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Literary Department.

THE OTHER WORLD.

BY MRS. HARRIET TRENCHER STOWE.
It lies around us like a cloud
A world we do not see;
Yet the sweet closing of an eye
May bring us there to be.
Its gentle breezes fan our cheek;
Amid our worldly cares
Its gentle voices whisper love
And mingle with our prayers.
Sweet hearts around us throbs and beat,
Sweet helping hands are stirred,
And palpitate the veil between,
With breathings almost heard.
The silence, awful, sweet and calm,
They have no power to break;
For mortal words are not for them
To utter or partake.
So thin, so soft, so sweet they glide,
So near to press they seem,
They tell us gently to our rest,
They melt into our dream.
And in the hush of rest they bring,
'Tis easy now to see
How lovely and how sweet a pass
The hour of death may be.
To close the eye and close the ear,
Wrapped in a trance of bliss,
And, gently wrapped in loving arms,
To swoon to that—from this—
Scarcely knowing if we wake or sleep,
Scarcely asking where we are,
To feel all evil sink away,
All sorrow and all care.
Sweet sounds around us! watch us still;
Press nearer to our side,
Into our thoughts, into our prayers,
With gentle helpings glide.
Let death between us be as naught,
A dried and vanished stream;
Your joy be the reality,
Our suffering life the dream.

WILFRED MONTRESSOR; OR, THE SECRET ORDER OF THE SEVEN.

A ROMANCE OF MYSTERY AND CRIME.
BY THE AUTHOR OF "FLORENCE DE LACT, OR THE COQUETTE," ETC.
BOOK SIXTH—THE INSULT.
CHAPTER XXXIX.
A DINNER AT DELMONICO'S.

"Well met, Captain De Ruyter," exclaimed Alfred Tracey as he descended the steps of the Astor House, and took the arm of a gentleman who was walking in the direction of Battery.
"How are you this morning, Mr. Tracey?" said Captain De Ruyter, with a frank courtesy of manner which indicated the maunliness and generosity of his character.
Captain De Ruyter was apparently about forty years of age, with an open expressive countenance, a bronzed complexion, and black bushy whiskers, extending half way from the temples to the chin. He was dressed in a pantaloons of striped casimer, a buff vest, and a blue coat with metal buttons. The other outward adornments of his person were the productions of such artists in their respective lines as Boebe and Costars and Martigny.
"Sparkling as flick," replied Alfred Tracey, "notwithstanding a late sitting and a short slumber; but we young fellows don't mind trifles. Business first, however. A few friends of mine dine with me to-day at Delmonico's. Will you make one of the party?"
"Willoughby, Tracey?"
"You are going down to—Slip to reconnoiter the Miranda, I presume," continued the young man.
"Reconnoiter is not the term a sailor would employ," said Captain De Ruyter, smiling. "However, I am bound on a cruise to—Slip to look after the hand lubbers."
"I will accompany you. The Miranda is loading rapidly."
"Finely—finely."
"When shall we sail, Captain?"
"If the wind is fair, I hope to leave anchor and get out of port on Saturday next."
"A quick voyage and a prosperous one, say I. New York is a city whose amusements and excitements to a man of spirit."
Alfred Tracey paused abruptly. Near the edge of the sidewalk and within two or three paces stood his brother Owen Tracey, apparently awaiting him. The countenance of the merchant was pale and somewhat distorted; his eyes glanced strangely and unaturally.
"A word in your ear, Alfred," whispered the merchant as the young man approached still nearer with his companion.
"Excuse me one moment," said Alfred Tracey, relinquishing the arm of Capt. De Ruyter. "I will overtake you."
"Alfred," said the merchant in a hoarse whisper, "I have done with you. I have ordered your clothes to be packed up and sent to

the Franklin House. Never let me see your face again. I say, Alfred, ha! ha! ha! you are a clever fellow, a very clever fellow!"
Without waiting for a reply, the old merchant burst into a hearty laugh and passed on.
The younger Tracey gazed at his brother with an expression of surprise, and then turned upon his heel and walked briskly until he overtook Captain De Ruyter.
The Miranda was a fine ship of seven hundred tons burthen—nearly new. Some fifteen or eighteen months had elapsed since her launch, and during that period, she made a successful voyage to Canton, and a return voyage home. Captain De Ruyter was part owner, as well as commander, of the gallant craft, which, under his guidance, had braved the stormy surges of the Atlantic and the Southern oceans. Whether tending with the speed of an eagle before the mighty tempest, or lying, as now, hemmed in with forests of masts and spars, she was the pride and delight of her commander. Gentlemanly as was the ordinary bearing of Captain De Ruyter, it was only on the quarter deck, or in the cabin of the Miranda, that the ease and dignity of his manners became strikingly perceptible.
After a visit of two hours, which was passed in inspecting the vessel, and in superintending the operations of the stowage, Captain De Ruyter and Alfred Tracey left the Miranda, and threaded their way through the boxes, crates, caaks, barrels, hogheads and draymen's carts that obstructed the narrow streets bounding the slip into Front street. From thence they proceeded by the most direct route to Delmonico's, a celebrated refectory or eating-house in the business district of the city. They were ushered into a private apartment in the second story of the building, by one of the waiters in attendance.
"It is now a quarter to four," said Alfred Tracey, looking at his watch. "When will dinner be served, waiter?"
"In about half an hour, Mr. Tracey," replied the waiter respectfully.
"Bring up two or three files of newspapers, waiter."
"Yes, sir."
Ten minutes afterward Frederick Willoughby entered the room with a mutual associate of Tracey and himself, a young man of genteel appearance, by the name of Horace Travis. At brief intervals two more gentlemen made their appearance. The first was Silas Seabury, a young law student in the office of David Bartram, the door of the apartment opened, and the traveler, Wilfred Montessor, entered. His countenance was grave and thoughtful. Almost at a glance he surveyed the features, slightly flushed with wine and good humor of the guests at the dinner-table.
"You are late, Montessor," said Alfred Tracey, rising.
After introducing the traveler to such of the company as were unacquainted with him, Mr. Tracey continued:
"Shank! Order something for you, Mr. Montessor?"
"No means," replied the man of thirty-five. "I did not come hither to dine."
"Seat yourself at the table, sir, and take a glass of wine with us," remarked the young man.
"The waiter placed a chair at the table, nearly in front of Alfred Tracey, and Montessor seated himself."
"Fill as you prefer, Mr. Montessor," said Alfred Tracey. "Here are Madeira, Iock, Champagne, Burgundy."
"A glass of Burgundy," said Montessor, calmly, turning to the waiter.
"Fill up, gentlemen, to my toast," remarked Alfred Tracey. "As he continued, his manner betrayed more clearly that he was excited with wine. You must drink freely to keep up with us, Mr. Montessor. We were talking of women as you appeared. Woman and wine is the toast divine, and I proposed, as we are all gay fellows who have seen life, that we should in turn toast the last of our loves among the fair ones, with sparkling bumpers of the rich juice of the grape."
"You are, Alfred," said Henry Winter, wistfully eyeing a glass of sparkling Hock.
"Will you follow?" exclaimed Alfred Tracey, glancing round the table.
"Yes, yes," replied Henry Winter, impatiently, "and you all filled."
"I give you, gentlemen, Mrs. Owen Tracey and the meeting at Mrs. Waters."
The young man raised his glass to his lips,

