on the same floor-a partition separated them. but the door went into it from their room, and that door was open at the time, and both end windows up. The noise, as best he could describe it, represented the falling of a large ear of corn from the ceiling and striking upon the floor, the grains shelling off and sliding over the floor. It awoke Mrs. Parkhill, I believe He got up, went into the room-found nothing; went down stairs, and found nothing; then came to the conclusion that some one had thrown something upon the house-perhaps the young man, as he had not yet come home; but he came home soon after, and was questioned, but knew nothing about it. I believe they then all retired. I am not sure—as my notes got lost at the station—whether it was this same night or the next, which was Saturday, but it matters not as to the facts of the case, only the order in which it was given. After they were all in bed, in came a small handful of stones, appar ently through the west window, it being up, and the partition door being open, they-some of them-came through into the other room. They gathered up some of them—the largest, about two inches long, an inch in width and thickness. This appeared as though some one might, have thrown them in from the outside. It being light, looked out, but could see no one. Went

in succession, and I cannot state them in their order precisely, so I will state the facts as near as I can in their order, without confining them to the nights in which they occurred. Upon another evening the same things occurred, small stones came in through the windows. The windows were then lowered, yet the stones were thrown about the rooms; one of them struck the little girl on the head, and she caught it in her hand; another one struck a packing box quite hard,-appeared to be thrown from some place in the room. After the windows were lowered, there was no place for the stones to get into the rooms only by coming down the chimney a little way, and then turning at right angles and coming out of a stove pipe. Mrs. Parkhill is quite a florist. She thad a large box sitting inside one of the windows, covered with b autiful flowers. She told me she had a choice flower—in fact she showed it to me-that is, what was left of it. One of these stones struck it, and broke the stem entirely off, which was about as big as my byger. Again, after the window was closed, one of them was broken, apparently by a stone thrown from the inside. You may naturally suppose that some of the neighbors were called in to try and find out what it was, and help allay the trouble. One of the witnesses told me he " heard a stone strike against the window, and a little boy was up stairs and saw the stone fall upon the filor," -as I understood, picked it up and brought it

These phenomena appeared for three nights

out, but could find no one.

Mrs Parkhill told me she asked their minister if he thought anybody could, by sleight-of-hand, stand outside and throw stones through the windows into the room when the windows were closed. He sa'd he thought not.

Mrs Parkhill was very particular in showing me how the rooms were situated, the furniture, and everything. They had appointed committees to examine the rooms, and everything connected with them.

This neighbor I have spoken of as knowing something of Spiritualism, mistrusted that there was a medium about the house, took a little more notice of the phenomenon, and thought he saw in one of the circumstances something that led him to drop this kind of a remark, that he thought the women folks had something to do with it. He thought he saw, that in whichever room the women were in there the most somes went, hence, he thought one of them must be medium stic. This was taken advantage of by some who were not as guarded as they should be in what they say, consequently, it made quite a disturbance, because of the disreputable nature of Spiritualism in their estimation. I understood they were strict church go ing people, and they could not bear such a stigma cast upon them.

The neighbors even appointed a committee, to not only search the house, beds, clothing, etc, but the women folks too, to see that there was no deception of any kind. Some thought it a warning of death, others that it was a devilish plot to get posses on of property in some way or other,—and so it went; but I believe they all gave it up as a mystery they could not solve. I will say, that I saw near a handful of those stones that were gathered up in the room, according to their testimony. Now, after they had told me all, they wanted to know if I believed it was done by spirits. I said just such manifestations had happened many times—related some. Would prefer to take the middle-ground position just at this time; perhaps more might come to light. Thus, after a session of over six consecutive hours, the council was dismissed and the invertment attended to This missed and the inner man attended to. This embraces the whole substance, to the best of my knowledge, and here for the present my mission

ends.

Here I will say, as it is in justice due Mr. and Mrs. Parkhill, I believe them to be honest, upright and hospitable people, and they have my sire re thanks for the kind attention and in formation I received at their hands.

