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

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CHICAGO, NOVEMBER 27, 1869.

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Literary Department.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

BEYOND THE PORTAL.

The following lines are written to the memory of "our little Jimmie," a very active and intellectual son of James Hardy, Esq., of Canada, whose young and lovely spirit passed from the body in Chicago, Illinois, Nov. 27th, 1869. Age 3 years and 11 months.

BY MARSHALL S. PIERCE.

As pure as the snowflake
That melts on the mountain,
And rippled its drop
In the rivulet bright;
As soft as the spray-mist
That floats o'er the fountain,
And dies in a rainbow
Of beauty and light—
Was the sweet little boy,
Whose fond loving spirit,
Has gone from its earth home
To wander unseen.
Where angels are waiting
With smiles to inherit,
And hear it across
The dark death line between.
As swift as the pinions
Which wait the young swallow,
That flies to the land
Of the orange and lime;
There to wing the blue sky
Where no winter winds follow,
And live a new life
In a flowery clime.
So fast fled the breathings
From pale painting mortal,
That soon the last heart throbs
Had paused to its rest;
When the soul soared away
Through its mystical portal,
To meet and to mingle
With the sinless and blest.

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A LECTURE BY MRS. EMMA HARDINGE.

Delivered Before the First Association of Spiritualists of Philadelphia, at their Hall, 11, Wood Street, on Sunday Evening, Oct. 10, 1869.

NUMBER FIVE.

[Reported Expressly for the Religio-Philosophical Journal, by Henry T. Child, M. D.]

INVOCATION.

Lord, let Thy kingdom come. Age after age we have uttered this cry. The illumined eye of the Seer has perceived the coming brightness, and grown strong in the glorious sight and cried Thy kingdom will surely come; the martyr has perceived it, and atwain the blood-stained path of suffering, the light has streamed with such radiant brightness that he has felt that every pang was worth the sight, and in the view of the coming kingdom, he has leaped to heaven from the gory flame. The sorrowful and suffering in all ages have prayed for it, wept for it, have striven for it; yes, have fought for it. Reverend hands have been upward clasped with weeping; yes, turned to heaven, all soliciting the coming of Thy kingdom. The gates have been opened to us, and we have seen some of the children of the kingdom standing in our midst, waving us on with the palm-branches of victory, to give us the assurance that the kingdom is not afar off.

Oh! Great Spirit, as it is given to us to be the pioneers of this great work, we know that the glimpses of its brightness seem to flash before our eyes. Grant us strength to do the work that seems most fitting to herald its approach; give us the power to be the voice crying in the wilderness. Oh! Great Spirit, let Thy kingdom come. The earth is very fair, the skies are bright; the sunlight of the morning, the sweet breath of spring, the loveliness of summer, the strength of hoary winter, are all full of Thee,—revelations of Thy majestic presence, but they speak not to our hearts; they appeal only to our consciousness; they tell us that Thou art ever present, but we are waiting for Thy kingdom of love and of peace and good will among men, such as Thou hast ever shown toward them. Lord, let Thy kingdom come, and hang upon our lips this night, we pray Thee, wisdom that may teach us to be heralds of Thy kingdom for Thee, for us, and all mankind.

LECTURE.

This morning it was given to your speaker to point to two of the most momentous teachings that have grown out of the communion between the spiritual and the material, which we call the natural world. That we may the better redeem our promise of attempting to show you how Spiritualists can make this communion a practical living faith to mankind, let us review some of the forms which we then laid before you. We attempted to show you that the highest teachings that the spirits had brought, were first, the universality of spiritual existence, demonstrating the Alpha and Omega of spirit-life everywhere. Secondly, pointing to the fact that the main purpose of our lives, is to grow spirits through the mold of matter. The next point concerning the mightiest revelation that ever spirit or angel in any age has brought, is that which brings us face to face with the consequences of our acts. This is a truth that spirits have brought.

No less, then, did it relate to our subject this morning, to show that many Spiritualists had not fully realized these sublime doctrines, or that having perceived them, they had turned aside. That two great defilements had stamped their influence upon the whole movement, a blot and blur so dark and so large that many earnest, reverend minds seeking for a higher faith than those that had been present in the past, had been repelled from our ranks, turned aside from our gatherings, astounded of our belief, and compelled to go back and stay amidst the dry bones of the past, instead of enlisting in the great army of living men and women, which Spiritualism promised.

It belonged to our review to show that these failures were especially demonstrated in the fact that Spiritualists had turned aside from the firm faith and the simple belief in the communion of spirits, and the fact of immortality; also, that they did not realize that they had any personal responsibility demonstrated to them in the fact of being brought face to face with the penalty of their acts. You recognize this, you all do. It is impossible to be a visitant of the spiritual circle without perceiving the fact that penalty and compensation are the universal law of spirit-life. Yes, in view of the universality of such revelations, Spiritualists, in some instances, have strangely ignored the social laws, social restraints, and proclaimed their freedom from these. They have proclaimed themselves their own tribunal; their own power of justice, and declared that they owed no responsibility to any but themselves, in defiance of law outside of them.

To do justice, I shall waive to-night the religious aspects of the case, and limit our considerations to the question of the social responsibility of Spiritualists, and our duty with regard to those who determine to repudiate this responsibility. That I may do full justice to those who, perhaps, consider themselves far in advance of us, as the progressive minds of the age who perceive the rights of humanity to enter into the largest kind of liberty, let us review their arguments in favor of the total abrogation of human laws and restraints. We ask, what right have you to place yourself outside of human laws? They answer, "The creeds of old are not alone a failure, and being proved to be false, what will you substitute?" We have not only left the galling yoke of authority which now melts away like a rope of sand, but we recognize by the very condition of spirits that we are only responsible to ourselves. More than this, spirits are great casuists, keen analysts. The very methods of investigation we have pursued, have led us deeper into the ocean of nature than we have ever before penetrated. We perceive causes we had not dreamed of. Spirits have thrown us back in the research upon those questions of Physiology. We are asked whether ante-natal sins are in fact the base and fundamental causes of crime and all inharmonious. Your creeds have been unannounced for two thousand years that the sins of their fathers are visited upon the children. The progressionists know that this is true. They say, prove if you can by analysis and psychological investigation that crime and inherited sin visit the child, and where, then, is your responsibility? It is a fable. These are some of the fallacious arguments beneath whose ban we are suffering. The honest world will not have it. Honest in spite of the legions of culprits, the world is the true metre of human intelligence and human civilization, and its opinions are not very far wrong. The world has determined that there is something terribly disruptive and disorderly in this sudden abrogation of laws that have been in existence for thousands of years, that a few who have assumed our name seem disposed to make. They need reforming, but there is an amount of truth and philosophy in all these. We must briefly analyze these. We can find a standard of appeal against them. We must offer no more human authority. We must offer no more spiritual authority. The spirit say-so will do no longer with those who perceive that the Spirit World is a reflex of this world, and spirits present every shade of character. These progressionists declare they know this, and they ask us with a taunt and a scoff, where is your authority for imposing upon us what has proved false, and through which we have broken?

Once more I must invite you to look upon the extraordinary circumstances which surround these teachings. We know that in the first revelation of spirit communion, we gathered together in what we called the spirit circle, and having investigated the phenomena that is produced through the imperceptible forces which are similar to the life principle, we know that when we placed ourselves in an attitude for reception, hoping to receive intelligence from the Spirit World, the magnetic forces of life within us are determined toward the Spirit World and we are answered again by the liberation of the magnetic forces necessary to open the communication. Then it is that the remarkable development of those latent germs of character, which we have scarcely realized that we possessed, takes place. Some are much more susceptible than others to these influences. In some cases, those with strong physical systems in whom the earthly magnetism prevails, have felt this influence to be pleasant, in others it has been very painful. We have realized this in the spirit circle. When it is largely charged with animal magnetism, it has produced pernicious effects, caused intense suffering to the spiritual and even the physical nature of some who take part in these exercises.

I find that a large portion of the materialists who represent the physical side of humanity, are the persons who have produced the greatest amount of social disorder, and I propose to review these arguments, and see if there is not a higher standard of wisdom than they have presented to us, although they may accept some of the teachings of Christ's, as these have been communicated to them in the circles.

I ask who is on the Lord's side this night? Who are those that, with anxious and wise eyes have gazed on Spiritualism, that which I ventured to call this morning, the savior of the world?

We perceive that nine-tenths of the sorrow in the world, is generated from crime, and it has been proved that crime is a psychological state that reaches our spiritual natures through the material world. The philanthropists, those men of strong purpose and great hearts, who have looked towards Spiritualism as the savior that should proclaim the higher and better way, are not to be thwarted by those who are repeating the very crimes which all others have most depraved mankind. There are false conditions, and we know that the sins of the fathers are visited on the children, and we may ask if these shall continue to be perpetuated.

Let us question to what extent there is individuality—just so far as we realize that each one suffers for himself, bears his own penalty hereafter, walks in his own brightness. We acknowledge this just as surely as we perceive that the kingdom of heaven is within us; just as certainly as we know that when a dear and bright spirit comes to us with a radiant smile and the light of paradise upon his face, he has carried his kingdom of heaven with him. We know that it was built and fashioned up on this earth; we know, too, that the converse of that position obtains, and that he who sits in darkness has drawn that around him through this life, and they are receiving the compensation. We acknowledge human responsibility thus far, and know that in the highest sense, we are responsible to our own selves; but when we attempt to sever our actions from the rest of the race, and presume for one instant that any of ours can stand alone, then it is that we are called upon to turn to nature.

The appeal that I desire to bring before you is this. First, the facts that are manifested in human history; next, the facts that are manifested in spirit life. There is no such thing as individuality in this sense. Here I stand a responsible being. I now speak for the acts I shall perform to-morrow, but beyond this, how much of my individuality can I claim? Who made the garment which I wear? How much of mind is to be found in every thread of the fabric? It connects me with thousands of years in the past. I go and stand before the machine which turned off the tissue that I wear, and there I read the gospel of long centuries, and what the experiences of labor has conferred,—all, as it were, seem directed toward the one point, the manufacture of the garment I wear. Sever me from these long ages of usefulness and labor, and I stand shivering, unclad in the winter winds, or scorched by the burning heat of summer.

Who has organized the fleets to convey hither and thither from every nation of the world the simplest thing which ministers to my comfort, to spread my table or adorn my walls? Who has ransacked the islands of the sea? Who has brought me the wealth of the forests and the mines? Who has organized all the resources of commerce and trade, and so beautifully interwoven them into one universal network of interdependencies, that the whole race seems to be employed in the simple uses which shall be spread upon my table this night? How many thousand years has the all-potent hand of nature been working to produce the possibilities of this grand architecture of to-day?

Where have those huge planks that are over my head and under my feet, come from? Who has planted the trees of those giant forests that build for me my home? I stand alone, I shiver helplessly in the winds of destiny, and unless there are ten thousand hands to uphold me, I am not—I am nothing. I do stand alone a helpless wreck tossed on the wild waste of life. I must search in the busy intelligent brains of my fellow men, and they, too, must share these blessings of my life. I give in return, fill my niche in the great temple of humanity, perform some work and give again as I have received. Oh, great-handed humanity! thy grasp is very near our hearts when we begin to number up our treasures. Better that we should stand as fabled lost men, and behold the wreck and ruin of ages around us, where once the home of dear, sympathizing man lived, nothing but dreary solitude and awful silence is heard, than boast ourselves of this proud, impossible, individuality. There is no such thing. I am dependent this hour on your love, your sympathy, and more than this, there is a cloud of unseen forces perpetually circling around me, passing out with every breath of my lips, writing itself in psychological influences upon the air, upon my garments—my very touch is redolent of my character. I can not suggest anything but what has its influence.

There is no kind and gentle wish that stirs my brain, but what its purity goes forth, and its fragrance shall be felt by every living creature.

This is our individuality. Here is a standard of appeal. There is a truth from which there is no other appeal than the facts which bind us one to the other, you to me, and me to you. Is this a truth? If our acts, our deeds, our thoughts are thus knit up in one universal chain which extends from one to the other, how do we propose to break the order on which society is established, without a penalty to ourselves and a penalty to others?

Well, supposing we grant that this individuality has changed our responsibility. Let us call it responsibility at least. We know this, that we shall pay the penalty that we shall reap the reward of whatever we do, hereafter.

Aye, but I shall find there is a standard of right and wrong for you, my progressed friend,

from which you can not turn aside with impunity to yourself, and if you are thus responsible to yourself in penalty and compensation, I shall show you how much you are wronging yourself by violating my standard of right and wrong.

"I do deny it," says the Progressionist, "there is no standard of right. Do you not perceive that the enunciations of Moses, Thou shalt not kill, thou shalt do no murder—do you not recognize that the standard of morals, as you call it, is immutable, and that in every period of time?" But suppose we are changing, and fresh conditions obtain; perhaps it may be so, but I still claim there is an original, fundamental principle of right and wrong inherent in nature, that forms a standard from which there is no appeal. "Thou shalt have none other Gods but me." Is there a standard to show who this God is? Aye, there is one. We search into the realms of creation, and he addresses us everywhere. He is the spirit of all things. When we perceive everywhere the design and order and law that the great spirit has instituted; when we perceive the unbroken harmony of creation, we are in a position to say there is but one God. It is the last, culminating point of the spiritual question—it is the totality of good, all wisdom, all power, Him we worship, all other gods are false, whether it be the god of the heathen with all his imperfections and shortcomings, his pride or his littleness, or any of the various gods that man has set up to worship. We know that there is but one great spirit who has written eternal law and order everywhere. We worship him and accept the command, "Thou shalt not take his name in vain." Ere thou shalt do this, thou must measure thine own heart; it must be full of bitterness; thou must live on the animal plane, and bend down to the material mold in which thy spirit is growing.

There is a standard in its effects, and no man with reverent lips ever pronounced a shame or irreverence against helpless woman dependent on him. Woman the mother, woman the wife, woman, whom his father in heaven has given him to protect—no man can irreverently speak of her or speak of God the great spirit, in this way without degrading himself, and proving that he is wrong. Such an one proves in some form or other a standard for his life.

