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SONG.

BY G. L. HUNTER.

Fly to the arms of night
Oh, doves of the wintry world;
For the beacon is gleaming white
Where the waves in wrath are curled.

Fly to the arms of night
Oh, doves of the waiting world;
For the wintry waves are bright
Where their foam in wrath is hurled.

On the sea-beaten shore of dreams
Where the white-winged albatross
Is flying amid the gleams
Of the sun that shines across.

The rocks where the foam is drowned
In the depths of the rifted sea,
Oh, fly to the arms of night,
Ye doves that wait for me.

For I have no place for prayer,
And the waves are beating high;
Will ye not come and share
The life that is in here?

Will ye not come and lift
The burden of fate from me?
For the gleam of the opening rift
In the sky is fair and free:

And the wonderful hand of dreams
Is opening wide and high,
Oh, come in the parting gleams
Of the wintry sea and sky!

the spheres. I felt that it was my pleasant labor and duty to aid him in this journey. I know that he had elements of greatness and goodness within him, and I saw that when the fires had melted away the dross and refined him, as they only could, if I faithfully labored to aid him in this, he would then be as he is now, my own peculiar guiding star.

I followed him to the New World of America, and would have gone with him on his last expedition, but this could not be. I shall never forget how my heart-strings quivered and vibrated, when thus we parted, for I knew full well that he should meet no more on earth. Ever and anon did I feel his condition on that perilous journey; as the aeolian harp is touched and sends forth its music to the gentle breezes of summer, so did my heart-strings vibrate to every pulsation of his own; and when the fatal hour came, and his spirit winged its way into the interior, with all its earthly hopes blasted, despair pointed written over all the plans of his earthly life, I felt as if a dagger had pierced my own heart, and I lived no more on earth. After a few months of half-conscious life, my faded and wasted form returned again to our common mother earth, and I was safely landed on the peaceful shores of immortality, amid scenes of beauty that filled my sorrowing soul with joy and peace—to enter upon labors which I would endeavor to describe to you.

CHAPTER II.

FIRST EXPERIENCES IN THE INNER LIFE—THE HEAVENS OPEN AND THE EARTH FADES AWAY—PROXIMITY OF HEAVEN AND HELL—ELEVATION FROM THE LOWER CONDITION, AND HAPPY REUNION OF KINDRED SPIRITS.

I rose like a mist from the mountain,
When day walks abroad on the hills;
I rose like a spray from the fountains,
From life and its wearying ills.

I have batted in the heavenly river,
I have chanted the seraphim's song,
And I walk in my brightness forever,
Amid the celestial throng.

HARRIS.

I scarcely realized what the change called death was. I saw the old and faded form, that I had known so long on earth, lain away in the silent grave, without any regret on my part, and then I perceived all around me old and familiar faces—many of the loved ones were there who had gone before me to this land of rest and peace. It was a holy and joyous reunion. Among these, was my well-beloved companion. I found that he could not be disappointed when I stated that he could not see me yet—that there was a great work for him to do before we could meet, but that I could labor with and for him in this work. I knew not what was to be the course of events, but I supposed I should nurse him as I had others on earth, with full confidence that he would soon be restored to me in health, and the old loving union again established; so I labored earnestly and hopefully.

Had he been able to give me an account of the enormous weight of crime that then pressed upon his guilty soul, the shock would have overwhelmed me. I had lived so much in the interior life, while surrounded by the discordant elements of earth-life, that I entered at once into an association of pure and loving spirits in my new home, and the strong bond of sympathy and love for my companion was all that kept me back. I willingly endured all, even the separation, because I knew that it was for his good; and I felt a sort of melancholy pleasure in passing around him, blind as he was to my presence, and deaf to all the words of consolation that I sought to pour into his ears. And as I saw life unfold, and the dark deeds, one by one, spread out before my vision, and expiated by his labors, aided as he was by many that were around him, and sometimes by myself, I realized that "there is more joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, than over ninety and nine just persons that need no repentance"—and I was very happy.

Here was a practical illustration of the fact, that heaven is a condition of the soul, and not a place or locality; for I was walking amid celestial bowers and breathing the pure air of heaven, and could lay my hand upon the brow of one who was in the depths of hell; between us, however, was the same impassable gulf that separated Lazarus from Dives.

During all this time, he knew not where I was. He had perceived my departure from the form, and then lost me. At first this made me sad, but when I discovered that my sadness would cause him much additional pain and suffering, I did not desire to commune with him. My good friend, the holy father, of whom he has spoken to you, told me that whenever it was proper, he should receive all the information about me that he could. This was a great comfort to me. Neither the enormity of his crimes, nor the time and labor that were required to work out his salvation from their effects was realized by me, until I listened, as I did with deep interest, to the story of his life and the recital of his experiences and labors in this sphere, which he gave to you. My situation during all this time was incomprehensible to myself, and doubtless will be to many others.

I was not unhappy, either on my own account, or on account of the condition of my companion; chiefly, because I did not know what that condition was; and so gradual and beneficent was the unfolding of it to me—always under circumstances when I could see that he was passing from it into better conditions, that it had little painful effect upon me. I can now how this was arranged all through by

our good friends around us. This condition lasted for a period of about two hundred years; during this time, however, I was much engaged in various labors, some of which I shall attempt to describe to you. I could not do much for him, for reasons that I will explain to you hereafter; it is not alone the will to do, that gives us power, but there must be some experience upon the same plane. I had the satisfaction of perceiving that whenever he came out of one of these severe and trying dispensations, I could throw over him a calm and soothing influence, similar to those which I had brought to him when on earth; and though he knew not that I was doing this, yet the effect was very pleasant and beneficial to him. I may say that these calm, serene feelings, that we are often able to bring to the dwellers of earth, are among the most beneficial and important influences that flow from the spheres. Like the dew of heaven, and the silent and gentle showers, they refresh the drooping flowers of humanity on earth, and make the life journey of man a far less toilsome and weary pilgrimage.

At length—and it is a beautiful and cheering thought, that there is no pathway, however joyous and pleasant, or rugged and painful, that does not sooner or later end, and bring with it in the eternal and ever onward progress of events, a change—a reunion was established between us, and as a compensation for all the suffering that we had experienced, it was a far more perfect and glorious one than that which we had realized on earth. There, though the love and affection that bound our hearts were real and enduring, still, our conditions were such that the gleam of life could reach freely in each other, the nothingness of our life's history. In this our blessed and holy reunion here, each thought, impulse and motive is seen and felt by both; and, like fires upon an altar, these not only light and warm our hearts, but they send up a sweet incense that enfolds us about as a mantle, and thus we move on together as one. A perfect union, based upon that entire freedom and full and complete consciousness of all the interior conditions of both, can alone be realized in these interior spheres. In it, we now repose in perfect confidence, and feel that the joys of earth-life fade away and are lost amid clouds of doubt and mists of darkness. A hundred years here have only tended to strengthen and cement this union.

As in the enjoyment of the highest pleasures of earth, we lost sight for a time, at least, of its trials and burdens—so in the full fruition and sunshine of the happiness which we now enjoy, we are not able to realize fully all the past conditions of our lives.

We can, however, deliberately turn over page after page of this history, and hold the torch of memory over it, so that its light illuminates passage after passage, and the pictures stand out before the mental vision, types and emblems, more or less perfect of the realities of other days, and thus,

"When on the wings of remembrance the soul is away," we recall the memories of the past, and bind up in one grand volume our entire history, the life on earth as the introduction; and chapter after chapter of life in the spheres, as the body of the work.

CHAPTER III.

LABORS IN HEAVEN.

In heaven, the angels do always meet and mingle in their angelic mission as messengers of love, who, on the wings of hope and light, are forever engaged in feeding the hungry, clothing the naked, binding up the broken-hearted, and proclaiming peace and good will to all.

When I laid aside the outward garment and joined the angelic host, I was at once welcomed and initiated into their band, and their labors and mine were one; and all that I can tell you now, will be of our united labors, and these can only be truly appreciated by those whose natures are attuned to the same divine and heavenly harmony. It is not so much the acts that we do, as it is the conditions from whence they spring, that make our lives divinely beautiful and serenely happy, for they are but the fruits and effects of these conditions. Our acts, like the aroma of a beautiful flower, are diffused all around us, and our conditions, like an eternal and never-fading blossom, are central points, around which these acts revolve, like stars of light and beauty.

When you can realize a perfectly uniform and harmonious being, with all the faculties playing in and around each other in perfect and beautiful order, you will then have power to comprehend and understand the labors in heaven.

Man's labors everywhere, are but an index and expression of his own condition, internal and external. "By their fruits ye shall know them," is true in all departments of life; though there are conditions in the lower states of human development, both with you and us, in which an assumed character, like grafted fruit trees, may produce something different from that which the parent stem and original root would have brought forth, but it is not so in the higher conditions of life; here, every faculty gives forth its own peculiar aroma, and produces its own fruit, and these all combine to make up a model character.

The circle of spirits to which I was attracted when I came here, had most of them been here a long time. They informed me that my course of life, and the peculiar development which I had experienced on earth, had produced for me a condition which had relieved both myself and my spirit-friends of much labor that was commonly required for spirits on their first entrance here. My vision, hearing, and other faculties, were in such a con-

dition, that it required but little effort and practice to adapt them to the scenes and labors of my new home.