· CHARLES BRADWAY CHAPTER III,

More of the mystery made plain. You will observe, perhaps, that a: you now have it, your impressions are that Mrs. Louise, Stuart and her husband had lived in Lagrange, Tennessre, and hence it does not seem strange that she should be aboard of a steamboat on the Mississippi river, a little way above Memphis But you are mistaken, and so was I, as the following revelations will show :-

You will also remember that we have not as vet found out what ever became of her husband. It was supposed that he had gone into the war and died. The Sunday before I went over to see about this case, we had a public circle, and at that circle, I received a communication from Mrs. Stuart, saying "I was laboring under a mistake, he died at Boston." Here I made the mistake. I thought she referred to another spirit that was controlling another medium at the same time. While I was away over there. she gave another one for me to the same affect. that "I was mistaken, he died at Boston." When I came back and went to our c'rele, she gave me of the power of the spirits—seem to think their power limited. My answers stemed to create confidence in them, and Mr. Parkent confidence in the confidence right. Here Mr. Substitute control of the med-lum and confirmed what she had stated and sa'd that he was drowned at Boston about eleven years ago. About two years after his death, the child's uncle got possession of the property and after a while insisted that Mrs. Suiert should pay him a visit at Lagrange, Tennessee. Her health being poor he induced her to take a trip up the Mississippi River, and here he accomplished his foul deed. Now you see how she came to be here, and how the child happened to come up the river on a boat, as I have before stat d; and this explains my mistake about their living in Lagrange Now, when Mrs. Stuart first came to our circles, the Uncle was living in Lagrange, himself; but he, from some cause or other, left a few days ago to travel under an assumed name. Mr. Lewis Stuart's spirit says, "It was to try and obtain sace of mind, that has been so troubled from Is ill gotten gains."
He has been keeping track of him, and says that on the 16 h of this month he was in Sacra. mento City, California, under an assumed name.

Now comes another explanation which confirms my own impressions at the time I was there, which was that of the phenomenon, throwing the stones, etc. I felt it must be partly on my account because of the little hatred to spirit. ual philosophy over there, and also to explain how and who done it. The spirit of Mr. Lewis Stuart says, "He was over there at the same time that his wife was at our circle, and through him the phenomenon was carried on at Parkhill's, to prepare the way for me, and the aivancement of our beautiful philosophy. This also answered the questions asked me, whether a spirit can control in two places at a time.

Now comes another test connected with this casa. At a seance held at M. Ballou's house, on the 16th of Ociaber, 1870, unknown to me. Mr. Lew's Stuart took control of the me lium and gave a description of Mr. James Parkhill's house and property, which was as follows: "House one and one half stories high and painted white; about twenty rols from road, south of it; road running east and west; outside door on north side of house, leading into parlor in north-east corner of house; one window in north side, one in east end, and one window up stairs in east end, kitchen south side of house, door in east end; windows in south side, and west end of kitchen, one window up stairs in west end of main part of house; milk house east of kitchen about nine rods; barn west of house, ends north and south. Rooms inside of house: bed room in north-west corner; large sewing machine in parlor: door leading from parlor to kitchen opposite north door; large stove in west end of kitchen stairway, east of partition door; cellar under stairway, door opens south, up stairs two beds in east room, in north side of room, with posts

standing together, west room door in centre" This, you must understand, was given since I came back, and altogether unknown to me, but before any one had asked me anything in relation to this part of the case. While I was over there I did not think about such a thing as this kind of a test being given, or I would have been more particular in regard to it. I did not know that I was going to be put to such a test my

The next night after this communication was given, was our regular circle, and when I went I was taken out, and unknown to what had been given by the spirit, I was questioned on all the points that was stated in the spirit's description. I then called to mind near everything that was mentioned—the exceptious were these; First, I do not think the distance from road to house to be quite twenty rods, yet I might be mistaken, or they, in taking it down. As to the sewing machine. I remember there was something, but think it had something over it when I was there. As to the two beds standing with do yn to him. Tols was thrown from the inside, their pos's together I did not see them, but Ic-

cation of them from Mrs. Parkhill's description I think is correct. As regards the milk house I can only say I remember seeing some kind of a building, which I suppose was the milk house, and further I remember hearing Mrs. Park vil say, in answer to a question, that she was at the milk-house, so I suppose there was one. As to all the rest I remember very distinctly they are

At the close of our last circle, held on the 19 h of this month, Mr. Swart toll us that we must now write for a while, before we got any more, as he had business of his own, or rather not of ours to attend to, but promised us more when he returns, and I understand him of as great, or greater importance than what we have already obtained. He also gave us a v ry good lecture and advice, impressing upon us the great necessity of being true to curselves and all around

This ends the sec ad chepter of this interest ing case. CHAS. BRADWAY.

