

RELIGIO

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THE ARTS AND SCIENCES, LITERATURE

DEVOTED TO SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHY

ROMANCE AND GENERAL REFORM

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

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CHICAGO, NOVEMBER 18, 1865.

VOL. 1.-NO. 8.

Nature's Gospel.

There's not an orb that rolls in space, but like an angel sings. May we not heed that blessed creed That utters its declaration By a kindly deed, to a soul in need, As the pathway to salvation!

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 run 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.

Once more we will briefly recapitulate. Man is a three-fold divine idea. First: The inmost soul is a 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 a material thing, but it is not material. It 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 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 these.

One of the grandest and most exalted characteristics of mind is the power which exists in it of controlling 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 considerably in different individuals. This is attracted to a soul organism, and if there be a proper affinity

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 matter 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 starlit vault 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 sensation, perception, and every thing 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 in, and listening to her.

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 bowed low and said, "I can refuse you nothing."

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 eternal life.

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, through 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 unruddied 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 it. Such is our hope, and every man should realize the unfading splendor, the soul will look forth upon the past, the present and the future, and begin to realize its own God-like powers.

(To be Continued.)

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, Switzerland and Italy. She was spiritually-minded, and so thoroughly imbued with the love of her fellow-beings, that she 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.

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 in, and listening to her.

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When she was presented to that interesting old man, Thorwaldsen, 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 "Recollections."

THE REV. W. KER'S TESTIMONY TO SPIRITUALISM.—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 questions; 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 Thanksgiving by President Johnson.

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 Venetian Insanably, 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 foreigners receive, more 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 eminent men generally carry two watches. The rude Chinese agricultural and manufacturing instruments have been nowhere supplanted by European improvements. No steamship 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 people—more 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 lies 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.

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 Dominic 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. He is orderly and precise in his intellect, and hypercritical, 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 reconnoitre 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 his intellectual griping the door casings, 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 waggled. Rarely if a fence or a gate is in the way at Roslyn, does its owner stop to dodge it or open it. He keeps it. If a horse is not harassed, he walks. If a storm blows 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.—Examiner and Chronicle.

WONDERS OF OLD TIME.—Ninveh was fourteen miles long, and forty-six miles round, with a wall one hundred feet high, and thick enough for three chariots abreast. Babylon was fifty miles within the wall, which were seventy-five feet thick and one hundred feet high, with one hundred beaver gates. The temple of Diana, at Ephesus, was four hundred and twenty feet to the top 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-seven 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 Egypt, presents ruins twenty-seven miles round. Athens was twenty-five miles round, and contained 380,000 citizens and 400,000 slaves. The temple of Delphos was so rich in donations that it was plundered of \$80,000,000, and the Emperor Nero carried away from it two hundred statues. The walls of Rome were thirteen miles round.

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

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1865, by HENRY T. CHILDS, M. D., in the Second or Eastern District of Pennsylvania.

NARRATIVE OF THE

LIFE OF FERDINAND DE SOTO

WITH AN ACCOUNT OF SOME OF HIS EXPERIENCES IN THE INNER LIFE.

BY HENRY T. CHILDS, M. D., No. 634 Race Street, Philadelphia.

CHAPTER III.—[CONTINUED.]

But to return to the consideration of the mental organism. We will now endeavor to give our ideas of the nature and functions of a single organ of the mind. Alimentaryness 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, Alimentaryness, 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 Alimentaryness 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, notifies 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 Time notes the orderly and harmonious arrangement of the purely intellectual plane must suffice in our notice here. Causality, receiving the fine and delicate impressions of the connection

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 large 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 audience.

"As thy day is, so shall thy strength be."—Deut. xxxi. 25. I leave the bright celestial shores, And seek the homes of earth once more,

Oh, ye, who with your doubts and fears, Shrink back before the coming years; Who, in affliction's fire annealed,

I sought for wealth, and place, and fame; To make unto myself a name; But when these gifts were most mine own,

Then something in my soul arose, That nothing earthly could oppose; All doubt and fear aside were cast,

Oh, ye, who 'mid earth's shadows roam, Seeking for your bliss spirit home, Through storm and darkness, shining far

Deeper than all external things— Than riches with their gilded wings— Than "love, too oft a poisoned dart,"

But not in reason's wide domain, Could ought be found to make this plain. 'Tis only in the God-like will,

Watches and workers in our time Saw not the day draw near, Whose dawning now has blest the sight

It is the lesson old, repeated, The harvest yet will be, For those that sow in faith and tears

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.

