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Literary Department.

THE BEGAR AT CHURCH.

Written for the Religio-Philosophical Journal.
By W. BLANCHARD JERROLD.

An old man sits by a Gothic wall,
His hair as grey as the stones;
And who would care if the Hohen grey
Had crept o'er his ancient bones?
He pokes his ear to the cracks in the door,
He grips at his greasy crutch,
A sound of church music floats to the moor
From a lady's gentle touch.

The soul of great Handel enriches the air—
The old man hums in his rage,
He grips his crutch and still sitting there
Beats time to the tune on the flag;
The time dies under the lady's touch,
Now a grave voice beats the air,
Its words were of hope and faith for such
As live on terms with despair.

The old man's soul gives birth to a smile,
Not of joy—but more like a sneer—
The clergyman's syllables floating the while
Through the cracks, to the beggar's ear;
He presses his ear drum close to the jamb,
And says, "He may tell his school
Of the tempered wind that guards the lamb
While his hand is down in its wool."

The clergyman talks of the mercy divine,
Of the common heart of us all,
He stands the serf and king in a line,
And deprecates greatly the Fall;
And the beggar laughs, and thinks it's a sham
And says, "He may tell his school
Of the tempered wind that guards the lamb
While his hand is down in its wool."

The clergyman says to his folded book—
"All are one in the sight of God—"
The beggar hermit who sulks on a rock
And the monarch with his rod;
And the old man laughs, and feels it's a sham
And says, "He may tell his school
Of the tempered wind that guards the lamb
While his hand is down in its wool."

The clergyman bids all be humble in woe
And tells how simple is pride,
Then his jewelled fingers darken his brow
And his book is set aside.
Still the beggar laughs, and declares it a sham,
And says, "He may tell his school
Of the tempered wind that guards the lamb
While his hand is down in its wool."

The gothic door-way creaks on its hinge,
The clergyman comes from the porch,
Nor pauses to comfort the beggars twine
As he aches in the yard of the church;
So the beggar laughs at it all as a sham,
And says, "He may tell his school
Of the tempered wind that guards the lamb
While his hand is down in its wool."

Slowly the old man creeps from his nook,
And limps on his weary way,
Thinking of those who preach from the book
While they talk to the poor beggar away;
Then he sneeringly laughs and swears it's a sham,
And says, "Preach, preach, in their school
Of the tempered wind that guards the lamb
While they warm themselves in the wool."

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 THIRD—THE ARREST.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

MESMERISM.

"A physician is not the master of his time, Mr. Montessor," said Doctor Everard, on entering his library and discovering the traveler poring over a folio edition of the works of Paracelsus—"you will, I trust, excuse my absence at the appointed hour."

The return of the Doctor to his residence had been delayed by his visit and subsequent detention at the bedside of the burglar's wife, and by other professional engagements, until a later period than usual.

"Your books have bewitched me, Doctor," replied Wilfred Montessor. "I have been dipping into the treasures of your library, from Hippocrates to Dr. Chevre."

"The progress of the science of medicine is an interesting study," said the Doctor. "The mysterious laws of the human organism are gradually unveiling themselves to the ken of philosophers."

"You remind me of my appointment with you. What of Miss Percy, Doctor?"

"I called at her residence on my return hither, and expressed my desire to put her into a magnetic sleep, in the presence of a scientific friend. She hesitated at first, but finally consented, as she politely remarked, from a sense of gratitude to me."

"Did you urge your request strongly?"

"No, Mr. Montessor, and unless I am mistaken, the revelation of your name and standing in society exercised a potent influence in securing her consent."

"And the experiment—when? where?"

"This morning at her residence, if you are at leisure."

During the walk from University square to Prince street, Dr. Everard related to his companion the incidents of his recent visit to Mrs. Williams. He was surprised at the deep interest which the traveler manifested in the narrative. At the desire of Montessor, Dr. Everard promised to attend the woman regularly, and to exert his medical skill to the utmost for her relief and restoration.

On arriving at Miss Percy's residence, the gentleman was ushered into a pleasant sitting room, or boudoir, communicating with the drawing room. Miss Percy, arrayed in an elegant morning dress, was reclining languidly upon an ottoman. As her visitors advanced toward her she rose gracefully, though with an apparent effort, to receive them.

