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Truth wenve no mush, bows at no human shrine, seeks neither place nor applause; she only ushs a hearing.

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CHICAGO, NOVEMBER 18, 1865.

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For the Religio-Philosophical Journal. Nature's Gospel.

BY D. AMBROSE DAVIS. "There's not an orb that rolls in space, but like an angel sings." May we not heed that blemed creed That utters its declaration By a kindly doed, to a soul in need,

Is not man's mind by God designed For wisdom and for knowledge, And may we not here in this earthly sphere Attend our Father's college?

As the pathway to salvation?

Cannot we know that wherever we go Throughout the realms of nature, There's an earnest speech that comes to teach God's every living creature?

May we not look in that open book All over the vast creation, And learn that there is everywhere God's grandest revelation?

Oh! the granite rock in the mountain block Comes with its charming history, To tell us where some tokens are That else were left in mystery.

Do we not hear both far and near A chorus ever swelling. An octave higher than mundane lyre, A joyous message telling?

Do not the flowers in the leafy bowers And our fields of fragrant clover, Tell us they've come to adorn our home, As a gift from the great Jehovah?

To read its glorious Scripture, And learn to rehearse the sacred verse, Till it fills our souls with rapture?

And may we not turn to the lights that burn In the upper deep blue azure, And list to the prayer that's offered there, With its charming rhythmic measure?

Do-we not hear with a mental car, An over welcome whisper, That comes to bless with its kind caress, Like the breath of a gentle zephyr?

Is there not a lyre in the starry choir, With an anthem strain eternal, Telling of love in a land above, And of our home supernal?

Then may we not learn that wherever we turn, For wisdom or worldly pleasure, Our Father is there with His watchful care, Exactly filling our measure?

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year, 1865, by HENRY T. CHILD, M. D.,

NARRATIVE

LIFE OF FERDINAND DE SOTO

EXPERIENCES IN THE INNER LIFE.

BY HENRY T. CHILD, M. D., No. 634 BACE STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

CHAPTER III-[CONTINUED.]

But to return to the consideration of the mental organism. We will now endeavor to give our idea of the nature and functions of a single organ of the mind. Alimentiyeness we will take as an instance. The legitimate function of this organ is to supply the body with the necessary elements for it and the waste which takes place in the tissues, by the actions of life. First, then, of its action in the physical body. There is a beautiful network of telegraph lines running all over the animal system, by which each part is enabled to communicate its wants to the central office. Demand for food and drink being sent up to the central office, Alimentiveness, quite an exciting scene occurs, messages are dispatched to the organs of taste, and from these, summons are sent to other faculties to come to a mass meeting, establish a will power, which, as president, shall direct them how they shall go out in search of the required nourishment. This is the natural operation of this organ, but irregular habits and [perverted tastes have thrown its operations very much out of order. It continues to play an important part in the mental organism. It would be interesting to analyze the entire range of this faculty, but we will not do it here. The groups around Alimentiveness have for their object the protection and preservation of the physical system and are exceedingly important, and very liable to abuse in the present state of society. The perceptive organs are an interesting class-called semi-intellectual. There is Form, which gives the idea of the shape of various bodies, sight and touch telegraphing this information in imperfect characters. This organ receives it and makes it intelligible. Through a similar process Size furnishes correct information, and Order, receives telegraphic dispatches through the senses as to the regularity or irregularity of events. Weight gives a perception of the ponderability of matter, while Time, like a good clock, notes the passage of event after event, ticking, ticking, forever, as it moves the hands upon the dial plate of eternity, and marks the ever onward course of human life, and Tune notes the orderly and harmonious arrangement of sounds.

A single organ on the purely intellectual plane must suffice in our notice here. Causality, receiving between cause and effect, turns these over within itself for a time, then hands them over to the general fund of knowledge, which is made up of any information that is common to any two or more of the faculties. The impression or emotion of any single organ does not belong to knowledge until it is made known to one or more of the other organs, though these single impressions are the basis of all knowledge.

We have seen numerous illustrations of the truth of the old adage that "in union there is strength," not only on the physical plane, but as we go up to the mental and moral. It is true that a large number of elements, though always essential to great power, may, like an army of men, produce confusion, panic, weakness and ruin among themselves, unless they be well directed, regulated and commanded. For the greatest power these two things are requisite; First, to have a large number of primates; second, to have them in their isomeric compounds brought to their highest degree of refinement and power. It is not supposed that the elements or primates themselves can be changed, but the relation of these to each other in the isomeric compounds is the cause of their relative

Once more we will briefly recapitulate. Man is a three-fold divine idea. First: The inmost soul or spark of the Infinite and Divine Father, which is uncreated and eternal, has existed forever and will continue unchangeable and imperishable forever, because it contains within itself portions of all the different elements and primates of the universe, and as no element can ever destroy itself or its kindred element, so no power can ever touch the soul of man. Everything in the universe, save this and its Maker, being without this full and complete complement of the primates, has that without it which, having no representative within it, will sooner or later wage a successful and destructive warfare against it. The human soul, plastic in its character, free in all its motions, assumes the form of the human physical body. It may appear to be should have existed for an eternity in unconsciousness, but it must be remembered that the priceless boon of a future immortality could only be secured by an eternity of the past, and thus is God's economy vindicated, and the estimate of man's immortality duplicated.

Of the nature and character of the soul we are yet to speak; but we will now proceed with our recapitulation. The second divine idea in man is his mental organism, and to give our views of the nature of divine ideas we will explain our perception of human thoughts and ideas. We have referred to the currents which flow out from all bodies and also the atoms or emanations which pass from these; floating everywhere in the Illimitable regions of space are these representative atoms of all the substances in the universe, imperceptible to your ordinary vision, but influencing your mental organisms, and in turn being subject to influences from

One of the grandest and most exalted characteristics of mind is the power which exists in it of controling certain of these invisible atoms and bringing them into combination so as to form thoughts and ideas. The nature of the thought will depend upon the action of the will power and the character of the atoms brought together. Many of these combinations are imperfect and transitory in their character, and the thoughts will be similar. Some minds have no power to do anything more than this, and hence their thoughts are of but little value, either to themselves or others. Most minds depend upon the thoughts and ideas that have been formed by others, and seldom originate new ones. Some occasionally mount up to a plane on which they are able to combine grand and beautiful ideas. Those who are ever seeking for good and useful thoughts find these, and are able to combine them into still more important forms. All the combinations of thought which are above a certain plane have a permanency of character which distinguishes them from mere transient thoughts, and are properly called ideas. Both thoughts and ideas have a tendency to work themselves out into external forms; few, however, of the former obtain any permanent footing. Many ideas have thus presented themselves for observation, and others are still moving in the interior, and progressing toward this form of expression. Sometimes these exist for centuries, and are operated upon by mind after mind until they are elaborated and brought to a degree of perfection which enables them to manifest themselves in the outward, and still they are capable of further extension. Human ideas are miniature representatives of the divine, and all the wonderful constructions of art and genius which have marked the career of man, are but the external forms and expressions of ideas which were originated and combined in the human mind. Few only of the Divine ideas have been wrought out in the visible and tangible universe, and present what we call matter in the form of the countless worlds that roll through space. The mental organism, both of animals and man are divine ideas, more or less perfectly outwrought. Thus in the animal kingdom there are mental organisms, more or less perfectly developed, and in some points approximating closely to man. Especially is this the case among the higher orders and the domestic animals. Man's mental organism exists prior to his birth and consciousness for a period which we have no means of determining, but suppose it to differ very conside-

rably in different individuals. This is attracted to

between these they combine and coalesce, and are forever afterwards one and indissoluble. It is by this union that the immortality of the mental organism of man is guaranteed and established, After this has occurred, the next step, which also occurs at variable and indefinite periods, is to find a properly impregnated germ in the human species; in this act, as well as in the development of the physical body, the mental organism plays the most active and important part. The peculiar mental organisms of parents have an influence in selecting and attracting certain of these to the germs which they are to occupy and develop on the physical plane. The soul gives a general form and outline to the mental organism, and this in turn does the same for the physical body. That this is developed and modeled by interior forces, must be evident to all; and this third divine idea, the physical form, which may be looked upon as only an extension or carrying out of the second. It is, however, so important, that we shall consider it under a distinct head. The physical body marks a new era, the beginning of man's conscious life; his pre-existence, though a matt, of interest, is, in reality to him as an individual, but a blank and barren waste of unconsciousness, until he begins to perceive through the senses of the physical body the form and character of the objects around him, and he is as though he were not. Let us examine the nature of the physical senses, those new doors and windows in the hitherto dark prison house in which the organisms of the soul and mind have been confined-doors and windows which will ever be remembered with pleasure, not only because they opened upon the green fields of earth and the star-lit yault above, but because they opened to the soul a consciousness of itself, of life and immortality. The first and most common of these senses is Touch. In our explanation of perception, you have an illustration of part of this phenomenon, that in which emanations are transmitted from various bodies and received by others. After this however, in order that sensatem, a very we must have a nervous ave. the most per ose it sare combined and arranged so as to receive more intimately and accurately than any other matter these impressions, and convey them to the mental organism. Nerve substance, then, is the highest and most perfect of all the external forms of matter, but there are many grades of this, from the lowest and most rudimental animal up to the highest and most refined and perfect human organism. In all cases, however, these nerves awaken a keener and more vivid perception than has been realized, either on the mineral or vegetable plane. The clearness of the perception and the distinctness of the consciousness will vary according to the condition of the nerve tissue. And there is a long range from the dull, semi-conscious condition of the jelly fish and the mollusk up to the fine and delicate perception of the human fingers. In all cases the terminal extremities of the nerves of sensation have the power of receiving and transmitting impressions through the line of the nerves to the sensorium in the brain, where alone consciousness resides. The other senses in a similar manner, receive each their peculiar impressions through the currents and emanations from various bodies and transmit them to the common centre of consciousness. In the narrative of Ruth Gale, we have referred to a very important faculty, namely, intuition. The perception and consciousness of the senses reaches the mental organism, and if they affect the soul they reach it through this, Intuitions not only reach the mental plane, but the higher forms pass on into the consciousness of the soul, and thus form a stronger and more perceptible chain of connection between these two organisms, and through the senses the mental organism links both in a beautiful union with the external universe of matter, which not only gives them a consciousness of their own existence, a perception and appreciation of the external world, in which they live for brief period, but that which is far more important, a preparation to realize and appreciate the conditions and relations of the inner spiritual world, which is, after all, the only one in which there are substantial and enduring realities. A few words on the nature of the soul. This is a

universal compound containing portions of all the elements and primates of the universe, and is therefore the philosopher's stone-a full and perfect realization of the bright dream of the alchemiststhe elixir of life and immortality. The soul looks calmly and serenely forth everywhere and upon everything, and there is no veil, no cloud of darkness over it, but everywhere and in everything, high and low, great and small, it sees its own image more or less perfectly mirrored, and it welcomes as kindred to itself all things in the universe. From the very nature of the case there are many difficulties in tracing the origin of the soul-the generally received opinion here is that it is a spark of the Divinity. The doctrine of a Divine Trinity is accepted by us, with our own understanding and interpretation of it. We speak then of the Father, Son and Holy Ghost. The Father is the grand central, and omnipotent and overruling power, containing within Himself distinct and perfect representative portions of every part of the entire universe, so embodied as to be positive to all, and hence adapted and compelled to govern, control and regulate the whole, in accordance with the laws of His own being, of which the universe is partly an outward expression. The Son is not the meek and lowly Nazarene alone, but we call the entire physical universe, and all things that are therein conthe fine and delicate impressions of the connection a soul organism, and if there be a proper affinity | tained, the Son of God. The Holy Ghost compressions by President Johnson.

hends, in our view, those divine sparks which have entered conscious life in the human form, or are yet to enter the arena of human life, and build up for themselves those forms which shall give them consciousness, and a knowledge of their own self-consciousness which is the basis of immortality and

The faculties of the soul give it a capacity to scan and comprehend the divine laws and principles which underlie the moral government of the universe. These principles are themselves embodied in the faculties of the soul, and it is thus that the divine attributes of justice and mercy are outworked and manifested through the mental organism acting upon and through the moral organs of the physical system. Without the soul, the intellectual nature would have but a very dim and shadowy conception of any of these principles, and the physical nature no conception whatever of them.

It is the soul alone that makes man an accountable being; and when either the physical or mental, either alone or combined, assumes the control and takes the helm of man's destiny, he is sure to be stranded upon some barren and bleak rock of desolation on the physical plane, or to be tossed wildly upon the unknown sea of mental agitation and unrest, out of which the labors of ages are often required to bring him.

Man, though a three-fold divine idea, is ever a unit, and can never lose any part of his nature, and though the tangled web of human life may often seem to obscure and destroy some part of his nature, yet it cannot be, and the time will come to all the children of humanity everywhere, when "every valley shall be exalted and every mountain shall be brought low," and the eternal and ever-enduring principles, which are ever flowing in and through all man's nature, shall present a smooth and unruffled surface, like a calm and quiet lake, on whose placid bosom the soul, with its well attuned mental organism, shall float calmly and serenely, out of the reach of all the stormy billows which have so long lashed with fuch in med stood seemed ready to overwhelm unfading spiendor, the soul will look forth upon and past, the present and the future, and begin to realize its own God-like powers.

A Traveling Companion.

I once had a delightful opportunity of observing the effect on persons of all classes and all ages by the union of beauty and goodness in a lovely young lady who traveled with me through France, Switzer land and Italy. She was spiritually-minded, and so thoroughly imbued with the love of herfellow-beings, that it shone through every act, lending a charm to all she did and said. No one could resist her fascinations, and her presence was a talisman that unlocked all doors and propitiated all officials. Often have I seen custom house officers, addressed by her, forget their duty, and pass our luggage without examination. We traveled in Switzerland before it was full of great hotels, and used to put up at roadside inns, where the host and his family waited on their guests. These were always charmed by the beautiful and gracious stranger; they would some times encumber her with service in order to express their admiration, and everything in the house was put at our disposal for her sake.

On arriving in a village, she would occasionally walk out alone, and we were sure to find her surrounded by the children in the street, whom she was amusing. The little dirty creatures were interesting to her. She carried her guitar with her, and when singing to it, in a little inn parlor, I have seen the curtainless windows filled with faces pressed close to the glass outside, looking at, and listening to her, while the family of our host was crowding the doorway. She had a way of treating every one as if they were of the utmost importance to her.

In cities she was followed and pointed out as the beautiful American, and at the great theatre of San Carlo in Milan, the attention she attracted was really embarrassing to her. In Florence, Mr. Powers was so delighted with her that he begged to be allowed to make a portrait bust of her, in which he was very successful. She could not believe that her face deserved such a compliment, and it was with great difficulty that I persuaded her to have it done. In Rome our party was indebted to her charms for having the best seats at all public shows, and access to places closed to other strangers. When I was bargaining with an Italian Marquis for a suite of rooms, in Rome, I objected to his price for them as too high, and named the utmost that I was willing to give. He could not take it, but just then my young friend appeared, and in her sweet voice said, You will surely accept the terms of Madame." He gazed at her in silent wonder and admiration, then

owed low and said, "I can refuse you nothing.". When she was presented to that interesting old man, Thorwaldson, he was captivated by her, and on our second visit he presented to her a bronze medal with his own head on it .- Mrs. Farrar's " Re-

THE REV. W. KER'S TESTIMONY TO SPIRITU-ALISM .- The Rev. W. Ker, M. A., in a work just published, says:

"The writer of these pages has, for a length of time, bestowed great attention upon the subject, and is in a position to affirm with all confidence, from his own experience and repeated trials, that the alleged phenomena of Spiritualism are, by far the most part, the products neither of imposture nor delusion. They are true, and that to the fullest extent. Nay, the marvels which he himself has witnessed in the private retirement of his own home, with only a few select friends, and without having even so much as ever seen a public medium, are in many respects fully equal to any of the startling narratives which have appeared in print. He has found that there is an intelligence behind, or under, those varied manifestations, which can read our inmost thoughts; can in many cases truly predict coming events; can tell what may be at the moment passing in distant places; can answer mental quesis; and which, in his experience, has not only replied correctly to those queries, but even to the secret thoughts and unspoken desires which gave rise to them."

Governor Fenton has appointed the 7th of December as a day of Thanksgiving in the State of New York-the same appointed for the National Thanks-

The Arts in China.

They have manufacturers of false noses in China but none of false teeth. There are practitioners who profess to cure the toothache instantaneously, and people worthy of credit have assured me they succeed in doing so. The works of the European dentists are among the most admired examples of the skill of foreigners. A mandarin who was anxious to learn something about the making of teeth, once produced to me a box full of artificial noses of various sizes and colors, with which he supplied the defects of his own. He said he used one sort of nose before and another after his meals, and insisted that Chinese ingenuity was greater than our own. What, in process of time, will be the action of western civilization on the farthest eastern regions -whether, and in what shape, shall we make returns for the instruction our forefathers received from thence-is a curious and interesting inquiry, more interesting from the vast extent of the regions before us. The fire-engine is almost the only foreign mechanical power which has been popularized in China. There is scarcely a watch or clock maker in the whole empire, though opulent men generally carry two watches. The rude Chinese agricultura and manufacturing instruments have been nowhere supplanted by European improvements. No steam. ship has been built by the Chinese. The only one I ever saw would not move after it was launched. It was said that a Chinaman who had only served on an English steamer as stoker, was required by the authorities to construct the vessel. There is neither gold nor silver coinage; the only currency being a base metal, chin, whose value is the fifth of a farthing. The looms with which their beautiful silk stuffs are woven are of the most primitive character. Yet they have arts to us wholly unknown. They give copper the hardness and the sharpness of steel; and we cannot imitate some of their brightest colors. They have lately sent us the only natural green which is permanent; which has been known to them -as printing, wood engraving, the use of the compass, artillery practice, and other great inventions -from immemorial time. Paper was made from rags, long anterior to the Christian era, and promissory notes were used at a still earlier period. The Chinese may be proud of a language and literature which has existed for thirty centuries, while in Europe there is no literary language now written or spoken which would have been intelligible seven hundred years ago. If, then, this singular peoplemore than a third of the whole human race-look down with some contempt on the," outside races," let them not be too harshly judged, or too precipitately condemned.

The poet and editor, Wm. C. Bryant, of the New York Evening Post, was seventy-one years old on the 3d of November last. He bears his age well. Frost lles white upon his ample beard, but the fire of youth is in his eye, and his heart still beats strongly and steadily, with a vital force that shows no sign of serious physical decay. His mind, working alertly and clearly, is quick in perception and as logical in deduction, as it was twenty years ago. His slight and agile figure, passing rapidly among the crowds of the street, is that of a man of thirty years rather than the frame which men usually associate with a septuagenarian's weight of years. He uses no glasses to aid his vision. The nearest approach he was ever known to make to a confession of imperfect sight was in my hearing about a year ago. Going to a window to read a newspaper, he uttered a good natured remonstrance against the fineness of the print, observing that he "didn't intend to wear spectacles so long as he could help it, but wished the papers would not use such small type.

AND I DUST AWARDES MAJORIES

In the matter of dress, Mr. Bryant is neither a Count D'Orsay, nor a Horace Greeley. He greatly prefers cleanliness to style; is always tidy, but blissfully unconscious of the requirements of fashion, and like Dominie Sampson, would be quite likely to attribute to the preservative qualities of the atmosphere the exceeding glossiness of any new garment surreptitiously introduced into his apartment over night. Yet he is orderly and precise in his intellectual life-almost to the extreme of fastidiousness and hypercriticism, as if Nature's principles of compensation were especially illustrated in his case. He has a hearty contempt for shams, snobs, and silliness; admires pluck, perseverance and industry; adores Nature, and works hard for the love of work and readily recognizes a worker, when he sees him; finds his recreation in recondite studies, in green fields, babbling brooks, and the study of natural forms-in digging among the roots of language, in planting trees, making newspapers, and observing mankind-in the prattle of children and the wisdom of the schools-in short, in everything that the world does and men think.

He has pleasant ways. At odd moments he invites friends to little trials of gymnastic exercise. "Can you do that?" he said once to a much younger man, suiting the action to the word by lifting himself to the top of the door by his hands, and swinging up and down and sideways, varying the sport by grasping the door casing, and repeating the feat in a more difficult position. The junior tried it but failed; he had not leaped so many high rail-fences in the country as Mr. Bryant had leaped, and the brown beard could not wag in the air as the white one wagged. Rarely, if a fence or a gate is in the way at Roslyn, does its owner stop to dodge it or open it. He leaps it. If a horse is not harpessed he walks. If a storm howls and a valued friend is lonely in a distant house, he trudges off with an umbrella in one hand and a bouquet of flowers in the other; offering the latter and his company where he knows that both will be welcome. aminer and Chronicle.

WONDERS OF OLD TIME.-Nineveh was fourteen miles long, and forty-six miles round, with a wall one hundred feet high, and thick enough for three chariots abreast. Babvion was fifty miles within the wall, which were seventy-five feet thick and one hundred feet high, with one hundred brazen gates The temple of Diana, at Ephesus, was four hundred and twenly feet to the support of the roof. It was one hundred years in building. The largest of the pyramids was four hundred and eighty-one feet in height and eight hundred and fifty-three feet on the sides. The base covered eleven acres. The stones are sixty feet in length, and the layers are two hundred and eight. It employed three hundred and twenty thousand men in building the labyrinth of Egypt, and it contains three hundred chambers and twelve halls. Thebes in Krypt, presents ruins twenty-seven miles round. Athens was twenty-five miles round, and contained \$50,000 citizens and 400,000 slaves. The temple of Delphos was so rich in donations that it was solvedored of \$50,000,000, and the Emperor Nero carried away from it two hundred statues. The walks of Rome were thirteen miles round.

The Army and Navy Journal thinks Napoleon. has directly or malifectly intimated to the United States that he intends to withdraw his forces from Mexico as soon as he can plausibly do so.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal. Letter from H. T. Child, M. D.

Miss Lizzie Doten has just concluded a very interesting course of lectures in our city, to larger audiences than ever assembled regularly in our hall.

At the close of her course on Sunday evening, October 29th, 1865, she remarked that the spirit of Miss Sprague had prepared a poem, which was dedicated to a lady in this city, who was now in the andience. She also stated that a few weeks since she had given this poem to an audience at Charlestown, Mass., and at that time a request was made that it should not be reported. Now this restriction was removed, and a desire was expressed that it be given to her friend, and also published to the world. So I send it to you.

"As thy day is, so shall thy strength bo," - Deut. xxx / 25. I leave the bright celestial shore, And seek the homes of earth once more,

To bear, like some rejoicing dove, A message from the world of love, To tell how life revealed to me, That as my day, my strength should be.

Oh, ye, who with your doubts and fears, Shrink back before the coming years; Who, in affliction's fires annealed, Bee not the use therein concealed, Learn, as ye listen unto me, That as your day, your strength shall be

Oh, I was once a woman weak, Haunted by doubts I dared not speak ; My feeble reason strove in vain, Life's mighty mystery to explain; Por, faint of heart, I could not see, That as my day my strength should be.

I questioned why a God of power, Should give me suffering for my dower? Why woe, and want, and war, should reign? And peace walk hand in hand with pain? But was His promise full and free-That as man's day his strength should be?

I scorned the cant and creeds of men-The records of an erring pen-For there was something in my soul That would not bow to such control. And, oh, I prayed that I might see, That as my day, my strength should be-

Oh, if there was a God, I prayed, That he would lend my spirit aid, And give me strength, though frail and weak, To live the truth I could not speak, And prove His promise unto me-That as my day my strength should be.

I sought for wealth, and place, and fame; To make unto myself a name; But when these gifts were most mine own, My soul seemed fearfully alone, But dimly I began to sec, That as my day my strength should be.

I sought for love, that blessed spring, That strengthens every living thing: But when it failed my thirst to slake, I thought my woman's heart would break, Till love divine revealed to me, That as my day my strength should be.

Then something in my soul uprose, That nothing earthly could oppose; All doubt and fear aside were cast, For I should conquer at the last, And my glad soul in triumph see, That as my day my strength should be.

God did not mock me. Even death Could only take my mortal breath; And glowing with eternal youth, That my strength should be.

Oh, ye, who 'mid earth's shadows roam, Seeking for your blest spirit home, Through storm and darkness, shining far Behold life's blessed morning star-A token that the night shall flee, And as your day, your strength shall be.

Deeper than all external things-Than riches with their gilded wings-Than "love, too oft a poisoned dart," Rankling in silence in the heart. Truth gives the steadfast soul to see, That as its day its strength shall be.

But not in reason's wide domain, Could ought be found to make this plain. 'Tis only in the God-like will, In feeling, deep and calm, and still, In life alone, that man can see That as his day his strength shall be.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

"The End Not Seen." BY MRS. HARVEY A. JONES.

Oh! never yet was a great work By mortal shaped alone Some other hand will gild the spire Than laid the corner-stone.

And hearts have toiled for the good work Till came the other call; And some have fainted by the way, And faith grown dark to all.

Nor Luther, when he lit the fire At the old city's gate, Knew that it yet would scathe each wrong, However old and great.

The end not seen! though many a flash Of inspiration falls, And something from the far-off heights To many a mortal calls;

Watchers and workers in our time Saw not the day draw near, Whose dawning now has blest the sight Of each moral pioneer.

The chart that our forefathers gave, Our blood and tears have wet, To wash away one black'ning stain In its white charter set.

It is the lesson old, repeated. The barvest yet will be, For those that sow in faith and tears The seeds of Liberty. Sycamore, Ill., 1865.

