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

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For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

BY O. L. BURNSIDE. Fly to the arms of night Oh, doven 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 foum in wrath is hurled

On the sen-beaten shore of dreams Where the white-winged albatross Is flying smid 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 lingering nigh 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 land of dreams As opening wide and high.

Oh, come in the parting gleams Of the wintry sea and sky ! tered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1865, by

HENRY T. CHILD, M. D., In the Second or Eastern District of Pennsylvania,

NARRATIVE OF THE LAPE ON BARTH AND EXPERIENCES IN SPIRIT LAND

# SENORA MARIA

FERDINAND De SOTO.

EARTH LIFE AND EXPERIENCE.

The events of my earthly career may be very briefly detailed. Although born in the midst of affluence and power, with every want and desire as fully supplied as could be, I inherited a mild and unambitious disposition. My mother, who was in every respect a most worthy and excellent woman, early implanted on my plastic spirit lessons of truth, mingled with love and charity, that ever marked my career through life. I was naturally very conscientious, and had but little temptation to commit any wrong. Living at peace within myself, and with all around me, my course of life ran smoothly on till I arrived at womanhood. The history of him whose destiny was so closely linked to mine, and which you have already given, points out clearly where my trials began, and what they were. Having betrothed myself to him, I never for s moment wavered from my promise and my purpose. Though efforts were made again and again to prove that he was false, and even that he was dead, my womanly intuitions, true and reliable as I knew them to be, never failed me; and no threat, entreaty, or inducement of any kind, led me to hesitate or waver for a moment. My purpose and my course, were the purpose and course of my choice, my duty and my life itself; and there never was an instant that I would not have laid this latter down, rather than swerve from that purpose, or that duty; and I now perceive clearly, that this firmness and integrity on my part, had a powerful influence in sustaining and supporting him, the loved one, in his hours of trial and exposure. The bonds of our union were not to be severed or weakened, either by time or distance; and we now rejoice together in the consciousness, that we maintained amid all the vicissitudes of our checkered lives, the pledge which we had given to each other, firm and unsullied. The trials of fifteen years absence, disciplined my soul, and when the joyful hour for the consummation of our hopes and plans arrived, I was not thrown from the even tenor of my way, but in every department of duty, was sastained by an unseen power, that led me safely along even amid the pomp and glitter, and pageantry of court-life. Often was I led to leave the masquerade around me, and seek, alone in my chamber, that seclusion and communion with invisible powers, that I knew only by their soothing, tranquiliting, and strengthening effects. My life had its trists; every human life has its lights and shadows, but in these hours of stient communion, I was lifted above all these trials, and they came not near me, as they did to others around me. I knew, too, that my life was a mission, to throw the gentle and loving cords of restraint around my companion, and over the stormy and turbulent waves of passion that at times raised themselves within him, to pour the calm and soothing influence of a woman's love. I well remember how I longed to have his strong and impulsive nature realize something of the heaven of that communion that I enjoyed, and to drink from the pure fountains that were thus opened to me; and though we loved each other truly and earnestly, this could not be. It seemed necessary for him to pass through long years of suffering and trial before his eyes could be opened, and his nature expanded to see and realize the beauty of

the spheres. I felt that it was my pleasant labor | and duty to aid him in this journey. I knew 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 we should meet no more on earth. Ever and anon did I feel his condition on that perilons journey; as the wollan 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, disap pointment written over all the plans of his earthlife, 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 will endeavor to describe to you.

CHAPTER II.

FIRST EXPERIENCES IN THE INNER LIFE-THE PROXIMITY OF HEAVEN AND HELL-ELEVATION FROM THE LOWER CONDITION, AND HAPPY RE-UNION 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 bathed in the heavenly river, I have chanted the scraphim's song, And I walk in my brightness forever, Amid the celestial throng.

HARBIS.

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 hastened to meet him, and was disappointed when I found that he could not recognize me; this was very painful to me, but my friends told me that he could not see me yet-that there was a great work for him to do before we could meet and renew the union that we had had on earth, 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 from time to time, page after page of his earth-life unfolded, and the dark deeds, one by one, spread out before my vision, and explated 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 comprehensible to myself, and doubtless will be to with tracter. 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 beautiful 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. the heavenly land, and his ears to hear the music of I can see now how this was arranged all through by

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 exone 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 neither of us could read freely in each other, the glowing pages of 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 a out 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 feet 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 per. fect 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 blossoms, 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 to you. My situation during all this time was in. Jown fruit, and these all combine to make up a model

> 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 spiritfriends 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- or your own spirit, be very much more restand than

our good friends around us. This condition lasted | dition, that it required but little effort and practice for a period of about two hundred years; during | to adapt them to the scenes and labors of my new

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 conselousness 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 perienced, it was a far more perfect and glorious 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 peform; 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 usbut 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 been giving 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 stormtossed 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

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 bedies that are perceived, and if the emanations from your own axix

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 east 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 discussal, 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 result 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 hells, 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, Goo, 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 abstinence 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 fol-

A young woman, twenty years of age, fell asleep and slept for fifty days. This was in 1854; and nothing of the kind recurred until the beginning of 1862, when she suddenly fell asleep again, and did not awake until March, 1868. 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; the skin rosy and fresh. She neither ate nor drank, and yet there appeared to be a slight tendency toward fat-

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 hybernation 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 atten-

Subsequently he made another statement on the same subject; and in confirmation of it he quoted the names of other doctors, -Segalas, Donnard, Daysonville, Puel and others. For an entire year, & lady presented the same symptoms as Madam Macleoff and Louise Durand; that is to say, snims! life null, organic life good, but reduced to a mine mum; the pulse slow, breathing almost impercest but an absolute insensibility and general contraction At first every effort was made to awaken them, or to keep them from failing asleep again when the were awake; but finding the utrer medicates of this treatment, the dector thought it was cruel to continue it, and suffered the lady first referred to be sleep as much as she was mediated its salutary into ence having been speedily discerned by him on the two first occasions of her failing asleen they having followed on two severe attacks of illness, alterna by intensely scate suffering

The question why sleep should enter the perhaps of rendering persons his enable to rails, and of pre-serving them from loss of fiesh, it one which man with all their scientist knowledge, are very unlikely

"If you had arothed rom "sold's weather, thought not intelligent green, to his intemperate might box, "your early habits industry and intellectual abilithes would now have premitted you to ride in your to par, "should the parentane", "you would have been what should the parentaned "hos months we have

A Denvil chemic says that if ten be ground like course before hot water is put upon it, it will yield double the amount of exhibitrating qualities.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

TRIBETE TO THE MERCHY OF A BRAVE PRIEND WHO DIED FROM WOUNDS.

BY ELVIES WHERLOOK, Another brave soul gone to rest, Apother still and pulseless breast, And hears, whose throbbings nevermore Speak joy, nor pain, nor life's high soar Of andless longings.

Mute is the tongue, and voiceless all The thoughts, responsive to the call Of earth's ambitions - noble 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 know thee, and the deathless song That powred its echoes all along Through the deep verses of thy life, Making sweet rythm, where all seemed strife To those who knew thee.

The ceasoless song of holy praise, Lifting thy life to better ways-This heard we oft, and know thy heart Inclined to love life's nobler part, And strive with higher sim,

Thou 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

And hadet thou faults? Ah, softly here!

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 sad 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 conversings 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 aids 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 deep within? Not thou oh, world! Lift not the sod! But leave all judgment words with God, The All-Merciful.

Departed friend! time cannot break 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 bands 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 thee hath fame In the high Heavens.

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

Sweet "in memorium," 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.

THE STRASBURG CLOCK .- The priests and military have retired, and I am now sitting in a chair facing the gigantic clock-from the bottom to the top no less than one hundred feet, and about thirty feet wide and fifteen feet deep. Around me are many strangers, waiting to see the working of this clock as it strikes the hour of noon. Every eye is upon the clock. It wants five minutes to twelve. The clock has struck, and the people are gone, except a few whom the sexton, or head man, with a wand and sword, is conducting round the building.

The clock has struck in this way: The dial is some twenty feet from the floor, and on each side of it is a cherub, or a little boy, with a mallet, and over the dial is a small bell. The cherub on the left strikes the first quarter—that on the right the second quarter. Some fifty feet above the dial, in a large niche, is a huge figure of Time, a bell in his left, a scythe in his right hand. In front stands a figure of a young man with a mallet, who strikes the third quarter on the bell in the hand of Time, and then turns and glides, with a slow step round behind Time; then comes out an old man with a

mallet and places himself in front.

As the hour of twelve comes, the old man raises his mallet and deliberately strikes twelve times on the bell, that echoes through the building, and is heard all round through the region of the church. The old man glides behind father Time, and the young man comes round again. As soon as the old man has struck twelve and disappeared, another set of machinery is put in motion, some twenty feet higher still. It is thus: There is a high cross with the image of Christ. The instant twelve is struck, one of the Apostles walks out from behind, comes in front, turns, facing the cross, bows, and walks on around to his place.

As he does so another comes out in front, turns, bows, and passes in. So twelve Apostles-figures large as life-walk round, bow, and pass on. As the last appears, an enormous cock, perched on the pinnacle of the clock, slowly flaps its wings, puts forth its neck and crows three times, so loud as to be heard outside of the church to some distance, and so natural as to be mistaken for a cock. Then all is silent as death. No wonder this clock is the admiration of Europe. It was made in 1571, and has performed these mechanical powers ever since, except about fifty years, when it stood for repairs .- The Moravian.

MANNERS.—"I make it a point of morality," says a writer, "never to find fault with another for his manners. They may be awkward or graceful, olite, polished or rustic, I care they are, if the man means well, and acts from honest intentions without eccentricity or affectation. All men have not the advantage of good society, as it is called, to school themselves in all its fantastic rules and ceremonies, and if there is any standard of manners, it will be founded on reason and good sense, and not upon these artificial regulations. Manners, like conversation, are extemporaneous and not studied. I suspect a man who meets me with the same perpetual smile on his face, the same bending of the body, and the same premeditated shake of the hand. Give me the hearty—it may be the rough grip of the hand, the careless nod of recognition and when occasion requires the of recognition, and, when occasion requires, the homely but welcome salutation-'How are you, my old friend ?"

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-Cork -Appearance of the People-Renians-Face of the Country - Dublin-Its Exhibition of the Fine Arts,

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 aitting rooms below deaks 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

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 Scotla, from New York, for Queenstown and Liverpool. While many were bidding adjeu to their numerous friends on shore-some by the waving of handkerchiefs, and some by tears, your correspondent stood solltary 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

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

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 notand 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

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

r faculties, were la ruch a con- 1 or your or a spirit, he sary much more relies

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 dissutisfaction 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 frish race. Here is the lovilest 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 fast 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 merelless 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 1,200 acres, which hitherto supported (poorly enough, it is true,) 1,200 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 if 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

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 forestaling 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 if, peradventure, I happened to be out too late at night, might be able to "soothe

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

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 reechoed 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. From the lakes of Killarney we take our way principally by rail. In traveling thus, we find a marked difference in the accommodation from that to which we are accustomed, for the road bed is

ments every way better than in America. The care are divided into first, second and third class, with the exterior appearance of the cars in the shape of sonches, having the doors at the sides. The first class cars only told six persons in each couch; the second, eight, etc. The six persons are scade to sit opposite each other, and each seat has customed arms and is complete of itself. Rach 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 sitogetlier, railroading is reduced to a selence more than it is in America; and here, if a company show any carelessness in the management of their road, 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 corrency-so that it is really higher here than in America. The second class is onethird 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 associating with a class of well-to-do people who seem to have a goodly share 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, planos, harps, etc., etc. Last, but not least, on the grounds, is a veritable steam fire engine, evidently intended to eclipse all its compeers 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 on a voyage, it would probably come to its work, particularly if it experienced a gale.

EUREKA. Yours, 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 pennings of those who are busy with their brains in sowing the seed of a soulsatisfying, 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

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 wilfully 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 aureola, 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, tried 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 flit away like the shadow from before the sun, leaving us stronger, better and happier for the experi-

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 regilt, enclosures neatly planted with handsome shrabs, shelled or brickwe could give was, that if England got into a war | much better made, the rail heavier, and the appoint- | dusted, and on the day itself, they bring beautiful

china vases, which they fill with fresh flowers, and fine eandlesticks, in which they burn wax or sperm candles all day long. The railings of the tombs an sometimes draped with white or black cloth, and the tentis are hung with wreaths and garlands Although at this season of the year the flowers are not as plentiful as during the earlier months, Jet we are asternished at the profusion and gorgeons display of these floral tributes of affectionate remembrance of the living to those who have preeaded as 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 with, into dust, yet they breathe to us of soringtime. 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 ; who yet tread the shores of Time.

At the city cometanes, the seems on All Britis, Day is rather gay and exciting than otherwise crowds of people on foot and in carriages are west ing their way to and from the various graveyard, and in all the throng we can hardly find a sed . sombre face. Curiosity is alive on that day, and pleasure seekers find a new field for their observe tion and enjoyment.

Our cometeries are large squares of ground enclosed by what seems to be a high brick watoutside it is so, but inside it consists of a series .. ovens or vaults. These vanits open towards the to-

ter of the cemetery, and will each contain one be-When a vault is used, the coffin is poshed in the first, and the aperture is closed by bricks and men tar, and a marble slab. Bodies are never borse, the ground in these city cemeteries, but in Cypens Grove and the other ridge cemeteries, it is not to common to dig graves, or even to construct vasit, below the surface of the ground, although the co. tom of using tombs or ovens is most general here

The French cemeteries are one of the enricities 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 zer start since the advent of peace. New stores open ing, old firms resuming business, lots of new news papers starting out, new buildings going up, and old ones being repaired, regular lines of steambon 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 beads are at work at the great wheel of commerce which has 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 pecunarily 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

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 zeoro 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 afty cents aplece for their tick. ets. 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

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 h 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 perhans in a greenhouse at the North.

My letter has grown longer than I intended in should. If I have said anything to interest you, 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 scribb will find a place in it, sure. Kindly yours,

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 st-New York, having been dedicated to Saint Cabri naturally enough inculcates the question-

was and is this Saint Gabriel? Gabriel was the title, in the Babyionish calendar of the month whose location was at the upper rehand of the Sun, and this calendar was in use among the ancient Heathen nations (se-called) After the return of the Jews from the Bahring captivity, the Jewish nation changed their worshi of the Heavenly Host by impersonifying the object of their adoration. The Sun was thus impossed as the living God, and the month Gabriel at the right hand of the Sun, was impersonated as Cabri

-an angel standing at the right hand of God! It may well be deemed an astonading fact in the nineteenth century, that people claiming to be aslightened Christians, and professing contempt for the delusions and idolatry of the benighted heath should be thus ignorantly dedicating their churches to the void and empty signs of the ancient Pagan Zoin To the truly enlightened mind, it would indeed seem, that the time should have arrived after nin teen centuries have elapsed, when Christians s commence the work of casting aside some portion of their signs, ceremonials and rites, every one of which was stolen from the Pagan nations, in regard to whom after they had thus filehed and adopted all the insignia of their devotions, as well as their moral precepts, they have professed the greatest abborrence, under the cloak of a sanctified hypoerisy. Flushing, N. Y.

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

From the Atlantic Marchly THE PEACE AUTUMN, Mr Jones o. Senteredo.

Thereby Club for year, where notice thotage, A first money cash makes afficially Bernette the benefited frade; Throng price and gree. Our stream's val accorde.

The negge's briken choice, \$45 too; their at the Unchanter's bags To pleasitions for one yealow. \$250 binderboth our both of scow

And within where extent foreign that they Are Frenchistor's too for completers. Bencebeth to Labor's shipshire.

He kinglishly become public that has provide what has the provide what has been been a supposed to the provided to the provide

(the granula Source of overs)
And chape is of the granulat grand
That ever despit the showers. Lay all the bloom of gardina there, And there the orchard fruits;

William on an after to the hord,

From earth losy geordly voors. There het cay business droop and flow, The stars service and full four roll of martyre, and and show, Let right by bettern call .

Berny gestick gowin from sun and ale,

Their pussing let hands of hern and can And yough shirt fort applicat. And link with toll reward.

There ist Our common beart keep time. To such an authorn sung.
As more smalled on poet's skyme, On thrifted on elugar's tongue.

Bong of our burden and reflect, Of peace and bong unnage; The passion of our raights great. And our exceeding joy's A myog of yeales to Bim who filled.

The impresse sown in tears, And gave each field a double yield To find our battle years! A wong of furth that practs the sent

Yo match the good begon, Nor doubtz the power of Love to Mend The hearts of men as one!

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

#### 1 Three-Fold Manifestation, to be Accounted For as the Reader May Betermine.

BY 1. JUDD PARDER.

In the city of Buffalo, to which an invitation to meters, and my duties as a teacher of the Living Ward have called me, reside two gentlemen, ever fifty years of age each. They are men not less marked in the circles of business and social life in which their lot is cast, for common sense, than for integrity of character and devotion to the Spiritual cause-in short, honest and honorable men; neither given to a hasty zeal in behalf of spirits on the one hand, nor, on the other, slow to recognize the hands of power of that wondrous intelligential force we denominate the invisible. With one of these gentlemen I am, at present, stopping, and with the other I come into almost daily contact and converse; while, not only from both, but from members of the family of the first, I have received a minute account of the remarkable, not to say astounding, manifestations here to be pricty recorded. I shall make no labored effort to substantiate or to settle in the mind of the reader persof the scritability or origin of the facts adduced, but simply setting them forth as compactly and clearly as I may, leave each to be persuaded in his or her own mind with respect thereto. For myself, having attentively listened to their recital, and knowing the character of the persons making their detail, I am constrained to believe that they are genuine exhibitions of spirit-power. And nothing romains to be said, by way of preface to this brief narration, but the statement that one of the gentlemen alluded to is a well-known dentist of this city, and the other holds a position in the Custom service of this port. A young man of the name of Charles H. Reed, not now here, was the

THE CLOCK.

