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For the Religio-Philosophical Journal. November Chimes.

BY HELLER RUBIN.
 The steady patter of the rain,
 I hear on roof and window pane,
 And northward turns the weather vane.
 All day long the autumn rain
 Has pattered thus on roof and pane,
 And northward veered the weather vane.
 No glint of sunshine lights the sky,
 Around my home the quick winds sigh,
 And angry gusts go sobbing by.
 I look out o'er the distant plain—
 Dead leaves are strewing all the lane,
 And on them falls the autumn rain.
 Its sound in dropping on them seems
 To mingle with my waking dreams—
 As music with the flow of streams—
 The plaintive music of a wind
 That oft has found the world unkind,
 Yet feels to any fate resigned.
 I seem to hear the leaves complain,
 And wonder why the autumn rain
 Should pelt them thus in turn the lane.
 The naked trees in down make moan,
 The song birds from their boughs have flown,
 And all their leafy pomp is gone.
 The rose-tree by the garden gate
 Is drooping now disconsolate,
 As if to mourn its leafless state.
 Dead flowers lie prostrate on the walks,
 Or tumble on their withered stalks,
 And o'er their forms the bleak wind talks.
 Upon a sturdy restless beech—
 His pulpit out of human reach—
 A crow is making noisy speech.
 His comrades, circling round him, seek
 Discordant cries that seem to break
 The echo that his voice would make.
 The distant hills with sober mien
 Have doffed their varied robes of green,
 And wear instead a sombre screen—
 A mist, that seems to rise and fall,
 Now rests above them like a pall,
 Hung in some vast funeral hall.
 It is, indeed, a dreary scene,
 And dark and dull the day I ween,
 Yet I am calm—my thoughts serene.
 I look out o'er the distant plain,
 I list the dropping of the rain,
 Yet have no thought or sense of pain.
 It was not thus that years ago by—
 Then every cloud in cross the sky
 Waked in my weary heart a sigh.
 And when the dreary days drew nigh,
 And Autumn came, with tearful eye,
 I watched the forms of beauty die.
 But now I view the glowing scene,
 With brow unclouded, thought serene,
 As summer in her brightest sheen.
 Life's stream with me flows calm and deep—
 No more in hopelessness I weep
 O'er forms I love, but cannot keep.
 O'er every ill I find a balm;
 Each trial brings to me a psalm,
 That shows me how to grow more calm.
 My inner life is full of peace,
 Hence all my outer joys increase,
 And sorrow finds no place to dwell.
 Oh! why this change—what magic art
 Has wondrous spells about my heart,
 And left me free from sorrow's dart?
 Now sweet I hear the angels sing:
 "Tis love that makes our cares take wing—
 Such love doth always sunshine bring."
 The secret they have told, 'tis well;
 The heart that owns so bright a spell
 Need never blush its powers to tell.
 With rapturous joy I here confess
 I've felt the tender, soft caress
 Of love that brings me happiness.
 Within my heart I feel its fire—
 It glows along my soul's desire,
 And quickens every soul desire.
 I love, love truly. Would ye know,
 Oh! friends, toward whom my feelings flow—
 What object waked their fervent glow?
 In whispered words of purity—
 And heart, as with charity,
 I answer, 'tis HUMANITY.
 For her I ply my soulful art;
 'Twas she who sped love's shining dart,
 And left it quivering in my heart.
 I reverence her in every guise—
 The young, the old, the dull, the wise—
 Each form is sacred in my eyes.
 Something of good and truth I find,
 In every grade and class of mind,
 As pearls within the soul's refined.
 "Tis well, 'tis well," the angels sing;
 "Such love that makes our cares take wing—
 Such love doth always sunshine bring."
 And something more, I hear them say,
 That gives me joy where'er I stray,
 And mingles thus amid my lay;