Insects generally must lead a truly jovial life. Think what it must be to lodge in a lily. Imagine a palace of ivory and pearl, with pillars of silver and capitals of gold, all exhaling a perfume such as never arose from human censer. Fancy again the fun of tucking yourselves up for the night in the folds of the rose, rocked to sleep by the gentle sighs of the summer air, nothing to do when you awake but to wash yourself in a dewdrop, and to fall to and eat your bedclothes.

Many men dedicate business to the devil, and politics to the devil, and shove religion into the cracks and crevices of time, and make it the hypocritical out-goings of their leisure and laziness.

Miss Belle Bush, Principal of the Adelphian Institute, Norristown, Pa., has introduced into her Academy, Dr. Lewis' system of Light Gymnastics. Landmarks of the Old Theologies -- No. 6. BY C. BARING PROBERAM.

Seeing how the ancient religious were fushioned. in the principles of Freemasonry with the non-symbolic of the hidden wisdom of God, a wisdom in mundane and trans-mundane discoveries, how utterly has the later mind been fed upon the husks or excretim of the old mysteries by our church theologiesthe pulpit stuff of a commercial clergy. So utterly has this falled to grow an enlightened status of soul, that even new and young America grew rapidly old in the shroud, staggering with weak knees, and falling with its blind leaders into the ditch. Our conservative religious status is that of ungrowth, or petrifaction to the measure of Proernstes, or head and hands lopped off if growing beyond the pasteboard barriers of the Bible, even to its deadliest letter. What has been the result of this narrowness of creed-this stinted, lifeless food as spiritual meat? Soul starvation and atrophy of heart. The individual, society and nation has alike gone down to hell. In "Substance AND SHADOW," by Henry James, his hand comes down somewhat heavy upon them of Ashdod, he says; "See what thorough-paced, unconscious scoundrels we have long had for politicians. Observe how apt our men in office are to lend themselves to atroclous. jobbery; how incessantly public and private trusts are betrayed; how our clergy in such large numbers habitually emasculate and stultify the Gospel, in order to adapt it to the dainty cars of the fierce worldlings who underpin their ecclesiastical consequence; how ostentation, unbridled luxury of every sort, and the shamoless apery of foreign classpretension, even down to the decorating of our imported servants with imported liveries, are corrupting us from our original democratic simplicity; how rapidly immodesty, dissipation, indolence, and the most unblushing egotism are vulgarizing the manners, hardening the visages, and hopelessly blasting the hereditary remains of innocence of our rich young men and women; and who can doubt that Jeff. Davis, Joe Smith, Fillbuster Walker, Secretary Floyd, James Buchanan, and all the other dismal signs and portents of our current political and religious life, have been only so many providential scourges sent to devastate and consume a world long ripe for the Divine judgment. * * Religion in the old virile sense of the word, has disappeared from sight, and become replaced by a feeble Unitarian sentimentality. * * I do not quarrel with the living spirit of religion, which glows in every heart of man where God's own spirit of humility, meckness, equality, fellowship is cultivated and reproduced, however feebly; but only with what the best men in history have always quarreled with, namely, its dead and putrid body, which still goes unburied, and taints God's wholesome air with its baleful exhalations. Religion disdains any longer a literal or ritual establishment. It claims a purely living and spiritual embodiment, such as flows from God's sanctifying presence and animating power, in every form of spontaneous human action. It has no longer anything to do, accordingly, with churches or with clergy, with Sabbaths or with sacraments, with Papacy or with prelacy, with Calvin or Locinus; but only with a heart in its subject of unaffected love to all mankind, and unaffected fellowship, consequently, with every person and everything, however conventionally sacred or profane, that seeks further that love by the earnest distaste, disuse and undoing of whatsoever plainly withstands, perverts or abuses it." Brother James is a heretical or come-outer Swe-

denborgian, but at the same time is very much infolded by the Smadish recentoff; and very much or us teachings as consonant with the modern spiritual unfolding, we are very far from agreeing with friend James that Swedenborg was a correct reader of the Biblical Word or symbols; but on the contrary, that he widely failed in this direction. We need not repeat what we have elsewhere said on this head. Let it suffice to say that while we can readily see how Swedenborg could walk on both sides of the Jordan, we think that many of the pebbles which he picked up on the other side and placed in his arcana as precious stones, were often bogus in their character. The Swedish medium, in his earliest infancy, was involved in a mesmeric winding sheet, so that his parents supposed that the angels spoke by him, and in after life he claims infallibility from this source of teaching by preservation from the Lord. But we, who have had similar experiences in the modern unfolding, know how to take these statements for what they are worth. Even friend James admits a good deal of wirepulling by "the grim originals of that remorseless inner sphere," but the Swedish medium would have us take his word as infallibly exempt from any mistake, or misleading on this wise; and it appears that many of his adherents, who are of that imbecile spiritual status, are readily submerged to his "thus saith the Lord."

The true symbolism of the Bible, as we are all along seeing, is Masonic. The Word is multifold in aspect through astronomic, anatomic, physiologic, and agricultural relations, and all interblended with the spiritual revealings of impressional and trance inspirations, and through all the various degrees of medium or seer, as in the more popular religion, when "beforetime in Israel," when a man went to inquire of God, thus he spake, come and let us go to the seer; "for he a prophet now was beforetime called a seer." The sun, or his angel, speaking through a medium, was God or the Lord; so in the more esotoric lodge, the master or hierophant was God or his symbol.

Oliver, commenting on the emblematic adhesion of the master to the sun and moon, says: "Hence we find that the master's authority in the lodge is despotic as the sun in the firmament, which was placed there by the Creator, never to deviate from its accustomed course." So, too, says Mackey in the lodge: "The east is the seat of light and of authority. It is the station of the worshipful Master." In some of the Biblical aspects, Moses and Aaron may have been the emblems of the sun and moon.

The Pastos was a chest, close cell, or coffin of excavated stone, "in which the aspirant was for some time placed, to commemorate the mystical death of the God. This constituted the symbolical death which was common to all the mysteries." We see an allusion to this in the Essenian Freemasonry of the gospels, or "God-spells," where Joseph takes the body of Jesus and lays him in "the excavated stone," or tomb hewn out of the rock, mystically the rock of salvation, from whence was to be the resurrection unto life. In connection with "the excavated stone," were the Arkite rites, where the Pastos represented the ark in which the Noah of the Hebrew mysteries and the Deucalion of the Greeks were confined. It was in this degree of the mysteries that the aspirant encountered the rush of many waters. It was the degree of the flood, symbolical of the washing away of sins, the baptism of water, before the advent of the Holy Ghost, whose coming was announced by the symbolical dove with the olive branch, the "sign" that

the purgation of waters was about to cease, thus making cleanliness the immediate precedent of godliness. Joh's sins are recounted to him in the degree of the flood by the master Mason, Eliphaz, who informs him that for his shortcomings "therefore snares are round about thee, and sudden fear troubleth thee, or darkness thou canst not see, and abundance of waters cover thee." This was the ordeal degree in baptism, or flood of God in a mystery. Noah's raven croaked to the wailings of Job. and when in this process of initiation Job "went mourning without the sun." The raven himself was hoarse in moving to and fro, and crowding the mourner. In vain did Job stand up and squawk in the congregation that he was "a brother to dragons and a companion to owls." Though his skin was black, it was determined to thoroughly bleach him, so as to show that in the hidden wisdom of God the Ethiopian could change his akin and the leopard his spots, and thus have wisdom put into the inward parts, or be born in the spirit. Poor "Job continued his parable," and wished himself through this process of being born again. His harp was tuned to mourning, and his organ to the voice of them that weep, while his " root spread out by the waters, and the dew lay all night upon his branch." Still, it was salvation in the end, if there was perseverance through the trial, "To bim that overcometh will I give to cat of the hidden manna, and will give him a white stone, and on the stone a new name written, which no man knoweth, saving he that receiveth," but for perdition, if the aspirant faltered or turned back. He that believed and was baptized through these waters, or flood, was saved ; he that believed not, was damned. He was the weak knees, the scorned and execrated of all. He had put his hand to the plow and looked back, and so was not fit for the kingdom of God. It was necessary to walk by faith and not by sight, and to believe that the Redeemer lived in the latter stage or Royal Arch degree, and that he would gladly receive the aspirant when perfected through suffering. The most high priest in the mysteries was the Redeemer, or symbol of the sun, or God of heaven. Through the pilgrim age of degrees, the aspirant was encouraged and comforted by apt and holy songs, as when the Psalmist sings "God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble, and we will not fear when the waters roar and the mountains hide in the midst of the sea." Yet when David was flooded, he, too, squawked as loudly as Job. "Save me, oh God! for the waters are coming in unto my soul. I sink in deep mire, where there is no standing! I am come into deep waters, where the floods overflow me! I am weary of my crying! My throat is dried ! 1 Mine eyes fail, while I wait for my God!" And so throughout all the ancient Freemasonry, or the kir dom of God in the mysteries, we may find this rush of many waters in the symbolical baptismal flood for the washing away of sins. "The whole was a regular system of morality conceived in a strain of interesting allegory, which readily unfolds its beauties to the candid and industrious inquirer." It was to seek through this wisdom of God in a mystery, for the pearl of great price, pursuing the search from the first degree, from the light of the "star in the East," the star that shineth unto the darkness, though the darkness comprehended it not. Hence the encouraging word in Virgil, to "go on, spotless boy, in the paths of virtue; it is the way to the stars." It was the "light that shineth unto a dark place, until the day dawn and the day-star arise in your hearts," which would be found in the ark of

the covenant or Royal Arch degree. The whole series of types in a OCKE Treference to Christianity, though sometimes was will appear absence of connecting links and suitable applications." The landmarks of the order, says the G. M. of Tennessee, "have existed through unnumbered ages-if not precisely in their present form, at least without an essential variation, although they have been handed down from age to age by tradition. The progress of society, the various changes that have taken place in the political, religious, and moral condition of mankind have probably introduced various modifications in the forms of the ceremonies of the order; still, its fundamental principles, and those characteristics which distinguish it from other human institutions, remain the same, so that by the symbolic language a Mason of one country is readily recognized and acknowledged in another. To preserve these landmarks and transmit them to our successors, is a duty we owe to posterity, and of which we cannot be acquitted so long as moral obligation has any force."

In the Masonic wisdom of God, the text of the word furnishes many invaluable landmarks. "The lectures," says Oliver, "form the naked outline of the building, and it is the business of the chief architect to furnish the details, so as to form a beautiful and harmonious edifice-a moral structure -a building not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. It is the duty of the Master to collect, like our ancient brother Euclid, the scattered elements of history, science, and philosophy, and form them into a perfect system, where the light shall become clearer in every consecutive degree, until it shines with full effulgence in the ne plus ultra of Masonry." This author would make the Teraphim a symbol in "spurious Freemasonry," but we surely find it as a regular brick in the Biblical word. Judaical and Christian Freemasonry claim for their own house better builders than the heathen possessed, though they all built from the same stone, and from the same brass molten out of the stone, and it may yet remain an open question whether the Hebrews built and garnished their tombs more esoterically truthful than did the Gentiles. As a hireling in the Church of England, Dr. Oliver is an interested witness in making out an exclusive case for the Masonry of old Jewry, as wrought from the stone of Israel; hence he would have Abraham teaching "the Egyptians arithmetic and astrology, of which they were previously ignorant." But if Moses took this same arithmetic and astrology from the wisdom of the Egyptians, which has so graveled Bishop Colenso, it may be that Abraham taught the Egyptians the bogus "sum of the matters;" for, according to Oliver himself, "Abraham had probably been initiated into spurious Freemasonry in Chaldea, where these institutions prevailed." Father Colenso will please have a care to compare the genuine with the bogus. Let us have the genuine, original Jacob from the orthodox aspect of

May not the Masonic pentalpha of Pythagoras, the pentangle of Solomon, and the pentatenet of Moses have a significance in the "divine arithmetic of the Egyptians," that Father Colenso fails to glimpse? According to Dr. Mackey, this sacred five "constituted the seal or signet of our ancient Grand Master, and to have been inscribed on the foundation stone of Masonry." May not the love song of Solomon in God's Word have a mystical allusion to the same, or variation of the sacred number included within the scope of being of the symbolic HE-SHE, or Jehovistic male triad of female

There was a covenant of entrails among the ancient Hebrews, comented by slaying an animal, dividing it in two parts, and placing these north and south so that the parties to the coverant might pass between them from east to west; while it might be supposed that the four angels of John, standing on the four corners of the earth holding the four winds, were the witnesses to the sum of the matters in the sweet-smelling savors which ascended to the Lord. According to Malachi, the meat was offered in some of the covenant sacrifices, and that men, winds and angels smuffed at it, saith the Lord of hosts. The knight of the sun, or key of Masonry in the philosophical degree, would appear to have been the symbol of the Lord God of hosts to weigh all things in the hollow of his hand, and give a just, balance, for "thou covereth thyself with light as with a garment; who stretcheth out the heavens like a curtain; who layeth the beams of his chambers in the waters; who maketh the clouds his charlot; who walketh upon the wings of the winds; who maketh his angels spirits, his ministers a flaming fire." Hence in the degree of the sun the Lord or hierophant is the thrice perfect father Adam and brother Truth, who, as the sun of righteousness, rises with healing on his wings, the Redeemer who stands at the latter day to save the faithful initiate after his sore trial through the "six troubles" to the seventh of rest. Brother Truth is the Alpha and Omega, the voice that spake to me in the midst of the seven golden candlesticks, like unto the Son of Man. With him, too, are "the seven chief angels," which, according to brother John, are the seven stars or seven spirits of God, or the seven amps of fire burning before the throne. Star in the mysteries sometimes stands for constellation; hence the seven stars or spirits before the throne of God were the seven zodiacal signs in the summer months of the kingdom of heaven; hence, too, in Ezekiel, "the likeness of the glory of the Lord" within the orbit wheels of the zodiac, moved with them. "Whithersoever the Spirit was to go, they went; and the wheels were lifted up over against them, for the spirit of the living creature was in the wheels," etc. In the Masonic heaven "the brethren are called sylphs. The jewel is a gold medal with a sun on one side, surrounded by rays, and on the reverse

> For the Religio-Philosophical Journal. Randolph's Letters -- No. 4. A LATTER DAY SERMON.

" Multiplication is vexation; Division is as bad; The rule of three doth puzzle me, And fractions drive me mad,"

These memorable lines are the text from which I propose to preach a sermon, short, and to the point. Recently I have had to pass an examination before a Board as to whether or not I knew enough to be competent to instruct a school of colored children, and it came after nearly a year's successful teaching. At its close it was decided that I might continue in the same line of duty-as I take it, a noble one. Under the able direction of Capt. H. R. Pease, General Superintendent of Education for Freedmen in "the Louisiana lowlands, low," and his able assistants, Mortimer A. Warren and Secretary Willey, the negro bids fair to quickly pass over the transition ground that lies midway between barbarism and civilization. Our labor is arduous, but our guerdon sure, both here, in the sweet sense of duty done, and hereafter in that blessed country that lies just over the river; for all of us whose hearts are in the great work, know that we the making friends by thousands on both sides of the myking friends. We know they are there, and that others are constantly stepping off from earth and trouble to the resplendent slopes of fadeless youth and greenery, amid the flourishing everglades of God. And we shall meet them by-and-by on the

fair shores over there. Oh! the rapture of that meeting-Of that blessed spirit-greeting-Is unknown to mortals. They can never, Till they pass the dark, deep river That divides this world forever From the spirits' own, Comprehend how hearts once blighted In a world with sin benighted,

Are forever re-united

On the shore Of that river, brighter, glowing, From eternal fountains flowing. Where the tree of life is growing

MULTIPLICATION .- And this brings me to multiplication, which is a good thing in good deeds, figures, acts of mercy, smiles, pleasantries, and brotherly affections; but very bad when applied to the increase of bitterness, injustice, rascality, seductions, hatreds, murders, wars, and, last and greatest, religious sects, and what springs from their creation. All number is based upon the unit 1, and so all human hearts should overflow with the great, sweet, pure and holy love, which is the unit of all greatness, the point whence the grand human arch of excellence springs; and our moral multiplication is and should be: twice good is better, three times good is best, four times best is wisdom, five times wisdom is joy, six times joy is pleasure, seven times pleasure is happiness, twelve times happiness is -heaven. Once heaven is charity, twice charity is forgiveness, three times forgiveness is love, four times love is religion, five times religion is philosophy, and religio-philosophy is man's supreme good!

It is not hard to see that much of the mental and other ills around us spring from the bad habit of multiplying hellward, instead of heavenward. Bacon said "knowledge is power." I don't agree with my lord Verulam, but rather think that goodness is power, else why are we all Godlings? Heirs of eternal felicity? Else why has hell caved in of late, damnation deserted the pulpit, the devil been reduced to smoke, and human immortality and God's tremendous goodness been revealed? Our Father! Just think of it! Our Father! Ring out. ye bells; sing, ye birds; bloom in beauty, all ye flowers; blow, ye breezes, and proclaim to all things that we have just found out that God is our Father. 1,900 years after Jesus, the ever blessed. proclaimed it from Mount Zion! Catch up the strain, ye spirits of the blest : waft it to the angels; bid them carry it to the celestial gates, and proclaim it to the univercelum, till all its arches ring again, that God is our Father! Multiply the strains till all are convinced and act accordingly, and this is the true use of multiplication.

"Division is as bad."

Of course it is when it causes trouble in church, state or family; but it is very good when we divide our best thoughts, good offices, kind words, good spirits, and better deeds, our surplus loaves, clothes, lands, dollars, smiles, encouragements and pleasantness, charities and hopes, with those who, need them. It is a splendid thing to live for those who love and even hate us, to divide the labors of the oppressed, and to put joy into human life as often as we possibly can. But it is bad to separate the people into adverse sects, creeds, political

parties and castes, based on wealth or anything else, save health and disease, for every bad person

"The rule of three doth puzzle me."

And so it has myriads of others. A man may as well try to convince me that he can put a quart or milk into a pint bottle, as that one God is three Gods or three Gods one, or that the Father and Son mutually begat each other. Our Father is a unit. so is our mother (Nature), and they twain begat man, and nurture and protect him now. Three balls are not one ball, nor one dollar three dollars. and yet the race who date their faith from Bethle here have been damning each other roundly during all these years, because they couldn't understand how God has ever been an indissoluble unity wholly, solely and only God, from everlasting to everlasting. What's the reason? Look at my school-the Lloyd Garrison school; It has AB gentry who believe all you tell them, and will until arithmetical practice develops the ability to reare independently, when up they go to the intermediate class, and hurry on to grammar. Well, the world of Christianity has had theology on the brain, and gone as it was blown. The present world is seeing the mistake, and is rapidly enshrining Jesus in the heart, where he ought to be; hence ceases to to to put quarts into pint pots, forgets to wrang, about the Trinity, and seeks to go to heaven all the time by doing right, avoiding wrong and living usefully, which brings me to say that

"Practions drive me mad?"

Especially infractions of the golden rule, the frational worship of fractional gods, fractional religions, philosophy, charity, love, mercy, forbearance The whole unit or none, is the true motto. God is a unit; so should man be, and so he will be by and by It makes me feel bad to see and hear a man profess Christ, and stab Christ all the while by tearing his character to pieces, defaming some one, decrying some poor girl for the single sin himself is guilty of fifty times a year.

Finally, let us multiply our good works. Diride our labors and our sympathies with all. Let be follow the rule of three in all we do, going from good to better and to best, in love, will, wisdom, truth, beauty, use, and henceforth strive to make the race a unit by totally abolishing all fractions and fractionalisms, seeking to consolidate the species into one unbroken unit, one brotherhood, one God, Father, bent on achieving one universal good.

Letter from Mrs. Ballou.

So mote it be.

MANKATO, MINN., Oct. 25, 1885.

P. B. R.

DEAR JOURNAL :- To-day's mail brought the cheery Nos. 2, 3, and 4 of the RELIGIO. I like the introductory sheets. They are full of rich gems of thought from the hearts we have loved in the progressive journals these years past; and from some newer names less familiar. They all illumine the dark niches in human tenements, bringing food to the starving, raiment to those who shiver in their outgrown garments. Angels bless them ever. The expression of the few subscribers here is like an applause.

On these wide prairies, almost on the verge of civilization, when the blade of the tomahawk of the hostile Indian marauders is scarce dry from the blood of the murdered innocents, the waves of the light come flooding in, like incense from bruised

Six months ago, so unpopular was Spiritualism among the masses here, that men of influence and business, Judas-like, denied-if not their Christtheir night and mith. But the light of truth cannot be hid, and by accident, as it were, some one "leaked it out," while a few others, catching a even the shadow of a glimmer, in winning the sympathy of kindred faith, conspired to ask aid of a fellow servant.

The Banner of Light was consulted, mine was the address chosen, and a letter came to me with the words "We dare not even hold a private sitting or circle; our numbers are too weak, and we have 'no medium among us; what shall we do?" To which I replied: "Hundreds have fallen when truth had fewer defenders than now. Never claim your right to accept a principle as yours, until you are willing to defend it and sustain its advocates. There are mediums among you; get together and they will develop; open your circles to earnest seekers, and you will be astonished at your numbers."

The result was quickly a pressing request that I should come over and help them. Accordingly, in March last, the first Spiritual lecturer made a toilsome journey by cars, steamer and stage to the interior of Minnesota. I have not space or time to here enumerate the many questions highly ludicrous which were on the lips of the curious, as to the peculiarities of the species to which I belonged, etc. But as I traveled "incog,"-just like any other lady -I amused myself by the hour (it was known on the whole stage route, a distance of one hundred miles when my arrival was expected,) with such remarks as "Free Lover," "Woman Preacher." "Strong minded Women," "Short dresses," etc., etc. On one occasion as the stage halted, a stort, burly, red-faced representative of man peered in and asked if the one who claims my address was within! I replied : "Her remains are here." He evidently mistook what I meant, as the jaded and wearied portion of myself for a portable ghost, that could at will be the receptacle for any amount of departed spirits, for he vanished instanter, and has to this day been invisible, save to my mirth-loving per-

But I am wandering, and shall "lose the drift." After my first lecture, not with standing the rain and wind, the audiences were, during my two weeks stay, large, and the interest intense. After two months spent at my home in Wisconsin-by the urgent request of the good friends, I accepted their kind invitation to be one among them.

The minds throughout this great West, in this and other places where I have lectured, strongly savor of liberality. The future is not far distant when the reform laborer will find a rich harvest in the rapidly growing demands of Minnesota. Welcome ! then JOURNAL, to her broad prairies.

Our regular place of worship is a large hall, now under completion, where we shall hold two meetings each Sabbath. My prayer is for physical strength to do my share in the great works planned for the coming years. At the present I am in feeble health; when I am a little stronger, I shall try to add to your list of subscribers. From time to time in the cause, ADDIE L. BALLOU.

A FREEDMAN'S PRAYER .- "O Massa Jesus! we's les like little birds, sittin' on de edge ob de nest wid dar mouths open; now, jes gib us what you will!"

For the second time within the past five years a Hebrew has been elected Lord Mayor of London. A man who doesn't advertise his business is almost

as mean as one who does advertise his wife. The cholera is disappearing from Turkey and Spain, but its appearance is looked for in England.

Baruum offered \$1000 for the pillow upon which President Lincoln died.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Appreciation. BY ESSEL TOTYLE.

In a far-off German country Lived a discrintented govern. Who was constantly complaining Of posted and great abuse. She had eyes as blue as sapphires; White as Jura's snow her wing; She had feet as pink as sunset. But not any voice to sing.

"Ah," she sighed, " these cruel people Scarcely hearken to my lay, Though ! am a charming singer, And should wear a crown of bay. Were I in the beauteons Rhineland, I should hear the saulted sky Echo back the people's praises --Here I must unhonored die!

> "I will go where Art is higher, And they know what mark is ! I will make the singing wavelets Stop to hear my melodies. I will make the children listen, Still as statues in the bowers, I will make the lords and ladies, Hearken from their castle towers,"

While upon the skirts of morning Idnagged yet a sea-shell glow. Floating off upon the azura Was a winged speck of snow, She was dreaming, dreaming, dreaming, To the motion of her wings, How she should come back in triumph, Heralded by lords and kings.

Long before the mid-day parted In the shadows of the vine. Our aspirant, proud as Cygnus, Floated on the storied Rhine. Just at sunset came a party Boating, rowing merrily. Said the goose, "Til sing. I wonder What these folks will think of me?"

So she tuned her voice, expectant Of the praises she should hear, And it echoed on the castle Like a clarion, sharp and clear. "Ugh!" said one, "that fine fowl roasted Might well make one's heart rejoice; But she should abandon music; She has neither skill nor voice!"

" One man's word is nothing," thought she; "I will serenade the poor, Their tired hearts shall leap to music, I will waken at their door." When a simple burgher rested From the labors of the day The poor goose, so much neglected, Tuned again her clamorous lay.

"Good Lord save us!" cried the burgher, "From another song like this; When you turned your head to music, Your fine talents worked amiss. You are good for growing feathers, Neck, and breast, and back, and wing, But no one but you suspected You were called upon to sing!"

"Worse and worse!" the poor goose murmured, "I was better liked at home. I will seek my native village, Ne'er again for fame to roam." Conceit unappreciated, Need not seek applause abroad,

Real worth and telling talent All who know will freely laud.

Is Whatever Is, Right?

We answer, that "whatever is, is right," in accordance with the law that governs it, but as viewed in the light of the law of justice, there are wrongs, dire and manifold, not only between man and his fellow man, but between God and man, and in and through all the ramifications of nature.