They told me—and I soon perceived it to be so—that in most instances, when spirits came into this sphere, their faculties were so imperfectly unfolded, that they had very dim and indistinct perceptions of most of the objects and beings around them; and to remove them from this condition, as you have already learned, was a task sometimes involving severe suffering and immense labor. I was very much surprised when I saw some of my friends very plainly and distinctly around me, and found that they could not see me, nor have any consciousness of my presence. It was a sore trial when I discovered that they could not perceive me, or receive my ministrations. I learned that the perceptions of new-born spirits were exceedingly variable in different individuals, and that while those whose systems were well developed, and whose interior natures were unfolded, could readily perceive all that was around them; they were constantly surrounded by those to whom they were just as invisible as the latter were to the dwellers of earth. I could see many of these various conditions around me, but never having experienced them, I was not fitted as well as others, to labor for their removal. Experience is everywhere the best means for preparing teachers for all the departments of life. Some are very dull scholars, and require to have their lessons repeated over and over before they are prepared to graduate. It is in this school, that all the teachers here, must learn not only what their labors are, but how to perform them, and as we progress, our experiences become richer and more important to us. The proper unfolding of any faculty, places it in a condition to act out its own powers, and this development is all that is required to give us a field of labor, and special duties to perform; and here no one is ever compelled to remain idle, or to search for employment. Whenever the capacity for any work is unfolded, the work is there, so each one finds appropriate employment, and whenever his capacity is so enlarged, that his sphere of labor is to be changed, he moves from one field to another, without any difficulty. I have spent much time, pleasantly and profitably, in visiting many of the various spheres, and in witnessing the labors of spirits in all these, and in each new experience, I perceive evidence of the beautiful order that reigns throughout every department of life; and that in the Divine economy, all things are working together for good, and though sometimes the righteous may suffer, and error may seem to be triumphant for a season, yet these are but temporary and transient conditions, arising from a misapprehension of the laws of progression.

To return to an account of my labors: I am always employed, and yet I have nothing to do. In my present condition and sphere, though there are many well devised plans for the benefit of humanity everywhere, and the elevation of the race both on earth and in the spheres, still we have no tasks assigned us—no continuous labor before us—but all is spontaneous and free; and the interior nature outworking itself in harmony and beauty, leads us forever into spheres of action, and to labors for which both our powers and our inclinations are adapted; and thus we labor, day by day, having no thought for the morrow, but in holy confidence and trust, moving ever around the invisible throne of the Infinite.

But if I know not where I will be, and what I shall do in the future, I can tell where I am now, and what I am doing. While you are thus writing, I am with you sometimes, and sometimes I am far away, but still transmitting my thoughts to you. During the period I have given you this, (about three days) I have traveled millions of miles—traveled is not the proper term—floated away is a truer expression—I have visited circles of spirits upon shining orbs far beyond this solar system. My labors there, as here, have been to pour a calm and holy feeling of serenity over those minds who have come up out of great tribulation; and who have, by great labor and suffering, washed their robes and made them pure.

My experience is after this manner: I feel rising up within me a very gentle impulse to move in a certain direction; this turns my attention there, and as it grows stronger and clearer, I yield to it, and begin to move in the direction indicated, and as I do so, the force and distinctness of the impulse increases, and then I move with accelerated speed in the line of attraction; floating away at times almost with the speed of thought, until I reach some spirit or spirits, who, in their journey, are at least in some parts of their nature, at a point just below that which I have attained, and for these I have an influence; and as I hover around them they are quieted and strengthened—sometimes they realize my presence, and at others, only the effects of it. I have already remarked that there were times when I could influence my companion in this way, though he knew not who it was that thus brought quietness and assurance to his storm-tossed spirit.

When I visit any who need my ministrations, this influence goes out from me, and I find that in giving, I receive, and my strength is thus constantly renewed, and I mount upward to higher and better conditions.

One of your friends here (Edward) tells me that the phenomena of perception on the interior plane, as on the exterior, are entirely dependent upon the reception of emanations from the various bodies that are perceived, and if the emanations from your own body, or your own spirit, be very much more reduced than

those of the bodies or spirits that are around you, the latter can have no perception either of your body or spirit. Neither can spirits who have passed on beyond the plane of external matter, and have cast off from their systems all that matter which they had within them, perceive such forms of matter, except by coming into rapport with those who are still in connection with it.

This explains certain phenomena, which I could not before comprehend. For instance, there were spirits whom I perceived quite distinctly when I first entered this sphere, whom I soon lost sight of, and after a long period they began to appear dimly before me. I have not perceived material objects on the earth plane for a long time, except as I come into rapport with others. Edward says, no spirit ever loses any power that it had obtained, and though it may cease to hold possession of material elements, these are always accessible to it through means which are at its disposal, and within the scope of its knowledge.

I have but little more to say. I am not a little surprised and pleased, to come again to earth on this mission, which was brought about after this manner: My companion found an impulse and attraction to visit your circle, and did so at the time you were writing the narrative which preceded his; in his interviews with your friends, he was very cordially received, and your friend Edward, who has aided me very much in this labor, explained to him that they had, by long continued labor, on their part and your own, established such relations between themselves and you, as to be able to communicate succinct and connected histories of spirits in this sphere; and that the recital would be not only important to mankind, by communicating a very considerable amount of useful information, but would also be a great benefit to the spirits who were thus enabled to transmit their histories. And as his narrative would furnish many interesting and important points, elucidating the philosophy of life in both spheres, it was arranged for him to give it. My relationship to him brought me near to you, and in the course of his history, there were a few points which my experience would elucidate better than his own, and I was kindly invited to tell the simple story of my life. I have given it to you, and now, in conclusion, I wish to say that the breathings of my spirit towards yourself and towards humanity everywhere, are love, pure and unfeigned; and that I have no aspiration, no hope, that does not comprehend within it the entire brotherhood of man on all the earth, in all the helix, and all the heavens. Being thus swallowed up in an infinite ocean of love, flowing from the Divine Father, throughout all the realms of His infinitude, and returning again to him as the universal Father, God, I can extend to all a feeling of love, and realize that there is no one who is not bound to me by the universal tie of humanity, and towards whom I desire to extend a helping hand.

PROLONGED SLEEP.—There are several cases on record of a prolonged absence from food, but they are mostly of old date, and one, at least, after much vain watching, was discovered to be a cheat. What credit is to be given to Dr. Bland's statement, we are not in a position to decide; but we may at all events believe that he himself is a firm believer in it. The account he gave was read at the French Academy, and in substance it was as follows:

A young woman, twenty years of age, fell asleep and slept for fifty days. This was in 1854; and nothing of the kind occurred until the beginning of 1882, when she suddenly fell asleep again, and did not awake until March, 1883. Every imaginable effort was made to rouse her, but without effect; she continued to remain asleep, without showing the slightest sign of being disturbed. Her breathing was almost imperceptible; the pulse low; and the skin rose and fresh. She neither ate nor drank, and yet there appeared to be a slight tendency toward fatening.

On reading his first paper, the doctor entered into some speculations concerning sleep, which are very imperfectly reported. It seems that he distinguishes three kinds of sleep; the diurnal, the annual and the metamorphic. We have all had experiences of the first, the second corresponds with the hibernation of certain animals, the third is transitory, as in the case of the transformation of a caterpillar into a butterfly. Sleep he considers to be a peculiar form of life, and the primary condition under which life is manifested. Everybody will not agree with him in his theory, but his views are worthy of attention.

Subsequently he made another statement on the same subject; and in confirmation of it he quoted the names of other doctors, —Sergius, Dumari, Desonville, Puel and others. For an entire year a lady presented the same symptoms as Madame Mivoleff and Louise Durand; that is to say, animal life null, organic life good, but reduced to a minimum; the pulse slow, breathing almost imperceptible, the flesh soft and fresh, no elimination of food, but an absolute insensibility and general contraction. At first every effort was made to awaken them, or to keep them from falling asleep again when they were awake; but finding the utter uselessness of this treatment, the doctor thought it was well to continue it, and suffered the lady first referred to, to sleep as much as she wished, his scientific influence having been speedily discerned by him in the two first occasions of her falling asleep, they having followed on two severe attacks of illness, attended by intensely acute suffering.

The question why sleep should be the privilege of rendering persons insensible to pain, and of preserving them from loss of food, is one which man, with all their scientific knowledge, are very unable to solve.

"If you had a good sleep," said a wealthy, though not influential, grocer, to his indigent neighbor, "your early habits, industry and intellectual abilities would now have permitted you to ride in your carriage." "And if you had never sold rum for me to buy," replied the grocer, "you would have been my neighbor."

A French chemist says that if tea be ground like coffee before hot water is put upon it, it will yield double the amount of exhilarating qualities.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

TRIBUTE

TO THE MEMORY OF A GREAT FRIEND WHO LEFT THIS WORLD DECEASED IN 1865.

BY ELVIRA WHEATLOCK.

Another brave soul gone to rest, Another still and pious breast, And heart, whose throbbings nevermore Speak joy, nor pain, nor life's high soar Of endless longings.

Mute is the tongue, and voiceless all The thoughts, responsive to the call Of earth's ambitions—nobly might, And stern endeavors toward the right, Through darkly, darkly ways.

Brave, noble friend! To thee we give Sweet tribute words; while thou didst live Among earth's loving ones, thy name For us had friendship's sweetest claim— Her choicest blessing.