Again, remember that those who keep holy the Sabbath day—not because it is the seventh day, but because life's burdens are very heavy—they demand so much of us on the six days of the week, it is well that we put these aside one day in the week, and come together to question in solemn council, of the things of eternity; to question who we are, what we are and whose we are and whither we are bound; to this life, to its lands, to its houses, or whither?

Those whose spirits are never uplifted in prayer; those whose minds are perpetually engulfed in the constant whirl of this material world, when they leave the earth and become dwellers on the threshold of the other sphere are compelled to learn back and live their lives over again, to learn the first lessons of life.

"Thou shalt honor thy father and mother, for they are types of the great Father and Mother of the race. That beautiful and holy evidence of man's wonderful creation prove that it is in the hands of God alone, that mystery of life has been intrusted to them, we honor it because there is a natural standard of right in the relation between parent and child, because they do break off one of the places of the Creator, because the highest and holiest obligations that are rendered to God are exhibited by honoring them. Moses said, "Thou shalt not kill." If thy right hand become red, and if thou remove thine enemy from his place, the consequences of thy acts prove that there is a standard in nature which can never be filled. Thou hast broken a plant which some nature wiser than thyself, planted ere that life, perhaps one of crime, was accomplished. It was not for thee to take it in thy hand—what dost thou know that thou shouldst put forth thy irreverent hand to stay it? 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Original Essays.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal

The Past and the Present—Prediction in Regard to the Future.

BY J. A. OSBORNE.

We are a fast people, living in a fast age. It is said that we live in a progressive age. I wish to call attention to this spirit of progression. We have come among us who would have you believe that we are retrograding—going back—getting worse. But I say nay. Progression is written on all things. The whole material, mental and spiritual worlds, move onward, upward,—getting better. What we call sin and wrong, may have the appearance of being more rife to-day than it was thirty years ago; but let us see if this is so. If the amount of crime is greater, you will find the numerical increase of people in a greater ratio—then, in these fast days of telegraphs and railroads, which occur here to-day, is known yonder in Europe to-morrow. Thirty years ago, if a murder were committed in your neighborhood, it created consternation and frenzy within the limits of your county, and maybe for two or three counties around; but that crime was never known in Ohio or New York. To-day, if such a crime is committed, the world knows it to-morrow.

Another reason why such news is more universally known, thirty years ago, about two families out of every six, read the papers. To-day, about five of every six take some periodical or newspaper. We have become a reading people and know all that is transpiring.

But leaving this for what it is worth, let me advance to a stronger position. What I may say here will doubtless sound strange, and perhaps, fall heavily on some ears; yet I honestly believe it is truth, and truth will prevail. It may be kept in the background—not understood, still it is truth all the same. The position is this:

What we call sin and wrong is not sin, it is only ignorance. You may call ignorance sin; but if that be true, we will be sinful throughout all eternity; for we never can reach infinity, and short of that is ignorance. Now mind you, when I speak of sin, I mean sin in the eyes of God—not talking about breaking human law. Human law is not the law of God. Human law is a thing, while Divine law is a principle, co-eternal with God, therefore immutable, unchangeable. It never was created or made, but is co-existent with Infinity. If man breaks that law, by doing some deed, he must first suspend the power of the law, while he does the action. When he does this, he rises superior to it, consequently, superior to God. Neither you nor I believe that such a thing is within the power of man.

Again, when you establish the fact that sin does exist, that moment you make God the author of it; for, according to the teaching, He is the Author of all things. He is the author of man, and He is the author of the law, and if man breaks the law, who but God is the author of that sin? You do not believe that God can sin, neither do I, so we must be agreed.

Now, that we do many things that are not for the immediate better, and that are low and grovelling in their nature, no one will deny. But when we do them, it is only proof of our ignorance in the divine and better way, and ought to serve as a stimulus to educate us above and beyond them. I do not simply mean a book education—it is something more than that.

Then if man can not retard the onward movements of the universe by breaking or suspending the laws of Nature, all things must be progressing to final perfection; for we know that "He who doeth all things well," will work out His own eternal glory; and He could not be glorified in the destruction or downward tendency of anything He has made. Imperfect man may build and tear down, but perfect God never makes mistakes. When you act in harmony with the laws, and the principles of Nature, you are the faster going up the grade to true and everlasting happiness. When we act inharmoniously, we are the longer keeping ourselves down in the sensualities of earth. But we must arise above those mental actions. If we will not do this, we must do it when we have reached the other shore.

Notwithstanding our unbecoming demeanor, and our ignorance of the better way, we are progressing; going up to a better state. What may appear sinful to you and I, is only a means for the development of something beyond our present comprehension. The leaves are cast into the lump, and is working up the grand whole to an ultimate perfection. Never did man write a more glowing trism, than did Pope when he gave to the world these beautiful thoughts:

"All discord is harmony mis-understood, All seeming evil is universal good— And spite of erring reason's spite, One truth is clear, whatever is, is right."

And again, "Thou First Great Cause, least understood, Who all my sense combined, To know but this, that Thou art better, and I am blind," good, and I myself am blind."

Yes, God is good, and all His ways are perfect; and when we growl and grumble at the discordant notes of Nature, we ought to be informed that we ourselves are blind. But all things are progressive in their nature. This earth, with all its material substances, was once a black, wandering, chaotic mass. Myriads of ages after, the earth, as we know it, was formed. It has steadily attained the age of childhood. Still, it is progressing, and in ages to come, will be a perfect world. The deadly miasmas, so baneful to life, are being dried away. Frowning deserts are beginning to bloom with roses. Mountain peaks are wearing down, and the valleys filling up. The onward move may be compared with the name of human sight, but still it goes with that steady step that denotes wondrous majesty. The disintegrating elements of nature are ever at work, as if having been commissioned to do "a big job" of gradation. Then comes those important auxiliaries, the agriculturists. Why this eternal vigilance and hunting after better seed, that which will give more abundant and with less labor? Why this strife to improve your stock, to imbue it with better blood? You may say that it is dollars and cents, and this may be the immediate cause. But let me tell you, that back of this, deep down in nature's laws, there is a spirit of progress, that is pushing all things to final perfection.

Need I call your attention to the physical structure of man, and tell you that it is going up, improving? Some would have you believe that we are going back in this particular, that longevity is shortening, and that we are growing weak and puny. But if you will consult the statistics of your country, you will find the opposite of this to be true.

You will find that the natural life of the human family is being lengthened out, that we live longer now than we did hundreds of years ago; and in place of the muscular ability of man degenerating, it is growing better. True, the improved condition of your country calls out less of that power; yet the power is there, and only requires an effort to bring them forth. When, where, in what age, was there ever greater feats in this particular than Dr. Winship did exhibit in raising a dead weight of twenty-nine hundred pounds? It should not be claimed that "practice makes perfect," and that because our muscles are not called into active and continued use, for that reason, we are retrograding. I claim that the muscles are developed by proper exercise, and that we become weak by inaction; but it does not follow that succeeding generations will not produce bodies more closely knit together, and that there are latent powers yet undeveloped. Our forefathers, by the struggle and hardships of the Revolution, and if the men of this day could not endure them. Yet all through the recent war men endured more than they—pale, sickly looking youths walked out of your counting rooms and business houses, and braved the hardships of the field and prison pens, much worse than those in the days of yore. The muscle and endurance was there, waiting only to be called. I would not

have you believe that this progress was of rapid growth, like unto an ill weed or a stock of corn. On the contrary it is slow and stately, indicative of majesty and durability.

Am I met with the same objections and opposition, when I tell you that the mental world is progressing? Am I cited to such mental calibers as Homer, Bacon, Shakespeare and others, and told that no such men have lived in subsequent periods? Suppose I admit that this is true. What does it signify? Does it mean that this development was a grand advance over men who had lived before them? Is it not a triumph in favor of progression? But then you must remember that the mass of mankind in those days were comparatively ignorant; and that these grand lights emanated from the favored nobility. How is it to-day? Where do you gather a concourse of people and not be able to select hundreds whose mental capacities would not be honorable representatives of a proud people?

I have said that the mass of mankind in remote ages, were in a state of ignorance. Let me add, that we of this bright era, are only in the A. B. C. department of mental grandeur. Still, we have progressed far beyond the mental wealth of older times. Allow me, for a few moments, to direct your attention to the condition of human kind for only a short period back.

I remember that when Socrates taught the Athenian youth that they were immortal, and that they should continue to live after they had passed through the ordeal of death, that he was accounted a bad man and an enemy to his race—was denounced and died in consequence of that teaching.

I remember that when Galileo announced the fact that the earth moved, that he was arraigned before a certain tribunal, and after being subjected to horrible tortures, had to confess that he was in error, in order to save his life. Yet, so certain was he of his truth, as he retired from the trial, he cried out, "The earth does move."

I remember that when Newton announced the law of gravitation, he was jeered, derided and shunned, as you would now shun a lunatic.

I am reminded of the unyielding Columbus, when he insisted that there was land over the ocean, how he wandered from nation to nation, begging for means that would discover the new home, how he was abused even to incarceration for this belief.

I am reminded of a Fulton, when he proposed to construct machinery that should move the commerce of the world, how he was derided and laughed at, and called crazy Fulton, until by the little raised sailing craft, he proved to the world. This short hurried review, covering only a few hundred years back, brings out two prominent points. First, it shows that mentality, with the mass of mankind, has progressed in a partial knowledge of these known facts. Second, that we have learned better than to impose the death penalty on any one who is bold enough to propose either contrary to accepted doctrine, or to suggest another.

Then, looking back over the past and seeing what has been done, would you call it presumption in me, if I should direct your attention to the future, and divine a few things we may expect? Do you object, and say that man has no right to look beyond, and say what will be the case in a few years, or in a few centuries, or in a few thousand years? Then, looking back over the past and seeing what has been done, would you call it presumption in me, if I should direct your attention to the future, and divine a few things we may expect? Do you object, and say that man has no right to look beyond, and say what will be the case in a few years, or in a few centuries, or in a few thousand years? Then, looking back over the past and seeing what has been done, would you call it presumption in me, if I should direct your attention to the future, and divine a few things we may expect? Do you object, and say that man has no right to look beyond, and say what will be the case in a few years, or in a few centuries, or in a few thousand years?

Who would not have been counted a fool, had he stood up an hundred years ago, and told the people that in 1869, men should travel at the rate of forty miles per hour, or one thousand miles per day? Who would not have been called a madman, had he stood up, one hundred years ago, and said that the people of to-day could stand in New York city, and converse freely with their friends in London?

Who would have dared to face an unbelieving mass, even twenty years ago, and tell them that the time was at hand when man would be able to know the geological structure of his world, and "high" it? And yet it is done. That wonderful invention called the spectroscopic, will gather a ray of light as it comes from Venus or Mars, and after analyzing that ray, will determine the nature and character of the soil from which it has passed, and whether there are oceans and rivers belting those worlds as there are on this.

It is easy to say "caut," when we are not able to comprehend a grand truth; but cowardly to say "shall" when placed beyond contradiction. Life, motion, progression, which are all synonymous in meaning, is the prime moving cause that pushes on universes—it is the opposite of stagnation, decay and death. It is that which all things are standing still, and you prove to me that destruction is close at hand. How much more disastrous, then, if motion is reversed and we are going backward?

Take the simple element of water, dam it up, keep it motionless, and by soon it stagnates and decays. Turn it loose, let it move, and it soon purifies, invigorates and puts new life in itself, as well as every other creature near which it passes.

Such being facts, allow me to say that man's necessities shall never go beyond the power of his invention; and that the day is not far distant when he shall be able to travel at the rate of a hundred miles per hour, and that he now goes forty. And the time is approaching when he may call up the powers of his will, that power obeying, shall set him down in London or Paris or wherever he may choose to go. Oh! simple your derision, if it suits you. You will only be keeping time with the incredulous and unbelieving of all ages past. Harmony action and action, or will accomplish miracles; and it is only because of your united opposition that greater things than these have not long since been done.

It will be but a short time, until you will have a ready market for every ill weed that now infests your fields. Corn husks and waste straw will be carefully gathered, and their market value daily telegraphed from one continent to the other. These shall be freighted off to your paper mills, and will come forth in posts and boards, and they made water and fire proof. With these you shall build your fences and barns and your fine dwellings.

The time is not far in the future, when man becomes more conversant with the laws of God and acts harmoniously therewith, that he shall make the winds and the rains his servants at will. Already he has plucked the thunderbolt from heaven, and now sends it forth to transact his business or return with messages of pleasure. When these vast fields of timber and beds of coal shall have been exhausted, and man shall be pressing the conveniences of man, he will then turn his attention to the oceans and rivers, and will convert water into common burning fuel. But he never can do these things contrary to Divine Law. Those laws he has yet to learn, then harmonize with them, and all will be accomplished.

The time is in the immediate future, when man will be able to read the very thoughts and actions of his fellow man before they be spoken, with as much ease as he now reads the common news of the day. You or I may never see the time, nevertheless, it will come. Then dark deeds can not be covered up. All men shall know and read each other, and black as black shall be. Then shall we cease to speak evil of each other and learn to love as brothers. Then shall standing armies be blotted from the escutcheon of nations, the spear will be broken, tarnished honor retrieved, and peace and good will shall reign supreme.

The Radical, an infidel paper of Boston, announces the following creed:

"God is; without him man is not. Man is; without him God is not. Each by the other is begot, The God sea by the man-stream fed."

A beautiful thought is suggested in the Koran: "Angels in the grave will not question thee, but what deeds thou hast done while in the world, to entitle thee to a seat amongst the best."

The Prophecies Relating to Jesus of Nazareth.

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

In Deuteronomy, the prophet to be raised up is spoken of, though its application to Jesus certainly is far fetched.