Now when we say that, Whatever is, is right, in accordance with the law that produced it, we see it to be so, because effects are not accountable, but causes, and hence as all outward manifestations are effects, we are constrained to say they are right, and proceed to deal with the cause; and we think no one will dispute the point that wrong and injustice stalk abroad through the earth, and that not only "man's inhumanity to man makes countless thousends mourn," but that all animated nature is at war with itself, and as God is supposed to be the architect of the universe, having all the qualities of omniscience and omnipresence, creating all things by the power of his will, and as he will, we must draw one of three inferences, viz : Either that all things are just as God willed them ; or that God did the best he could out of the material he had to deal with; or that he could not see the end from the beginning; and hence the incongruities and injustice with which we have to deal. Nor will it set the matter right to accept the doctrine of the fall of Adam, and that in consequence the earth was cursed for his sake; for it is simply absurd to an intelligent or reasoning mind and an insult to the character we have just ascribed to God, to charge him with having his own way in making everything, and then to find it necessary to curse it. But suppose, for a moment, we admit that man disobeyed the law of God (but he could not, for not only man, but all things sentient or otherwise, are as obedient to the law that governs them, as the needle to the pole,) but suppose it were otherwise, we find the earth, the sea, and all that in them is, included in that direful curse, and straightway the lion and tiger make war upon each other, the fishes in the sea devour each other, and the serpent lies in wait for the innocent and inoffensive, of whatever species. Now, what have they done that they should be turned loose upon each other? And we find not only these hitherto innocent ani mals cursed, but the entire race of man to the latest generation, except perhaps a few, who may, through the blood of another innocent victim, be permitted to enter heaven; and here it will be claimed by many, that we are on sacred ground, and have no right to inquire into the acts of God. But there is a Principle that knows no limit of either time or space, that knows no high nor low, and before whom all must bow, the creator as well as the created; and God has no more right to punish the innocent for the guilty, or do any other unjust act than the lowest creature in the scale of intelligence, nor will he be found to do it, when properly understood. Rather let us accept what is daily becoming a

more self-evident theory, "that chaos (or matter, if you please,) is the original condition, and that the action of mind on matter brings into life the law of growth or progress, and that, though the condition of things as we see them to-day, is crude, imperfect and inharmonious still," we need not look into the far distant past to perceive that we are undergoing a refining process that will, ere long, cause us to shout for joy, and bless the Mind that called us into existence; for if God has made any sentient being, that fails of ultimate happiness, then he has failed in the order of creation, for he could not have any other object than the happiness of all. J. B. CLIFTON.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal-The Spiritual Movement. BY L. REHN.

At the risk of some rough handling from overzealons friends in the ranks of the Spiritualists, it may not be amiss to submit a few suggestions touching this question, becoming, if it has not already assumed the proportions of a giant power in the world, and to indicate its function, sphere, and result, as these severally seem to be prophested

by the status which the movement to-day has assumed. Of sects Heaven knows we have had enough, and that the earth, too, may learn this lesson, is devoutly to be wished; that it will, too, is certain; and whether this lesson shall be learned by a profitable use of the experiences of those who have gone before, and by wise connsels avoid the rocks whereon they have been east, or whether we must repeat their follies and reap their rewards, is for ns

We make loud professions as to the anti-sectarian character of our spiritual faith; talk and write eloquently in defence of its Catholic spirit; tell the world how broad is the platform whereon we stand and how large the liberty it offers to its votaries, and how comprehensive the scope of its divine philosophy; all of which is true, no doubt. But how well we believe all these things will be shown to a considerable degree by a course of practice consistent therewith, and a life characterized by the genuine spirit which pervades it all.

It does not seem to be my duty, or even privilege, to pass judgment upon the motives of mankind, further than to say that, primarily, they are all good enough. But we may rightfully judge of the soundness of their reasonings, and the correctness of their conclusions in all matters with which we stand related, and in the exercise of this privilege I have a few words to say to the friends of this movement.

It is familiar knowledge that "Spiritualism" comprehends those who have come from every religious faith, as well as those of no faith at all. The acceptance of the fact, however, that spirits have the power to and do hold intercourse with man on earth, does not necessarily work the extinction of sectarian habitudes, or work out mental emancipation from the slavery of creeds, which emancipation is the sole result of the philosophy involved in the Spiritual movement. Hence most, if not all of us, are tinctured with this taint, and accordingly exhibit its disposition, which is a desire to keep Spiritualism "respectable"-that is, popular, or as popular as possible. Influenced by this mischievous proclivity, one brings along with him from his old associations his reverence for the Bible, and wishes to hedge Spiritualism about with the limitations of that book, and construes all phenomena as simply so many confirmations of its supposed divine origin; others, that the ancient Christ, having done a portion of his work in the churches, is, through this modern movement, to be re-incarnated and appear anew, with other disciples of special appointment, and thus build a new church to correspond therewith.

Through the reformatory spirit of the new philosophy, we have gained, also, many accessions from the various fields of reform ; and hence there are temperance Spiritualists, vegetarian Spiritualists, anti-tobacco Spiritualists, anti-slavery Spiritualists, woman's right's Spiritualists, free soil Spiritualists, communist Spiritualists, and so on, ad infinitum. And then again, there are those who, having been reared under the leading strings of authority, after obtaining a few breaths of the pure air of an atmosphere of spiritual freedom, lose sight of all moral obligations, or construe liberty into license; disregard all contracts, matrimonial and financial; prowl about, hunting affinities on the one hand, and somebody's purse on the other. In addition to all these, it is no uncommon thing for God to take possession of some medium and give us large doses of wishy-washy in bad grammar, or for Christ to demand the attention of an audience for a purpose very much as above; and as for prophets, apostles and great men who come thus, my paper would not

Running through all this rubbish, however, and in a soil more or less pre-occupied, is a stream of pure crystal water for the healing of the nations. It is this which gives life, hope, value, and eternal duration to our philosophy; which commends it to the reason of man, and demands and will gain an audience in the world.

It is not for the purpose of complaining of these things just now, that reference is made to them. They are the legitimate outgrowths of existing causes, first among which are authoritative doctrines, and the sectarian and intolerant spirit which is the legitimate fruit of them. But these facts are before us, and the Spiritual movement has to bear not only the follies of fanatical friends of every shade, and fight its way through the prejudices of religious bigotry, but it must also vindicate its pure purposes, and, by its own inherent truth and constructive energy, lay the foundations, at least, of a new and better era than any that has gone before. All this it can and will do, if causes are the sure prophesies of results.

Now let us look for a moment and see what the friends of this movement are saying and doing. I say friends, because they are such in purpose, and so we must, therefore, regard them. Here in one direction may be seen an attempt at organization, in which certain advocates of the Spiritual cause are denounced, because of certain alleged doctrines and practices charged to them. In another direction an attempt is made to define Spiritualism, and declare what doctrines it puts forth and what ought to be believed. One public advocate complains that it is almost impossible to get a hearing, because there are free-lovers in our ranks, and speaks contemptuously of other advocates, by denominating their effusions "gas." Another denounces the rope-tying manifestations as only the work of charlatans and mountebanks. Another gets up an indignation affair, because lecturers talk of slavery, politics, marriage relations, etc., and do not confine themselves to "Spiritualism." Others still are busying themselves in trying to keep up the respectability of the movement, by voting out of the ranks all whom they regard as not circumspect in their deportment. Well, and what of all this? Why, only so much: that these things are but the reappearances of the old leprosy of theology into the Spiritual field, and the sooner we quit all this pious solicitude for the "cause," backbiting, "resolving," defining faiths and censorship, and take to minding our own business, the better we shall be off, and the better we shall make the world

"Good gracious!" says Mrs. Grundy, "and are we to approve of all these wicked and absurd things that are done in the name of our cause? Are we not to denounce them, and show the world how much better we are ?"

Now this leads to a consideration of the nature, sphere and spirit of this great Spiritual movement,

which is the point of this essay. First, then, it may be remarked that the phenomena of spirit-intercourse do not constitute the movement, but only the agents of its progress; that it is a philosophy, the mission of which is to harmonize the human relations, and establish, as the fundamental basis of its success, the LIBERTY OF

That such is the pith of the whole matter, is not to be mistaken. Our literature abounds with the declarations of this fact. Scarcely a fecture is delivered from our rostrum, in which this truth is not directly or indirectly affirmed. It is the burden of the voices from the world of spirits. God bless them for it! And we may justly rejoige in the glad proclamation of this better "saviour of the world." In accordance, therefore, with this fundamental principle, that of the right of private judgment, we have, as a people, declared ourselves to the age, And now the question is being put to us, "are you ready to take the issue?" What have we to say in answer to it? Are we, the moment a brother or sister, who, perhaps, through the perversion of their faculties by a previous bad education, and perhaps a bad organization superadded, makes a mistaken use of their powers on being clothed with a consciousness for the first time of the sublime mantle of liberty; are we, forthwith, to become censors of their conduct-judge, jury, and executioner at once; hunt them with the cry of "freelove," or with some other opprobrium pursue them, as they go on their way? Let the question be pressed, what have we to say in answer to it? Are we ready to take back our declaration of liberty, and wallow again in the mire of authority? Or shall we vindicate it still, in the face of every perversion and every foe? But the world charges as with fostering vice and immorality, by giving countenance to those who thus act. And what if it does? Has it not done so heretofore? And as it does so, ignorant of the spirit of toleration which we seek to propagate, would we not be much better employed in giving living demonstrations of the truth of our doctrine-that of individual right and individual responsibility-than in enforcing it in precept and denying it in practice, and thus not only falsifying ourselves, but at the same time, to that extent, affirm the authoritarians' creed? Have we not yet seen hypocrisy enough to be cured of so great a vice, or must we still be respectabilityhunters and pipe for whoever will dance for us, that we may gain a sixpence by our fiddling?

We may wince as we will, but the issue is upon us, and we must bravely meet it. There is no retracing our steps but by abandoning the field to the enemy, and what is more, to ground our arms and become the sport of the power we have in vain contemned.

The right of private judgment! What does it mean? Has it any significance, if those who exercise it do so at the penalty of their reputation and usefulness? It is bad enough to be ill treated by our foes, but to be assaulted in the house of one's friends is an indignity that a savage might resent with propriety. If we have unfurled the banner of individual liberty to the breeze, and ask the nations to take shelter beneath its folds, let us see to it that we show ourselves its worthy defenders, and, conscious of the rectitude of our purposes, still vindicate the rights of man, though some in their ignorance misuse their powers.

"But the world does not understand us," we are told. That may be, but there never was a better time than the present to begin the work of tuition, and the sooner we commence the sooner will the labor be over. It must be taught that we who proclaim the right of private judgment must permit that judgment A express itself in acts, and that so long as the ose we of person and property are not infringed, we have no right to violent restraints, even though acts are performed which we do not approve, and which we would not execute.

Our judgment in the case may, after all, be the faulty one, since perfect knowledge is not the heritage of man. It must be taught, moreover, that where this liberty exists there also exists the responsibility, and that the great Spiritual movement is not a sect having charge of its membership and exercising supervision over its adherents, but that it is rather a protest against all arbitrary authority, and an assertion of the soul's right to march its own road to the kingdom, as its wisdom may suggest. In this right it is not debarred from following Calvin, or Luther, or the Pope, or Joe Smith, if it wishes, but it does protest against either of them dragging him into the New Jerusalem by force and compelling to drink the water of everlasting life, even if he does not like the flavor of it. I assert that the world must be educated to know us and understand us, which can be much better effected by a straightforward and honest avowal of our principles than by a system of moral and intellectual bushwhacking, which not only mystifies our opponents as to our whereabouts, but if they are discovered, engender a contempt for our duplicity, of which we have but little right to complain. There can be no objection to making Spiritualism "respectable," if it can be made so by a course of practice consistent with our declarations of liberty and the right of private judgment; but all attempts to secure respectability by adjusting our sails to the popular breeze merits the scorn of well-ordered minds, and will be seen through by most of those whose good opinion is worth having.

There is another lesson which our philosophy proposes to teach mankind, and that is that the moral status of a soul does not so much depend upon what it believes, as upon the faithfulness of that soul to that which it does believe. When they shall have learned this, they will see in every age and every religion constellations of moral heroes, before whose integrity and the splendor of whose heroic lives even Christians might sometimes be ashamed. Perhaps some of us Spiritualists have not so well learned this lesson as we ought. And perhaps then, too, there would be less "resolving" and defining, and proscribing, than is sometimes exhibited, seeing that souls are not answerable at the bar of a human judgment quite as fallible as their own, for the course they shall pursue.

This lesson will, moreover, make us charitable toward our fellows, though their lives and conduct be entirely adverse to our notions of propriety; and whilst it would prevent our entering harsh judgments against those who err, would stimulate us to do all in our power to enlighten and bless them. Ever having regard to the willing acquiescence of those we would direct, we shall make them our friends indeed, and thus gain a power for good before which all authority is as nothing.

Every institution, religious, political, or social, will, upon analysis, reveal a central thought, as the magnet around which all else clusters as the mere incidents of its existence and career. If, therefore, we make this analysis of the Spiritual movement, we shall see that this central thought is what has been already intimated, namely, individual liberty, or a protest against authority. Iconoclastic in its tendency, it has well nigh demolished the images wrought out in the reign of a superstitious religious era. It is essentially Protestant, and the world is fast finding out that its protests are not in vain,

and amid the work of disintegration the imagemakers stand appaled, as well they may. It is a pioneer movement, the spirit and office of which, thus far, has been to clear the ground of the brambles and gnarled oaks which encumbered it, so that tall, straight plants may grow and mature their nutritious fruits for the nations, Having no creed to enforce and none to propose, it has nothing to build up but human souls, and when this is done all else will follow.

If, therefore, the Spiritual movement is what it is here interpreted to be, a great intellectual and moral Declaration of Independence, all policies, expedients to secure "respectability" by compromising our principles, all resolving upon the moral character of individuals, all III-natured scolding because somebody does not act up to our standard of propriety and walk as circumspectly as we would desire, is wholly out of place as utterly inconsistent with the purpose of it. If, on the other hand, the movement is not this, then what have we to gain by its supremacy? At best, it can only be a change of masters, and I do not know but that it is better to be prayed into heaven than to be kicked there. If every man in the Spiritual field is to have the privilege to place landmarks and limitations to his neighbors generally, then Spiritualism has so few advantages over Orthodoxy as not to be worth the trouble of contending for. But, thank God, this is not the case; and we may hall it as the harbinger of a better time, in which the liberty of man will not be propagated as a sentiment merely, but as a great fact, with all the fortunes and misfortunes that may attend it.

We, who profess so much faith in the power of truth to achieve its triumphs, must not become impatient because she does not perform miracles to establish her divine nature, or east the full purity of her divine rays through stained windows, or reflect perfect images from crooked mirrors. If, when we have removed the stains from the one and corrected the surface of the other, she does not do her part, it will be time enough to become petulant

and fretful.

And now, when we shall have made ourselves understood to mankind, they will see that we are not the abettors of crime or wrong of any kind. but that we are among the best friends that truth, justice and virtue ever marshaled into her ranks, steadily pointing out, as the only road to the kingdom, the observance of the divine law, as God has written it in the constitution of the universe, material and spiritual; and while we shall reciprocate all aids in the work of enlightening and being enlightened, we shall feel that it is no part of our duty to enforce our interpretation of what that divine law is, or what shall be the duty of another in regard to it, other than by reason offered in the spirit of kindness.

If "Mistress Glenare" should feel that the "robes of her purity are stained," she will most likely find more congenial associations with close communion Baptists than with us; whilst those who are in terror of Mrs. Grundy may still conciliate her by calling around them little cliques of the respectable, and those who have axes to grind at the Spiritual mill. Those who mean that the Spiritual movement shall be unencumbered by clogs to the wheels of its chariots, and who have an enduring faith in the power of truth to win the victory, must be firm, calm and patient, as they will be; and with the calm assurance that, with the co-operation of the true lovers of freedom from the two worlds, no power will ever defeat, though they may delay, the glorious end. Then will disappear all shams; mon and things pass current for what intrinsic value they have, and no more.

I assert again that the sole purpose of the Spiritual movement is to invest man with that liberty which has been denied him, the possession of which liberty presumes the collateral right of its use, without which right it ceases to be liberty at all. It is not its business to prescribe any specific mode in

which that liberty thall express itself. This may be considered bold ground, but he must be both a bold and strong man who will successfully deny it. It is true that much may be said in opposition to it. Long homilies on good morals, free love, and all sorts of things may be indulged in, and those who are caught by sounding phrases and specious essays on respectability and public sentiment, may clap their hands at the noise. But if there is any such thing as right reason, or any force in logic, our ground cannot be moved from beneath our feet. On that ground every true believer in our divine philosophy, as our emancipator and redeemer, may plant himself in the full assurance that he can never be driven from it. It is the true "promised land," from the lofty summits of which he may survey the worlds about him, and from which, too, he may look down upon fighting sects. great and small, from Catholic hierarchies to petty conventions, conservators of private morals, and definers of private duties; and though he may not be enlightened by their edicts, he may be amused at their folly. Here on this ground, consecrated by the sweat and blood of the true heroes of every age. he may join hands with their spirits and unite with their voices in the triumphant song:

"Oh; earth! thy future ages shall be glorious With true reformers toiling in the van, Till truth and love shall reign o'er all victorious, And earth be given to freedom and to man." Philadelphia, November, 1865.

SIGHT RESTORED .- Dr. Kidd, in a letter to the London Globe; mentions the following instance of the restoration of sight in a young woman born blind, and remaining deprived of vision twenty-two years. He was himself present and saw with his own eyes. He states: "She was restored to perfect vision in four days by a surgical operation, and to partial vision in two minutes. This young woman, in an instant, having been twenty-two years from her birth, stone blind, of congenital cataract, began to see, as the deaf mutes in Paris began to hear for the first time. The effect in the young woman was most curious, and something of this kind. She saw everything, but there was no idea whatever of perspective. She put her hand to the window to try to eatch the trees on the other side of the street, then in Moorfields; she tried to touch the ceiling of a high wall; she was utterly ignorant also of common things, e.g., what such things as a bunch of keys were, of a silver watch or a common cup and saucer; but when she shut her eyes and was allowed to touch them (using the educated sense) she told them at once. She could almost distinguish the greasy feel of a silver half crown from the cold, dry, harsh feel of a copper penny. Her joy was excessive when shown some mignonette and sweet pea that one of the surgeons had accidentally in his coat, for it seemed she knew all the plants in the clergyman's garden by the touch and smell. She looked at the bunch of keys, and with equal blankness at the flowers, then shut her eyes as if to recognize them. All this took less than five minutes. But she failed to say, as well as I now remember the case, these are flowers. But on my saying when she opened her eyes again, 'Why, these are flowers;' 'Oh! so they are,' she replied, shutting her eyes again quickly and putting them to her nose, 'This is mignonette,'" etc.

The remarkable and famous octogenarian negress Sojourner Truth, who has been and how is employed in the Freedmen's Hospital at Washington, was rudely assaulted by the conductor of a street car in that city, who attempted to eject her from her seat. The case was brought before the Grand Jury, and the offending conductor put under bonds for his appearance at Court to answer for the outrage. restored.

Written for the Heligio-Philosophical Journal. Slavery and the Negro.

I have spent the last two Sundays, and lectured in Wilmington, Delaware, it being my first visit and lectures in that State, and in the city where Spirifualism is awakening quite an interest, sufficient at least to arouse the clergy to warn the people against the wiles of the enemy. I was glad to have this chance, no doubt my last, to lecture in a State where negro slavery still exists by law and by protection of both National and State Constitution, and is making its last expiring threes, sure of its national doom, in spite of the vote of little Democratic Delaware, whose political men so emphatically denied her principles and policy. The enraged planters seem slowly coming to calm reconciliation to their fate and the zealous fury of their political backers is being cooled off by the frequent defeats and refreshing draughts of political progress. Let no one, however, think this is a universal jubilee to the poor negro, or that it brings only good to the nation. The first abolition of slavery has been very much like cutting out a cancer from a delicate lady's breast-the nation will survive and be the better for it, but the poor negro, who has been so long robbed of his liberty, his wages and his natural right to land, and who has only his liberty returned to him, and not his wages or his land, has already found this step towards justice has brought on him terrible evil mixed with the blessing, and destructive to thousands. The planter who has got rich on the negro's earnings, still retains or has spent the wages. and government still allows him to withhold the lands-the ballot and the law for protection-and as many poor slaves have ceased to be able to earn even a subsistence, and those who can are set free. the owners turn off the infirm, and aged, and young, and as those who are able to work have no land and no houses they cannot provide for their feeble relatives. and many are thus left to perish in a worse condition than slavery, for in that, the State laws compelled the planters to support them and keep them off the public and private charities. The evils arise from not granting them justice and all their rights with freedom. Instead of the Government paying the owners for slaves, the owners ought to pay them wages for their many years' service, at least enough to support them till they can earn a support, and it ought also to secure to each family land enough to subsist on, at least enough to die on, for now they have to die trespassers on the soil they have tilled, and from the products of which they have enriched many lazy white people. They should also have legal and political rights, at least for defence and protection from that horrible tyranny which they have suffered so long, of personal abuse and pecuniary robbery. There is still another dark side to this picture, for every way it is turned to me it looks gloomy for the poor negro. Statistics show that in slavery the negro increased rapidly, no doubt owing largely to the partially forced maternity from white men, and however much the polite ears may have been shocked at miscegenation, it was and is a fact. and more common in slavery than among the free blacks, and is bad enough with the latter. The same statistics also show that the natural increase of free blacks is much less than that of slaves, or of the whites in the same section, and no doubt their disparity will be still greater since universal emancipation. Physiological facts and theories both prove that in the mixture of the Caucasian with the Indian or negro, the former largely prevails and makes each half-breed more than half white; and although the Negro may be equal or superior physically to the white, he is not so mentally, and falls back, and finally recedes or is absorbed, and would in free competition in any climate where both can live and labor. Hence, I see no future for the negro in the laws of our nation. In the tropical regions, free, protected and self governed, he may live on and on, but free and mixed with the whites, in competition he takes an inferior position, is and will be abused, in spite of all our philanthropy, as we abuse our own poor whites, and in either miscegenation or competition, he will soon follow the poor Indian out of the strife of this world, hastened by the cruelty of our local and general laws that emancipate him and give him no place to live or die, or be buried. save by the meagre charity of a race that hates him in freedom, and only supports him in slavery, to get rich from his labor. If it is a jubilee to the negro, it is one in the path to the graveyard, and my heart sickens at the thought of his hard fate amongst us who rob him and one another.

Philadelphia, Oct. 30, 1865. WARREN CHASE.

From the London Spiritual Times. Visit of Prince Albert from the Spirit-World.

SIR: -At the beginning of last year I was almost daily in communication with the spirit-world. On one occasion I said to my principal communicant, "Do you see the great men who have lived on the earth " "Yes." "Have you seen Shakspeare " "No." "Have you seen Mendelssohn?" "Have you seen Prince Albert ?" "Yes, frequently." "Could you bring him here?" "I will try." The next day I inquired as to the probability of a visit from Prince Albert and was informed he had consented to come and would be present at half-past eleven the following morning. We accordingly assembled at the appointed time, and were at once in communication with our spirit-friends, who said "Prince Albert is coming in five minutes, so be ready for him." I said, "We will sing his Christmas Hymn." I may observe that we were in the habit of having music at our seances, which we found greatly to facilitate the manifestations. So, on the Prince being announced, we commenced the hymn alluded to, and he at once began to best time with a stick which was resting against the wall beside the harmonium. The hymn being finished, the prince

wrote these words: "It is very kind of you all to learn it to sing to me ; you did it very nicely indeed. ALBERT OF SAXE-COBURG AND GOTHA, died at WINDSOR CASTLEIN

At the conclusion of this writing, the large dining room table, at which my daughter (the medi was sitting, was raised at one end. This was a phenomenon I had never before witnessed, never having elicited table movements without resting our hands on the surface; but in this case the table was covered with a cloth and not a hand had touched it. I have since seen this table, which weighs about a hundred-weight, raised in the air by spirit power. next proposed some more singing, and observed that I had composed a Christmas Hymn. The Prince asked us to sing it, but wished his own to be sung again first. This request was compiled with, and on the completion of my hymn, the words, "It is worthy," were written. We then sang a piece from Mozart, which happened to be on the instrument to writen the Prince beat the time with the abil a Costa. I then asked, "Are you often with the Queen F" "Yes, very often "Are you pleased at the birth of a Prince?" at which great delight was manifested.

After a few remarks conversing Spiritualism, in which the Prince expressed himself greatly interested, and which he said would be pretty generally believed in five years, the interview terminated. I need not say that it afferded us all great gratificstion. At a seasor the following day, allusion was made to these proceedings, and the words, "We were very pleased he came to see you," were rapped

I remain, yours faithfully, ROBERT COOPER. Eastbouron Oct. 8, 1988.

Andrew Jackson - The Union must and shall be And collect Andrew Johnson.-The Union must and shall be

Extracts from Private Letters.

John Brown, Jr., in speaking of our Journal,

How noble the stand this paper takes in behalf of the Freedmen, and for humanity in general, May your trumpet never give an uncertain sound, where fundamental PRINCIPLES are involved.

We having saved the Union, it now looks as if the African in America will be forced to "work out his own salvation." Our " while man's government , will grant him nothing that is worthy the name of freedom. The Werty he has thus far gained, like the Irishman's potato, may "appear remarkably exemplary and bitesome, while the interior is totally negative." If the present governmental policy toward him is continued, a WAR of RACES is the INEVITABLE result.

May heaven save them and us from such a fate!

May heaven's blessings rest upon you.

I shall do all I can to extend the circulation of your Journal. Wish I had time to tell you of some personal experiences which have been, to me, fally convincing that spiritual beings can influence me. I had longed for such evidence; it has at last, come, and that, too, when I least looked for it.