We knew thee, and the deathless song That poured its echoes all along Through the deep valleys of thy life, Making sweet rhythm, when all seemed strife To those who knew thee thus.

The ceaseless song of holy praises, Lifting thy life to better ways— This heard we oft, and knew thy heart Inclined to love life's nobler part, And strive with higher aim.

And hadst thou faith? Ah, softly here! Then wert not human, wert thou clear; And spotless from all sin and blame; Not one that hath pure snow-white fame; Then who shall judge thee?

Do not the clear and silver streams Wear shadows well as sunlight gleams, And sweet star glimmer? nor can change Come in the great divine arrange Of lights and shadows.

The woods, too, in their deep sublime, Mingle echoes which make and rhyme; The hiss of snake—ill-omened birds Unite their tones with plaintive words Of winds and waters.

And 'mong the rippling waves of blue, On sky-clear heights, where star-eyes true Beam sweet convergences down to earth, Clouds of dark import and low birth Kiss silver white ones.

Must be God meant it thus; the shades And lights, the false and true, all shade To human progress; but the good Crowns all; the evil, if it would, Cannot find heaven.

Then who shall dare to enter in, And question of life's debt within? Not thou, oh, world! Lift not the sod! But leave all judgment words with God, The All-Merciful.

Departed friend! time cannot break This golden chain of friendship's make And fastening; but yet we miss The hope of meeting thee, in this, Our lowly earth-home.

We'll miss thy warm hand-clasp—thy look Of deep divining—like a book Presaging life's sweet mysteries, And all the holy histories Of heart and soul-life.

We know not what thy farewell word, Nor what the music thy soul heard, When angel hands touched hands with thee; Was it song of immortality, Inspiring sweet belief?

Freedom remembers thee; and high Her benediction as the sky; Emancipation's glad proclaim, "Forever free," for thy hath fame In the High Heavens.

Yes, it is well with thee—sweet rest In calm content, with high behest And noble privilege are thine; High worship to the Great Divine Thy soul will render.

Sweet "in memoriam," to thee, Friend of my soul! Thy spirit, free And lofty in its new command, Will welcome to the Summer Land, All friends dear, and true.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

LETTERS FROM EUROPE—No. 1.

Suggestions to those who intend Crossing the Atlantic— Passage Across the Ocean—Incidents of the Trip— Arrival in Ireland—Queenstown—Cork River— Trip— Appearance of the People—Fenians—Face of the Country—Dublin—Its Exhibition of the Fine Arts, etc., etc.

A tour through Europe has now become quite common, and although many have made it, yet there are many who still intend going, and as the writer made some blunders, and in consequence experienced some inconvenience, he would here recommend to all who intend visiting Europe, to engage passage on a first class steamer (newer the better), as the bedding and other outfit will be fresher and cleaner than on an old vessel. Next get a room as large as possible, and well lighted, so that it can be occupied as a sitting room during the day, and a sleeping room at night—for the accommodations for sitting rooms below decks on all the steamers are very meagre. Next, the passenger should select rooms as near midships as possible, for by so doing he will suffer less from the motion of the vessel, and be much less liable to sea-sickness. He should procure a trunk, not more than fifteen inches high by two feet long, and put his necessary clothing in that, expecting to be allowed to put that and that only in his state room. He should keep out a suit of heavy clothing and a robe, or he will suffer with cold, even in August. He should be sure to have a cap to protect his head. A lady should wear a hood for the same purpose. It would be well to buy a high-backed folding chair, for he will probably see the day when he would give the price of one for the use of it one hour on deck. He should make it a point to go on deck every day, for if he once gives up to sea-sickness, he is gone for the trip.

With these suggestions we pass on, after stating in addition, to get seats at the table near the door of the saloon, and, if possible, at the captain's table, for it always has the best servants.

On the 21st day of September, your obedient servant set sail on the fine steamer Scotia, from New York, for Queenstown and Liverpool. While many were bidding adieu to their numerous friends on shore—some by the waving of handkerchiefs, and some by tears, your correspondent stood solitary and alone, there being no one to bid him a kindly farewell. If it be thought that these partings, such as I saw, are pleasant affairs, then they are welcome to them, for crying is a business I do not like.

Three hours later, and the hitherto crowded deck was well nigh deserted of passengers, for we were already out of sight of land, and the vessel laboring considerably against a head wind and ground swell. For a time all are engaged in locating themselves in their rooms. Soon, however, the tea bell rings, and all are anxious to see who is on board, and whom they are to sit alongside of during the voyage (many of them little dreaming that perhaps owing to sea-sickness that may be the only time they will grace the table.) Here let me advise you to take a supply of napkins, for they are not furnished; but in all other respects you will have no reason to complain, as the tables are bountifully supplied and the servants (I can only speak of the Cunard line) are accommodating so far as they are able. They are, in rough weather, terribly taxed; and even between meals, you will find them quite disposed to provide you any luxury they may have, such as lemons, oranges, prunes, etc., free of charge.

For two or three days, even if the weather is pleasant, society will be found to be rather formal on deck and at the table, until acquaintances are struck up. Meanwhile, we have not got altogether reconciled to the expanse of water, together with the motion of the ship, our close quarters below decks, our narrow berths, etc., etc. If you, my reader, manage to cross the banks of New Foundland without a blow or a fog, then you will be in better luck than we were, for we had a thirty-six hours' siege of fog. Of all the doleful sounds, screeched or howled, that fog whistle is the most hideous. To have it pierce one's ears twice in a minute for thirty-six hours is too much for human nature. As nothing lasts forever, the fog did not—and we found ourselves bounding away under a clear sky and a fair wind. In accordance with the barometer, which indicated "clear and cold," we donned our overcoats, which only three days before would have smothered us.

It was not long, however, before the cause of the sudden cold became apparent, for we came in sight of no less than five icebergs, some large, some small—all throwing back a dazzling blaze of light, not of heat, almost painful to look upon. The vessel passed within about three miles of one of them. If I were to attempt to give its proportions, I should say it was more than a mile in diameter, and stood two hundred and fifty feet out of water, and if, as is stated, they float two-thirds submerged, the reader can form some estimate of their danger to navigators. I was informed that the Scotia this present season ran in a fog so close to an iceberg, that the passengers could have thrown their hats on it. I presume, however, the distance was somewhat misstated.

On the morning of the fourth day, we passed Cape Race, which was the last we saw of land for five days, and now we were out in open sea. This, to the novice, seems the most dangerous, but to the experienced sailor, the safest part of the voyage. Nevertheless, there were times when your correspondent (who has crossed before,) looking around upon the vast expanse of waters, with an overcast sky, the wind dead ahead, and the waves lashing the ship's sides to such an extent that a life-boat could not have lived a minute, thought if fire were to occur, how futile would be an attempt to save his life. Indeed, the loss of the rudder or the breaking of the machinery would have proved nearly as disastrous. But thanks to the noble ship and her trusty crew, on the morning of the ninth day after sailing, we entered the harbor of Queenstown, Ireland, and were, together with our baggage, conveyed in a tug ashore, where we were immediately placed in the hands of the custom-house officer, (a burly, fat-faced Irishman,) like many we had seen before leaving our own country, who inquired if we had any whisky or tobacco. We stated we had neither, and asked if whisky was subject to duty, when he said no, but he wanted a drink. We then told him we did not want our trunks disturbed (giving him a crown) and they were not interfered with. Queenstown harbor affords fair protection for vessels, and there is a depth of water sufficient for the largest steamers.

There is also a show of fortifications around it; but a couple of monitors, with their fifteen-inch guns, would demolish it in a couple of hours. It is worthy of remark that we had not penetrated into town more than two squares before we were asked if the poor, down-trodden Irish had anything to hope from the Fenians in America. The only answer we could give was, that if England got into a war

with any foreign power, then Ireland's day would come; but until then she had but little to hope for. Here I will remark, that now that I have penetrated into the very heart of Ireland, (Dublin,) I find the most wide-spread dissatisfaction with British rule. Indeed, I may safely say, that the only exceptions to this rule, are those who are in government employ. Yet I have no doubt, but that every native born Irishman, even in that capacity, would prove true to his country, if there was the least prospect of success. No man can look at the state of things as they exist here, and not shed tears of sorrow for the Irish race. Here is the loveliest island the sun ever shone upon. Well may it be called the Emerald Isle, for it has the greenest grass, the whitest pebbles, and the clearest streams of any country in the world; yet its people are in the most despicable condition possible—and why?

Because the country is drained of its products. It is a notorious fact that Ireland does not belong to the Irish, but to their lords, and so exacting are they for the last half penny to be paid them in rent, that the ground produces them, that the poor, down-trodden tenant is compelled to carry everything (except his potatoes and buttermilk) to market, and turn it into money in order to pay that rent. These enormous rents pass into the hands of foreign gentry who never visit the country, but entrust their affairs to bailiffs. Hard as this state of affairs may seem to be, things are growing even worse, for these merciless landlords, finding stock-grazing farms more profitable than small rental ones, are turning a dozen or more into one, driving the small tenants out of doors, and, if possible, out of Ireland. One man and a dog can tend a stock farm of 1,000 acres, which hitherto supported (poorly enough, it is true,) 1,000 families, for many of them had but an acre each.