Landmarks of the Old Theologies—No. 6.

Seeing how the ancient religions were fashioned, in the principles of Freemasonry with the non-symbolic of the hidden wisdom of God, a wisdom in mundane and trans-mundane discoveries,

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 atrocious jobbery;

I do not quarrel with the living spirit of religion, which glows in every heart of man where God's own spirit of humility, meekness, equality, fellowship is cultivated

Brother James is a heretical or come-outer Swedenborgian, but at the same time is very much infolded by the Swedenborgianism, and very much imbued with its teachings as consonant with the modern spiritual unfolding,

The whole series of types in BOOKS OF THE BIBLE, to Christianity, though sometimes they will appear "absence of connecting links and suitable applications."

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,

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 which was common to all the mysteries."

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."

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May not the Masonic pentapla 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?

Miss Belle Bush, Principal of the Adelpian Institute, Norristown, Pa., has introduced into her Academy, Dr. Lewis' system of Light Gymnastics.

There was a covenant of entrails among the ancient Hebrews, cemented by slaying an animal, dividing it in two parts, and placing these north and south so that the parties to the covenant might pass between them from east to west;

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

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

MULTIPLICATION.—And this brings me to multiplication, which is a good thing in good deeds, figures, acts of mercy, smiles, pleasantries, and brotherly affections;

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,

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

"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 of milk into a pint bottle, as that one God is three Gods or a pint God one, or that the Father and Son mutually begot each other.

Especially infractions of the golden rule, the fractional worship of fractional gods, fractional religions, philosophy, charity, love, mercy, forbearance.

Finally, let us multiply our good works. Divide our labors and our sympathies with all. Let us 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

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;

Six months ago, so unpopular was Spiritualism among the masses here, that men of influence and business, Judas-like, denied—if not their Christ— their man and man.

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.

But I am wandering, and shall "lose the drift." After my first lecture, notwithstanding the rain and wind, the audience were, during my two weeks stay, large, and the interest intense.

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.

A FREEDMAN'S PRAYER.—"O Massa Jesus! we's jes 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. Barium offered \$100 for the pillow upon which President Lincoln died.

Appreciation.

*By HENRIETTA TULLER.*

In a far-off German country  
Lived a discontented gnome,  
Who was constantly complaining  
Of neglect and great abuse.  
She had eyes as blue as sapphires;  
While as Zura's snow her wings;  
She had feet as pink as sunset,  
But not any voice to sing.

" Ah," she sighed, " these cruel people  
Scarcely hearken to my lay,  
Thought I am a charming singer,  
And should wear a crown of bay.  
Were I in the beautiful Rheinheld,  
I should hear the vaulted sky  
Echo back the people's praise—  
Here I must unloved die!

" I will go where Art is higher,  
And they know what music is!  
I will make the stinging waltzes  
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  
Lingered yet a sun-shell glow,  
Floating off upon the aura  
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 Cygnae,  
Floated on the storied Rhine;  
Just at sunset came a party  
Boating, rowing merrily,  
Said the goose, " I'll sing, I wonder  
What them 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 claxon, sharp and clear.  
" Ugh!" said one, " that fine fowl roared,  
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 recede the poor,  
Their tired hearts shall leap to music,  
I will wake 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."  
Concise unappreciated,  
Need not seek applause abroad,  
Real worth and telling talent,  
All who know will freely laud.

The Spiritual Movement.

*BY I. HEIN.*

At the risk of some rough handling from over-zealous 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 prophesied 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 counsels avoid the rocks whereon they have been cast, or whether we must repeat their follies and reap their rewards, is for us to determine.

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, farther 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 habits, 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 tainted 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 rights 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 hold their names.

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 denouncing 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 soliloquy 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 by it.

" 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 *phre-*

nomena 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 MAN.

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 lecture 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 rejoice in the glad proclamation of this better " avowal 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 " free-love," 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 us 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 respectability-hunters 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 contended.

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 assailed 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 to express itself in acts, and that as long as the life 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 images-makers stand appalled, 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 guarded 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 ill-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 hail 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 cast 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 reciprocally 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 Genare " 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; and things will 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 shall 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 will 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 fetters 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.

SHORT 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 catch 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 green feel of a silver half crown from the cold, dry, harsh feel of a copper penny. Her joy was excessive when shown some minuet 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 mugwort. " etc.