All of our family here join in best love to you, our faithful friend.

Hoping to see you here next summer, I am, as ever, your true friend,

JOHN BROWN, JR.

Mrs. Laura De Force Gordon, writing from Houlton, Maine, says:

The "JOURNALS" were duly received, and read with pride and pleasure.

I am proud to see such a good, practical paper devoted to the dissemination of our glorious Gospel. The "Publishing Association" is just the right institution in the right place, and will yet become a power in our land. Success attend it.

Your wish that I might send something to the R. P. JOURNAL, will be granted just as soon as I find time to write reflectively.

I have engaged to remain here for three or four months yet, if the cold weather does not drive me off to a more gental clime.

I go from here to Bangor, and thence to Washington, D. C., for April and May. I purpose journeying West and South-west the summer and fall of '66. If I can make Chicago during my wanderings, will gladly take you by the hand, and have a "feast

'Tis long since we met, and I have had a wide and varied experience since then, as you have had, no doubt, ad interim.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal. A Few Words.

To the Editors of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

I was for several years a reader of the Herald of Progress, and deeply regretted its suspension; but ever since then I have felt that we ought to have a FREE JOURNAL in the West. I like the new paper, and rejoice that the enterprise has a basis of such solidity. The JOURNAL will certainly be, from the very first, a power in the cause of spiritual freedom and growth.

I have from boyhood believed in the fact of intercourse between people who have passed beyond the vail, and those who are still on this side of it. I grew up in the Methodist Protestant Church; and very many Methodists have always believed in spirit intercourse, as did Wesley. When the rappings and other physical manifestations spread over the country so quickly after their appearance at Rochester, N. Y., I felt certain, almost at once, that there would be progress in the matter; that these marvels were crude and primary in character, and that they pointed to a higher development of man's spiritual nature, which should be both the means and result of bringing him into closer companionship with all that is good and divine in the universe. I have, from early childhood, been conscious of immortality, and of the nearness of the unseen spiritual world. Nothing of an elevated character connected with spirit-intercourse, has ever seemed very marvelous or astounding to me.

But I was educated in the old theology, and I believed it as we believe all things in childhoodbecause we are taught. I preached in the church below mentioned about eleven years, but gradually became humanitarian and rationalistic. Some opposition was developed, and last August I withdrew from the church because I could no longer honestly teach its creed. I had been preaching here nearly a year, and some of the liberal and progressive folks said I must stay awhile and talk to them. We have no organization. Many of my hearers are Spiritualists, well advanced in their ideas; others are Unitarians, Universalists, with some that are perhaps only dissenters. Besides all these, some of the most intelligent members of different churches attend our

For myself, I am a Spiritualist, and something more. So, also, I am a Universalist, a Unitarian, a Christian, a Rationalist, and I trust something more than any or all of these. I would like to be a MAN, with my whole nature-my entire self-harmoniously developed. Not religious merely, but with a symmetrical character and life. Though not unfamiliar with their ideas and views, I wish to cultivate acquaintance with people who are working for Freedom and Progress. Yours truly,

J. B. HARRISON. Kendallville, Ind., Nov. 10, 1865.

THE NEW ZEALANDERS .- A New Zealander must be the most remarkable creature in existence. He combines every characteristic of the wild beast with the faculties of civilized man. We call him a savage, and, as far as nudity, fierceness, and scarcely abandoned cannibalism can make him so, he is one; but no being of the human race is more intelligent. He can live on the mountains or in the bush like a wolf, but he meets his pursuers with all the resources of military art. He manufactures excellent rifles out of old ships' muskets, and makes percussion caps out of soldiers' buttons. He has never studied at a professional academy, but he is a greater master of the science of fortification than the average British engineer. If there was one thing that might have been expected of modern artillery, it was that it would render a Maori pah untenable; but the Maori sappers and miners counterplotted us in a moment and added a work or two to their redoubts which completely defeated our Armstrong guns. Our soldiers actually respect them for their extraordinary talents and eminent valor. With all this, too, they are singularly given to rhetoric and debate. They would as soon talk as fight-sometimes even rather, and they display incredible proficiency in negotiations and conferences. We must add to this sketch of the New Zealander, that, though his real conceptions of religion would be probably satisfied by the African Fetish, he has contrived to make a conquest of Christian bishops and missionaries, insomuch that these good people support him with devout fidelity, even against their own fellow-countrymen and friends .- Times.

Queen Isabella, of Spain, has given another instance of generosity. Some time ago she relinquished a portion of her income in consequence of the low state of the public exchequer. She has now renounced a further portion, and has ordered that the amount of the civil list so saved shall be devoted to the sufferers by the cholera, and by the floods which took place some months ago.

Religio-Philosophical Fournal

CHICAGO, NOVEMBER 18, 1865.

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All Postmusters in the United States and British Provinces are requested to not as Agents for this paper—to receive and remit subscriptions, for which they will be entitled to retain FORTY CENTS of each \$3.00 subscription, and TWENTY CENTS of each \$1.50 (haff-year's) subscription.

To Postmasters.

To Our Patrons.

All persons sending money orders, drafts, etc., are requested to make them payable to the order of the Secretary, George Subscribers who wish their papers changed, should be par-ticular to state the name of the office to which they have been sent, as well as the office to which they now wish them

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

Love and Wisdom.

An ancient sage said, "Wisdom is the head of the universe;" he might well have added, Love is the heart. Love suggests, Wisdom plans; the hands and feet are the servants of both. Wisdom and Love walk the world together; but not always harmoniously-they are not always wedded. Love, divorced from Wisdom, rlots in dark places, and wears filthy robes. But the dens and dirt do not defile the inner life. As well pollute the sun by the foul air of Five Points, as contaminate the soul of the universe by contact with the things which are base. But alone, Love famishes; and in the struggle for fresh air, for life, it falls among sharkers, and is defrauded of its good name. Wisdom, without Love, is the head without the heart. It is cold, scheming, selfish. You see isolated Wisdom personified in those who are overbearing, censorious, honest, according to Blackstone, and religious by virtue of keeping the commandments, and tithe paying. They admire the workmanship of the universe, and regard it a matter of importance to conciliate the inventor of the Under World. These unfortunates are aliens from Love-land: like the ghosts in the fable, they make faces at those who commiserate their forlorn condition.

Wisdom has grown gray in devising ways and means for redeeming man. It has planned prisons, fashioned muskets, pointed daggers, peered through key-holes, reported secret things in public places. Love breaks bolts, ventilates prisons, ornaments bare walls with sweet faces, teaches flowers to bloom where thorns had grown, and vines to creep into grated windows.

The keepers of Sing-Sing once declared it wise to administer corporeal punishment. Some years since, three thousand lashes with a cat of six-tails were inflicted in a single month. The poor, misguided victims of the lash were subdued, but not reformed. They went out from these barbarous tombs into the world-some of them through the gate of death-to complete their ill-devised schemes. Love saw the mistake of punishment, and suggested a better way. Through the lips of a woman it plead and planned. Men listened, were persuaded. The consequences have been given to the world. Where the rack and lash have failed, kindness has conquered. Love has redeemed. The head has devised philanthropic institutions for the physically diseased. Houses of refuge for the offspring of crime and ignorance. Love goes straight to the soul; whispers sweet, hopeful words. It puts back the curtain of Caste, and gives the soul-chambers a sunning. Charity, love-inspired, no longer doles her gifts with set speeches, in which are warnings of punishments, and hypocritical hints of "I am holier than thou." Charity schools have their uses, but had Wisdom given Love a hearing, rods, ropes and other relics of barbarism would never have been introduced. "These things belong to this age, and can only be banished with the tiger and lion," is an argument in favor of punishment. The wild beast has been conquered, tamed by kindness. The Llama will bear beating unmoved, but coaxing has made it a willing, obedient servant. A gentleman who may be called a Milleniumite, conceived, many years since, the idea of ruling according to the Sermon on the Mount. He has been for twenty-one years a teacher of children. The unmanagables in other schools have been given into his charge. He has never expelled a pupil, and never failed in his scheme of moral suasion. The beggarly souls given into his hands will not return to him avenging angels from Hades. Miss Dorothea Dix, the self-missioned apostle of the insane, says, that among the hundreds of crazy people with whom her mission has brought her into companionship, she has not found one, however turbulent, that could not be calmed by the low, soft tones of Love and prayer. It would be well for the world to test thoroughly this experiment, before trying the anti-human cuffs, chains and straight jackets.

The Indians are said to be the hopelessly incorrigibles. Just now the question comes up, "What shall we do with them?" One, a wise man in a high place, says, "Extermination is the wisest, the only sure way of saving ourselves from their depredations." Will killing the body humanize the soul? Will death blot out the spirit of revenge? Will not what we call extermination, facilitate, rather than retard, their work of destruction? If the nature of the red man has not changed with years, it might be well to try, again and again, the power of Love. William Penn banished the tomahawk, and smoked the peace pipe without the stain of

Our Christ is said to have been the offspring of Wisdom; the one sent to save our poor, doomed humanity; and our popular theology, an importation from Judea. It may be even so. But it has so frequently fallen among thieves, and been so shockingly draped in the filthy rags of the theological hucksters, that the waters of the Jordan, even, are insufficient to restore it to its primitive purity. This modern Christianity has in it the "eye for an eye" ism of Moses; the unbelief of Thomas; the treason of Judas; the cowardice of Peter; and just enough of the gentle Love of Jesus, to save it from oblivion. There is in the soul a need, an imperative demand, for a blessed Love gospel. Those driven by cold and storms to take refuge in churches, find therein the effigies of dead martyrs, the grave clothes of risen saints; but the spirits who gave light and rest to the divine souls who ennobled and sanctified life, are not tomb dwellers; they have gone on, and call to us from the Eternal Hills. We want a soul-temple, where Love presides; we want a new religion, a resurrection of the Christ; a religion in which the dear, motherly God is incarnate.

Shall we have it? Must the great human heart wander on through the cold, desolate sepulchres

Wisdom builds her house, but Love warms, feeds

and clothes the inmates. Wisdom warms the hearth, Love the heart. Wisdom looks well to her ways, lays broad and strong foundations, cautiously evades the pit-falls and sand-bars; Love is a little near-sighted, confiding, ingenuous. She is open-handed, withholds nothing, asks everything; makes compromises, concessions; loses poise, but faith-never. We once heard a man say, somewhat boastingly: "I never loved a woman or a child." The gentleman was rich in honses and bank stocks; he is the husband of a worthy woman, and the father of four beautiful children: but to us he seemed the wreck of a soul-the poorest of the poor. The children of poverty, love-dowered, were richer than his, and the poor, unloved wife! What were riches, splendor and display to her? Would you see heaven typified? Would you know where good angels linger longest? where great truths are fearlessly spoken? where noble lives bless the world? Go where Wisdom and Love are harmoniously united; where they are joined in a home. Without and within are symbols of peace, harmony, purity, beauty, religion. Henceforth labor becomes worship, and all the days as June days. The years come and go, bringing riches to the heart, and heaven to the earth.

The Bible and Spiritualism .- No. 1.

The position taken by many of the liberal minds of the day, that the Bible is an inspired record of events-mixed, however, with mere human records, and in both parts liable to error-is one of the most encouraging features of our times.

We accept this position, and while we yield to every individual, the right to judge what is divinely inspired or written by holy men, as they are moved by holy spirits, we claim the right to do the same ourselves. And this brings the matter down to our own individual interpretation of the Scriptures, and is an advance upon the old idea of the infalibility of the book. It is only carrying out the Protestant idea of the right of private judgment.

The position which we, as Spiritualists, must occupy, is not only this, for while we tolerate this liberty, we must respect those who honestly differ from us. The great evil of the church is, that she feels bound to condemn as heretics all those who differ from her. It was a wonderful stride, made by our fathers, when they declared in favor of religious liberty, and that "error of opinion might safely be tolerated when reason is left free to combat it." But there is a higher position to be taken by us, as was well expressed by Dr. H. T. Child in the National Convention, "We must show that we are in advance of the world by respecting those who lionestly differ from us." It will be a glorious day for the world when mankind realizes this-for nothing has tended more to rivet the chains of error and bigotry than opposition and blind persecution. Thereby, the most fanatical individuals and sects have been raised into power and influence.

When the Friends attempted to stop a deluded individual from speaking in meeting by carrying him out, he raised a smile in the congregation by saying, "My master rode on one jackass, but I have two." As Spiritualists, we have learned to look upon the Bible from a very different stand-point; the light of modern Spiritualism has furnished a key to many of the remarkable events of Scripture.

The Bible does not teach immortality, and yet we find in the Old Testament, these words, "Like the dew that descended upon Hermon, where the Lord pronounced the blessing-even life forevermore." All along the records we find numerous manifestacomparison with similar manifes wins, as they occur in our midst to-day. Since we see these things we can readily admit the records as true and faithful. It is a sound maxim-" Never require more than an adequate cause for any phenomena." Hence if the spirits to-day can, and do produce manifestations similar to those which were attributed to the special interposition of God in former times, we may suppose that those who thus attributed them were

To-day, many persons attribute to spirits that which human agency is entirely competent to produce; but we ask for no higher cause than the phenomena require.

In the account which Moses gives, it is evident that he was a medium for spirit power. He went up to the Mountain of God, even Horeb, and there he had a manifestation, similar to those which many have experienced to-day.

Those who are familiar with Baron Reichenbach's experiments in relation to od force will recognize this phenomenon. We have seen the life principle as it is manifested in a tree producing just such phenomena as are described in Exodus iii. ch., 2d verse, etc. : "And the angel of the Lord appeared unto him in a flame of fire, out of the midst-of a bush, and he looked and behold the bush burned with fire and the bush was not consumed." And the whole account in this chapter, of his mission, is a graphic description of spirit influence.

Moses was also a magician, having learned these arts of the Egyptians. But, like all magicians, ancient and modern, he was aided by the spirits

No one who accepts the record, can doubt that Moses was a writing medium-whether unconscious or not, we cannot say, but he was evidently one of the best of his time. In this manner he declares he wrote the Law which bears his name, and which was a wonderful production for its day and the condition of the people. Even admitting that he wrote the history of creation as an inspiration, which is all that his most earnest admirers claim for him, it does not follow that it is literally true, for the best mediums are liable to mingle error with the truths they present; and the fact that others may have written similar accounts, before his time, does not prove that he compiled these accounts, for he had the same means of inspiration that they had, and we find mediums, to-day, writing similar truths without

The account of the creation must be derived from some spirit who has lived on some other planet, or it can only be atheory. Moses' standard of morality may have entitled him to the name of "holy" and "meek" in the age in which he lived, though he was a thief and a murderer.

any communication with each other.

His inspirations, on a scientific and natural plane, are of no more value than those of any other person, and if they do not correspond with the facts in nature, which they attempt to describe, they are not reliable, and no reasonable person can accept them for a guide.

The inspirations of Moses, in regard to the creaation, have been changed from time to time, to suit the stern and inevitable demands of science and philosophy. So must ever be all inspirations. How far we may accept those inspirations in regard to things which cannot thus be brought to the standard of proof, is a question which every mind must settle for itself. But we say to every inspired writer, take care when you tread within the domain of facts in nature, for God is there speaking through these, and if you do not read them aright, He will correct you.

Eddy's Scances.

Mr. Eddy continues to hold scances at No. 51 Reynoid's Block, (2d floor,) next building north of the Post Office, on Dearborn street, Chicago-every evening. The manifestations are quite similar to those of the Davenport Brothers. We attended a seance on Friday last, and witnessed the following among other manifestations;

Mr. Eddy went into bis cabinet, a plain wooden structure, somewhat resembling a wardrobe-with folding doors, large enough to enclose nearly the

whole front of the cabinet.

As soon as Mr. Eddy had scated himself in the cabinet, the doors were closed, and in a few seconds the rope, which was in the cabinet at the time Mr. Eddy took his seat, was heard whipping about inside the cabinet, and in the space of three minutes more, the doors of the cabinet were thrown open, when Mr. Eddy was found to be securely tied. The rope with which he was tied was some twenty feet long. His hands were apparently tied first, and with the middle of the rope. Then the remainder of the rope was tied around his limbs and over his chair, and in a manner that indicated it to be the work of other hands than Mr. Eddy's. As soon as the door of the cabinet was closed, hands were thrust out of a diamond shaped aperture in the door of the cabinet; a bell was rung, both inside and outside of the cabinet, being thrust out through the diamond hole, and then the door was opened instantly thereafter, when Eddy was found tied in the same manner as before. Several ladies, one after another, went into the cabinet, and severally reported that Mr. Eddy remained tied and immovable, and yet their bonnets and gloves were taken off; bonnets were placed upon Mr. Eddy's head. Several gentlemen went into the cabinet and reported that Mr. Eddy remained perfectly motionless, and that they held their hands upon him while their neckties, hats, etc., were taken off by what purported to be spirit hands -Eddy remaining tied and immovable.

Then came very remarkable tests. A lady's muff was taken from her arm and put upon Mr. Eddy's arm, above where his hands were tied, in a few moments. Then another lady's muff was put upon the other arm, above where his hands were tied; then while the muffs were on each arm, his hands yet remaining tied fast together-so tightly as to nearly impede the circulation -two gentlementook hold of a finger of each of Mr. Eddy's hands and held them fast, and while they so held him, as soon as the light was extinguished, the muffs were taken off of Eddy's arms, and thrown into the laps of the owners, who sat in the room. The light was then produced when Eddy's hands were found to be tied as fast as before, and both gentlemen were still holding on to his fingers, and declared that both muffs were removed from Eddy's arms, while they were holding him in the manner above stated. The muff's were examined and found to be whole. They were muffs of ladies who were mere visitors at the seance, and the gentlemen who held Eddy's hands were also visitors-investigators. Then a gentleman was placed by the side of Eddy in the cabinet, and two muffs were given the gentleman, and he was requested to put one on each arm, and then clasp his hands firmly together. He did so. The cabinet was then closed and in less than thirty seconds both muffs were removed from his arms-his hands all the time remaining firmly clasped, as he averred. The gentleman was apparently a truthful man.

There were many other manifestations of a minor character. The foregoing facts we unhesitatingly vouch for as coming within our own observation.

While these physical manifestations are interesting as avidence of a power to control and move ponderable substances, they not only reach the sense of seeing, as hands were frequently shown through the diamond hole in the door, but also the sense of touch, as several present shook hands with the spirits, and were patted upon the face, hands and other parts of their persons. But what is still more remarkable and entirely beyond any known law in the arts and sciences, is the removal of the ladies' muffs to and from the medium's and other persons' arms while tied and held in the manner above stated. And yet men of ordinary good sense and scientific attainments, but slaves to a public opinion, made up of simpletons, aye, and of knaves, who impose upon their dupes and the devotees to old theological dogmas, refuse to investigate in this remarkable field of science, or inquire, even, into the wonderful phenomena referred to. It is a burning shame that men of scientific attainments in the ordinary fields

of investigation are such arrant cowards. But so it is and has been in all past time. The Herschels, Newtons and Franklins have all come up from the humble walks of life, and by their bold researches into the secrets of Nature's laws through untrodden paths, have immortalized and inscribed their names upon the scroll of fame-while the Doctors of Divinity and learned fools, who stuck to the old popular creeds and beaten paths in science have sunk into insignificance, passed away, and are

Execution of Wirz.

We clip the following from the dispatches to our daily papers:

"WASHINGTON, November 10. "Capt. Wirz was hung between 10 and 11 o'clock

"On the gallows he declared his innocence. He died without exhibiting any symptoms of fear. "This morning Father Boyle administered the sacrament to Captain Wirz, and Father Wiggett, also of the Roman Catholic Church, then placed upon the prisoner a black cambric, remarking, as he did so, 'I hope this will be turned into a white one in the other world."

The crimes of which Captain Wirz was found guilty were seeking maliciously and traitorously, and in violation of the laws of war, to impair and injure the health and to destroy lives, by subjecting to torture and great suffering, by confining in unhealthy and unwholesome quarters, by exposing to the inclemency of winter and to dews and burning san of summer, by compelling the use of impure water, and by furnishing insufficient and unwholesome food, of large numbers of prisoners, to wit: The number of about 45,000, held as prisoners of war at Andersonville, within the lines of the so-called Confederate States, on or before the 27th of March, 1864, and at divers times between that day and the 10th of April, 1865, to the end that the armies of the United States might be weakened and impaired, and that the insurgents engaged in armed rebellion against the United States, might be aided and comforted, etc., etc. The order also states that the prisoner was found guilty of the second charge, viz. 2 Murder, in violation of the laws and customs of war; and guilty of all the specifications excepting the fourth, tenth, and thirteenth, which three set forth that he killed a prisoner by shooting him with a revolver; that he ordered a sentinel to are upon another with a revolver, and that he shot another with a revolver so that he died.

The great bridge soon to be built across the Ohio river from Cincinnati to Covington, Kentucky, will be the longest in the world-two thousand feet longer than that over the Niagara river.

A Lady Insulted in Chicago.

We Americans pride ourselves upon our freedom of thought and upon our toleration of the opinions of others. Chicago people are especially tolerant toward all classes and characters. People drink, sleep, talk and write, about as they choose. Ladies are regarded with great toleration. The policeman will lift a woman from the "last ditch," where she has been driven by poor whisky, and give her kindly aid and comfortable quarters. Another class of women are deeply indebted to the city guardians for protection. (?) And then the fashionable ladies are guarded from insult while they monopolize the streets, cars, and churches. A lady trails herdress. If a gentleman chances to venture too near, he line his hat and graciously begs pardon. When the wide skirts crowd the sidewalk, boys, men, rowdies, all move out of the way, leaving to crinoline the right of way. But Chicago has, like some other places, weak points. We tolerate styles, but our charity is not sufficiently broad to set at defiance the "cut and fit" of Paris. For instance, a lady of culture. of respectability, conceived the idea of a reform dress. She put her thought into a comfortable, decent-looking dress. Having occasion to visit our city, she found herself in the hands of the mob. We give her version of the matter, hoping the police fraternity of this city will in future allow a lady to consult her own taste in the style of her dress: "And now a word about the adjective "good"

mentioned in the beginning of this letter. I believe I didn't mean it, for I owe your city authorities a grudge for arresting me on my way to the cars Sun. day afternoon, and taking myself and friend (a gentleman) to the station-house, and allowing me to leave half an hour later, without offering an apology even. Such conduct is surely beneath the dignity of so large a city as yours. The officers should certainly be so trained as to know a disquise, for they tried to make me believe they knew it was not a man's dress, though the police officer who arrested me called it man's apparel. I was so sorry I could not remain in the city another day and investigate the subject fully, write articles for the papers, and agitate the subject a little, for the good of the cause, but was obliged, on the contrary, to be satisfied with delivering my first dress-reform lecture, and leave for the train, which we were so fortunate as to reach in time. The Captain, or Chief of Police, showed himself no gentleman in the one sentence he addressed to me-he not coming in until I was leaving the room-and certainly I have few kindly feelings towards the city as it is now governed. From the station-house to the depot, some half a mile, or more, a large crowd of boys and low fellows surrounded us, hooting and shouting, making the quiet Sabbath evening a very Babel; but no officer was to be seen the entire distance. Such a rabble, in even New York, would have been disgraceful and not allowed. At the depot the officer kept the crowd back, and we entered; but the curiosity was aroused, and one after another crowded into the waiting room to see, what, they did not exactly know. Ifelt equal to being a martyr, that day, for the cause of right, and hope always to be as strong."

Mrs. Currier in Chicago.

We give below the report of a lecture given by Mrs. Currier, in this city, Sunday morning, November 5th. It was reported for our JOURNAL by Mrs. A. Buffum: "Behind the Veil, or the Mystery of the Inner

Temple," was the subject discoursed upon by Mrs. Currier, at Smith & Nixon's Hall, Sunday, the 5th instant. She remarked, there are few who have investigated the effects of Spiritualism but what have come to the conclusion that whatever intell gence is transmitted from the spiritual to the material plane is governed by causes about which very little is understood, and to those causes she wished to call the attention of her audience. Begging leave to assure her hearers, before launching her rhetorical barque, that she should use no argument to prove the phenomena of Spiritualism, supposing that they would concede two points; first, the reality of their own existence, and second, the existence of disembodied spirits who can hold communion with mortals. She was not oblivious to the fact that reverend doctors and professors had made most desperate efforts to resolve the whole spiritual intercourse into its primary elements-electricity and magnetism. But with all due deference to such high authority as the clergy and faculty who had decided against spiritual communion, she could not but think that they would be forced to the conviction that the spiritual philosophy was most sublime in all its bearings. She then dwelt upon the intellectual, moral, and natural causes of spirit intercourse, remarking that, in the early days, Spiritualists were inclined to regard media as mere machines, acted upon by higher powers, and that in order to become a good medium one must be stupid; but that it was now conceded that a medium may have a share of genius and refinement, and that all phases of medumship must be governed by the same general laws: and it must also be admitted that media must be endowed with faculties, although dormant, in order to become such, for it was idle to suppose that spirit power could create within a human organism a new power. She said that, in a moral and intellectual point of view, it was impossible for inspiration to go beyond the utmost limits of the latent powers of the medium. To say that something could come out of nothing would be a contradiction of terms. and no one would deny that the capacity of the human intellect was just as real as any other power, and if that power be wanting, no power under heaven could supply it; and that when Edgar A. Poe could influence a woman so as to produce a poem equal to his best earthly production, you might be sure that the medium had a spark of poetic genics in no way inferior to the poet's mind. She knew that it might be argued that there is no proof that any human tongue was ever inspired, if it depends upon the medium's own faculties, yet she would make no attempt to prove the reality of spirit manifestations, but would leave that to investigators, knowing that truth would stand uninjured.