but ere he had tasted a drop of its contents, his attention, and that of the company, were arrested by the voice of Wilfred Montessor.
"If what you have intimated, Mr. Tracey, in your infamous toast, is true, you are a villain, if it be false, you are a liar!"
These words were uttered in a slow, measured voice, which indicated the determined spirit of the traveler. The flushed indignation of the cheeks of Alfred Tracey, and a deadly paleness succeeded—the paleness of death, vindictive anger.
"Do you mean to insult me, sir?" exclaimed the young man, glaring fiercely across the table.
"Least there should be the slightest room to doubt my intention," rising with his glass of Burgundy in his hand, "take this as the punishment of the wretch, who, in the presence of gentlemen, has assailed an unprotected woman."
With a quick, rapid motion, Montessor dashed the contents of his wine-glass, full in the face of Alfred Tracey.
The young man started to his feet with a vehement and a clenched fist, ready to spring upon the offender, but he was restrained, designing apparently to hurl it at the traveler. His arm was caught, however, in the powerful grasp of Captain De Ruyter, who was next to him at the table.
"Be a man," whispered the Captain "and control yourself. This is a poor method of avenging an insult."
The remainder of the company had risen likewise, and were gazing with surprise at the parties to this sudden quarrel.
The features of Alfred Tracey were still pale, his lips contracted and bloodless, and his eyes glaring with intense hatred. He wiped the wine from his face with a linen handkerchief, and said to Montessor in low, quivering tones.
"You will hear from me, sir!"
The traveler moved slowly toward the door, but ere he opened it he turned to the company and said, with a dignified composure.
"Gentlemen, it is my request that you will abstain from repeating publicly, the case of the merited reproach which Mr. Alfred Tracey has received at my hands. The name of a lady should not be exposed lightly to the aspersions of the curious and the malignant."
After the departure of Montessor, Alfred Tracey desired his guests to resume their seats, and an attempt was made to restore the broken hilarity of the party. The attempt proved abortive. Alfred Tracey, in spite of his efforts to appear gay and witty, was for the most part, moody and dull. No allusion was made to the insult which had been done by Montessor; but the memory of the scene was continually obtruding itself in the minds of the company. Dull jokes were followed by forced laughter; the wine excited no cheering influence; even the clink of the glasses sounded harsh and unmusical. And so, at the end of a weary half hour, the guests rose from the table without restraint on the part of Alfred Tracey.
"Willoughby," whispered Tracey, "remain with me. I have something to say to you. And attend, in a louder voice as his guests offered their parting salutations, "Good day, gentlemen. Captain De Ruyter, I will meet you at the Franklin House in half an hour."
The gentlemen retired. Captain De Ruyter assenting to the appointment of Tracey by a slight gesture.
"What did I tell you, Willoughby?" said Alfred Tracey, bitterly, as soon as the other had departed. "Was I not justified in my instinctive dislike to the proud millionaire who has insulted me so grossly?"
"I contest," replied the young man thoughtfully, "that I am surprised at the conduct of Wilfred Montessor. I do not understand it."
"He is a cursed conceited puppy," said Tracey, impatiently; "but I will have my revenge, and I intend an ample apology."
"An apology?"
"Yes, Alfred."
"An apology for a blow?" said Alfred Tracey significantly wiping his face with his handkerchief.
"Why not?"
"Have you forgotten the conversation which occurred the other day at Ottilia's pistol gallery?" it seems as if it had been intended to excite such an emergency as this. There is but one species of redress which will satisfy my honor and restore my self-respect."
"If you contemplate a resort to violence," said Frederick Willoughby, "you must obtain the advice of a friend less scrupulous than myself. I am utterly opposed to dueling, and will never participate in any proceeding which its laws and practices sanction."
"When an insult can I pursue," said Alfred Tracey, with a contemptuous sneer, "I will than to obey the laws which govern men of honor all over the world?"
"And avenge insult by murder?"
"Call it what you will," replied Alfred Tracey, with a burst of vindictive feeling. "I care not. I pass for revenge. For every drop of the accursed wine which you have seen trickling down my face, I demand a portion of his heart's blood."
"In your present state of mind I can be of no service to you, Alfred," said Frederick Willoughby, rising to depart.
"When an insult as gross and unpardonable as mine shall be inflicted on you, I predict that your scruples will be less powerful than they seem."
"Tracey, do not be unjust."
"At least I will not complain, but let me understand. Are you in earnest in refusing to

bear a hostile message, on my behalf, to Mr. Montessor?"
"I am, Alfred. Besides other reasons, I am in friendly relations with both parties, and am unwilling to act in any other capacity than as a mediator between them. I condemn the act of Montessor, freely and without hesitation. Your toast, a piece of foolish braggadocio, can hardly be construed into a provocation personal to himself; though I believe he was acquainted with the lady in her younger days, and he may be more deeply interested in her welfare."
"I have had my suspicions from the moment I first saw Montessor at your brother's residence, that love-passages had previously occurred between him and my brother's wife."
"Are you quite sure that there are no other grounds of hostility toward you on the part of Wilfred Montessor, than the unfortunate toast which he rendered, as it appears to me, with unnecessary harshness?"
Alfred Tracey glanced suspiciously at the young man as he replied:
"Not that I know of. Why do you ask such a question?"
"Only, Tracey, because the whole proceeding seems unaccountable to me."
"And insufferable to me," remarked Alfred Tracey.
As the young men were about to separate, Frederick Willoughby said to his companion.
"Reflect calmly, Alfred, before you act in a way that you may repent hereafter."
"The reply was cold and swerving."
"I thank you for your advice, Willoughby, and rely upon secrecy if not upon your assistance."
The young men parted. Alfred Tracey proceeded immediately to the Franklin House, and there met Captain De Ruyter, who was waiting for him in the public sitting-room. After a few moments' conversation, they retired to a private apartment, ordered a bottle of wine and cigars, and a long consultation ensued between them.
CHAPTER XL.
A BRIEF INTERVIEW.
Silently and thoughtfully the man of thirty-five, Wilfred Montessor, traversed the lower apartment of his mansion in A-street. The silent grandeur of the interior, the gilded furniture and embellishments, were brilliantly illuminated.
One week previously he had trodden the same apartments with Zorah by his side. He recalled her words, her glances, her acts of tenderness and devotion. He reflected upon her beauty and her gentleness upon her innocent life and her violent death. The soul of Montessor surrounded as he was by objects of taste and luxury, was pervaded by a sense of loneliness and gloom.
While in this mood, Hamet entered the room.
"Captain De Ruyter desires an interview," said the attendant, addressing the traveler.
"Admit him," replied Montessor.
The sea captain approached Montessor with a frank yet serious expression of countenance.
"It is with extreme regret, Mr. Montessor," said Captain De Ruyter, "that I am compelled at so early a period after my introduction to your acquaintance, to interrupt you with business of an unpleasant nature."
"Proceed, Sir," said the traveler calmly.
"You are the friend of Mr. Alfred Tracey?"
"Mr. Tracey has called upon me to act as his friend on this occasion, and I do not feel at liberty to refuse, however unpleasant or hazardous my duties may become. Tracey keenly feels and deeply resents the insult which was publicly and intentionally offered to him, and expects to receive, as he intends to demand, the satisfaction due a man of honor and a gentleman."
"Proceed, Captain De Ruyter."
"You will permit me to suggest that no apology or explanation will be deemed sufficient by Mr. Tracey to atone for the injury he has received at your hands."
"The insult to Mr. Tracey was publicly and intentionally offered," said Wilfred Montessor, with a dignified composure, for reasons satisfactory to myself, and I shall tender neither an apology or an explanation to your friend. By my own act, I have waived the privilege of objecting to Mr. Tracey, on the ground that he is not a man of honor or a gentleman."
"There is but one course left open to us," said Captain De Ruyter, courteously yet firmly.
"Yes, I understand you."
"Worldly prudence, however," said the Captain, "suggests a movement preliminary to a formal challenge.—The laws of the State of New York are very severe against dueling, and even go so far as to render it a high misdemeanor to give or receive a challenge to fight a duel. Both my principal and myself have pecuniary interests at stake in this City, which render it very important that we should not be detained to answer to a criminal prosecution. I am prepared at this time to say to you, that if Tracey and myself will take train of cars to Philadelphia to-morrow afternoon, at a quarter to five o'clock with the intention of journeying Southward as far as Baltimore. If it will be consistent with your views and feelings to travel in the same direction, with one or two personal friends, there will be no difficulty in arranging our business satisfactorily on our arrival at Baltimore."
"I accede to your proposal, Captain De Ruyter. In company with a friend, I will take the train of cars indicated by you, and proceed with as little delay as possible to the Monumental City."
"To-morrow afternoon, Mr. Montessor."
"To-morrow."
"We will meet in the cars. Till then, farewell."
Great minds have wills; others only feeble wishes.

Department Of Arts And Sciences.

Electric Battery.