Now, how long do you think it will take to starve the poor Irish out of their own country? At the present rate, about fifteen years, and what is to become of them, Heaven only knows, for they have not the means to get away, and starvation is staring many of them in the face. Oh! is it any wonder that they are all Fenians? I tell you the wonder is that they are not all robbers and murderers.

Nor is it true to say that they have brought it upon themselves, and that they are a drunken, lazy set, etc. They are not drunken. They have passed through the fires of affliction, and are purified, and all they ask is to earn their daily bread by the sweat of their brows. But they are denied even that, and who shall blame them if in their despair, they have failed to "wait a little longer," for their case is really desperate.

I am not prepared to say whether the Irish people are competent to govern themselves, or whether it is best for them so to do; but I do know one thing they are capable of, and that is, equal representation with the English and Scotch, and in the name of humanity, they ought to have it.

But we are forestalling our journey, and so will take a glance at Queenstown, which is situated at the mouth of Cork river, contains about 8,000 inhabitants, and is quite a port for the shipment of the products of the country—butter, cheese, eggs, wool, etc. It has a very good hotel, and is altogether quite a pleasant looking town.

From Queenstown we take a steamer up Cork river, a beautiful little stream, a distance of twelve miles, when we arrive at Cork, a city of perhaps 100,000 inhabitants. Here poverty and misery reign supreme. The houses have an old and decayed appearance, being built principally of stone, with tile or thatch roofs.

The streets are generally narrow, and filled with squalid and dejected-looking people. Indeed, there is scarcely a redeeming quality in Cork, for it is fast crumbling into decay.

The banks of Cork river, however, between Queenstown and Cork, present a beautiful appearance, being covered with numerous villas and country seats of the well-to-do merchants of the city. Indeed, a more beautiful twelve miles of river is not to be found in any country. But how any one with a heart can live there and witness, daily, the amount of squalid misery that must present itself to him, is more than I can understand.

Learning that Blarney Castle was only a few miles in the country, we took a conveyance and visited it. We found an old, dilapidated ruin, containing the far-famed Blarney stone. The tradition of this is, that by kissing it one becomes gifted in the language of love, and consequently invincible in his suit. Though I am a married man, I took a dash at it, thinking I might in the future have occasion to use it, or, peradventure, I happened to be out too late at night, might be able to "soothe the savage breast."

Here we had an opportunity of seeing the country in all its beauty—and to say that it is highly cultivated, does not express the truth. It is plowed, spaded, trimmed, dressed, rolled, cut and sheared, until it does not look like farming land, but landscape gardens in the highest state of cultivation. The roads are kept in the most splendid order, and generally enclosed on each side with beautifully trimmed thorn hedges or stone walls. Add to this, a continuous line of shade trees, and you have as near as I am able to describe it, the face of the country. The only drawback to the neighborhood seems to be the squalid poverty that everywhere meets your gaze and importunes you for help. Who can blame the poor peasants, for it may truly be said, that they, like the prodigal son, "would fain have filled their belly with the husks the swine did eat."

From Cork we went and made the tour of the Lakes of Killarney, reaching the upper lake through a gorge in the mountain, encountering a legion of beggars, who importuned us to buy valueless trinkets made of bog oak. It matters not whether one is on foot, on horseback, or in a carriage, he is beset with them, and though he may drive at full speed, and think he has outstripped them, they will en masse take some short cut across the mountain and where he least expects it, fairly block up the road before him.

Getting into small oared boats, we make the descent of the lakes in a day. It would be difficult to imagine anything more beautiful than to see a convoy of these boats all making their way quietly, yet swiftly, over the placid bosom of the water. Ever and anon the bugler, who always accompanies the boats, throws out a few notes of some plaintive air, when all wait in silent suspense to hear it echoed from a hundred cliffs and mountain tops. So we pass on, the scene ever varying, until we reach a point giving a commanding view up and down the lake. We land, and on the beautiful green sward we spread our lunch. On this spot, I aver the bread was the best, the butter was the sweetest, the cold meats were the finest, and the wines the most delicious, I ever sat down to. It is worth the trip just to get a square meal, such as we had on that occasion.

ments every way better than in America. The cars are divided into first, second and third class, with the exterior appearance of the cars in the shape of coaches, having the doors at the sides. The first class cars only hold six persons in each coach; the second, eight, etc. The six persons are made to sit opposite each other, and each seat has upholstered arms and is complete of itself. Each car has also an India rubber bumper attached to it, so that one feels no jar at starting, as in America.

The rate of speed is not superior to that in the United States; but the trains make fewer and shorter stops. I refer to the express trains. Take it altogether, railroading is reduced to a science more than it is in America; and here, if a company show any carelessness in the management of their roads, the government investigates it at their expense. While this may seem like a usurpation of power, still it is a question, if corporations should not be held responsible to some power capable of dealing with them, and not suffered to run at loose ends as they often do in America. The rate of fare for first class travel is (in gold) about the same as it is at home in paper currency—so that it is really higher here than in America. The second class is one-third less than first, while the third is one-half the price of the first, thereby affording poor people the means of cheap travel.

Well, here we are, safely ensconced at the Gresham Hotel, Dublin, and having gone the rounds, will proceed by saying that Dublin is a city with about 300,000 inhabitants, and with many fine old buildings still in good repair. There are a few wide streets, and a great many narrow ones. A great deal of wealth is here, principally among the bankers and merchants, and there is an air of opulence and comfort that is not to be found anywhere else in Ireland. Indeed, many of the merchants and bankers are not Irish.

There is a permanent national exhibition or crystal palace open at all times, that is well worth a visit—principally on account of the samples of manufactures, paintings, statuary, etc. The statuary is in great variety, and from all parts of the world. Prominent in the collection may be seen a beautiful figure by our talented countrywoman, Miss Harriet Hosmer. Without doubt, it is one of the finest specimens on exhibition. There are here some two hundred of the finest works of art. It is quite refreshing to find one's self associated with a class of well-to-do people who seem to have goodly shares of this world's possessions. Here are to be found every variety of Irish lace, in curtains, shawls, edgings, etc., besides poplins of the finest quality. In another place may be seen and heard organs, pianos, harps, etc., etc. Last, but not least, on the grounds, is a veritable steam fire engine, evidently intended to eclipse all its competitors in America. On its being noised about that it would be tried, a large crowd of eager spectators assembled to see the wonderful machine; when, lo! and behold, the great squirt refused to throw itself up. Numerous were the excuses assigned for its not performing and many the suggestions offered, the most feasible of which seemed to be that if it was taken on a voyage, it would probably come to its work, particularly if it experienced a gale.

Yours, EUREKA. Dublin, October 16, 1865.

New Orleans Correspondence.

NEW ORLEANS, NOV. 13, 1865.

Editors of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

This paper of yours is a pleasant thing to have about the house—it comes to us kindly as the sunshine, brimful of everything good in the way of food for the mind. A good instructive paper is really a luxury. I love to turn over the pages of interesting matter and read the beautiful thoughts, new ideas and pleasant penning of those who are busy with their brains in sowing the seed of a soul-satisfying, comprehensible and practical religion. Your generous, hearty tone, and your effort to convey knowledge to those who will and can receive it by the eye, are in broad contrast with the soulless, intolerant spirit of most religious journals. I could fill a sheet with naming what I think to be the merits of such papers as the R. P. J., but I will condense my idea of its value (as I do its long name) and only say, that I hope, ere long, your Association will be able to sow your "tracts" and papers broadcast over the land, so that no one can have an excuse for not sharing the good things we enjoy.

I was sorrowfully amused at the short letter from some poor, creed-bound individual, warning you against spreading your delusions, etc., and refusing to aid in the circulation of your paper. I just thought that he, like many others, had judged the cause without giving it a hearing. It's a pity, for I know that if the said individual had sat down, read and examined the principles and sentiments of the JOURNAL, he would have risen up a better and wiser man for having stepped outside of his bigotry. None are so blind as those who are willfully so. It is strange that people will so harden their hearts as to resolve to die of thirst, while they are traveling upon the borders of a stream of living water.

Since writing you last, we have seen an eclipse of the sun. The phenomenon lasted about ninety minutes, and occurred about 9 o'clock, A. M. The day was soft and springlike; the atmosphere transparent. All at once the sky seemed to deepen its color, and strange sorts of shadows fell about the trees, fences and houses. At one time it seemed as if the moon would obscure the whole face of the sun, but she took a downward circular motion, and left a thin crescent of sunlight like a glowing aureole, which lighted up the whole western sky. The eastern side of the heavens seemed to be in shadow like summer twilight, and had the whole disc of the sun been obscured we could have seen the stars. In a short time the shadow passed away, and the entire sun again shone out resplendent.

Old Sol under a shadow! This is a lesson from the great book of Nature wherein the weary, tired ones of earth can learn to take heart and not faint, nor be overcome by their troubles. Shadows pass away, and our troubles do not last forever.

Trials, temptations, losses, griefs and disappointments will come; they are the shadows which fall across our happiness in life; they are sure to come, and if we would only outlive and overcome them, we must be sure to be patient and steadfast in integrity during the transit of their dark train, and they will fly away like the shadow from before the sun, leaving us stronger, better and happier for the experience.