The remarkable and famous octogenarian secess, Sojourner Truth, who has been and now is employed in the Freedmen's Hospital at Washington, was lately assailed 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.

Slavery and the Negro.

*Written for the Religio-Philosophical Journal.*

I have spent the last two Sundays, and lectured in Wilmington, Delaware, it being my first visit and lecture in that State, and in the city where Spiritualism is awakening quite an interest, sufficient at least to arouse the rage 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 Constitutions, and is making its last exploring thrust, 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 emerald planters seem slowly coming to calm reconciliation to their fate and the zealous fury of their political backers 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 mark 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 poll tax 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, 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 man who has lived on the earth?" " Yes." " Have you seen Shakespeare?" " No." " Have you seen Mendelssohn?" " 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 beat 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 to sing to me; you did it very nicely indeed. ALBERT OF SAXE-COBURG AND GOtha, died at WINDSOR CASTLE on 1861."

At the conclusion of this writing, the large dining room table, at which my daughter (the medium) 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 band had touched it. I have since seen this table, which weighs about a hundred-weight, raised in the air by spirit power. I 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 complied 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 which the Prince beat the time with the ability of a Costa. I then asked, " Are you often with the Queen?" " Yes, very often." " How do you pleased at the birth of a Prince?" " At which great delight was manifested."

After a few remarks concerning Spiritualism, in which the Prince expressed himself greatly interested, and which he said, would be greatly gratified to see in five years, the interview terminated. I need not say that it afforded us all great gratification. As a seance the following day, attention was made to those proceedings, and the words, " We were very pleased to come to see you," were rapped out.

I remain, yours faithfully, ROBERT COOPER.  
Eastbourne, Oct. 8, 1865.

Andrew Jackson.—The Union must and shall be preserved.  
Andrew Johnson.—The Union must and shall be restored.

Extracts from Private Letters.

John Brown, Jr., in speaking of our JOURNAL, writes: How noble the stand this paper takes in behalf of the Freedmen, and for humanity in general.

Mrs. Laura De Force Gordon, writing from Houlton, Maine, says: The "JOURNALS" were duly received, and read with pride and pleasure.

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.

Religio-Philosophical Journal

CHICAGO, NOVEMBER 18, 1865. OFFICE, 84, 86 & 88 DEARBORN ST., 3d FLOOR. RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION, PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

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.

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.

Eddy's Seances.

Mr. Eddy continues to hold seances at No. 51 Reynolds's Block, (3d 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.

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.

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.

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 this morning.

The New Zealanders.

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.

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.

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."

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 evidence 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 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 untried paths, have immortalized and inscribed their names upon the scroll of fame.

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

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COMMUNICATIONS FROM THE INNER LIFE.

It shall give His angels charge concerning thee, Mrs. A. H. Robinson, A well-developed trance medium, and may be implicitly relied upon as coming from the source they purport to be the spirit world.

NOVEMBER 8. INVOCATION.

Our Father, with hearts overflowing with gratitude for all Thy goodness—for all Thy tender love—for all Thy watchful care—for all Thy beautiful works—for the light Thou hast implanted within us—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 worshipping 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 children.

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 receive help.

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 disenthralled, 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 reposeing 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 often 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 in dreams.

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 life?

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-pervading spirit of nature, is God. You do not now see the spirit of anything. You never will see the spirit—you will only see the external.

Q. Are our spirit bodies formed from our earthly ones?

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 spirit land?

A. There is as much diversity of employment in spirit 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 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 a compound of matter which is subject to disease and decay; the other is more refined in its nature, consequently can never die. Q. Is this world a type of the spiritual world? A. No; the spiritual world is a type of this. The spiritual 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. Each one has such places as are dear and desirable. 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 education.

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 Bell's Run. The bullets had to run. Those who claimed to be bullies got the field. There were a great many who suffered like the d--; 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 when he jumps through a paper hoop. When I got over I was as full of fight as I was before. All the differences were when I scrambled for my arms, and could not find them. Not a thing could I get hold of to fight with. If I could, I would have popped the rabs some, and that like the d--; 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 gray-headed 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 we went.

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 further I went the further 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 battle-field.

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 one—black 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, too!" 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.