On a certain occasion, in the month of January, 164, the circle, meeting, as usual, at Mr. M.'s house, on Seneca street, a more than usual exhibition of spirit-power, amidst so much of the remarkable freely and frequently presented, was promised. I will denominate it the clock manifestasion. The invisibles made a promise, by speaking out of the atmosphere around the circle, that if Dr. O. would return an article they should abstract from a jeweler's store, on Main street, (nearly half a mile from where the circle sat,) they would then and there-though both the jeweler's store and the cirderoom were closed and shut, both as to doors and windows-produce before them what they had selected from the shop. The promise was given. And scarcely three minutes had elapsed before something was heard settling down on the table sround which the circle were gathered, and directly the loud ticking of a clock before them was sounded. On striking a light, there stood upright, ticking away justily, a marine clock, about eight inches in diameter. This was about nine o'clock of a Saturday night. On the following Monday, Dr. O, one of the gentlemen alluded to, clock in hand, called upon the jeweler from whose store the article had purported to have been abstracted, and produced the ticker. Great was the surprise of the artisan; for he had closed at 7 o'clock Saturday evening, and, from the position of the clock in his store, should have missed it had it been taken out previous to his closing. It had a private business mark upon it, and he knew it at once. How pale grew the face of that jeweler's wife as she saw the clock returned, and heard of the source and character of the power that had abstracted it.

Query 1. How did that clock get out of that closed store? And, Query 2. How did it get into the shut circle-room? Let the spiritual metaphysicians who are yet debating whether spirits can go through solid walls, turn their attention this way. William Howltt, of England, and the Rev. J. B. Ferguson will match or overmatch this wonder, and they be-Here that, by some unanalyzed chemism of spirit, solid matter can be carried through solid matter. Whether or not the solid matter to be transported is first resolved and afterward reconsolidated, is a nice question to be answered just here; for how could a marine clock go through this metamorphosis and return to its original ticking time, at the "nick of time," as any healthy, good-intentioned, well-bebaved clock is wont to do, when "alive and kicking." And yet, such is one exposition of the ra-Monale of feats of this sort. But the going through solid (7) matter by other solid matter-well, let us panse in divine meditation upon the wondrous pawer of God, in Spirit, and keep astraddle the fence of undecided opinion a little longer.

THE TRANSMUTATION. On the nights of January 14th, 16th and 20th, 1864, in the presence of the same circle, and the same medium, Christ's mediumistic manifestation of turning water into wine which we are told came to pass in that ancient time of the beautiful Nazarenewas paralleled by the spirits at Buffalo. Promises had toten made to fills effect several times previous to the necurrence, but the conditions could not, at first, for established. At last the spirits were ready, But, at this juncture, one of the circle insisted upon putting and keeping his hand upon the teen-May of water placed on the table and provided for the purpose. To this, however, the invistness would not consent. But when perfect compliance with their earn conditions was obtained by the fervisities, the manifestation was made that night.

The civele sat as moval, with joined hands, in the dark, having provided a tombter of water, from which such alpped, to be satisfied that the Beptid was water, and nothing more. In a moment or two, the deed was done. When a light was struck; there stood the tumbler, two distrib full, or as when, after the efreis had supped of the water, the light was turned off. I have seen three bottles of this liquid, containing, in all, perhaps, a plat. The culor is a bright ved, turnet, shrows one, strining clear through to the light. It leaves no sediment. The taste is tike a mild, sacramental wine. I am told It has not changed in the slightest appreciable degree since the transmutative inur. Now, shall we say this was a definion or a fraud? I am persoaded that there are no jost grounds here for either of such conclusions. The spirits gave the philosophy of the fact and feat, and affirmed that, as the atmosphere contained the elements of all material things, they had but to we that chemical knowledge and power they possessed, to condense and precipitate the essential life of the wine, and lo! the thing was done.

But what shall we say of what is now to follow? I refer to

THE OTSTER SUPPER. On the corner of Hwan and Main streets, Buffalo, stands Harvey's Building. On the fourth floor is a front room twenty-five feet long by, say, eighteen feet wide. It has three windows, and is connected with a small adjoining room by a door. Well, in the same winter during which the aforementioned wonders were performed, and some time previous to the dock feat, the circle alluded to held their sittings in this room. So, on a certain Saturday evening occasion, "Samson," the spirit who usually acted as spokesman for the band of spirits in wonted attendance, speaking out of the atmosphere, promised that, next time, he would furnish the circle with a supper, for the benefit of the ladies, whom he requested should attend, alluding to the wives and daughters of the males present who were mar-

"What!" quoth Dr. O., "with dishes and

"Yes," returned Sampson.

Well, the honr came round. I have this precise account from Dr. O.'s lips; and others who were present have, personally, substantially attested to the truth of what transpired. So, when all were assembled, nine males and eleven females, Mrs. M---k, a well-known lecturess, being one of the party, a motion was made to have the room thoroughly examined. Dr. O-, Mrs. M-k, and another person, whose name I cannot get, were selected for the purpose. It was found that there were no closets in the room, and no secret holes or hiding places. The furniture consisted of chairs, sufficient in number, a sofa, a table, a stove, and a small woodbox. So that, after locking the door of the room, the only possible avenue of entrance for any object would be by the three windows, some sixty feet from the ground, and the aforementioned door connecting with the adjoining small room. This last was then locked, a piece of rope tied to its knob, and the other end wound around the leg of Dr. O-, sitting in the inner circle. One of the windows was down at the top about four inches. Thus stood matters.

The circle was then formed, or, rather, two of them, the ladies making the outer circle, and the gentlemen the inner. Each circle sat with joined hands. When all the preliminaries had been satisfactorily arranged, not only to induce the proper conditions, but to put all collusion and trickery out of the question, the light was turned off, and almost immediately the manifestation commenced. None knew precisely what kind of a supper was to be produced. The first sound heard was the rattling and clashing of knives and forks and dishes on the table. Directly a gurgling sound was noted by various members of the circle, as if something solid and liquid was being poured out of one vessel into another. Almost as quickly, several of those present cried out: "I smell oysters." A light was struck. There, on the table, were plates, and knives and forks for twenty persons, a pepper and vinegar cruet, a large platter or dish filled to the brim with several quarts of oysters, and a plate of

Some cried out, " We have no salt." Dr. Osuggested that the spirits might possibly furnish that also. So the light was turned off, and immediately was heard the sound of several objects slapped down, as it were, upon the table. When the light was turned on again, there stood two well-filled salt-cellars. And in the coal or woodbox was an empty paper bag, which had contained the crackers.

After the party had partaken of the fare, wonder and laughter alternating amidst the feast, some one made inquiry for the can, or whatever it was, in which the oysters had been brought. So the light was again turned off. Immediately, as from the shut and locked entry door, was flung on the floor, at the feet of Miss M-, a tin can, with the top

Then quoth the Doctor: "Samson, tell us where you got these oysters, and we'll go and pay for them." Said Samson, in reply, "They are paid for." And when the Doctor still Insisted, Samson spoke up again and said, "What! go to Troy?" The inference meant to be conveyed is apparent.

The circle broke up, some doubtful and some convinced of the spirit-source of what had thus wondrously transpired. It was too astounding to be accepted by several as a veritable manifestation of invisible power. The plates, and dishes, and knives, and forks, and salt-cellars, etc., were left in the room when the circle broke up and departed. And there, according to the word of a skeptical young man, who had sat in the circle, (who slept in the adjoining apartment, and who frequently had had various articles brought in and taken away by the spirits;) they remained for several days, until, at last, they were unaccountably missing.

Thus ended this affair, and the reader may conclude just what he "has a mind to." I have but acted as a recorder here of transpired facts, the witnesses to which are honest, keen, and some of them, skeptical men and women.

Hermann Grimm, the gifted biographer of Michael Angelo, has recently published new essays on art and literature, in which a judicious homage is paid to Raiph Waldo Emerson, and which discusses in a most interesting manner art and artists; Berlin and Cornelius; Humboldt and Dante; Varnhagen's dlary; Raphael's school of Athens; sonnets and innamorata; the decadence of the fine arts in Italy, and Goethe's experience in that classical and beautiful country.

For the Roller's Philosophical Toleral. A LOOK AT BOTH SIDES. BY RESTER WHEREITER

We see much of late in the newspapers, relative to the extravagance of stomen. And truly, as a woman, we deeply regret that we are compelled to a confession of sharps and humiliation on account of the wirked extravagance of to-day; and no earnest, high minded woman but feets with keenest sorrow, the increasing tendency towards wastefulnew, But while we asknowledge all this, and reenguize the need of just commore and erithdeen, we alar see, on the museofine side, faults asserving of equal censure at least, and which awaken yet deeper concern and, sadness in the minds of all true men and women. For while our women are indulging in costly and luxurious electricy, what, meantime, ses our men doing? Ab! we blush to write the record of their shortenesings; but in justice to there as well as to ourselves, it must be done.

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 admitting what we have of ourselved, we question if there is searcely a member of that society, as of any other composed of men, whose wastefulness does not more than balance woman's, in pocket outlay, and infinitely more harm the life of the soul, than hers. With very few exceptions, men are guilty of one, or more, or of all the following vices: chewing, smoking, drinking, sating late suppers, driving fast horses, gambling or licentiousness, the yearly cost of any one of which will go far toward furnishing a woman with a comfortable wardrobe, to say the least. We ask, is it well for these men. to prescribe rules for as, when they disregard all laws of health, and even of decency? Is it well for these unclean months and impure hearts to tell woman they will not marry her, until she consents to make less demand upon their purse, that they may continue their own selfish indulgences? Do they propose any reform in themselves, or any restrictions, where expenditure costs them not only gold, but what is far richer, their own integrity and noblest manliness! Not nothing of the kind.

And with what conceit they give expression to their resolutions, as though wives could be had merely for the asking; and indeed, it is to be regretted, that womanly dignity has fallen so low. to meet the level of this low manhood, that these fractions of men are often able to bear away jewelhearts, when compared with their own.

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 any high controling power for good in any wise. But you will be the losers, for even the society of women who find their chief delight in dress and costly display, if they have acquired more of your vices, is better than the society of your sex alone. This has been proven long years ago. But we will compare notes awhile; while woman is sinful in her extravagance; while she does her own nature a great wrong, as well as the principle which is opposed to such wastefulness; while she narrows her soul, and withers its finest and tenderest sensibilities; giving little opportunity for the generous and upward growth of her fine womanly qualities, as deep and broad expansion of those high attributes which bear fruit in the sweet charities that bless and exalt life, and make it fresh, loving and beautiful; I say while she does all this, to her injury, she yet does not debase her nature; she does not corrupt her inner life, merely by extravagance. Vices which are almost exclasively masculine must attach themselves to her before this can take place. God knows she impairs sadly enough her high womanly nobility, but she is not debased nor polluted through extravagance alone. Even of the most extravagant can it be said, there is shown love for the beautiful-something artistic-ideality seeking expressions, notwithstanding the shocking taste often seen in fashionable attire.

But the vices charged against men, at once have a debasing effect; they corrupt physical, moral and spiritual life the moment they are accepted as practices. Why? Because they belong to sense and appetite alone. There is no part of the brain brought into action belonging to the top or crownhead, from whence the eyes of the soul take their outlooks into the unseen, and return with fresh and living inspiration to warm and beautify the immortal attributes, and thus inspire the soul to new resolutions with added faith, strength and courage to outwork them into noble deeds. No! There is not even a shadow of a love for anything fine, noble or beautiful which prompts to these vices, or that is cultivated in their indulgence. They do not receive the consent of a single sustaining faculty, but are purely animal, and in effect, low, and degrading. So, again we repeat, that you may long remember the truth, that though woman's habits of extravagance detract greatly and lastingly from her true womanhood, they never alone, degrade her into a debauchee; while man's habits are all vices, because of the moral and spiritual degradation which surely follows their practice, to say nothing of the physical shame.

It is often the greatest marvel to me, how women of delicacy and sensibility can endure the society of men steeped in tobacco, liquor and other vilenesses. It is also astonishing how men with good minds and good hearts in many respects, will yet indulge in these filthy and corruptive abominations.

Often in passing a crowd of tobacco and liquoroving men, I sadly think of the wives and daughters whose love these men claim, the while their vile habits make them repulsive to all true feminine refinement. Oh, men! I pity you, though feeling contempt for lives so besotted and degraded; but pity more those who belong to your household, whether they be women of fashion, or of humbler and better pretensions,

Our girls, we regret to see, are too fond of variety and costliness in apparel; but this same class of girls often after marriage become prudent and economical to a praiseworthy degree. The dignity of motherhood does much for woman, She rises above a shallow, superficial life, in the use and bloom of her high-reverencing, maternal nature. But where is the man who is habituated to any of these vices in whom the dignity of fatherhood was ever high and strong enough to win him from the slavery of sensual pleasures-we know of none; therefore believe woman's redemption from her sins promises to be far surer and speedler, than any hope we now see for man. But with our strong, high faith in humanity, we cannot be altogether unbelieving in his divine possibilities. Indeed, we know there are hidden fountains in man's life, whence clear purling streams find source and beauty. We wait for these to spring forth fresh and joyous, when diviner aims and better purposes will move the springs of action. We wait for this, and for woman to become untrammeled-free from the dominion of fashion: then a nobler type of man and woman-

Demosthenes was the son of a cutler.

hood will live to bless the world.

For the Leligis-Pallomphical Lowrest. Vineland, N. J.

This thriving town is toosted shout thirty solles arestis of Philadelphia, so the West, Lessey or Cape. May Railroad, on a grandly toact of early land, with elently mixed with may clay and learn, to produce good corps, if well manured sex suppressed, and is poculiarly adapted, both from soil and ellimate, to the production of small and trac-fraits. The settlement is not get four years old, but has over four thousand inhabitants, mostly white Americans, and from nearly all the States, but largely representing New England and Hew York, Some, however, among the settire and enterprising, are from Illinois, strange as it may seem that even farmers should leave the rich prairies of the West, to work on Jersey soil. The elimate, affected by winter and summer by sea breezes, is salubrious and healthy, tempering both the heat of summer and cold of winter, rendering it a pleasant location for a home. Mr. Charles K. Lander, the proprietor of the place, displayed much taste and wisdom in laying out the rillage and surrounding grounds; comprising in the purchases about 40,550 acres, generally level, but sufficiently rolling to carry off WELLEY, ELE,

First selecting three points for stations on the rallroad, about three miles apart, and laying out one Missire mile at the central one in village lots, which and trade, then extending the main streets through the tract he divided the most of it into five, ten, twenty and forty acre lots for fruit farms, and these have been rapidly purchased and improved, and the small timber and bushes which covered the whole tract are disappearing, and fruit trees, vegetabrooks crossing the tract; but it is not a stock country, and pure water is easily reached by wells the township, also seemed by Mr. Landis, prohiblit the sale of interdeating brinks, except by a vote of three-fourths of the voters; and, as jet, not one in ten favor it; hence, it is a temperance settlement, and but little of the riot and rowdyism which infests New Jersey and other benighted regions, are manifest here. Tobacco is still smoked and chewed here in limited quantities, mostly by the boys and a few loafers who make short stays in the place. Horses, cattle, sheep and swine are not allowed to run at large, and few settlers have even their gardens fenced, and all are secure. But few hogs, no sheep, and not enough cows, are kept on the tract. Horses are more numerous, and do much of the work-pulling stumps, plows, earts, carriages, and laboring in a great variety of ways. Birds are scarce, but rabbits and mosquitoes are numerous, and supply the deficiency of birds at present. When fruit is more abundant, there will, no doubt, be a change in these classes of

The rapid growth of the place is owing mainly now to the healthiness of the location, even and salubrious climate, enterprise, morals and intelligence of the people already here, rather than the cheapness of lands; for, since a large share of the lands about the village have been purchased from Mr. Landis, and improved, the prices have gone up, till small farms near the station are out of the reach of persons of small means, yet, farther back, four or five miles, they are still in reach at thirty or forty dollars per acre, unimproved, and village lots (small) can yet be had for one hundred and fifty dollars each; but improvements must be made in either within one year, or they return to the proprietor, and he returns the purchase money.

I have never seen a town better laid out, nor one so rapidly built, in my travels, East or West, and never saw a more intelligent and enterprising population in any village than is collected here. There are already three churches in running order; another organized, (Baptist) and the Friends of Progress (alias Spiritualists) are legally organized, and already building the largest church in the place, being of brick, and sixty by seventy-five feet on the ground and two stories high. Mr. Landis has been equally liberal to these and other societies in furnishing lots. He also secured for public use a hall in a second story of the railroad station, built by his request, and hired by him for public use, which the Baptists and Spiritualists now use on Sundays, and other meetings occupy every evening in the week. Without fences, hogs "wandering loose," or staggering men, this place altogether is a novelty, and a great improvement on most new and many old settlements. Schools, meetings, parties, dances, sociables and a general jingle of bells is the order of exercises; but mobs, riots, revivals and the like passional outbreaks of the wicked parts of human nature and extreme reactions, are not fashionable or popular here, and never will be with the class of people now settling the place. If rum and rowdyism could get a start, revivals would naturally follow, and superstition flourish; but now the churches are mostly made up of sober and candid people, quite intelligent and good citizens. But Spiritualism is in the ascendancy since Dr. Moran came here and turned (or tried) religion into rowdyism and vulgarity. WARREN CHASE.

VINELAND, N. J., November 17, 1865.