"Be seated, Miss Percy," said Dr. Everard, kindly. "You are still feeble."

"It is nothing but languor,"

Doctor Everard introduced his companion to the lady, and a desultory conversation ensued, in the course of which Miss Percy artfully remarked:

"Appearances are deceitful, Mr. Montessor; yet people judge by appearances. I have been, more or less, an invalid for years, but I fall oftentimes to receive the sympathy of my friends, because I do not become thin, sallow and disagreeable."

"Neither of which qualities would be in any wise becoming or advantageous to you," rejoined Montessor.

Miss Percy glanced, inquiringly, at the speaker; then turning to Doctor Everard, said with a smile:

"My general health is improving daily. The headache and vertigo which have troubled me so long are yielding to the power of mesmerism. It is this conviction which sustains me in submitting to experiments which, however curious to you or delightful to me, manifest the weakness and subjection of my nature."

"The phenomena of mesmerism are curious, wonderful, almost supernatural," said Doctor Everard. "I perceive the results, but I cannot satisfactorily trace the causes."

"You allude to your sensations under the magnetic influence," observed Montessor, addressing Miss Percy. "Are they, indeed, delightful?"

"The change from wakefulness to sleep, is attended with a vague, painful uneasiness, similar to that of certain dreams, in which the scenes are continually shifting. The bodily organs are gradually benumbed, and become insensible to external impressions. Then freed from earthly clogs, the soul is conscious of perfect freedom. It floats as it were in a celestial atmosphere surrounded with the perfumes of flowers and the sounds of angelic voices."

"This is magic, Doctor," said Montessor. "Let me behold the mystery, if I cannot solve it."

Doctor Everard drew a chair near the ottoman and seated himself in front of Miss Percy. He directed her to assume an easy comfortable posture, and to fix her eyes intently upon him. The Doctor then clasped her hands gently, and pressed the fleshy part of his thumbs to her's, at the same time looking steadfastly into her dark beaming eyes.

Several minutes elapsed ere the countenance of the lady underwent any change. She sat erect and motionless, save that her calm and regular breathing was manifested by the gentle heave of her bosom. At length, however, a slight flush diffused itself over her cheeks. She breathed more slowly, and her eye-lids began to droop, perceptibly. These indications of approaching sleep were followed by a protracted yawn, and almost constant winking of the eyes.

Doctor Everard relinquished the clasp of her hands and placing his thumbs over her drooping eye-lids, closed them perfectly. He held his thumbs in that position during thirty or forty seconds, and then pressing his fingers and the open palms of his hands gently upon her brow and temples, he commenced a series of downward motions or passes, extending, gradually, until his hands swept with a light pressure from the top of her head over her neck, shoulders and arms, to the tips of her fingers.

The Doctor continued these passes until the features of Miss Percy assumed the placid expression of profound slumber. His steady, piercing glance, was constantly fastened upon her closed lids. Even after the yawning and occasional twitches of the muscles of the face had entirely disappeared, he remained quietly before her during a considerable space of time.

"Come hither, Mr. Montessor," said Doctor Everard, at length. "This is the magnetic sleep."

Montessor advanced. His curiosity was really excited by the extraordinary results of the Doctor's manipulations.

"It is either a surprising fact," he murmured inaudibly, "or a wonderful deception."

The flush had passed from Miss Percy's cheeks, her eye-lids were closed and her head reclined not ungracefully upon her right shoulder. Her arms and hands were rigid and motionless. Montessor raised one of her hands a little, and suddenly relinquished his hold,—it fell upon the ottoman as if it were palsied.

"The rigidity of the muscles, the coldness of the extremities, the diminution of the pulse and nervous insensibility, are the distinguishing marks of the magnetic sleep. All these are present," said Doctor Everard, feeling the pulse of the sleeper. "Not over sixty pulsations in the minute, Mr. Montessor. The physical symptoms are remarkable, but they are of trifling importance compared with the mental phenomena. I do not feel at liberty, in this case, to test the insensibility of the nervous system by any serious experiment. There is no visible evidence on pressing her hands or cheeks lightly, that she experiences the sense of touch."

"None whatever."

"Speak to her, Mr. Montessor."

"Do you hear me, Miss Percy?" inquired the man of thirty-five.