Take, for example, an uneducated country lad that can be wrought upon by spirit power until he pours forth sublime poetry, who, in his normal state, was never known to improvise. It is not to be inferred that he is outside of the poetic faculty. Those powers are slumbering and undeveloped, but are awakened by poculiar circumstances; those powers may be latent and unknown, and silent, save that they are occasionally acted upon. If you will take the trouble to trace down his lineage, you would find that he descended from one of those famous wandering minstrels, or gay troubadours, who were always welcome at the eastle of the lord, and the but of the peasant, and whose wondrous gift of song has cheered the soul of the lord as well as the peasant. The gentle art of the minstrel has been forgotten, until at last it flows through the veins of our unpolished youth, and glows and sparkles in the

medieval age. She continued by saying, that by a proper use of language, one individual may convey ideas to another, but that it was impossible for mere words

to convey to a human mind a distinct knowledge of that which it has no power of conceiving. Seers have always walked the earth, and in these latter days there are those whose inspired faculties have reached far into the spiritual realms. But they fail to convey to us a restituation of that which is, in its nature, so totally distinct. The seer can impart only just so far as he can find corresponding things in physical nature by which to compare what he sees and hears. She said that Whitfield had told his wonder-stricken friends that the spirit world had been unfolded to him; that he had passed through its portals, and that while between the confines of the two worlds, he saw and heard what no power of speech could convey to his fellow-mortals. That the account not only showed to them future existence, but intimated also that death invests the spirit with new powers, and unfolded realities about which his earthly mind could form but a dim and shadowy conception. Clairvoyants tell us of a land where each tree, each rivalet, and each flower is tremulous with song; where pmans of uncarthly music are wafted to and fro, and join in one eternal strain. Now this all sounded very beautiful, but many of us save from reading the phantasma of Oriental tales-had not conceived of the bright realms beyond this earthly sphere in propria persona so as to converse eye to eye. Many instances are on record of persons not entranced, who have declared that what they saw was beyond the power of human tongue to portray, and no child of earth, though he have the highest gifts, can gain a full knowledge of the spiritual kingdom while he wears the material form. But many are those who hear the murmur of dear voices and see white hands beckoning to them from behind the vell that hangs pendant between the two worlds, so light that a little child has been known to push it aside, and at the same time so heavy that none but the angel death can leave it open far enough for the spirit of man to gaze within that realm.

Notice of Meetings.

WASHINGTON, D. C .- The Association of Spiriualists of Washington hold meetings and have lectures every Sunday, at 11 A. M. and 71/2 P. M., in Scaton Hall, corner of Ninth and D Streets, near Pennsylvania Avenue. Cora L. V. Scott lectures during November and December. Communications on business connected with the Association, should be addressed to the Secretary, Dr. J. A. Rowland, Attorney General's Office.

WARREN CHASE lectures during November in Vine land, N. J. During December, in New York and Brooklyn. Address for December, 274 Canal Street, 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 Bryan Hall, In this city, the Sundays of November and December.

The friends of Progress and Spiritualists of Greenboro', Henry Co., Ind., will hold a three days meeting including Friday, Saturday and Sunday, being the three first days of next December. A cordial invitation to all inquirers after truth is most carnestly and cheerfully extended. As heretofore, all from a distance will be entertained, free of cost. By order of Committee. Dr. I. H. HILL.

DR. MAYHEW will lecture in Springfield, Ill., each evening from Nov. 14th to 20th; and in Warsaw, Ill., from 21st to 27th. Friends in this State who desire his services will please address him without delay, care of Prof. Worden, State Geologist, Springfield, or Mr. Wood, plow-maker, Warsaw.

Personal.

HUDSON and EMMA TUTTLE are preparing new books for the press. Emma's will appear without her name. The public will read and rejoice, and wonder whose brain, heart and hands, devised and

Mrs. FRANCES BURRITT, M. D., has returned to her home in the South. Her former patrons will find her at No. 41 Polymne street, New Orleans. Mrs. Burritt is a popular and successful physician.

Dr. J. P. BRYANT will open rooms at the Southern Michigan Hotel, Coldwater, Mich., on the 25th inst., and close on the 10th of December.

F. L. WADSWORTH,-This faithful worker has been recalled to Sturgis, Mich. The Society acted wisely in the call and Mr. Wadsworth has done well in accepting it. The Lyceum, under Mr. Wadsworth's supervision,

is preparing for a grand Christmas Festival. Good

Items.

There is a letter in our office for G. H. Pollock. The children will be delighted with Mrs. White's story. By the way, we have another story for our young people, written by Mrs. Walsbrooker.

"DE Soro," by Dr. Child, is a finely-written and intensely interesting story—so say our readers.

"MARIE DE Soro," by the same author, is waiting to tell her story. That, too, will be well worth reading.

Responsibility.

The editors of THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL do not hold themselves responsible for the sentiments expressed by correspondents. Belleving 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.

Scissorings.

And this is life. Oh! what a pleasing, awful mystery! I know not how my fragile bark may stem be tide, nor when, nor where 'twill find a grave; But while my mind floate o'er the past, to-night, ly heart is taught a lasting, solemn lesson. The deep and secred chambers of the soul

Are lighted up, and now I see the wealth—
The true unfailing wealth—of life, that shines
With heavenly light, and bids my spirit dush The fetters from its wings and seek alone The pure and lovely—like the eagle bird that leaves the barren mountain side, and sours

To reach the sun. Departed years, farewell) The heavens are a print from the pen of God's erfection; the world is a bud from the bower of His beauty; the sun is a spark from the light of His wisdom; and the sky is a bubble on the sea of His

> "And may, at last, my weary age Find out the peaceful hermitage; The hairy gown and mossy ceff Where I may sit and rightly spell Of every star that heaven doth show, And every herb that sips the dew; Till old experience do attain To something like prophetic strain,"

The number of battles fought during the late war s 251. Of these the soil of Virginia drank the blood of 89. Tennessee witnessed 37, Missouri 25, Georgia 12, South Carolina 10, North Carolina 11, Alabama 7, Florida 5, Kentucky 14, the Indian Territory and New Mexico I each. Once the wave of war rolled into a Northern State, and broke in the great billow of Gettysburg. Of the battles enumy. rated, 16 were naval achievements.

[OFFICEAL.] Reported by H. T. CHILD, M. D., Secretary. PROCEEDINGS OF THE SECOND

National Convention of Spiritualists

HELD AT CONCERT HALL, PHILADELPHIA, Ост. 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 1865.

THIRD DAY-RESUMED. MORNING SESSION.

The Convention was called to order by the Presimt, H. B. Storer was the first regular speaker. His theme was our present condition as Spiritualists. He said, It is in consequence of our connection with societies in the spirit world, that we find our-selves in our present position. Spiritualism has something to offer to every person, whether it be man, woman or child. There are two great cardinal principles involved in our movement : 1st. Our thoughts are superior to those of the

common sectarian societies. 2d. Our spiritual life is deeper, higher, more cling to the effete doctrines of the churches. It may not seem modest to make such assertions, but if they are not true, then rest assured we shall not succeed n doing anything for the world, that they are not doing. Do we mean that we receive the aggregate influx of the spirit-world, or is it from special spiritual societies? We are related here to certain persons and societies, as parents, brothers and other friends. As these relationships increase, our faculties enlarge and broaden. So, also, is it to our relations to the spirit-world. Those who first communicated to us were usually our friends, who sought to convince us of their existence and happiness. In the second place, we are told, not merely to depend upon the superiority of the ideas we promulgate, but upon the lives, we live as Jesus said, "The words I speak unto you are spirit, and they are life." Words are the charlots in which thoughts

spoken, as well as the person who speaks it. This nspiration is the power which gives wings to our There is an old theological dogma which affirms that we ought to love all men alike-go to all men, without exception, and strive to save them. Faith in this has led many to leave home and friends, and go among barbarians to save them

ride. And if there comes an efflux from the invisible

life, which is an influx to us, we love the truth

from their sin and danger. Spiritualism teaches that we are to pay respect to the immediate affections of our natures, and the duties which grow out of them. And this is a sound idea, for we can then most appropriately and successfully work. We are not to act merely from a sense of duty, as we have been taught in the

This point the speaker illustrated by a reference to the temperance reform, in which very many persons signed the pledge simply from a sense of duty, not because their hearts were thus drawn.

Spiritualism teaches us never to give our names till our affection is evoked in behalf of the subject, and our hearts go out in that direction. We cannot divert our efforts in every direction, but we must concentrate them upon some specific work. Nor are we to be influenced by the example of others, but go as our loves impel us. By so doing we shall find our field of effort gradually enlarged, and our ohere of usefulness becoming more extended. Spiritualism comes to develop our individuality

first of all, and to liberate us from old trammels. Is this a safe supposition? I affirm it is the only safe one for us to take, I only manifest myself. No one can do more than this. Some have implied that we have no need of the physical manifestations, but we cannot outgrow them; for as yet we have a very imperfect comprehension of the relations of matter

L. K. Joslyn, of Rhode Island, was the next speaker. He said, Brothers and Sisters, I think our motives are all right, and I wish we could have all the love and sympathy we need. It was right to work against the old, false creeds and institutions in the beginning of our movement. But it seems to me that we should have something else, something higher and better than mere destructiveness. The time has come to make new social conditions. Perhaps this work should begin at home first, but it should extend further—to every city, town and hamlet. This is admitted in the general sense, but it should be in the special—these blessings should be to all-to the poor, as well as to the rich. We should administer to physical as well as spiritual needs. All have friends in the spirit-world, who can and do meet, more or less, the spiritual wants of man, while we are called upon to minister to the material ones. It seems to me that the great want of the age is, that humanity ought to be preached. I am glad that we have some who are thus preaching. Brother Peebles has preached this gospel to us of late in Providence, and last Sunday, Brother Loveland followed in the same course,

All nationalities are swallowed up in the broader idea of love to humanity as a whole. Every man becomes our brother and we cannot injure any. War must cease, and the sound of strife and discord be hushed in eternal silence. We may seek for fame and glory-to write our names on the tablets of Fame; these will crumble and pass away. But if we make our mark on human hearts, by deeds of love and kindness, it will endure forever. I exhort you to go and do, not talk merely, but act.

Judge Carter spoke upon the subject of Education, deprecating the stuffing process, which is employed not only for fattening the famous Thanksgiving bird, but also for educating the descendants of the Puritans, and other unfortunate juveniles who chance to be born before the great "good time

He said, The true idea of education is, guidance. The term is from the Latin Educo, which signifies to draw, or lead out, to guide. It is to evoke the inherent powers of the human mind. He illustrated the old process, by relating a story of a plous Presbyterian deacon, who conceived the idea that the newsboys were committing grievous sin in selling newspapers on Sundays. He resolved to have a Sunday-School for the boys. He had a crowd the first Sunday, and got up and addressed his school. My little fellows, said he, I want to tell you about Christianity. You are great sinners. You commit much sin by selling newspapers on the Sabbath. But we have a Saviour to save sinners. He came into the world, and suffered and died on the cross to save us. At this point of the Deacon's speech, a

little barefooted fellow sung out, "Bully for Christ!" Now this boy had more sense than the Presbyterian, who was attempting the stuffing process. I would have our education a system of guidance and counsel. And I would also have it more at home. The family is the appropriate school-out-side ones are artificial. I would educate from the inner to the outer. I would watch the special powers of the individual, and call them out. I remember too well the process by which I was stuffed in my early life. The result is, I have now a horror of the Greek and Latin classics, which I was com-

pelled to learn as tasks in my childhood, Mr. Chase remarked in presenting the report of the Convention, that he was happy to be able to say to those who had been so much alarmed about rolling stones, balls, ninepins, wolves and bears, that their fears were entirely groundless, as they would see that this plan of organization had no such horrible features. But all these visions are easily explained. The devil disappears when the mind is emightened. Bears and wolves are creatures of childhood and darkness and fear, and flee from the

On motion, the report was accepted. It was moved to adopt the report. This called up H. B. Storer, one of the committee making the

The chairman, in presenting the paper, had stated that the committee were entirely unanimous, but Mr. Storer seemed to be taken entirely by surprise at finding the provision for representation of progressive reformers," as found in the fifth resolution. Mr. Storer strongly opposed this for him-self, and in behalf of the Society which he represented. His earnestness led to the supposition that the plan had not been the work of the entire committee, or that Mr. Storer had not been very closely observant of the proceedings of this most important committee.

Mr. S. S. Jones thought it was fortunate that one of our number has found one point on which we can get up discussion, and this is probably the only one in the whole report. I have always been opposed to a National Organization. One sister, last evening thought Judge Carter and myself were like the ancient Sisyphus, laboriously rolling the uneasy stone up the hill, only to see it roll down again. Now Judge Carter has always stood with me on this question, and therefore, that exposition can not apply to us.

Chase read it, and explained in reference to the ob-jection of H. B. Storer, saying that he had read, or shown the report to him before presenting it, and did it with his approval. Mr. Storer must have failed to observe the clause to which he objected.

Mr. Jones resumed his remarks, directing attention to the objectionable clause. He said, this is a subject of grave importance. Who called this Convention? It was called by a mass Convention, embracing Spiritualists, Friends of Progress and Reformers, and is addressed to them with an invitation to attend this Convention. The question is, shall we recognize the Friends of Progress, or shall we discard them? Among them are those whose teachings paved the way for Spiritualism. But for Nature's Divine Revelations, I might have been still a strait-laced Universalist. If I go with the Spiritualists, I must also go with the Friends of Progress.

Mr. J. G. Fish spoke in disparagement of the plan. In all our old organizations, we have an object in view-an end to be attained, which is in harmony with the nature of the body thus organized. But I see here nothing at all. I ask, what object is proposed by the committee, but this plan gives no answer. I can see objects worthy of enlisting the power of an organization, but they are not here presented.

1. We might organize, in order to support our speakers, who now receive but a meagre allow-

2. Then there are very many places where laborers are needed, but there is not ability to sustain them. Why not make this an object? If we never make any efforts to give light to the people, we may as well be ousted as not.

Or, again, why not make education an object? But there is nothing at all of this in the plan proposed. It is an organization without a purposeworking body with nothing to do.

Lizzie Doten said, that last evening she had promised not to be sharp, but this morning she meant to sharpen her points as much as possible. I will not fight in ambush, but will be plain, so as to be clearly understood. I had thought that Mr. Chase had learned something, but his speech this morning was intended merely to throw dust in your eyes. He is a politician; and works in the ways of the politician. This plan is man's work—the production of men's brains, some of whom are old politi-

I see nothing of woman about this plan. I see that you have got the stone, as you think, up the hill, and you are trying to bolster it up. But I say, stand from under, you are not high enough yet. Your Organization will be a dead thing next year. It is said, we shall not have creeds if we adopt this plan; but we had better have creeds than this. We are all acting from policy, instead of principle. Let us tell you a fact. There is a bear in the way, not-withstanding what has been said. There is the Banner of Light in the East, and a new paper in the

West-through them it growls.

Mrs. A. M. Spence said she must be reckoned in, wherever there was a fight. She gave a history of the call and of her signing it, as one of the com-mittee appointed at Chicago. Afterwards saw Uriah Clark's article on the call. The Banner seemed to carry the same idea, and she herself felt something of the same, as to the import of the instrument, but thought it was from the large benevolence of those who framed it, not from any design. The proposition now is to perpetuate a delegate Convention. This is too large a benevolence, for the purposes had in view. Some persons wish to be called Harmonialists, others, Friends of Progress; and still others, Religio-Philosophers, while the mass preferred the plain name of Spiritualists. We may respect all persons for what they are, and propose, without admitting them to control our

rivate affairs. Mr. Bush thought this the most important Convention ever held in America. Less than one hundred years ago, our fathers met here, and made our Declaration of Independence. We have thirteen States represented in our Convention, as they had in theirs. We must have a new religion, and we are to make it. He opposed the phrase, "other reformers," but advocated the rest of the plan, and hoped it would pass.

Mr. King moved to amend the report by striking out the words " Progressive Reformers." The motion was seconded, and the Chair declared

debate upon the amendment now in order. Mrs. C. L. V. Scott, who had arisen to speak upon the main question, opposed the amendment. She remarked: We think it entirely wrong to exclude any of those who can themselves by another name, but are Spiritualists, nevertheless. If the Pope of Rome, or if Satan himself should wish to attend and participate in our Conventions, we should have him received. Spiritualism, if we understand it, includes the good and noble of all associations. And while we hope none of these resolutions will be adopted, we hope you will not be guilty of excluding those persons from your deliberations. Spiritualism embodies everything which tends to elevate and better humanity, and we shall not be true to its mission and genius, if we in any way exclude any portion of humanity from a free participation in all its blessings and privileges. We hope you will not circumscribe the limits you have already drawn.

Warren Chase, who said he seldom or never made a set speech, rose to explain. His explanation was, that if the objectionable words were stricken out it would exclude the Children's Progressive, and other

classes from representation. Dr. White was in favor of the largest liberty, and opposed to the amendment. He thought this was very much like the discussion in the political world, respecting the admission of foreigners to the elective franchise. If reformers could come in among us, he would admit them and work with them. He thought there was great danger of sectarianism, and this open door would be a safeguard in that direction.

SATURDAY, Oct. 21st, 1865.

MORNING SESSION. Judge Carter, Chairman of the Committee on the address, reported the following, which was accepted

and unanimously adopted : Address of the Spiritualists of the United States, in National Convention Assembled, to the World.

On the 18th of October, A. D., 1865, the Delegates of the Spiritualists' Association of the United States, in National Convention, assembled in the city of Philadelphia, State of Pennsylvania, appointed the undersigned, delegates of the said Convention, a

Committee, to prepare and present an address in their behalf' to the people of the world.

In pursuance of that appointment, and in fulfilment of the important duty devolving upon them, they respectfully and fraternally submit the following statement of Facts and Principles embodied in Spiritualism.

ADDRESS. Spiritualism is a religion and a philosophy founded upon facts, and in this respect it differs from all other religions which are founded upon faith. as Spiritualists, respect the faiths of mankind; but we prefer the facts manifested by Nature and by Nature's God. We believe all religions have, in their origin, been founded upon similar spiritual facts; we accept the inspirations of all ages and peoples, but we cannot endorse the perversions and misconstructions of those inspirations found in the

forms and conventionalities of man. We would not insult the intelligence of the people of the civilized world, by entering into any elaborate elucidation to prove the existence of these facts; for they are so many and so various in their character, and have challenged the attention of so many thousands, and have withstood the criticism of so many careful and even skeptical minds, that we feel we are not assuming, when we demand and earnestly invite the closest scrutiny of them. These facts began to command the attention of the civilized world in the year 1848, occurring in a small village called Hydesville, near the city of Rochester, in the State of New York, under the name of the "Rochester Kneckings," and since that time they have been increasing in number, variety, extent and power, until the world has been compelled to acknowledge their

existence. Many minds were prepared to accept these manifestations by the developments of Mesmerism, Psychology, and Clairvoyance; but other minds, and especially such as have been fixed in the positions and conditions of ecclesiastical forms, have been disposed, and have attributed these facts to any other cause than the real one, and have taken refuge in these sciences which they had previously condemned. But for the information of those who have not hitherto been disposed to examine, or have had no opportunity of investigating these facts, we beg to present some of the more prominent ones in their proper classification.

First. Movements of external objects, with and without human contact, have appealed to and satis-

The reading of the report was called for, Warren | fied the senses, causing scientific minds to resort to other than the known laws of their supposed philosophy for an explanation; and when that came, it has always been the same. These movements were and are produced by spirits, who have left their mundanc sphere of action.

Second. Written and other intellectual manifestations, without the volition of the parties who were made to write or act, purporting to emanate from the same source, are another classification. Third, Speaking in many languages, with which

the media were unacquainted, and speaking in our own language in a manner far beyond the years, education and comprehension of those who speak,

Fourth. Healing by the laying on of hands, and by prescriptions, causing many of the sick, the blind, the lame, and the infirm of all classes of society, to bless the new revelation, or rather the revival of the revelations of all time, is also a classification.

We can here, however, usefully present but few of the numerous forms of this wonderful power. Each of the foregoing classes may be divided into very many varieties or phases, all containing some distinctive proof of the existence and presence of spirits; and after a careful investigation and comparison of the above named manifestations, in all their multifarious and varied relations, the deductions which all candid minds have been compelled to adopt are herein shown, and which are not presented as articles of faith or belief, nor are they to be regarded as an absolute expression of the views of all Spiritualists, but as comprising the general truths of this religion and philosophy of

For many years there have been great demands among the leading minds of all civilized countries. for more tangible evidence of the soul's immortality, than that derived from the prevailing religions of the day. We, therefore, present, as briefly and consecutively as practicable, the answer which Spiritualism gives to these inquiries, and what it must inevitably accomplish for the benefit of mankind.

Spiritualism, in its philosophy, claims nothing supernatural for its manifestations, but that they are in conformity with natural laws existing in all ages and coeval with time itself.

It does not claim the development and unfoldment of these laws to the comprehension of the human

It proves, beyond peradventure, (which has never been proven before as a demonstrated fact,) the immortality of the soul. This has been heretofore a suggestion or desire in the inherent qualities of the soul; and this desire has induced a belief in the soul's immortality, but has never intimated or of fered a proof satisfactory to thinking and reasoning

It teaches, as a fundamental principle of the condition of that immortality, the endless progression of the soul, a grand truth, upon which all philosophy of the future life is predicated, and which was never adopted before by any of the known philosophies or religions of the world

It presents a religion in conformity with the laws of Nature, having no creeds, dogmas, or sectarian forms, but accepting the truths of all time, and suggesting the forms of nature for our adoption.

It advocates the growth of the human spirit as

the highest expression of Divine Harmony. It has for its objects, the amelioration of the condition of mankind, to point out a natural, truthful and exalted religion, acknowledged by the highest minds of every age in the Fatherhood and Motherhood of God, and Brotherhood of man.

To free mankind from bondage of soul, the consequence of error and ignorance, and thus release it from all kinds of servitude and slavery, whether of body or mind; to render the faith of the world, in a uture existence of the soul, an absolute certainty and to destroy the fear of death and of the grave, by a knowledge of the laws of eternal life, deeply deploring the existence of misery and error in the

It teaches no condemnation of any Individual, or class of individuals, but presents its truths, which, like sunshine, shall light up the dark places of the world, and transform the darkness of error and crime into the light of truth and goodness. It binds no soul in its faith or belief, teaching

that the former is not a matter of volition, and the latter is a result of the convictions of the mind. It trusts to the law of progress and the efforts of all wise minds, to lead all people to the acceptance of the highest truths that are known and taught in the world, and which are eternal.

The most important idea, and the primal thought in this belief, is from the evidence of the soul's immortality, and it teaches that soul, or spirit, can never die, but that which man calls death is only a change of life, an entrance into a higher state, a continuation of the life commenced on earth on a superior and more progressive plane of existence, and there to exist, improve and advance forever. The fountains of Inspiration are not closed or

scaled, the Constellations of Wisdom are not extinguished; for immortal bands have again led us to the baptism of the soul, and unveiled the light of the immortal world. The story of the Promethean fire is no longer a myth, for angels have kindled upon the altars of our hearts the fire of eternal life, and fanned its breath to a living flame, which burns and beacons mortals to the abodes where the eternal are Illumining the valley of the shadow of death. We, therefore, earnestly request and cordially in-

vite all, of whatever creed, nation or belief, to come forth and investigate for themselves the facts, phenomena, philosophy, and religion of Spiritualism, confiding, as we do, that none can avoid adopting the same conclusions with ourselves.

A. G. W. CARTER, of Ohio, Chairman. J. S. LOVELAND, of Massachusetts. CORA L. V. SCOTT, of New York. WILLIAM A. BALDWIN, of Michigan. JOSEPH J. HATLINGER, M.D., of Connecticut. L. K. JOSLYN, of Rhode Island. LIZZIE DOTEN, for Delaware. C. A. K. Poore, of New Jersey. NEWMAN WEEKS, of Vermont. ISAAC REHN, of Pennsylvania. H. S. BROWN, M. D., of Wisconsin. J. C. SMITH, of District of Columbia. S. S. JONES, of St. Charles, Illinois.

A NATIONAL THANKSGIVING.

THE FIRST THURSDAY OF DECEMBER. By the President of the United States of America.

A PROCLAMATION. Whereas, It has pleased Almighty God, during the year which is now coming to an end, to relieve our beloved country from the fearful scourge of

civil war, and to permit us to secure the blessings of peace, unity and harmony, with a great enlargement of civil liberty; and Whereas, Our Heavenly Father has also, during the year, graciously averted from us the calamities of foreign war, pestilence and famine, while our

granaries are full of the fruits of an abundant Whereas, Righteousness exalteth a nation, while

sin is a reproach to any people:

Now, therefore, I, Andrew Johnson, President of the United States, do hereby recommend to the people thereof, that they do set apart and observe the first Thursday of December next, as a day of national thanksgiving to the Creator of the Universe for these deliverances and blessings; and I do further recommend that, on that occasion, the whole people make confession of our national sins against His infinite goodness, and with one heart and one mind, implore the Divine guidance in the ways of national virtue and nolmess,

In testimony whereof, I have hereunto set my hand, and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed. Done at the city of Washington, this 28th day of October, in the year of our Lord 1865, and of the independence of the United States, the 90th. ANDREW JORNSON.

[Signed] By the President. WILLIAM H. SEWARD, Secretary of State.

Business Matters.

MRS. A. H. ROBINSON'S SELNORS. 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 Penlishing ASSOCIATION, Lombard Block, (first building west of the Post Office, Chicago,) from 2 to 4 o'block, P. M. and from 7 to 9 evenings, Saturdays, Sundays and Mondays, excepted.