#### For the Religio-Philosophical Journal. "A Bastard Shall Not Enter the Kingdom of Heaven."

So says the "inspired Word of God," (so-called) and as the sentence bears injustice on the face of it, we are led to inquire why God should pass such a sentence, and if, indeed, He ever did pass such a

The only reason we have ever heard conjured up by the devotees of old theology is, that God held in such abhorrence the sin of adultery, that He saw fit to damn even the fruit of that sin. Now, this seeing fit to do anything, is a very poor reason, even for God, who is supposed to be the Author of all reason. In fact, it is the worst of all reasons; but punishing the innocent for, or with, the guilty, is a prominent feature in the Bible, (except where Abraham argued the case with God, and showed Him it was wrong.) As, take for example, where the whole race was cursed for the sin of Adam, and where the innocent, (as in the case of Christ,) were punished for the guilty. Truly, the God of the Bible has a strange way of dealing out justice to His creatures; for the point seems to be to punish somebody, and it does not seem to matter who, so that punishment is inflicted. It seems to have been a preconceived idea among the early writers, or historians of Deity, that justice could not be done without punishment, whereas the day is near at hand when it will be seen that justice is martyred every time that punishment is inflicted. J. B. CLIFTON.

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

THE BUT THE GOTTON POPULAR THORSEL

Whose Body Bo I Inhabit? In Olden time the sody, mind, and even the life of the cold, was condensed at the will and they not of the years, and in the programments, with at a wish any, the king or presume held the lives and libertles of tile emigrate entirely in his elections, so that it could hardly be said the correspond of the natural body was the owner of st.

But the mind of man has grown again, and we find the law of the distor right of Hospe fact girling, when in word right storn was not will make has been accomplished treat the emergeption of the race from the diavery of With Way and mind, still there remains much yet to be done. Let bine or her who thinks he is fren, examine and me if he is so; and in order to assist inquiry, let me sale

Whose body do you occupy? In it yours, or so so your neighbor's? If it be yours, you have the right to do with and for it all that it eraves, desires or alms at; provided that experience has tamplet you that what it craves or desires is not injurious to its subfreed years, non that of your subsplices. But here stery in the most terrible tyrant-Belley

-homanity has ever had to ownered with. I say the most terrible, because, while it raise with ourslenting power over the human heart, it is more texrible than the greatest despit, became it is betilessand soulless, and consequently beyond the reach of has rapidly giown into a place of large business those over whom it tyransizes. Hence it holds has imaginary court and issues its first to the multitude. when straightway it becomes a law, and we be to the man or woman who dares go contrary to it; and if, perchance, it should find itself standing on allippery ground and unable to earry its point against the common sense of the masses, it immediately thes and grames are accounting. There are several eatls to its assistance some old mythological text, palming it off as the word of God. Common sense, , or man's reasoning faculties, (yet in their infancy,) for all domestic purposes. The municipal laws of smable to stand against such fearful odds, succumb, and then all knees are bowed and the people say, amen! Go, on, man, and learn a lesson of nature. You are pent up in some church, mumbling over your old musty prayers, or listening to some old threadbare text-to none of which has God Almighty ever voucheafed a response! I repeat, for eighteen hundred years there has not been one prayer answered! And why? Because God works by natural laws, and does not step aside to answer prayer; and if any man disputes this point, let him prove it, by setting apart publicly what he will pray for, and we shall all see and be convinced, if his prayer is answered. No one dares do it. Again I say, go and learn a lesson of Nature. While you are keeping your children shut up in the house, depriving them of God's free air in the open fields, what are the young birds doing? Why, caroling forth their sweet songs, on Sunday, the same as usual. What are the rippling streams doing? Why, murmuring melodies, as on any other day. I ask you what are the flowers doing? Why, giving out their delicious perfume, the same as usual. You, oh, man, are told that in order to keep the Sabbath as z day of rest, you must immure yourselves like mummies within doors, and you and your children, in order to secure a seat in heaven, must mumble over the shorter Catechism, or something equally as full of original sin, hell-fire and brimstone, and all the other revolting concomitants of the old Bible. Oh. what a terrible thing it is to be a human being! What is so capable of enjoyment as man, and yet what has so much unnatural restraint imposed upon it as man? Awake, oh, man, and assert thine independence. Thou art accountable only to thyself. Thou art no slave to any mythological God, who claims thee as the creature of His power, on whom to work his freaks of love, hatred or revenge.

Man's destiny lies hidden in the womb of nature. and blessed is he who shall find it out, for he and he alone is free. J. B. CLIPTON.

#### For the Religio-Philosophical Journal. 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 evil, and sent away from birth, speaking lies;" "that there is no good in them;" that they are "totally depraved;" that by birth they are "children of the devil, and heirs of hell."

Or in plain words: Human souls are, before birth, boxed up and labeled, "Hell-fire and damnation." Then, soon as born, they are put aboard the devil's express, and sent off to hell, sixty miles an hour, the devil himself being chief engineer and conductor. Then, after getting fairly under way, the church and clergy come rushing after, armed with prayers and revivals, with holy creeds, holy Sabbaths, holy baptism, holy bread and wine, and vicarious atonement, to snatch them as brands from the burning. But the devil has got the start of the church and clergy, and nine cases out of ten he wins the race, and lands his freight safely in the ever-burning depot of lost souls. Theology directs all these priceless packages "hell-fire and damnation," and the devil's business is to see that they are delivered according to their direction.

I say theology makes a sad and inexcusable blunder. It misdirects these souls-these priceless treasures. Hence, they are put aboard the wrong express. They all belong to God-not to the devil. They are bound for heaven-not for hell. Why does not theology, as wielded by church and clergy, see to it that these God-owned and heaven-bound treasures are labeled "For God and Heaven," at the outset? Even before they are born, stamp "God, heaven and eternal glory" all over them. Then see to it, that soon as born, they are placed aboard that express whose conductor and engineer is God, and whose convoyare the Angelic Host that shall shout, as the freight is safely delivered in heaven, "Glory

to God in the highest." Be it one object of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL to give battle to that theology whose main object is to stamp human souls all over with "sin, the devil and hell," to begin with, and then go to the expense and labor of rescuing them; then to brand them as hell-deserving if they allow themselves to be delivered according to direction. Then be it another object, to teach the world that all souls belong to God and heaven, and that all should, at the beginning of life's long, long journey, be duly labeled and directed where they belong. A tendency to God and heaven-not to bell and the devil-is the equal right of every child.

THE BRIGHT SIDE.-There is more sunshine than rain, more joy than pain, more love than hate, more smiles than tears, in the world. Those who say to the contrary, we would not choose for our com-panions. The good heart, the tender feelings, and pleasant disposition make smiles, love, and sun-shine everywhere. A word spoken pleasantly is a large spot of sunshine on the sad heart, and who has not seen its effects? A smile is like the breaking out of the sun from behind a dark cloud, to him who has no friend in the world. The tear of affection, how brilliantly it shines along the dark path-way of life. A thousand gems make a milky-way on earth, more glorious than the glorious cluster above our heads.

HENRY C. WRIGHT.

#### Extracts from Private Letters.

SPRINGPIELD, Nov., 1865. Spiritualism, in this capital of the great State of Hinois, has, during the past four years, given but little ontward expression of vitality. Occasionally a lecturer has succeeded in getting a small audience. Three courses have been given us during the above

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, carnest, good man, Dr. John Mayhew, in seven lectures dellvered in the Hall of Ropresentatives, kindly tendered for the occasion, by our Brog the Hon. Secretary of

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 abier 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 Harmonial Philosophy, than he. We cordially recommend him to Societies and neighborhoods, wishing to procure the services of a first class lecturer. 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 Wiltsie 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. Judge Fuller and lady, (formerly Lizzie Carley) take great interest in the work as well as N. T. Waterman, Mrs. Turner and others. I remain here till the evening of December 9th, and shall see you soon 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 fill calls 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 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 privy purse, £60,000; for salaries of Her Majesty's household and retired allowances, £131,000; expenses of the household, £172,500; royal bounty and special services, £13,200; pensions, £1,200; and

miscellaneous, £8,040. On "The Consolidated Fund" are charged £8,800 to the Princess Frederick William of Prussla; £6,000 to the Princess Louise of Hesse-Darmstadt; £6,000 to the Duchess of Cambridge; £6,000 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 Alexandria has settled upon her, by Parliament, the annual sum of £10,000 to be in creased 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 Bothsay, 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 annuity 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 increa-

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, (12 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 heart was found. He attempted to explain possession of this object by saying,-"While I was kneeling near the head altar, de-

voutly 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.

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

"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 par-

don, 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 reviewed 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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#### The Bible and Spiritualism .- No. 3.

THE NEW TESTAMENT.

Of the mediumship 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 repeated 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 fulfiled 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

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 distint 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

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 cat castor oil

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 mothernone 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

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 paused 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 you 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 Hygela; 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, equaled only by one other -soft, gentle, mellow, like the spirit giving it

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 flery 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-you torture.

The swift cars were painfully slow. They crept like snalls 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 cast 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 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. Icc, solid ice-dead, irretrievably 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-nay, 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, States.

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 the 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 hore her to the village church. Our very spirits were sbrouded 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 ley brow; 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

#### 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 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 themto bear arms without the right to say whether gainst 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 buman 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

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

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

"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 firstopportunity, enlisted under the banner of Missouri and bared their breasts to the remorseless storm of treason, and by hondreds went down to death in the conflict, while the enfranchised rebel-the cowardly conservative - the now bitterest enemies to our right to suffrage, remained in quiet at home, safe, and fattened on the fruits of our sacrifice, toll 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

"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 castes 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 franchised

"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 Atalanta 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

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 fon 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 thou sand yards from its gorgeous equipages, its crowde 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 two rooms of about ten by fourteen feet, with a small, dark, windowless bed room 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 sad dest feature of all is the basement. The only place which answers to the name of water-closely for the men, women and children, baffles all description, and would disgrace the worst camp a prison in the South. This reeking cesspool, situsted at the bottom of the chasm between two hare buildings, poisons all the air that ever passes by the windows. They must, of necessity, inhale these pestiferous odors continually. For this privilege these tenants pay from five to six dollars per month. Mostly Italians, they are cleaner and more orderly than some of their neighbors. Of course there is more or less vermin, vice and violence, al-

ways gravitating to such vile abodes. 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 promiscoonsly. The average rent of these rooms is four dollars a month, and in them may be found sickly, pale, rheumy, sore-eyed children, withered old erones, 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 masty 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 cloacs, 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 hor-rible 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 wants 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 eaght 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

in case of fire, and where the sun never poors a colitary ray. The most astounding and sickening feature of it is, however, that the basement is one vast nextons sink. The open closets are unfit for anything human, much less for honest women and tender children. It is absolutely the most shameful and terrible fever-breeding spot we ever saw or dreamed of. The people inhabiting it, moreover, are evidently of a class of laboring people who desire to her honorably and cleanly and virtuously. The only regular visitor who ever enters their apartments, if such they may be called, is the collector of the rent, with, perhaps, a stray humanitarian, a fector, or an undertaker.

Many persons will be apt to read these lines with a shrug of satisfaction, in the reflection that these pectacles are only exceptions, and that of the very that nearly seventy per cent. of the population of his Island is living in tenement, houses, nearly half f it living in houses where there is no adequate sovision for light, air, health and morals. The sile wing figures, taken officially three years since, and it has not improved in the lapse,) will enable he reader to appreciate the magnitude of this evil. stwenty of the twenty-two wards, there are 39,539 lings, accommodating 115,000 families. Only 5.890 occupied an entire house, and 7,181 were ocupled by two families, 4,416 by three families, the maining 11,965 dwellings, held from four to ninety-

Other wards are not quite so bad; but in the dif-0,000 people; 193 contain an average of 111 perone each. In a single expression, the laboring lass of our population is crowded beyond all precedent, single blocks containing in some places more than all Fifth avenue. New York, with a population twice that of Philadelphia, has only off the number of dwelling-houses, and those of no sort of comparison. A comfortable house may be bought outright in Boston for the rent of one similarly situated in New York. The yield from one of these wretched tenement buildings is greater than from a good private residence. They are all full, and the rents are collectable. Here is the secret of the remarkable infant mortality in the metropolis. Begotten, born and nurtured in impufity, they are foredoomed to death. Life would be be impossible for plants, and almost for reptiles.

These are the facts as we have seen them, and as the cholera will find us if it comes. We suppose it is only necessary to point out the enormity of this danger to cause steps to be taken for its remedy.

The difficulties in the way are twofold—those of municipal legislation and of capital. The population of the island is becoming so dense that every available space is used to its utmost, and in some parts far beyond reason and safety. Landlords, who have not the custody of either the health, the morals, or the comfort of their tenants, consult only their own profit in the erection and construcwithin a few years a few very commodious blocks of tenement buildings have been erected, which combine all the advantages of comfortable houses. But most of the houses we have visited are incapable of being made tidy or healthy by any interior effort of their occupants. They are not built on the right plan. The controling design is to see how many persons can be huddled into them, with-out regard to the supply of pure air, light or

I Terrible is the picture of wretchedness here presented, nor is it the extreme. There are still lower walks of poverty, where the miserable tenant cannot be said to live, only to rot in filth and squalor. When the pestilence comes it will strike in these masses of corruption, and, intensified by passing through veins rank with the ichor of death, will go up to the splendid houses of the avenues, and seek the homes of fashion. The wealthy can flee, but the poor are chained by their poverty. They must miserably perish.

But New York is not an exception. Landlords there are no harder-hearted than they are in other cities. Chicago can produce as terrible scenes of filth as the correspondent describes above. What would he say were he to pass the river in dog-days? And the slimy and reeking water drifting out to be drawn in to slake the thirst of the city !- the city drinking its own effeteness!

But is there no remedy? Must poverty always: be thus tortured by avarice? Must the father and mother, because they labor, be compelled to see their offspring grow up in wretchedness and dirt, without a single bright object to cheer and ennoble them? We do not care if cholera never visited us, if we feared no contagion, it is a foul and loathsome stain on the vaunted philanthropy and civilization of this age. If men must have cities, and must crowd them so densely, can there not be an inspection of every new dwelling, so close and thorough that something, at least, may be done for the comfort and morality of the tenants? There should be laws against a landlord building a beecomb for a house, and not making any provisions for ventilation, water and light. This is feasible, and should at once be attended to by the authorities of every city. It may be difficult to reform the old dwellings, though not impossible; but it is practicable for the authorities to say that no more such

#### Mutual Admiration-We Return the Compliment.

The following notice of our Journal we find in the November number of the Masonic Trowel, edited by our esteemed Brother of the mystic tie, Hon. Harmon G. Reynolds, and published by H. G. Reynolds & Son, Springfield, Illinois. A more valuable paper to the craft is not published in America, and perhaps not in the world, than the Trowel.

Bro. Reynolds is a scholar and Master, who needeth not to be ashamed of his works. His paper is a large quarto, of fine texture, and of beautiful typographical execution. Bro. H. G. Reynolds and ourself were law students at the same time, and residents of adjoining towns-Montpelier and Barrein the State of Vermont. We both emigrated to the State of Illinois at an early day. Bro. R. located at Rock Island, on the Mississippi, while we located at St. Charles, on Fox River. Bro. Reynolds soon afterwards moved to a more central part of the State, and has for many years been a bright luminary in the Masonic Order. He now fills and has for many years filled the high and responsible offices of Grand Secretary of all of the different Masonic Grand Bodies of the State of Illinois.

His talents and position combined fit him for the publication of the best journal devoted to the interests of the craft.

To our Masonic brethren everywhere we most cheerfully recommend the Trowel. Terms, \$1.25 per annum-issued monthly. Address H. G. Reynolds & Son, Springfield, Ill.

RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL. - A new can lidate for public favor appears on our table with the above title, devoted to Spiritual philosophy, arts, science, literature, romance, and general reform. It is an eight page sheet, somewhat larger than the Trowel, is printed on beautiful paper, and is a fine specimen of good printing and mechanical aste. The paper is published weekly, at Nos. 84, 86 and 88 Dearborn street, Chicago, at \$3.00 per annum, by the Religio-Philosophical Publishing ciation, of which our esteemed friend and brother, Hon. S. S. Jones, of St. Charles is President. The scholarship, taste and talent so conspicuous in every department of the JOURNAL make it a readable paper, and a credit to the Society .- Masonic Trowel.

### The Rise and Fall of Nations.

In to-day's paper will be found an abstract of a lecture delivered in this city on Sunday, the 19th ult. It was reported for the Chicago Republican, and published in that paper on Monday, the 20th. We publish the sermon for its literary execution and its historical worth. Do not fail to read it.

Editorial Items.

The Western Rural is to be published simultaneously in Chicago and Detroit.

"Landmarks of the Old Theologies, No. 9," came too late for this number of the JOURNAL.

We do not publish anonymous communications. S. J. Finney has been sick of chills and fever, but is again before the people in the capacity of speaker. CHRISTMAS. - The call in behalf of our children

has been heeded. "Blanche" has sent a fine sketch. Ada Ballou has promised a story. Hudson Tuttle has written them a splendid Christmas sermon, and Emma, his little wife, has written the "Sollloquy of Santa Claus after Christmas."

Wonder If Mrs. Annie White and "Fanchon" conclude that there will be no room for them?

HOLIDAY PRESENTS .- Tallmadge & Co. have a fine assortment of books, albums and other articles suitable for Christmas gifts.

"Sketches from Nature for My Juvenile Friends." By Frances Brown. Price, plain, 50 cents; half gilt, 63 cents, post-paid. For sale at this office,

#### Personal.

Mrs. Nellie Wiltsie will speak in Cincinnati during

Mrs. C. M. Stowe has gone to San Francisco, to lecture and practice medicine.

Mrs. A. A. Currier is drawing full houses in this

Rev. Moses Hull has accepted an invitation to speak one year in Milwaukee, Wis. He commences his labors in March. Mrs. T. Starr King has returned from California to

A. J. Davis is about making a lecturing tour

through the country. The West has a welcome for

#### To Contributors.

Elvira Wheelock and Emma Tuttle, your packages of prose and poems are here, and very, very welcome. Blessings upon your brave and womanly

Dr. Mayhew's "Notes by the Way, No. 1," are on file for next week. Please let us have No. 2 soon, and don't forget No. 3.

DR. CHILD.—The Narrative of our friend will be published next week.