Last Wednesday, the first of November, was known in the Catholic calendar as "All Saints Day," a sort of festival which is pretty generally observed in and about this city. On this day, the friends and relatives of deceased persons visit the cemeteries, and decorate the tombs with flowers. It is a beautiful custom and one worthy of perpetuation. For a week before the day arrives, people are busy in cleaning up the grounds, paint and whitewash are renewed, inscriptions regild, enclosures neatly planted with handsome shrubs, shelled or brick-dusted, and on the day itself, they bring beautiful

chrysanthemums, which they fill with fresh flowers, and fine espartilla, in which they burn wax or sperm candles all day long. The railings of the tombs are sometimes draped with white or black cloth, and the tombs are hung with wreaths and garlands. Although at this season of the year the flowers are not as plentiful as during the earlier months, yet we are astonished at the profusion and gorgeous display of these floral tributes of affectionate remembrance of the living to those who have preceded us through the gates of death.

What offering could we bring to the grave of a friend more appropriate than a handful of sweet, beautiful flowers? Though they fade and wither into dust, yet they breathe to us of springtime—though our loved ones disappear from our sight, yet they speak to us of immortality. The same feeling that prompts us to love each other here, will prompt us to follow them into the invisible world, for we feel that they have only gone on in advance of us who yet tread the shores of Time.

At the city cemeteries, the scene on All Saints Day is rather gay and exciting than otherwise. Crowds of people on foot and in carriages are watching their way to and from the various graveyards, and in all the thorough-ways we can hardly find a sad or sombre face. Curiosity is alive on that day, and pleasure seekers find a new field for their observation and enjoyment.

Our cemeteries are large squares of ground, enclosed by what seems to be a high brick wall—outside it is so, but inside it consists of a series of ovens or vaults. These vaults open towards the center of the cemetery, and will each contain one body. When a vault is used, the coffin is pushed in first, and the aperture is closed by bricks and mortar, and a marble slab. Bodies are never buried in the ground in these city cemeteries, but in Cypress Grove and the other ridge cemeteries, it is not uncommon to dig graves, or even to construct vaults below the surface of the ground, although the custom of using tombs or ovens is most general here.

The French cemeteries are one of the curiosities of the city. They are in fine order any day in the year—a sight of them will amply repay a visit of curiosity or interest.

Everything about New Orleans has taken a new start since the advent of peace. New stores opening, old firms resuming business, lots of new newspapers starting out, new buildings going up, and old ones being repaired, regular lines of steamships, and fine ones too, running on the river; ships and steamers constantly arriving and departing from the levee; telegraph and railroad lines in operation and thousands of willing hands and eager heads are at work at the great wheel of commerce which had stood idle for so long.

Many of our old citizens and merchants are obliged to commence anew; but this is nothing to grieve about, for by energy and perseverance, they can soon regain what they have lost pecuniarily, and before long we shall see them as successful and prosperous in business as they were before the war. New Orleans used to be a great place to grow rich in, and some of us think that it will be but a short time before it has redeemed its name of being one of the most thriving cities in the country.

The soldiers are disappearing, and when the negro soldiers are disbanded, we shall be at ease again. Everything was quiet on election day throughout the city; but in various places in the suburbs, the friends of the colored people attempted to incite them to make a demonstration. They did collect in crowds and march up and down the streets—did procure "tickets," and did deposit them, but not in the ballot boxes of the district precincts. It is said by those who know, that these colored voters were obliged to pay fifty cents a piece for their tickets. If this is true, it is too bad that no one had interest enough in the negroes to save them from being swindled by those who pretended to grant them the highest right of citizenship.

The interest in the freedmen's education seems to be dying away. The tax for the support of public schools has been removed, and we are no longer threatened with confiscation if we do not pay a certain sum towards maintaining public schools for the negro population. Verily our burdens are becoming lighter.

Winter has not come to us yet—in fact, he seldom shows his face in this region until December and January. We have had rain storms and north winds, but they are only of short duration, and it is only when the heavy frosts come that nature begins to change her robe of bright green for one of brown and gray. The long moss hangs in thick festoons upon the leafless cypress trees, and it is a graceful addition to the ever-green oak. It is a curious parasite, and one peculiar to this Southern country. I enclose a specimen, thinking it may be a curiosity to you. Hang it over the branch of a tree, and it will grow anywhere here—and perhaps in a greenhouse at the North.

My letter has grown longer than I intended it should. If I have said anything to interest you, I am more than pleased that my pen has slipped over so much paper; if I have failed, why, I know that you keep a big chip-basket, and of course my scribbles will find a place in it, sure. Kindly yours, S. M.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Dedication of a Church to St. Gabriel, by the Roman Catholics of New York.

A splendid church just erected in 37th street, New York, having been dedicated to Saint Gabriel, naturally enough inculcates the question—who was and is this Saint Gabriel?

Gabriel was the title, in the Babylonish calendar, of the month whose location was at the upper right hand of the Sun, and this calendar was in general use among the ancient Heathen nations (so-called). After the return of the Jews from the Babylonish captivity, the Jewish nation changed their worship of the Heavenly Host, by impersonating the object of their adoration. The Sun was thus impersonated as the living God, and the month Gabriel at the right hand of the Sun, was impersonated as Gabriel—an angel standing at the right hand of God!

It may well be deemed an astounding fact in the nineteenth century, that people claiming to be enlightened Christians, and professing contempt for the delusions and idolatry of the benighted heathen should be thus ignorantly dedicating their churches to the void and empty signs of the ancient Pagan deities. To the truly enlightened mind, it would indeed seem, that the truth should have arrived after nineteen centuries have elapsed, when Christians should commence the work of casting aside some portion of their signs, ceremonies and rites, every one of which was stolen from the Pagan nations, in regard to whom after they had thus sinned and adopted all the insignias of their devotions, as well as their moral precepts, they have professed the greatest abhorrence, under the cloak of a sanctified hypocrisy.

FLASHING, N. Y. NASSAU.

We can very soon purge society of its gross evils by first proceeding to purge ourselves.—Huntington

THE PEACE AUTUMN.

Thank God for peace, when you were warring,
And when you were warring, you were warring.

how made by this effect several times previous to
the occurrence, but the conditions could not, at
first, be established. At last the spirits were ready.

THE OYSTER SUPPER.

On the corner of Swan and Main streets, Buffalo,
stands Harvey's Building. On the fourth floor is a
front room twenty-five feet long by, say, eighteen

A Three-Fold Manifestation, to be Accounted
For as the Reader May Determine.

In the city of Buffalo, by an invitation to
lecturers, and my duties as a teacher of the Living
Word have called me, each two gentlemen,
over fifty years of age, reside. They are men

THE CLOCK.

On a certain occasion, in the month of January,
'64, the circle, meeting, as usual, at Mr. M.'s
house, on Spruce street, a more than usual exhibi-

A LOOK AT BOTH SIDES.

We see much of late in the newspapers, relative to
the extravagance of women. And truly, as a
woman, we deeply regret that we are compelled to

A few days since, I was reading of an "Anti-Marriage
Society," formed in New York, and to continue
until women became less extravagant. Now ad-

THE BIRD.

There is one way, young men, your society will
prove a blessing. There will be fewer victims, (as
your wives would be) to a life which is destitute of

Vineland, N. J.

This thriving town is located about thirty miles
south of Philadelphia, on the West Jersey or Cape
May Railroad, on a gravelly tract of sandy land, suffi-

First selecting three points for stations on the
railroad, about three miles apart, and laying out one
square mile at the central one in village lots, which

MISDIRECTED.

Theology is chargeable with a sad blunder. It is
guilty of misdirection. It insists that human beings
are "conceived in sin, shapen in iniquity, prone to

Whose Body Do I Inhabit?

In whose body, mind, and even the life of
the parent, was considered at the will and disposal of
the parent, and in all governments, with a like say,

But here stays in the most terrible grand-unity
—humanity has ever had to contend with. I say
the most terrible, because, while it rises with suc-

There died recently at Grange, near Tarboro,
France, an old military soldier named Pierre Gau-
bert, aged one hundred and thirteen. He was in
most of the battles of the Republic and the Em-
pire, and fired his last cannon at the battle of

THE TRANSMISSION.

On the nights of January 14th, 16th and 20th,
and in the presence of the same circle, and the
same medium, Christ's mediumistic manifestation

THE BIRD.

There is one way, young men, your society will
prove a blessing. There will be fewer victims, (as
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Extracts from Private Letters.

SPRINGFIELD, Nov., 1865.

Spiritualism, in this capital of the great State of Illinois, has, during the past four years, given but little outward expression of vitality.

Brother Warren Chase, that able and fearless champion of individuality, about two years ago was with us, doing much good.

Last April we were again blessed by words of love and counsels of wisdom from that honest, earnest, good man, Dr. John Mayhew, in seven lectures delivered in the Hall of Representatives, kindly tendered for the occasion, by our Bro., the Hon. Secretary of State.

Incipient steps toward an organization were suggested by Bro. Mayhew, last spring, and since that time regular Sunday meetings have been held by the liberal minds of the city; and on Friday evening last, we perfected an organization under the laws of the State, called the "Springfield Spiritual Association."

On Tuesday night of last week, Bro. Mayhew closed another course of seven lectures here. It has been our privilege in times past, to hear many of the ablest exponents of our philosophy, yet, in candor, we must say that we know of none, whose calm, dispassionate, clear and inspirational teachings are better calculated to remove prejudice and impress respect for the deep and philosophical truths of the Harmonical Philosophy, than he.

J. WESLEY BAILEY.

COLDWATER, MICH., Nov., 1865.