Remarks.-I dil not see the child. She had been sent away. I have a letter in my pocket from the person that has her. Tuis is the end of the present case,

ANOTHER CLERICAL FREE LOVER.

His Adventures, his Numerous Wives, his Drunken Spree.

BY J CUEL, M D.

Sometime last winter or early spring, there came to the village of Vermillion, six m'les east of the city, the Rev. R. L. Hovey, with credentials and passports from the Buptist Caurch. etc. His external appearance was preposses sing, his address fine, and as a pulpit orator, he excelled the c mmon herd of ministers of the day. He was engaged at once by the Baptist Church at Vermillion, to minister to their spiritual wants. He began his labors with energy, and soon commenced a most wonderful revival in his church. His elequence, great zeal and holiness, had wrought up the people in the village and country around for many miles, and they flocked to his church by hundreds, and to use their own language, "The Lord was pouring out his spirit, and doing a wonderful work in their midst through the instrumentality of their belived minister." Sinners were convicted and convert ed, and scores were added to the Church; the good old ship Zion was moving on with majesty and power. Thus things went on for a short time, most gloriously, when the pastor ba-thought him that it was not good for man to be alone. He began to look about him for some lovely sister to take to his pious bosom, when, lo! his pract cod eye fell upon a beautiful young widow of fine appearance and accomplishments, well known here, and beloved by all who knew her. Her piety and devotion b'inded her better judgment.

The minister made love to her at once, and pressed his suit so vigorously and untiringly, and through his strong psychological powers, s'range as it may appear, in one week from the time he set his amor ius eyes upon her, she consented and became his wife,-never dreaming that a man who could make such eloquent and long prayers, and assume such an amount of piety, long faces and turned up eyes, could be any-

thing but a saint. They were married on Saturday. He inform ed her that he had an appointment to preach in one of the Baptist Courches in the city of Terre Haute on the next day, and that their wedding tour should be spent in doing the Lord's work. He obtained what money she had, -about one hundred dollars,—money she had

worked hard for by teaching.
Well, when they arrived in the city, he soon became b astly intex'exted, and contrived to spend most of her money in a few h urs. Of course, he did not fill his appointment in the church, but soon as he was sufficiently sobered to travel, they returne it is Sinford S ati in, some tan miles west, and stopped at the house of a brother of the church, and by this time he had again became most gloriously drunk, but, fear ing detection, feigned to be sick, when the B ip tist brother immediately called in a physician, who pronounced him not sick, but baily drunk. The doctor, while examining his drunken patient, suddenly recoll cling a notice in some Missouri paper, of a Reverend gentleman, and his patient answering the description, his suspi cions were aroused, and, without saying a word, he sent notice immediately to the chief of-police of this city, who at once arrested him, brought him to this city, and lodged him in

Suffice it to say that when court was in session here, a short time after, he was convicted. by overwhelming evidence, of polygamy, and sentenced to serve a term in the penitentiary at Joliet, where he is now paying the penalty of his transgressions. Poor, miserable, drivel ing hypocrite!

I feel sorry for the wretch, and would not have written this article, had it not been that those very Orthodox ministers are the loudest to preclaim against Spiritualists and Spiritualism, ever charging them with free love, free lust, and every other crime that their unholy thoughts or tongues can bring to bear.

Now, this Rev. R. L. Hovey, from the evi-

dénce gained from reliable sources, has quite a number of wives, whom he has married and lived with a short time, and then deserted for some fresh viclim. Rumor says, and we have no doubt of its truth, this last one is his tenth wife,—and all living,—besides having made love to numerous sisters on the sly. Now, this is what we would call free love to some purpose, and, according to the teachings of Orthodoxy, we should naturally suppose it would require a considerable sprinkling of the "blood of the Lamb" to wash Brother Hovey, and make him white, and purify his guilty soul, -with his ten wives, besides, perhaps, numerous smaller sins. We fear it can't be did, without a fearful expenditure of that precious blood.