S. J. FINNEY .- Thanks for your kind interest in the Journal. You will soon "appear in print."

"WHY AM I A SPIRITUALIST?"-Rev. A. J. Fishback has sent us an answer to that question. Be patient, brother, the well-meaning world will yet

acknowledge your right to be what you must be. ALBERT BRISBANE .- Your thoughts upon "Social Science" will be given to the world.

MRS. HARVEY A. JONES .- Your heart-hymns are on file for the printer. Thanks for them.

REV. A. M. WARDEN. - Your "Revelation" is waiting a place. MRS. BALLOU.-Be patient. You shall have a

hearing. Glad you have called brother Wilson to judgment. His philosophy is worth investigating.

E. V. Wilson.-"Life Experiences, No. 3," are waiting room.

### Notice of Meetings.

WASHINGTON, D. C .- The Association of Spiriualists of Washington hold meetings and have lectures every Sunday, at 11 A. M. and 736 P. M., in Seaton Hall, corner of Ninth and D Streets, near Pennsylvania Avenue. Cora L. V. Scott lectures during December. Communications on business connected with the Association, should be addressed to the Secretary, Dr. J. A. Rowland, Attorney General's

WARREN CHASE lectures during December in New York and Brooklyn. Address 274 Canal St., N. Y. During January, in Washington, D. C. During March, in Philadelphia. Will come to Ohio in April, and spend next summer mostly in Illinois.

Mrs. A. A. CURRIER will speak in Smith & Nixon's Hall, in this city, the Sundays of December.

Dr. Mayhew, the old pioneer Lecturer on Spiritualism, will commence a course of seven lectures, in Havanna, Ill., on the evening of Thursday, Dec. 7.

Dr. Mayhew is authorized to act as agent for the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL; and it is to be hoped the friends, wherever he may labor, will stand ready to sustain the only organ of Spiritualism in the great West.

All friends desiring his services before he leaves this State, must write him without delay, at the

### National Convention.

PROCEEDINGS OF SECOND DAY.

Through some unaccountable inadvertancy the following proceedings of the Second National Convention were omitted in the report sent us for publication. It probably was an accident of the copyist. At all events it was unintentional, and we hasten to place it before our readers:

Hon. Warren Chase presented the following pre-

amble and Resolution: Whereas, A large number of the people of this and other nations, have outgrown, mentally and spiritually, the sectarian institutions of Christianity, and have discovered many errors, fables and contradictions in the creeds, doctrines and authority of the various religious societies; and, Whereas, man is by nature a religious, as well as a social being, and has at last found in nature the evidences of a continued existence after death, and has practically opened an intercourse between the spiritual and mundane spheres; therefore,

Resolved, That we deem it practicable, expedient and important, for the believers in spiritual intercourse, in religious freedom and religious growth, to adopt, and as speedily as possible, effect local organizations; and also, by or through this Convention to adopt a plan, and as far as possible, effect a national and central organization, by which we can unite our strength and means to extricate our schools and all practical educational and scientific institutions and organizations from sectarian control; and for the furtherance of all reformatory measures, which we may from time to time adopt.

It was moved to amend the Resolution by striking out the word Christian. A lively discussion ensued which was participated in by several persons. As some of the speakers seemed to speak in disparagement of Christianity, the President, John Pierpont, arose and spoke in favor of Christianity. He did not consider that his Spiritualism interfered with the Christian religion. He was not less a Christian, because he was a Spiritualist. Some of the speakers had spoken of false Christianity. He denied that

there could be any false Christianity.

Judge Holt, of England, had decided that there could be no such thing as bad law. If he could choose the name by which he should be designated, t would be Christian Spiritualist.

Mrs. C. L. V. Scott opposed the Resolution. She thought it a great superfluity of effort to come here and recommend a merely financial organization. If all that is wanted is a merely business organization. every locality has sense enough to do this for itself. She trusted the attempt to organize would be a failure, and her purpose in attending the Convention was to make it a failure. She presented the usual arguments against organic effort, in a very strong and beautiful manner. Adjourned.

The Preamble and Resolution were finally adopted and a National Organization was effected, as our readers have been previously advised.

Responsibility.

The editors of THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL do not hold themselves responsible for the sentiments expressed by correspondents. Be-lieving in freedom of thought and the right of expression for ourselves, we would not deny the same right to others.

We only ask correspondents to base their thoughts upon principles that will be of benefit to the reader; to write clearly, pointedly, well,

### Clippings and Comments.

THE FASHIONS.

A correspondent in the New York Tribune has given the fushion followers a few well-deserved hints. We wish every man in the nation would rise in righteous rebellion against the shocking extravagance of our women. We wish, too, if, as is hinted, ladies dress to please the gentlemen, they would ridicule out of existence waterfulls, trails, and other disfiguring abominations. Here are the remarks referred to:

One summer day, the bachelors of Marselllesand on other summer days, other French bachelors after them, and again the bachelors of Ireland-in congress assembled, protested against the extrava-gant expenditure of the women whom they knew. These roses, undistilled, they said, must wither on their virgin stalks, bloom, fade, and die in single blessedness. For when a collar or a veil costs a month's salary, and the flowers in only one of the innumerable bonnets of a year represent the hard work of many days, what hope of a glowing fireside and well-ordered table, and all the ease, rest, and rosy atmosphere of home?

Now, whether it be that this cry of the Celibates has been heard in high places, or that rumor is right in declaring that the lovely empress has turned religiouse, and seatters no longer gold dust of pride, but ashes of penitence from her shining hair as she floats through her palace halls, certain it is that the most perfect Parisian toilets are

marked by a distinguishing simplicity.

Here, however, the Carnival of the Grotesque is still at its height. Broadway windows are glittering spider-webs, into which poor, little, foolish flies of fashion noisily flit, to escape only with despoiled purses, and alas! no atom of dear-bought wisdom. If Lydia Locket were to lose her pocket anywhere in that tempting thoroughfare, and Kitty Fisher found it, be sure there would be not a bit of money in it, only a ribbon round it. We open each morning's Tribune, expectant of the appeal from our young bachelors to the lovely and lavish Lydias to remember that the school of profuseness in which they graduate is not a healthy or noble one, and that clerks and salaried men, when honest, are not Crosuses. Yet there is much excuse for pretty Lydia, who, seeing charming things, naturally wants them, and does not dream that she is extravagant. She wears expensive garments to be attractive, because it is the fine instinct of the sex to please the other. If she believed that simple raiment and cheap attire were equally becoming, and equally beautiful in men's eyes, she would gladly wear it, and put the money saved to excellent uses. The mistake is, that dress is made a vanity, and not a fine art; that girls are taught, directly and indirectly, that it is not an accessory, but a principle; not the graceful means, but the important end. Such distinctive efforts at reform as we have had, have come from women with force enough to protest against the bad order of things, but without the fineness to perceive the latent causes, and the thorough cure; or, seeing, without social power to amend. What thoroughbred, elegant, refined woman of culture, of thought, of poetic instincts, of acknowledged position, will inaugurate the Golden Age of Fashion in dress, that her sisterhood may rise up and call her blessed? Meanwhile, bearing the ills we have, let us

#### WEIGHED AND FOUND WANTING.

There was a time when the Beechers preached Christ crucified. They have of late turned attention to later crucifixions. They see God's poor wearing the thorn-crown and bearing crosses. So these mighty Evangelists warning men, and weighing measures, and denbancing sandy founda-

We clip the following from the Independent.

Is it strange that men under the inspiration of worldly ambitions, men in sympathy with parties, men actuated by the feelings which are most influential in the age in which they live, men not not taught in the sanctuary, or enlightened on the subject of their moral duty, men that were living for the time being-is it strange that they should understand the pure spirit that refused to identify himself with anything that was merely secular or transient? Is it strange that they who despised the poor should have despised Him who was the friend of the poor, and who preached the Gospel to the poor? Is it strange that a man who consorted with publicans and sinners should have been despised by men who would not touch a sinner with-out afterwards washing their hands, lest they might be defiled? It does not show that they were to an extraordinary degree depraved. They were fair specimens of average human nature. You can hew out such men from the timber that we have to-day. They acted exactly as you and I act. They acted just as this nation has been acting. They acted as every nation acts. The men that prove to be the regenerators of mankind begin as Christ did, despised and subjected to obloquy by the laws and accredited sources of government. All men that hold in their hands the supposed authorities of re-ligion turn themselves against these on-coming men of power, who, though they are uncomely, shape the foundations of the New Jerusalem, which are to be laid, not as the foundations of human institutions are, of hay, wood, clay, and stubble, but of precious stones, in immortal principles of truth, which shall never pass away. But as long as there is a God and a Providence in this world, you never shall lay the foundations of any party or sect in anything less than absolute justice and right, and have it stand. Build your house on a rock, and it will not be shaken to pieces; but build it on the sand, and see if the first tide that flows and ebbs does not carry it down. They that build on purity and rectitude are steadfast and safe; but they that build on arrangements, on nice and cunning devices, on compromises, in order to dodge duty, are liable at any moment to be overthrown and destroyed. We have been living for years and years in a period in which men have sacrificed principle for the sake of quieting the community, for the sake of gaining peace, for the sake of settling in an easy manner questions which God Almighty was determined should not be settled till they were settled right. We have been living for years and years in a period in which men have exhausted all their ingenuity to suppress those Christian influences which have been at work in the world. And we have had the church and religion against Christ in his exponents in the land. We have had the law against Christ. Government and commerce have been against Christ. And they have all joined in the cry, "Crucify him! crucify him!" And men said, "Now we will have peace." But did you get it? Did you get it in the church? Did you get it in the state? God threw wide open the doors of hell, and out came the flames of war; and they were the peace you got. Crying "Peace," you got fire. Why? Because for so many years men resolutely refused to come up to the grounds of moral truth and moral principle, and stand on them, and say, "Here shall we abide, and we will forever seek that which is just and good." And I summon them, one by one, laden with sin and burdened with iniquity, to rise and come to judgment, and bear witness that, when truth and right are persecuted, there is no peace,

and there shall be no peace. Now, having gone through five bloody years, we come again to great questions which stand petitioning at our doors, and God says: "Settle them on principles of justice and rectitude, and you shall have peace." But the whole nation are asking, justice and rectitude, and you s "Ought we not, after so long a time, to arrange so as to have peace?" And men are saying, "Why insist upon such radical ideas? Why not accept more temperate views?" And those views which they call temperate, and which they are urging us to adopt, are views that have lies in them. And I stand up again to say Truth has no revolution in the stand up again to say, Truth has no revolution in it. Right has no change in it. Justice is always safe and sure. And if you are not willing to do the thing that is right, now—if you must crucify Christ because He will not join your party, your faction, your religion—then crucify Him; but remember the eighteen hundred years of darkness, and revolution, and turmoil that followed His first crucifixion. The great battle of God Almighty is not fought out yet, and you will have more of it in your day. If you want peace, do right. If you will not do right, remember that God is the incendiary of the unit verse, and that He will burn your plans, and will by and by burn you with unquenchable fire.

INFIDELITY COMPLIMENTED. Henry Ward Beecher, in a sermon, pays the following tribute to skeptics:

Who were the Sadducees? They were men who were skeptics in religion. They were men who dishelieved, therefore, in moral government and moral restraint. They were men who were levient moral restraint. toward human feelings; who sought to make life agreeable; who amiably took the side of their fellow-men, and broke down superstitions, and took away priestly rule. The Sadducees were men that labored with those around about them, not for the sake of lifting them higher, but for the sake of making them happier,

Mr. Beecher did not, of course, expect his hearers to understand that these unbelieving Sadducees would enter the kingdom of heaven before his church-members; but most of us would be as willing to be classed with them as with the righteous Pharisee, who hopes to be first upon the list of

#### Business Matters.

MBS. A. H. ROBINSON'S SEANCES,-Mrs. A. H. Robinson, the medium, through whom the communications are given, found upon the sixth page of this paper, will be found at the reception room, No. 87) of the Religio-Philosophical Publishing Association, Lombard Block, (first building west of the Post Office, Chicago,) from 2 to 4 o'clock, P. M. and from 7 to 9 evenings, Saturdays, Sundays and Mondays, excepted.

Admission tickets can be procured at Tallmadge's Book Store, on the left hand of the front entrance to Lombard Block. At which place, also, all kinds of Spiritual and other Reformatory Books can be

L. L. FARNSWORTH, medium for answering sealed letters. Address P. O. Box 282, Chicago, Hl. Residence, 214 North Carpenter street. Persons en-closing three dollars, and six three cent stamps, will receive a prompt reply.

CHURCH'S SEANCES .- Mr. W. T. Church, physical and test medium, having located permanently in this city, may be consulted at his residence, No. 882 Wabash avenue, between the hours of 9 A.M. and 4 P.M. Persons wishing to attend either the seances or developing circles, will find it to their interest to call upon him at their earliest convenience, and procure fickets to the same. Chicago, Nov. 17, 1865.

MRS. C. M. JORDAN, Writing and Prophetic Medium, 78 North Dearborn street, Chicago. 10-tf.

A New Book.-Just published by the "Religio-Philosophical Association," entitled "The Biogra-phy of Satan," or a historical exposition of the Devil and his Dominions; disclosing the Oriental origin of the belief in a Devil and future endless punishment. Also, the Pagan origin of the scriptural terms, "Bottomless Pit," "Lake of Fire and Brimstone," "Keys of Hell," "Chains of Darkness," "Everlasting Punishment," "Casting out Devils," etc., etc. With an explanation of the meaning and origin of the traditions respecting the Dragon chasing the woman—"The Woman clothed with the Sun," etc., By K. Graves, author of Christianity before Christ, or, The World's Sixteen Crucified Saviors. (Fear hath torment.) Read! Read! Read! 'something new and something true," and be saved from (the fear of) endless damnation.

The "Biography of Satan" will be found to be a work of rare novelty, curiosity and value to the general reader, and of the most intense and momentous interest to the fear-bound professor of religion, of every name and nation in the world. It contains a very extensive, rare and compact collection of historical facts upon the several points treated on. The following list of its contents will furnish some idea of the work, viz.; "Address to the Reader. Chapter 1st. Evils and demoralizing effects of the doc-trine of endless punishment. Chapter 2d. Ancient traditions respecting the origin of Evil and the Devil. Chapter 3d. A wicked Devil and an endless Hell, not taught in the Jewish Scriptures. Chapter th. Explanation of the words Devil and Hell in the Old Testament. Chapter 5th. God (and not the Devil) the author of evil according to the Christian Bible. Chapter 6th. God and the Devil originally twin brothers and known by the same title. Chapter 7th, Origin of the terms "Kingdom of Heaven, and Gates of Hell," also of the traditions respecting the dragon chasing the woman-the woman clothed with the Sun, etc. Chapter 8th. Hell first instituted in the skies; its origin and descent from above. Chapter 9th. Origin of the tradition respecting the "Bottomless pit." Chapter 10th. Origin of the belief in "A Lake of Fire and Brimstone. Chapter 11th. Where is Hell? Tradition respecting its character and origin. Chapter 12th. Origin of the notion of man's evil thoughts and actions being prompted by a Devil. Chapter 13th. The Christian Devil-whence imported or borrowed. Chapter 14th. The various retributive terms of the Bible of Oriental origin. Chapter 15th. The doctrine of future punishment, of Heathen and priestly origin, invented by Pagan priests. Conclusion: 163 ques tions addressed to believers in post mortem punish ment. Appendix: Origin of the traditions respect-ing "The War in Heaven." Fallen angels being transformed into Devils, and an explanation of the terms Hell, Hades, Gehenna, Tartarus, Valley of Hinnom, The worm that never dies, etc. Conclu-

ding Remarks. For sale at this office. Price 50 cts.

be a matter of doubt.

DR. BRYANT AT KALAMAZOO, MICH .- We copy the following from the Kalamazoo Gazette, of No-

vember 17, 1865: Dr. J. P. Bryant—The Modus Operandi and PHILOSOPHY OF HIS MODE OF TREATMENT .- The fact that thousands have been cured of a certain class of disorders, mostly those of functional derangement, by simple manipulation, by Dr. Bryant, has been testified to by hundreds of disinterested persons, including, as well, shrewd, practical men of business, as the most educated and enlightened among scholars, editors, clergymen, professors, etc., that the truth of his wonderful success cannot now

The rationale of his method, therefore, must possess peculiar interest; and from a personal opportunity, of a very favorable kind, of judging of this, we think it can be very clearly presented in a few

simple statements: First, as to the man himself. He owes his power to his peculiar personal constitution; of highly refined, nervous organization, with strong will-power, and great muscular energy, (although small and slender in person,) he possesses a wonderful development of the moral faculties, and a peculiar psy-chological faculty of blending with the mental atmosphere of those whom he approaches. Therefore, as soon as seen, he has your confidence. He stands before you no humbug, no charlatan, no mercenary, only intent on your money, but a sympathizing, benevolent and devoted philanthropist. yearning for the power to assuage the sufferings of his fellow men; in thousands of instances shedding tears of joy over the relief that he has brought to some poor sufferer, whose only compensation to their benefactor was, not money, but a faltering tongue and an overflowing heart. Thus much as to the man. Second, as to the philosophy. Many persons are in-

valid from the possession, in their minds, of a fixed idea that they are ailing. These are cured by removing that idea or impression. This is achieved by a peculiar psychological influence, and the results are generally instantaneous. Chronic cases, where there is no organic disease, but simply functional derangement, being the result of disordered nervous forces, are cured by movements and manipulations calculated to restore the deranged forces to their normal or harmonious action. In many cases of this kind, the results are immediate; in others, time and continued treatment are required. Organic troubles are healed, or not, according to their condition and extent. Each case is necessarily decided on its own standing. There are cases, of course, beyond the reach of human aid; and the Doctor can do no more than alleviate suffering or palliate the

condition of the patient. The whole process is a work in accordance with fixed laws. The early Christian writers record maltitudes of cures by similar means, by men possessir the requisite gifts of mental, moral and spiritual organization. The most successful in modern times are those who, to the required organic qualifications

nite a high sense of the momentous power they ossess, and a true, deep sympathy with suffering urnamity, and a desire to give relief, if need be, othout any other reward than the thankful heart, ad the evidence of fellow men being freed from pain, and restored to executives. To this class all who ome in contact with Dr. Bryant, will feel at once in the contact with Dr. Bryant, will feel at once Is title to belong; and to the fact that he does so, r a manner peculiarly conspicuous, is owing to his stonishing success wherever he has put in practice is strange and wonderful power over the mysteries I the human organism.