Admission tickets can be presented at Talhnadge'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

DR. HATHAWAY'S HEALING INSTITUTE-No. 119 Wisconsin Barget, Milwankee, Copposite the post office,) has been resisted and newly furnished and in now open for the reception of patients. All diseases, treated by the most approved methods, to meet the various wants, so that each patient will have the expecial treatment required, whether it is Relectic Medicines, Water Cure, Riccircity, or Animal Magnetism, good operators being always in attendance. Dr. J. P. Bryant, one of the greatest healers of the age, will practice at this Institute for three months. from the 15th of August, 1985.

DR. J. P. BRYART, "The Healey," will heal the sick at the "Burdick House," Kalatmano, Mich., from Nov. 9th illi Nov. 22d, and at the "Nouthern Michigan Hotel," Coldwater, Mich., from Nov. 25th till Dec. 10th.

Deaths.

Death, life's faithful servant, comes to loose the worn sandale, and give the weary rest.

Passed to the Summer Land, from Hatover, Ill., October

30th, 1866, Lucy L. E. Honn, aged 18 years, 10 months and 18 Thou art gone to the mansion of rest, Lecy, Thou art gone to the mansion of rest; This world possessed few charms for thee; Thou smiled, and then it set thee free,

To join the blest. Thou art gone to thy happy home, Lucy, Thou art gone to thy happy home, Where sickness and sorrow you ne'er shall soe, But always happy there will be In the days to come.

Thou art gone to the realms of bliss, Lucy, Thou art gone to the realms of bliss; Thou never more shalt suffer pain, But we all shall meet you again, In the land of the blest.

ELECTA L. HORK.

SPEAKERS' REGISTER.

SPRAKERS for whom we advertise are solicited to act as agents for the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL. MRS. H. F. M. BROWN'S post office address is drawer 6325,

MES AUGUSTA A. CORRIER will lecture in Chicago, III., during November and December. Will answer calls to lecture in the West through the Winter. Address box 815,

HENRY T. CHILD, M. D., 624 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 Vineland, N. J., during November; 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 farther notice. J. G. Fish will speak in Hammonton and Vineland, N. J.,

during October; in Cincinnati, O., during November; in Providence, R. I., during December and February; in Lowell, S. J. FINNEY'S post office address is Ann Arbor, Mich.

L. P. Gridds, Magnetic Physician, will answer calls to lecture and heal the sick. Address, Evansville, Wis. REV. J. B. HARRISON may be addressed at Kendallville,

D. H. Hamilton will answer calls to lecture on Reconstruc-tion and the True Mode of Communitary Life. Address, MRS. SUSIE A. HUTCHINSON WIll speak in Stafford Springs,

Conn., during December. Address as above, or 39 Grape St., Syracuse, N. Y. ANNA M. MIDDLEBROOK, Box 778, Bridgeport, Conn. J. M. PERRES, of Battle Creek, Mich., will lecture in Provi-

dence, R. I., during October; in Lowell, Mass., during No-L. Judd Pardez, Somerset, Somerset Co., Pa. J. T. Rouse may be addressed F. O. Box 200, Bikbart, Ind.

Cona L. V. Scorr will lecture in Washington, D. C., during November and December. Address to care of Dr. J. A. Rowland, Attorney General's office. BENJAMIN TODD, Normal Speaker, will lecture in New York during September; 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 Banner of Light office. HUDSON AND EMMA TUTTLE, Berlin Heights, Ohio.

F. L. Wadsworth lectures in Sturgis, Mich., Sunday mornng and evening, until further notice. Address accordingly. MRS. Lots Waishrooken may be addressed at Liverpool, O. ALCINDA WILHELM, M. D., Inspirational Speaker, will lecture in Northern and Southern Missouri during October, November and December; in Kansas until the following spring. Ad-dress, care of James Hook, Terre Haute, Ind., until further

ELLIAH WOODWORTH, Inspirational Speaker. Address, Leslie,

E. V. Wilson, will lecture in Evansville, Ind., during November; in Louisville, Ky., during December. Will answer calls to lecture week nights, within fifty miles of either of these places.

Railroad Time-Table.

CHICAGO AND NORTHWESTERN-DEPOT COR. WEST WATER AND KINELE STS. Day Express,... *9.00 a. m. e5.00 a. m. Night Express, *4.30 p. m. *6.00 p. m. *2.15 p. m. *10.00 a. m. Woodstock Accommodation #3.00 p. m. GALENA DIVISION. Fulton and Cedar Rapids,.. Fulton and Iowa ... 5.00 a. m. Freeport and Dunleith, Freeport and Dunleith, Rockford and Fox River, .. 4.00 p.m. 11.10 a. m. 11.10 a. m. Geneva and Elgin. 5.30 p. m. 9.40 a. m. MICHIGAN CENTRAL. Detroit Express,..... *6.00 a. m. Detroit Express, 12.30 p.m.

†5.30 p. m.

(TRAINS FOR CINCINNATI AND LOUISVILLE.) †5.30 p. m. MICHIGAN SOUTHERN-DEPOT COR. VAN BUREN AND SHEET-*6.00 a. m. *II.00 p. m. +5.30 p. m. Evening Express,... ... 110.05 p. m. 112.30 p. m. Night Express,... DETROIT TRAINS. Express, via Adrian.. Night Express, via Adrian,..... †5.30 p. m. *111.00 p. m. PITTSBURG, FT. WAYNE AND CHICAGO. †6.00 a. m. 5.30 p. m. .e+10.10 p.m. *+12.30 p.m. ... †6.00 a. m. †8.20 p. m. Cincinnati Express,

(CONNECTING WITH PENNSYLVANIA CENTRAL.) 3.00 a.m. 4.35 p.m. 8.40 p.m. Leave Pittsburg ... 1.30 p.m. 2.45 a.m. 8.00 a.m. Leave Harrisburg. 5.45 p. m. 7.86 a. m. 12.80 p. m. Arrive at Philadelphia, Arrive at N. Y. via Allenten, 10.20 p. m. 10.00 a. m. S. S. p. m. Arrive at N. Y. via Philadel, ... 10.27 p. m. 12.00 m. 5.45 p.m. T.00 a.m. 12.20 p.m. 10.10 p. m. 10.35 a.m. &25 p. m. CHICAGO AND GREAT EASTERN RAILWAY.

#8.45 p. M. 27.20 a. m. (FOR CENCINNATE, INDIANAPOLIS AND LOCISTILLE.) MALL 16.45 p. m. 7.30 a. m. ILLINOIS CENTRAL. #2.55 p. 20.

Night Passenger, - 430.30 p. m. MI A WALTH Kankakee Accommodation AT 12 TV SET Hyde Park Train. 46.25 to 20. 47.35 a. 20. AL 4 19 2250 42.45 p. 34 *4.(0) 31.20 25. 17 16.10 45.50 10 20. " 10 1 m. CHICAGO BURLINGTON AND QUINCY: Day Express and Mail, S20 s. 20. 4.30 p. m. 12 (W) 21 Th 5.00 a. m. 4.30 p. m. 9.16 s. m.

CHICAGO AND SE LOUIS. 845 p. m. \$20 a. m. Alledd Kynyms 7.15 p. m. 500 a. m. Asire and Wilmington Accountable to, 4.00 p. m. 9.50 a. m. CURCAGO AND BOOK ISLAND.

4.30 p. m. 5.00 a. m, Pay Express and Mail. S.16 a. m. Source Al Mariel. 12.00 m. AND ACTION IN THE PROPERTY WHEN AND P. M. CHICAGO AND MILWAUKEE. 12 (15 S. ID. St. Paul Express....... PALLETY ! 4.20 p. m.

9.30 a. m. *11.30 a. m. Wantegan Accommedativanous 5.40 p.m. 8.45 n. m. 1.00 a. m. "Sundays except'd. | Saturdays except'd. | Mondays except'd.

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

NOVEMBER 8.

INVOCATION.

Our Father, with hearts overflowing with gratitade for all Thy goodness-for all Thy tender lovefor all Thy watchful care-for all Thy beautiful works-for the light Thou hast implanted within ms-we feel to thank Thee, oh, God.

While we seek thus to praise and bless Thee, we also feel to change and divert Thy children from their present mode of worshiping Thee. We see their condition, and we also see that their desire is to do that which they deem to be of the greatest honor and glory to Thee,

We feel, oh, Father, that it is from the misrepresentation of Thy goodness that they are led to approach Thee through fear, instead of that holy "love which casteth out fear." May we be enabled to send forth that light that will illuminate and brighten their understandings. May it arouse to action the most noble traits of their characters. May they learn to reason in accordance with Thy divine love. May we all receive more of that light, so that we may look with compassion upon the errors of our brothers and our sisters. May we be enabled to extend the right hand of fellowship, in whatever condition we may find them. May the thoughts that we shall give be of that character that they may sink deep into the recesses of their understanding, that all will feel that it is good to approach Thee as a parent of love-as one who is ever ready to respond to the heart yearnings of Thy

We feel, oh, Father, that Thou art truth-Thou art justice, Thou art life and love. We would ever praise Thee for all Thy goodness. We know that in time all Thy children will be brought to a perfect comprehension of Thy laws, and as they understand they will worship Thee in that way and manner which shall be pleasing to Thy children and an honor unto Thee. For that conviction and all Thy blessings, we will ever praise Thee, our Father.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

Q. Does the law of gravitation obtain in the spirit world in the same manner that it does upon the material plane; and if so, are spirits able to overcome that law, to such an extent as to enable them individually to pass from and to the surface of the spirit land, or that which corresponds with the surface of the earth? In other words, do spirits possess a power by which they can pass directly from our earth's surface to a region far above it? Please state the matter to our comprehension.

A. You will bear in mind that you deal with the material while we deal with the spiritual. All that is material with you in every sense, we deal with in the spiritual. Yes, the law of gravitation does obtain in spirit life. Just so far as you understand laws you are enabled to take advantage of them. Those who do not comprehend them need help. Some are enabled to pass from and to the surface of the earth at pleasure-others have to re-

Q. In dreams we sometimes seem to fly with great freedom and pleasure. At such times, is it all a matter of imagination, or is it a veritable truth, that our spirits are disenthraled, for the time being, from the material body, and go out in spirit, and to some extent enjoy spirit life. Please explain that particular phenomenon of dreaming?

A. When the body is reposing in slumber, the spirit often goes out into spirit life, and it moves with such freedom that when the external senses take cognizance of It, It seems like flying. There is no such thing as imagination while sleeping. It is all real. In such cases the dreamers are oftener visiting friends in earth life than those in spirit life; but the facility with which they move is equally pleasurable. In some cases the external senses take cognizance in part, of what transpires

Q. Do we, while yet in earth life, ever pass from the physical body and have a conscious existence in the spirit land? If so, explain why we do not retain a recollection of it on our return to earth

A. Yes; individuals on the material plane do pass from the material plane of life and have a conscious existence on the spiritual plane, but there being different planes of life, the scenes of the spirit life are not often left vivid upon the mind when the person returns to the earth plane.

Q. What relation exists between God and Nature? A. What you call nature is that which you can take cognizance of. In other words, you see that which you call natural or the works of nature. That which you do not see, which is the essence of nature, or the all-permeating spirit of nature, is God. You do not now see the apirit of anything. You never will see the spirit-you will only see the external.

Q. Are our spirit bodies formed from our earthly

A. Your spiritual body is within your earthly body. You, at death, throw off your earthly or material body only;

Q. What is the employment of spirits in the apirit land?

A. There is as much diversity of employment in apirit life as in natural life-as in the city of Chicago. Some are teachers; some physicians, healing individuals in earth life. Some are impressing individuals in earth life, and others are impressing the weaker ones in spirit life; some doing one kind of work, and others another kind-just that which gives them the most pleasure, and to which they are best adapted.

Q. When we go to spirit life, do we have to learn over again that which we have ever learned here, or do we go on from the point to which we had attained here?

A. That in which you have been properly instructed goes with you, and you do not have it to learn over again, and consequently that which is erroneous, you have to learn. All your experience is a part of your growth and the errors you have embraced have their part and place in your growth. Q. What is the difference between the spiritual

and material body ?. A. One is composed of matter which is subject to

disease and decay; the other is more refined in its nature, consequently can never dis.

Q. Is this world a type of the spiritual world? A. No; the spiritual world is a type of this. The apiritual plan of existence corresponds in every particular with this plan of existence.

Q. Do you have homes in the spirit land? A. Those who desire such, have them. Kach one has such places as are dear and deshable. The idea of one single, broad expanse is derived from an old

theological idea of a heaven and a hell, There is no spirit so low in the scale of humanity, that you cannot approach them in some direction, and lead them up into a higher plane of thought, as you would take a child and lead it up into maturity, by kind treatment and proper means of edu-

Q. Do spirits require dress in the spirit world?

A. Yes; all the desires you have here go with you into spirit life. If you have a taste for that which is beautiful, you have it as a legitimate result of such taste.

JOHN KENDALL.

My name is John Kendall, of Bridgeport, Conn. I was shot, but was not killed. What do you think of that? [I think you are alive now.] That I am. I was shot at Bull's Run; The bullies had to run. Those who claimed to be builles got the field. There were a great many who suffered like the d-1; and that don't half express it. Some of them suffered beyond your conception. I did not suffer at all. I will tell you what it was like,

The ball went through my head, and I never lost a minute. I was not unconscious in the least. My exit from the body was like that of a circus rider over I was as full of fight as I was before. All the difference was when I scrambled for my arms, and could not find them. Not a thing could I get hold of to light with. If I could, I would have popped the rebs some, and that like the d-I, too; but I could only stand and look on.

The first person that I saw who was an occupant of the country I had just gone to was an old grayheaded man. He stepped up to me, laid one hand on my shoulder, and said: "My son, that is fine sport for you," (what I was looking at.) "Come with me, and I will show you something far superior to that." I said, "Are you not mistaken, sir ?" I asked him if he knew the business I had been in. He said, "I do." I told him I was very anxious to see the end of it. He said, "Come with me; I will keep watch of all these things, and inform you of the result." Still I desired to stay. I was one of Uncle Sam's boys, and I wanted to stay and see it out. He said, "Suppose I should show you a lot of Secesh, who have recently come over, would you not like to see them?" I said I would, and away

I followed the old gentleman. It seemed to me I was walking on air, and as though I should fall through every step, and down I should go. I could see everything. I did not seem to be far away from the ground-could see the men, and what they were doing. We walked on, and instead of being on a level, the farther I went the farther I got from the ground, until at last it seemed as solid and firm as a carpeted floor. I then began to see the old gentleman's policy. He wanted to get me away from the

On our way he asked me various questions, where my home was, etc. I told him, Bridgeport, Conn. He talked to me of my friends; wanted to know if I had any that were dead. I became interested in his conversation, and desired to see the friends whom I supposed were dead. I said I would like to see them. "But," said he, "don't you want to see the Secesh?" I said, "No, I prefer to see my friends." He repeated the question, and wanted to know if I did not want to see the Secesh in all their trials and afflictions, and who, like myself, wanted to fight, but had nothing to fight with. But I had become so invested with the desire to see my friends, that I no longer cared to see the Secesh. Strange, wasn't it? He said if I really wished to see my friends he would lead me on and present me to them. "But," said the old gentleman, "have you forgotten the battle-field?" That set me to thinking a little. He said, "Do you now desire to see the fight and know the end?" And would you believe it? I did not care a dime to see it. I wanted to know the result, but did not want to see the fight. I have got entirely over that. According to promise, he presented me to my friends, and also informed me of the termination of the battle ; not only the Bull Run fight, but all of them. And what I desired-(I suppose they called me a black Abolitionist, for I was oneblack Abolitionist! well, that is a good name for them,)-was the freeing of the slaves, big and little -half-whites and all. As to the clear whites, if they don't know enough to free themselves, let them go till they do. That is what I believe in now.

He showed me there was not an acre—not the first foot-of ground where slavery was not abolished. He showed me that the States which were at variance were again united. He said, "Go with me still farther, and I will show you a plane where you can give your experience, so that many of your comrades, who were with you in arms, may know of your condition at the present time, and your friends,

I went with him, and was happy to do so. He

brought me here, and you know the result. I am extremely obliged to you for the assistance you have given me, and when you come to our country, I will aid you as much.

NOVEMBER 8. Sin: I desire to know, if you, as a people, feel that the sentence just passed upon my brother, who is to receive his doom on the coming Friday, is in accordance with your highest sense of justice to humanity? [It is doubtless in accordance with the highest sense of justice to a very large portion of the people of this country at the present time. He was an instrument of such extreme suffering to our noble sons who bravely periled all for their beloved country, that our people are aroused en masse to repel such barbarous warfare as was pursued by the rebels, and while thus aroused, they lose sight of the higher, or Christ, principles, and practise Moses, or the Mosale law. The clear thinker does not for himself demand any such punishment. True Spiritualists would make no such demands. Our faith teaches us a better dectrine. Old Theology makes the demand for the sacrifice, and she, yet being largely in the ascendancy, must have the anorthor, and orles out, "hang him!"] You say that your people have been aroused by the barbarous treatment of their noble sons, and that white thus aroused they demand the excention of one individual as an atenement for the cruelties practiced by many. I would have you bear in mind that every witness brought forth to testify against him, manifested the same spirit. Their testimony was given through the same class of organs of thebrain with those who call for revenge for the sufferings of many who have crossed the river of death, and of those who received Ill treatment at his hands, who are yet with you on earth.

Strange to me that a court composed of men of reason and understanding could not see the determined spirit of these witnesses to bring forth testimony, whather true or false, sufficient to convict the one whom they had in their power. Their natures were aroused by what they deemed cruelty to the many, and they came forth with the determination, if they could not have revenge upon all, they would upon that one, whatever might be the

I tell you that these men who have passed that sentence will see the day they will regret their

decree. Could they by that act bring the dead to life, or pleasure to those who have suffered, instead of pain, it would be entirely different. I do not know, had their statements been true, as I should have come here, but I know that many, yes, many of their assertions were false. History, when given correctly, will prove upon its face, that the execution of the man, Wirz, was an act of injustics to him and to yourselves as a nation.

I shall be first to greet his spirit when it enters our home. The struggle will be but for a moment, He will be lost in unconsciousness.

When he returns to himself he shall find, instead of being surrounded by cold and heartless men, that he has kind and loving friends, who will minister to him. I feel that it is so unjust in you as a people to permit this-well, I can call it nothing else, as I see no justice in it-nothing else but barbarism; yes, barbarism in its worst form!

You might with the same propriety arraign and pass sentence of death upon his executioner, who but carries into effect the laws made and sustained by your people, as to punish him for carrying into effect the commands of his superior officers. He when he jumps through a paper hoop. When I got only did that, and that he was bound to do by the laws of war. If any one was guilty, it was his superior officers, and not him.

I would have you all think of this, My name is Louisa W. Johnston. My home was Charleston, South Carolina.

GEORGE ANDRUS.

The lady who last controlled the medium reasoned from her stand-point. I shall from mine. Every cause produces its own result. From early infancy we are taught, not exactly in these words, but to the same effect, that if we plotate the laws which govern our being, the penalty is sure to followthat is, suffering. The little child is taught that if it puts its finger into the blaze of the lighted candle or touches any heated substance, that it will burn, and the result is, pain. That lesson, which is good for little children, will also apply to children of a more mature growth. As we pass on, we learn by experience, that through the violation of another law of our system, that is, an equal temperature of the atmosphere which surrounds our bodies, we suffer therefrom. For instance, if we permit ourselves to be exposed to the cold, we become chilled. All of those fine pores from which is constantly emanating a certain amount of heat, become closed, and an undue current of heat is thereby retained in the system. You know that heat expands, and cold contracts; and when we experience what is called a chill, the vital powers are forced from the surface back upon the internal organs; until they accumulate sufficient force to appear again upon the surface with such renewed strength that a condition is induced which is denominated fever. That state continues until that unnatural amount of heat that was caused by the chill (oftentimes resulting in the death of the individual,) is expelled from the system, and an equilibrium is produced. It matters not whether that condition is brought about by ourselves, or by the acts of others—the result or effect

If we permit ourselves to remain in such conditions, we must expect to suffer the penalties incident

thereto, for every cause produces its own result. The man for whom the lady last controling had so much sympathy, and whom she claims as her brother, permitted himself to remain under the influence of those who were the cause of so much suffering to the brave and noble sons of freedom, liberty and truth. And I see nothing unjust in his punishment-nothing that will cause dishonor to your people-nothing that they will have occasion to regret. But on the other hand, they will feel that they did justly. That it was just that he should be punished, as his deeds deserved, and also to serve as a warning to others, that they may not allow themselves to pursue a similar course.

It is true that his death cannot change the hours of pain of those who suffered at his hands to pleasure, nor restore life to the dead bodies of his victims. Neither will it affect the happiness of those who have joined us in our spirit home.

The gallant boys who are yet with you, will experience a satisfaction in the fact that they know he received that which he so richly merited-death. That, too, in the most ignominious form.

In conclusion, I wish to say, that he is simply receiving that which the laws governing his own being impose as a penalty for the acts by him performed, and at the same time in accordance with the public sense of justice.

Yet the time will come when the people of earth will become so enlightened that such causes will not exist, consequently no such penalties will follow. My name is George Andrus. My home was Nash-

I had a desire to follow the lady from Charleston in an explanation of my views on the same subject; and if you deem them worthy of publication, you will oblige me by doing so.

I am under obligations to you.

PHILIP MANNING.

Can't any one come, only those who preach, ha ! Yes. I don't care much about what becomes of that poor d-l. Wirz! There is a lady here who says she is a sister to him. She is a little taller than this lady. [A lady present.]

do what I wanted to when he was starving us to death, I would have put him on the rack, but I would not now. He will get his just deserts.

There is a gentleman here who says, "Boys, prepare yourselves and treat him kindly." He is speaking to us poor fellows, whom he starved to death; [Who does he refer to, when he tells you to treat him kindly?] He refers to Wira, who is going to have his neck stretched. His sister is thinking that what she has said is not going to have much effect, My name is Philip Manning.

NKLLIK K. NORTON.

My name is Nottle E. Norton. I lived in Peorla. My father and mother live there now. Mother used to laugh about Spiritualism. I guess she won't laugh when she reads this. I died with diptheria; my throat was so bailly swollen that I could not speak for taren or four days, and I could not bid them good-bye, nor say anything. Mother said, "Nellie; if you could only speak to me!" I tried hard, but I could not do it. I can speak now, though. My throat is not sore a bit. You can tell her that. [Yes.] I want her to go to a medium; can find them there, can't she. [Yes.] I have got a good many things to tell, but I don't want to tell them to everybody. I want to talk to mother. Mother would feel bad if I were to tell everybody, Say I am happy, but I would be a great deal happlor if I could talk with her. My mother's name is Mary. I was only ten years old when I died. I am eleven now, I think,

MATILDA R. LOWDEN.

This method of doing business seems to me very much like a conference meeting. Every one appears anxions to give the ideas peculiar unto themselves, as

much of their earth history as seemeth expedient to them; their experience after death, etc. While I find many advantages upon this plane of existence which are not incident to yours, yet there is a greater, a more extended field of happiness upon the material plane of existence than I was aware of when I dwelt upon it. An aspiration for that which is more beautiful and more grand; that which progresses more sublimely than that which seems to those who dwell upon the material plane to progress is well, for it is one of the noble attributes of Delty that we have a desire for further advancement-a more perfect unfoldment, a better understanding of ourselves, and the laws by which we

I would say to my friends, that if they would be prepared to enjoy the beautiew of the world to which they are fast hastening, they must strive hard for the beauties, the happiness which exists, on the material plane. It has been said, and truly too, that the material plane is the proper place for the first unfoldment of the human mind. This discipline, however hard it may seem, is necessary for the growth of the free-born spirit. In that experience, they become noble men and women, and possess each that noble trait of character ever to be admired by every one-kindness to their fellow beings. Surrounded by theological ideas, with a picture of a yawning gulf-hell, constantly before me, I feared to enjoy that which was within a hand's grasp, and which, had I possessed the courage, I might have enjoyed. It would not only have given me pleasure at that time, but it would have better fitted my mind for the plane which I now occupy.

I see so many of my sisters longing to be relieved from a cold, unfeeling world, as they say, with a sigh, where there is no enjoyment, and where 'there is nothing but trouble for me." Feeling that there is nought but love in heaven, they wish for death, that they may find that love denied them there. There is plenty of love and happiness, my dear sisters, if you would but look upon the beautiful sunshine instead of the dark, portentous clouds. Place your affections upon that which is worthy of you. Ever stand firm for the right, and sunshine and prosperity will then be yours.

I passed from the earth plane when I was twentytwo years of age. Have been in the spirit world ten years. My home was in Rodney, Mississippi-a small place. My name is Matiida R. Lowden.

Speech of Lizzie Doten.

[Delivered before the Second National Convention of Spiritualists at Philadelphia, Oct. 18, 1865.]