The RELIGIO is all I anticipated—a credit to all concerned, and a blessing to the world—everybody likes it. I made many friends at Kalamazoo, and was sorry to leave. I did a nice business there, and shall succeed well here.

Mrs. Nellie Whitsie drew a large audience here to-day in the church of the Spiritualists. She leaves here to-morrow. I shall speak in the same place next Sunday—inasmuch as they have no other lecturer. The Progressive Lyceum is well attended, and admirably conducted. In fact the Spiritualists here are all alive, and the cause goes bravely on.

J. P. BRYANT.

I am engaged in the vicinity of Noblesville, Kokomo, and Delphi, Ind., during December; in Philadelphia, during January, 1866, and in Troy, N. Y., during February. After that I am open for engagements in the East, until the first of May or June, when I shall return to my home in Ann Arbor, Mich. During the Summer I will call for meetings in Michigan. Can't the Spiritualists of Michigan have a State Convention, some time in September next? What say the friends in this State? We need one badly. Speak out friends, and let us know.

SELDEN J. FINNEY.

The Royal Family of England.

Condensed facts and simple statements are often more interesting, as well as useful, than more elaborate essays; and we have no doubt the following summing up of the royal house of Great Britain will be found acceptable to our readers:

The allowance apportioned to the Queen of England, for the support of her household and the dignity of her crown, was fixed by the statute (1st Victoria, chap. 2) at £385,000, to be paid annually, and appropriated as follows: For Her Majesty's private purse, £90,000; for salaries of Her Majesty's household and retired allowances, £131,000; expenses of the household, £172,500; royal bounty and special services, £13,300; pensions, £1,200; and miscellaneous, £8,040.

On "The Consolidated Fund" are charged £8,800 to the Princess Frederick William of Prussia; £6,000 to the Princess Louise of Hesse-Darmstadt; £6,000 to the Duchess of Cambridge; £5,000 to her daughter, the Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz; £3,000 to the Princess Mary of Cambridge; and £12,000 to the Duke of Cambridge.

The Princess Alexandra has settled upon her, by Parliament, the annual sum of £10,000 to be increased to £30,000 in case of widowhood.

The Prince of Wales is the eldest son of Victoria, Queen of England, and heir-apparent to the crown. He is created Prince of Wales, and Earl of Chester and Dublin, and is born Duke of Cornwall. He is also High Steward of Scotland, Duke of Bothany, Earl of Carrick, Baron of Renfrew, and Lord of the Isles. His person and that of his wife are specially protected by the law. Should his eldest son die, his next brother becomes Prince of Wales and Earl of Chester, but not Duke of Cornwall. He has an annual of £40,000, payable out of the Consolidated Fund, settled upon him, and the revenues of the Duchy of Cornwall, which now amount to about £50,000 a year, with every prospect of their increasing.

The Princess Royal, now Princess Frederick William of Prussia, is the eldest daughter of the sovereign. Her person is also specially protected; as, should no son be born, or live to succeed to the crown, she would become Queen of England.

The other members of the royal family have no special rights conferred by law. They rank before the dukes, and are forbidden by the statute, (2 Geo. 3, c. 11, called the Royal Marriage Act,) to marry without the consent of the sovereign, signified under the great seal.—Home Visitor.

A DOUBTFUL MIRACLE.—According to Voltaire, there existed in the middle of the last century, in Prussian Silesia, a chapel under the invocation of the Blessed Virgin, that the Catholic families of that country held in great veneration. Frequent thefts were committed in the chapel. Watch was set, and observation led suspicion to rest on a grenadier, who had all of a sudden fallen into a fit of most fervent devotion. One day as he came out of the chapel, he was arrested and searched. In one of his pockets a golden hair was found. He attempted to explain possession of this object by saying—

"While I was kneeling near the head altar, devoutly reciting the litanies of the Virgin, to my inexpressible astonishment I saw the Blessed Virgin smiling with grace, and fly from the altar to me. She said,—

"Grenadier, I am touched by your devotional spirit; and as you are a poor man, I insist on your accepting this golden hair."

"I was exceedingly embarrassed, and begged to be excused. She said, in a voice that made me tremble—

"Grenadier, do not be ceremonious with me; I was so frightened I dare not disobey."

The court-martial being composed of infidels, condemned the grenadier to death for sacrilegious robbery. Frederick the Great liked the soldier, and was very averse to confirming the sentence. He determined to call a meeting of the Catholic bishops to inquire of them if the story of the grenadier was necessarily a falsehood. The bishops met, and dared not for principle's sake reject the miracle. They contented themselves with saying, that while instances of these Divine conversations and presents were rare, nevertheless examples of them were unquestionably to be found in the history of the church. This was all that Frederick the Great wanted. He sent the soldier back to his regiment with a free pardon, limited only by this restriction:—

"But hereafter, we forbid our said grenadier from accepting, under penalty of capital punishment, any gift or present from the Virgin or from the saints, even though they should use the utmost violence to force it upon him."—Boston Investigator.

Mrs. Maximilian, of Mexico, recently received the Mexican troops in a carriage that cost \$40,000. It was constructed of glass and silver, and the inside lined with white satin and gold lace. She's expensive to somebody.

Religio-Philosophical Journal

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All persons sending money orders, drafts, etc., are requested to make them payable to the order of the Secretary, George H. Jones.

Subscribers who wish their papers changed, should be particular to state the name of the office to which they have been sent, as well as the office to which they now wish them directed.

On subscribing for the JOURNAL, state the number of the paper at which you wish to commence.

The Bible and Spiritualism.—No. 3.

THE NEW TESTAMENT.

Of the membership of the various writers of this book, there can be little question. The wonderful vision of Saul above the brightness of the sun was a Spiritual phenomenon. The appearance of Moses and Elias to the disciples of Jesus is admitted by all to be a Spiritual manifestation. The vision of John in the Isle of Patmos, and his beautiful spiritual communication, which is not from the Lord, but as the Spirit declares, "from thy brethren," one of the prophets—belongs to the same category.

We have shown in the former articles that many of the miracles and manifestations recorded in the Old Testament Scriptures are reputed and illustrated in the Spiritual phenomena of this day. We shall find that those of the New Testament, which are more definitely and reliably set forth, are still more beautifully exemplified by the facts and phenomena that are occurring in our midst at this time.

A careful analysis of the pure and holy life of the gentle Nazarene must convince every unbiased mind that he ever lived in the conscious presence of spirits, and while the love of his heavenly Father abounded in his soul, he was well aware that this love flowed down to him through pure and holy spirits, who were his constant attendants. Hence he declares that he could pray to his Father and he would send twelve legions of angels to deliver him, and so familiar was he with the manifestations of spirits that he knew they could unlock prison doors, unloose the fetters, and deliver him from the hands of his persecutors. But his mission could only be fulfilled properly and effectually by being sealed with his blood, and hence when he prayed so earnestly that the cup of suffering might pass from him, and it was revealed to him that to do the work which he was qualified to do for humanity, he must drink the cup without hesitation, he uttered the memorable and impressive language, "Not my will, but thine be done."

Let us analyze his history a little more closely. We find that not only was Jesus a medium, but so were also Joseph and Mary, his father and mother; and the record is very distinct as to the spiritual manifestations which they had previous, and in reference to the birth of Jesus. The simplicity of the narrative strongly corroborates its truthfulness; not only is the birth foretold, but predictions and directions are given as to the future career of the "child."

At the time of his birth, many singular events are related, and even allowing for the enthusiasm of the writers, there must have occurred some remarkable spiritual phenomena.

The Star in the East which was seen by the mediumistic shepherds, and which led them to journey to Bethlehem to inquire for the Messiah, was a spiritual manifestation.

The account of the infancy of Jesus is very meagre, but all that we have points him out as a medium. At twelve years of age we find him disputing with the doctors in the temple, and displaying a wisdom beyond his years. So to-day, we find young mediums of both sexes presenting mature and wise observations and debating with the learned doctors to the astonishment of all beholders.

At the age of thirty, we find Jesus going forth on his mission preaching to the multitudes; not as a learned graduate of a theological school, but as a plain uneducated man, inspired by the spirits to present great practical truths to the world, in simple and unostentatious language, illustrated by parables of common things, always delivered in a solemn and impressive manner.

It is not so much the originality of the truths he presented, as the pure and holy magnetism of a true life, which accompanied and enforced these utterances, that has made them to be living truths for all time and adapted to all conditions of humanity. Jesus taught truths, not doctrines, and hence while all the sects claim some of his teachings as their authority, there is no one which can lay exclusive claim to him as its founder.

The miracles and mighty works which were performed through Jesus, he knew were done by and through spirit power, and hence he declares of his followers, "The things that I do, and greater things shall ye do." The wonderful miracle of converting wine into water has been repeated by modern psychologists frequently. We have seen an individual under the influence of a psychologist eat castor oil for ice cream.

But the most impressive and important labors of this divinely appointed and powerful medium were in healing the sick and raising the dead. A single instance of this latter character will explain our views of these, as well as those recorded of Elijah and Elisha.

Our good brother, the Rev. T. L. Harris, a very sensitive medium, was lecturing in New Orleans several years ago, and spirits said to him, "We wish you to go to a funeral," and they described the place so that he had no difficulty in finding it. When he arrived there, he was impressed to declare that the person who was encoffined and who had been pronounced by the physicians, and was considered by the family and friends, dead, was not so, but that he was only in a deep trance, and in a few hours the young man rose up from his death-like condition and walked before the people.