"We dwell above earth's clouds and storms,
 We bow no more to creeds or forms,
 When love of truth our Spirit warms.
 "When comes to us the habitude
 Of thinking all things wise and good,
 Then is our soul with strength endued.
 Then do we drop our load of fear,
 And rising to a higher sphere,
 We breathe a purer atmosphere.
 There are no dark or dreary days
 To those who tread love's shining ways,
 But all are bright with wisdom's rays.
 No falling flowers or autumn rain,
 No wailing winds or desert plain,
 Can give them thought or sense of pain.
 Not e'en the sore and withered leaf,
 Or quick winds sobbing out their grief,
 For summer hours that seemed too brief—
 Can mar the soul-felt harmonies,
 That with our thoughts and feelings rise,
 When love reveals his cloudless skies.
 The outer and the inner life
 Both lay aside its ancient strife,
 In one soul where love is life.
 And Nature fair, in every mood,
 Will wake our heart's best gratitude,
 And give us joy, when understood.
 The heart that, like a trusting child,
 To all things here is reconciled,
 Hath passed thro' sorrow's tangled wild—
 Where nothing is to harm or fear."
 Thus oft I hear the angels sing,
 "Tis love that makes our cares take wing,
 Such love doth always sunshine bring."
 Adolphus Institute, Nov. 20, 1865.

NARRATIVE OF NOW IN SPIRIT LIFE.

GIVEN BY HENRY T. CHILD, M. D., 634 Race Street, Philadelphia.

INTRODUCTORY.
 The writer has constant applications from persons in the interior life for an opportunity to give their experiences to the world. They come to me by night and by day, and if there were not some overruling and restraining power, I doubt not but that it would produce great suffering and distress, for I am made to feel more or less the conditions of all these persons. But, as I am fully conscious of a protecting care and wise guardianship, I have but little concern about it. I say to these eager applicants: "If you can get the consent of my friends in the inner life—my good and faithful guardians, you are welcome to come, and I will hear what you say, and write it for mankind."
 Sometimes these spirits come several times, before anything is communicated; at others, as in this case, they begin their story at once.
 On the morning of the 28th of August, 1865, this spirit appeared to the writer, and several pages of the narrative were written in phonography; then some ten days elapsed, when he returned and gave nearly as much more. After another interval of about the same length of time, he returned and concluded the story.
 As an amanuensis for spirits, it is only necessary for me to be faithful and correct in reporting what they say, yet I find them using my own phrases at times, and am careful to correct the grammar, and occasionally the structure of the sentences—in which their ideas are clothed—and for which they are responsible.
 CHAPTER I.
 EARTH LIFE.
 For months past, I have been preparing a narrative of my experience on earth and in spirit-life, stimulated thereto by a promise that I should soon have your aid in presenting it to the world. I am the individual to whom Mrs. Brown referred as "a suicide who would come to you," for this purpose. I did not give my name, nor can I give it to you now. Perhaps it will be revealed sometime, as there are many persons to whom these narratives will be more real and emphatic, when the person giving them is identified.
 I was the only son of my parents, who were blessed with three daughters—would that I could say, and one son. But regrets are vain. I have sometimes fancied that had one of my sisters been of the same sex with myself, it would have been better for all of us. I do not think so now, still when I go back on the wings of remembrance to my childhood, thoughts which then impressed me return, and I give expression to them.
 When I say that I was a complete specimen of "a spoiled child," you will be willing to excuse me from entering into details which are neither pleasant nor profitable, and as most persons have frequent opportunities of seeing the manifestations of such children, I will gladly pass over this.
 On arriving at the age of manhood, I had succeeded in establishing a very strong feeling of disgust between all my family and myself, so that when I left home, as I did about this time, there was but little regret on the part of any, save my mother, who ever retained her strong maternal feelings,