"More loudly."

Montessor repeated the question, twice, but there was no response from the unconscious sleeper.

"The mysterious agencies of soul upon soul are inexplicable," said Doctor Everard. "By the influence of my will—for I place little stress upon the passes, or even the intense gaze of the visual organs—I have subdued the mental and physical action of a fellow being into sympathy with mine. My perceptions are her perceptions, my thoughts are her thoughts, my desires and antipathies are hers. During the continuance of the magnetic state, her ideas and emotions can be manifested only through the concurrence of my will. Yet I cannot suggest a plausible explanation of these remarkable phenomena—the greatest puzzle of modern philosophy—However theories may differ, facts will not lie."

Doctor Everard took Miss Percy's hand in his, and continued, in a low voice,

"Do you know me, Miss Percy?"

The lips of the sleeper parted instantly, and she replied, audibly—

"Yes, perfectly."

"Who am I?"

"Doctor Everard."

"How do you feel at present, Miss Percy?"

"As free and joyous as a bird, Doctor," said Miss Percy, a smile illuming her features.

"Will you suffer me to put you in communication with her?" said Doctor Everard, addressing the man of thirty-five.

"No," replied Montessor; "I prefer to be simply a witness of your curious experiments. Forget my presence, if you can, Doctor Everard, until you have gone through with them."

Wilfred Montessor seated himself in a low rocking-chair, at the distance of five or six feet from the ottoman, so that his position enabled him to scan the features of Miss Percy with great precision. With his cheek resting upon the palm of his hand, he watched closely the movements of the Doctor and his patient.

Doctor Everard thrust aside the chair which he had occupied during the process of magnetizing Miss Percy. He walked several times across the apartment, with slow, measured steps. He paused finally, within a foot of the traveler, and remained standing, several moments, in a reflecting attitude. Gazing upon the face of the sleeper, he slowly raised his right hand, in a horizontal direction. Almost at the instant when the upward motion of his hand commenced, the right hand of Miss Percy began also to move. Once or twice it fell back, with a sudden jerk, but at length it was elevated, with a steady equable motion, until it attained the exact position of Doctor Everard's.

The Doctor then raised his left—a similar movement was made by Miss Percy.

These experiments were pursued by Doctor Everard, with various, but on the whole, with decided success. He elevated his right hand to the top of his head, then his left, then both hands; he clasped his hands together, doubled them into fists; he seized his right ear with his left hand, then his left ear with his right hand; he raised his hand to his mouth, as in the act of eating an apple; he placed his right hand supinely upon his breast, he clasped his chin between the thumb and forefinger of his left hand. In every instance, save one, were the motions and gestures of Doctor Everard imitated, with great exactness.

"Can we suspect deception?" said the Doctor, in a whisper, to his friend. "It is evidently impossible that she can see through her closed and motionless eye-lids. I will, however, destroy the least foundation of doubt, by blindfolding her."

"Will you permit me to tie a bandage over your eyes?" continued Dr. Everard.

"As you please."

"Very lightly, Miss Percy," said the Doctor, tying the bandage. "Does it hurt you?"

"No sir."

"Is your position uncomfortable?"

"Quite easy."

"Your head droops heavily. There, it is better now."

The Doctor placed her right arm in such a position that her head was supported by her hand.

Dr. Everard retired a few steps, and reiterated many of the motions and gestures employed in his experiments. There was as little hesitation as previously in the responses of Miss Percy.

"It is not visual perception and imitation," said the Doctor, that produces these results. My volitions virtually govern two physical organizations. The effects are strange, because opposed to the ordinary experience of mankind. But, intrinsically, the power of my will is as mysterious and inexplicable when acting upon my proper organism, as when acting upon the organism of another."

The Doctor removed the bandage, while he was uttering these remarks.

"A few experiments, Mr. Montessor, to show the strength of physical sympathy in the magnetic state."

Doctor Everard stood within a few feet of his patient. He took from his vest pocket a bit of cinnamon, so small that Montessor did not recognize what it was, and put it in his mouth, chewing it slightly. The sleeper almost instantly began to move her lips and lower jaw, as if chewing.

"Do you taste any thing, Miss Percy?" inquired Doctor Everard.

"Yes, Doctor."

"What is it?"

"Something pleasant."