The prophecies of Isaiah are more pointed, and seem to have been dictated by that spirit which has animated the poets and prophets of all ages, to describe in rhapsodical measure the glories of the golden age. The passages in Daniel, with the ambiguity characteristic of ancient oracles, may be directly applied to Christ, with apparent consistency. The prophets held that the Messiah would certainly come, and that he would come as a king to reign on earth, and deliver the oppressed nation of God from bondage, was taught in the school of Hillel, by Philo and the Essenes. The Messiah would be a visible manifestation of Jehovah, who had promised to David through the prophet Nathan, that he would establish his family on the throne forever. With almost his last words, David alluded to this promise, and Solomon, when he dedicated the temple, reminded Jehovah of this covenant.

The brilliant period of Hebrew history began with David, and all their future hopes were entwined with his house and tribe. Out of it, they constantly expected the "Son of David," and in their darkest hours in captivity, burdened and oppressed, their eyes were steadily turned in that direction, in expectation of a deliverer. No prophecy in the history of the world has excited an influence comparable with this.

While the religion of the Jews decayed, one great idea remained—the coming of a new order of things, a heavenly kingdom believed to be close at hand. The sacred books taught that God had always been faithful, they could not believe themselves deserted.

The duty of every true Hebrew was to consider it possible for the Messiah to appear in himself.

Every pretender that arose was eagerly sought, for there was the possibility of his being the promised one. As the nation felt more and more the strong arm of Roman power and the general decay of their institutions, they became more intensely excited in the advent of their deliverer.

The great prophets who were called in question, had spoken the mandate of Jehovah, and the nation beloved of God, chastened, but not forgotten, under the leadership of the Messiah, would be called to the throne of the world. The discouragements around them were rather in favor than against this belief; because when God ordered, the powers of Babylon or Rome were as nothing.

The anxiety became intense. If God came not as of old, national ruin and death would inevitably come. Judea was an indistinguishable speck on the map of the Roman Empire. With God she was all powerful; without him, as nothing.

Out of the seething waters, agitated by the conflict of races and the contention of new thought, confined and stifled with the old, came the brood of pretenders, born from the dissolution of Samaria was a hot bed from which sprung the most deluded. Heri Siman, spoken of in the New Testament, performed greater miracles than those recorded of Jesus, and his numerous disciples received him as the "image of the Eternal Father manifested in the flesh."

The great influence he exerted during his life time was increased by his death, and the wild, oriental doctrines he taught through various sects, disturbed the quiet of the Christian church for centuries.

He founded his pretensions on the same basis that Jesus did—that of miracles. The laws of nature obeyed his command.

When John the Baptist came from the wilderness, and cried in a loud voice, with wild gestures, that the kingdom of heaven was at hand, throngs of people marched after him, ready to be prepared by baptism for the reception of the coming Lord. Not a spiritual deliverer, but a temporal king they sought; and the prophecies promised them a ruler far surpassing in wisdom and magnificence the fabulous portraits of the great Solomon.

The prophecies supposed to relate to the Messiah have exerted more influence than any other. It is claimed that the Old Testament contains clear and distinct prophecies of Christ. The Evangelists so understood, and the followers of Christ down to the present day, have fortified their position by quotations. If the Bible have seventy-two meanings, according to the Rabbinic, such meaning can be wrung from these prophecies, not in the sense of the writer. There is not a passage in the Old Testament that has any reference to Christ.

These prophecies originated at a time of great depression. After the glorious age of David and Solomon, the Hebrew nation dwindled into the two tribes and the ten. The former were first swept into exile, and the latter were held captive at Babylon.

The Jews were a pious race. They were filled with devotion to Jehovah. They prayed devoutly to him in their darkest hour, humbly accepting their misery as a just punishment for their sins. They were certain that the God of their fathers had not deserted them, and the darker the hour, the stronger their expectations. A deliverer, a Messiah would come and gather the scattered Jews at Jerusalem. He was invested with the airy raiment of poetry. He was great and good, an ideal.

The divided tribes would be united, and an eternal kingdom founded, from which idolatry would be banished, Jehovah reconciled to his people, and perfect peace and happiness reign. Jerusalem would be the Capitol of the world, and surrounding nations bow in reverence to the Jewish names. The pomp and grandeur of Solomon would be surpassed, and the Mosaic law, thrown on an eternal foundation, prevail in all its purity.

Did Christ meet the requests of these prophecies? Nothing promised has been fulfilled. The ten tribes have vanished from the earth; the two tribes have no kingdom; the Messiah looked for by the Jews has not come, as they truly say, he never will come. They were expecting him coming at the advent of Christ, but they could not receive him. They were with him, they would be liable to be prejudiced in his favor than otherwise, but they rejected him. His kingdom was not of this world; it was spiritual, while the expected savior would be a temporal king.

Jesus himself was slow to apply the prophecy to himself, and he did not, until forced to do so by the pressure of events.

The Methodist Episcopal Church has 55 schools, 1,100 teachers, and 9,000 pupils in Hamilton county, Ohio, according to a recent report.

A school for negro preachers has been organized at Lexington, Ky, under the Christian Church.

The Baptists of Germany have increased to ninety-six churches, and over seventeen thousand members.

THE DEVIL STILL AHEAD!

God Sick,—His Attending Physicians the D. Ds. The Devil Ahead.

BY J. EYHERS.

According to the teachings of old rotten Theology, there are two great Gods in this universe of about equal power. It is true they call one the Devil, but it makes no difference what they call him—their own history of him shows that he has as much, and even greater power than his opponent, and much better success attends all his operations. Then, if the first is a God, he is a God, too. They are decidedly antagonistic to each other in all their operations. When one says "Yes," the other says "No." The one pulls up, the other pulls down. The downward pull seems to be the long pull, the strong pull, and the pull altogether, and takes the crowd. The upward pulling God, although all-powerful, finds it an uphill business, and the consequence is, that his Gospel-net is taking but very few fish from the great ocean of humanity, and they of the smallest fry of minnows at that. One of these Deities, they call "God," the other "Devil." Both are real persons,—big masculines—not supposed to have any wives. One has had children (an only begotten son), the other none. The natural conclusion concerning the parentage of the first—must have used somebody's else wife—masculines without any females!—an anomaly in nature. The first of these is supposed to be very good; the other, very bad. One is black; the other white.

Theology represents these two great antagonists as having started on a very long race many thousand years ago. The prize for which they run is the human race. A race for the human race! The thing is laughable! Theology also demonstrates that in this race, the Devil is still ahead! It is now demonstrated by close figuring, that if Theology be true, the Devil will get about nine out of ten of the entire human family—rather a losing game for the Almighty. He had better invested His power and material in something else than making men and women—it doesn't pay.

It is singular how good is so completely outstripped by evil, especially when everybody knows that evil is the strongest and most powerful principle of the two. Why don't the Lord exchange position with the Devil, and get the "downhill side" of the question Himself? If He is all-wise and all-powerful, as represented, why does He let the Devil out-wit Him and get the advantage in every case? Why did He not have the advantage of the broad, smooth and down grade road for His followers at the start, and not have His friends going about through this world singing, "How tedious and tasteless the hour, and that Jordan is a hard road to travel!" God being all-powerful, of course, could have had everything His own way. Why, then, does He allow Himself to be thus beaten on grades, and per consequence, lose ninety per cent of the whole human race, which naturally belonged to Him by the right of creation? Such doctrines are ridiculous. They are awful—they are old reminders of heathenism! How humiliating and derogatory to the character of the great God, to thus suffer Himself to be beaten at His own game, by a subordinate creature of His own creation. How very like a God!

But, ah! I see at last how this matter all is. I think I have discovered the key that unlocks the whole mystery. *Deity must be sick!* I know he must have been an invalid for many centuries, for look at the long retinue of Doctors of Divinity (D. Ds.) that have been treating Him for a thousand years. Yes; Divinity must be sick, or we should not see so many D. Ds. administering unto Him. But His doctors are too much divided to accomplish anything. There are entirely too many different systems trying their hand upon Him. The Methodist D. Ds. administer their system, because they are very sure that God is a Methodist. Presbyterians administer theirs for the same reason; so do the Baptists, and all the other denominations. These are all slopshops and orthodox. They use strong medicine and lots of it,—hell fire and brimstone, Universalists and Unitarians are homeopaths; they use small pills, sugar-coated! Campbellites are hydropaths; they believe in sacred hydraulics, and use rivers of water and apply externally. But, oh! "get out," here comes the Catholic D. Ds.—I had almost forgotten them. They claim to be the oldest, largest and most respectable school of heavenly physicians. The rest are all bogus. They are certain that God is a Catholic now, always was a Catholic and always will be a Catholic. Yes; I should judge that Deity must be sick and unable to attend to His business, seeing the degraded condition of His affairs on earth. His kingdom is all cut up into factions, warring and debating with each other, presenting to the mind the most perfect specimen of a house divided against itself that the world ever saw. Yes, I think Deity is thoroughly sick of this pack of hungry priests, who have so mismanaged the affairs of His kingdom here below, as to bring it into disrepute with all the thinking progressive minds of the age, giving the Devil all the best minds and flower of intellect, and leaving the fools for Him. What a singular thing this great system of modern Theology is. What great effects without any appropriate causes! Nature teaches us that there are no effects without sufficient causes to produce them. This is reason. It follows, then, that where you find great systems of Theology having no natural causes underlying them, sufficient to produce them—that those systems are bogus and exist only in the imagination. What then is the cause of this large per cent of the human family being lost forever, according to Theology? Analyze their system down to first principles, and you will discover that it all resolves itself into this silly idea, laughable as it is, that Adam and Eve made a slight mistake, and ate a few apples "off of the wrong tree!" and was persecuted thereby, by a snake at that. No wonder that the world is running into infidelity as the churches call it.

If they have no better stories to present to the thinking reasoning mind, they had better go and preach to monkeys. Our present theological systems are a disgrace to the intellect, to the progress, to the light and knowledge of the nineteenth century. The churches of to-day, are nothing more nor less than an organized infidelity; infidel to the progress of the age, and to the new spiritual dispensation. Science has played smash with Theology.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

PHIENOMENAL.

Unconscious Mesmerism—Obsession.

BRO. JONES:—In the "BANNER OF LIGHT," of the 16th inst., I saw an article headed as above, which was taken from the "Lewiston (Me.) Journal," of Sept. 27th. The case as there stated, I have condensed, and is briefly as follows: "A man by the name of Downs had been in the habit of mesmerizing (as it is called) a Mr. Charles Woodward, of Auburn, and on the 23rd day of September last, Downs entered Woodward's shop, and casually threw his arms about his neck (having, as he afterwards asserted, no intention of influencing him mesmerically) and then left the shop. Woodward, however,

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Unconscious Mesmerism—Obsession.

fall into the somnambule condition, and soon began to behave strangely—viz: he danced, sang and told persons he encountered their family secrets, that could not have been known to him, evidently showing that he possessed clairvoyant and mind reading powers. A physician was called in to relieve him, who prescribed a rubbing with mustard, which a Mr. Blake undertook to do, and while rubbing him, Woodward suddenly came to his senses—at the same time Mr. Blake was attacked with nervous tremors—his muscles contracted, his body withered, and he became unconscious (or fell into the somnambule condition and was possessed). He then began to sing, dance, and cut up all sorts of antics; was able to read the minds of all around him, and possessing thrice his usual strength, became unmanageable and had eventually to be secured. He was then conveyed to where Downs was for the purpose of having him restored. Downs having placed his hands upon him, he was at once restored to consciousness. Many theories were formed in regard to the nature of the condition these men were in, and several explanations were attempted by various journalists, but the gentlemen were evidently at sea without a compass or a rudder.

The facts in these cases warrant me in saying that, both these men are conscious somnambulists, consequently mediums; and Woodward believing that Downs intended to mesmerize him (and not knowing that he could resist him if he were so disposed), fell into the somnambule or, as it is improperly called, the mesmeric or animal magnetic condition, and when *in it*, some wayward spirit took possession of him, and cut up all the pranks that occurred. When Blake attempted to restore him by rubbing with mustard, he (Blake) being also susceptible, or an unconscious somnambulist, the spirit left Woodward and took possession of him.

The case is simply a double one, of somnambulism and spirit control, and the relieving by Downs was affected because it was believed that he had the power to do so, and it will be observed in both cases, that as soon as the men were relieved of the somnambule condition the spirit lost its control, because it is impossible for spirits to control any one that is not in, or susceptible of entering that condition. The young man that accompanied Blake to where Downs restored him to consciousness, was also susceptible, and if it had not been for the idea that he entertained—viz: that Downs could prevent it, he would have fallen into the somnambule condition, and then could have been possessed by the spirit in the same way.

Belief, example or precedent, has put hundreds into the state, because they did not know that they could resist it if they really made the effort to do so. Fraternally, WM. B. FAHNESTOCK.

Voices from the People.

K. Graves.

K. Graves, the veteran lecturer and reformer, writes to us as follows:

I have again put the harness on, and am working in the field of spiritual and theological reform, with good spirits, high hopes and general success. My missionary labors are crowned with good fruits. I have thirteen appointments to lecture in Hamilton, Montgomery and Fountain counties, Indiana. If there are any other localities in the State of Indiana, where the voice of a living speaker is desired, and they are willing to listen to my humble efforts, I desire the friends of the cause to write to me immediately and apprise me of the fact. My address is Richmond, Indiana. I will pay all expenses over and above an important appreciation of my labors. Please write soon. Having, in compliance with the earnest solicitation of several friends, accepted the appointment of State Missionary,—I desire to hear from every locality in the State "where two or three can be gathered together, not in my name, but in the name of eternal truth, and there will I be in the midst of them as soon as I can reach the place.

MINNESOTA.

Letter from J. L. Potter.

DEAR SIR:—Please allow me space in the JOURNAL to inform the friends generally, and the Spiritualists of Minnesota in particular, of my whereabouts and doings.

To THE SPIRITUALISTS OF MINNESOTA, Greeting.—Having completed an engagement with the Executive Board of the State Association, as their agent for the year ensuing, I take this opportunity of saying to the friends throughout the State, I am ready for work at any and all places in the State where a voice can be raised, calling for help. Please send in your orders, friends, so I can arrange my routes and save expense to friends and association. The cause is growing in every part of the State I have visited. Let us have concert of action, and lay the giant error, superstition, crouching in the dust. Let all be earnest and faithful to the cause that has brought life and immortality to light, thus showing to the world that truth is above all price. We make no compromise with theology. I am a trance speaker, give all of my lectures in a trance state, speaking exclusively on Spiritualism. Let me hear from you, friends, soon as possible. Give me your sympathy and strength, and I hope to do my part of the work as becomes an earnest worker in the cause.