and almost instantaneous succession, was reversed, and I lived over the events of my life almost as slowly as they had occurred on earth. I was a child again without the consciousness of ever having been anything else—perhaps I acted the scenes and incidents of my early childhood with more facility from having had an earth experience, and at times I had a vague idea that I was merely recalling and living over scenes that I had already enacted. I have since discovered that certain trains of events naturally grouped themselves together and were not re-enacted in precisely the order in which they occurred on earth.
 Thus for a long period was I retracing the devils course of my earth life, and I now perceive that there were two influences ever operating upon me just as there had been in my former condition, and this is a common and universal experience of all mankind, which in ancient times was described under various names, as good and evil influences. I believe I was under influences which favored the action of my better nature more than they had ever done on earth. There was more wisdom among my associates here, and this enabled me to direct the chain of influences within and around me so as to help me along in the right direction. I was apparently doing nothing new, merely re-enacting my former life. I have since learned that the great difficulty which I had to overcome and which affects all suicides in a greater or lesser degree, resulted from the fact, that in my case, there was a complete break in the line of consciousness, and all this labor and suffering, which cost me years of painful effort and delay, were for the purpose of bringing together and uniting the broken and separate ends of my conscious life, so that my identity might be clearly established throughout the whole.
 This fact of continued identity is a point of the highest importance to our happiness, and one which is very little understood by mankind.
 What is immortality to a human being, if he does not know that he is the same being? Of what value are our experiences, if we are changed in the twinkling of an eye, and lose them forever?
 The only thing which gives real value to immortality in man, above anything else, is an unbroken and continuous line of consciousness; without this, man's immortality is nothing more than that of the lowest and most gross forms of matter, for these are all indestructible, and in that sense immortal.
 There are few of earth's children who keep the line of their identity so perfect in their passage from one sphere to another, that there are not some broken strands in the cord which must be spliced, and which cost some effort and leave a mark on the character.
 But where all are broken, as they were in my case, it becomes a very difficult task to unite them. Like the ocean telegraph cable, it may be necessary to go back to the shore, and raise the whole of it slowly and carefully, in order that the ends may be joined. I am impressed by your friends here now, to say that few, indeed, are the cases where the line of identity is entirely continuous and unbroken; only where man lives out the full measure of time allotted to him and fills up in a good degree his mission on earth, which is to become acquainted as far as practicable with the laws of nature, which are operating on the various planes—that lie one above the other—as your good friend and brother, Adin Ballou, has presented to you, and the most perfect knowledge of each plane is obtained by passing through it, or coming into contact with it. He well said it is the introduction of phenomena from the higher planes that have always produced what are termed miracles.
 Phenomena just as natural upon the plane to which they belong, as the most simple operation of nature upon any plane. The eagerness to ascend to higher planes, and bring their manifestations down to our own, has produced much of the suffering which has existed in the world. My own life was an unhappy failure, mainly because from my earliest recollection, I had strong desires for those things which belonged to higher planes, and from the effort on the part of my parents and friends to gratify me with those things which were beyond my capacity to enjoy properly, and which consequently increased the desires in that direction.
 But to return to my story. Gradually and by slow degrees, I was enabled to connect the lines of my identity back, even beyond my earliest experiences of earth life. It was not merely soul identity which, however, is the basis of an intelligent immortality, on which all others are laid, but I was enabled to make up the identity of my entire being, mental and physical, which was thus connected and made one continuous and unbroken line.
 Years of earth-time have rolled away, and I have had many beautiful experiences, and have long desired to give an account of these to the world, knowing that by so doing, if I helped others, I should help myself; and now, in returning my sincere thanks to you for the aid you have given me in this work, I ask you to conclude my narrative by giving the figure which I heard you read to the friend above alluded to, and which you received through the mediumship of Mrs. Foster, of Lowell, Mass. This figure was given in a long personal communication, and the spirit said, "you seem like a great broad river, as clear as crystal, and on the surface are floating beautiful flowers, the fragrance of which perfumes the atmosphere with sweetness; at the bottom of the river is a bed of gems, and as waters are kept clear and pure, these gems are seen by men and angels; the latter move about through this river, and gather up some of the jewels and take them from one river to another, and thus the