"Well, what is it?"

"Some kind of spice."

"Right, Miss Percy, right. But what kind of spice?"

"Cinnamon—it tastes like cinnamon."

"It was cinnamon, Mr. Montessor," said the Doctor, with a glance of satisfaction.

Doctor Everard next put some tobacco in his mouth, but Miss Percy exclaimed hastily,

"Take it away, Doctor, take it away."

"What is the matter?"

"Don't put tobacco in my mouth—I dislike tobacco of all things."

The Doctor then tasted a piece of orange peel, then two or three cloves, and afterward some refined liquorice. The first Miss Percy named rightly, the second she defined as causing a biting sensation, and the third as being sweet.

"The sympathy of distant organism under certain specific relations, is one of the most intricate problems of philosophy. There are several cases on record," said Doctor Everard, "of twin brothers growing up to manhood together, and afterwards dying at remote distances from each other, on the same day and hour. Were not those cases dependent on the same general law of sympathy that prevail in the magnetic state?"

"You are traveling beyond the sphere of my researches," replied Montessor with a smile. "One question, my dear doctor, does clairvoyance belong to your theory of the human constitution?"

"Certainly, Mr. Montessor."

Doctor Everard held a gold pencil case between his thumb and finger.

"What do I hold before you, Miss Percy?" asked the doctor.

The sleeper muttered a few words indistinctly, but finally replied,

"A gold pencil case."

A ring and a silk handkerchief were named correctly without hesitation. A lancet, she described as a sharp cutting instrument.

The doctor drew a handsome gold watch from his fob, and glancing at the dial inquired,

"What is the time of day by my watch, Miss Percy?"

"Two o'clock."

"The time exactly," said Doctor Everard, handing the watch to the traveler.

Miss Percy pressed her hand firmly against her forehead.

"A long continuance in the magnetic state," said Doctor Everard, "universally causes a sense of uneasiness in the head. You are satisfied with the experiments, Mr. Montessor?"

"Perfectly, doctor," replied Montessor with a grave smile; "relieve Miss Percy without delay."

"She is quiet again," remarked the doctor. "The truth of clairvoyance is demonstrable by the clearest evidence. It seems to result from this, that the image of an object is transferred from the mind of the operator at his will, to that of the patient. The more vivid the first image, the more powerful the will; so much more distinct will be the apprehension of the clairvoyant. Some writers assert that persons in the magnetic state can see objects independently of the will of the magnetizer or his substitute for the time, but I have no confidence in the assertion. The mysteries of Animal Magnetism do not require the aid of false hypotheses to excite our surprise and admiration."

The doctor approached Miss Percy and rubbed her eye-lids lightly in the direction of her forehead. This was followed by a number of passes from the shoulders upward. After a brief interval, the features of the sleeper were agitated by a slight convulsive movement, and her eyes opened. She recognized Doctor Everard and his friend with a languid smile.

"Do not strive to talk, my dear Miss Percy," said Doctor Everard, "your system needs repose."

General.

Unusual Manifestation in Middletown, Connecticut.

By JOHN S. TAYLOR.

MR. EDITOR:—I wish you could give me some advice in reference to my wife. She has been brought up a Methodist, opposed, of course, to all spiritual influences, but notwithstanding all her prayers and opposition to it, she is, almost every day, annoyed by strange sounds, movements, &c.

The sounds heard in the house are very remarkable. Sometimes loud rapping on the floor, then on the wall or table, up-stairs, down the cellar. If these noises were made in any other manner than as they are heard, she might think it was rats or something else, but she declares that she is not mistaken. These knocks are heard over the door, on the side where she is standing on the floor, by her feet; but this is not all, the table has been seen elevated some inches from the floor, when no one was near it.

She was much frightened the other day by hearing an accordion play in the front room, and looking, she saw the instrument suspended in the air, nothing visible to support it. There was not much melody in the music, but she was much frightened to see the bellows moving itself backward and forward. It finally dropped on the floor. It was taken from the table.

But still later, a coal-hod full of coal, jumped up near her feet, and while suspended in the air, the coal whirled around above the hod, then settled back all right. She was using a comb at the time, but being frightened laid it down out of place. Something whispered, "That is not the place to leave it," and immediately the comb

began to move through the air; slowly it put itself up in the comb case. This was witnessed by a young man who was in the room; he was much frightened.