Address me at Morrilton, Rice county, Minnesota, care of Hon. Isaac Pope. Respectfully, J. L. POTTER.

MILWAUKEE.

Letter from H. S. Brown, M. D.

DEAR JOURNAL:—I enclose you another short article. You will be the judge of its value. Your columns are so filled with interesting matter that mine do not come in so often as to crowd me much. This has been rather lucky for me, because in preparing for the winter my time has been very much employed. Spiritualism in Milwaukee is growing in the minds of the people with a steady, constant growth, but the only means we are using is to keep open a "Free speech hall," where we have two meetings each Sunday. Some of our most prominent citizens occupy our stand, and give us our discourses. Their speeches are criticised by the members of the society as they think they deserve. J. B. Smith, Esq., gave an address last Sunday, and Hon. C. L. Stoates is expected to deliver one in two weeks from that time. We expect other prominent citizens to do the same, and in this way establish a free speech gospel to the poor that will do them good, because it will cause them to think and speak for themselves.

Our gospel is so different from that of the Christians that we must adopt a very different plan. First, we condemn no one for their faith. No really evil person will. Second, we hear them state their position or faith attentively and answer them courteously and candidly. Third, we open our hall for the purpose of enabling the doubters of the truth of Spiritualism to come and give their reasons for their doubts. This is done that we may correct our errors and theirs, and arrive at practical religious truths.

Captain Dana Robinson recently died at St. Johns, N. B., having effected insurance on his life in favor of four names each to the amount of seventy thousand dollars each, payable when they reach 25 years old.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal. MEDIA; OR THE CHARMED LIFE: A Story of Fact, Phenomena and Mystery.

BY GEORGE SOMERVILLE. CHAPTER VIII. THE RIVAL BELLES.—THE UNKNOWN.

Grim-visaged winter had cast his icy chains abroad, with a hard relentless hand, and all nature slept upon the frosted hier draped in a flowing robe of snow.

Yet a gay and brilliant scene did the snow-glazed streets of our city present on the first day of the year, following the grand and glorious sociable.

Far as the eye could see, all was veiled in fleecy white, and the warming rays of the sun, bright and clear, bleaded streets, housetops, spire and dome of the happy city, into a silvery sheen of pleasing beauty.

From early dawn till far into midnight, and past the dawn of the first hours of the following day, did the merry breeze bear aloft the busy tramp of steeds, and wait away into far reaching echo the sweet music of the jingling bells, and laughing merry voices from out the gliding sleigh.

Media, Annie, Randolph and their merry associates, had returned from their happy sleigh ride of the evening. And late next forenoon, Annie Rodgers, as she stood a moment at the store door, enjoying the animated snow scene without she suddenly exclaimed, "Media, here, come quick." The latter emerged hastily from the adjoining workroom.

"There goes that strange gentleman again, to whom Randolph gave me an introduction on new year's eve. Is he not handsome?" "Indeed he is, and if I report he true, he is as good as he is beautiful." I am informed he is strongly suspected of being the projector of the late charity sociable.

"Better and better; yet I am not so much surprised, for Randolph entertained me on that evening with the peculiar circumstances under which he first formed this acquaintance, which exhibits him in the light of a quiet, unheralded Philanthropist, going among the poor of our great city, and administering to their necessities.

"But in what manner does he propose to convert the sociable into an object of benevolence? Some have said: 'By the sale of the head dresses worn on that occasion. But his purpose is to devote for the relief of the necessitous the entire proceeds of that grand entertainment, paying the expenses of the affair, rent, &c., from his private resources.'

"Excellent. I am happy to contribute in this way my small mite." "Yes. But, Media, how comes on the 'Count'—has he fully recovered yet from the effects caused by his skillful efforts to save you from the gully the night we upset in the snow drift?" Annie blithely inquired, changing the subject, not a little to Media's chagrin. The latter replied—"Oh, I believe he is quite recovered. But the upset, ugh, let us forget that, Anna, if you please. It gives me a chill just to remember it; we might have all been killed—"

"Never heard of a death by being pitched into a snow bank—"

"There you go again. Come, Annie, tell us something of yourself and your protector on that lovely occasion. Is it indeed true that you are so ardently attached to Randolph Haines?" Pointed, and the gentle Annie was for a moment at a loss to reply. Youthful and innocent, her sense of truth would not permit her to equivocate. Though blushing deeply, she assented by a motion of the head, "And you intend to unite yourself to him?" "You ask me if I am attached to Randolph. To you, Media, I answer freely, I am—"

Half-a-mile distant another scene progresses. Attached to an omnibus, a pair of fractious horses took sudden fright, and ran down the street at a fearful rate, whirling the coach from side to side with terrible velocity, cleaving out of the way everything with which it came in contact.

Men, women, and children all frightened, fled away, taking shelter in alleys and stores nearest them.

On and on the affrighted steeds dashed, in their mad flight. A child, starting across the street, had misjudged the distance. He was in the midst of the broad avenue, and the wild animals upon him. He was unable to cross safely, nor could he retreat, 'Twas a fearful sight. Fear blanched his cheeks—a moment of solemn awe! Many saw the peril of the little one, and every breath was hushed, every muscle relaxed, while all eyes closed to shut out the painful vision.

A moment the runaways seemed to waver, and in an instant reared upon their hind feet over the helpless little one. A person, to all eyes transformed in an instant to an angel, darted across the street, caught up the boy, and with a single leap, sprang to the opposite side. The child was saved, and the horses dashed away, yet fiercer than before.

Many gathered around the little fellow, congratulating him on his fortunate escape from death. But his deliverer—they looked up for him. He had disappeared ere any could thank him. Yet richest blessings of the thankful parent's heart crowned the noble soul of the Unknown, who, as the happy eccentric philanthropist, after saying the life of the little one, pursued the "noiseless tenor of his way" among the poor and outcasts of the city; relieving to the extent of his benevolent ability, their most extreme wants. On and on he passed to the countless blessings nor paused on his devoted head, nor to witness the calm upon his deepest thankfulness shed like rain o'er his open palms. On, and still on he passed, speaking words of good will to the disconsolate and meek. He asked not, sought not reward; but was amply recompensed in the holy emotions of gratitude in the thankful hearts of those whom he so cheerfully comforted.

CHAPTER IX. JEALOUSY, PRIDE, MISTAKE, FATE.

In her home sat our beautiful and vivacious Media. Near her sat Charles Orsay. Media was unhappy, and strangely now exhibited a coolness of feeling, and a formality of expression, which for the time quite puzzled even the gay "Count."

After several ineffectual efforts to induce her into the social mood, he enquired: "Media, what in the world is the matter with you this evening?" "Quite sufficient, though it be matter only, Mr. Orsay."

"By your manners, Media, excuse me, please, but they seem as freezing as an iceberg." "Not, perhaps, without a chilling cause."

"Cause? Media, what is there, pray, what can there be to cause you to comport yourself so formally with me to night?" "Mr. Orsay, you are acquainted with a Miss Maxwell?"

"Well, and if so, what then?" "You were in her company a few evenings since at the opera."

"Ahem—and if I was—what's to pay?" "Mr. Orsay—do not ask. From to-night you will please cease further attentions toward me."

Our beautiful Media, alas, assumed the most haughty air, and hid her cherry-like lips, with stifled though painful vexation. Jealousy, the selfish monster, was now busy with her

thoughts. "Media," Orsay interrupted, "this is sudden; what does it mean? If indeed I have offended, I have done so unintentionally I assure you, and I sincerely beg a thousand pardons, gentle lady." This, though well intended, the perplexed Media received in irony, and deemed the humble though very gallant apology, a wicked taunt to goad her; and, with all her pride, she broke into a flood of tears, of grief, more of anger than regret.

"Charles Orsay, leave me. Do not presume to draw me down to a level with Miss Maxwell. For know, sir, if rumor be true, she is not more of the 'Lady' than by her pretensions she should be."

Mute with astonishment at this caustic thrust at the honor of one whom he knew to be above reproach, he had arisen to his feet, and now in her language and manners read plainly that—"Trifles light as air are to the jealous strong as proofs of Holy Writ."

He sought not to argue the subject any further, nor yet to restate himself in Media's esteem. But simply said:

"Well, Media, that it has come to this I am sorry, for as we have passed many pleasant seasons together, I had flattered myself with the prospect of many more of happiness, even greater. The present seems not to promise such. Hence, Media, though I shall ever respect you, I bid you now briefly a very good night."

"All farewells should be sudden, when forever," was her characteristic and spirited reply, as he extended his hand, which she scarcely touched and turned away. As the door closed between them, she sank down upon the sofa and wept bitterly. She had loved the gay Orsay, and little expected he could meet her with such a degree of cool philosophy. She counted upon her accusation to him producing more of a scene. She loved a "scene." But now, poor Media, disappointed, sank down exhausted, miserable, unhappy.

"Endeavor not to dissuade me, Ella, for it is decided that we sail to-morrow," spoke Clarence Clinton to Ella Russell, as he arose to leave her at the close of one of their evening interviews. He had been speaking at length of his contemplated absence from the city, in which he would not see her again perhaps for several months. Ella was sad at the thought of this, and strove, by every feasible means which her love could prompt, to induce him to give up his perilous project. "Clarence," said she persuasively, "you would not leave to-morrow, should it storm, as it does now? O give over this wild adventure. If you go on this hazardous journey, I fear you will never return."

"Ah, my dear, take not on so about so brief an absence—Nothing venture, nothing win, you know. Be patient; yet a little while and I will return rich and honored—return and claim the gentle Ella as my bride. Here, now dry up those glistening tear drops—no longer look so sad." He pressed her gently to his breast, and on her caustic brow left his farewell kiss.

"The storm, dear Clarence—O, I fear you will be slain."

"The storm, dearest, will spend itself to-night, and to-morrow we will have a clear and beautiful day for our departure."

"Ah, Clarence, to me 'tis a gloomy day. When you leave, all my happiness is gone. O stay, stay." Poor Ella's tears now began to trickle fast.

"Believe me, lovely one, I shall return honored and rich. You shall wear a diadem, and be almost a queen. Then you will not regret your Clarence sailed for the queen of the Antilles."

"Clarence, Clarence, 'tis mockery—all. Far happier am I as the humble milliner girl, blessed with the heart of him I love, than could I ever be possessed with all the treasury of the wealthy Indies. Clarence, you must not, shall not go."

"It pains me, Ella, to hear you speak so. My name is registered to go. My obligations such I cannot retreat. Consent, and let us part, happy and true, hoping not forever, but again to meet joyfully and glad."

But, Clarence, does the United States government favor such designs on a weak and foreign power, with whom we are at peace?"

"Ella, I believe we are right in making Cuba a Republic. This is our mission; time grows apace—we must be active and awake. Lives of great men all remind us, O, remember the noble liberator General Bolivar; wherever he went, he was hailed as the noble Washington of South America."

"Parson, Clarence, can you not remember the poor deluded and defeated Lopez, whose attempts at liberating the supposed oppressed were made more recently than those of the noble Bolivar?"

"Yes, Ella, I do remember, as though it were but yesterday, when the noble patriot perished so ignominiously by the accursed hands of those who should have flocked to his standard of Freedom, welcomed him with open hands as their great leader, and struck home for the liberation of their native land from a servitude far worse than the late African slavery of the South. But they hunted him down like a dog, ensnared him by mean stratagem, and then put him to death. O my blood fires my veins as I contemplate so base a deed. Ella, I must away. Remember, yes I do remember. Come, love, your words have called up thoughts that burn like flame through my stirring brain. One kiss yet, dear Ella, and then—"

"O Clarence, do not leave me thus."

"I must. You shall hear from us soon, tidings that will swell your heart with joy. Farewell."

"O Clarence do not leave me. If you should fall—oh, he is gone—he hears me not—alone—alone—"

On the bold pinnacles of ambition, Clarence Clinton, our mechanic author, now a soldier of freedom, sped away, and the gentle Ella settled down in a chair, and, burying her face within the folds of her sable dress, wept as though her heart would break. Ella, the Georgian, was a beautiful girl, and, at this period, she was just entering her sixteenth year. In person she was of medium height, and in carriage, though but the humble milliner girl, yet was she graceful and easy as one educated for the court. Her complexion seemed faultless, almost dazzling fair, save at times, when a charming flush suffused her pretty cheek with the pleasing hue of the rose. Her eyes, not too large, were dark hazel, appearing at a distance black as jet, and which sparkled and twinkled by turns, like the stars in the cold evening sky; with a mixture of the Grecian and aquiline nose, and a small beautifully formed mouth, which contained a set of teeth, which, when revealed, were like treasures of pearls, set in a casket of coral. Her chin also, small, and dimpled, showing her to be of a very sensitive yet forgiving disposition; her hair long and flowing, jet and glossy, seemed, in truth, her very crown of glory. In a word, Ella, the beautiful Georgian, was just such a girl as novelists love to make their heroines.

Was Ella Russell a Creole? She was born in Georgia, yet she must have received much of the lovely Creole's noble nature from her mother, who was originally of St. Iago de Cuba.

When Ella was yet quite young, she followed in deep sorrow her loved father to the tomb. Though she was not left in destitute circumstances, yet the competence left his widow and only child was quite small. Hence to live as they desired, they removed to Philadelphia, where, with the gentle Ella's assistance, mother and daughter lived, if not in luxury, yet in comfortable circumstances. Ella gained acquaintance of Clarence just prior to the liberal and charity sociable of New Year's Eve, and until now had

no cause to regret the acquaintanceship. They had passed many happy hours together, and now that he had so suddenly left her, perhaps never to return, she felt sad indeed. She sat long absorbed in grief, mourning until aroused by the clock, reminding her of her usual hour for retiring. With the next day's task of the store before her, she arose, as it were instinctively, and, staggering across the room, sought her chamber.