Sir: 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 perished all for their beloved country, that our people are aroused in a mass to resist such barbarous warfare as was pursued by the rebels, and while thus aroused, they lose sight of the higher, or Christ, principles, and practice Moses, or the Mosal Law. The clear thinker does not find himself demand any such punishment. True Spiritualists would make no such demands. Our faith teaches us a better doctrine. Old Theology makes the demand for the sacrifice, and she, yet being largely in the ascendancy, must have the sacrifice, and cries out, "hang him!" You say that your people have been aroused by the barbarous treatment of their noble sons, and that while thus aroused they demand the execution of one individual as an atonement for the evils 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 the brain 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 those witnesses to bring forth testimony, whether 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 result. I tell you that those men who have passed that sentence will see the day they will regret their

deceit. 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 injustice 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 unconscience.

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 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 standpoint. 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 violate the laws which govern our being, the penalty is sure to follow—that 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 is the same.

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 controlling 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 Nashville, Tenn.

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--; Wirz? There is a lady here who says she is sister to him. She is a little taller than this lady. [A lady present.] I will tell you what it is, if I had had a chance to 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 Wirz, 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.

NELLIE E. NORTON.

My name is Nellie E. Norton. I lived in Peoria. 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 diphtheria; my throat was so badly swollen that I could not speak for three or four days, and I could not bid them good-bye, nor say anything. Mother said, "Nello, 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 happier 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 anxious to give the ideas peculiar unto themselves, as

much of their earth history as somewhat 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 suitably 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 Deity that we have a desire for further advancement—a more perfect unfoldment, a better understanding of ourselves, and the laws by which we are governed.

I would say to my friends, that if they would be prepared to enjoy the beauties 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 twenty-two years of age. Have been in the spirit world ten years. My home was in Rodney, Mississippi—a small place. My name is Matilda R. Lowden.

Speech of Lizzie Boten.

[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 roll the stone. You seem to think this is to be the chief cornerstone 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 arc you can never subvert, even by the poor help of a supposition. I will illustrate this.

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, earnestly laboring to arrange a set of ninepins, just as they ever have been arranged. I asked them: Why do you do this? 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 new strike. Then said some, Why is this? An old man said, It is because they have no root. '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 vision ended.

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-press, 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 forget the Progressive Lyceum, education, and other subjects of practical importance. Your 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 undertook 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 grief when there came up a huge potato, instead of the rosebush. So your organization will be like planting a little rosebush to raise a big potato.

You must get up your social 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 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 criticize 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 master Masons yet. You are lively speakers only, in the great structure. I now want brothers only, in the great structure. I now want you to be put down as a foundation stone, with Bro. Jones jammed down on you? Judge Carter—Yes.

A Female Congress has been convened at Leipzig, and the women of Germany have been invited to send delegates for the purpose of organized industrial and artistic exhibitions of female handicraft, relief and penitentiary schools for ladies, and of advocating the admission of ladies to the public lecture 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 his mother.

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

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 easily, so safely, and so fully under the control of man's will, as to be of practical use in the daily enterprises of human life? Heretofore, it has been admitted, this perfection has not been attained. The progress of modern art and industry, certainly favor an affirmative answer to this question. The distance between the first horse-path in the woods and the present railroad track, as a means of traveling, and the difference between the first rude canoe and the present ocean steamship, as a mode of locomotion, 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 place 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, can these winds not be so brought under the controlling 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 a common consent, looking forward all over the civilized world to some device by which the practicability 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? Failures hitherto are no signs of failure hereafter. There were failures innumerable before steam-power was successfully applied to railroad cars, to ships, to the printing-press, and to the ten thousand uses to which it is now employed with the most astonishing success.

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-balloon (or aërostat) 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. This commission consisted of learned and scientific men—Prof. Baché, of the Coast Survey, Prof. Henry of the Smithsonian Institute, and Major Woodard, 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, however, persevered, got a patent for his invention, formed companies in different countries, for constructing his aërostat, 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 to travel over the water.