She can write with Planchette on a pen. This was discovered without any effort on her part to do so. She took a pen to write an order to send by a girl, for an article wanted (sugar), when lo! what did she write. It was as follows: "There is plenty of the article you want in the pantry, up on a high shelf." She looked and found the article. It had been laid away when she had been sick, and forgotten by the cook.—Now the trouble is, how is her mind to be composed, for she is troubled by these things? She has never believed in them, thinks it very wrong in me because I am inclined to believe Spiritualism, thinks we shall go to hell. After she began to write, she was composed for a while, for it afforded amusement to listen to the funny and ready replies of Planchette; but her friends have "pitched into her," thinking of course, she is a sinner going to damnation. She prays for relief, for sainted people tell her that the Lord will answer her prayers and deliver her from the Devil, but it is not so, for the same noises are heard, lights are seen, &c.

She is very gloomy and melancholy, so afraid of doing wrong. Now what can I do to get her mind so as to "calmly trust in God." I will here state that these things have come to her without her will or consent, and that, while she was a Methodist, of course, a child of grace had been "washed in the blood of the lamb," and prayed for light in heavenly things. Now is this the light that God has permitted to come to her, or did he send a devil to make her salvation more insecure?

Strange reflections to my mind on the hell-fire preachers! I think that she would be more composed, if in writing, the communications had all been true; but some of them are lies. Of course when this was discovered, everything was wrong.

She thinks that the Devil is let loose for a time to deceive the people.

I am not posted in Spiritualism, nor many others who read your paper. I think if you would devote a column every week in explaining the objections that are brought up against your cause, it would be a help to many who are weak in faith, and have not the means to get books.

There are some mysteries to my mind which I wish I could see explained. One is about seeing spirits. Now, many persons are constantly annoyed by seeing apparitions before them. Spiritualists call them spirits. I believe we call them spooks. Now I think that much that is attributed to spirits should not be; for how do we account for people seeing themselves; this is often done. Sometimes persons who are not dead are seen; again, sometimes when we think that we see persons, we are deceived sadly as the following will show: On one occasion at night while returning with a friend to his home, he passed in sight of the house, and thought he saw his sister open the door with a light in her hand, go to the bucket of water, take a glass and drink, then go up stairs. He remarked that his folks was up late. On inquiry at the house, he was surprised to learn no one had been up for two hours. Now if we can see spirits that are not spirits, how do we know what are real spirits?

Why do not some of the old spirits come and tell us of the lost arts, now lost to us. Of course somebody must have made the famous Damascus sword, which had such resistance as to cut a nail without impairing its edge.

Some of the lost arts in painting, I believe would be useful to us. Many persons have died, carrying with them their knowledge of useful things. Let them come now and tell us how to explain the manifestations which I have given.

Middletown, Middlesex County, Conn., Jan. 23rd, '69.

Mr. P. L. Gullmore of Boston, is to give a mammoth musical festival, in June next, to the inmates, in a building that is to be erected for the occasion, which is to hold ten thousand persons.

Parson Brownlow has taken leave of the Knoxville *Whig*, a paper established by him more than thirty years ago, and of which he has, until now, always been the editor-in-chief. In his valedictory editorial, he says: "In past life, I have been violent on some occasions, my apology is, that, like the Apostle Paul, on many occasions I have fought with 'beasts at Ephesus.'"

Free Thoughts on Spiritualism.

BY FREDERICK LANKIN.

MR. EDITOR:—I noticed a few weeks ago, in the JOURNAL, an extract from a religious paper inviting Christians and infidels, saints and sinners, to write for it.

Professing to be the handmaid of science it has imprisoned its heroes and poured upon their heads the most shameful and unmitigated lies.

Pretending in this Nineteenth Century that it holds the people in bonds of love and friendship, there is not a little village in the land where a church is dedicated to its cruel god.

The superstition referred to is known and recognized as the christian religion. And in this country whoever disbelieves it; is called an infidel.

No one acquainted with the Spiritualist Societies on this continent will fail to see the truth of this—too true picture. There are, I am glad to know, exceptions, where the proper spirit is manifested towards the speaker.