How old would this truthful narrative require to be before it could be said that brother Harris raised a man from the dead. This suggests some serious questions in regard to the burial of the living. We have spoken of the wonderful healing powers manifested by Jesus. We believe Modern Spiritualism, with its noble band of healing mediums, has clearly established its claim to be a continuation of the beautiful and divine mission of the gentle Nazarene, to the world of humanity. This was to bless mankind physically, mentally and spiritually. And as the bodies of men are restored to health, and their minds clothed in calmness and serenity, and their

spiritual natures made to glow with divine love, then are they truly blessed and happy. Few of us realize the fearful responsibility of the great and holy mission of a true medium.

Sister.

Did you ever have a sister? If so, you have tasted a cup of rich nectar, which the gods might envy; if not, you have lost the enjoyment bestowed by the noblest feelings and sentiments of the soul. A sister of nearly our own age—a year younger or older—who experiences the same thoughts and emotions, loves the same pleasures, who prefers us to any other, whom we prefer to any other.

Search the entire catalogue of influences which mould our young lives, restraining wayward boyhood in the paths of rectitude, holding evil at bay, and nourishing truthfulness, nobleness and manhood—I except not even the holy one of mother—none can be found approaching the sacred and beneficent atmosphere thrown around us by a sister's love, so penetrating, purifying and blessed. She holds dominion over our hearts, keeping them in abeyance until the arrival of their true queens. It is a treasure only a sister can keep, and to the wife the sister becomes a closely connected second.

How beautiful the mutual relations of two children—brother and sister! They grow up together, supporting and aiding each other. If the sister requires strength, she calls on the stronger brother; if he desires sympathy, a spiritual insight into social life, who can explain so clearly, who shed so pure a balm as a sister, with her quick and piercing intuitions? The boy becomes a man, strong, reliant, noble; but how much stronger for her gentle aid, her warm and disinterested appreciation and sympathy! For his strength of character she becomes a nobler, purer and gentler woman.

If you never possessed a sister's love, you will fail to appreciate the breadth of my meaning. Perhaps you had one, who passed by life's way, entering the land of shadow, of night, the mysterious portal of which is the grave. That were sad—unspeakably sad; your loss is a thousand fold greater than your dream.

Our sister was left. We cruelly left her, but fate decreed. Time rolled forward. Irresistibly our bark was carried onward by the tide away from her grassy mound, and we were powerless to resist. We saw it growing dim in the gray of the distance, and only was left us to blot it out with our tears. Now, in the night of years, through the gray ashes of perished scheming, and the mists of teeming thoughts, her form arises as we last saw her in the radiant beauty of health, a living statue of Hygeia; we see her forehead of snow, her cheeks of carnation, teeth of pearl, and her eyes like rifts of sky containing beaming stars. And over the years, clearly above their dashing billows, her laugh rings like the murmur of a brook; and her voice, singing old familiar songs, is freighted with memories of other years—that voice, equalled only by one other—soft, gentle, mellow, like the spirit giving it utterance.

She went from us in the year of her promise, when we began to see the realization of our unbounded hopes. She went from us in the hour of most jubilant health, quickly as a half-blown rose is culled from its stem; wishing for life, because her happiness was so perfect; desiring, above all things, to live, because there was so much joy in living, and in loving, and doing good. Her spirit was so perfect, she scarcely complained of the fiery pain of disease, or the fearful, caustic, cutting pang which heralded death. She desired to see us, but as we were not there, she was silent. Oh! what would she have said to us! How much she would have said! Shuddering thought: perhaps, had we been there, her life would have been saved. Get hence, regret; you kill—your torture.

The swift cars were painfully slow. They crept like snails along the endless track. All for wings to cleave the yielding air—for wings of lightning to leap at a thought the span of continents! Space and time are parts of each other. To consume one, we must consume the other. Hour by hour the dreary snow fields fled past. Nature herself seemed dead. Nature, beneficent, sympathetic nature, ever responsive to the hearts of her children, was dead. Then we thought that, perhaps, the report of the lightning might be false, exaggerated, at least, by its chilling brevity—"Dying." She may, ere this, be recovering, and may greet us with laughing eyes, and enjoy the homage we pay by our terrible fright, and sportively assure herself that our love for her enables her to draw us from the other side of the world by a thought. But can we not, by some mental telegraphing, learn the fact? If soul is responsive to soul, why wait for the annihilation of distance?

Do you believe in signs and omens? We do not; but, nevertheless, one proved true. The cold winter sun sent his lurid rays over the trees as he went down in jagged, black clouds, fringed with dull red. We said, closing our eyes, whatever we first see on opening them, that shall be a sign. The cars rushed onward. The sun had vanished; the dull, gray twilight was stealing down. We opened our eyes. Far off, on a swell of land, was a Catholic church-yard, with a gigantic black cross, revealed so horribly against the sky. We accepted the answer. The seal of fate was fixed. We bowed to the blast.

The words of kind friends at the gate were anticipated. I was nerved for the worst—yes, for death. I knew that she was dead; but ah! I did not know that she would not meet me at the door. I had not thought of that. The house was silent. It was dark. The many guests were silent. I cannot go to her room. Is she not coming to meet me? They sob. She cannot. Then I will go. Form of marble, I cannot trace one line in thy rigid features that was hers. How fearful the pain that so soon changed thy beauty! Ah! that my strong frame could have been pressed on that rack, and you, fragile and tender, have escaped! Speak, nevermore? This is folly; she lives; she only sleeps. Clasp her form; it is ice. The winter winds have frozen what death only chilled. Ice, solid ice—dead, ir retrievable dead. Never can ice be resuscitated. It never can breathe or stir again. To be ice is, indeed, to be doubly dead. Bend low; catch at the breath, redolent with the perfume of health—may, with the dew of the grave!

Shall I say reason was dethroned then? It became a cypher. Her vaunted intellect was nothing; intuition, spiritual perception, the high and noble beliefs in immortality, vanished at the moment, above all others, when most needed. The senses held supreme control. All that was known to us as sister, the beautiful form, cold and senseless, awaited the grave, without emotion or thought. In agony, bending over her, we called her name. She answered not, nor a whisper came from the vacant air. So she is dead, said the senses. She has perished like a flower plucked from its stem, beautiful as a dream to-day, a withered leaf to-morrow, to be trampled under foot, and molder back to earth. She has been given to enjoy for a brief day,

and yields her place to others, who will enjoy equally much. Thoughts, emotions, feelings, soul, are but results of the activity of organization. It has ceased to act, and they are not. You break this instrument, and there is no music. Here is the wreck of all your hopes and dreams. The fool only can hope for existence in the hereafter.

That was a dark day when we bore her to the village church. Our very spirits were shrouded in blackness, and Nature hung her sky in black, and wept tears of ice. Friends came with words of consolation. Their words were not heard. They best sympathize, who press one's hand and remain silent. Silence is the comforter of sorrow. The words of the preacher were vague and meaningless. Would you talk doctrines of theology at such a time? What mockery to feed the soul, writhing in torture, only wanting knowledge of spiritual life, with such chips and stones! Prater, be silent.

How mechanically we went to take a farewell look at the clay in the coffin; how we felt the unreality and mockery of kissing that icy law; how we followed to the grave, and how it was finished and done, and we went away, as in a dream, a feverish dream, with agony too dreadful to relate. Dark and dreary was the desert night of the senses. Day broke when they slept in exhaustion, and once again the spiritual perceptions and intuitions gained the ascendancy. Then I knew that death only meant immortality, and, though we had lost, another had gained.

Our sister lived in light. From the realms of the blessed she saw us, loved us, sympathized with and aided us. We still had a sister. Like a mist she appeared—like a thin mist of the morning; but slowly it assumed form. Her face appeared radiant above it, while below the vapor melted into the drapery of heaven. "Were you there on that dreadful day at the church?" we asked her. "Nay, I was conducted away," she answered, "by our mother, who dwells in a beautiful abode; for she said it would grieve me to see others grieve, and I could not tell them that I lived." We are thankful—how thankful!—that that bitter cup was spared her.

Spiritualism a Simple Philosophy.

Many persons are deterred from entering into an examination of the truths of Spiritualism by the air of darkness and mystery which have been thrown around it. They think it deals too much in the supernatural and the miraculous; too darkly and mysteriously with the dead; that it seeks to unveil things which it has not been given to man to know, and to penetrate secrets which belong alone to God.

Shall we be believed when we say that Spiritualism is not only the most comprehensive and beautiful, but also the simplest philosophy known to man? Simple, because it is merely the revelations of Nature, and beautiful because it points only to God.

It is true that Spiritualism seeks to lift the veil with which ignorance has endeavored to conceal the works of the Creator; but it is not true that there is anything supernatural or mysterious about it. It is a perfectly plain and simple path which God has made to show men what they are. In the multitude of things which are taught by this Philosophy, there are one or two which may be considered elementary in their character, which all Spiritualists unite in believing.

1st. The continued existence of the human spirit after the change which we call death, and the power of that spirit to communicate with man in the body, and to reveal to him the truths of the Life Eternal; thus demonstrating the immortality of the soul, and the deathless existence of him who was created but a little lower than the angels.