poor are enriched, and the rich make themselves happier and richer by depositing these gems in those rivers where they can do the most good."
 There is an interior work, it is the river of your life interiorly; it is so calm and clear that I can see all that is in it; no turbid waters hide any of the jewels. There is beautiful exchange, and every one that needs a gem of truth that you have, sends it and it is given to him freely, and for every one you give away the angels bring a brighter and more lovely one to you.
 Thus are the angels continually placing gems in the rivers of humanity, and many of these are so turbid and muddy that these gems are not seen, or if seen are so covered with impurities that they cannot be recognized. But we know that the impurities from all these will sooner or later be filtered away, and that which accumulated upon and covered the gems of beauty and truth, will be removed, so that their real worth will be manifested.
 But brother, the good angels are always attracted to the pure and limpid streams in which truth is unswayed, and error finds but little foothold. Seek, therefore, not only to keep this state yourself, but to impress upon all around thee the importance of keeping their streams clear and pure, so that when the living fountains of inspiration are opened they may flow into your souls and be received in a condition as near to their original state as may be. "As the hart panteth after the water brooks," so doth every soul in its better moments, pant after these true and living waters, which when thus received, "shall be in us as a well of living waters springing up into everlasting life."
 THE NEW PHILOSOPHY.—LECTURES BY ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS.—The Spiritualistic movement, which was interrupted four years ago by the war, has taken a new start in this city, and yesterday morning and last night, the new Philosophy was ably and eloquently expounded and explained in two lectures by Andrew Jackson Davis, one of the founders of the Philosophy. A full abstract of his evening's lectures will be found in another column. The attendance on both occasions was quite large, the small Library Hall being more than crowded, and many persons were unable to find even standing room. The character of the audience, and the profound attention with which every one listened to the remarks of the speaker, are proofs that a large portion of the most intellectual men and women of the city are attracted by the promulgation of Spiritualistic views. Mr. Davis had but little to say about the meaningless numeraries of "mediums"—the tipping of tables and fantastic tricks which chamber furniture has been made to play in a darkened room; but he addressed himself to the reasoning faculties of the audience, and however visionary his views may be regarded by strict church members, there can be no dispute about the fact that he fixed the attention and enlisted the sympathies of many clear and philosophical minds.
 In view of the increasing interest which is manifested in Spiritualism, it is the province of the Demagogue to give the teachers of the doctrine a fair and impartial hearing through its columns. Whether it be true or false, good or bad, an understanding of its leading ideas can harm no one, but may induce many to do their own thinking and form their own opinions.—St. Louis Democrat.
 WHO ARE THE VICTIMS?—A celebrated pick-pocket, who was sent to the State prison for his misdeeds, being noted for his marvelous adroitness in pocket-lifting, was requested to reveal the secret of his success. When the following, among other disclosures, was made. We publish them, as they are likely to be useful to those who are willing to take the hint:
 "I never," said the pick-pocket, "attain the pocket of an old resident of the city, but uniformly strangers and countrymen." But on being asked how he distinguished them, replied, "very easily," and gave the following list of persons who were the regular victims of this "craft":
 "Persons in an omnibus who take out their pocket-books after the stage stops, are sure to be countrymen. Those who stop to converse on the sidewalks or thoroughfares, or to take out pocket-books at the box or pit office of the theatres, or steamboat offices. All those who stop to gaze at shop-windows, or count money or show pocket-books in the street, or call at the Funk auction rooms. All these," said he, "are our common victims. If I find a man eating oysters or fruit, or carrying an open knife in the street, in nine times out of ten he is green, and we victimize him. Persons who stand up in the theatre, or stand on cross-walks, are generally country folks, and we make sure of them."
 The shrewdness of these observations of the pick-pocket must be obvious to all city people, and accounts for the remarkable fact that the city residents seldom suffer by the operations of the light-fingered gentry.
 FROM ARCHON CLOCKS.—Ingenious men of all ages, from Archimedes, 200 years B. C., to Wallingford, at the commencement of the fourteenth century, have been cited as inventors of the clock. The fact is, that the clock, like almost every other useful implement, gradually grew to perfection; one man suggested the wheelwork; another the weight for maintaining or driving power; another the balance for regulating the expenditure of that power; another the dial and hands; another the striking parts, and so on; and at last one man combined all together in the first clock. This man appears to be one Henry de Vick, or de Vick, who placed a clock in the tower of the palace of Charles the Fifth, about the year 1384, which clock is the most ancient of which there exists any particular description. The principles upon which it was constructed were essentially the same as those of the clocks of the present day; that is, there was a moving power and a regulating power. The moving power was a weight hung to a cord, wound round a barrel; the unwinding of which, by the fall of the weight, gave motion to a train of wheels that moved around the dial. The regulating power was a balance wheel, springing back wards and forwards after the manner of the watch balance, so familiar to us all.—Shilling Magazine.
 Napoleon, a descendant of an obscure family in Corsica, was Major when he married Josephine, the daughter of a tobaccoist Creole of Martinique.
 What countmands are always at home? Those that are never found out.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal, Sonnets. BY MRS. MARIE A. JONES. FIRST—NOVEMBER, 1864.

SECOND—APRIL MORNING. Its breath all cool with evening dew, That rest on plain and spray...

THIRD—DAIR DAYS—JULY, 1865. Not alone is this chill from the solemn sky, Dull and grey with misted tears...