Yet, notwithstanding all these facts staring our Orthodox community in the face, -- one of the most astounding cases of free love on record, -yet not one word can you hear from them on this subject, and they suppose they have now smothered it out of existence.

The Rev. Hovey was an eloquent divine, and his little foibles should not be mentioned by the common herd, therefore it must be hushed up, or it might injure the church. But had this Reverend gentleman been a Spiritualist, our Orthodox community would never have tired of commenting upon "these God-forsaken free lovers," and every religious and secular paper in the land would have copied, and warned the people against "those horrid, hell-deserving, free-loving Spiritualists"

Now, it may be possible there are some who profess to believe the Spiritual philosophyand we have no doubt there are, -who are guilty to some extent of these abominations, and it would be passing strange it it were not so, considering that so many have come out of the church, where this thing is so generally prac-ticed. But we will make this declaration without fear of successful contradiction: That where you find one professed Spiritualist guilty of practical free love or free lust, you may find ninety-nine members of the Orthodox Churches, and a large per cent. of these will be found

among the clergy. Paris, Ill.

"BRICK" POMEROY'S SATURDAY NIGHT.

Indeed a golden Reward.

We did hope for a rest this Saturday Night all alone, with no one to take our thoughts from the beautiful study of life, and visi ing with the good angels who came at times trooping all around us, each one suggesting a good thought and all smiling a happy hearted approval to reward us for honest laboring in the vinevard of life.

Have you ever read of angels' visits? Some people say they are few and far between. Not so, if we would have them frequent. And much of this with us all doth rest. We believe in the visits of angels. Nat the looked for embodiment with wings and white raiment, which appear to wandering imaginations. But the good angels whose home is space-whose resting place is Over There—who live in the yellow sun-light of the Evernal, and whose mission is to welcome There the ones who believed in them, and lived liberal, noble lives here.

Our noble angels never yet have descried us Eich year more come-none are missed. We can see them as plainly as the tracing on the prper before us. Sometimes a troop of them come to have a silent talk with us, then away they all go to their missions. Some of them go on missions of their own, as beautiful birds fly through the air—as the spirit—the thought, annihilates

The pathway they go—the way they come— is not dark to us. It was once. But we have looked for light and looked and looked, till at last it has come to us. We would not stop looking till we saw, and understood. Every day these unseen visitors come to us. Taey are our friends. Sometimes one, sometimes more are with us. At times they leave us alone, and go away to call upon others. Sometimes we send them on errands for us, miles away—to whisper words, or thoughts, to absent friends,-And they come back to tell us what their hearts replied, and where they were, how looking and how in health. So we are a thousand times a day here and there-with those who write us letters—with the poor who often think of us as we do of them-with the weary and the over worked.

Sometimes all our good angels leave us for hours, to grope in the dark, as it were, and to feel sad, depressed, unnatural, as one who halts in a wilderness, with the night and the storm all about him and the storm of the same of the s all about hin, and he in distress. Then we make haste to call for help, and our spirit reaches firth and goes cut for the golden shadows which bring us light.

And they come. One whispers hope. Another tells us to be brave and truthful, and all will be well. Another tells us that the golden shore is for our reaching, that we must not sit idle, but push on like a man. Another good angel comes and tells us what others have done -another one tells us who lives us and who is glad when we are in such heart warmed com pany-other angels go with us to point the way, and show where we must walk and not fall; and once more we are on the read.

Simetimes when our good thoughts or good angels come to us not, dark shadows come over us. But thoughts and selfish desires enter our spirit temple or life. But light dispels darkness, and the good triumphs over the bad as we seek the light or remain content to grope in the darkness, and to sleep under this hedge or that beamble because others who do not care to see as we see, are content to think there is but one path to the E ernal!