I do not arise for any elaborate, rhetorical effort. I shall deal with simple facts; and I am glad to feel able to follow what is so practical, after what was said about mediums last evening, and their want of practicability. Many of us were educated in the kitchen, or the workshop, or on the farm. The first time I spoke in Boston, my hands were blistered with work, by which I was earning my living. I claim, then, that we are judges of practical matters. My convictions are of truth, and yet I may differ from you. In times past I have made my positions sharp and pointed, but I will not do so to-night. I differ from many upon many important questions, but the most important one is that of organization. This wild beast has been growling for a number of years past. I have warned you repeatedly against the danger. The danger, I fear, is the concentration of power. You are all working earnestly and honestly, but I can't think you are working wisely. I think you resemble the old fable of Sisyphus, who rolled the stone to the top of the hill only to see it perpetually rebound, and roll again to the plain. It seems to me you are laboring under a delusion, as though Sisyphus had thought he ought to thus roll the stone. You seem to think this is to be the chief corner-stone of the great temple of Spiritualism. You, men, when working thus, do not want to be disturbed or hindered in your work. But you must remember that in any circle you may seek to make, there will always be an are you can never subtend, even by the poor help of a supposition. I will

Dr. Child said this morning that he had had a vision. It reminded me to have one. In my vision, or dream, I saw many men, with but few women, carnestly laboring to arrange a set of ninepins, just as they ever have been arranged. I asked them: Why do you do thus? Is it for sport? They all answered, No, it is for something higher. Then they said amongst themselves, Go to; let us give it another name. But while they were thus talking, I saw a great ball on which was written Progress, hit the head pin, and all the pins fell with it-the ball got a ten-strike. Then said some, Why is this? And one said, It is because they have no 'Tis the old game of nine-pins, and we ought to have known better. So these men and women, many of whom I knew, went their way, and the

Then I saw another one-no, not exactly another, for I saw these same men and women talking with each other, and they said, Let us labor together. Then I said, What these persons now do will prosper, for there will be roots. They went earnestly and diligently to work, and were successful; and I saw the great harvest which they gathered, and saw them bending under the loads which they were bringing in. I saw Mr. Davis and wife bearing great loads of grapes, with which the multitudes were fed. I saw Judge Carter with large sheaves of wheat, from which the bread of nourishment was to be made. And I saw Bro. Jones with great bunches of grapes, which he pressed in the wine-pross, and the multitudes coming to get their thirst assuaged, and saying. This is "the new wine of the kingdom," and, "Lord, evermore give us this bread." Now, though you have accused mediums of not being practical, forgive me if I throw it back that you are not practical. Everything is in accordance with law. You must have an idea before you can have a method. You cannot build a steam engine without a knowledge of the principles involved therein. When you get up an organization, you must know what you want to do. While you are talking about organization you I will tell you what it is, if I had had a chance to forget the Progressive Lyceum, education, and other subjects of practical importance. schemes of organization remind me of one of the great disappointments of my childhood; One of our neighbors had a beautiful white rosebush, and I was very desirous of having one like it. Some one underlook to practice upon my childish credulity, by telling me to cut a small slip from the rosebush, and stick it into a large potato and plant. I followed the directions, and you must fancy my gri f when there came up a huge potate, instead of the rosebush. So your organization will be like planting a little rosebush to raise a big potato.

You must get up your local organizations everywhere, and not wait for your speakers to do it. Their field is large, and their labors arduous. Whenever you come together, it will not be in an organized capacity, for they will only be temporary. When you do come into an organic form, it will be more upon the Masonic platform.

Allow me to criticise you a little. The Grand Master Mason of the Universe is building up a great moral and spiritual temple. But I do not see any one of you who is fit for a master builder, for you are not masters of yourselves. None of you are Master Masons yet: You are lively stonesbrothers only, in the great structure. I now want to ask you a few questions. Bro. Carter, are you willing to be put down as a foundation stone, with Bro. Jones jammed down on you?

Judge Carter-Yes.

A Fimale Congress has been convened at Leipsic, and the women of Germany have been invited to send delegates for the purpose of organised industrial and artistic exhibitions of female handicraft, relief and pension associations, industrial, commercial and economical schools for ladies, and of advocating the admission of ladies to the public becture rooms of academies and Universities, from which they are at present excluded.

A young man in Paris was restrained by the police from drowning himself from grief at the death of

A man in Blackstone, N. I., fell into a pigpen and was devoured by the pige.

From the California Leader. Flying Through the Air.

The possibility of men flying through the air is evident, because it has been done. Balloons have long shown this power. The question now, therefore, is not can it be done? but can it be done so nasily, so safely, and so fully under the control of man's will, as to be of practical use in the daily exigencies of human life? Heretofore, it must be admitted, this perfection has not been attained. The progress of modern science, and the wonderful adap-tations of modern art and industrial skill, certainly favor an affirmative answer to this question. The distance between the first horsepath in the woods and the present ralifond track, as a means of travelog, and the difference between the first rude cance and the present ocean steamship, as a mode of loco-motion, are surely quite as great as the gap that divides our daily style of land and water travel

from the practice of aerial navigation.

To say nothing of the wonderful discoveries in chemistry and electricity that render, daily, more probable the use of some new motive power in the lace of steam, and which would probably be just as applicable to motion through the air as to motion on land or water; without any such new force to propel us forward, but with only the winds of heaven for our moving power, tan these winds not be so brought under the controling hand of man that his skill may guide them to effective service in his plans of aerial locomotion? The minds of scientific men are becoming every day more inclined to admit the feasibility of this achievement. They are, as by common consent, looking forward all over the civilized world to some device by which the practi cability of this thing shall be demonstrated. These expectations among the adepts of science are the common forerunners of new discoveries. Why should they not be so in this matter? Fallures hitherto are no signs of failure hereafter. There were failures impumerable before steam-power was successfully applied to railroad ears, to ships, to the printing-press, and to the ten thousand uses to which it is now employed with the most astonishing

Dr. Andrews, of New Jersey, has been experimenting, with no little skill, and no small degree of success, in this new line of invention. He has spent years in laboring to bring his air-boat (or aerson) to perfection. He was a surgeon in the army when Lowe made his futile attempt to use balloons to spy out the movements of the rebels. Observing this, Andrews determined to renew his efforts to succeed with his invention. He obtained the appointment of a commission from the Secretary of War to examine and report upon his model. That commission consisted of learned and scientific men -Prof. Bache, of the Coast Survey, Prof. Henry, of the Smithsonian Institute, and Major Woodruff, of the Topographical Engineers. Their report was favorable, and they recommended an appropriation of money for a trial. The Doctor's model was too small to show its utility for the war purposes for which it was needed, and so Stanton let the matter pass without further notice. The inventor, how ever, persevered, got a patent for his invention, formed companies in different countries, for constructing his aereon, and aims to establish regular lines of air-boats to travel through the air, just as there are lines of stages and railroad-cars to travel on land, and lines of steamboats and steamships for travel over the water.

The Doctor's acreon consists of three balloons tied together like logs in a raft, with a car suspended beneath. There, is a rudder, like a fan, to guide its course, and the aereon lies stretched out horizontally, and not extending up perpendicularly. The gas raises it up and keeps it aloft, the wind drives & forward, and the rudder directs its path. Pointing the bow of the boat upward makes it ascend, and pointing it downward makes it descend. This pointing up or down is effected by shifting the place of the ballast forward or backward in the car below. The boat runs before the wind, or turns to the right or left, like a ship, by the motion of the rudder. But the Doctor goes so far as to claim to be able to go against the wind, by means of the ascending and descending power of his boat. This going upward or downward in the air, by merely shifting the post tion of the ballast, if really possible, as the Doctor claims, is certainly a great improvement over the old method of throwing out ballast to ascend, and letting off the gas to descend. How and when and where he will stop to rest, and whether he will go up over storms and hurricanes, or come down be-neath them, we do not know. If it is not too cold up there, doubtless he will generally prefer to ride above them. By getting to a great elevation at any time he calculates, no doubt, to come into an entirely different current of atmosphere, and can thus place himself above all the commotions of the ower region, where thunder-storms prevail. From his serene height he can enjoy the view of the view of the battles of the contending elements below without a breath or a cloud to disturb his quiet composure above, just as travelers tell us can be done from the tops of Mounts Chimborazo and Himalayah.

May success attend the worthy Doctor in his inventive efforts to facilitate travel, and give us a new and more ethereal element for use in our movements from place to place. We will not laugh at him, por hold him up to ridicule. It is quite possible we might thus put ourselves on a level with those of a revious generation, who made fun of the genius of Fulton and Fitch, or Cartwright. Strange and impracticable, and almost absurd as these efforts now appear, it is quite possible that in the comin eneration, the extreme simplicity of the method b which they shall have then been made successful may be as familiar to the masses, as are now the conderful and heretofore incredible feats of the electric telegraph. In the light of so many and so wonderful analogies to justify the hopes and studies and aims of the Doctor, we dare not pretend to say that complete success may not only be possible and probable, but might even venture the thought that in a few years it is morally certain to crown his toils with honor, and send his name down to po-terity like thosefof Watts and Fulton, or Whitney and Morse, among the benefactors of the human race.

From the Lumion Spiritual Times

The Castle Spectre. A recent visit to Castletown, Isle of Man, be caused me to become acquainted with the following legend, respecting an apparition which has beseen there at various times. The spirit was believe to be that of a woman who was executed for the murder of her child many years since, and it has been seen at Castle Rushen by various perces including soldiers, and debters, and a gentlemes veracity, who, while returning home one cross clearly saw a woman standing near the castle good during a nocturnal storm. He approached this figure, which retreated towards the closed gate, and then it suddenly vanished. He mentioned the circumstance to some persons who lived in the cash, and who told him that the figure had been see frequently by the soldiers on guard to pass through

closed doors and gates. There is also a curious legend respecting a spec-tral dog, visible at Peel Castle, formerly. It came into the guard-room frequently, and the solder were accustomed to the sight of it. Sir W. Son has immortalized it in his "Lay." In Many has guage it was called the moddey dhoo, and it was observed to come out from a certain passage boar the church at the close of day, and to return to it at dawn. An old soldier assured Wakiron, the historian, that he had seen it "extenser than he had hairs on his head." It disappeared suddenly, after an encounter with a drunken soldier, who is stated to have died soon afterwards, "speechless, ghastly, wan." The rules of the old chapel and guardhouse are still visible, but there seems to be no informatica respecting this moddey dhoo. The spirit at Castletown was mentioned by Waldron in 1731, but I cannot aver that the spirit has been visible recently. Perhaps some of your correspondents can give

I remain, yours obediently, London, Sept. 9, 1865.

About four hundred Inspirational speakers on the principles of Spiritualism are engaged every Sunday in the Northern States.

Generally speaking, a poet would make a specu-lation by swapping of his Pegasus for a common work horse.

Why ought we to have dates at our fingers' ends! Because they grow upon the palm. Tradesmen often lose their custom as sportsmen

de their fingers-by high charges. A vine bears three grapes: the first of pleasure, the second of drunkenness, the third of repentance.

Why is a patch of corn like a dunce ? Because it is likely to have its ears pulled.

From " Storeness of Our Spring." Louison. WE SHILL SUPPLY.

The had guillored by builds fall of rome, And wrentful a few trobs in the last, And opening bernelf drown on the order. A stream townstandingly fair.

Has brack over technol integral and drauging that chicks and have the work agines.

A stream of the has virigin to work agines.

A stream of the has always have at warm.

If You are boundful, Looking I married, AN ELECTRICAL SER SECTIONS OF THE PROPERTY. the come to my bearing my Anding broad in

I charmond has with quadantate kines, I chained has with Lern's flowery band, And Lendon, my boundedful; gave me. The pictigs of the bear bears and her band.

LATE: 34 thurston then a margar dilled granut We drank it injection till Lenters, My develop torthe process it and e-th, who were the tryble of my aprile, I wan how for life. One to your

known matters and through the's an angel, And I am of Burth's josetting throng. Ye won Truty, long ngo that I won lost ;

My limit is now allow, then become in My lorn who then your will and stately My distribute are now ecopying down. The crowded along on libra highway, And known but libra of sail; full from to my early your, 1,000toh. Two terran all the way in my terrant.

Why the Patkammer Castle was Bestroyed.

We make the following extract from the Atlantic Monthly. We greatly mistake if Robert Date Owen to not the author, - (Epirona.

There is not, perhaps, a country more rife in lagends of haunted houses than Germany, No province but has its store of them. Many, drawn by tradition from the observity of the past, have lost, if they ever possessed, any claim to be regarded, except as a poeryphal. But others, of a recent date and better attested, cannot be disposed of in so summary a manner,

In furnishing a specimen of this latter class, I separt from a rule which I think it well to observe in regard to original narratives of character so they can be procured direct from the lips of the Witnesses themselves. This comes to me at second hand. I had no opportunity of cross-questioning the actors in the scenes parrated. Yet I had the story from a gentleman of high respectability; the zeincipal Secretary of the --- Legation at Naples; and his sources of information were direct and suthentie,

In the southeastern portion of Pomerania, at no great distance from the frontier of the province of West Prassia, and in the vicinity of the small town of Butow, there stood, not many years since, an ancient chatean. It was the ancestral residence of an old Pomeranian family of baronial rank; and the narrative of its destruction, with the causes which led thereto, is curious and remarkable.

Its former owner, the Baron von Putkammer, after leading a wild and dissolute life, had expired within its walls. For years previously, many a mysterious story, fraught with dark hints of seduction and infanticide, had been whispered over the surrounding country; and when at last death arrested the Baron's profligate career, some reported that he had been strangled in requital of outrages committed, -others, that the devil had taken home his own, as they had long expected,

His estate went to a relative of the same name, mout of it to mis claest son, heir to the title. This young man, after a time, arrived to take possession. He found in the chateau the administrator of the deceased Baron's estate. It was late the first night, before he went to bed. Yet he was scarcely undressed, when he heard, through the stillness of the night, the approach of a carriage, at first rolling over the sharp gravel of the avenue, then entering the paved court-yard. This was succeeded by the noise of the front door opening, and the distinct sound of steps on the principal staircase,

Young Putkammer, surprised at this unseasonable visit, yet supposing it to be some friend who had been benighted, hustily donned his dressing-gown, and, with light in hand, stepped to the landing. Nothing to be seen there! But he heard behind him the opening of a door leading into the principal gallery of the chateau, a long hall which had for some time been out of use. It had been employed by the former owner of the castle as a banqueting room, was hung with old family portraits, and, as the young man had noticed during the day, was so completely encumbered with furniture, which had been temporarily stored there, that no one could pass through it.

He returned in great surprise, which was much increased when he found the door of the gallery in question closed and locked. He listened, and heard quite distinctly, within the room, the noise of plates and dishes, and the clatter of knives and orks. To this, after a time, succeeded the sound of shuffling cards and the rattle of money, as if thrown on the table in the course of the game.

More and more astonished, he awoke his servant, and bade him listen at the door and tell him what he heard. The terrified valet reported the same sounds which had reached his master's ears. Thereupon the latter told him to arouse the administrator and request his presence.

When this gentleman appeared, the young nobleman eagerly asked if he could furnish any explanation of this strange disturbance.

"I was unwilling," said he, in reply, "to anticipate what you now witness, lest you might imagine had some interested motive to prevent your coming hither. We are all familiar with these sounds. They occur every night at about the same hour. And we have sought in vain any natural explanation of their constant recurrence.'

"Have you the key of the gallery ?"

"Here it is." The door was unlocked and thrown open. Slience and darkness! And when the lights were introduced, not an object to be seen through the gloom, but the old furniture confusedly piled up over the floor. They closed and locked the door. Again the same sounds commenced; the clatter of dishes, the noise of reveling, the clink of the gambler's gold. A second time they opened the door, this time quick and suddenly; and a second time the sounds instantly ceased, and the hall, untenanted, except by the silent portraits on its walls, appeared before them, the same still and gloomy lumber-room as

Baffled for the time, young Putkammer dismissed his attendants and retired to his chamber. Ere long he heard the door of the gallery open, the heavy footsteps sound on the stairway, the front door creak on its hinges,-and then the roll of the carriage, first over the stone pavement, then along the graveled avenue, till the sounds gradually died away in the distance.

The next night he was ready dressed and prepared with lights when, about the same hour, the noise of the approaching carriage was heard; he had the lights immediately carried to the top of the stairway, and he himself half descended the stairs. Up the stairs and past his very side came the footsteps; but neither living being nor spectral form could his

eyes perceive. The same noises in the old banqueting hall. The same fruitless attempts to witness the revel, or to get at the secret, if any, of the imposition.

The young man was brave and devoid of superstition. Yet, in spite of himself, these mysterious sounds, renewed night after night, irritated his nerves, and preyed upon his quiet. He thought to break through the spell by inviting a party of living guests. They came, to the number of thirty or rty: but not for their presence did the invisible revelers intermit their nocturnal visit. All heard the approach of the carriage, the steps ascending the staircase, the sounds of revelry in the hall. And all, when the open door disclosed, as wont, but darkness and silence, turned away with a shudderand to the subsequent invitation of their host to

favor him again with their company, replied by some shallow apology, which he perfectly understood.

Thus deserted by his friends, and subjected night after night, to the same ghostly annoyance, the young man found his health beginning to suffer, and decided to endure it no longer.

Returning to his father, he informed him that he would receive with gratitude the rents of the property, but only on condition that he was not required

to reside in its haunted chateau. The father, ridiculing what he termed his son's superstitious weakness, declared that he would himself take up his residence there for a time, assured that he could not fall to discover the true cause of

But the result belief his expectations. . files his son, he herer could see darything. But the cett deene symble nightly assailed his cars. He caused the hall to be cleared out and scenpled daily. Ro long as it was lighted, and there was any one within it no seconds were mard; and by thus controying it att night, the disturbance could be averted. But as often as it was closed or left in darkness; the invisible rovel recommenced at the wonted hour, proceded by the same preliminaries, terminating in

the same manner. Nothing was left untried to penetrate the mystery, and to detect the brick, if to trickery the disturbances were due. But every effort to obtain an explanation of the phenomena atterly failed. And the father, like the em, after a few weeks, struggle. against the nightly annoyance, found his nervous aystem unable to cope with this constant strain upon it, and left the clustean, determined never again to enter its walls,

The next expedient was to cent it to those whom the fame of its ghostly reputation had not reached. But this was as unavailing, except for a brief season. No tenant would remain beyond a week or ten days. This plan, therefore, was alsoydoned in despute; the principal rooms were closed; and the boilding remained for years entenanted, except by one or two anwilling dependants.

Kinally the proprietor, deeming all change hopeless and finding that the keeping up of the chateau was a mere dedoes expense, resolved to destroy it. The dead had fairly driven out the flying. He had it. putted down; and a few low, rulned walls alone ra-

mained to mark the place where it stood,

Rtill, even within these deserted rules, the same sounds of nightly revelry were declared to have been heard by those who were bold enough to approach them at the midnight hour. When this was reported to the proprietor, he determined, ir possible, to outroot this last remnant of disturbance. Accordingly, he caused to be erected, out of the remaining materials of the chateau and on the apot where it had stood, a small chapel, now to he found there, a mute witness of the story I have bere

The chapel was completed and consecrated in the year 1844. Even while the rites attending its consecration were in progress, strangs and unwonted noises disturbed the congregation; but from that time on they ceased; and the chapet has sines been entirely free from any suedi,

A relative of the proprietor, a young officer in the Prussian army, was present at the consecration, himself witnessed the noises in question, and had previously heard from the parties themselves, all the former occurrences. He it was who related the circumstances to my informant, the Baron von -, a gentleman of a grave and earnest character, whose manner, in repeating them to me, evinced sincerity and conviction. But it is not merely upon his authority that the details of the narrative rest. They are, it would seem, of public notoriety in Pomerania; and hundreds of persons in the neighborhood, as my informant declared, can yet be found to testify, from personal observation, to the general accuracy of the above narration.*

The most salient point in this story is the practical and business part of it-the actual pulling down of the chateau, as a last resort, to get rid of the disturbance. Mere fancy is not wont to lead to such a result as that. The owner of a piece of valuable property is not likely to destroy it for imaginary cause. Interest is a marvelous quickener of the wits, and may be supposed to have left no stone unturned, before assenting to such a sacrifice.

I inquired of the gentleman to whom I am indebted for the above narrative, if there were no skeptical surmises in regard to the origin of the disturbance. He replied, that he had heard but one-namely, that the administrator of the deceased Baron's estate might, from motives of interest, and to have the field to himself, have resorted to a trick to scare the owners from the premises

It is beyond a doubt that such devices have been successfully employed ere now for similar purposes. An example may be found in the story of the monks of St. Bruno, and the shrewd device they employed to obtain from King Louis the Saint, the grant of one of his ancestral palaces. It was in this

Having heard his confessor speak in high terms of the goodness and learning of the monks of St. Bruno, the King expressed a desire to found a community of them near Paris. Bernard de la Tour, the Superior, sent six of the brethren; and Louis assigned to them, as a residence, a handsome dwelling in the village of Chantilly. It so happened, that from their windows they had a fine view of the old palace of Vanvert, originally erceted for a royal residence by King Robert, but which had been deserted for years. The worthy monks, oblivious of the Tenth Commandment, may have thought the place would suit them; but ashamed, probably, to make a formal demand of it from the King, they seem to have set their wits to work to procure it by stratagem.

At all events, the palace of Vauvert, which had never labored under any imputation against its character until they became its neighbors, began almost immediately afterwards to acquire a bad name. Frightful shricks were heard to proceed thence at night. Blue, red and green lights were seen to glimmer from its casements, and then suddenly disappear. The clanking of chains succeeded, together with the howlings of persons as in great pain. Then a ghastly spectre, in pea-green, with long, white beard and serpent's tall, appeared at the principal windows, shaking his fist at the passers-by. This went on for months.

The King, to whom all these wonders were duly reported, deplored the scandal, and sent commissioners to look into the affair. To these the six monks of Chantilly, indignant that the devil should play such pranks before their very faces, suggested, that if they could but have the palace as a residence, they would undertake speedily to cure it of all ghostly intrusion. A deed, with the royal signmanual, conveyed Vauvert to the monks of St. Bruno. It bears the date of 1259. From that time all disturbances ceased—the green ghost, according to the creed of the plous, being laid to rest forever under the waters of the Red Sea. †

Some will surmise that the story of the castle of Putkammer is but a modified version of that of the palace of Vauvert. It may be so. One who was not on the spot, to witness the phenomena and personally to verify all the details, cannot rationally deny the possibility of such a hypothesis. Yet I find little parallel between the cases, and difficulties, apparently insuperable, in the way of accepting such a solution of the mystery.

The French palace was deserted, and nothing was easier than to play off there, unchallenged, such commonplace tricks as the showing of colored lights, the clanking of chains, shricks, groans, and a howling spectre with beard and tail-all in accordance with the prejudices of that age; nor do we read that any one was bold enough to penetrate, during the night, into the scene of the disturbance nor had the King's commissioners any personal motive to urge a thorough research; nor had a pious sovereign, the owner of a dozen palaces, any strong inducement to refuse the cession of one of these, already untenanted and uscless, to certain holy men, the objects of his veneration.

Very different, in every respect, is the affair of the Pomeranian castle. It is a narrative of the skeptical nineteenth century, that sets down all ghost stories as nursery tales. The owner and his son, the future possessor, each at separate times, and for weeks, reside in the castle, and occupy themselves in repeated attempts to discover whether they have been imposed on. The self-same trick, if trick it was, is repeated night after night, without variation. The roll of the approaching carriage wheels, first along the graveled avenue, then over the paved court-yard, while no carriage was, visible how were such sounds to be imitated? The fall of footsteps, unaccompanied by ought in bodily form, up the lighted stairway, and past the very side of the bold youth who stepped down to meet themwhat human device could successfully simulate. these? The sound of the opening gallery-door and the noises of the midnight orgies, with full opportunity to examine every nook and corner of the scene, whence, to every ear, the same identical indications came—how, in producing and reproducing these, could trickery, time after time, escape detectinese, could trickery, time actor time, escape detec-tion? Both father fand son, it is evident, had their suspicions aroused; and both, as evidently, were men of courage, not to be blinded by super-stitious panic. Is it a probable thing that they would destroy an old and valued family mansion, without having exhausted every conceivable expedient to detect imposture?

Nor was this imposture, if as such we are to regard it, conducted in approved form, after the orthodox fashion. It assumed a shape contrary to

* I find in my journal the following: " August 17, 1857. Read over to the Baron von P--- the Putkammer narrative; and he assented to its accuracy in every particular."

† This story is given in Garinet's Histoire de la Magia en the sounds that had driven off its former occupants, France, p. 75.

chains; no lights inraing him; no grouns of the tormented; no ordinary getting up of a ghostly disturbance. But a make appearant of counts, in of the Ordinary, or Episcopal count of applications. dicating, if we are to receive and interpret them literally, the periodical return from the world of apirits of some of its tenants, restless and imblest. Was tids the muchinery a mystiner was likely to

milgot 9 Such are the difficulties which attend the hypotheels of a concerted plan of deception. They will be overlooked by those wito have made up their minds that communications between this world and the next are impossible, and who will content themseives with pronouncing, that, though they cannot detect the mode of the imposture, yet imposture of some kind or other it plainly must have been,

And such shoptes will very properly remind as of other dimenties in the way of accepting as a reality the alleged phenomena. What have the spirits of the departed to do with conveyances resembling those of earlily structure? Are there Incorpornal carriages and horses? Can grave men admit such fancius as these?" Or is all this, even if genuing, only symbolical sounds without objective counterpast? Then what becomes of the posttive character of tide narrative, as a lesson, as a warning to us? The whole acceptates into an acted parable. It fades into the idle payeautry of a dream. Thus we tous purselves in shadowy con-Santura,

But none the less, the facts, if facts they be, remain to be dealt with. And if at last we emeede the attrammedane origin of these manifestations, whether as objective reality or only as trutte-teaching allegory, what a field is open to our speculations regarding the realms of spirit and the possible pun-ishment there is in store for those who, by degracing their natures in this world, may have fendered themselves unfit for happiness in the next and who, perhaps, still attracted to earth by the derming excesses they once mistook for pleasure, may be doomed, in the phantom repetition of their sine, to detect their nation reality, to have stamped on their conscionences the vices of these without the brutal gratifications that veiled it, the essence of vice shorn of its sensual halo, the grossusss without the glitter : if so, a terrible explation t

I beg it may not be imagined, that because I see grave difficulties in the way of regarding this case as one of imposture, I therefore set it up as proof of a novel theory regarding future pomishment. A structure so great cannot be erected on foundation so slender. I but furnish it as a chance contribution toward the probabilities of ultra-mundane intercourse-as material for thought-as one of those hints which future facts may render valueless, but which, on the other hand, other observed phenomena may possibly serve to work out and corroborate and explain.