Prof. G. W. Hough, in his recent report as director of the Dudley Observatory at Albany, N. Y. gives the conclusions arrived at after a series of experiments with galvanic batteries, as follows: 1. In the sulphate of copper battery [Daniell's form.] the principal cause of decline in the strength of the electric current is due to the formation of the sulphate of zinc. 2 The quantity of electricity flowing in the external circuit depends on the specific gravity of the sulphate of zinc solution. 3. When the sulphate of zinc solution approaches saturation, polarization takes place in the battery itself, and, although electric motive force remains the same, the internal resistance may be increased more than a hundred times. 4. The sulphate of zinc solution (or any fluid about the zinc), is useful only as a conductor; since it can be replaced by any negative metal even by zinc itself. 5. The internal resistance of the battery has been separated into two parts, viz, that due to the porous cell and that due to the liquids employed. The specific resistance of the liquids was found to be 13; that for a small clay cell, 17, and for a leather cell 7; since the resistance of the leather cell is less than one half that of a clay cell, we have used it in the construction of batteries, as the quantity of electricity is nearly doubled, without any increase of the surface. For the negative metal in place of zinc, the platinum employed, we have used sheet lead. The investigations have enabled us to compute with great precision the length of time a battery will generate its normal quantity of electricity, provided the amount of electricity flowing in the external circuit is known, and the conductivity of the vessel holding the sulphate of zinc solution is determined. The specific gravity of the sulphate of zinc solution should not be less than 1.20; nor more than 1.30 Baume.

Refining Iron.

A new process of refining iron by the mechanical admixture of oxides of iron with the melted crude metal is now in practical operation at the Schenck-Brace Works in Pittsburgh. The melted metal is run direct from the blast-furnace into a large kettle having a capacity of five tons; from thence, it is poured in a stream into a revolving circular trough about 12 inches wide and 10 inches deep, the diameter of the whole being about 14 feet. As fast as the metal is poured in the pulverized or descends from a hopper, thus, the trough revolves, alternate thin layers of melted metal and raw ore are made which combine in a very satisfactory manner. The machinery used in this operation is managed by one man. When the trough is full, the metal before it has cooled, is broken up into slabs of suitable size for the heating furnace. This is said to be the most important improvement in iron making introduced in many years.

Arsenic.

Among the substitutes proposed for the dangerous green containing arsenic first produced by M. Moulin. He mixes 100 parts of a hot solution of zinc in hydrochloric acid with iron-ore to fifteen parts of a hot solution of the oxide of cobalt in hydrochloric acid—the proportion being, varied according to the shade of color required. A solution of carbonate of soda is then added to the mixture, when a precipitate of the mixed hydrate of carbonates of zinc and cobalt is formed. The chlorine in the first mixture unites with sodium in the carbonate solution, forming common salt, which is removed from the precipitate by the same means as gypsum plates, and subsequently heated to at least 600°C, when it assumes a yellow color, but on cooling it becomes green. By using sulphate of alumina in place of a portion of the zinc in the first mixture, a bluish tinge may be given to the pigment.

Solar Gaseous Spectrum.

Mr. Norman Lockyer first proposed a plan for detecting the gaseous spectrum of the sun without the intervention of an opaque body, as in the case of an eclipse, to cut-off the direct light, but Mr. Gansen of France was the first to observe such spectrum under the direct light of the sun. Mr. Lockyer, two months later, did the same thing, and found a gaseous spectrum of a certain light present at all points, and hence concludes that an envelope of luminous gas surrounds the sun to a distance of about 5,000 miles, while the luminous prominences are only accumulations of the same gaseous matter reaching sometimes to a height of 70,000 miles.

Cotton Waste As A Manure.

A French cotton planter has used his cotton waste for the last ten years for seed beds and early crops. He mixes the waste with stable manure alone, and thus claims to avoid the burning chills which manure alone often causes. The waste applied to an asparagus-bed in a layer about 5 inches thick was found to protect it from snow, and to hasten the growth of the plant that tender and well flavored asparagus had been gathered in the midst of winter.

New Tin Mines.

The great value of the tin workings at Junk, Ceylon, said to be not less than 120,000 tons per annum, have incited a Chinese merchant to propose the development of the tin district at the Isthmus of Kra in Siam. He is to have the government of the district to enable him to carry out his designs. As the river Kra is the boundary between British Bumah and Siam, it is probable that the product of these mines will be carried to England.

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 The Pen is mightier than the Sword.

SENSATION IN PLANTS, ANIMALS AND MAN.

In a former article, we alluded to the extreme sensitiveness of nature as manifested in various plants. The Sensitive Plant will tremble with fear as it were, when ever touched, or the ground around it is jarred. It acts as if struck by lightning whenever rudely touched by man. The Judean Rose, an Eastern production, whenever cultivated in an soil not adapted to receive its offspring,—its seeds, will loosen itself, by disengaging fibril after fibril, until only one remains, and when a favorable gale occurs, it will take passage thereon, and will never stop on its course until it finds a soil adapted to the wants of its seeds. The Resurrection Plant, first given by an Arab to Mr. Deek, exhibits its wonderful intuitive intelligences—(of what else can you call it)—by unfolding its blossom whenever water is poured on it. In a few moments, however, it folds the same in a beautiful casket, where it will remain encased until called forth at the solicitation of man. This plant was first found by an Arab growing on the bosom of an embalmed priestess. He, of course, ascribed there to marvelous powers.
 We can scarcely appreciate the extreme sensitiveness of nature until we have turned our attention in that direction, and witnessed the wonderful intelligences that seem to be manifested in various plants. In plants, even, we witness some remarkable manifestations of inherent powers. They seem to possess a soul that responds to the action of humanity in various ways. In the action of the Sensitive Plant, we seem to see a manifestation of the keenest sensibilities, for no sooner touched than it shrinks within itself, evidently feeling the deleterious effects of a contact with ruder man. The human soul—the soul of the sensitive—feels no easier the influence that surrounds it, than the Sensitive Plant.
 Sensation as manifested in animals, is readily understood; for in them we see a nervous system with its nerve-centres, or batteries; but in plants we recognize no such arrangement. The dog will respond to the call of its master, and when hungry, will hunt for food. The Judean Rose manifests quite as much intelligence, for when cultivated in a soil not adapted to its wants, it will loosen fibril after fibril, and finally takes passage on some favorable breeze, and will never cease its course until it finds a place adapted to its wants. The Resurrection Plant, at the bidding of its master, will disclose a beautiful blossom, and repeat this operation a thousand times, if demanded. The question then naturally arises, when does sensation commence? In our opinion it never commenced. It had no beginning—will have no end. We talk glibly as to when life commenced; when sensation is first unfolded—when in fact, they never had a commencement, and can have no end.
 It would be well to carefully weigh this matter, for we are well aware that we are assuming a position, in regard to the truth of which, we can give no ocular demonstration. Very true; yet, it is better to believe nothing; to deny nothing, than to believe an error or deny a truth. Starting out, then, with that idea, we shall only reason from the manifestation of those objects around us—believing nothing, denying nothing, letting the reader carefully weigh each position we make, and reject or receive it as best suits his purpose.
 What, then, is life? To the natural eye, comparatively few manifestations of life are exhibited. Men and animals moving around us, contain within them manifestations of life; and for ages that man would have been called a fool, fanatical, laboring under an hallucination, who would have declared that in the water we drink, air we breathe, and food we eat, was animal life, as vital as that exhibited in men or animals.
 The microscope reveals the astounding fact, that in sugar, in vinegar, in water and in the air also, are animals, invisible to the naked eye. In a quarter of an ounce of raw sugar are myriads of living creatures with four well defined legs, and in a powerful microscope, they appear as large as beetles. It has been proved that in every pound of unrefined raw sugar there are 100,000 active animals. Take for example, the amoeba, which to all appearance is a lifeless mass, yet it moves around, though having no limbs, no stomach, no eyes.
 The question, then, of course, naturally arises, when does life commence? At one time in the age of the world, it commenced with man and animals, visible to the naked eye. The microscope, however, revealed the fact that myriads of animals exist around us invisible to the naked eye, and now we have convincing proof that the amoeba, though possessing no eyes, stomach limbs or nervous system, yet it moves and seems to manifest a certain degree of intelligence. The day is not far distant when animal life will be traced much further than at present, and we would not dare say, considering the progress that has been made in the past, that life and sensation are not an inherent quality of all things. It might be well asked, what can be learned by a discussion of a subject so abstruse in its nature, and in regard to which all conjecture must be mixed up with a certain degree of doubt? Many things, of course. Why not as-

cribe to all things life? If God is infinite, where is there a hook or a corner where he cannot be found? Dany to God infinity, separate Him from the myriads of worlds that float through space, place Him on a throne in some quiet remote corner, and then you can, in your wish, separate life from the various inanimate (?) objects that surround us. But so long as you admit His infinity, at that moment you cannot separate life nor sensation from anything that the eye can behold. It is true, you do not see manifestations of sensation in many things. You can not feel the pain in your neighbor's tooth. You have no outward evidence that man is endowed with thought, any more than the stone or clod of earth. You never felt the pain of your neighbor; you never saw within his brain a single thought.