I am aware that the general answer to my strictures would be, "We can pay our heavy expenses, only by drawing a crowd; and unless we get sensational speakers we can no longer keep the meetings going."

The age is ripe for spiritual culture. Men and women of thought, are crying aloud for "more light," on all the great questions of soul-existence.

When Spiritualism began to be developed, I regarded it with little favor, at the same time I gave it an investigation, as I have always been willing and ready to swap the assumptions of yesterday for a truth of to-day.

Spiritualism is shorn of all the troubles that beset the Christian in his dark and weary pilgrimage of life. It has no red-hot hell to bring black despair. It cares not for the fashion of altars, the shape of gowns, the true mode of baptism, or whether its speakers occupy an episcopal or a Methodist church.

I am free to say that Spiritualism has done more within the last ten years to elevate the minds of men and women, (for the women are not commanded to ask their ignorant husbands, at home for all knowledge), than all the twice ten thousand churches have done for eighteen hundred years.

And now Mr. Jones let me beg of you in connexion with others in sympathy with you, to keep the wheels moving, the giant superstition that has crushed its subjects with iron feet and handled them with iron hands lagrumbling away and tottering to its foundation.

"Hoary headed selfishness has felt its death blow, and is tottering to the grave. A brighter morn awaits the human day. War with its million horrors and fierce hell Shall live but in the memory of time,

Who like a penitent libertine, shall start, Look back and shudder at his younger years."

I don't know but you may think I have made some charges against the orthodox mode of running religion that is too severe.

Spiritualism has long been a power in the world, as The Quarterly Review said of it, years ago, "It is the great fact of the age."

We can not wonder, when we consider the motley assemblage of credidists, from whom Spiritualists originate, that there should be vast differences and occasional disaffection amongst members.

Everywhere we find more or less, a fatal tendency to sensationalism on the part of our societies, and this is felt oppressive to an incalculable degree by the medium, speaker or lecturer.

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Reply to De los Dunton.

BY AUSTIN KENT.

BRO. JONES:—I AM A SPIRITUALIST; yet I believe and think I know that more than half of the modern Spiritualist philosophy, is unreasonable, absurd, contradictory, and false.

Now, if improvement is a law of the universe; if it is in an eternal change for the better; then, at some time in the past, it must have been only less than infinitely bad.

I must now attend to Bro. Dunton's, "opposite, power and motion," argument.

In nature, I see perpetual motion. Reason and experience tell me, if ever at rest, it could not have started without force applied to it; and that force so applied must become exhausted.

If our mind was once in the condition of matter, as you and A. J. Davis, suggest; it had a beginning as mind. For that reason must it not have an end as mind.

Our Children.

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

Taming the Little Wild Bird. No. 3.

A Story for Little Children. BY AUNT LEONORE.

Those who have read this simple and true story so far, will remember that by this time, our birdies had become so tame that they did not fly away when we went to feed them.

I am sorry, I cannot tell you how long a time it took to hatch the eggs. But one morning when we went to feed them, we found the Mrs. Birdie in an entirely new mood.

While the mother looked on with an interest and expression which seemed to say, "There, did you or the rest of mankind, ever see anything so beautiful, so wonderful, so interesting as this child of mine. I expect it will make a great stir in the world by and by."

The little things were so helpless, that they might all have been killed. Perhaps all children and some grown people do not know the fact, that no kind of bird or fowl feed there young till they are twenty-four hours old.

In a few days there were five little mouths to feed, and it seemed as if they wanted to eat all the time. It was astonishing how fast they grew, and how they put on their feathery dress.

I always took them to the garden, but sometimes had hard work to make them understand the necessity of being very quiet and gentle, with no rude words or acts.

Call a man a dog and he is apt to bite; teach a child that it is a "worm" and it will crawl. But call the man a man, only a little lower than the angels, and he will aspire to become equal with them.

Dickens is coming home by his farewell readings. In the large cities of England only one quarter of the applicants for tickets are successful.

SPEAKERS' REGISTER.