What though she threw herself indifferently across the bed, did "nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep" come graciously to her relief, and extract the bitter poison from the cruel fangs of her despondency; or did her wakeful troubled mind, in fitful dreaming, follow her lover throughout his long voyage?—see him step with the bold advancing column of the "Liberators" on the soil of proud Grenada. She saw the first blow struck, and the strife fully begun; and, following her loved Clarence through the thickest of the fight, she anon beholds him fall, and straining her gaze until her eyes balls ache, she sees him rise again. Joy quickens her pulse, and her waking spirit follows him on and still on, by the white plumes he wears, until, with rapture, she sees him enter the capitol in triumph. She remembers his words: "Be patient; yet a little while and I shall return honored and rich." She hears now, like the sound of many waters, the spontaneous shout of victory. Overjoyed she gazes long—smiles in bright hope.

A black curtain rolls down, and shuts out the pleasing vision. Her convulsive shuddering at this sudden change o'er the spirit of her dream causes her very couch to shake beneath her. Her restless spirit waits her mind away again, and to the panorama is added a lone and dreary rock in the midst of the stormy sea. And there, by the light of an occasional gleam of lightning, she sees her loved one kneeling amid the pitiless storm—in the gloomy distance fit fragments of the awful wreck.

Ah, what though in this tedious manner she passed the entire night away—what though her face next morning was flushed, and her eyes red with weeping? Could she shut herself away from the cold and heartless world? No. The store, the workroom must not lack her presence. And what though during the day she made a confidant of a co worker, Amelia Stephens, who in the evening, broke suddenly into upon her privacy with the hilarious exclamation—"Oh, Ella, come with us quick to the Opera to-night—will drive the blues away from you."

"Yes, come my sweet little of the valley," joined the Count, laughing heartily at Ella's surprise, which had indeed driven quite all the color from her naturally rosy cheeks. Come and witness; see, experience 'care for the heart ache' Oh you shall not say nay. So come—come, throw on your shawl and hood, and for once forget these gloomy thoughts—"

Before the gentle Ella could decline, they had her attired ready for their departure—Amelia arranging her head dress, and the "Count" adjusting, gaily indeed, her shawl.

As they entered the place of amusement, they were joined by Josephine, and Frederick Weldon. Just at that moment, also Randolph Haines and the Unknown passed arm in arm, bowing politely, they passed gaily on, on their way to the Haines' mansion, where the Unknown, according to previous arrangement, was to favor Randolph with the further history of his life.

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"Well, does this God live in this house, and can I go in and see him? I would like to talk with him." "Oh, no," said I, "you entirely misunderstand. This God does not live here in the sense that you would have it, but is supposed by his worshippers to live somewhere in the regions of space, and to sit on a great white throne from which he can see and hear and know all things that take place in the universe. The people only come here to worship him." "Oh, yes, I understand—thank you; but where are the worshippers? Why are they not here to worship now?" "You mistake again," said I, "the people here in this country, and at the church, only worship one day in seven. The house is shut up the other six days." "Oh, that indeed explains the thing. Where I live we worship God all the time, but in a different manner. Well, what do the people do the other six days while the church is shut up?" "Oh," said I, "and I hated to say it, too," they worship themselves during that time." "They do? Why, how impious and selfish they must be to only worship God one day and themselves six?" "Well," said I in exultation, "they are not as wise as they ought to be. Perhaps they will learn better one of these days." "I hope so," said he, "for this is a grand and beautiful building, and I don't think that the workmen who built it must be very skillful and ingenious men, and doubtless they live in much nicer buildings than even this, seeing they have to eat and sleep and worship themselves so much." "Quite the contrary," said I, "at least it is so with some of them. Do you see that row of shanties over there? Do you see the windows stuffed with rags? Do you see those barefooted children clothed in rags? Do you see that starving family at the corner? Do you see that sick and dying woman? That drunken man? Do you see that company of men with nothing to do and nothing to eat? These are the men whose labor built this church." "Why, you astonish me," said he, "why did they not build themselves good houses first, and the church afterwards? But I see that while you have had great genius to contrive and construct beautiful buildings, you have very little sense to use them." "I would have replied, but he was gone, and yet the words, great genius and little sense, ring in my ears for a week afterwards."

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The Pen is mightier than the Sword.

A SIGN WANTED.

The Convulsions in the Natural and Religious Worlds—The Contemplated Prayer-Meeting—Disorderly Christians.

Tornadoes, volcanic eruptions, inundations, water spouts and electric shocks, constitute to a certain extent, the convulsions of nature, at the present time. The natural world, however, is constantly in a turbulent condition, and these throes to which it is continually subject, seem to have been ordained by the higher powers, for a wise purpose. The earthquake may engulf cities in ruins, devastate fertile fields and send death and consternation among the people, still it has its use, and was ordained for a wise purpose. It is difficult to believe that the brilliant flash of lightning that just descended from the murky clouds, causing the death of one we fondly loved, was designed for some beneficent end. There seems to be a want of co-operation in the works of nature and the operations of man.

The waters may inundate the most fertile regions on the face of the earth; the electric elements, descending from the positive clouds to the negative earth, may destroy the farm-house where a family lives that have worked hard, under embarrassing circumstances, to build it; the eruptions of a volcano may cause rivers of lava to flow, demolishing every vestige of the works of civilization, and yet the query naturally arises in the mind, why is it that there is such a lack of co-operation between the works of nature and the operations of man? Well, this is a pertinent question, and one that is well worthy of careful consideration. Not feeling disposed to answer the interrogatory at the present moment, we would like, however, to ask an Over Ruling Providence, why is it that there is such convulsions in the various religious denominations? Religion and Nature seem to be contending as to which possesses the most power, and the question might well be asked, considering the seeming antagonism that prevails on all sides, "Watchman, what of the night?" In fact, many feel like a mariner at sea without compass or rudder—not even a star shining, through the instrumentality of which he might determine his latitude and longitude. Amidst all this antagonism, we are led to inquire repeatedly, "Watchman, what of the night?" The lightning flashes, the thunders roll, the rain falls in large drops, the earth trembles here and there, and it seems as if the very elements were striving as to which possessed the most power to do harm. In the religious world, the condition of affairs is no better. One minister has four wives; one is on trial for murdering his wife after perfecting an insurance on her life for several thousand dollars; another, a Catholic, is put in jail in the city of New York, for some misdemeanor; another seduces one of his misdeeders daughters, and then departs for sections unknown. Two societies in the East quarrel over the possession of church property, and the consequence is, pistols are drawn, and hard words spoken, resulting in a general fight. Corruption among the Orthodox exists everywhere; it is frightfully appalling. There is not a day passes but we hear of an arrest of some prominent church

member for committing some deprecation on the rights of others. The Warren County (Mo.) Democrat says, "That a missionary Baptist preacher, calling himself Richard Hovey, went to Truxton, Lincoln county, Missouri, preached every night and sometimes in the day. After preaching some three weeks there and in the vicinity, he was taken suddenly ill, made his will, willed some sixty thousand dollars worth of property to various individuals, and thirty thousand dollars to Miss Emma Holiday, of Truxton. As it happened, he recovered from his illness, and on the 4th instant, was married to Miss Emma, and they then went to Florence on a preaching expedition. After preaching several days he proposed to attend the Montgomery Fair, but instead went to Danville, where he got drunk, said he had eight wives beside Emma, and intended to have another before two months. At Danville he let his wife know that he intended to leave the country. She being interested for herself and the owner of the horse and buggy, refused to go with him, and took the reins and drove to Florence, where she told Hovey that she was done with him, and sent for her father. Hovey learned that he would be arrested for obtaining money on his forged certificates of deposit, and took leg bail through a cornfield. Richard E. Hovey hails from New York State, is about forty-nine years old, a missionary Baptist preacher, a fine speaker, weighs about one hundred and forty pounds, has black hair and whiskers mixed with gray, teeth uneven, dark complexion, and is about five feet nine and a half inches high."

Nine wives, just think of it! Brigham Young out done! Orthodox vying with the Mormons as to supremacy! But this case is only a repetition of numberless others that are constantly occurring.

We have a "pigeon hole" in our cabinet, devoted to "disorderly Christians." We reach forth to cull another case of transgression—when lo! the following clipping presents itself to our view:

A REVEREND RASCAL. Perdy and Villany of a Methodist Preacher.

Holly Correspondence Detroit Free Press, Oct. 18.

One of the worst cases of crime that has ever transpired in our midst, or indeed, that has ever come under my notice, is that of a Methodist clergyman by the name of Washington W. Welch, who is now under arrest and examination before Justice Baker, of this village, charged with having committed rape upon the person of Louisa J. Green, Elder O. H. P. Green's wife, of this township, also a clergyman of the Methodist persuasion, and a man of property and average standing in community. As this matter is the all absorbing topic of conversation hereabouts, unusual publicity has already been given to it, and there is no reason why the facts as they are alleged, or as they appear, should not be legitimate matter for publication in the journals of the day.

Under the existing circumstances, we have no doubt you feel bewildered—what shall you do? A happy thought just hit us. The question can be settled. The people shall no longer be in doubt. By general consent, the knottiest question that the world ever produced can be easily adjusted to the satisfaction of all. How? Yes, how? the multitude eagerly inquire. Why, adopt the suggestions of an Eastern Divine. It was a happy one, and will meet the approval of all. It is this: Let all churchmen kneel down precisely at twelve o'clock on the 1st of January next, and pray to the God of Abraham, the God of Isaac and Jacob, and probably the God of Jonah, John and Solomon,—for a sign." While we are praying here precisely at twelve o'clock, in the city of New York the people will have concluded theirs, and just got up to wipe the dust off their pants, while one thousand miles west of us, they are preparing for the grand event. Don't you understand the first principles of geography well enough to know that during that day it is constantly twelve o'clock somewhere on the face of the earth, resulting in one of the most boisterous prayer-meetings in the world? What a glorious prayer-meeting! Just think of it! a constant entreaty going upward to the great I AM, for a sign. Such a prayer-meeting the world never witnessed and probably never would again. But what sign shall you pray for? Would religionists be as much divided as the legislature of Tennessee was on the election of a United States senator? Could they possibly unite on a sign, some symbol, or some indication in the heavens whereby we shall know whether the Christian religion is really true or not. There would be the great difficulty, they could not unite on a sign. The Baptist would want an angel to appear sprinkling a convert; the Methodists would want an "anxious seat" to make its appearance just on the surface of the moon; the Presbyterians would want the Holy Ghost to make his appearance in a cloud, while the Father and Son remained at home to keep house; the Catholics would want a cross to cover the entire heavens with all the saints on the calendar sitting thereon, repeating the "Ave Maria;" the Dunkers would want about a dozen fine ladies and gentlemen dancing in mid air. There would be this diversity in the wishes of the various Orthodox churches in reference to this sign. The fact is, they could not unite on one—it would be utterly impossible. Some would want the sun to stand still as it did when the famous city of Jericho was being bombarded by Joshua and his valorous host. Some would want the moon turned to blood; others would like to have it made into fresh cheese and passed to the 11,000,000 of Spiritualists in the United States; others would like to have some ore raised from the dead—in fact, there would be no end to the diversity of wishes in regard to this matter. We, indeed, would have our preference. When a boy we learned a little song concluding with—"And the cow jumped over the moon." We would ask as a sign for us that the cow that got her head fastened into a potato barrel and walked through an eastern city, should be required to jump over that luminary, which is only situated about 240,000 miles distant, making in the aggregate probably, of only about 500,000 miles, traveled.

Should this thing be accomplished, we will be satisfied that Christianity is true, and that it is necessary for us to become a follower of the Savior.

However, not being able to unite on a sign, why not leave it to God himself? He might let some whale swallow a Jonah, "stop the sun," or cause the moon to turn to blood. We are in favor of a sign, but we want it of that character that in future years hundreds of societies will not rise up, each of which will interpret it differently. Give us a sign that is expressive of something, and that has a lesson to impart.

How true it is, dear readers, that the world wants a sign, but it will never get it. Children of earth, you are but a drop in existence—you may feel within you those divine impulses that expand the mind and give you clearer perceptions of the nature of Deity, but you will never see Him as a personal God.

You are very foolish if you expect to see a personal God. You see him now as much as you will ever see him. Beings resembling you in general characteristics, but infinitely above you in intelligence and moral worth, are the only creators you will ever see. They are invisible to you to day, and will remain so, perhaps, for a million of years. Through their instrumentality, nebulous matter is collected together in accordance with well defined laws, and worlds and systems of worlds are brought into existence. By and by we will unfold to you these mysteries, open the gates that lead to the Spirit World, and present to you pen-sketches of its beauties and grandeur.

THE DAVENPORT BROTHERS.

When a mere boy, we often queried in regard to the nature of those means, that, through the instrumentality of which the angels were enabled to make their appearance and dine with Abraham, liberate Peter, talk to Hagar, wrestle with Jacob, speak forth from the clouds in a loud voice saying, "Behold, we bring you glad tidings of great joy which shall be known unto all people." Those were certainly marvelous occurrences in the history of the world, and they are well calculated to excite the attention of the thinking mind. No less miraculous to our mind was the liberation of Peter, the rolling away the stone in front of the sepulchre, and the raising of Samuel. In our youth, we read without philosophizing; now we never gather an idea from the realms of science or philosophy, that our mind does not wind its way into the inmost labyrinth of Nature, seeking a solution of the same. We study Nature with the same care now that we once did those puzzling problems in the Integral Calculus or Mathematical Astronomy.