As God is infinite, He must necessarily embrace everything; for it would be impossible to have two infinities occupying the same space at the same time. Being infinite,—and embracing all things,—by no process can you separate man, animals, or anything else from Him.

The various orthodox churches reason to little effect when they ascribe to God infinity, and then in the next breath, declare man is wicked and perverse above all things, when in fact he is a part and parcel of the very God they worship, admitting their first position to be true, that God is infinite.

Man in all ages of the world has been looked upon as the noblest work of God, making it appear, of course, as if God were the architect, and man the object upon which he exercised his skill. Now we wonder really if such were the case. First, he was, according to Mr. Orthodoxy, made out of the dust of the earth—a good evidence of course, that the dust of the earth has life, for by no process could it impart what it does not possess itself. Then a deep sleep fell upon Adam and God took a rib from him and made a woman. We, however, entertain a different idea in regard to the creation of man and woman. Matter is eternal,—not one particle of it can be annihilated. If matter always existed, and we presume no one would dare assume to the contrary—why not sensation, that seems incorporated with it? It one has existed throughout all time, the other has also. Man has the sense of feeling through the instrumentality of the nervous system, and the nerve-centres, or batteries, as we term them. Sever the jumar vertebra, and all sensation below the part is to all appearance, gone. It may exist, but you are no more aware of any feeling there, than you would be aware of the feelings or pains of another. The sensation may not be destroyed, but the communication to the brain is cut off. Telegraphic communication is destroyed. Knowing then, that matter always existed, it can possess no characteristic, as manifested in man, that did not always exist with it.

THE UNPOPULARITY OF MEDIUMS.

The isolated condition of mediums, socially considered, is no less a remarkable fact, than an evidence of the gross injustice ignorantly inflicted upon these bearers of truth from angelic abodes to mundane beings. It is a fact too well attested by history to need more than a mere mention, that the world's saviors, from Socrates to the days of Jesus, and from Jesus to H. M. Fay, and hundreds of other modern mediums, have had to suffer the scorn and contempt of their fellow mortals; often more harassing than the sufferings of death itself, to a sensitive soul.
 This is, as in the case of the murder of Jesus by the Jews, done, and perpetrated in ignorance by such as are not philosophic—"know not what they do," or why they do it. Did they know that mediumship was "a gift," as St. Paul would say, or a result of ante-natal influences and conditions,—that they were in a Bible way of speaking, chosen and anointed of God, a true Spirit, they would evidently have compassion, and the world would be greatly the better by it. But the doctrine of free agency, which Jesus suffered death to disprove, comes in to blind the multitude and curse the world,—ever being as a stumbling block in the way of progress.
 And if Jesus suffered death for the sake of the simple primitive truth of man's dependence, in will and action, upon the great Spirit, whose eternal will he came into the world to do, it follows that still others do; who must continue to suffer under the power of that spirit, made manifest through a Father or Mother, or both, in heaven, (guardian spirits), in spreading the light of truth, that God, a Spirit, is in all, surrounds all, and comprehends all; and hence that free agency is a myth—an idea belonging to the ancient systems of heathen mythology.
 To Spiritualists, these remarks ought to be considered uncalled for and unnecessary. But as painful as it is to admit the fact, they, as a body, with a few bright and shining exceptions are the very people to whom they apply, and who as progressive reformers, should most earnestly and prayerfully consider the subject of mediumship,—its cause and the influences that direct and influence this class of sensitive souls. It is a fact well attested from angel sources that no person can become a medium for the simple asking; and it is equally well attested that they are not the positive or controlling power. Hence the prevalent idea, even among many Spiritualists, that mortals or mediums can "call up" spirits at their will and dictate to and control them, is unparadoxically weak and erroneous, and has not unfrequently resulted in receiving many very foolish and contradictory communications, the cause being, as is too often the case, with those seeking communications, that they desire, spirits should give only such communications as are pleasing; popular and not in contradiction to time honored notions and customs.
 This weakness in mankind to bow to the shrine of St. Custom, unfortunately is a weakness which Spiritualists have not outgrown. Our fellow medium, and brother, A. J. Davis, was instrumental in cautioning the American people against the wiles and machinations of

this fiend and foe to godness and progression. In his "Present Age and Inner-Life," and in his new work "Spirit Mysteries Explained," page 106, may be read the following:

"Be watchful, oh Americans, lest ye become worshippers at the shrine of St. Custom! This saint is the foe of all true manhood and morality."

Mediums are, from the necessity of man's being a progressive being, necessarily innovators, the bearers of truths calculated to advance the mind in love, charity, freedom and good will towards God and all His works. Hence they are ever at antipodes with his Statistip, popular custom. For no sooner does one medium or worker demonstrate one truth, and it becomes a fixedness, than another is developed; and thus the work of progression is carried upward and onward through a continued series of agitations, and as a very natural sequence, the innovators, mediums, have ever suffered neglect, abuse and even death; and we cannot conceive of the time when such will not be the case. But of one thing we can conceive, and that is, that philosophers of the Jesus Christ school should rise above such prejudices, by learning of the causes rather than stultifying the effect, which is all that can be known by merely observing the medium.

That many bright examples have been developed by and through the agencies of Spiritualism, we are happy to be able to chronicle, as well as that our hope is that more studious and more patience and charity be exercised towards all mediums; for, as far as we know, not a single radical medium has any popularity among Spiritualists, save with the few exceptions that now and then arise, who are to the light of progress, what stars are to the dark and cloudy night; therefore even those who profess sympathy for mediums even, may find room to cherish more.

RELIGIOUS INSANITY.

Insanity from over religious excitement has been prevalent in all ages of the world; but more recently the opponents of Modern Spiritualism, would fain have us believe that it was the only or principal cause of insanity. And whilst we admit that the mind may be unbalanced by a knowledge of the realities of the continued existence of the soul beyond the confines of the tomb, in a few solitary instances, yet we affirm, and defy successful contradiction to the contrary, that the tendency of the realization of the possibility of communing with the supposed dead is calculated to encourage and strengthen the mind; and if insanity should ensue, it would be more likely to be the result of excessive joy, to know that the barrier, which death had heretofore been supposed to put up between the two states of existence, had been removed, and kindred, friends and lovers, could meet midway, as it were, between the heavens and earth, and hold sweet communion. But that the gloomy doctrines of the popular creeds of the past and present,—of an offended God, and an eternal hell, with all the accompanying excitements, called, revivals, to avert the wrath of the former and the horrors of the latter, are, and were, calculated to drive mankind mad, is not at all to be wondered at.—And reports from our insane asylums do but too well attest its power and influence in that direction.
 The New York World publishes an interesting account of a case of religious aberration extending to an entire family in Caldwell County, North Carolina, and resulting in the insanity of apparently every member of the household, and the murder of the mother and daughter by the father and brothers; which, if occurring among spiritualists, we should at once have heard the last of it. The case is one which is at least ten times more horrible than the Mc Ewen affair that occurred at Newark, New Jersey, a little over a year ago, and threw the county into such a wonderful blaze of excitement. But as this case occurred within the folds of the popular and reigning creeds, nothing but a mere mention is made of the frightful and shocking circumstances by the secular and religious press.

The particulars as we glean them, are that the family consisted of James Land, fifty years of age, his wife, two daughters of full age, two younger sons and two infant children. They were of the low down white class, ignorant and very poor, but previous to their aberration they were remarkably quiet, industrious, religious and affectionate as a family. Last August, their religious feelings were greatly aroused at a protracted meeting, where, for nine days and nights, from 3 A. M. to 10 P. M., preaching was kept up by three ministers, with brief interruptions for meals. As the result of the excitement thus aroused, the family resolved itself into a continual meeting at home. The mother and daughter exhorted, and soon had visions and prophesied. One of the daughters, Sally, at length believed herself to be "the true God," and at times regarded her sister Polly as a person to be "sacrificed." The mother soon conceived that Sally was the devil, and ordered her husband and sons to shoot her, which they did, and burned her body. For this they were arrested and committed to the County Jail, where, being all confined in the same "cage," the two sons strangled their mother, apparently under the full influence of the kindred delusion that she had bewitched them. During their trial they appeared too demented to entertain the least sense of remorse or regret, and when acquitted on the ground of insanity they received the verdict with idiotic indifference.