- Published gratuitously every week. [To be useful, this list should be reliable. It therefore behooves Lecturers to promptly notify us of changes whenever they occur.] Harrison Angler, Calamus, Clinton, Co., Iowa. Mrs. Anna E. Allen, 147 West Washington street, Chicago. Joseph Baker, Editor of the Spiritualist Janesville, Wis. Wm. Bush, 163 South Clark St., Chicago. A. P. Bowman, Joyfield, Michigan. Rev. J. O. Barrett, Sycamore, Ill. Dr. James K. Bailey, Palmyra, Michigan. Dr. Barnard, Lansing, Mich., Lectures upon Spiritualism and scientific subjects. Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes, Address 57 Spring street, East Cambridge, Mass. Mrs. A. P. Brown, St. Johnsbury Center, Vt. Mrs. H. F. H. Brown, P. O. Drawer 5956, Chicago, Ill. Mrs. E. F. Jay Bullene, 151 West 12th street, New York. Mrs. Nellie J. P. Brigham, Elm Grove, Colerain, Mass. Mrs. M. A. G. Brown, Address West Randolph, Vt. Addie L. Ballou, Address Mankato, Minn. Wm. Bryan, Address box 35, Camden P. O., Mich. M. C. Beal, Inspirational speaker, Almond, Wis. J. H. Dickinson, Charlestown, Massachusetts. John Corwin, Five Corners, N. Y. Mrs. G. S. Coles, 434 Broadway, N. Y. Warren Chase, 444 Broadway, N. Y. Dean Clark, Permanent address, 24 Wameet street, Lowell, Mass. Mr. Cowen, St. Charles, Ill. Mrs. Augusta A. Currier, Address, box 815, Lowell, Mass. H. T. Cull, M. D., 634 Race street, Philadelphia, Pa. J. P. Cowles, M. D., Address Box 1374 Ottawa, Ill. S. C. Child, Inspirational Speaker, Frankfort, Ohio. Mrs. Dr. Wm. Crane, P. O. box 925, Elkhart, Indiana. Thomas Cook's address is Drawer 6023, Chicago, Ill. Albert E. Carpenter, Address care of Banner of Light, Boston, Mass. Mrs. A. H. Colby, Trance speaker, Lowell, Lake Co., Ind. Dr. J. R. Doty, Stockto Ill. Miss Lizzie Doten, Address Pavilion, 57 Tremont street, Boston, Mass. Henry J. Durgin, Permanent address, Cardington, Ohio. George Dutton, M. D., Rutland, Vt. Andrew Jackson Davis can be addressed at Orange, N. J. Mrs. E. DeLamar, trance speaker, Quincy, Mass. Dr. E. O. Dunn, lecturer, can be addressed Rockford, Ill. Miss Eliza Howe Fuller, inspirational speaker, San Francisco, Cal. Miss Almida B. Fowler, Address, Sextonville Wis. A. T. Fow, Manchester, N. H. N. B. Greenleaf, Lowell, Mass. Isaac P. Greenleaf, Address for the present 82 Washington avenue Chelsea, Mass., or as above. Mrs. Laura De Force Gordon, San Francisco, Cal. R. Graves, author of "Biography of Satan." Address Richmond, Ind. Laura De Force Gordon, will lecture in the State of Nevada till further notice. Permanent address, Treasure City, White Pine District, Lander Co., Nevada. Dr. L. P. Gregg, Address box 1225, Fort Wayne, Ind. R. D. Goodwin, lectures, Kirkwood, Mo.

- O. B. Hazeltine, Mazo Manis, Wis. D. W. Hull, Inspirational speaker, Fairfield, Iowa. Dr. M. Henry Houghton, Address, West Paris, Maine. Miss Julia J. Hubbard, Address 3, Chestnut street, Boston. Moses Hull, Hubbard, Lake County, Ind. Mrs. S. A. Horton, 24 Wameet street, Lowell, Mass. Miss Nellie Hayden, Address No. 29 Willmet street, Worcester, Massachusetts. Mrs. F. O. Hyzer, 123 E. Madison street, Baltimore Md. Dr. A. Hunt will receive calls to lecture Sundays. Cold Water, Michigan. Dr. E. B. Holden, North Clarendon, Vt. W. A. D. Hume, Address West Side P. O., Cleveland, O. J. D. Hascall, M. D., Address 204 Walnut street, Chicago. Lyman C. Howe, inspirational speaker, Box 99 Fredonia, N. Y. Charles Holt, Warren, Warren Co., Pa. Mrs. M. S. Townsend Headley, Bridgewater, Vt. Dr. William Jordan, Speaker, Wales, Michigan. Wm. H. Johnson, Corry, Pa. Dr. P. T. Johnson, lecturer, Ypsilanti, Mich. W. F. Jameson, inspirational speaker, Boliviere, Ill. 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Amusements.