In our visit to one of the seances of the Davenport Brothers the other evening, we had presented before us a problem, grand in its nature, broad in its proportions, yet so simple that any school boy could understand it easily. It is not, however, our intention in this article to enter into a discussion of the *modus operandi* of the spirits in so materializing themselves; that they can move material substances, and present a hand, arm, or, indeed, the form of one of the denizens of the Spirit World, to the natural eye. This explanation will follow in due time in a series of articles on physical manifestations. In this, it was only our intention to simply partially describe the nature of their seances, and briefly relate the appearance of the wonderful manifestations given through them. Their cabinet, made of walnut, is about ten feet long and five feet wide, and is placed on three trestles, and as thus adjusted, it is about two feet from the floor, precluding the possibility of their receiving any co-operation or assistance from any aperture in the floor of the same, without immediate detection. The back part of the cabinet is so made that by no possible method could any one get into it without breaking the boards. The front consists of three doors. On the inside, are two immovable seats, one in each end; also one on the back. There were also bells, guitar, violin, etc., ready to be used by the unseen intelligences. Before the seance commenced, a committee of two were selected to securely tie their hands behind them, and to so fasten their body and legs that it would be quite impossible for them to stir in any one direction over one inch. After the committee had spent fifteen minutes in carefully tying them, so adjusting the ropes that by no process could they, unaided, unloose themselves,—the door at the right and middle were closed, and just as the one to the left was swinging on its hinges, we distinctly saw a hand touch the shoulder of one of the committee men. Now, remember they had just been securely tied; they could not move one inch in any direction, yet before the doors of the cabinet were closed, a hand made its appearance. No sooner were the doors closed than the bells began to ring, the violin discoursed sweet music, while the drumming of the tamborine kept at least two hands busy. The noise thus created, would require at least six hands—two for the tamborine, two for the violin and two for the bells, while from four to six hands were often seen at the little aperture in the front door. After this manifestation of power on the part of the denizens of the Spirit World, each of the committee, in turn, took a seat in the cabinet with the "Brothers," and were so situated that they could detect any movement on their part to produce the manifestations. One reported that he felt hands touching his face, cravat and shoulder, while the bells were ringing and music made on the tamborine and violin. He could detect no movement whatever on the part of the "Brothers." The other gentlemen made equally as favorable report.

After the close of the Davenport Brothers' seance, that of Prof. Fay was announced. One of the most marvelous feats on record, one which defies the solution of the most skillful sceptic on any other hypothesis than caused by the direct agency of the spirits, was performed, and consisted of taking off his coat when his hands were securely tied and the knot sealed with wax, so that the slightest movement on

his part could be detected. Thus pinioned, the lights were extinguished, and in an instant, his coat was removed without injuring the same in the least and thrown half way across the room.

In brief, the manifestations given were as follows:

- 1. After the hands of the "Brothers" were securely tied, and their body and legs fastened to the seat, an arm and hand was seen at the door before it could be closed.
2. The doors had not been closed a half minute before a brass horn weighing several pounds was thrown from a small aperture in the top of one of the doors.
3. The bells were rung, tamborine thrummed, and music made on the violin, all at the same time, requiring at least five or six hands.
4. While the music enumerated above was being produced, from four to six well defined hands could be seen at the small opening in the door, and that, too, when the "Brothers" hands were filled with flour.
5. Each of the committee took a seat in the cabinet, and reported that the "Brothers" did not move, though he was touched, the bells rang, etc.
6. They were untied by the unseen intelligences sooner than the committee could do it.
7. They were retied, stronger, more scientifically and in every way more secure, by the spirits, than the committee could do it.
8. The instruments were carried around the room in a manner well calculated to bewilder any one.
9. Prof. Fay's coat was instantly taken from him, while his hands were securely tied, sealed with wax, and his feet on paper, with pencil-marks around them, to show if he moved. The coat was not injured in the least.
10. To test Mr. Fay still further, the coat of one of the committee was put on him while secured as above.
11. The seance, grand indeed, defies philosophy, science or genuinity of man, to explain on any other hypothesis than this—"The direct agency of spirits."

Letter from Mrs. C. B. Shriver.

S. S. JONES:—Please discontinue my paper after December 4th, expiration of term. I like much of your paper, but am not able to take more than one at the same time. So to make a change, as I wish to for 1870, I want to have yours stopped.

I was sorry to see Mr. Church held up in your last issue as a reliable man. I saw the lights struck upon him here, and what further evidence do I and twenty other good citizens of Lincoln want to prove that he is an impostor.

REMARKS:—Our young sister speaks from her, and doubtless many others, standpoint. A "light was struck," and probably the medium was loosened, hence he is denounced as an impostor. When will Spiritualists have backbone enough to investigate philosophically, instead of being weak and ready to join in the general clamor of opponents, and cry out, "Impostor! Crucify him! Imprison him!"

Once, Peter, when in peril, cried out, cursing and swearing, "I know not the man," yet, a short time afterward, he was unbound, and the locks were unfastened, and he was released from prison by spirit hands. Many mediums are nowadays united much quicker by spirits than men, even experts, can do it. Iron rings are, by some law, to us unknown, placed upon arms of persons when held fast by the hands, in a manner seeming to be impossible. Coats and vests are taken off from mediums when tied hand and foot, and the same put on again in a moment's time, and yet the medium remains tied, and the knots sealed with sealing wax. If an iron ring can be severed and united, or a coat so quickly taken off, and yet found sound in all its parts, may not the medium Church be unloosened,—and fastened at pleasure, by spirits; and may not this very scene of his being in *disband* alluded to, provoke further investigation into the law of spirit power?

We have evidently lost a subscriber by our firm integrity to truth and justice to a medium. Well, so be it, our whole soul and material means are pledged to do even handed justice. If we fall in so doing for the want of support, we shall have the happy consolation of knowing that,

"Truth, crushed to earth, will rise again, The eternal years of God are hers; While error writhes in anguish And dies amid her votaries."

Perhaps many of our readers will see to it that our subscription list is not diminished by reason of the sister's withdrawing her support. We speak from knowledge. Wm. T. Canrich is an excellent medium.

Since writing the above, we are in receipt of a letter from Mr. M. W. Barrett, in which he details his experience, and boasts of "springing from his seat and catching the rascal by the throat," compelling him to refund all the money received, getting him fined and imprisoned, etc. etc. The spirit of the letter would well become a perceptible of the ages past, including the period of Christ's crucifixion, the days of Nero, and the more recent time of the Salem witchcraft.

Spiritualism in Cincinnati.

Mrs. Addie L. Ballou is now lecturing in Cincinnati to large and enthusiastic audiences. The Enquirer gives a full and impartial report of her lectures.

In alluding to her lecture on last Sunday evening, it says: "Greenwood Hall was crowded to the full extent of its seating capacity last night by an audience that listened with marked attention to the lecture of Mrs. Addie L. Ballou, of Chicago, on 'The Coming Conflict, a Moral and Religious Revolution Inevitable.'"

Societies desiring the services Mrs. Ballou can address her in care of this office, or in care of Post Office box 2091, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Mrs. M. J. Wilcoxson.

Who has been lecturing at Belvidere and other towns during the past few weeks, is now in this city.

In another column will be found a letter from Mrs. Spence.

"IF IT IS NOT SPIRITS, WHAT IS IT?"

"Though we have always looked upon Spiritualism as much worse than the sheerest humbug, and unworthy the attention of intelligent and right-minded people, we have never been able to exactly answer the above question, from the fact that we have entertained too much disgust of the hideous and preposterous fallacy and its followers to indicate them by inquiring into it. But the grand expose made of it at Hascall's Hall, the other night, by Mr. McQueen, not only revealed the "secrets" of this damning perdy, but afforded an amusing occasion for the large audience present. Mr. McQueen claims to be a converted ex-Spiritualist—having for a number of years operated as one of the greatest mediums in the country—and is now endeavoring to undo, so far as possible, the great injury he has done to mankind by teaching such pernicious doctrines and working so zealously as he did in such a bad cause. If he is indeed sincere in this, he may accomplish much toward overthrowing one of the most damning heresies that has ever cursed mankind, which we hope may be the case.

In his work of exposing and fighting against Spiritualism, Mr. McQueen knows whereof he speaks, for he has "been there" himself, consequently his explanations, as made at the hall on Saturday evening last, were plain and satisfactory to his audience. All were well pleased, and more than ever convinced that Spiritualism is the greatest humbug in existence. It is surprising how such a foolish and flimsy ism can lead astray so many people and do so much injury to the country. Spiritualism is certainly one of the great sins that all good people should fight against."—Goshen, (Ind.) Times.

The editor of the above named paper is either an ass or a preacher, probably both.

The tenor of his article demonstrates that he is the latter, or else perfectly symbolized by the long eared animal that carries a pack without knowing its contents. His simple assertion that Spiritualism is one of the great sins that all good people should fight against, reminds us that he is one of the fossils that belong to the first days of the Christian era—to the time when the gentle Nazarene and his followers were held in the same light by the bigoted and self-righteous Jews.

If the good people of the land of Goshen have been amused, as their astute editor represents, by this States prison bird, McQueen, they must be stupid indeed.

We have often published the fact that he was fresh from the States Prison at Jackson, Michigan, where he tried to gull the people into a belief that he was a medium, but was detected and denounced as an impostor by Spiritualists. Now the editor of this Goshen Times is trying to oppose Spiritualism by this miserable corrupt and convicted felon. Poor old Orthodoxy! Your ancestors, the ancient Jews, would have been ashamed to use such a miserable state's prison convict to secure a betrayal. How many pieces of silver do you pay to McQueen?

Shame and disgrace await you. The history of this new era will place your depravity in a more unfavorable light than the persecutors of Christ, or any other reformer of the past.

Do not say that McQueen, your oracle, is not a convict. If we misrepresent the fact, it is a libel for which we are responsible, and you, by your combined efforts can compel us to justify by facts in a court of justice, that which we have charged, all of which we shall be most happy to do.

WHAT IS UP? SOMEBODY WANTS THE GOVERNOR OF UTAH

Hiram White, correspondent of the Chicago Tribune, recently made an attack upon his Excellency, Charles Durkee, Governor of Utah, charging him, first, with being under the control of Brigham Young. Second, of being under the control or influence of the Mormons. Third, with not helping or aiding those who want to get away from Utah.

These charges are made for effect, and are intended to injure Governor Durkee, to the extent of making room for some other aspirant for the Governorship of Utah, to the end of producing a disaffection or quarrel with the Mormons that shall result in fat contracts and money making to certain parties, under the plea of a necessity, in order to subject that people to obedience to the laws of the United States.

This is no new game with pious applicants and Government slysters, who are hanging around for "something to turn up."

If there is a man exactly calculated by nature for Governor of that peculiar people, and at the same time firmly determined that all others who settle in that country, or who, being there, wish to get away shall be fairly dealt by, Charles Durkee is that man.

We have known Governor Durkee from boyhood up. He is one of the sons of trial,—a self made man. He is from the Green Mountains of our own native State,—Vermont—as Senator Douglas said:

"A good State to move from."

At an early day he settled in Wisconsin, where his straightforward integrity and adherence to the principles of right, rather than the tricks of a politician, gave him a seat in the United States Senate, and now the position of Governor of this rapidly growing Territory,—a position requiring far more skill than that of Governor of any other Territory belonging to the United States.

We really hope that such slanderous letters as that of Mr. White's, will fall far short of accomplishing the object intended, however frequently they may be repeated.

KIDDER THE BEE MAN.

In another column will be found the advertisement of Mr. Kidder, to which we invite the attention of those of our readers who love honey.

Mr. Kidder has published a book treating upon the subject of the honey bee, the way to manage them, etc., etc. It is one of the most interesting little works, published upon that subject and should be in the hands of every housekeeper.

By a perusal of this book it will be seen that every family can easily raise their own supply of honey at a nominal cost. No one is too poor to keep one swarm of bees at least. One swarm well managed will yield a supply of honey for a small family, and increase from one to three new swarms every year. For many years we have had a swarm in our wood shed chamber that has supplied all the honey we required.

"Kidder's secret of Bee-keeping can be had at this office. See our book-list in this paper."

WELL DONE.

Our old subscribers have sent us 215 new subscribers during the last week.

Brother S. C. Viles, of Maine, leads, and receives our sincere thanks for his special effort in behalf of the JOURNAL.

Philadelphia Department.

Subscription will be received, and papers may be obtained at wholesale or retail, at 634 Race street, Philadelphia.

Mrs. Walter's Reply. It is rather amusing at this time when the current of progressive ideas is sweeping over our land, when Father Hyacinth, and ministers in England and in this country are moved by spiritual power to break the yokes of ecclesiastical tyranny...

We are under obligations to the Rev. Walton, of Bordentown, N. J., for having called forth the following able reply.

We think he has got into deeper water than he expected, when he ran a tilt, like Don Quixote, against a windmill of his own construction, which he supposes to be modern Spiritualism.

Try it again, brother, and you will hear from some of us.

Review by Mrs. S. C. Waters, of Rev. Wm. Walton's Fourth Discourse against Spiritualism, Delivered, Oct 17th, 1869, in Bordentown, N. J.

This sermon was first delivered some weeks since, and repeated last Sunday evening by request. I was unable to hear it the first time, but understand it had received some embellishments before its recent delivery.

Having, in all his previous discourses, declared the possibility of communion with departed spirits, and proved, by various citations from different authors, that it had been believed in and extensively exercised, for at least three thousand years, he now proposed to show us how God regarded it, by preaching from the text: "Regard not them that have familiar spirits, neither seek after wizards to be defiled by them."—Lev. 19:31.

To enlighten us regarding the nature of familiar spirits," he gave us Webster's definition, which is: "A demon or evil spirit supposed to attend a call." Did he suppose himself the only one present who had enjoyed the benefit of Webster's unabridged Lexicon, that he should assert that it was "well known that the Pagans called familiar spirits demons and thereby meant evil spirits," and that he also should withhold the following which throws still more light upon the subject? Webster defines demon as, "A spirit or immortal being, holding a middle place between men and the celestial deities of the pagans." And says, "The ancients believed that there were good and evil demons which had influence over the minds of men."

Mr. Walton said the text warned us to regard all persons having familiar spirits or holding intercourse with spirits, as being unworthy of respect, consideration, or esteem; and yet I know many such who stand both intellectually and spiritually on an eminence which towers high above the plane of deceit and misrepresentation on which he is exercising himself at present.