FOURTH—FOOTSTEPS OF AUTUMN. Each hour I see the maples grow More gorgeous in the yellow air;

Spirit Communications.

The following questions were asked by a gentleman present, and answers given through a medium visiting our circle:

Q. Has each planet its own heaven or spheres? A. By that you would wish to understand if they are each a separate nationality and individuality.

Q. How do they differ from one another? A. They differ in degree as they are situated in space. All there is of life, all there is of motion and sensation, is acknowledged in their being;

Q. Now, why this inquiry or feeling out into far-off nature? A. Because there are primates and atoms in that organization that are in harmony with an organization that planet.

Q. What planet do you refer to? A. The planet I cannot individualize now. Hence the condition of the atmosphere has awakened a latent form of thought within the human brain,

Q. How do you feel about the medium? A. I am compelled, by force of conditions, to convey to these ideas as best I can, ever holding before myself the standard of truth.

out in thought, seeking the unwritten pages of nature, up to God. So far as I have been able, I have answered the question concerning the material plane, and I can only add that there is a heaven or spiritual sphere in harmony with the law of duality,

chance or curiosity lead many to the light of truth; to the inspirations of Nature. I am now delivering a second course of lectures in Warsaw, of which I will speak in my next.

Notes for the Religio-Philosophical Journal. BY H. T. CHILD, M. D. Remarks of Mrs. Nellie L. Wiltsie, in the National Convention, Tuesday evening, Oct. 17th:

My FRIENDS: We have assembled on this occasion as Spiritualists, and spirits in and out of the body. We have come together for the purpose of uniting our energies and blending our influences for the establishment of a fundamental basis of future action.

As Spiritualists, we are prepared to recognize truth, from whatever source it may come, or through whom it may be given forth to the world. We come here in earnest, laboring for the cause which we have espoused, and not fearful of the consequences, though there may be diversity of opinion and conflict of views.

Persons who have within themselves a moral obligation, that lays its influence upon all their acts; that leads them to establish truth, by bringing forth facts to demonstrate it, and who accept the great truth of the life hereafter, when it is thus demonstrated.

Every earnest thinker and laborer perceives the necessity of action, and there is an influence that goes out from him that awakens and inspires those with whom he comes in contact; and, whether he belongs to the same form of faith or not; whether he conforms to the same theories, or accepts the same manifestations of Divine truth, we must acknowledge him as a worker in the great vineyard of God and the world.

Notes by the Way.—No. 1. DEAR JOURNAL:—According to promise, I now send you No. 1 of my "Notes by the Way."

Friends in Illinois, Missouri and Iowa will notice that I shall be in Decatur, Ill., up to December 6th, and in Havana to the 18th, and address me accordingly. JOHN MATHEW. Warsaw, Ill., Nov. 26, 1865.

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know these, and there were those who would be glad to raise the cry that he had abandoned our cause; that he was unwilling to remain with us, and it would be impossible to convince many who heard such reports that there was no truth in them.

Landmarks of the Old Theologies.—No. 9.

BY C. BARING PECKHAM. Says Max Muller: "There is a law which runs through nearly the whole of nature, that everything which is struck rings. Each substance has its peculiar ring. We can tell the more or less perfect structure of metals by their vibrations, by the answer which they give."

Q. How do you feel about the medium? A. I am compelled, by force of conditions, to convey to these ideas as best I can, ever holding before myself the standard of truth. In conclusion, I will say you are all connected with every atom in nature.

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And fly with the Babylonian whore. In many weary years upon the letter, With words of wisdom waiting nothing better, And words, with Aaron, told the off-out Colorado measure six miles or thereabout, Rather than strike a deeper vein of gold...

On this state of the church, brother James' hand comes down rather heavy like that upon "them of Ashdod," and says, "It is this insane root of self-seeking, a self-seeking so fanatical as not to rest till it has bound God himself to its helpless servitude, which makes the distinctively religious mind everywhere clothe itself with such unhandy foliage; everywhere bring forth such unmanly fruit, and as damnable as is the Romish Church, Protestant men and women, those who have any official or social consequence in the church, are apt to exhibit a high-flown religious pride, a spiritual flatulence and sourness of stomach, which you do not find under the Catholic administration."