Daly's sensational drama, entitled "The Flash of Lightning," is attracting much interest at McVicker's Theatre, and is well sustained by full houses.

The Susan Galton burlesque opera-troupe, are still the recipient of marked appreciation, demonstrated by well filled houses at each successive exhibition.

The only original Yankee Robinson, with the novel sensation, "The Sanyeah," commences an engagement at the Opera House on Monday, 29th of March.

His reputation as a showman will doubtless draw full houses.

At Aiken's Dearborn Theatre, "After Dark" or "Scenes in London," has been revived by request, and played to full houses.

Next week, a new drama from the popular author, Mr. Robertson, entitled "Home," is to be put upon the boards of this theatre.

At Wood's Museum, Wood and Jewell proprietors, a number of new performers are announced, among them the reappearance of Mr. J. W. Blaisdell, the present manager.

Theatre Comique, in addition to the old favorites, bring out this week, Miss Minnie Rainforth, Miss Nellie Fience and Mr. W. C. Burton.

Their performances are replete with tableaux, characters, songs, dances, &c.

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The Medium, in his address to the public says: The Medium (David Corless, of Huntley's Grove McHenry Co., Ill.), through whom this work was given, has been a careful observer of the phenomena of "Modern Spiritualism" for over twenty years.

The introduction entitled "The Unveiling" treats of man as the grand objective ultimate of Life's Unfoldings.

He also stands at the pinnacle of all organized Life in the native purity of all things.

On page twenty-four the author treats of "the way mediums paint likenesses, in the true order of the development of the arts and sciences.

In part second, under the general head of mysteries Revealed, the author treats of "How Mankind Manifest their presence through Physical Bodies of Mediums. How the writing is done. How we influence a Mediums to speak. The fullness of all kinds of language investigated. The ring feat and the carrying of Musical Instruments around the room explained."

This work is neatly got up and consists of seventy-three closely printed pages and we hesitate not to say that it contains more original thought upon important subjects, a few only of which we have enumerated, than any other work of equal size we have seen.

The work will be sent by mail from this office to any one on receipt of fifty cents. Address, S. S. JONES, 84 Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.

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Obituary.

Translated to the Higher Life, Mrs. Sallie Knickerbocker of New Lenox, Illinois. Her spirit took its ascending flight from earth on the 12th of March, 1869, within a few months of the age of sixty-four years.

Our departed sister was a Spiritualist, so also are her husband and children. Brother J. H. Powell conducted the

funeral services, in the presence of a crowd of sympathetic neighbors, in addition to the surviving relatives. He opened with an invocation, an original poem and singing. He then gave an inspirational, impressive address from the words, "Then shall the body return to the dust as it was, and the spirit to God who gave it."

The attention throughout the discourse was marked. Many of those present, doubtless were prompted by curiosity to hear what a Spiritualist minister had to say.

Died, in Waukegan, Illinois, at the residence of Mrs. V. B. Wickham, Lulu, only daughter of Henry T. and Fannie Corson aged two years four months and twenty-eight days.

Fare thee well, sweet bud of beauty, Little Lulu, fare thee well; Thou wert too pure and lovely, In a world like this to dwell.—WESTLEY.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

Overwhelming Success of the Great Spiritual Remedy. Read in another column, "A Panorama of Wonders by the great Spiritual Remedy, Mrs. Spence's Positive and Negative Powders."

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Dr. Wm. Clark's Vegetable Syrup. Editor JOURNAL.—Having by me a bottle of Dr. Wm. Clark's, Vegetable Syrup, prepared by Mrs. Jeanie W. Danforth, and hearing that the husband of our milk-woman, had been long confined to his room from the effects of a fall from a building, which injured his side, some year and a half since.

His wife, a devoted Catholic, said, "she had spent quite \$100, upon him for doctors, with no good result; but having faith in good Spirits, she would try this."

A PLEASANT STORY. In the streets of Chicago, I wandered along, And carelessly sang a familiar old song, While viewing the cars—horses, and such—

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