AFTER LIFE, OR DISSEMBODIED MAN.

By Dr. B. P. Randolph, is a work of thrilling interest, and should be in the hands of every Spiritualist. Dr. Randolph is one of those pleasing fascinating writers, whose sentiments gleam with beauty, in foreshadowing the Location, Topography and Scenery of the Supernal Universe.
 Send for this book, and we will guarantee that you will be highly entertained. Price \$1. For sale at this office, 192 South Clark Street.

Every sin buys pleasure at the price of peace.

PLANCHETTE.

Some months ago in consequence of the marvelous certificates in a "scientific" Journal and other papers, we bought one and gave it a fair trial. We have made every endeavor to find a person under whose manipulation it would perform the antics ascribed to it, but without success; mediums and non-mediums, showed the same result. The instrument writes in no other way than a pen writes; that is, by the force of human muscles. It is true that from the extreme ease with which it moves on its rollers, few persons can hold their hands so still, for five or ten minutes, as not to give it some motion; and however slight the pressure, the pencil at the other end will show it by a corresponding zigzag mark. This is done unconsciously, and we do not deny that an imaginative mind may be so far unconscious of its own doings, as to fancy that the hand remains passive, while writing intelligible words and sentences. But we know that when we write with it there is no motion, at least enough to give a direction to the muscles, and the same has evidently been true in the case of all whom we have seen use it. It is in short, nothing but a pen, with a very delicate machinery for making the smallest amount of muscular pressure accomplish the largest amount of visible movement.—*Lucius D. Dwyer*

Those who are determined not to be convinced of the beautiful truths of Spiritualism, are generally very weak in their argument against it; and not being willing to ascribe the wonderful movements of Planchette to the agency of spirits, they fall back on the exceedingly weak notion that "the imagination" is the chief agent in causing it to move, and that in no case do spirits have anything to do with the phenomena.

But it is strange, very much so indeed, how the imagination can induce poetry, write the names of deceased persons, strangers to the mediums, give tests of spirit presence in a variety of ways, as well as prescribe for the sick.

This notion that many entertain who have not the ability or willingness to understand the philosophy of spirit intercourse, of attributing the cause thereof to the imagination, or the unconscious action of the mind, is certainly entitled to no credit, and only reflects the wonderful weakness of those who entertain this reason as a last resort.

It does not follow that mediums for other manifestations, will find Planchette moving under their hands, but far more frequently under the hands of those who never had any experience in Spiritualism, and hence it is, that Planchette has become such a dangerous "Toy" in Orthodox Society, and more especially so, since it is known that mediums exist amongst all classes of people, from the self-righteous Orthodox, up to the inspired Spiritualists. There is hardly a family but one or more of the members thereof, is sufficiently mediumistic to enable the spirits to control Planchette and write there-with some wonderful truths. Thus:

"God moves in a mysterious way,
 His wonders to perform,"

and the Rev. Editor will find ere long that his readers have opinions and experiences widely differing from his own in this matter, and of such a positive nature, as to throw discredit upon those who have been looked up to for wise counsel in all matters of faith; and thus disintegrating goes on, and the bonds severed which bind so many in the most abject slavery to creeds and dogmas. So go on, Brother, and expect your opinions often and freely,—true it is hard to kick against the pricks, but suffering must be endured that the people may be liberated; and it is met that blood should flow from the heels of such as you.

Planchette is for sale at this office, and with a full knowledge of its many virtues, we can recommend it to the people.

CHARLES H. READ.

We are in receipt of the Waterbury Daily American, a Connecticut paper, containing a report, professing to have detected the reputed medium, Read, as an impostor. We place but little confidence in the report, and yet we know nothing except by report, of Mr. Read or his mediumship. The Daily American says:

"Subsequently a warrant was obtained, and Sheriff Blakelee made himself manifest and put the swindler into confinement, where he still remains, unless his spirit friends have set him at liberty. It would be an excellent opportunity for them to exert their power, for if they omitted Blakelee it would be a big feather in their spiritual caps—so to speak. His case will probably come before Judge Gillette this morning, and the spirits will have a chance to testify."

Mark you, the editor of a paper called Daily American, in the last half of the nineteenth century, seems to enjoy the imprisonment of mediums, and with as much exact as was often manifested by his ancestors, who hung the witches, and banished the Baptists and Quakers from the land he now lives in, to say nothing of the lesser crimes they committed in the name of religion, seems to think that the medium is bound to remain in prison unless released by his spirit friends.

Perhaps the editor of that paper may recollect a similar case of the astute Jews, calling upon a celebrated medium, then of doubtful moral character, to come down from the cross to which he was nailed, wisely wagging their little knowing heads, saying, "others he could save" but not himself.

A NEW PROPOSITION.

To any one who has been a trial subscriber to this paper, we will send it for three months longer on the receipt of fifty cents.

That will barely cover the expense of the blank paper, and putting the name of the subscriber upon the regular mailing machine lists.

Hereafter, the rate of three months' trial subscribers will be fifty cents.

We have sunk several thousand dollars during the last five months, that we have sent out our papers to trial subscribers at twenty-five cents each.—The Journal is now extensively and favorably known, and it is but justice that our friends should pay at least two-thirds of what it costs.

The labor and perplexity attending our trial list, has been beyond all expectations, and to avoid which in future, we have determined to put all new trial subscriber's names on to the regular list, as a guarantee against all mistakes. To enable us to do so, we must receive at least fifty cents for three months' trial subscription, and we will take a re-

newal for the second three months also, for fifty cents.

Will our friends be so kind as to make another effort to circulate the JOURNAL, on these most liberal terms, thereby aiding in disseminating widely, the principles of the spiritual philosophy?

We return our most heart-felt thanks to those who have already done much for us.

DELINQUENTS.

Delinquents must expect to be prompted every week, until they remit what is justly our due from them for the JOURNAL. We are making great sacrifices every week to give our readers an acceptable paper. To do that, we must have the money that justly belongs to us. We regret being under the necessity of publishing these calls to be read by all of the subscribers to the JOURNAL. Those who are not in arrears will pardon us, when we assure them that this article is not intended for them!

TRIAL SUBSCRIBERS.

Our terms for three months' trial subscribers, are fifty cents, and have been for the last four weeks, and yet we are receiving applications under the old proposition. The best we can do in such cases, is to send the JOURNAL, for six weeks for twenty-five cents.

BANNER OF LIGHT ILLUSTRATED—A NEW FEATURE.

We see by their last number, that the publishers of the BANNER OF LIGHT have inaugurated a new feature in this ever welcome paper, namely, the publication of Accredited Spiritual Phenomena, illustrated. This is done, they inform us, in order to keep pace with the ever inquiring mind of man into the mysteries of nature. Word-pictures, we are aware, do not convey the idea sought to be portrayed, so vividly and accurately to the mind as "face-images" of the scenes described by engravings representing actual occurrences. These pictorial illustrations are to appear in every number of the BANNER for several months, accompanied by interesting matter, descriptive of the spiritual manifestations in times past, similar to those witnessed to-day in our midst. Success to our enterprising brothers.

We love to see progressive unfolding of beauty in the external, as indicative of true worth within. The RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, will initiate its worthy cotemporary in all that is valuable, and if possible, excel, if an opportunity shall offer.

Virtue ever rewards the possessor.

Literary Notices.

The "Ladies Own Magazine," Vol. 1, No. 6, published at Indianapolis, and edited by Mrs. M. Cora Bland, is before us, and furnishes evidence of fine literary taste and ability.

"The Radical" for June contains a large number of interesting articles, all of which will richly compensate those who may read them. The articles on "Woman Suffrage," "Manna from Heaven," and "Piety of Pantheism," are alone worth the price of a year's subscription.

The "North Western Farmer," a Magazine of Western Life, published by the North Western Farmer Co. at Indianapolis, Indiana, comes to hand, profusely illustrated, and though we are no practical farmer, we judge that it is just the thing for those who are tilling the soil.

Personal and Social.

Mrs. Laura De Force Gordon is on a brief visit to her friends in Wis. Address for two months, La Crosse, Wis., Box 505. Permanent address, Treasure City, White Pine, Nevada. Will not receive calls to lecture 'till further notice.