2d. That there is nothing arbitrary and abrupt in nature; no chasms nor precipices; that progression from the crude and imperfect towards the pure and perfect, is an unalterable law of the great First Cause. That all things known or unknown are in a state of progression, and that the spirit of man is not an exception to the law, and hence it is impossible for man at death to become a demon and descend to an eternal hell of fire, where he shall always remain a demon; or that he shall at once become an angel, and ascend to the gates of heaven. These things are impossible, simply because they are unnatural, and spirit communion proves them so.

These three things, viz.: The existence of the human spirit, the power of communication, and the development theory of creation, may be safely learned by students of Nature's laws; they are the alphabet of Spiritualism, and once learned, the door is opened wide for the comprehension of the further truths which this philosophy discloses. There is a common habit among persons wholly ignorant of Spiritualism—its facts and philosophy—to jeer at and ridicule it, to laugh it down; such persons are simply ridiculous, for they assume to pronounce judgment upon a subject, of which they do not comprehend even the first principles, and what is such a judgment worth? a passing smile—nothing more.

We say it now, and expect to repeat the assertion from time to time, that Spiritualism is a science, and to those who study it as such, it is a positive philosophy, and that it cannot be learned nor understood except by study, by efforts to understand and learn it. No man can learn to read by looking at the outside of a schoolhouse; and so no man can learn what Spiritualism is, unless he puts himself in the way of learning it, and in this respect it does not differ from mathematics, astronomy, geology or any other science, or branch of knowledge.

Appeal.

The following extract from an appeal of the colored people of Missouri for Equal Suffrage, speaks loudly in behalf of those who have borne the burden of slavery and of war.

If suffrage is denied the black man, we trust it will also be denied others quite as ignorant—quite as unworthy the sacred trust assumed by the voter. It is our opinion that intelligence should be the test of suffrage, regardless of sex or color. If Paddy McFlinn may be allowed a voice at the ballot-box, why may not Lucretia Mott have a like privilege? If an idle, ignorant rebel is restored to citizenship, why should not Sambo, who has fought the white man's battles, feel that he is a man and a citizen?

"We are forced to pay taxes without representation—to submit without appeal to laws, however offensive, without a single voice in framing them—to bear arms without the right to say whether against friend or foe, against loyalty or disloyalty. Without suffrage, we are forced in strict subjection to a government whose councils are to us foreign, and are called by our own countrymen to witness a violence upon the primary principle of a republican government, as gross and outrageous as that which justly stirred patriot Americans to throw overboard the tea from English vessels in Boston harbor, and to wage the war for independence."

"We ask not for social equality with the white man, as is often claimed by the shallow demagogue; for a law higher than human must forever govern social relations."

"We ask only that privilege which is now given to the very poorest and meanest of white men who come to the ballot-box."

"We demand this as those who are native-born citizens of this State, and have never known other allegiance than to its authority and to these United States."

"We demand this in the names of those whose bitter toil has enriched our State and brought wealth to its homes."

"We demand this as those who have ever cheerfully sustained law and order, and who have, within our means, zealously promoted education and morality."

"We demand this as those who have been true and loyal to our government from its foundation to the present, and who have never deserted its interests, while even in the midst of treason and under subjugation to its most violent enemies."

"We demand this in the honored name of the nine thousand colored troops who, with the first opportunity, enlisted under the banner of Missouri, and bared their breasts to the remorseless storm of treason, and by hundreds went down to death in the conflict, while the enfranchised rebel—the cowardly conservative—the now interest enemies to our right to suffrage, remained in quiet at home, safe, and fattened on the fruits of our sacrifice, toil and blood."

"We ask for a citizenship based upon a principle so broad and solid that upon it black men, white men, and every American-born, can equally, safely, and eternally stand."

"We ask that the organic law of our State shall give to suffrage irrevocable guarantees that shall know of no distinction at the polls on account of color."

"If these guarantees are still to be denied, and hereafter color is to mark the line which shall be drawn about the ballot-box, we ask for a statute that shall clearly define the status and shades of complexion which shall be permitted within, or expelled from, its loyal precincts."

"If wealth is to guard the portals of a free suffrage, we ask that our acquirements be respected and admitted to equal representation."

"If intelligence shall prescribe the limits, we ask for an impartial discrimination, which shall affect white as well as black, and submit that the entire ignorance and stupidity of the people should not by any presumption be wholly charged to the account of ourselves."

"To such a universal test of intelligence we are willing to submit our claims to suffrage, and believe that it would promote a most healthy spirit of emulation, and prove the greatest educator of the masses."

"Our asserted ignorance is not a condition from choice or disposition, as is now everywhere made evident in the zealous efforts of our people to educate themselves and their children; but arises from the black code legislation of our illiterate franchise masters."

"We ask that colored loyalty, industry, and intelligence shall receive as full rights, guarantees, and privileges, as those accorded to white treason, arrogance and indolence."

The Condition of the Poor in Our Cities.

Throughout the length and breadth of the land, the startling and painful intelligence has gone forth that the cholera, which, for the past year, we have gazed at from a distance, with the hope that it would find the ocean an impassable barrier, is now held, like a gaunt and insatiate monster, in quarantine. The steamship Atlanta had scarcely left her harbor for the broad sea, with her six hundred passengers, before they found that they had a companion, unseen and terrible. They were chained by the waves. They could not escape, and, day and night, they witnessed new victims stricken by the terrible foe. There were sixty cases, and sixteen deaths, before reaching New York. Then, with the bright land around them, they were compelled to await the departure of their enemy.

The city authorities are exceedingly vigorous about quarantine; but no vigilance can save a city which furnishes, by its corruption, a seed-bed for the propagation of the pestilence. It appears that the presence of the cholera, like an awful ghost, at the entrance of the harbor, led to an investigation of some parts of the city. The reporter of the Tribune furnishes some very interesting and painful items:

Some gentlemen connected with the public press accompanied the well-known City Missionary, Mr. Samuel B. Halliday, through a few of the tenement houses inhabited by the poor. As he well says, a single visit of half an hour will be more effective than columns of explanation. The exhibit, regarded in a sanitary light, is frightful, and in a social aspect is mournful enough. Even now the polluting odors seem to cling around one, imbibed in the foul recesses where hundreds and thousands of human beings are doomed to pass their lives. Few persons who see New York as strangers usually see it, from Broadway, would imagine that within a thousand yards from its gorgeous equipages, its crowds of rosy beauties, with their splendid adornments, and its lofty palaces, exist squalid and wretched hovels, crowded with humanity and pregnant with baleful pestilence. It is difficult to find language with which to portray the shocking, indecent and murderous places in which a large proportion of our population is doomed to live. Everything must fall short of the truth, and yet anything will sound like the exaggerations of a fertile pen. We would urge upon all persons interested in this subject (and, indeed, who is not?) a personal inspection.

AN "IMPROVED" DWELLING.

Right in the centre of the city, in the middle of countless millions of wealth, are hundreds of buildings of the following description: The first we visited is labelled "Improved Tenement Building," and, true to its title, it is an improvement upon many. It is on Park street, and is six stories high. Each story contains ten rooms of about ten by fourteen feet, with a small, dark, windowless bedroom off, of about half that size. A narrow, dark staircase winds from top to bottom. In each is a family of several persons. All the cooking is done in the same apartment. Ventilation is impossible from the construction of the house. But the saddest feature of all is the basement. The only place which answers to the name of water-closet for the men, women and children, baffles all description, and would disgrace the worst camp or prison of these rooms is four dollars a month, and in them may be found sickly, pale, rheumatic, scrofulous children, withered old crones, and occasionally a brutal-looking man. We noticed that nearly all had some attempt at cleanliness inside, but the overwhelming and surrounding filth outside made their efforts seem useless and insignificant.

THE ABODES OF THE POOREST.

A second group of frame buildings our deputation visited, contained several Irish families of a still lower grade. To reach their dwellings it is necessary to pass under an old stable, and wade over a mid-den through a little open court, when we climb some rickety stairs. One of these tenants of a single room takes lodgers, whom she spreads around on the floor promiscuously. The average rent of these rooms is four dollars a month, and in them may be found sickly, pale, rheumatic, scrofulous children, withered old crones, and occasionally a brutal-looking man. We noticed that nearly all had some attempt at cleanliness inside, but the overwhelming and surrounding filth outside made their efforts seem useless and insignificant.

There is for this whole district, as for others in the city, absolutely no drainage. Many of them are without conveniences for defecation, or, what is worse, have a nasty cesspool and accumulation of filth, whose odor permeates every recess. There are no sewers to carry off the debris, and the streets are turned into permanent cloaca, where every sort of fecal and putrid matter is deposited. Even at this time of year the stench is overpowering and long-enduring. What it must be in the dog days is something too appalling and too horrible to contemplate. I asked one of these old women, "Why do you not go to the country, where you could live purer and cheaper?" "Sure," was her answer, "we want to live with our neighbors."

"Yes," I replied, "and die with them."

There are certain general features in all this class of dwellings which will inevitably breed disease, and which might be remedied. One dwelling is very much like another, of the hundreds we saw. No doubt we saw some bad specimens, but we are assured there are hundreds of them all over the city. It ought to be more generally known and appreciated, however, that within a stone's throw of the office of the Journal of Civilization, is a building containing over three hundred families, or over twelve hundred persons, occupying rooms not larger than an ordinary closet, where there is neither provision for light, air, nor water; no hope