The Doctor's aërostat 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 aërostat lies stretched out horizontally, and not extending up perpendicularly. The gas raises it up and keeps it aloft, the wind drives it forward, and the rudder directs its path. Pointing the bow of the boat upward makes it ascend, and pointing it downward causes it to descend. The pointing up or down need not be done by shifting the position of the balloon 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 position of the balloon, if really possible, as the Doctor claims, is certainly a great improvement over the old method of throwing the balloon to ascend, and letting it descend as it pleased. How and when and where he will stop to rest, and whether he will go up over storms and hurricanes, or come down beneath them, we do not know. If it is not too cold up there, doubtless he will generally prefer to slide 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 lower region, where hurricanes descend, and typhoons hold him up to ridicule. It is quite possible, as might thus put ourselves on a level with those of a previous 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 coming generation, the extreme simplicity of the method by which they shall have then been made successful, may be as familiar to the masses, as are now the wonderful and heretofore incredible feats of the electric telegraph. In the light of so many, and so various, and so analogous to the hopes and wishes, 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 posterity like those of Watts and Fulton, or Whitney and Morse, among the benefactors of the human race.

From the London Spiritual Times.

The Castle Spectre.

A recent visit to Castletown, Isle of Man, has caused me to become acquainted with the following legend, respecting an apparition which has been seen there at various times. The spirit was believed 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 persons, including soldiers, and debtors, and a gentleman of veracity, who, while returning home one evening, clearly saw a woman standing near the castle gate 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 castle, and who told him that the figure was seen frequently by the soldiers on guard to pass through closed doors and gates. There is also a curious legend respecting a spectral dog, visible at Peel Castle, formerly. It came into the guard-room frequently, and the soldiers were accustomed to the sight of it. Sir W. Scott has immortalized it in his "Lays." In Manx language it was called the moddy dooc, and it was observed to come out from a certain passage near the church at the close of day, and to return to it at dawn. An old soldier asserted, Waldron, the historian, that he had seen it "softer 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 ruins of the old chapel and guardhouse are still visible, but there seems to be no information respecting this moddy dooc. The spirit at Castletown was mentioned by Waldron in 1781, but I cannot aver that the spirit has been visible recently. Perhaps some of your correspondents can give information. I remain, yours obediently, London, Sept. 8, 1865. C. COOK.

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 speculation by swapping 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 do 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 "Mysteries of Our Springs."

London.

The hall glistened for weeks full of... And a woman in a blue dress...

A young lady in a blue dress... And a woman in a blue dress...

Oh, come to my house, my darling... I'll love you through life to my last...

Life! It is a shadow, a shadow of a dream... As long as you stand by my side...

Oh, my darling, my darling... I'll love you through life to my last...

Life! It is a shadow, a shadow of a dream... As long as you stand by my side...

Oh, my darling, my darling... I'll love you through life to my last...

Life! It is a shadow, a shadow of a dream... As long as you stand by my side...

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Life! It is a shadow, a shadow of a dream... As long as you stand by my side...

Oh, my darling, my darling... I'll love you through life to my last...

But the result belied his expectations. Like his... and he never could see anything. But the...

The next evening was to rent it to those whom... the fame of its ghostly reputation had not reached...

But none the less, the facts, if facts they be... the attention of the public, and the...

I beg it may not be imagined, that because I see... grave difficulties in the way of regarding this case...

It is in a recent case, occurring in England, and... the attention of the public, and the...

Having heard his confessor speak in high terms... of goodness and learning of the monks of St. Bruno...

At all events, the palace of Vauvert, which had... never labored under any imputation against its...

Some will surmise that the story of the castle of... is but a modified version of that of the...

Very different, in every respect, is the affair of... the Pomeranian castle. It is a narrative of the...

all equally received ideas. No, apostles slanking... their lights, and setting up a ghostly...

Such are the difficulties which attend the hypothesis... of a concerted plan of deception. They will be...

But none the less, the facts, if facts they be... the attention of the public, and the...

I beg it may not be imagined, that because I see... grave difficulties in the way of regarding this case...

It is in a recent case, occurring in England, and... the attention of the public, and the...

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Some will surmise that the story of the castle of... is but a modified version of that of the...

Very different, in every respect, is the affair of... the Pomeranian castle. It is a narrative of the...

This Arte Mexicana, for which this will constitute... the year 1865. The third step was to get the...

The author is styled "Our Lord Jesus Christ," etc... the attention of the public, and the...

It is in a recent case, occurring in England, and... the attention of the public, and the...

Having heard his confessor speak in high terms... of goodness and learning of the monks of St. Bruno...

At all events, the palace of Vauvert, which had... never labored under any imputation against its...

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\* I am in my journal the following: "August 17, 1857. Read over the Baron von P— the Puttkammer narrative; and I signed to its accuracy in every particular."

\* This story is given in Garnet's Histoire de la Magie en France, p. 75.

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