And that one over thorns, and coals, and poisonous points of granite—as if a l'ower that is Love Elernal wants agony instead of carnes manlio id and good-will in the beautiful Land of the Leal.

We were hoping to night that we might visit with our good angels, and telt them how they had nelped us all the days of the week, and ask them to leave with us each a good resolve for the week to come. But it was not to be.

There was a pull at the door-bell down stairs. The kind junitor of the building who keeps the door securely tyled when come; nightfall, or we be alone, came and said a gentleman wished to see us on important business. "What is his name?"

"He did not state, sir, but he said he wanted to se you a little while to night."

"Show him the way—tell him to come." And he came. A well dressed man more than a'dozen years our senior. His step was firm his face clean and noble—his eye bright. He came forward, and reached out his hand-Good evening, good friend."

"Welcome-will you rest in that easy chair?" "Thank you, and excuse me for this interruption. You do not remember me? I am glad of

"We have met before. Your eyes are pictured on my memory, but where we have met I cannot tell." He continued-

"Do you remember seeing a poor drunken man in the depot at Cleveland in 1864—a man who was kicked like a vagabond dog for stealing an apple?"

Yes. "Do you remember following that man to the corner of the depot, outside, by the track, and asking him why he took the apple?"

"Yes" "Do you remember that he told you he had eaten no food for two days—that he had been on a drunken spree—had no more money and not a friend to go to, and was starving?"

"Do you remember bringing a little pie and a sandwich, and of saying a few kind words to that man ?"

Yes." "Do you know me now?"

"Yes-I know you to be that man, for whom

was sorry. "Well, sir-I am that man. And to night I come to pay you for that pie and that sandwich. Will you accept this little gold dollar as an evidence of friendship and gratitude? I ate the food you gave me-and no more till I carned it. The taste of that food was in my mouth many hours, but it was not so sweet or so nourishing as the kind words you gave me, never forgotten.

'Oh, yes! I have forgotten them!" "Well, I have not, and will tell you them. You said, 'Take this lunch and a little courage—then take care of yourself and help me sometime." "That was not much to say."

"It was a great deal to me. I looked at you as I ate, till you got on the cars, and then I walked away. Your words gave me pluck. The idea that I could ever help you seemed ridiculous. Then I said, why not? I walked away from there—walked out, away out Euclid avenue, and found a chance to work five days, helping a man fix a barn. And I didnt drink any more.

Then I got work in a warehouse for a month Then went to Idaho and made money. Two years since I saw you in Chicago, and remembered your face. I followed you till I learned who you were. Now my business called me to New York, and I come to tell you that the poor. drunken vagabond you gave a few kind words to a few years since is now well off as the world counts, and that I want you to take this little keepsake and wear it, or give it to some other

poor creature."
"I will accept it with pleasure. And keep it

as long as I live, to remind me of a forgotten in-

eldent which was nothing.' "But it was quite something to me. It gave me food and courage and something to think of. I said I would try to be kind to myself it a stranger could be kind to me."

'And you have done well, have you ?" "Yes, first rate. I kept at work, saved and worked. Went West soon as I could, and kept going West. Made a little money at Cheyenne.
Then I went to mining and knocking around in Idaho. Sometimes it was pretty blue, but I stuck to it, and now I am all right. Some day

And soon he went away, and we to our work, and to enjoy the reward which is ours this beautiful Saturday Night.—" DRICK" POMEROY.

when you want a friend, call on me, and I will

repay you a kind word spoken, and never for-

THE SONG OF THE STREET.

With lips all livid a d cold, And purple and swollen feet,
A woman in rags sat cronched on the flag.,
Singing the song of the street:
"Starve! Starve! Starve!
Oh, God, 'lis a fearfal night!
How the wind does blow the sleet and snow;
Will it ever again be light?

"Thave rung at the 'Refuge' hell,
I have b at at the work-house door,
To be fold again test I clampr in vain,
They are 'full,' they can hold no more.'
Starve! Starve! Starve! of the crowds who pas me by, Some in pity, some in pride aside, But more with indifference; turn, And leave me here to die!