He cited the instance of Saul seeking Samuel through the woman of Endor, to show us how God regarded the violation of the command contained in the text, and the consequences that followed. He read us a sentence constructed in Bible language, doubtless supposing that his audience was so ignorant of the Bible that the counterfeit would be accepted as a literal extract from God's Holy Word. The apocryphal sentence was to the effect that God destroyed Saul because he obeyed not the word of the Lord but sought unto familiar spirits. My Bible reads that it was, "Because thou obeyedst not the voice of the Lord, nor executedst his fierce wrath upon Amalek; therefore, hath the Lord done this thing unto thee this day. Moreover, the Lord will also deliver Israel with thee into the hand of the Philistines, and to-morrow shalt thou and thy sons be with me."—1 Sam. 28:18.

Mr. Walton took special pains to compare and show that the mediums, and methods of communion in Spiritualism, were identical with the same through the Pagan oracles, prophecies, divinings, consulting of familiar spirits, witchcraft, demonology &c., but did not dare even to allude to the fact that Spiritualism also exhibits an exact likeness of those spiritual gifts which Paul enumerates—1 Cor. 12. What is to be done with this fact? It is useless to try to ignore it. Shall we, with Mr. Walton, say spiritual gifts now are prohibited and evil, of satanic origin and pollute in their influence? Such reasoning would sweep all apostolic ecstasies, trances, visions, prophecies, revelations, &c., into oblivion; for we might as well attempt to distinguish between two rays of sunlight, saying one is divine, the other evil. It is impossible to believe his assertion, that it is all the work of "evil spirits, who seek to increase their influence in hell by bringing new converts to hell."

What a blasphemous picture of God's fatherly love, his goodness, and his wisdom! Not unrequently the fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters, or children of church members, return (through the mediums he strives so grossly to defame) and communicate with their friends on earth. Are they all evil as they get to the Spirit World? I have known of many clergymen returning, are they all devils? Joseph was a diviner after the manner of the Egyptians, and divined by the use of a divining cup. He was also an interpreter of dreams, and thereby saved both the Israelites and Egyptians from famine. Was this holy, or unholy? David inquired of God, and was answered through the responses (or raps as Mr. Walton would say) upon the ephod. Was this unholy? Daniel, the prophet was educated in the schools of the Magi, Schools, called "Schools of the prophets," were located on high hills or mountains, in which the art of spirit communion and prophecy was taught. Samuel, as a seer, informed Saul that the asses lost three days before, were found.—1 Sam. 9:20. In what did this differ from the clairvoyance of today? It is answered, we pay clairvoyants. Well, read 1 Sam. 9:7, 8. "Then said Saul to his servant, But behold, if we go, what shall we bring the man? for the bread is spent in our vessels, and there is not a present to bring to the man of God: what have we? And the servant answered Saul again, and said, behold, I have here at hand the fourth part of a shekel of silver; that will I give to the man of God, to tell us our way."

Mr. Walton asserted that when God wished to communicate with men he sent an angel, and asserted that angels were a distinct order of created intelligences. To prove this, he would doubtless quote the scripture assertion that man was created "a little lower than the angels." Very true, but who would not admit that man is his bodily physical, earthly state, is a little lower than he is in his spiritual or angelic state? Proof that angel was a term used to express the spirit of man, is found in Rev. 22:8, 9, where the angel declares himself John's fellow servant and one of the prophets. Acts 12:14, 15 speaks of Peter's angel in the same sense that a Methodist to day would speak of a man's apparition or ghost. Dan 9:21 speaks of the man Gabriel, who touched him at the time of the evening oblation. Acts 10:3 speaks of an angel of the Lord coming to Cornelius, while in the thirtieth verse he calls the same a man in bright clothing. Matt. 28:2 speaks of the angel of the Lord at the sepulchre. Mark 16:5 calls it a young man Luke 24:4 speaks of the same as two men in shining garments John 20:12 calls them two angels in white. Judges 13:3, 9, 13, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, all speak of the angel that appeared to Manoah and his wife; the same spiritual being in the 6, 8, and 10 verses of the same chapter is spoken of as a man. Now, if an angel is a man; these references show it to be the spirit of a man; there is no other rational conclusion.

Concluded next week

JESU OF NAZARETH. On the 6th page of this number of the Journal, will be found an extract from the Book entitled, "Jesus of Nazareth," as given by the spirit of St. Paul, to which we call the attention of our readers. The book is for sale at this office. See our book list as published from week to week in this paper. The work is worth ten times what it costs. We shall continue this narrative in the next number of the JOURNAL.

Letter From Mrs. Spence. MR. EDITOR:—During the twelve years of my labors as a Spiritual lecturer in nearly every State in the Union, I of course, like every other lecturer, had thousands of hearers, formed numerous acquaintances, and made many friends. With them all I believe I acquired, if no other reputation, at least that of being not only a zealous and faithful worker, but also a sincere and honest advocate of what I conceived to be the truth, regardless of the loss of reputation, and of the favor and friendship even of Spiritualists themselves, and at the risk of my personal liberty, and perhaps, at times, of my life. There are, therefore, a large number of persons in the various States in which I have lectured, as well as elsewhere, who, having confidence in me individually, would like to hear me personally in regard to the merits and claims of those Positive and Negative Powders with which my name has been identified, and about which so much has been said in the Spiritual and secular papers. To meet this general wish and to answer many private letters of inquiry on the subject, I beg leave to make the following public statement:

1st. As has already been announced, the formula for the preparation of the Positive and Negative Powders was given through my mediumship, between five and six years ago.

2nd. The Positive and Negative Powders have not only surpassed my most sanguine expectations of their practical operations as a medicine, but they have equalled anything I could possibly have desired, or requested of the Spirit World in advance, unless I had requested a perpetual miracle.

five Powders fairly and without prejudice, knowing, as I do, that such a test will in all cases result in confirming the statements already made concerning them in establishing their inestimable value as an embodiment of healing power, and in demonstrating the existence and beneficence of the invisible intelligence which projected them into the world, for the good of the world.

AMANDA M. SPENCE. 37 1/2 St. Mark's Place, New York.

MAIL ROBBERY. We desire our readers to bear in mind that when the sum of three dollars is to be paid to this office, the expense of the Post Office order, TEN CENTS, or the expense of registering—FIFTEEN CENTS, may be deducted from the amount to be remitted.

A NEW PROPOSITION. To any one who has never taken the JOURNAL, we will send it for three months on trial, on the receipt of fifty cents.

Dr. Wm. H. Joscelyn, The Healer and Clairvoyant, can be consulted at the Morton House, 114, South Franklin, near Washington, (formerly he St. Cloud House). Dr. Joscelyn has been practicing sixteen years past with success. Address Chicago, Illinois. Vol. 7, No. 3.—4c.

HOME. Spiritualists visiting Chicago, will find a pleasant home at 148, 4th Avenue, on the South side. Only five minutes' walk from the Post-Office. Good mediums always in attendance.

Married. Married, Oct. 31st, 1869, by the Rev. Mrs. Elizabeth B. Danforth, Mr. Albert Hanson, to Miss Honora O'Connell, both of this city. Also in this city, Nov. 4th, 1869, by the same, Mr. J. H. Pillsbury, Post master, of Manhattan, to Mrs. Emma Steele, M. D., of St. Louis, Mo., all of like precious faith.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

Warren Chase & Co., No. 327 North Fifth street, St. Louis, Mo., Keep constantly on hand all the publications of Wm. White & Co., J. P. Mendonsa, Adams & Co., RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL Publishing Association, and all other popular Liberal Literature, including RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL and BANNER OF LIGHT, Magazines, Photographs, Parlor Games, Golden Pens, Stationery, &c.

A Situation Wanted. A Young Lady wishes a situation as Teacher of Music Testimonials given. Address, E. M. EDDY, Willink, N. Y. No. 19, Vol. 7.—1 time, (4c)

A FEW REPUTABLE ENERGETIC MEN CAN LEARN of an excellent chance to make money by applying to D. L. SMITH, Post-Office Box 173, Waterville, Me. No. 10 Vol 7.—4 c.

LIFE'S UNFOLDINGS OR THE WONDERS OF THE UNIVERSE REVEALED TO MAN.

Is the title of a new work fresh from press. By the Guardian Spirit of David Corless. S. S. JONES, Publisher. RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION PRINTERS.

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 and during that time he has been the humble Medium through which hundreds of philosophical and scientific lectures have been given to attentive listeners. Of himself, he can only say he is an uneducated farmer, far advanced in years. He asks for this pamphlet a careful and attentive perusal. The Introduction entitled "The Unveiling," treats of man as the grand objective ultimate of Life's unfoldings.

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Communications from the Inner Life.

He shall give His angels charge concerning thee: For the Religio-Philosophical Journal. FRANK'S JOURNAL—NO. 39. BY FRANCES K. SMITH, OF BALTIMORE—MEDIUM.

Dear friend, I come because you are kind to dark spirits. I have been told about you many times, and I feel encouraged to beg you to hear my sad story.

I was born in Ireland, and came to this country when a child. I began a life of crime when I was only fifteen years old. I had but little education, merely could read and write, and when I was bound apprentice to a hatter, I knew but little of the world.

When I became free I set up for myself in Baltimore, and soon began to get ahead in the world. I had an only sister who thought she knew everything but money, and that she could not learn the value of any one could cheat her.

I let her manage the house until I saw that everything was going to ruin, and then I looked about for a wife. I fixed my eyes upon a tailor's daughter, about seventeen years old, and we soon made up a match. My sister could not bear the thought of it, but I cared not for that, and before long I had a wife at home.

I am left to my memory to relate one of the strangest scenes ever witnessed. I had given my sister to understand that my wife must now control the family. She had no idea of any such thing. The first quarrel was a very trifling matter, but it caused a terrible catastrophe.

My sister wanted to make tea and set at the head of the table. My wife looked at me. I rose to make sister give way, but she would not. I took her by the hand and lifted her from the chair. She sprang upon me and fixed her hand in my hair. I pushed her away, and in falling she struck her head against the stairs and fractured her skull. I picked her up a corpse.

Consternation fell upon us both—what to do we knew not. At length I sent for a doctor and told him exactly how the thing occurred. He advised me to go to a magistrate and make the same confession. I did so, and he bound me over to appear at court. At the trial I made no defense, but rested the case upon my own confession, and was acquitted.

I could never blame myself for what had occurred, because I had no unkind feelings toward my sister. Her temper was unbearable when aroused, and nothing could appease her wrath; otherwise she was a good, kind creature. You can hardly imagine how verisimilar I was after this sad occurrence. I could not rest a moment, for it seemed to me that sister was always at my side. I had no peace for some time, but after awhile I got over it, and I met with sympathy from every one.

First, let me tell you what kind of a woman my wife was. She was not handsome, but she had a pleasant countenance and a good word for everybody. We got along very well, and would have been as happy a couple as could be found, had it not been for her mother, who was as great a meddler with other people's affairs, as ever lived. She would come and order things about as if all belonged to her.

One day she came and began to order things about, and I told her to go home; she refused, and I got up to put her out. I had no thought of anything else. She got up, joined her daughter and said she would not leave my house. Watching an opportunity, I sprang, got her down, and began to drag her out. How she screamed! but I dragged on. As I dragged her down the stairs she caught hold of the banisters. I pulled, and she screamed. At length, a man, hearing the racket, came in, and I ordered him off, but he joined against me and tried to break my hold. I gave him a kick that sent him reeling down stairs; he struck his head against a wine cask that happened to be there, and broke his neck.

Here was another terrible affair. Every one was sober in an instant. There lay the body—we saw at a glance that he was dead. I went at once to the police office and told what had happened, gave bond for my appearance, left home and went to Canada. I returned to stand my trial, and was acquitted.

Here were two lives sent from this world by me, and yet no blame could be attached to me. The man was a stranger, but I learned he had a family that was left destitute; I cared for them as well as I could.

I now come to an event that changed my whole life. I had a kind, loving wife, ready to do what she could to make me comfortable and happy. I had no thought of any other woman; but there was one living a few doors off—often came to our house. She was very handsome, and her kind manners won every one's regard. I can not understand now why this woman gained such ascendancy over me, but so it was. I became perfectly fascinated with her, and could not remain out of her society.

My wife saw this and was very much grieved; but the more she grieved the more I became enthralled. At length, I laid aside all restraint, and gave myself up entirely to this woman. It was more than any wife could bear, and she became perfectly wretched. I had now come to love her, and began to think how much better off I should be if she was gone. Gradually this thought increased, and I began to think of the best means of getting her out of the way. I thought of poison, but I knew nothing about it, and I inquired of an apothecary. He told me of a certain strychnine life, if continued for a week procured, and I immediately week passed before I could take the poison; but after awhile it did not move so quickly. I then had some tea, but I had done something. In about a month, her sickness expired. A doctor was called in, and what was the matter. He thought wrong, but said it was Gradually she sunk away, and in a few months, expired. The sickness of my wife, I had a hazy companion, but hardly leave before—horror, horror was ere I would, there was my wife was not a mere vision, but a real woman was plainer to me in her life. I was in her rage—I believe at her, but wanted the strength of a coward, but now I trembled upon me. You can have a state of things. I saw my coffin and covered up in the earth as at my side every day. I could not stand this; I could not stand this; I could not stand this. The doctor could he do? He couldn't see I lived a year after her death, and dead in my bed.

to happen. I did not wait long before I heard at a distance something like water falling. After awhile it grew louder, and I heard screams and then it seemed like a million people screaming as loud as they could. Falling down, I hoped they would not see me; but they did, and came and caught me by hair, and dragged me till I had no life; that is, I knew nothing—no body dies here.

When I came to, what should I see but my wife, looking as natural as ever she did. I tried to avoid her, but could not for she kept close to me. I begged her to go away, but she laughed in my face, and when I rose up to go she rose too; and so she continued always at my side. I have been here now fifteen years, and in all that time have not had one moment's peace. Can you tell me anything that will give relief? I have been told you can.

I here gave religious instruction. "I have heard every word, and how to express myself I know not. It has worked up an entire change in my condition. I will do just as you have said—keep away from these wretches and try to repent. God bless you, my dear friend, you have been a treasure to me."

Confession of Saul of Tarsus, as Given by Him through his Chosen Medium, Alexander Smyth, and Published in the Introduction to his Remarkable Work entitled "THE TRUE LIFE OF JESUS OF NAZARETH."