A. E. Carpenter lectured at Rockbottom, Mass., Sunday, June 6th.

Dr. A. B. Child lectured at South Royalton, Vt., last Sunday.

Mrs. Amelia H. Colby's residence is now at Pennville, Ind.

J. M. Peebles lectures at Portland, Maine, during June.

The Davenport Brothers have been holding seances at Augusta, Me.

Our worthy co-laborer, E. V. Wilson, has been in the City occasionally during the past week. His wonderful tests are making proselytes each day.

Amusements.

The present week is the last one of the regular season at Crosby's Opera House. "Lioner, or the Man at the Wheel," interspersed with parts of "The Field of the Cloth of Gold," will be continued through the week.

Next week, commencing on Monday evening, June 7th, will be inaugurated at the Opera House, the great play, entitled "The Forty Thieves," which has for months been so popular in New York.

McVicker's Theatre boasts of Mark Smith this week, the well-known and popular comedian.

"Foul Play" has been revived by Mr. Aiken at the Dearborn Theatre, in a most admirable style; the increased stage facilities which he enjoys, giving him greater advantage than when he played it at Col-Wood's Museum. The scenery is splendid and the cast is very strong; all of which will conspire to give its second appearance in this city a long run.

At Wood's Museum, the play for this week has been "Colleen Bawn," concluding with "Family Jars."

A series of benefits have been given to a number of the company during the week. There is in rehearsal for the boards of this stage a new local drama, written by a gentleman of Chicago, entitled "The Crimes of the Garden City."

On Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, June 7th, 8th and 9th, Forepaugh's great Combination Show, Menagerie and Circus, under two mammoth pavilions, will give two exhibitions daily—afternoon and evening, at the corners of West Madison and Elizabeth streets. One ticket secures admission to both exhibitions.

Communications from the Inner Life.

He shall give His angels charge concerning thee. All Communications under this head are given through Mrs. A. H. ROBINSON, well-developed trance medium, and may be implicitly relied upon as coming from the source they purport to—the spirit world.

(Reported by Elizabeth Smith, short hand Reporter, 118 Dearborn street, Chicago, Illinois.)

Questions to be answered at our Inner Life session, should be sent in, well written, and directed to the editor, who is incumbent for the questioner to be present at the sance.

INVOCATION.

Unto Thee, permeating and pervading Spirit, we would send forth our thoughts, and desire to know more of the object and aim Thou hast in the different formations we behold upon the face of nature, and the different laws by which Thou hast surrounded us. We feel that Thou hast implanted within us a spirit of investigation—hast given us the power to reason from cause to effect, until by that course we are brought closer unto Thee, with the desire to become more like unto Thee in wisdom and truth. We would feel Thy spirit within us, that we may bear with one another, and realize that though dissimilar in appearance, yet each one of us is but filling the place Thou hast in Thy wisdom seen fit to give.

Though the hand of time may cast its shadow upon us, and the present seem dark; and the future portend naught but sadness, may we feel Thy presence, and with Thy presence the assurance that all is in accordance with Thy will and wisdom. May we look upon our sorrows as the husbandman upon the kernel of grain that he submits to the different changes of nature, that it may bring forth a harvest in the autumn. We would possess a spirit of kindness and love, and be governed by Thy unerring wisdom now and through all coming time. We feel that to know more of Thee will bring happiness unto us, as the result of the great permeating and pervading principle, life.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

Q. We would ask if the universe is full of spirits waiting for bodies in order to become individualized?

A. That the universe is full of spirit life, we can readily perceive; but that it is waiting—seeking an opportunity for individualization—we can not see. In the working of the great positive Mind we can not conceive of a lack of wisdom to bring forth everything in a proper time and place. The word waiting implies not full. Individualizing spirit is the work of nature, ever true to its laws.

Q. Are there not countless numbers of individualized spirits that never had a material covering?

A. My friend, it is by individuality that we are enabled to comprehend spirit. As we have said before, it is like the aroma of the flower that we can take cognizance of by one of our senses, and by the combination of the whole realize its existence. It is from the covering of the spirit that we are enabled to realize the existence of the spirit. Thus you will readily perceive that spirit, which is not individualized, we can not take cognizance of by our senses.

We can not see or comprehend with our senses, spirits which have not a material covering. Q. Must not spirit after being veiled with flesh ultimately return to the great sea of spirit, or would not that sea finally become exhausted? A. When my friend takes into consideration that she is enabled to comprehend by her five senses, and the time that it would require to perfect herself in the acquirement or perfect understanding of what she can now conceive of, she will see that the acquirement of that will open new fields of investigation, and so it will be on through all time; and she will be unable to find a time when the spirit will return to the great ocean of spirit for the want of something more to do. For knowledge and wisdom are eternal founts from whence the soul can drink, and yet be ever thirsty for more.

AMOS COLWELL.

I was not born blind, and I do not like to have my eyes shut—(opening the eyes of the medium.) Please wait a few moments before you write what I say. I want to feel perfectly natural. [Assuming a natural look and appearance.] I wish you could take a peep over here on our side, and see the condition of things. My folks do not have the least idea that I can converse in this way. If they had, they would instantly fix things as you have them here.

Yes, friends, you would immediately fix your paper and pencil, and write for me as they do here, and after I had communicated, you would read it to everybody, and tell all your friends that I had visited you. What is this on my head? [Putting his hand on the medium's head. The reporter replied, "It is the lady's net or head-dress."] Good God, this is a woman after all. I forgot that I had possession of a female organism.

I know, my friends, your anxiety to hear from me, if you thought it a possible thing. You know when those folks were at your house the other night, and you were talking about spirits returning, and that woman said she had come to the conclusion that there was something in Spiritualism after all, for she had been to see one of those persons that you call mediums, and had been told about her father and a little girl whom she was sure the medium knew nothing about, and that her father told her of some things that happened before he died. You then wished that if that was so, your Amos would come and talk to you. You did not know that I was near enough to hear you say that. You did not suppose that I should have a chance of conversing with you so soon. [To reporter.] How long will it be before my friends will get this message? [About one week.] When you get it, you will think of your conversation with

Mrs. S. in regard to her visiting Mrs. Jackson. I wish now to tell you how perfectly natural I feel, and of what I have done while holding possession of this medium. I have been conversing with the reporter about this communication reaching you, and she has been kind enough to show me this week's paper—that portion of it devoted to the messages from spirits to their friends. She tells me that what I say to you will be published, and sent to you. I have had the paper right in my own hands and folded it. I read spirits' names—the paper is dated April 7th. You can look at it, if you desire. The communication that I read a portion of, was from Caroline L. Heber. Now, then, I read that myself, and you must know that I am all straight and right here, for you know that I could read, else I could not have done that. I am as well, yes, better than I was in my old body. I thought I would not go on and tell you about the folks, but the people on this side where I am, tell me that I can do so, if I like. I will inform you that all your friends here are doing well—the best that they can, and judging from appearance, I should say that they are happy; that will be sufficient. Uncle Sam is a great deal happier here than he was on earth. He has learned not to be so combative in his conversation with persons who don't happen to agree with him. You know that he was famous for that, especially in politics. He says everything has all come out right, and that his exciting language did not benefit the cause any. He told me to say anything about him that I had a mind to, for I know just how he is, and could tell it just as well as he could. He don't believe now in forcing anything upon persons unless they are willing to receive.

If you feel all right about this, and feel desirous to talk with him, you can do so by going to some medium that he can talk through. You won't regret it if you do, for he gets off some pretty good ideas.