Dr. Bryant will commence practice at Southern Michigan House, Coldinater, Michigan, Nov. 25, 1895, emaining there till December 10.

DR. PERSONS, "THE HEALER," - We copy the fol-owing from the Milwaukee Dady News of Novem-er 16th:

WONDEBRUL CURES AT THE DYNAMIC INSTITUTE IN THIS CITY.—The attention of the public here and sewhere has been called at different times to notice he wonderful gifts some individuals possess in the healing of disease, and the press has been called upon to give publicity to their deeds. Eastern operators have been here and in Chicago, and crowds have called to be relieved. We desire to say that we have one of these noted doctors in our midst-Dr. Persons; one of the proprietors of the above named Institute whose cures place him in the front rank of all the operators who have as yet presented themselves to the public. If you visit his office you find in one corner a pile of canes and crutches taken from those who were obliged to use them from five to twenty years, all cared in from five to twenty minutes. Stepping to his desk, he will hand you more certificates of cures than you would find time to peruse. He gave us a few copies of some performed within a few days, and for the benefit of the afflicted, we publish them. We are satisfied from what we saw that the doctor takes no certificates without the cure is certain. Read the

For the benefit of afflicted humanity, I desire to state that my wife, Mrs. A. B. Thomas, has been a sufferer from Prolapsus Uteri, or falling of the womb, and spinal affection with general prostration of the nervous system, at times unable to feed herself. This has been her condition for the last six years, for five years wholly unable to walk, having to be drawn about the house in a chair. I brought her to the Dynamic Institute, Oct. 9, 1865, and in ten minutes' treatment by Dr. Persons, she arose from her bed and walked off without help. She has re-gained her health rapidly, and now takes lengthy walks, free from any difficulty. Her speedy reco-very has gladdened the hearts of her many friends, and we cannot refrain from advising all sufferers to go to the Dynamic Institute and get healed.
CYRUS B. THOMAS.

Westfield, Marquette Co., Wis., Nov. 1, 1865.

A remarkable case of deafness cured. I hereby certify that my wife, Elizabeth, 26 years of age, has been deaf from her earliest recollection, so much so as to be unable to hear ordinary conversation, always suffered from running sores in her ears. In this condition she came to the Dynamic Institute, and in one treatment of a few minutes by Dr. Persons, could hear very well and after the second treatment her hearing was perfectly restored. R. G. Sawyer, 201 Spring St.

Milwaukee, Oct. 28, 1865.

I hereby certify that my son Rudolphus A. Smith, has been afflicted with nervous spasms for the last five years, having as many as twenty spasms daily, rendering him insensible five minutes at a time, and never free from them for a single day. He came to the Dynamic Institute, Nov. 13th, 1865, and in one treatment by Dr. Persons, he was entirely relieved. My post office address is Chicaktuc, Door County, JOSEPHINE B. SMITH.

The above Institution is located on Marshall st .. No. 587, and within 200 feet of the street railroad.

### Deaths.

Death, life's faithful servant, comes to loose the worn sandals,

Passed to the Beyond, from Auburn, Ohio, Nov. 12, 1865, after a severe illness of three weeks, Mrs. Joicy, wife of Henry Sweet, aged 51 years, 10 months and 18 days.

The deceased had resided in Auburn for many years. She was well and favorably known. She was ever prompt in ministering to the sick and afflicted. She leaves a husband and five children to mourn her death.

She rejected the religious superstitions and mythologies of the dead past, and joyfully accepted the soul-vivifying truths of the religion of Nature. The day before her death she exclaimed, "There is father!" though he passed to the spiritrealm two years ago. Her daughter asked "Do you see your father ?" and she replied, "His spirit." A few minutes later she spoke of hearing "sweet singing and beautiful preaching." The angels and loved ones were present to go with her across

" Let living Trust serenely pour Her sunlight on our pathway dim, And Death can have no terrors more, But holy joy shall walk with him." GEO. WM. WILSON. AUBURN, O., Nov., 1865.

### SPEAKERS' REGISTER.

Speakers for whom we advertise are solicited to act as agents for the Religio-Philosophical Journal. W. P. Anderson, Spirit Artist. Address P. O. Box 2521

MRS. H. F. M. BROWN'S post office address is drawer 6325,

MRS AUGUSTA A. CURRIER will lecture in Chicago, Ill., during December. Will answer calls to lecture in the West through the Winter. Address box 815, Lowell, Mass., or

HENRY T. CHILD, M. D., 634 Race street, Philadelphia, Pa. DR. JAMES COOPER, Bellefontaine, O.

L. K. Coonley, a Trance Speaker and Clairvoyant will lecture and heal, in Marshall, Bureau county, until further notice. WARREN CHASE will lecture in New York and Brooklyn during December; during January and February next in Washington, D. C.; during March in Philadelphia, and will spend next summer in the West.

REV. JAMES FRANCIS will lecture in Southern Illinois, Northern Missouri, and as far north as Minnesota for several months. Address, Warren, Ill., care of Dr. H. H. Way, till further notice. J. G. Fish will speak in Providence, R. I., during Decem-

ber and February; in Lowell, Mass., during January. Address. Hammonton, N. J. S. J. FINNET's post office address is Ann Arbor, Mich. L. P. GRIGGS, Magnetic Physician, will answer calls to lecture and heal the sick. Address, Evansville, Wis.

J. B. HARRISON, formerly midister of the Methodist Protestant Church, Kendallville, Noble Co., Ind. D. H. HAMILTON will answer calls to lecture on Reconstruction and the True Mode of Communitary Life. Address,

Dr. Jos. J. HATLINGER, Trance Speaker, will answer calls to lecture on Sundays, or to organized circles during week day evenings, in any part of this country. Will also organise Lyce

ums, and speak, either entranced or in his normal condition Can be addressed at 25 Court street, New Haven, Conn. MRS. SUSIE A. HUTCHINSON will speak in Stafford Springs

ANNA M. MIDDLEBROOK, Box 778, Bridgeport, Conn. J. M. PEEBLES, of Battle Creek, Mich., will lecture in Provi-dence, R. I., during October; in Lowell, Mass, during No-

L. JUDD PARDER, Somerset, Somerset Co., Pa.

J. L. Porres, Trance Speaker, will make engagements throughout the West to speak where the friends may desire. Address Cedar Falls, Iowa, P.O. Box 170, until surther motion. J. T. Rouse may be addressed P. O. Box 306, Mikhart, Ind. CORA L. V. SCOTT will lecture in Washington, E. C., Suring December. Address to care of Dr. J. A. Bowland, Attorney

BENJAMIN | TODD, Normal Speaker, will lecture in Charlestown, Mass., during December; in Washington, D. C., in March. He is ready to answer calls to lecture in the New England and Middle States. Address as above, or care of

Banner of Light office. HUDSON AND EXEX TUTTLE, Berlin Heights, Ohio.

P. L. Wansworth bectures in Sturgis, Mich., Sunday morning and evening, until further notice. Address accordingly. MRS. Lots Watsencoure may be addressed at Liverpool, Ol.

N. FRANK WHITE will becture in Battle Creek, Mich., Dec. Sd., 16th and Wah; Pewitt, Mich., Peo. Slat; Milwankee, Wiz., through January. Applications for week evenings and unengaged Sundays for the rest of the winter and spring will be responded to Apply immediately. Mrs. A. Wrinnen, M. D., would notify the friends of Western Rimois, Southern Rows, and Northern Missouri, that she can be addressed, care of Jas, Thompson, Box 135, Daven-port, Iowa, autil further notice.

ELLIAN Woodwests, Inspirational Speaker. Address, Loslie,

E V. Willey, will lecture in Louisville, Ky, during December. Will answer calls to lecture week nights, within fifty miles of this place,

### COMMUNICATIONS FROM THE INNER LIFE,

"He shall give His angels charge concerning thee."

All communications under this head are given through Mrs. A. H. Robinson, A well-developed trance medium, and may be implicitly relied upon as coming from the source they purport to—the spirit world.

NOVEMBER 23. INVOCATION.

Oh, Our Father! With a consciousness of Thy power, and Thy wisdom, we again approach Thee, and as a part of Thy children offer our sincere thanks for the privilege Thou hast given us, in manifesting ourselves unto Thy children who are get upon earth.

We thank Thee that Thou hast so enlightened their minds that they are enabled to receive us with thankful hearts, and listen to words of comfort and consolation that we, through Thy divine wisdom, are enabled to give unto them. Not through fear do we approach Thee, for we know that Thou art the embodiment of goodness, and we have nought

But, with thankful hearts and desires intense. would we bask in the sunshine of Thy ever-enduring love. Feeling that assurance we would call upon every one to worship Thee, as the Creative Principle and an ever-present spirit; and as they would thank Thee for their joys, may they also thank Thee for seeming sorrows; for as they realize that Thou art the Creative Power-the life and animating principle of all things-they will see Thee alike in joy and sorrow.

May every trial which it shall be our lot to experience bring us to a more perfect understanding of Thee, and for these things we will ever thank and praise Thee, our Father.

#### QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

Q. While you are controling a medium, do you then feel the same as you did while an inhabitant of the earth life?

A. I feel as if I was living on the material plane, yet it is not so sensitive, or in other words, the faculties are more obtuse. Yet if a finger were to be amoutated during my control of the medium, I should feel it; but the medium would know nothing of it until I withdrew my influence, and she returned to consciousness.

Q. When you withdraw your influence from a medium, is it similar to a death scene, or to the spirit's releasing its hold of its earthly or material body?

A. It differs from the death scene in this particular. When the spirit withdraws itself from its earthly body, it does not leave the life of the body; that also departs with it. When I entrance a medium, and then withdraw my influence, the life does not leave the medium's body, as it does at the death of a person; consequently there is no struggle between the spirit controling and the organism of the person controled.

Q. At the death of a person there is often an apparent struggle of the body to hold on to life. Is there a consciousness of suffering by the dying per-

A. No, the person does not realize any suffering. The spirit is so far withdrawn from the external, as to render it unconscious of outward conditions, and takes no cognizance of the struggle that is going on upon the material plane which it has just left; neither has it arrived at a state of consciousness upon the spiritual plane.

In a majority of cases there is no struggle at death. In neither case does the person suffer. Pain is only the result of an effort of nature to restore a perfect

balance of the life forces in the system. Nature is untiring in her efforts to keep up this

equilibrium so long as she has power to do so. Q. When you commence controling a medium, the eyes and countenance undergo a change, resembling death-what is the cause of that appearance? A. It is caused by the closing of the external

Q. How is that accomplished?

A. There is a law by which it is done. When the positive and negative forces of the medium are equally balanced, there is an external consciousness; but when that balance is destroyed throughout the system by reason of the positive influence of the controling spirits, then the external senses of the medium become sealed, and then it is that the appearance of death ensues, and continues just so long as the positive influence of the spirit is exerted upon the medium.

We take advantage of a known law by the force of our will.

Q. Are there many spirits who can make use of that law? Have many the power?

A. No, not individually. It requires the combined powers of many spirits to fit a medium for general control. Some spirits control far better than others. Those who possess most of the positive element can best control.

Q. Is it detrimental to the health of a medium to be frequently entranced?

A. That depends wholly upon circumstances, not

only of the medium, but of the surroundings. It is necessary that the medium should be in usual health-good circulation of the blood, and the stomach should not be filled with food. When a medium is entranced, the system is in a negative condition, and consequently the circulation of the blood is very much diminished. The digestive organs become inactive, and food in the stomach at such times remains almost entirely undigested. Consequently, it is necessary that the system should be adapted to the conditions induced by the trance. state, or it does prove injurious to be often en-

As to the surroundings, we have already said the system, at such times, is in a negative state, consequently is very susceptible to the surrounding elements. If brought into the sphere of disease, the medium is susceptible to it, and is more or less affeeted by it; therefore you will readily see the necessity of the medium's own surrounding conditions being adapted to the trance state, or injurious effects are liable to follow to the medium.

Conditions all being favorable, it is not injurious. Q. Do healing mediums ever take disease from sick patients, which proves of permanent injury to

such mediums? A, Yes, they do.

Q. How are such effects to be avoided by me-A. Do as the spirits controlling direct. When

they do that, they will be enabled to throw off the Q. Do controling spirits watch with vigilance their mediums, and endeavor to make conditions favorable

for their health? A. They do. All mediums can bear witness to the truth of my statements: But the controling spirits cannot, at all times, exert sufficient influence over those mediums to induce them to exercise that caution and discretion necessary to the maintenance

Mediums, being naturally of a negative tempera-

ment, are subject to various attractions and indiscretions, which are often detrimental to health; but if you at any time feel disposed to censure, let your censure be of the surroundings, and not the medlums. They are not responsible for their own organisms any more than you are for yours, and it is a fact that their organisms are of a fine, sensitive nature, or they could not be controled by spirits. Spirits who have passed from the material plane need a refined element to enable them to approach the material plane for controling and making themselves manifest to the material world. That element is found in the various phases of mediumship.

QUESTIONS BY A GENTLEMAN PRESENT. Q. What are the principal employments of spirits in the early, as well as the later part of their spiritual existence; and what changes take place, and

A. When persons enter upon the spiritual plane of existence, they at once gravitate toward that sphere of action which gives them the greatest pleasure—that for which they by nature are best adapted. For instance, yours would be for the elevation of your fellow men intellectually, morally and philosophically; while the lady present on your right hand would be delighted in unfolding and presenting the beautiful for her own gratification and for the gratification and improvement of others. Later in spirit life these traits of character will become stronger and stronger, and the capacity or capability for instructing others in spirit life and impressing thoughts upon the inhabitants of the material plane, will be perfected. To all eternity the field of thought and action will become more and more extended. Everything in the universe is beautiful. The lady on your right has a faculty and taste to transfer what she conceives to be beautiful to canvass, and thus reproduces it for the observation of others. You symbolize your thoughts in sentences upon paper. Both are beautiful-equally

Q. Is there any suffering, spiritually, as punishment or otherwise, except as remorse for the errors, misdoings and indiscretions of life, while on earth? A. When you speak of real suffering, your

thoughts are confined to the material plane of ex-

There is no suffering, spiritually, excepting that of the mind-that depends much upon the sensitiveness of the sufferer. Then, again, the question of remorse depends very much upon the motives which actuated the individual; and as every person is to be his own judge, he judges himself from the motives which moved to the commission of the acts

When he sits in judgment upon himself for indiscretions, he looks at the cause which induced him to be indiscreet-whether it was a hereditary one, or from external surroundings.

There is another kind of suffering : A loving child. or friend in spirit life sympathizes with loved ones on earth, whom they desire to see happy. They see them miserable. They desire to make them understand the right. They cannot do it. Their deep sympathy for them causes them pain, but this is overcome by kind guardians who show the reason and necessity for all that their friends endure or

The greatest suffering mankind will have to endure in the present or the future state, will be the remorse arising from their reflections upon the errors, misdoings and indiscretions of their past

Q. Are the communications between spirits attended with any noise, voice, or sound?

A. We converse as you and I are now conversing. To all appearance, or to our senses, we hear the sound; but still the thoughts are mirrored upon the countenance.

You, on the material plane, cannot hear us with your material organs of hearing; to make ourselves heard through them we get control of the organs of speech of a medium, and talk to you. While doing so we are acting on the material plane to meet your material wants. There are persons who do hear spirit voices—such are clairaudient.

NOVEMBER 27.

When the time comes that spirits, disembodied, can with their own hands transfer their thoughts to paper, it will be more satisfactory to their friends, and also to the spirits.

That time will soon come.

[Will they be able to write in open daylight in the presence of persons, who can see the same done?]

[To a gentleman present.] There is a lady standing by you of medium height, dark eyes and hair. Her hair is arranged in a peculiar style. Not long in the spirit world, I judge. You have not yet

learned of her departure from earth life. I was about to remark that when that time arrives, no mediums will be injured by being subject to spiritual control or influence. That mediums are injured by such influences I can say, and truthfully, too, for I was used for that purpose myself, for several years, before I passed from the material plane of existence: I used to get aid by taking hold of some one's hand. Let me see if I can from yours. [Taking a gentleman present by the hand.]

The different phases of my mediumistic powers, were looked upon by many as being very strange. At times the influence seemed harmonious to myself and to those around me, and I was then enabled to accomplish a vast amount of good, by relieving the slek and also in giving many very satisfactory tests. I believe people are as auxious to-day for tests as when they first began to investigate Spiritualism. At other times the influence was of that nature, that I would treat my dearest and most intimate friends in a manner that was exceedingly unpleasant to myself and also to them. There would be times that it would seem as if hands were clasped around my neck, and, as I remarked at the time, I believed they were trying to choke me to death. The feeling at the time was so intense that it seemed as though I should be strangled, and I was told by those present that I was black in the face. I have since heard that it was owing to the antagonistic influences that surrounded me-the emanations of different individuals, who came for tests from me. They were tests, as no one could suppose I did it myself. Although such influences were very unpleasant at the time, it was only an apparent suffering, as I very soon, seemingly, recovered from it, but still it had its effect, and, in time, told upon my physical system.

I think I passed through what you call death sooner than I should had it not been for those violent attacks. They affected me in every part of my

I for several months experienced chills and fever

I don't know whether I ought to give any advice to mediums or not. If they will not heed the advice of the spirits controling them, I don't know as they would heed me.

I now wish to tell what I came for, that is to

rectly upon the plane I used to occupy in earth life. I must do so then. My brother Tom will say, that is more like Sam himself. Tom, although you will say it is not like him, yet I will tell you, you did not know all about me.