Oh, you who sleep in bods.
With coverlet, quilt and sheet.
Oh, think when it snows what it is for those That lie in the open street.
That lie in the open street.
On the cold and forcen stones.
When the winte is blast as it whistles past Bites into the very bones.

"The what with the wind without,
And what with the cold within,
I own I have sought to drive away thought
With that curse of the tempted—Gin
Drink! Drink! Drink!
Amid ribaidry, gas and glare!
If there's hell on earth 'tis the gastly mirth
That maddens at mid-ght there.

"Oh. you that have never strayed. Because they have not been tried, Oh, look not down with a Pharisee's frewn On those who have swerved aside And you that hold the scales,
And you that hold the scales,
And you that glibly urge
That the only plan is the prison van,
The trendmill or the scourge.

"Oh, what are the lost to do! To famich and not to feel:
For days to go, and never to know
What it is to have one meal.
They cannot hay, they dare not ber,
They must either starve or steal.

"Food! Food! Food!
If it be but a loat of bread;
And a place to die or a place to die,
If it be but a work house bed;
It you will not give to those who live,
You at least must bury the dead."

With lips all livid and blue. And purple and rwollen feet,
And purple and rwollen feet,
A women in rage sat crouched on the flags,
Singing the soing of the street.
As she ceased the doleful strain
My homeward path I tred,
And the cry and the prayer
Of that lost one there
Went up to the throne of God.

A NEW PHYSICAL MEDIUM.

Letter From M. S. Day.

BROTHER JONES:-Your very valuable paper is truly a welcome visitor, and we look with much anxiety for its arrival each week. C uld you witness the pleasure with which its contents are devoured, I am sure you would be gratified. Are there not thousands of minds, that thank you is their hearts; for the rich repast they receive from you each week?

I see in your paper, notices of many remarka ble manifestations tar ugh diff rent mediums, but I have never ecca any mention of Harry Bastion. The manifest tions through him, are of a kind to astonish and confound the most sceptical. The band of spirits that control him claim to be twenty-one in number-two of whom give their names as George Fox and John Gray, and may be connversed with, the the same as we in the form converse with one another They tell us of the beauties of the Spirit World, and of the pleasure they erj wy in coming to us who still remain in the earth life, —to do us good,

Besides the beau iful talk, they entertain us with physical manifes stions of a wonderful na-ture. The guitar, with phospherus on it, will make the tour of the room with almost lightning speed,—being played the while, and will touch or rest on each one of the company as it

At a seance in my house a short time since, a gentleman brought his violin, which he set in one corner of the room. As soon as the light was turned off, John called on the gentleman for some music. The gentleman replied, 'I will play if you will hand me the violin." Instantly, the instrument was heard floating about the room, being thrummed, which continued for a minute or m re, and was then placed in his hands in the right position to be

John called for the "Irish Washerwoman." The gentleman requested him to sart the time for him, as he (the gentlemae) was not acquainted with it,—which he did, by whistling. The violin was accompanied by the guitar, tambourine, harmonica and five bells, which were all played at the same time, keeping perfect time—the medium being bound the while as tight as four strong cords and two strong men could keep him. I could relate much more as truly wonderful, but let this suffice for the pres-

Mr. Bastion has been staying with us for a few weeks, and we love him, and the friends from over the river, who come with him, as our own. Harry is a true gentleman in every sense of the word, and makes many friends wherever he goes. He is of a modest, retiring nature, and for that reas in has, I believe, never appeared in public, but has sat for private circles. He left us for the Far West last week, and expects to visit your place soon. Let those sceptics that would know of the heautiful hereatter, take him to their homes, and know through him that their friends still live, though passed from sight.

I would be glad to tell you of the interest awakened in this place, but there is not space

Dickens says: "I have heard vast quantitles of nonsense talked about bad men not looking you in the face. Don't trust that conventional idea. Dishonesty will stare you out of countenance any day in the week, if there is anything to be got by it.

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..... M. WILSON

Wonderful Case of Healing.