Now, Aunt Margaret, I don't want you to feel bad about what I have said in regard to Uncle Sam. He says that when he gets an opportunity to talk right to you, instead of having it put through the newspaper, he will tell you things that you will be glad to know, and you will have no occasion to doubt in regard to his identity. [Taking up the JOURNAL, he read, "He shall give his angels charge concerning thee." He then said:] I am no more of an angel now than I ever was. What is the use of this prayer here? I would not pray for you, for it is not needed at all. What is the use of saying what you don't mean? Does he not say in the prayer, "Thou that art ever present?" What is the use of praying to that which is ever present with you? [It is the expression of an aspiration for that which is good.] The spirit who made that prayer is right here by me. [Please give us a description of him?] He is tall, light complexioned, with dark auburn hair, blue eyes, full, heavy dark beard, but not quite as dark as his hair. Round, full eyes, heavy eyebrows, considerably arched. [Mr. Jones here entered the room. The spirit being informed of his connection with the paper, said:] Sir, I have been looking at your paper. I think it is very commendable in you to devote so large a portion of your paper and time to us who have passed on to the higher life. As far as I am concerned, I am very much obliged to you, and I have no doubt but every one that comes here feels the same. It is not always necessary to express what one feels. I think you are doing a world of good by letting friends know that we still live, and can come and give them a correct idea of our condition after we have left our bodies—[It is of great importance that people should know more of that which is past ages after the passage from earth to the higher life.] There is not much of a real passage after all, because you see we are not far away. It is not even like going from one State into another. We simply lay off that which is no longer of any use to us, the same as you lay off an old suit that is no longer becoming to you. The laying off of the physical form in no way impedes the progress of the spirit, or prevents if taking an interest in what is transpiring upon the earth plane. [Were you aware before coming here that a paper of this kind was published?] No, and I was asking your reporter about the way in which what I said would reach my friends, when she showed me this paper, [pointing to the JOURNAL,] and told me the object of this side of it [the sixth page.] I looked at it, and found that I could read it easily.

I find that there are a great many waiting for a chance to speak to friends. I do not think it would be just for me to stay much longer. [Did you have any difficulty in getting control of this medium?] None whatever. [Explain to us, if you can, how it is that you control.] Externally, I know that this body is not mine, but internally it seems to be my own. When I look upon these hands I know that they are not mine; but my own feelings tell me that they are mine; that is, they feel as if they were mine. I see by your paper that you term us angels—that is a mistake; we are no more angels now than we were before we died. [In common parlance we sometimes term those who have departed from this plane, angels.] It may be well to call them angels to distinguish them from individuals, as you term people upon earth. Sir, let me say to you that you can never reap your full reward for what you are now doing, while upon the earth plane, but it will come to you from time to time, and through all time. The compensation for such an object as this is not to be obtained suddenly and then cease, but will be one continuous blessing. [I am glad to hear you say so. It gives me pleasure to be instrumental in some little degree in diffusing knowledge amongst the people.] Had I had a paper of the style of the JOURNAL to have read I should have had a better idea of the place, I should have had a better idea of the place I was going to after death.

There are a great many here that are so much affected—sympathetically, I mean—when they wish to converse with their friends, that they are unable to do so. When we look upon our friends, and see the mental bondage which they are in, why it seems almost impossible for us to reach their reasoning faculties. When the desire comes up, and we are perfectly overpowered by that desire, we then overcome obstacles, and say whatever we feel anxious to say, and trust to its effect. There are some that can not do that; they fear that they have not the power. Many friends do not get the consolation that they would if they would lay aside their prejudices and place themselves in a receptive condition to the truths their friends might bring them. I hope to have the pleasure of meeting with you again. I am happy to know that I possess the power of conversing with persons upon the earth plane, and am recognized by persons present as an intelligence outside of the lady medium. You will see, my friends, that time has passed very pleasantly with me since I took possession of this organism. I shall leave her, hoping soon to have an opportunity of conversing with you face to face; then I know that I can give you that which will be more satisfactory than this. My name is Amos Colwell. I am at a loss where to tell you to send this message. Has your paper a wide circulation? [Yes.] I have one sister who lives about one mile and a half northeast of Syracuse, that is her post-office address. I will send first to her, with the request that she send it to the rest of our friends. Her name is Mrs. Lydia Mills. I have not entered into the particulars in regard to my sickness, for I do not feel that is necessary. [I fear your letter will not reach its destination. Can not you give us the name of some other person and place of residence to send the JOURNAL to?] I see no reason why it should not go safe. I will trust to that at all events. I shall see and know myself whether it reaches my friends. In case it does not, I will come and have you direct to some other place. [Could you influence your sister to respond to this if she receives it?] Not immediately. [Does she believe in spirit intercourse?] Not at all. There is not one of my relatives who believes in that. [People are loth to respond to spirit messages.] I suppose it is not so much the response that you care for, as it is that it should reach the friends, but of course it did reach those for whom it is designed. [It seems strange so many are unwilling to respond. They don't like to acknowledge that it is in fact a communication from their departed friends. I have known of instances where people have manifested anger when a communication was shown to them from one of their friends.] I would prefer that my friends should make manifest the receipt of this, even if they can not believe that it is true. It would have more effect than if they took no notice of it whatever. I care not whether they receive it as an absolute truth at first or not; some will and some will not, and yet, if they were to send a reply to you it would not be sending to me. There is where you see it would rest. [It would be satisfactory to the public to know that you are identified by friends on earth. We heard of an instance a few days ago, of a gentleman who had just returned from Chattanooga, who, upon reading a communication intended for him from his spirit brother, declared it contained facts of which none but himself and the spirit could possibly have cognizance, yet he declined to make any acknowledgment publicly; such is the prejudice against spiritual intercourse.—Some people seem to be so much alarmed if spirits communicate to them.] His admitting that he did to friends and acquaintances shows that the object of the spirit was gained—the desire to be recognized. I should be very much pleased if my friends, one or more of them, would write to you in regard to what I have said; but should they not do so, it will not change my real existence in any way, or the truthfulness of the power that I possess to manifest myself to them. It is for them to decide whether they will converse with me or not.

With kind feelings to you all, and hoping that you will succeed in all your endeavors, I must now leave you. Good day.

Experience in Spirit Life—From the spirit of Mary Moore.

J. CURT, M. D. MEDIUM.

Dear friends of earth, how rejoiced I am to meet you again this beautiful bright morning. Your atmosphere is very favorable for the inhabitants of the spheres to manifest themselves to the people of earth. I have been spending a considerable part of my time in investigating and exploring our beautiful Spirit-Land, very much that I had never before seen or supposed that existed.

So much of my time has been spent since my entrance into spirit life, on earth in acquiring a knowledge of the matters and workings of earth life, that I have had but little time for investigation in the spirit world. What a very small part of these heavenly beauties have I yet seen, although I have been here in spirit life for many years of your time, yet it appears to me, however, but a few days only.

The enchanting scenes, such as delightful and lovely landscapes, communities of bright and lovely spirits, that I have but recently become acquainted with, vast regions of this beautiful Summer Land, that, until now, I knew naught of; splendid residences, temples, parks, lawns, beautiful flower gardens,—all new and delightful, filled my soul with rapturous delight. On all sides were new fields for knowledge and research, and lovely intelligences, ever ready to communicate to us new demonstrations of wisdom. Everything is harmonious, everything very joyous and natural, we are welcomed cordially everywhere, we are not restrained by etiquette and false notions of society as you of earth, but we meet and know as we are known. We read every thought, and they read ours in return, consequently we are acquainted at sight. We find none cold and formal. A heavenly joy is depicted on every face. None are old; none deformed,—no, all are in youthful beauty, con-

genial, happy and contented. Remember, this is upon the plane that I occupy; it is true, however, that there is a great diversity of intellect and talent there.

In my explanations, recently, I have traveled thousands and thousands of your miles of earth's distance, and in all the range of my travels, I have seen naught but harmony, love, peace and joy; love to God, the Father, love to man,—all is love, all is harmony; no envy, no slander, none saying, "I am holier than thou," no difference in religious faiths or opinions, no haughty and bigoted priesthood, none claiming that they are the Great Father's particular children.

Oh, what a heavenly paradise were the pure and bright inhabitants of the Summer Land dwell! Great God, we can but contrast our lovely abode with that of your earth, where discord, jealousy, animosities, contentions, envy and every earthly thought and desire fills the souls of earth's children, with but few exceptions.

Oh, what a work yet to be done by angels and good philanthropic men and women, before the inhabitants of earth shall be redeemed, disenfranchised and become what God the Great Father desires man to be, pure and holy. But the morn has dawned, the sun of righteousness has arisen, and in due time, the dwellers of your planet will become enlightened and made to conform to the laws of God and nature. Then man can converse with the inhabitants of the Summer Land, face to face, without a dimming veil between.

Hasten the time, oh, Great Father, when man shall become like the pure and holy dwellers of the celestial world!