We see your anxiety to be used for a good and what you call substantial medium; and you have been told many times through mediums, and in different ways, that you would be such. Now, Tom, we are bound to fulfil that promise. Yes, you are right-we will do it.

Now I will tell you what that will be. We see your anxiety, and think, perhaps, it will be as well, and may be better, to tell what phase of mediumship it will consist of.

I don't really know what name to give it, but it is that phase that upon the medium's face and hands spirits can develop letters, words and sentences, so that one can read answers to questions from spirits thereon. That will be a new phase of mediumship through him and others, and it will be very satisfactory. You may think it strange, but it

Everybody present on such occasions can read answers given to these questions in that manner.

To your knowledge we had many jolly good times together, and we will have many more. Good times are not incident to earth life alone. We can have good times in spirit life as well as in earth life.

My name is Sum. Tom will know who it is. [A gentleman asked: Does the entrancing of mediums induce any particular disease ?]

A: It affects the weaker or diseased portion of the medium at first, and afterwards extends to all parts of the system. Good bye, sir.

NOVEMBER 28.

SAM, MCGONNELL.

I don't believe in preaching any more now than I did before I died-what you call died. I am not dead. I don't believe in long faces, nor priestly appearances. I believe when one comes here to communicate, he should come and tell his story in such a manner as would convince his friends and acquaintances that he is the person he claims to be. I suppose you don't have any idea who I am. I

will tell you when I get a good ready. I don't suppose my folks will receive this as coming from me, but I have an opportunity to

come, and I am going to make the best of it. I used to attend your kind of meetings now and

I would not have believed Julia would ever get married. I know she loved me and I loved her. I believe, too, she thinks more of my picture, at imes, than she does of her man.

I was always lively and full of fun. Most everybody gave me credit for that, if they didn't for knowing much.

If anybody had told me when I left home, that I was to be killed in the way I was, and then come back here in this way, I would not have believed them. [Little boy came into the room.] Is that Horry? [Gentleman present said, "Yes."] How he has grown. Horry, come here. [Little boy said, "Did you ever know me?"] Yes, and you will know me, when I tell you who I am.

I did not have to suffer, though, from being sick. I enjoyed myself after I went into the service first rate. I liked the boys, and I guess most of them liked me. I liked the Colonel, too. There was just excitement enough to suit me. I liked that.

I was in the 8th Illinois cavalry. I suppose you know now who I am, on't you? [Gentleman addressed said, "I do not think who you are."]

You know Colonel Farnsworth's regiment, don't you? [Yes.] Well, you know Conklin had a company, don't you-company A? [Yes.] I belonged to company A.

I want to tell Julia, though she is married, she knows I thought more of her than of all my folks. I want to tell her I am with her. I have been with her when she felt bad; have seen her cry. I shall ever be with her, and shall never see anybody I shall think more of than I do of her.

My folks will do the best they can, anyhow. They have a tough road to travel. Say, Horry-[to. the little boy present |-- do you know what company Sam McGonnell was in? [Yes.] Where did you ever see Sam McGonnell? [I saw him when looking in the looking-glass.]

Well, Squire, that is enough to set them thinking ; and I must go quick. Give me your hand. [Shook hands and said, ]-I will come again, sometime, if I

[EDITORIAL REMARKS.—The last communicating spirit was well known to the President of this Corporation. He resided in the same town, St. Charles, Ill. He was a social young man, who enlisted in Colonel. (now General) Farnsworth's regiment, the 8th Illinois cavalry, company A., Captain (now Major) Conklin's company, and was killed in the service. He knew the little boy Horace, whom he spoke to. while controling the mediam, and called by the familiar name, Horry. His family and friends referred to by him, are well known in St. Charles.]

ALTA HOWARD.

Please, sir, will you say before you close your meeting that Alta Howard wants to talk to her father and mother, and all the folks at home? want them to fix it so I can talk to them there. don't like to talk before strangers-before everybody. It has been but a little while since I came here. There is a big lot of nice things, though, here, where I am, I want to tell them all about them. don't want mamma to cry either, because she makes me feel bad when she does. They take good care of me, they do. I did not mean to cry. [Wiping the tears from the medium's face, which were flowing freely.] I can see mamma every time she cries, and papa, too. He says I am better off. [Is not that so?] I don't know-I like my folks.

My throat was sore when I died. It is not sore

That is all I want to tell now. I was only a little bit of a girl.

HENRY

Said: That little girl wanted to know what was going to be done with what was said here. She was told. Then she said, I want to say something for my folks. She was told to try. She did so, but when she talked about her mother, she could not help

MOLTE WILLIAMS. Will you please let me talk? If you will, I won't

Molte Williams is my name. [Do you spell it Molte?] I don't know; they called me Molte Williams. I know how old I am. I am six. know where I lived, too. Pora-Poria. [Peoria?] Yes, that is it. I know what my papa's name is, too. His name is Wilson. There were little children there that I used to play with, and mamma said their name was just like my papa's first name. My mamma used to curl my hair. My hair used to curl, and it curls now, too. I don't ery, do I?

get this? Don't you think she will? You will put it where she will get it, won't you? [I will mail a paper to your folks that contains your message.] Thank you. I have got a good many nice things here. One of these days I am going to school. Then I am going to be a big man. Then I can tell a good many things. Have I not been good? [Yes, you have done nicely. | My mother's name is Nellie. They live in Peoria-they did when I died. It was but a little while ago. Father used to have books, and mamma would not let me take them. Good bye. Thank you, maam.

### The Rise and Fall of Nations.

BY REV. ROBERT COLLYER.

At Unity church, on the corner of Chicago avenue and Dearborn street, the Rev. Robert Collyer preached a sermon, taking his text from the thirgenth chapter of St. Luke, and thirteenth verse. The sermon was a very eloquent and interesting one, and was listened to with close attention by the large congregation who were assembled in the church. The object of the sermon was to show that there is a tendency for nations, religious and families to advance and decline; and that no nation or religion can hope to keep advancing, unless it follows the truth, and allows itself to be governed in all things by God's laws.

The following is an abstract of Mr. Collyer's

TEXT: "There are last which shall be first, and there are first which shall be last." St. Luke xiii. 30. In the British museum, at London, there is one wonderful sight. It is the collection of the antiquities of some of the most notable nations that have ever lived, and that now live on the earth, ranged side by side. It embraces objects of curiosity and interest from two thousand years before to fifteen hundred years after the birth of Christ, including everything to be had for love or money, that can illustrate the actual life and thought, especially of Egypt, Assyria, Greece, Rome, and Britain, from the god before whose face a nation once bowed in the dust to a child's toy, from the resting place of a great king to a fowl roasted at a fire that has been dead for twenty-five centuries; sculptures in a granite hard as flint, that were cut when men knew no harder metal than copper and tin; fabrics of silk and frail paper; grand limestone formations, and ivory carvings from Nineven; marble and gold into which Greece poured the choicest treasures of her best days; iron and bronze from old Rome; and fints and rude earthenware from the earliest age of that Britain, whose very name was only what America was before Columbus, or less, when these ivories were carved, these letters written, and that picture painted out of which the eyes still look at you in a sweet, frank way that is infinitely sad. I think it would be a new era in the life of a man, just to see these things for the first time. It turns the hearsay of books into actual, solid and satisfactory realities. and enlarges the vision of life and time almost as if one should arise from the dead who had seen Pharaoh in his fury, or Belshazzar at his feast, or had witnessed the Olympic games, or the first siege of Rome by the Gauls, or the desperate defence of their cliffs by the Britons. But the prime significance of the sight lies most of all in the thought it brings, as you see, side by side, these achievements of glory, and power, and pride, and the rude copper bangles and earthenware and flints, and remember that they are all gathered into a museum established in a land that could do nothing better than this work of savages while these others were creating these evidences of genius, industry and elevation, gathered into what is now the queen city of the world, by a nation that has come up since Egypt, Assyria, Greece and Rome went down into the dust, and has expanded from a nation into a race, and a race that, bove all others, is to mould the world's destinles: that hopes where others reflect; that marches while others retrace; that seeks the lost Eden, not by furning back, but by keeping on; that has lost nothing that is essential which any other race ever had, but has gained some essentials of which they never dreamed, and is yet to gain more than it dreams for itself. You wander through these halls and see all this, while the roar of London is penetrating through and through the silence, and wonder whether London will yet be silent as the hundred-gated city, and New York lonely and desoiate as Nineveh; whether Chicago will ever fight as hard against the innovations of the millennium -- for there will be a class that will be as much disgusted with the milleunium as the Preadamite life was with the new order of the world-whether Chicago will ever fight as hard against the millennium with its new ways, as the Pope did against the introduction of gas and railroads into Rome; and the first shall be the last, as the last is the first, when new races shall found new museums to show what we were in our glory and pride, while they were only in the first rudiments of the book of life Then this meets you in another way. I spoke the other day of that Wilfred who was the heathen that

Augustin had failed to win to the Christian faith, because, while Augustin went among them in all the pride of the church that had sent him, Wilfred humbled himself, made himself of no reputation, served them, saved them from their sin, and so taught them to believe in Christ by first believing in Wilfred. In the course of his life he built a monastery near Ripon, a morning walk from where I was born. It stood for more than five hundred years, one of the noblest piles in England, was in its day a home and nursery of the best scholarship, the best accomplishment, and the sweetest human charities of the age, and is now an ivy-covered ruin, the resting place and home of owls and bats. It is one of scores of ruins scattered all over England, of places once the pride and beauty of the land, nestled down in some sumy nook-for your monk, whose theory of life is the most uncomfortable within the pale of Christianity, always managed to pick out the most comfortable places in England for his monastery-nestled down in such a spot, his garden full of the choicest fruits and flowers, his farms cultivated on the best principles, his mills and mines turned to the best account his library preserving and himself transcribing the choicest books, his church shining with the finest art, and encircling in its sanctuary the first germs of a fair freedom and humanity, when all the land beside was full of violence and blood-these places and the spirit out of which they sprang once filled the religious life of England, as the water fills the cup of the sea. But it is a life that has utterly vanished away, and is no more native to the soil now than the palm tree at the very gates of the cathedral at York. Since I went there twenty years ago, the worshipers once driven out of that stately and beautiful structure have erected another that might almost rival it in beauty, and there again they sound out the old hymns and masses, and invite men to come in and give up their manhood, ask no more questions that the priest cannot answer, and so be forever at rest; for is it not better, a lady said to me the other day, to believe too much than too little? But England can be no more the fourteenth century than she can limit that poor outcast Protestantism that durst not speak above a whisper, or if it did, was burned. Where these great shrines stood fast in all their pride is now the master power of this master race. Here, there, and everywhere it plants its feet. From the gates of the cathedral in Geneva, you can see the hill on which Calvin had Servetus burned for his Unitarianism; but I was told that Unitarianism is openly preached in that very cathedral from which Calvin ruled Geneva, and has ruled so much beside with a rod of iron. The last is first, and the first is last; and yet you say as you see it, will not even this fall back, and another church step forward? May there not be that hiding to-day in holes and corners that shall rise to the command, while what is now the most advanced religion, is reduced to the ranks? What guarantee is any church in England, or America, or on the earth giving, that the first may not be the last, as the last is the first, and what we now commend will not even be tolerated in the larger mind of a larger and better age ? Then the thought comes to you in still another

way. I remember a July morning, when I went to see an old mansion that had been the home for hundreds of years of a famous English family, a grand old resolute race, that had shut its doors, and fought and beaten its foes, right there where I was standing, and married and given in marriage, and lost and won, and laughed and wept, clean through the Middle Ages. The church hard by was full of monuments of their grandeur and glory; stately knights and ladies resting side by side, their hands folded on their breasts; there they rested quiet and peacel, with bars of sunlight slanting across the marble and touching the old church here and there with a perfect sunny glare. The old mansion was well worth the long walk I had to get there. I could trace the outline of the stately gardens, fish ponds and park. The old orchard walls were still standing, protecting fruit trees that had borne the heat make myself known, and to do so I must come di- [No, dear, you talk finely.] I guess mamma will of uncounted summers. But a few peasant families,

and the farmer who rents the last remunt of the and, were the lords of all the grandour. The great family has utterly vanished, Nothing is left but these stones and the monuments in the church, while from the hillton you can see other manalons in which men live, whose fathers were mere serie on the soil. It is so all over England, and, I suppose, all over Europe. I believe that not a single family can claim an unbroken descent from that line of which it is so proud, the line of the Norman con-querors. The mightlest of them all, Warrens, Morlimers, Lacys, and others, are all gond. The last Clarence was a cobbler; the last Neville a beggar; the last Stafford was found starving. But new men found new families, to verify Solution's spect, that servants ride onborses, while printes go on foot. In the south of Krauce I went to see a famous old chatcau, a marvel of grandeur, and noticed in what was once the servants' hall a date secutched in the soft limestone, most likely by some idie valet, who had nothing better to do, and with nothing better than an old nall; but since then, since that date was scratched, the rushing tide of the revolution has swept the head of the old family under the guilletine -has wrecked and ruined its fortunes, and a man of a line it had never heard of, is the supreme man in the new and better France. And so not untions and churches alone, but families and men are lifted up and cast down, as God wills, as they deserve. When we say to the lowliest boy, you may be a president, we only echo what God has already said to the low. liest man; He casteth princes into the dast, and raiseth the poor from the dunghill, and, from the shepherd boy of Bethlehem to the tailor boy of Tennessee, has never falled to teach us that there are first that shall be last, and there are last which

Now, secondly, a sound-hearted man loves three

things after God above all beside in the world : First. his country; secondly, his religion, and I mean by that not what any other man living may call religion, but that which is the most sacred thought from God to him; and thirdly, his family. For the first he will fight until he dies; for the second he will suffer until he dies; and for the third he will labor until he dies. The first calls out the utmost power of the patriot, the second all there is in him of the saint the third the best love of the son, brother, husbat and father, and the three together, every atom of the man; so that you may fairly find the bulk of any nation, and the measure of manliness there is in it. by the weight and strength of these qualities. If he cares not for his country, or his own conviction of what is sacred and supreme, or his human fies, but only for what he calls himself, then he really has no self; he has only selfishness, and is no man at all. If he says, I care for nothing on this earth but my home, and what belongs there, but I do care for that and them, then there is a fair third of a man, but that is all; and if there were no better manhood than his own to ring his home round with the strong walls of patriotism and religion, he would soon have no home worth the name, no home of any sort. If he says, I care for my own home and my own church, that is better, but not best, because what were home and church if about both there was no binding blessing of a country, of that on which both home and church must rest, and out of which they must mainly spring, as his house and garden must rest upon and spring from the breast of our mother earth. And so no man can be indifferent to this course of things, of which the sights I have mentioned read us all such pregnant lessons. Shall the nation to which I belong endure? Shall the church, the things which I am trying to do for the souls of men, endure? And will both bless brave men and noble women, the children's children forever of our line, for the great qualities that make both church and state illustrious? Or will all sink out of sight together some day, as the church and state, and children of old have sunk out of sight, to be seen only in the museum in London, or wherever a fragment of their ruin may crop out to the sur-face? This is a question that every thinking man from America asks himself, in one way or another, as he traverses these old countries, and sees what time has done: and the question again brings with

it some instructive and important answers. And the first is, Yes, the time must certainly come when this country, the whole range of ideas for which it is distinguished, all this race we so fondly call Anglo-Saxon, will go back into the dust and be no more seen than the great old nations are seen in the lands where they flourished. This religion will vanish as theirs vanished; will become utterly foreign to human hearts and brains. Though every religion has been a finality to those that held t, yet that did not in the least prevent its destruction. And every great nation has believed in its manifest destiny; but that belief often became the very way by which it was destroyed. Families live and die like men; and death will pass upon them all. But then, it is said, what of that? If we shall one day die as these died, we do live now as they lived then, and cannot live in vain if we will but press toward the mark for the prize of our high calling; that not one of these dead nations, or religions, or families died beggars, but have all transmitted to us rich legacies by which our life has become vastly more than theirs could be. And if we can do that for those that shall inherit when we have gone, we

may be content to go. Now this is not the answer of a great heart or a great faith in my nation, my religion or myself; and hough it seems reasonable, it is not the answer of the best reason. And so when I would look at these vestiges of dead nations, I could not feel ashamed of my atter inability to see Chicago a sand-heap like Nineveh, or Boston a pile of old bricks, or even the church you are going to build for yourselves next year, a silent and solitary ruin, to which men of another faith shall come in mere curiosity, and wonder how your hymns and anthems sounded before you were driven away

Yet the conviction that this law of formation and reduction is in constant operation in life, seems to have impressed the spirit of Christ with a weight almost beyond any other. He makes no admission of a must be, in this man, or church, or nation falling back, and that going forward. It is always this good thing done, that I can do, then I am glorified : this new truth embraced, then the church is saved ; this way taken, then the nation is perpetuated; but that way taken, and the nation is lost; that truth

refused, and the light goes out.

The preacher concluded his eloquent and interesting address by saying: If we will only beg that the Spirit of Truth may guide us into all truth, then from the vestibule we shall enter into the inner glory; shall see the light resting on the faces of the cherubim, and the mercy seat that is never moved; shall see the rod that blossoms forever, and the manna that never loses its sweetness. True to life, we are true to God, and to that truth, spoken through His Son, "He that liveth and believeth in me, shall never die."

THE ART OF PRINTING .- D'Israeli believes, according to a mass of authorities, that the Romans knew it, but rejected it as unsuitable to their civili-The Neros and Casars had a horror of freedom of thought in the ancient day as well as now, when the first step of tyranny is the control or the suppression of type. Those fine old classic despots stamped it out entirely. But, on a small scale, in the shape of handmarks, they very commonly applied the principle. The Emperor Justinian had a seal on which were engraved the letters of his name, and this he constantly used for signing documents. Theodoric did the same. The moves ble letters with which the Roman potters marked their wares bring us very close to the ordinary uses of the present day-for instance, these so well known to our bookbinders. Moreover, they were perfectly well acquainted with printing lak, and, I they did not actually employ the printing press, it was because they would not have it. Dugald Stewart upon his testimony, says: "Printing should be considered rather as the result of general causes on which the progress of society depends, than as the simple effect of a happy chance.