"Yet in a recent case, occurring in England, and anthenti-cated in the strongest manner, the "sound of carriages driving in the park when none were there?" is one of the incidents given on the authority of the lady who had witnessed the disturbances, and who furnished a detailed account of them, Ken " Facts and Fantsenies," a reguel to " Lights and Sounds, the Mystery of the Day, by Henry Spicer, Long don, 1863, pp. 76-101.

Discovery of an Original Treatise on the Aztec Language-Some Curiosities of the Old Race and Tongue,

A correspondent of The California Bulletin writes that a manuscript copy of a systematic treatise on an ancient Mexican language came to light a few days ago, in one of the missions of the South, the following notice of which will be read with interest. This singular and unique production is in a small 12mo. of 160 pages, written on cigar paper, and sewed in stained old parenment, and bears a Spanish title, of which the following is the translation: "The art of the Mexican language, arranged by the Father Friar, Juan Guerra, of the order of our Father Saint Francis. Transferred in this poor way, from the lack of printing resources, by Joseph Antonia Marques, at the expense of Don Joseph Antonia Perez. In Guadalajara, the first of December, in the year 1754." On reference to Mexican book authorities, it seems that the original of this work was printed in the city of Mexico in 1899, in quarto, under the title, Anglicised by us, to wit: "The art of the Mexican language—such as is spoken in dialects of the towns of New Galicia, By Friar Juan Guerra." In 1754, New Galicia included portions of the present states of Durango, Sinaloa and Jalisco; and not only did those districts contain indigenous tribes affiliative with the Aztees, but the Spanish conquerors, between 1540 and 1600, engaged large numbers of natives from the valley of Mexico to assist them in the reduction of the more northern hordes, particularly those who inhabited the fertile vicinities of the present city of Guadalajara. In this way the conquest was easily effected, and thousands of these Indians, whose descendants still live in those neighborhoods, became firm friends of the Spanish viceroys, and devoted adherents of the Catholic church,

The little book before us, which is what we would call a grammar lexicon, is a well digested and arranged plan on the Spanish model, to teach the Mexican language, by a Spanish teacher, the rules being all in that language, with expletives in Mexi-can or Aztee. There is a regular division under each rule of nouns, pronouns, prepositions, conjunctions, adverbs, verbs, interjections, etc., with full notes, showing how the Mexican equals are to be placed with those in Spanish. A list of 1,000 nouns and verbs is appended, with an enumeration table as far as 300, and of 100 as to times or reduplications. Four was naui, fifteen was cartole, eighty was naupaoli, and haum was a word signifying plurality, with, or added to. So that when they desired to express 99, they used this longwinded term, joining each of these words, to signify that amount, to wit; Naupaoli y huan cartole y huan nauf—that is 80 with 15, to which add 4. The root of all this was the five fingers, as from 5 to 5,000 were mere expletives and multiplication of the radical terms. It is very curious that this mode of computation is found to prevail in nearly all the California languages as far as investigated, and the orthography of the words is singularly assimilative to our own Indian lingos, particularly in the southern districts of the State. And we may put in a reminder here from the old chronicle of Alancon's Colorado river discovery voyage of 1540, wherein he asserts that the Indians on the lower part of that river, which he ascended far above where Fort Yuma now stands, could converse with some Mexican Indians he had brought with him in his ships, a statement which has been very presumptuously sneered at by lazy and impertinent scribblers.

The art was designed more especially to convey religious instruction in Mexican, according to the Catholic faith; and contains thirty pages of a form of confession of religion, and instructions for administering the sacraments of that church, the question being put in Mexican and the answers in Spanish. In this manner it was not difficult to learn the Mexican tongue; but for one to become an expert in all its variations and divergences, it required to be studied systematically, like one of the languages of Europe. Hence, the two great universities of the cities of Mexico and Guatemala, were for 200 years provided with regular professorships of the Aztec and of the Kachiquel languages; the former being the representative of Mexico proper while the latter obtained throughout the most populous portions of Central America, as is the case indeed in both sections at the present time.

How this antique specimen of bibliography ever

found its way into Alta California is unknown. In the old mission libraries may be often found volumes of Spanish works, printed in Mexico between 1750 and 1770, with autographs of the Padres, belonging to Lower California and other parts of Mexico; and as several of the Padres Fundadores of Alta California, ante 1800, had acted as missionaries in Central Mexico, it is most likely it was brought by them as a model to form a similar treatise on the languages of California. The little volume has a long dedication by the author to the "Santissima Provincia de Yalisco," his Alma Mater in religion; then comes the approbation, "Rev. P. Friar Augustin de Betancourt, ex-professor in Theology, preaching general, apostolical chronicler of the religious provinces of the Holy Gospel, and curate minister for His Majesty in the parochial church of Saint Joseph, dedicated to the use of the natives of Mexico." Friar Augustin, the author, addressing him as "Excellentissimo Senor," and being a brother Franciscan, that it is "with infinite pleasure he has read his Arte Mexicana," and rolls out a long compliment, in prose and poetry, done up in Spanish, Aztec and Latin. Betancourt had met in Guerra a kindred spirit, and was himself the compiler of a similar lingual treatise, which also passed

through the press of Mexico. After this, the second step was to get the license of the head of government to print it, who is put down in the formal titulation as herein; "His Excellency's Highness, the Conde de Galves, Viceroy, of this New Spain, glass his license to print roy of this New Spain, gives his license to print !

authority, as not torth tide this of intotor, in the year 1897! The third step was to get the permit of the Ordinary, or Ephsorpul court of architecture rie, which was given to the tenowing granditoquest Annetting Anaya, Canon of the church of the Holy Cathodral of the day of Mexico, Ordinary of the Moly Office of the Sugarettem of Buy Spain. Province and Vicar General of Sida architectories for his errinence, Dieter Den Francisco de Agui-arry Relias, Architenop of Mexico, and of the Connell of His Majosty, etc., who, gives peridusten ty any of the printers of the capital to publish the Arte Mericana, all of which is countersyned by Bernandhur de Kineraya, the rear general's unary public," The last door to squeeze through to Pather Junia Supertors, in the "Green of Frien Gray ;" and here the atexious literarie is addressed by the Frier Juan Baptistrano of the regular observance of our Pather St, Francis, Pather Juin. ine, Rector of the Religious Provinces of Los Anye los, and Commissary General of all that pertains to the said order in this, New Spain, etc., as follows: Health and peace in Our Lind Jesus Christ," etc. The author is styled "Definer of the Franciscan Province of Santiago de Yalisco," In this permindon, dated at the Franciscan Convent in Gaudalajara City, Maren 10, 1800, is noted the curious fact that the Mexican language obtaining throughout the Mshoprie of Guadafajara, with parts of Guadina or Durango, and of Michoacan, which makes the people who speak it occupy the very eream of Mexican territory, and indeed it was found as early as YEES, by Mercado, a Jessit missionary, that the language spoken on the "south coasts of Chalos"-4. a Culjean, Mazatlan and Ban Blas was only a disdeet of the mother tongue of the valley of Mexico, It was thus established nearly 211 years ago by the Spanish American like rati, who were mostly friar monks, that the Aztec longue spread from the frontiers of the Rio Yaqui to at least the lake of Bicaragna over a distance of several thousand miles, showing an intense vitality and vigor in the race which had oversome such an annahise stretch of country.

Works like the shore are very tare, and give an entertaining idea of the methods and difficulties of the publication business in those grandiose times, when vicercya used to walk over streets paved with silver adobes, and the churches in Mexico had altars adorned to the value of tone of dollars. To read them is like talking to the generations entemporary with the grandparents of our grandparents. The little work commented on, as we said, is one of a class very rare now to find, which will be further understood when we mention that in 1902 the most prominent Warrary man in Mexico asserted in a letter to an eminent American wholas, after much research, that none of the lingual trea--they had all been lost; a statement which has been much commented on in Europe and America.

REMARKABLE CONDUCT OF A DOG-We have a new dog story to relate: A little Euclid avenue friend of ours possesses, among other pets, a fine pointer dox, and a couple of chickens that have been described by their mother—a very unprincipled and unnatural hen, by the way. The other day he fell asleep while playing with the chickens. As he lay upon the floor, with his long, golden carls streaming out upon the carpet, the entekens nextled beneath them, as they would have nextled beneath their runaway mother. The pointer dog was near, and for some time had watched the proceedings with evident interest. Finally he approached the sleeper poked the little chickens from beneath the curia, took them gently in his mouth, and carried them to his kennel. Their juvenile owner was much alarmed on awakening and finding they were not there. nged, first to surprise, and then to pleasure, upon discovering their whereabouts, and the gentle manner in which they had been cared for. The dog seemed perfectly carried away with fond affection for his charge. He would gently caress them and look upon them with eyes beaming with tenderness. For three or four days the little chicks thus resided with their canine friend. At night they would repose beneath the hair of his paws, and during the day he was their constant companion-attending to their every want with human eare and solicitude. Finally this unnatural mode of existence seeming to disagree with them, the chickens were taken from their strange protector -much to the latter's sorrow. The dog's conduct could hardly be ascribed to instinct; he rather seemed to be impelled by human impulse and affection.—Cleveland Herald.

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Our Children.

A child is born; now take the germ and make it A bad of moral beauty. Let the dewa Of knowledge, and the light of virtue, wake it
In richest fragrance and in purest huse;
For soon the gathering hand of death will break it
From its weak stom of life, and it shall liese
All power to charm; but if that lovely flower
Hath swelled one pleasure, or subdued one pain,
O who shall say that it has lived in vain?

Written for the Religio-Philosophical Journal. A STORY OF THE WEST.

BY ANNIE M. WHITE.

Miles away from any city, where the notay engine had never yet shricked by on fiery wings, dwelt a few families of simple people, to whom the cares, heartaches and tolls of large towns were unknown. These people had come here when life was just begun with them, had dwelt here quietly and happfly over since. How many years of comfort had gilded by since they first chose this woodland spot for a home! A broad river ran by the rocky shores of the hamlet-from whose deep, calm waters rose np green slopes, dotted with little red or white houses, looking for all the world, like one huge flower garden.

Here they were as one family-a long distance off stretched the busy city where they found a market for their produce, and bought in return their own supplies. Shall I tell the little ones who read the JOURNAL all about the quiet nook in the clefts of the hill, where these other little ones used to hold picnics on their holidays? It was a sweet spothidden by tall oaks, with a grassy floor, o'er which the glinting sunbeams stole in, streaking it with golden bars. Their parents had made benches and stands here, and many a gleesome frolic they had with the nice little dinners their dear mammas got up for their pleasure, to be eaten here. Here the girls brought their dolls-real, city dolls, with moving eyes and flaxen curls; the boys brought their balls and marbles, and played hop-scotch, to while away the time. Many of these towns-people, as they loftily called themselves-for you see, no matter how small or how hidden the place, its inhabitants take pride in it, and always call it by some high-sounding name; as I said, many of these good folks had builded themselves nice houses for that out-of-the-way region. It did not make them proud-oh, no; the kindness and peacefulness in which they all lived together, would have done your hearts good to feel. They needed no stern laws or pulpit teachings to show them how to be pure and good. "The law of kindness was written in their hearts;" and they would have been shocked to have heard a minister stand up on the Sabbath, and tell them to "love thy neighbor as thyself." They had never dreamed that people could do otherwise than love each other, and be kind, for they had done so all their lives. So good a village is not often found, I am sorry to say; but do not think there are none at all, for that is not so.

Just back of the town, which rose up from the great river-bed, and swept away at its top into a broad prairie, seldom traveled save by the "movers," and hunters, who sought the feathered game, lay the grave-yard. It was indeed a fitting spot, for the warm sun streamed cheerfully down upon the velvety turf, broken only by a few young willows which bent lovingly down o'er the few who had "gone to sleep" here. No sad recollections dwelt there-for the place was full of bright and holy memories to the grown people, and to the little ones it only seemed a quiet and pleasant spot. They often came here to sit and tell stories, though it was far away from all the houses, save the great stone mansion of Captain Winter. What made this nice old man a captain I cannot say-for the time I write about was just before our terrible war broke out, and captains, and majors, and generals, were not so plentiful then as now. This good old man had lived here ever since the town was built-even before, when no wagon had yet passed over the boundless waste, and only the Indian trail was the guide for the stranger who crossed it. Captain Winter had brought a blithe young wife with him, and for years was a trader with the Indians, who dwelt between him and the setting sun. Sixty miles from Princeville, the name of the settlement, were tribes of hostile Indians-but they never came near the whites, save in groups of two and three, to exchange their furs and blankets for articles which they wished. No one felt any fear of them, for though they looked so frightful with their dingy yellow blankets, gaily fringed leggins, and brilliant paints besmearing their features, still they always smoked "the pipe of peace" when they came to trade. Silent they ever were-these people never waste their time in idle talk-no matter how pleased he is, an Indian never is talkative. But these red men came so often, the children all became acquainted with them, and ran to them and frolicked about their dusky visitors, who would once in a while emit a sound of recognition. All except Charlie King. He was the only grandchild of Captain Winter, and lived with him; he never could be coaxed near these savages. This tribe had hated the old man for years. When he first came here, they had many an angry dispute with him in their frequent barters, and there had been a time when it was whispered among the few dwellers, that they would do Captain Winter some harm Years had passed on, however, and these fears were almost forgotten.

Charlie King was a naughty boy. He was proud and quick-tempered, and 'called the other children' bad names, when they all played together in the play-ground. He could not bear any game unless he was the leader; nor would he yield to any one, and so he was always quarreling. Was it not a sin that he should be so full of envy where everything was so lovely? At school, he was very quickcould learn a lesson sooner than any other pupil, save Harry Bryan, the only child of the postmaster. Harry was his match in every respect. This did not please Charlie, for as I have told you, he could not bear to hear any one spoken well of, but himself. How often his mother had talked to him, and tried to show him how wicked he was, begging him not to cherish such feelings. Charlie would listen sullenly, but when he was away from her he would ery bitterly, for he was very fond of his mother, and down in his wayward little heart, he felt he was bad, and he did try hard at times to be like the other

Just beyond the grave-yard was a little hollow where the boys had cut away the turf, and used to play marbles and ball, and the girls jumped rope on sunshiny days. A few trees grew up so close together, that you could not see through their lowhanging branches to the plains beyond.

One fine Saturday afternoon all the people were busy-the kind mothers baking and "fixing up" for Sunday, and their little ones helping them; for they did much for their mothers, just as I am sure the children who read the JOURNAL do-the boys were running errands, bringing water from the spring, and piling up wood, and the girls were paring fruit, earrying ples to the oven, and clearing dream might. Some of the young men put on the up-just such an afternoon as this Charlle sauntered away to take a walk, for his grandfather and mother had gone to the city to do some shopping. He ran through the green grass, whistling and singing, hoping to find a boy to play "hawkey" with-soon he heard a cheerful voice call out, "Charlie, come here, and see what I've found!" He looked around, but could see no one. "Here I am-look up here,"

And he turned his face upward, and saw the roguish eyes of Harry Bryan peeping down through the thick branches at him,

"Come up here," said he. "I can't climb so high," shouted Charlle in

" Pooh -a great fellow you are, to say that," said

he, laughing loudly, "Why, I'll come down and carry you up." "You are a mean fellow to poke fun at a boy so,

and I just hate you!" was Charlie's angry reply. Harry's answer was entirely lost in the tramp of horses' feet. "Oh, Charlie," he resumed, "the Indians are coming." "Where, where!" cried Harry, his anger swal-

lowed up by fear of them, for he knew they did not like him. He had made himself hateful to them in all their visits, besides, he never forgot that they hated his grandfather. In his terror he screamed out-yes, this proud little fellow cried with fright "Oh, Harry-where can I hido-are they close?"

"What are you afraid of ?" said Harry, coolly. "They will not harm us-they have been at my father's lots of times. I'm not a bit scared."

"But I am-for"-he paused, for he was ashamed to tell his pure-hearted playmate of the many mean pranks he had played upon these dark-skinned visitors.

"I will run home and hide in the cellar," he suddenly broke out with, and away he flew for the

The Indians rode swiftly on till they reached the clump of trees where they had seen the boy-for their eyes are keen-and one of them sprang from his horse, while the others drew up and waited his return. Stealing cautiously through the tall prairie grass, he crept to the back door, which he watched to see if he could discover whether the family were within. Soon he disappeared in the house. But where was Harry? His first impulse was to come down the tree and meet the Indians, for he never dreamed they were not his friends. But when he saw them stop there instead of going on as usual, and act so strangely, it made him wonder, and so he

Poor little Charlie heard the Indian open the door, but he hoped he would leave as soon as he found no one at home, for it never entered his mind that any person would steal. He sat trembling at the foot of the cellar-stairs, scarce daring to breathe, when he heard a stealthy step behind him. Springing up, he met the fierce gaze of a hideously painted savage.

"Oh, do not kill me!" he cried.

"Me want money-pretty things," said the man, with a grunt of scorn at the child's fear.

"I have none-my grandfather will give you some; only go away."

"Give me the big chief's money," he said, "I will not!" shouted the boy, suddenly feeling

a desperate courage.

"Me kill you." "Oh, do not-do not-let me live," Charlie begged piteously. He knew no one could hear him from the village-but what would Harry do? At the thought of him, a wild hope sprang up in his breast, and this made him bolder. The Indian seized him in his arms, and running up stairs to the great old kitchen, he bound him to a chair, and then began to search for money. But he could not find any, and poor Charlie sat there sick with dread. Would no one ever come? He knew where his grandfather hid his money, and his first selfish thought was, he would tell where it was, and so purchase his freedom. A hard struggle that suffering child, who had ever been so selfish, had with himself. He thought, "I will tell, or they will kill me." Then he said "No, I have been naughty, and poor grandfather has always done so much for me. I will not let the wicked man rob him. Dear mother! she will think of her poor little Charlie, when he has been carried away!" Thus the little fellow reasoned; soon the savage returned with some jewelry which he had discovered. Seizing in his arms Charlie, who had fainted with terror, he stole from the house and joined his companions, and away they sped far over the plains to their lodges miles away. But where was Harry! He had not dared to come down until he saw them ride away. With a wonderful presence of mind, he kept perfeetly quiet-he knew if he cried out, the Indians would take him, too, and then he knew no one would ever dream what became of them. So he staid up in the tree till they were some distance away, then he came down and ran swiftly

Charlie now felt as if hope had gone. He remembered how selfish and ungrateful he had been to those friends who had cared for him all his life. Oh, how he wished he had been better. Now he would never see them more, and they could not know how sorry he was. He knew they would not kill him, but what would they do with him? How glad he was that the man did not find the money. His captors rode silently on toward the setting sun. Not a word did they speak to Charlie, who, tired and sad, would have fallen asleep, had he not been too much alarmed. At last they reached a gentle slope, from the side of which a living spring broke forth. The stars were out in all their beauty, now, but there was no moon, and it was quite dark. As they made him get down from the horse, he could not see their faces nor where they were. How he longed for morning, as he sat on the damp grass, crying, in a still, frightened away.

When Harry ran home, he roused the village with his story, and as quickly as preparations could be made, ten men saddled horses, and set out in pursuit of the Indians. Two days they rode Westward, following in their track, guided by an Indian trapper, who lived in the bottom-lands, just below the settlement. But not until the evening of the second day, did they gain any traces of them. It was plain they had not joined their tribe, but had turned Southward. What could be their plan? They dared not push on to their tents, in the far West, for they knew they would be murdered. So they returned with aching hearts to impart the sad tidings to the nearly crazed mother and grandfather of Charlie. Many times in the following months did parties start out on this search, and once the trapper journied to their lodges, and found them empty. They had scattered as the leaves of the

How the villagers sorrowed. His companions wept with childish grief-they had not loved him much, but they mourned his dreadful fate.

Three years went by, and the war broke out. It did not disturb these quiet people only as a far-off | his debtor."-Boston Traveller.

hadge of Uncle Sam, and went. Then came news of the awfal slaughter at Pen Bldge, and the cruel deeds of the red men who fought on the rabel side, A strange feeling of measiness and horror possessed Mrs. King-she felt her place was there to care for the sufferers. In spite of friends and opposition, she

It was the night after a well-fought buttle; in affence and darkness, soldlers were burying the dead. A tall, dark form lay upon the field where it fell, and by its side a young boy was weeping bitterly. A soldier touched him on the shoulder: "How came a boy like you on this bloody field?"

The boy simply said, "I came to find my fatherhe was shot." Lifting the child-for such he was in appearance-in his arms, the tender-hearted soldier carried him to a tent where many of his comrades lay wounded.

A slender, sweet-faced woman was flitting around their bedsides. She turned anxiously as the man entered with his burden. "A child!" she exclaimed, gazing in wonder upon him-"such a boy, too!" she added, as the soldier laid him carefully down upon a camp-bed, "Is he wounded?"

"I think not he was erging over a dead Indian on the field."

"An Indian!" she said, with a strange thrill of something, she knew not what, whether fear or hope, stealing o'er her. The flickering flame of the ruddy pine-knot danced wildly over the young boy's form. The lady out uside the long hair from his sunburned face, and stooped over and kissed him. The boy stirred and whispered, " Mother?" What was there in that word to move her so? She started toward him, seized the torch in her hands, and by its glare eagerly scanned his face. A scream, long and loud, startled the wounded from their translent slumbers, as she fell on her knees by the bed, and cried-"Thank God, my boy, my Charlie

And so it was. Charlie was soon able to tell his tale-how he had been taken South by those Indians, who had joined Albert Pike's ferocious band of warriors. They had been kind to him, and he had learned to call one of them father. Gradually he had ceased to hope for, or even remember his home. He had been with them in many a battle, but they had never required him to take part, for he was not able to lift a musket; but he had learned to fly the bow and arrow with the skilful aim of an Indian boy. His captor had been shot dead, and he had been carried to the tent where he had so strangely met his mother.

There was rejoicing in the little village a year after, when Charlie and his mother returned to its shelter-for she remained in hospital a year, ministering to the wants of the dear "boys in blue," It was all she could do for her country, she said, but it was done with a proud heart. Charlie is now growing up into a fine lad. He is no longer selfish or quarrelsome; he is beloved by everybody, and his good old grandfather is never tired of hearing him tell his adventures among the Indians.

Cast a Line for Yourself.

A young man, poor and dejected, stood watching some anglers on the bank of a stream. At length, approaching a basket well filled with fine fish, he sighed, "If now I had these, I would be happy. could sell them at a fair price, and buy me food and

"I will give you a good fish," said the owner, who

chanced to overhear his words, "if you will do me a triffing favor." "And what is that?" asked the other, eagerly.

"Only tend this line till I come back; I wish to go on a short errand." The proposal was gladly accepted. The old fisherman was gone so long that the young man began to be impatient. Meanwhile, however, the hungry fish snapped greedily at the baited book, and the

young man lost his depression in the excitement of pulling them in, and when the owner of the line returned, he had caught a large number. Counting out from them as many as were in the basket and presenting them to the young man, the old fisher-"I fulfil my promise for the fish you have caught,

to teach you that whenever you see others earning what you need, to waste no time in fruitless wishes, but to cast a line for yourself."

PURITY OF CHARACTER .- Over the beauty of the plum and the apricot there grows a bloom and a beauty more exquisite than the fruit itself-a soft, delicate flush spreads its tinted cheeks. Now if you strike your hand over that, it is gone. The flower that hangs in the morning, impearled with dew, arrayed as no queenly woman ever was arrayed with jewels-once shake it so that the beads roll off, and you may sprinkle water over it as you please, yet it can never be again what it was when the dew fell silently on it from heaven. On a frosty morning you may see panes of glass covered with landscapes, mountains, lakes, trees, blended in a beautiful picture. Now lay your hand upon the glass, and by the scratch of your finger or warmth of your palm, that delicate tracery will be obliterated. So there is in youth a beauty and purity of character, which, when once touched and defiled, can never be restored.

CRILD TRUST,-Two children were playing together up stairs in a well lighted and cheerful apartment. Soon something was desired from the room below-a plaything much coveted by the elder lad-a boy of eight years; but fear prevented his going for it. An appeal was made to the little one of three summers, who immediately started on his way down the dark stairway, saying softly to himself the while, "Lord, are you there?" Lord, are you there?" and full of childish trust, passed fearlessly down the silent passage, found the bauble and returned, saying, "I was not afraid; the Lord

KEEP IN GOOD HUMOR .- It is not great calamities that embitter existence; it is the petty vexations, the small jealousies, the little disappointments, the minor miseries, that make the heart heavy and the temper sour. Don't let them. Anger is a pure waste of vitality; it is always foolish, and always disgraceful, some very rare cases, when it is kindled by seeing wrong done to another; and even that noble rage seldom mends the matter.

A little girl, four years old, was on her way home from church with her father, when they passed a boy splitting wood. "Mary, do you see that boy breaking the Sabbath?" The child made no reply, but walked home very thoughtfully, and meeting her mother, exclaimed: "Oh, mother, I saw a boy breaking the Sabbath with a big axe.'

The widow of a celebrated musician had inscribed upon his monument: "He has gone where his music can only be excelled." The widow of a pyrotechnist saw this, and had inscribed upon her husband's tomb: "He has gone where his fireworks can only be excelled!

Constant occupation prevents temptation.

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