In Council Bluffs, Iowa, dwells Dr.-and his isdy, old residents of the place. The Doctor is an Atheist: his wife a Catholic. They are well off in this world's goods, -are considered irich. They have five children, four with them, one in the Summer Lind. Some four years ago, Jesse, their first born son, now thirteen years old, had an attack of fever which ended in hip disease, contracting the cords of the leg, drawing the foot up to the back of the thigh, causing the thigh to shrink and wither and the leg to be useless, and obliging him to walk with crutches for over three years. Last winter and spring the hip became vary troublesome and paintul,-pus in considerable quantities forming along the bone from the thigh joint nearly to the knee, and in such quantities that by placing the firgers on the thigh, pressing hard, and moving the hand down to the knee, the pus would accumulate before the finger as it approached the end of the sack, when the pressure would become so great that the pus would force itself back and by the fingers, and as it passed, you could hear the gurgie as it flowed back to its place. Early last summer, the doctor called a council of physicians. Their conclusions were: 1st .-- Amputation.

2nd .- Make an incision, opening the fiesh from

2nd.—Make an incision, opening the fiesh from joint to joint, extract the suck and pus, clean the bone, and heal by slow and sure process.

3rd.—To absorb the pus by scientific applications, sever the cords at the knee joint; straighten the leg by force, leaving the boy to puss through life with a stiff knee,—"and I accepted the third proposition." faid the father, "and offered ten thousand dollars to any one who would cure my son, and make his leg whole and perfect as the other."

Thus much told me the father of Jesse. Said the Thus much told me the father of Jesse. Said the

"With a sad and sorrowful heart I took Jesse up to his bed on the evening of the day this council took place, trembling with fear in view of the trial my boy was soon to pass through. While undressing him and preparing for bed, I ielt a strange in itence come over me. My hand was strangely moved out and toward the thigh of my boy, and the voice of my father, who was in his day a good physician, but who has been many years in the Spiris World, said to me, 'My daughter, heal your son Jesse,' and them my hand went out to the thigh o my boy, making several passes over it, after which, I was told to take the boy out of bed and stand him up against the wall. I obeyed, and then I noticed that the leg was straight. I stepped a little back from him, and bade him come to me. He did so. The next morning he came down stairs without his crutches. The leg was well, full and sound, the gurgling "With a sad and sorrowful heart I took Jesse up The leg was well, full and sound, the gurgling pus gone, the stiffened cords limber and straight. My boy is healed is sound and well."

"Come hither Jesse." And the lad came to us in the perfect use of his limbs. The crooked leg is straight; the withered and shrunken thigh is full rounded as plump as the well one, the gurgling pus gone. There he stood before me, the personification of health. We examined the boy carefully, we saw him walk, work, run, play. There was no halt or limp, no complaint, and no effects of the old disease left. There is no difference in the size, shape, form or

appearance of the legs.

We turned to the doctor, and said:

"Are these statements of yourself and your wife true, and may we use them?"

"What say you, madam?"

4.3

"Doctor," we asked, "Did you or the physicians in council have anything to do with the case?"

"Who cured this son of yours, doctor?"
"My wife, sir; not i."
"Whatsay you to the spiritual part in this case,

'I have only this to say. I did not see the spirt. My wife says she sees, hears and feels, at times, what you call spirits. I know the child was a helpless invalid when he went up to his bed with his mother. I know he came down healed, sound and well. You see him as I see him. I did not heal him, nor had any living physician anything to do with his case. My wife healed

"Madam, did you heal this boy in and of your-"No sir; my father, now a spirit, through me, healed this, my son."

"Have you ever seen or felt the influence of this spirit, your father, on any other occasion than

"Yes, several times. Once he came to me and told me to take my sister out of the convent, and I did so, and I attriou e, through Go1, the healing of my son to the Spirit World, and myself as the vital or living agent used by them."
"Are there other cases in which you have felt

this power, and nealed the sick ?" "Yes; I was in Missour, this summer after the healing of my son, and there was in the family with whom I was visiting a child who had falling fits, and had had them for several years. While there, this child had one of these terrible fits. I felt this wonderful power with me; took the child in my lap, passing mp hand over its head and face, and from that time to this, the child has had no

return of the fits. So writes one of his parents.' What do your priests say to these things?" "They say it is the work of the devil, and that he does these things to deceive me and cause the loss of my soul."

"Do you believe them or the spirits, which?"