Garibaldi's last published letter is more than asaally brief and to the point. It is addressed to a friend in Milan who asked his support for certain candidates, is dated at Caprers, and is as follows: "I do not and will not take part in the elections. The Italian people are no longer under age. Let them chooses And wee to them, and sorrow to us, if they choose ill. G. GARIBALDI."

Richard T. Greener, the young colored man who was lately admitted to Harvard College, took one of the prizes lately offered for the best reading, another being taken by a young Southerner, who hall served in the rebel army! Who will say that these successful contestants shall not prove brothers in a broader and more noble competition hereafter?

In the beginning, woman consisted of a single rib. New she's all ribs, from her belt to the rim of her pesticoats.

Joy Cometh in the Morning.

BY WHELEK COULEY BRYANT. Oh, feern not they are blest alone.
Whose Press a peaceful tenor keep;
For God, who pittes man, has shown
A blessing for the eyes that weep.

The light of smiles shall fill again The lids that overflow with tears; And weary hours of woe and pain Are promises of happier years.

There is aday of sunny rest For every dark and troubled night; And grief may bide an evening guest, But joy shall come with early light.

Nor let the good man's trust depart, Though life its common gifts dony Though with a pierced and broken heart, And spurned of mon, he goes to die;

For God has marked each sorrowing day, And numbered every secret tear, And heaven's long age of bliss shall pay For all His children suffer here.

#### An Autumn Scene.

BY THOMAS B. READ. Within his sober realm of leafless trees. The russet year inhaled the dreamy air,

Like some tanned resper in his hour of ease,

On the dull thunder of alternate finils.

When all the fields are lying brown and bare; The grey barns, looking from their hazy hills for the dim waters widening in the vales, Rent down the air a greeting to the mills,

All sights were mellowed and all sounds subdued, The bills seemed further and the streams sang low; se in a dream the distant woodman howed His winter log, with many a muffled blow.

They may the spirits of departed friends Come back to us again on angel wings, That some bright being ever o'er us bonds, And to us each a better nature brings, A higher, holier impoles to us all.
To us it seems a happy—ay, a glorious faith
That from the long, deep, combre night of death,
We may those bezuteous beings once again recall; Not that I would rob those beings bright, Of one glad hour of their heavenly rest, Nor would I dim with earth the heaven-born light That lingers round ye, spirits of the blest; But that such intercourse is prone to lead The mind to Him who governs, and Him who made.

From the London Spiritual Times, Nov. 4th. The Brothers Davenport and the Emperor of the French.

We have just received the following communica-

tion from the Brothers Davenport: DEAR SIR-On Saturday afternoon, October 28th we very unexpectedly received a notice from His Majesty Emperor Napoleon, requesting us to appear at the Palace of St. Cloud that evening at 8 o'clock. As it was then after five, and as such an interview had been entirely unsought on our part, we were not wholly prepared to appear on so short a notice. We immediately dispatched a message to St. Cloud to the effect that it would be impossible for us to appear at that time, as the necessary arrangements -packing, transporting and erecting the cabinetwould take a much longer time. His Majesty would listen to no excuse, and insisted on seeing us that

evening, stating that a little unavoidable delay on

our part was excusable under the circumstances.

We arrived at St. Cloud about nine o'clock, and found some thirty distinguished persons of the Court assembled, and among them the Emperor and Empress-also the young Prince Imperial, a fine, active little fellow, who was anxious to have us teach him the trick, as he called it. We have since been informed that it was not until Saturday noon that the Emperor was aware of our presence in Paris, as he had been deceived by the falsehoods of the press in regard to our having gone to Germany. And as he saw us advertised to appear on Monday evening at la Salle Herz, to continue all the week, he thought Saturday evening would be the only opportunity of seeing us without interfering

with our public engagements.

During the process of erecting the cabinet, which occupied about three-quarters of an hour, His Majesty was present, and looked on with the greatest interest, closely scrutinizing every part as it was properly adjusted. Everything being in readiness, the company being seated, two persons came forward, and, in a very skilful and scientific manner, commenced binding us, His Majesty standing near and examining every cord and knot placed upon us. The Empress, upon one occasion, thinking the ropes upon our wrists were too tightly drawn, ordered them to be slackened, and would only allow the tying to proceed after the most positive assurance on our part that the cords caused us no inconvenience. After the tying process was completed, and while the instruments were being placed in the cabinet by one of the gentlemen, the trum-pet which had just been put in upon the floor, and while the doors of the cabinet were open, suddenly sprang into the air, and fell near the Emperor. This was repeated several times with variations in the strong glare of gaslight; and other manifesta-tions, commonly occurring with us, were given with more than ordinary force.

During the evening, one of the gentlemen entered the cabinet and received several striking manifestations, and in making his report of what he had experienced, he assured their Majesties, and all present, that what had occurred while he was seated in the cabinet was produced by some foreign power—that we did not move a single muscle, and that he sat as still as possible. Many tests, not commonly given, were obtained during the evening. By request of the Emperor, a watch was taken from his hand and carried to different persons in the room. The removal of the coat while the knots were sealed, and the hands securely fastened, and the light being introduced while the coat was in the air, and plainly visible, drew an exclamation of wonder and surprise from the company. We think we are justified in asserting that there was not one individual present who, after witnessing the won-ders of that seance, had the least doubt of the reality of the phenomena.

At the conclusion of the seance, we were detained for half an hour by the Emperor and Empress, answering questions in regard to the phenomena and their causes, the conditions most favorable to the production of the manifestations, etc. They expressed the entire satisfaction and pleasure they experienced in witnessing "such extraordinary phenomena."

In all probability, the Emperor will wish to see us again under more favorable circumstances, with fewer persons present. As I have already said, we are to open again publicly, so you can look out for more newspaper exposures.

DAVENPORT BROTHERS. Yours truly, Paris, Oct. 30, 1865.

We are glad to learn of the Brothers' success, and doubt not all who hold the evidences of spiritpower sacred, as we do, will rejoice with us. There will of course, be many conjectures, and probably false statements afloat respecting the Davenports' doings at St. Cloud; but now they have been before the Emperor, and His Majesty has expressed himself favorably, we may at least expect that they receive protection from the French authorities against all brutality which it might otherwise be their lot to encounter. The facts exemplified in the Brothers' seances are none the more true because the mediums have been admitted to the Palace of St. Cloud-nevertheless, we augur good for Spiritualism as an immediate consequence. Should they return to England, it may enter into the mind of our own Sovereign to follow the example of the Emperor.

Madame Caradori-Allan, one of the finest singers of the last generation, born in Milan, died recently in Italy, in her 65th year. On the death, about 1820, of her father, Baron de Munck, formerly an officer in the French service, she fitted herself for the musical profession under the direction of her mother. In 1822 she made her debut in London under the name of Caradori, and married in the following winter Mr. Allan, secretary of the King's theatre, where her first appearance as the page in Figaro had placed her at once in the front rank of vocalists. For nearly a generation she was one of the most celebrated singers of Europe, remarkable for the sweetness and elasticity of her voice, and for her singular faculty of accompanying vocal music at eight. After a professional tour to the United States in 1860, she returned to Europe, where she lived in retirement till the close of her life.

Cervantes was a common soldier.

CARLYLE ON NATURAL HISTORY AS A BRANCH OF EDUCATION .- The Edinburgh Courant has the

"Our townsman, Mr. Adam White, for many years in the Natural History Department of the British Museum, proposes to introduce the tenching of Natural History into boarding schools and private families. On this project, and on the general introduction of that delightful science into the curriculum of ordinary education, Mr. White has been favored by Mr. Thomas Carlyle with a characteristic letter, from which the following is an extract: 'For many years, it has been one of my constant regrets, that no schoolmaster of mine had had a knowledge of Natural History, so far, at least, as to have taught me the grasses that grow by the wayside, and the little winged and wingless neighbors that are continually meeting me with a salutation that I cannot answer, as things are. Why didn't somebody teach me the constellations, too, and make me at home in the starry heavens, which are always overhead, and which I don't half know to this day? I love to prophesy that there will come a time when, not in Edinburgh only, but in all Scottish and European towns and villages, the schoolmaster will be strictly required to possess these two capabilities, (neither Greek nor Latin more strict!) and that no ingenious little denizen of this universe be thenceforward debarred from his right of liberty in these two departments, and doomed to look on them as if across grated fences all his life! For the rest, I cannot doubt but, one way or the other, you will, by and by, make your valuable, indubitable gift available in Edinburgh, either to the young or old, on such conditions as there are, and I must recommend a zealous and indicious persistence till you do succeed.' "

THE PREDICTION OF NOSTRADAMUS .- Most of our readers will recollect that at the commencement of our civil war, the following prediction of Nostradamus, which it is said, can be found in the second volume of his Centuries, was generally published in the papers :

"About that time (1861) a great quarrel and controversy will rise in a country beyond the seas, (America,) and many poor wretches will be killed by a punishment other than a cord. Upon my faith you may believe me, the war will not cease for four years, at which none should be surprised or astonished, for there will be no want of hatred and obstinacy in it. At the end of that time, prostrate and almost ruined, the people will re-embrace each other in great joy and love."

Nostradamus, says an exchange, was a French physician, philosopher and prophet, born in 1583, who after meeting with great success in the first named capacity, turned his attention to astrology, and in 1555 published his Centuries, a work of predictions. In 1558 he foretold the remarkable death of Henry I., which took place at a tournament in the spring of 1559, and is also said to have pre-dicted the death of Charles I. of England, Louis XVI. and the elevation of Napoleon to the Empire of France. - New Orleans True Delta.

HEALING WITHOUT MEDICINE. - REMARKABLE CURES OF CHRONIC DISEASE .- We are decidedly averse to giving credit to statements that are in direct opposition to the general experience, and especially touching the matter of healing the sick, where the field for humbug and imposition is so wide, and where such sad consequences are likely to result from the employing of ignorant and reckless quacks in the treatment of diseases that are threatening to destroy life. But it is incumbent on us to give the strictest heed to the facts that are passing, that we may be able to determine what is true system of healing the sick and to distin guish who are the quacks and who are real physi-

• In accordance with these considerations we visited the rooms of Dr. Higgins, at the Huntington House, during the past week, observed his method of treating diseases without the use of medicines, and we must acknowledge that we were decidedly astonished at what we there witnessed. A young man came in from Darke county, Ohio, who had lost the use of his leg, from the hip down, some four years ago, the flesh being almost entirely shrunk away, leaving the limb very little larger than the bone itself. In other respects the young man was apparently in perfect health. But he was totally unable to lift his left foot off the floor. He submitted to Dr. Higgins' treatment, in our presence, which lasted probably twenty minutes, and at the end of that

time the patient was able to lift his foot into a chair,

with apparently little difficulty. Another still more remarkable cure was performed by Dr. H., in the case of Mr. John Elderkin, a man seventy-seven years of age, and who is well known by every resident of this city. Mr. Elderkin has suffered constantly for many years with a peculiar disease of the bladder which compelled him to rise from his bed twenty or thirty times during the night and even in the day time, the difficulty from this cause was not less annoying. He had tried the medicines of many of the best physicians, without obtaining relief. When Dr. Higgins came to this city two weeks since, he determined to seek a cure at his hands. The result was, he obtained immediate and perfect relief. He now sleeps soundly, is able to attend to his business—that of drayman—as well as he ever did in his life, and in a conversation with him, in our office yesterday, he said he felt every way as strong and active as at any time during the last twenty-five years. It must be acknowledged that this is an extraordinary cure, especially

when we consider the age of the patient.

Dr. Higgins has treated many other cases, since his sojourn in this city, with as remarkable success as either of the two cases we have mentioned; but our space forbids reference to them at this time. We believe that to-day concludes the Doctor's visit to this city.—Richmond Telegram, Oct. 28, 1865.

Madame Bernadotte was a washerwoman of Paris.

JUST PUBLISHED: JESUS OF NAZARETH:

TRUE HISTORY OF THE MAN

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GIVEN ON SPIRITUAL AUTHORITY, THROUGH ALEXANDER SMYTH.

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For sale by the author, 337 S. Second street, Philadelphia, Penn., and at the Religio-Philosophical Publishing Association. Chicago at \$150 per convenient of the street of the stre

tion, Chicago, at \$1.50 per copy, and postage 18 cts. 11-tf The Children's Progressive Lyceum.

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For even the gathering head of death will break it.
Form the work storm of 10th, and it shall have
All power to charm; but if that levely former.
Their profiled one plantage, or included one pain. O who shall may that it has lived in male a n

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

### The Wonders of Nature. No. 6.

BI SCHOOL PURIL

THE AQUEOUS BOCKS. In this lesson I shall speak of that great system of rocks which rests on the fire rocks I described to a previous lesson. What I shall say will occupy several leasers, and will excite your attention for the wonderful things of which I speak.

These rocks are sometimes called stratified, as ther are laid down in layers like the leaves of a book. They are called aqueous because they were formed by the action of water.

"I fold you bow a crust cooled over the Bueld plate; this crest we have described as the bysenes. rocks. During its growth, the world, now so beautiful, was a regred ball, surrounded by a dark and emoky sky. Not a drop of water moistened the pareful globe, nor guthered in clouds in the lurid sky. Tremendous convelsions broke up the hard react, and threw the fragments like tota into ridges and letting planacles. At other times, great. forces broke up the crest into blinds forting on the red laws, as masses of its float in the river during a fixed. As this crust grew thicker, the elevations grew larger. Hills and mountains arose, gray and creary with sohen emders. That creat was the gravite, the fundamental or base rock, from which all others so various in appearance and texture. were formed. You will understand, from what I have said of non-conductors of heat, that when this graphic crost became sufficiently thick, its surface would become cool, and the internal fire would not penetrate through the great thickness of rock; just as an oven may be heated to a glow on the inside with blaning fagrets, while the outside remains so cold that you can rest your hard on it, without in-

"When the surface had reached this temperature, water, which was suspended in the thick, black air, as vapor, began to condense on the highest peaks." "Why on the highest peaks first, pape ?"

" Why do clouds rest on the tops of mountains? Because they are colder and condense vapor from the air. Just so these peaks, being the coldest portions of the surface, would condense the dist moisture.

"Ages sped into the past-ages almost countless. Slowly the earth cooled, showers fell on the surface, full of fasures and seams. The water penetrated deep down into the rock, wearing off the jarged particles and washing them from the hillsides into the hollows. More and more water collects : lakes form, which calage into seas, and which mountain terrents wast the particles, the fragments tern from the sides of the hills. These particles, of course, would stak to the bettom. These seas were of boiling water, and, of course, everything capable of being dissolved was taken up; the fragments which were washed flows were arranged in new form, and although the rock thus formed was almost identical with the grante from which it was made. is differed in external appearance. This is the rock. called gracies. It often contains fragments of granite, and so closely approaches granite that it is impossible to distinguish it from that nock. On the other hand, as the materials of which it is composed grow finer, it approaches the primitive shares, into which it gradually blends.

These we find resting on the gueiss, and like it formed of wors-down granite. All the stratified or access make were thus formed, one whose the other, by the action of water on those previously formed. The surface above water has always been antifect to wear, while that covered by water has received the products of that west, and as it has heaven, but the new one was as sweet as a pink, showly settled to the bottom it has formed the socks at which we are spending.

"duck in general terms, has been the origin of the agreeous meks. I shall not enter into details, for you can understand this general explanation, and it will not enewey to you any wrong impression. "The agreeous rocks are about forty thousand feet or nearly eight miles, in thickness. They are dissified into twelve families. The names which are given them may sound undamiliar to you, but it is necessary to give each a name, and you will readily remember them other you learn their characters.

"Commencing on the top of the principle slates,

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The Combridge media, which attain such an enermore thickness, are a series of slate statia, almost destitante of organic remains, an expression, the explanation of which I reserve for our next lesson. Life was yet decide during the root interval of their deposition. To go back to the time when the boiling seas of which I spoke had ended to a lukewarm temperature, lunch and deschits wouthe scene which our planet then presented. From the black water, their will the ingredients it held in solution, arrese innumerable suggest oreks and needle-shaped pinmodes, during eating their shadows over the sollen waves. Wallent tempests swept the list surface, for the sir was disme with its freight of foreign matemale. Through the dense fillds of the low distuits dismally giared the red sun, many times larger than at greent, for he has conted, as well as the cardia.

" Here and there on the horizon, glared the fires at toleranes as they burst through the crust, and pencef out witness of leve. New this have would arread over inmireds of square miles in a dery sheet, and again in great floats would call down into some train-like sen, conversing its waters into repor, and Illing the cavity. The extinguists shock the thin trust, and contacted it into wave-like fields. Such was the scene our planet presented during this stage

limited off cast, west, north, south, for as eye could Spirit. Builton left his followers at the fact of the grave, and his works into namerical addition; mountain, and with a feeling of ave, almost of while Lord Seffrey yet makes rather with his feel, he climited the mountain above. These, from memory the city of his birth. In point of natural mountains; there was not a moss growing at my its summit, he saw, sparkling before him in the feet; I could see multing but rusty piles of form sometime, the diamond waters of the Paritic. and rent fragments. It seemed as though a sea had Identify been thrown into mountain waves, and then then made signs to his men to come up the mountain before in Efficiency. Harries was par- to the reading public. by stagle stabledly changed to stone. So did it ap- tain, and behalf the beautiful signs spread and he- titally less in an impatient crowd and rush of talent. year, and I could not but compare the view with five them. They then mised a Spanish hag in the Jeffrey shoot patent to every eye, in an open space, pear, and I could not but compare the view with name of their savereign, and went drive the mount in which there were few comparities. London does not at the look inner of Tallmaley & Co., 105 Monore the respect of our world at the early day of which I tall assess the Facility share. Getting some causes not being about Handist—Life bury about the respect to the pearly day of which I tall assess the respect to the respect of our world at the early day of which I tall assess the respect to the respect of our world at the early day of which I tall assess the respect to the respect of our world at the early day of which I tall assess the respect to the respect t

rock. No other had concealed the original from the blands and make further discoveries. They had riew. Some low clouds in the distance, fency conseried into volcanic free, and I had before me the primitive seems. I had gone back a countless myried of ages of time, past all the aqueous rocks. and saw the world, before life came, in all its bold desciption.