One of the best chapters of Mr. James, we regret to say, was left unpublished, as in some respects it would have shown a greater independence of his own position in reference to Swedenborg than would be inferred in "Substance and Shadow," and other writings. Still even in the suppressed chapter there are remains showing the powerful sway of the Swedish Seer who has so many things philosophically Spiritual, as to be very apt to swamp, in toto, through the dense forest of his grosser surroundings, in the same way that we see Bibliolators swamped by the Bible.

Dr. Mackey, in speaking of a Swedenborgian Lodge, founded in Paris in 1775, says, "It was compounded of the Masonic reveries of Swedenborg and Paschalis, and distributed into twelve classes or chambers of instruction." Even though it be admitted that the Swedish Seer "compounded Masonic mysteries," yet we doubt not that he was largely in rapport with the Spiritual world, though doubtless much at fault through the medium of his cloudy surroundings, and very fallible as to his Word, which was so much engineered to his foregone conclusions of Biblical authority.

"The philosophical degrees," in ancient religion or Freemasonry had an "explanation, which in the inferior degrees, receives a moral significance." We understand this—it was the milk for babes where there were many things to be said, but you cannot bear them now. Therefore the entered apprentices and for considerable time through the lesser degrees, very properly take their first lessons in mother Goose, and that as children, they grow like Topsy, instead of being called out of Egypt by the Sublime Master of the Luminous Ring, where the weary and heavy laden should have rest.

"No more grovelling swine exist figuratively speaking, than those which are fattened upon the spiritual husks that go to constitute the body of any existing ritual, Christian or Pagan, and are content with that base nutriment." * * * We occasionally indict our mock-anthems as nuisances, because they swindle the public into the purchase of stuffed watches. But our bogus theologians who systematically convert the fine gold of the Gospel into glitteringinsel, and sell it forlure, occupy the highest seats in our synagogues, receive the profoundest greetings in our market places, and are devoutly called of men, Rabbi! Rabbi!

"I deny this pincheek evangel in toto. It is an outrage and an insult to all goodness and truth. So far as it becomes a working principle in us, a principle of life and action, it turns us intellectually into idiots and paralyzes every generous throeb of our bosoms. And surely that cannot be a Divine Truth whose legitimate tendency is to soften the brain and harden the heart." * * * The Church leaves her votaries more stupidly blind to the spiritual depths of life than she finds them. * * * Talk to a religious man of what he conceives to be the highest themes, and you will learn to your astonishment, that God takes no interest in universal questions, that is, in those economical, political and social questions which interest all good and wise men in proportion to their goodness and wisdom; but only in some fitting private question of the 'salvation' of this, that and the other individual soul, etc., while the Pickwickian church of the Unitarian and Universalist 'cultivates the customary sabbatical sulks, and tries to look as decently morose on their way to church as the more hardened sects; but in vain. You always detect a deprecatory wink."

More at large and freely interpreted, friend James would seem to say: Sheep heads in pulpits and long ears in pews Still bind us to the letter of the Jews— Because, in this they may continue stand With bird in hand worth more than two in dead, Through Mamma's flesh-pots, and may thus adore

Our Children.

A child is born; now take the pains and make it a child of mind...

The Little Child at Sapper.

One night I was sitting alone at the table and a little fly came to take supper with me...

Remember the Poor.

There is a paper published in New York called the Advocate and Guardian. It is published by the Executive Committee of the American Female Guardian Society.

Here is a letter written for the Guardian by a little girl. I copy it, hoping you will think what you can do for the destitute.

Advocate and Guardian.—My birthday was again come, and I am now seven years old. Last year, when I was six years old, I sent you sixty cents; I now send seventy.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal. The Wonders of Nature.—No. 7. BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

It was a warm summer day, the air was parching hot, and within the heated walls of a room not to be thought of.

"Ah, well then, we must place a few more snails in it, or our fishes will die." "Why so, papa?"

JUST PUBLISHED: JESUS OF NAZARETH; OR THE TRUE HISTORY OF THE MAN CALLED JESUS CHRIST.

THIS is the most extraordinary and curious book ever published since the art of printing has been invented.

American Aristocracy.

It is absurd for any man to style himself "Independent." He may have unlimited pecuniary resources at his command, but what are these without the ministrations of other men?

MRS. C. A. GENUNG.

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