But I will now inform you of some of the incidents of our travels. I, in company with a few congenial companions of our community, started on a visit, or rather to explore a distant part of our sphere, to better acquaint ourselves with this lovely spirit home. In our travels, we met with very many things of great interest to us, much that was grand and magnificent, and if it were possible, I would describe them, but I have often before informed you that the language of your earth is so poor and meagre, it appears almost like folly to attempt a description, for it would be quite impossible to use earth's language to fully describe the beautiful scenes and scenery of the spirit land, that you could perfectly understand, and get a perfect and correct idea of its transcendent glories.

But, dear friends, I am ever ready to make the trial, even should I fail.

The first place of attraction that particularly drew us, was to a very large and delightful valley. The valley was filled with most splendid trees and shrubbery, principally of tropical growth, of the richest and finest green. Some kinds of trees had long, light, feathery leaves, and these, floating in the breeze, presented a shimmering appearance, that was a most lovely and endless variety of flowering vines and shrubs. The grounds were covered with the softest verdure and flowers exceedingly fragrant, indeed, the abundance of flowers everywhere filled the atmosphere with the richest aroma, that was exceedingly delightful. Birds of beautiful plumage were flitting from branch to branch, warbling their sweetest notes. In the background were seen towering mountains, grand to look upon, and from which pure and limpid streams of sparkling water coursed down their sides, and gently rippled through this glorious valley, presenting to the eye rills of liquid silver, making the atmosphere cool and delightful.

At a short distance in front was a splendid sheet of water, a small lake that looked at times like a smooth mirror, at other times again would be covered with tiny waves. This lovely little lake was covered with beautiful gondolas and delicate sailing vessels, from which floated banners covered with all kinds of devices, and were decorated with great splendor and skill. They were all freighted with bright and lovely intelligences, enjoying a delightful sail on this heavenly little lake. We could hear the most charming music, both vocal and instrumental. They were exceedingly joyous and happy. It was a splendid scene. The shores of this lake were envied with flowering vines, splendid shrubbery, roses and flowers of every form and tint, down to the water's edge, the fragrance of which was almost intoxicating. In the distance could be seen many delightful cottages, mansions and villas, with fine parks, walks, fountains, cascades, trees and shrubbery of every kind and shade of green, soft lawns, &c., in short, everything to delight the eye and cheer the soul. Here, again, could be seen magnificent temples of gorgeous architecture. Altogether, the scene was perfectly fascinating and delightful.

The inhabitants were engaged in innocent amusements, dancing to the most heavenly music that ear ever heard. Some were listening to the experience of some high and intellectual being, still adding to their store of knowledge; some were strolling lovingly together under the boughs of this delightful grove, drinking in everything of interest or pleasure. Every countenance beamed with pure and holy delight; all were joyful, all were perfectly happy.

At a signal given, a majestic, but an exceedingly bright and intellectual being ascended a rising eminence, clothed in rich and chaste apparel,—his countenance radiant with intelligence and pure benevolence. In a moment, he raised his right hand. Then it was that all nature appeared to be hushed into profound silence; the joyous laugh was instantly stayed, music ceased, he strains, even the leaf and tiny wave stopped their motions.

In the mean time, the lovely gondolas and sailing vessels on the lake had all moved to that part of the lake near to this eminence. On the land, the whole of this delightful valley, mountain sides and shore were covered with the inhabitants of this glorious land. It seemed so strange, even like magic, that in so short a period, that such a vast multitude should assemble; but they were there and all eagerly listening to catch the first accents from this glorious being's lips. When all was stilled and hushed

in to silence, he spoke as follows:

"Beloved inhabitants of the spirit world while you are so exceedingly blessed with all these heavenly beauties, and your whole nature are filled with pure and holy love, and enjoying all the bliss of the Summer Land, your brother man upon the mundane sphere, is groping his way in darkness and ignorance. On every side he is beset with superstition. Theological bigotry and priestly dictation and dogmatism, with all its dire attendants, has chained man down as a serf and a slave, until Earth has assumed the appearance of a boiling chaldron. The atmosphere is poisoned with the stench of unholiness, bigotry of the priests and leaders. Materialism has usurped the place of Spiritualism and reason. The pure and blessed teachings of the meek and lowly Nazarene have been misconstrued and perverted, until the angel world has looked on with pity and compassion for the deplorable condition of the priest-ridden sons and daughters of earth; and now, almost with one accord, have resolved to emancipate and enlighten the minds of their brothers of earth, and break the fetters that bind them to these unholiness, theological creeds and dogmas.

Now, dear companions of the Summer Land, will you come to the rescue? Will you arm yourselves with holy truths and righteousness, and away to yonder earth, to fight the great battles of our God?

For, know ye that a great and fearful crisis is now pending, the battle must be fought, the priesthood with their unhallowed satellites are now marshalling their forces to strike the fearful blow against freedom of thought, to chain their victims still more firmly to the car of despotism.

But enough; the enemies of free thought shall bite the powder; they shall be ground to an impalpable gound and their banners shall be trailed in the dust before the hosts of God's angels. I say, arise, gird on your armor and prepare for this great and terrible conflict. Will you go? I await your response."

In a moment, I heard a murmur as of many waters, but like unto the most soul stirring music that filled this great valley.

"We will! we will! lead us on, we will do battle for the Great Father, the living God."

Then I perceived a large and beautiful banner of blue and gold, floating from that eminence, streaming on the breeze,—with this inscription, God, Liberty and Immortality. Eternal Progression for the children of earth.

But do not for a moment suppose that there were the precise words of this heavenly orator, oh, no! the language of earth could not convey to your senses, the burning eloquence that was discoursed from his lips. I have merely given you the simple facts set forth in his address. It was short and simple, but comprehensive. His language was musical and full of pathos, such as mortals never hear.

In a short time this vast assemblage began to retire, and we resumed our travels, of which you shall hear more anon.

VOICES FROM THE DEAD.

A Seance of Spirits—Wonderful Performance of a Medium—Dead Senator Baker of Oregon Conrolls Her—Forty Head of Ghosts on Hand—How the Ghosts Performed.

[From the Cincinnati Commercial.]

The second Spiritual seance, Miss Lizzie Keyser, medium, was given at Hopkin's Hall last evening. The house was crowded, for the fame of the medium had gone abroad. About eight o'clock the medium came upon the stage in a trance condition. She is tall, pretty well formed, has black eyes and hair—very dark—features in no respect remarkable, and is rather masculine in appearance. She wore a plainly-made black silk dress, a plain collar, no cuffs, and no jewelry.

DEAD SENATOR BAKER, OF OREGON. CHIEF OF THE SPIRITS.

She came on the stage, as we have said, in a trance condition, and under the spiritual control of Col. Baker, who was killed at Ball's Bluff. It is said that her features undergo a marked change when under his influence, assuming a masculine expression, wholly wanting when she is not in a trance. The eyes were dilated, and had a staring look not at all agreeable, and an intense expression, especially when directed towards any one in the audience, or the spirit which she claims to see standing by her. The mouth is contracted, and the spiritualist prescidedly moving one over the other. She faces the stage continually backward and forward, the hauds rarely still, unless it is when she appears to be listening to something said to her. Not infrequently she shakes her head, and appears to be agitated, as she fails to understand what it is or when, as the spiritualist claim, the spirits fail to impress the medium.

THE SPIRITS MAKE SHORT SPEECHES.

It seems to be the object of these seances merely to describe the spirits giving its name and obtaining its recognition. No long communications are given, as they would take too much time, and might not always be agreeable. Sometimes the spirits desire to communicate, but not in that public manner. It would be tedious to give these (generally considered) uninteresting, brief communications. A few examples will show the method. It is proper to say however, before going further, that I try five spirits were described as present, and that all but three were readily recognized, if not by the person by whom they were standing, then by some one else, and perhaps many in the audience.

A GRAY HEADED SPIRIT, NAMED GOODWIN.

Miss Keyser comes forward, walks up and down a moment, with an intent look in her face, and says:

"I see the spirit of a man who has been in the spirit world, I think about one year." Here she describes the person by whom the spirit is standing, and continues: "He is not so stout as the gentleman. His hair is gray. He says he died last year, and gives his name as Goodwin."

In answer to a question—"He says he died in Missouri. Does the gentleman recognize him?" "Perfectly."

TWO LITTLE ANGELS IN THE AIR.

"I see the spirit of a child—a little girl; she has light hair and light blue eyes. The name over the child's head is Jennie Brooks. Does the gentleman (by whom she was described as present) recognize her?" "Yes."

The spirit of another child was described, Continued on third page.