"Life came, fow and obscure, as soon as the waters. of the sea were cool enough to support it. A more cell or inimated point was all we have to describe for a fallion of years its infency. So low was it, so shapeless and textureless, that I exceed. bring it within the comprehensive of your young mind. Even during the Cambrian speek, atthough living beings existed, so rule were they that I shall not passe now to describe them. They were like the grown scarm which rises on stagment pools, and the slitted on sticks which liv long in water,

The bistricy of life, a description of those beings. no remains -- bosses, fine, teeth, etc.,-De enshed in the eight miles of rock, will lead as up to the description of those which dwell around us, and beautify our globs. The description of this grand their of beings will not only be highly interesting of itself, but when we are through you will know the mystery of the diversity of beings you see around you to day."

Walnut Grove Farm.

#### Little Flo's Story.

I suppose you want to beer a story very much, main Tracy," said little Fio Tremain, coming into y room one bright spring morning.

I s'pose I do," said I, langling. Maxima thought you did," said little Flo ; here's a 'sociation full of ministers down in the arior, and mamma is beating eggs very hard, and In presty well bounced up with the heat, and mamma thought you wanted to hear a story very much." So little Flo climbed into my inp and began

"I guess you knew we went to Bangor, didn't

No. indeed," said L.

Well, we did," said Flo; "mamma and L Twas bout a hundred years ago." A hundred years ago !" I exclaimed.

I guess so," said Fig. meditatively; " 'twas a hundred years ago, or twenty weeks; I guess it was twenty weeks." OF said L

"Well, we went in the cars," continued little Flo, and it was so dark when we drove up to the house in a carriage, that they said I was asleep; but I waked up quick, and told them I wasn't. That was right, wasn't it? Perfectly, Bittle Flo."

But they put me right to bed with a seed cake, and the sext time I was awake it was morning ; and I you could see that room I slept in, you would be glad. It was 'tached to mamma's room, and there wasn't say door between, but a arch; and there were white curtums on the bed."

"is that all?" I asked, as The stopped for "Why no, I have't told the story at all yet," said Fin, with a dignified air; "it's about a little girl. Her name was Julia, and she was a funny little girl, with a green dress, and she came for me to go to her house and drink tea. So I went, and when we walked along, she kept stopping to his me, for she said I was beautiful, because I had long carls; but when I minched Harry the other day, and made him crv, minums said she was afraid Jesus wouldn't love me, if I was unkind to Harry; and when I asked her if the wouldn't love me because I was beautiful and had long ourls, she said that Jesus didn't look at my gurls, but at my heart, and He would rather I would have a beautiful heart than long curis. And manuna says that if I don't pinch Harry, and don't run away, and try very hard, I shall have a beautiful beart." Here Flo stopped again.

"Ind you have a nice time with the little girl?" I ventured to usk, at length. "Well, I'll just tell you. It would have been benniful, but it wasn't a bit; for when I got there, she sat down and shut her eyes, and I went up to her and said. "I guess you don't want to be awake. do you?" and she said, " Stop, I'm dreaming," and then in a few minutes, she write up, and said, dreamed that a little fird flew up to heaven, with a busket to pick some howers but he couldn't find may, and so he filled the basket with stars." I thought she was a very nice little girl, to dream about heaven, and I told her I loved her, but a few minutes afterwards she was just as manglay. O

Why, what was the matter?" I asked, seeing Plais disturbed expression of countenance.

"A little girl came," said For in a suppressed wince, "and frethed Julia to a party, and Julia went to ask her mother if she might go. Her mother was a new mother; her other one had gone away to and when Julia miked her if she might go, she said just as suffly and gently, "We'll see about it, dear," And Julia said just as quick as could be

Manune, won't you please come and into the hall a minute? So her mucher went out into the hall and I went too; and Julia went to a corner, and pointed to a great whip hanging up and she said to ber marker. Manuna do you see that whip? and her manune said. "Yes ," and then bulle said, "That's my father's horse whip. Mrs. Geny, and if you don't let me go to that party, I'll take it do-wit, and I'll five it to you mod." And Cousin Trace, she was such a manging girl to her manusa, that I couldn't stay may honger, so I can right home, and I got timest lost; but Untile George was walking, and I was running and I can right into his arms, and he and "hey dey," and book me home, and that's all." We will ascend upwards, as that is the war leature | said little Fig., and she can down stairs to see if the een was bester hard enough.

### En Ditt.

Our Holle readers know that the American condment is washed on the east by the Atlantic occur and on the west by the Pacific; and most of them understand that Calumbus supposed the land he and found to be a part of the Last latin leftands. He died without a knowledge of the rost strench of hand connected with his discovery

A Speniard named Ballion, after following the track of Columbus, stopped on the Island of Hispanistis, where he tried his skill in tilling a farm. He did not prove to be a successful farmer, for he soon gut into delit, so that he was affaid to leave the country fearing those he owed would follow him. At length he resulted to leave printtels, and hoped to find money enough in some while way to pay his crediture. Concealing himself in a cask he emised it to be carried from his farm to a vessel that was to mill for the const of South America. When they were fairly out to sea he came out of the cast. The captain of the vessel was very many with Butbes for this trick, and threatened to put him of the vessel on the first homen island that came in his way. But Ballion take the captain his somewhile stary and they were made friends. Some of the crew also joined Ballion, and when the wessel touched on the lethmus of Decien, they harded and began a settlement. Indians came to visit them, wearing gold and allow ornaments, and Ballon tried to make them friendly. If there were any disposed to fight, a few discharges from the Spanish musicus scattered them, for the Indians linew nothing about guns, and thought the Spanisrds had some power by which they could get hold of thunder and lightning, whenever they wanted to use it.

So many new and strange things had been found by other adventurers, that Ballion was ever on the watch for something before manown. The ladious irought runner of a great occur lying westward of the settlement. He restired to look for it; so, taking a few men and some limition guides he traveled through thick finests and built rafts to error the critic

This was the first time my Lurupean had over South. Why have their destinies been so different ? seen this vast opens. Bullion kneit in thankfulness, One considerable reason is that Hagist lived in special. All of these mountains were of the granitie from the Indians, he resolved to go shout among Jeffrey.

been out but a chost time when a stores came on, which spect their frell course, and threw them apon z little low bland, which affected no wood for fire to dry their clothes, and they were without food. Too fired to make for the off was, they key down upon the sand and went to deep, but they were show wakened by the roor of the sures, for the tide rose rapidly and they had to maken to the center of the wand. But the highest point did not save them ton getting partly wet again, and when the tide bed, or went back, they gut their boats but found hem filled with water and much injured. They trended the best one by using our grass and a part of their garments, so that they put to see again and reached in safety the point they had left. When the news of what they had seen reached Encode. Pailton was bonored as the discovery of the Pacific

#### A Word to Boys.

You are to become the men of the Republic. In a few pears to your cure will be extrusted this great ustion, the Union your fathers and brothers have tained to gloriously, and the Bring principles of Liberty as embad-a se our government. Likely forward, now, upon the wast inferitance which will surely be pours, and comprehend, if you can, its whole extent, and the requisitions it will make apon its presence-look back upon our country at its beginning and trace it up ward to the present; study the character of the men who have so far developed the strength and wealth of this land; mark their virtues and consider well the school in which they were educated to such moral strength and inteller-

And, again, study the men who plotted and butfled for the overthrow of this government-mark their virtues; but if, perchance, you find no virtue, you should doubly beware the surroundings which resulted in developing such beings-men who would have encrificed the nation for an hour of giory, but whose names will be landed to posterity as the Markest of all names, Judus Israriotonly, excepted. Read the history of other countries, and in their growth you will find a similarity to think of our own. And the causes which you find have produced their downfall, might just as surely produce the desirustion of our own.

Beware of the corruption of case, and affect not aristocratic pride; it is the appeasory of royalty, not of Democracy.

"He is the freemen where truth makes free, And all are shares beatle."

Strive to become fully competent for the task, and make our country such that an American citizen shall be more honored than a king. Let it not be enid of you that with the bright example of your fathers and brothers before you, you failed atterly and miserably. No, it will not be; you will make tour generation the brightest epoch in the peaceful history of your country, and will hand down to your sums the old flag surrounded by a halo of glory, and covered with a francisco of stars.

A clergyman, thinking to puzzle a Quaker, asked him: "Where was your religion before George Fox

"Where thine was," said the Quaker, "before Harry Tudor's time. Now," added the Quaker, "pray let me ask thee a question. Where was Jucob going when he was formed ten years of age ? Canst thou tell that?"

"No, nor you either," said the clergyman. "Yes, I can," replied the Quaker, "he was going

into his eleventh year."

We like the story of a black-smith, who was re-quested to bring a suit for sharder. He said he could go into his shop and hummer out a better character than all the courts in the State could give

#### Edinburgh Described by a Poet. LIVELLEY TRADSPORE.

Alexander Smith, the imaginative pret, and graceful essayist, has written a new work in two redumes, engilled as " a Summer in Skyse." It has been published by Strahan, of London, and has attracted considerable attention. It is rich in vivid descriptions of matural somery, the author beginning with this account - might be called an attack -on the city of his respence, "High Dan Edin, and he literary lights:

Thromed on crags, Edinburgh takes every eve; and not content with supremuey in beauty, she chains an intellectual supremacy also. She is a patrician among Beitish caties, "A penniless has wil a lung pedigree." She has wit if she lacks wealth; she counts great then against millionnies. The success of the actor is insecure until thereunto Edinburgh has set her seal. The poet trembles before the Edinburgh critics. The singer respects the delicacy of the Edinburgh ear. Course London may may with applicate; fastidious Edinburgh south distinct, and meers repulations away. London is the stomach of the empire-Edinburgh the unick, solute, for during beam. Some pretensions of this kind the visitor bears on all sides of him.

It is quite wonderful how Edinburgh purs over her own literary achievements. Swift, in the dark years that preceded his death, looking one day over the productions of his prime, exclaimed-Good heaven I what a genius I once was." Edinburgh, looking some fifty years back on herself, is perpetually expressing astonishment and delight. idering Highland families, when they are unphis to retain a sufficient following of services, fill up the gaps after ghosts. Effinburgh maintains her dignity offer a similar fashion, and for a similar Lord Advacade Monorall, one of the memhers for the city, havily ever addresses his fellowcitizens without recalling the names of Jeffrey, Cockburn, Ratherford, and the other stars that of were made the welkin bright. On every side we hear of the brilliant society of

forty years ago. Edinburgh considers berself supreme in talent-just us it is taken for granted to-day, that the present English many is the most powerful in the world, because Kelson won Trafulgur. The White consider the Edinburgh Benew the most wonderful effort of human genius. The Turies would agree with them if they were not bound to consider Blackwood's Magazine a still greater effort. It may be said that Burns, Sent. and Carlyle are the only men really great in literature-taking great in the European sense-who, during the last eighty years have been connected with Edinburgh. I do not include Wilson in the list, for although he was as splended as any of these for a moment, he was evanescent.

Sent I wed in or near Edinburgh during the whole course of his life. Burns lived there but a few mortis. Carlyle were to London early, where he has written his important works and made his reputation. Let the city boost of Sent-no one will say she does wrong in that-but it is not so easy to discover the amening brilliancy of her other literary lights. Their reputations, after all, are to a great extent local. What Manes a sun at Effinburgh, would, if transported to London, not anbecoming become a farthing cantle.

Lord Jeffrey-when shall we cense to hear his praises? With perfect truthshipess one may admit that His Lardship was no common man. His " vision " was sharp and clear enough within its range. He was annihie to reliah certain liberary forms, as some men are mobile to reliab certain disites - on impairable that might wise from fastitimaness of paints or from weakness of digration. His style was perspirous; he had an ley sparife of engram and antitibesis, some wit and no english He wrote many clever papers, made many chever speeches, said many clever things. But the mon who could so egyeriously blunder us to "Wilhelm Meister," who housed Wordsworth through his entire curser, who had the inscience to pen the sentence that opens the notice of the "Expressor" in the Edinburgh Review, and, when, when, writing tacilly, but really well, on Kents, could pass over tibe "Experient" with a slighting remark, magic be possessed of distinguished purts, due no cinim can be made for him to the character of a great

Health, withit passioneds, splendidly gilled in of its early growth. Not a living being not a dath, there and finance there are not an anomaly service that more visces very coverabilities and fieros vagaries there. nor insect : not a plant even, cheered the desolution. This he could see the "big water," spreading out to was a generally which belongs only to due natures, "When it the summit of Mount Washington, I the sumet, beyond which by the hand of the Creat has such away into an abundant house which in the sum of the country in the countr riffs and endowments in point, and of liverary same and result—the Englishman for supposed the

### The Philosopher and the Reformer.

Ber, O. S. Frothingham, in his sermen of Smday, November 19th, on the premiss that " fustion is the Mother of Wisdom," made the following Sastration of the difference between the Philipsothat and the Reformer.

There are two ways of getting to understanding of this working window of the Oundation. One way is the way of thought-the other way is the way of practice. One way is abouted by the Markles, the Hertert Spencers, the Steart Mills, the Henry Curys and John Deapers—the students is sucial science, who try by throught to work their way into the Divine solution of the practical The other way is stooped by the enters of life. Willierbriess, Garrieras, Thillippes, Fryes, John Brights, Othdens, Distaile a word, by the practical reformers, who take things up to their actual relations, meet the facts of life as they present themselves, and let theretes tollow so they Philosophy starts from the unlike and works loward; religion from the inside and works outward. Philisophy supi, " wisdom leads to justice; the wise man must be just. Beligion leads to who from ; the just man most be wise. Yidhwaying exps. bearn the truth, and you was "do the Divine will." Religion ways, "Do the Divine will and will." Religion says, "13) the Indicately says, you will know the truth." Pullcasephy says, "justice is the fruit of window." Religion says,

wisdom is the fruit of juncter." There can be no question which of these methods is the simpler. The method of philosophy is exetedingly difficult. None but the rarest minds can pursue it. The shethod of religion is perfectly easy. None are too simple to find it out. The only distinctly is that it is too pistin. "Do as you want to be done by." Why, saybody can do that! in the Jordan!" eries Nasman, "why I might as well have staid at home!" Deal fairly by thy neighbor! Pay thy debta! Who that has the will to understand, cannot understand what that is ? There is not a rational person who does not know how he would wish to be treated in any case. There is not a rational person, therefore, whose mind does not he close against the facts of life, which are the compacted wisdom of the Almighty whose hand does not lie ciose against the hand which works the earing laws of the universe; whose daily habits are not twined in with the cords by which the world of society and of events is moved. Our very sensations tell us whether we are in the line of God's working or not. Our health or our sickness, our security or our insecurity, our tictories or our disasters, our commercial overthrows or successes, show whether we are working with the grain or against it.

Social relations protede social theories. goes before speculation about it. Rules of living grow out of experiments in living, and are simply reports on those experiments. The state of society in Palestine accounts for the barbarous of blood for blood, in the early Helicer code. That slyle of society must disappear entirely before a wiser law can be passed and maintained. The execution in Washington a short time ago showed that that state of society has not wholly disappeared. We do not live in such relations ret that the golden rule of good for evil, or even the silver rate of good for good, can be proposed. The songtion of Europe in the middle ages explains the laws, the customs and the creeds of the middle ages. The doctrine of human depositity, the rules based on that doctrine, the family precepts, the notions regarding the rearing of children, the sarage maxims respecting the treatment of the poor, the sick the insune, the criminal, the wicked the imthous, the bloody codes of bonor, the fiendish doetrines of vengeance and retaliation which were erafted as the very pith of wisdom, followed the social relations which they professed to lead. Inhamanity in life generated inhumanity in thought. Men began with had practices, then justified it with had law. Would there have been any theory of a wrathful, arenging God, if wrath and rengeance ed the dealings of men want their neighbors? Would there have been any horrid teachings about bell in the other world if people had not made a hell in this world? We stand aghast at the hideous fully and unreason which passed for wisdom in generations gone by, but when we get at the root of it we find it always in some practical fully and unreason which men were living.

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| Presport and Dundeith,   | 950 a.m.                       | -586 a.m.      |  |  |  |
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| PITTRIFIER, PLWARKE AND CHICAGO.   |                                |                |  |  |  |
| Wall   | 4.20 n. m.                     | 6.20 m.m.      |  |  |  |
| Zejes,   | - 630 a.m.                     | 20:30 p.m.     |  |  |  |
| Erjoss.  | and Addingsom                  | 8.29 p.m.      |  |  |  |
| Injest,  | - 3030 h/m                     | ILIM p.m.      |  |  |  |
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### MOSES AND THE ISRAELITES

I 5 THE title of a new book, written by the undersigned, and just issued from the press of the Bernan-Purassyn-Principality Longitum, Change, III. The design of the work is in expose in pagaine sungerhension the faire find whom Moses taught marking to preserve the uninspired and character of Moses' writings; the criminality of his conduct; and the impurity of the source of that confuct. All these I in the other and on the care. positions are plainly demonstrated in this book.

The Erming fields, where the bruther load relations of man, will be practically rengalest, and universal harmony reign | Provinces. over the willingly shedient to the living law, he but a short distance before man and the goesent peneralist; and Phile generaauthor of this book, no individual can attain those fields of delight who believes that the writings of Hoses are Divine inspiration or in his faith maintains the popular religion of the day. It was mader the influence of a settled conviction of these facts that Tex Harrar or Moses and run forcestres was written; and it is for the purpose of removing these impassable abstructions from man's pathway to those felice of divine pleasure, that the book is published, and is now offered

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