"I believe the spirits, and shall continue to believe them." And in my soul I rejoiced and thanked God

that I am free and not a Christian, and that I had lived to see these things.

We are prepared to prove the statements in this communication.

A German Spirit Test.

Monday evening, October 3rd, 1870, we gave a seance at Beeshop's Opera House, in Council Bluffs, Iowa, when the following incident took place. The Germans demanded tests. We turned to Mr. Beeshop and stated:

"There are with you two beings who once were men in this earth-life. They knew you over twen ty years ago in the Old World." We then went into a minute description of each.

"Try and tell what he says," said Beeshop.
We replied, "He says, 'ich bien burgomaster

"The first spirit speaks in German. I do not

I knew him well," said Beeshop, "now the oth-

er, who is he?"
"We cannot tell, for the words he speaks are very peculiar. 'Ich bien der chaster Gotlieb.'"
"My God!" said Beeshop, "I remember bim

We answered, "He is now singing the chorus of a song, and one that we think you joined in sing-

ing with them."
"Repeat it," cried helf a dozen voices.
"We will try," we replied.
After listening carefully to the spirit chorus, we

repeated as follows, as near as we can write it:

"Litorao, litorao, litorao, litorao,
Willa willa wick, ye hiras so, litorao,
Willa willa wick, ye hiras so, litorao,
Willa willa wick com bom."

Beeshop and others, then present, replied: We knew both these men in the Old World. The one was what you call a mayor, the other a jester, their names, Meizler and Gotleib. Over twenty years ago we parsed with them in the Old World. On the eve of our separation we joined in a song, the chorus of which, Mr. Wilson has ren-bred as correctly as is possible for one not con-rectant with the language, to speak."

The whole share we want is to get rid of these and all mesh ways in the get rid of these all mesh age,

To whom it may Concern: Ba Just :- Our friends are most urgently requested to exemine their accounts with this Jour-man, as they find it reported from week to week, upon the margin of the paper, or upon the wrap-per, in case the subscriber receives the paper in a

A inil explanation of the manner of keeping these accounts, will be found at the head of the Editorial column on the fourth page of the paper. We speak of this ma ter, most emphatically meaning that payment is expected from subscribers now in arrears, without delay. If any mistake is found upon careful examination of the account, inform us of the fact, and it shall be corrected. If any one has been unfortunate, so as to make it very difficult to pay now, write, and inform us of the particulars, stating when payment can be made, so that we can know what to rely upon, and time will be cheerfully given in such cases. If time is wanted, it is certainly worth writing for, and we can know what to depend upon.

We are weekly b caking the very bread of life to our numerous subscriber, most of whom pay promptly, but those who owe us large sums, do us great injustice, by negligently a lowing the time to run on from month to month and year to year, without doing anything to relieve us from the heavy burthen we are constantly carrying for their benefit. A remittance of a part of what is our due, is much better than nothing, in such cases.

We do say to all who are in arrears, that the

sacrifice you are required to make to square your accounts with this paper, is merely nominal to that which we have made for your benefit every week since you became indebted to us for the paper.

It is painful to us to allude to this matter, but justice demands & and we shall persist in doing so until justice it done.

We mean to give no offense to any one. It is a matter of business, and common justice, which all Spiritualists must appreciate, dictates that all who owe for the JOURNAL, should pay for it, even as they should pay for the bread they eat.

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PENNSYLVANIA SOCIETY.

The Fourth Semi Annual Meeting of the Pennsylvania State Society of Spiritualists will be held at Harmonial Hall, corner of Eleventh and Wood streets, in the city of Philadelphia, on Tuesday, the 13th of Dec., 1870, at 3 and 71% o'clock p m.

Edward S. Wheeler, and other speakers, will be pres

Clementina G. John, President. Henry T. Child, M. D., 634 Race St., Secretary.

NOTICE.

The Qu reerly Meeting of Spiritualists of Nunica will be held at the Bartholomew School House, Saturday and Sund y, December 17th and 18th, communing Saturday, at 7 o'eluck P. M.

Mrs. S. A. Pearsall is engaged as speaker. Other good extended to all.

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