"Friend Alexander!" said the Spirit Saul to me, at our next communion, who, at this time, seemed to be unattended by Judas; "Since I was with you, I have had an interview with our Superior Spiritual Powers, who regulate the affairs of this sphere in which I am placed. I made known to them my good fortune in having discovered you; I described your character; related some of the incidents of your life, and at length gained their assent to make you our medium and Agent in the business I have alluded to. I will now give you a sketch of my true worldly career, which will be necessary, in order to understand rightly the important narrative that is to follow it."

The Spirit gave vent to a sigh, and paused for a few minutes as though he were endeavoring to overcome some violent emotions. At length he said in a saddened tone of voice: "It is a sad thing, my friend, to confess that which I am about to do. To speak of one's self, concerning things, and deeds, the remembrance of which fills me with horror; but such is the result of a sinful life; therefore, however loathing and repugnant to me, it must be done. Bear with me, then, my friend, during my recital—let not your just indignation break with me, but wait patiently to the end, and bear witness to the only atonement I can make to outraged humanity for my past wickedness and follies."

I was born in Tarsus, a city of Cilicia, about two years preceding the birth of Jesus of Nazareth; this is important to observe, for after the death of Jesus, when my name is first introduced in the book of Acts, I am there represented as a very young man, supposed to be much younger than he was, when in fact I was his elder. The name given to me by my parents was Saul, after my progenitor through the line of Benjamin. My father was named Bathas, my mother Eunice; they were both pious people of the Jewish faith, and I was educated in the same principles.

My father was an active, preserving man—desires of doing something in the world; but seeing nothing better or more available to him than common business, he limited his ambition to that, to which he applied himself with great energy, with the idea in view of becoming rich in course of time wealthy. He was a tent maker by trade, at which he prospered and gained riches.

After receiving the rudiments of an education at home, I was sent, at about twelve years of age, to Jerusalem to finish under the tutorage of Rabbi Rabban Gamaliel, a celebrated man, with whom I remained several years. I said that I was educated in the same religious principles as my parents, and during my youth I was an innocent believer in them; but when at the Holy City, surrounded by the Priesthood, and having recourse to their books of law and traditions, a great flood of light gradually spread over my mind. I could not help perceiving the trickeries, knaveries, hypocrisies and selfishness of those holy men; and as well, the lies, fables and absurdities of the sacred books. I consequently became an infidel to the whole system and state of things, from beginning to the end; but I had the prudence to hide my sentiments, and in the course of time became as great a hypocrite as the rest. I inherited from my father his persevering, active nature, and as I grew toward manhood, I felt a restless desire or ambition to do something in the world above common men, though I could not tell of what nature it should be. I could not reconcile myself to the idea of pursuing business and wealth as my father did before me; nor could I be contented with the limited and disgusting routine of the priesthood—I thought there was something greater destined for me to do than to be singing psalms, blowing trumpets, or gorging upon roasted meats, which were the general avocations of the Holy Priesthood. Yes! I felt an ambition within me to do something greater and more exalting than this—I wished to be mounting up to a conspicuous elevation in the estimation of the world—I felt as though I could grasp in one hand all the minds of mankind and with the other that I could lead them in letters.

I continued my studies at Jerusalem until I had attained manhood, when I was suddenly called home, as my father had fallen sick. I returned to Tarsus; soon after my father died, leaving me his business and a great portion of his wealth. At the solicitation of my mother and her friends, I continued the business, though much against my inclination; however, as I had not any definite idea of any other course that I could pursue to my liking, I continued to follow in my father's steps for some years—in the mean time, my wealth was increasing. When I had attained my thirtieth year, my mother died; then I resolved to quit the business, leave my native city, and return to Jerusalem, for I longed to be one of the actors, if not the rulers of that distinguished city. I accordingly turned all my effects into money, took leave of my friends, and with one servant or bondsman, I bid adieu to Tarsus.

About the time that I arrived at Jerusalem, Pontus Pilate was appointed Governor of Judea, and Caiaphas was shortly after made High Priest of the Temple. I had several friends in the city; among whom was my old tutor, Gamaliel, who proposed to me certain matters by way of occupation, but none of them met my views or inclinations at the time. Thus I continued inactive for the space of a year, wandering to and fro, without knowing what I sought or wanted. At length in the course of my peregrinations, my curiosity and attentions were aroused by observing a wild looking man in an unclean dress, preaching in various localities, a system of reformed theological doctrines. I listened to several of his discourses before the people, and found the main subject to be 'The Remission of Sins, and remission of the same through baptism of water.' But that which excited my greatest curiosity was, that this preacher, who was called John the Baptist, during his preaching, several times intimated that somebody was coming after him, greater than

he; who would have not only the power to forgive and remit sins, but would be enabled to cure diseases of the flesh, and open the heavens to all true believers. In fact, this John intimated that the time for the coming Messiah was at hand, and he would shortly appear.

As I said before, this part of the preacher's discourse aroused within me a great curiosity. I was desirous of discovering who this great personage could be that John was keeping in the background. I suspected that John was in league with somebody, who under the assumption of the Messiah's advent, was going to make an attempt to change the theological views of society, and exalt himself into power. I was not credulous enough to believe in the appearance of any true Messiah. This set my mind in action—I endeavored to imagine their designs, doctrines and actions, until I became weary of reflection; and at length I resolved to sift the matter thoroughly and as quickly as possible. Accordingly, I sought an interview with John the Baptist, in his retreat among the wilderness of mountains by the lake Asphaltite. I saw the man and found him to be more of a fool and fanatic, than a cunning impostor as I suspected. He was a wild, ascetical fanatic, who had rendered himself crazy by studying the books of the prophets; yet he was sincere in what he said and believed. He said that he had found the Messiah in a certain man, whom he was going to baptise on the morrow, whom he would introduce him to the people. Having gained this information from John, I resolved to be present at this baptism.

On the day appointed, I was at the place designated; I saw the baptism, and I saw the man whom John had brought forth to play a conspicuous part in life. I certainly never saw a more noble, amiable and handsome man in my life; and after hearing certain accounts of his skill, or mysterious power in curing of diseases, I considered him a fit person to assume the part that John—in his religious fanaticism—considered he had naturally inherited. All these things combined, suggested an idea to me of what should be my future career. I hurried to my home, and entered into deep reflection. Idea after idea, and plan after plan did I revolve and scan in my mind. At length my plan was decided upon—I sprang to my feet, and paced the room, exclaiming 'It shall be so! I will yet be a new star, to dazzle the vision of mankind! They shall follow where I lead—they shall obey, reverence, and perhaps, do me homage. Now Saul to action! Forward to the end in view, and crush down all things that obstruct thy path!'

In this sketch of my earthly career, I need not give you the particulars of my proceedings; I will merely state my design and its results, leaving all details until I give you the True Narrative of Jesus, which is the great object I have in view.

My design was, to make Jesus and his doctrines the means by which I would build a new religious sect, that should be acceptable and promising to the poorer and ignorant part of the community; and which should seem to be based upon the dim and ambiguous ravings of the Jewish Prophets. In fact, by misconstruing and misrepresenting the discourses of Jesus with the aid of lies and deceptions, to represent him as the expected Messiah, and that he should represent himself as sent in defiance of his own intentions and speech. This I found possible, with the assistance of others who worked at my bidding. After Jesus should have run his reform career for a time, it was my intention to bring him in collision with the authorities of the Temple and the Government. I said to myself; he must then be removed and sacrificed to the principles and doctrines he endeavored to establish in society; for new principles take deep root in the minds of men, when they are well sprinkled with the blood of martyrdom. This I managed to accomplish by my evil schemings and workings. Jesus was sacrificed. The foundation was now laid, upon which I built the superstructure of my ambitious desires. John the Baptist, while acting under his religious craziness, served my ends; but while in prison, he returned to his sane state of mind, and began to see his errors and folly. From fear that he would recant what he had previously thought concerning Jesus, I caused him to be destroyed. Judas I slew with my own hands, as soon as I could dispense with his services, from fear that he would betray me to the world, as he was the depository of my secrets. There was now but one person of whom I was jealous, or considered an obstruction in my path; it was Stephen; I hated him for his virtues and talents, and I was afraid that while he lived, I should not be the first to lead and govern the disciples of Jesus, and be considered worthy of their esteem. Accordingly I managed to have him denounced by the Sanhedrim, and sacrificed to their fury and my hatred.

Having accomplished all these preliminaries, I came forward in open day as an actor. With delegated authority from the Sanhedrim, I traveled toward Damascus, under the pretence of persecuting the new people; but in fact, it was to get a more favorable locality where I could perform the first part of my open intended career. As I approached the city, a storm arose of thunder and lightning. Here is an opportunity I must not lose; I said to myself. Then I threw myself from my horse, fell prostrate on the ground, and acted a pantomime of great terror. Indeed, with a little well performed imposture, I pretended that the Spirit of Jesus had appeared to me, rebuking me for my wicked course, and commanding me henceforth to go through the world preaching his doctrines and principles. My imposture was generally believed by the disciples and followers of the late Jesus, and all those who knew otherwise, did not think it worth while to notice it. After a time, which I passed in reflecting upon my future plans, but which I represented as passed in repentance and prayer—I entered upon my travels; preaching certain doctrines of my own invention, which I gave to the world as being the doctrines of that Jesus whom I had caused to be murdered. My own fictions and lies I passed off as being the gospels of truth, as delivered from the mouth of the crucified Jesus, the Christ—the Son of God.

Oh! what a terrible monstrosity! What a mountain of vile imposture I have imposed upon the world! My deeds while on earth were black and heinous enough; but the wickedness of my doctrines, which I left to after ages of blind credulous man, were ten thousand times more damning. What a contrast there is, my friend Alexander, between the doctrines taught by Jesus, and those I represented as his! His discourses consisted of the purest and best of morality, calculated to establish among men a sense of love and justice, charity and humility. He endeavored to abolish all wicked and vicious habits, practices and notions; supplying their stead with a knowledge of physical truths and principles, all of which tended to harmonize mankind. His speculative ideas if not realities, were beautiful assumptions, teaching that there was one universal, eternal God of God and mercy, who delighted in all that was good among his children—rewarding all according to their merits. He taught that death was not to be annihilation, as some supposed, but only a transition state from our mortal to an immortal nature; where the emigrating Spirit would be placed in a sphere of favorable conditions to carry out all its noble and virtuous aspirations.

The doctrines of Jesus were the principles of nature simplified, easy to comprehend, and redounding to the benefit of man. In character, Jesus was a lover of truth and of his fellow

men,—full of charitable and benevolent feeling,—mild and unassuming in his deportment,—contented with little in this world, and depending upon God for all things, whom he, in his unknown orphan state, styled his Heavenly Father. Contrast with this character, friend Alexander, the ridiculous and absurd doctrines I preached concerning Jesus;—all the nonsense of faith, grace and salvation by the redemption of sins through the blood of Jesus the Christ. Look at the books called the Gospels,—the original one being written by Luke, at my suggestion and designing, from which, all the others have been copied and imitated, with thousands of additions and omissions, to suit the notions of the various itinerant preachers, calling themselves the teachers of Jesus' words. Examine these books, and see the mass of confused and contradictory messages delivered as the teachings of Jesus. See the absurd and ridiculous light in which his character is represented, with qualities neither befitting a man nor a God,—both of which he is represented to be. Coming into the world in a most ridiculous and unnatural manner,—assuming to have a mission, which he never performed,—assuming to have power that he never exercised in defence of himself, or his friends,—assuming to be sent to a people, who would not receive him, and preaching his mission to those he was not sent to. He professes to be a man of peace, and that all mankind by him shall be blessed;—yet he says that he was not sent to restore peace,—but the sword. In one place, he says he is equal with God, and in another, he says he is not equal. At one time, he says his witness or record is truth itself—then in another, he denies the same. And in general, his character is represented to be deficient of all those qualities necessary to constitute a great and noble man, and much more, it is deficient of those necessary to constitute a God as he is represented to be. In fact, Alexander, if you examine the Gospels, my Epistles, and all the other writings of the New Testament, you will find them to be a compilation of lies, contradictory statements, ridiculous absurdities, and mystical nonsense, too disgusting for any intelligent person to give credence or dependence to. I was the original impostor of the Gospels; but subsequent impostors like myself, added and altered my model to suit themselves,—all of which have been palmed upon the ignorant world as the history and doctrines of Jesus.

There is one exception I must make, as regards my writings and preaching. I taught the doctrine of immortality after death. That is actually true, as I have found it to be since my earthly career terminated; yet there is no credit due me for preaching that truth, as it had been taught by many, before me or Jesus. I had no definite ideas concerning it, and cannot say that I believed it, as my wicked career will testify,—though I made it the grand theme of my teachings; but finding it acceptable to the people, I laid great stress upon it, and by a little sophistry, I made it seem true to their minds. Oh! my friend! I wish all my other impostures had been as happy in their results, as this.

Thus, Alexander, instead of teaching the people the sublime and happy morals, and the beautiful speculative idea of Jesus, I wandered over many countries, teaching the detestable dogma to which I have alluded, which I called the words of Jesus the Christ.

I pretended to work some cures in imitation of him, when with a little jugglery and some lies, I gained the reputation of working miracles. Whenever I wanted a new authority, or wished to establish anything new, I had a happy facility of seeing visions; so that with a few mystical figures or images, I construed things just as I wanted them to be. Sometimes I pretended that miracles were wrought in my favor, in order to establish my importance, and gain reverence from the deluded people. Such, as when I was made prisoner at Philippi, through the assistance of some friends; I bribed the jailor to let me escape; then the story was told, in order to screen him, that I was set free by an angel. The silly people forgot to think that in my subsequent career, I was in more difficult circumstances; yet no angel came to deliver me.

One great reason of my success in making proselytes and gaining subscriptions, as I pretended for pious purposes, was the power of my hypocritical simulation. I was all things to all men, as high as it was possible to be. With Jews, I boasted of being a Jew,—with the Pharisees, I was a Pharisee. Before the Greeks, I was a Greek; and with the Romans, I claimed to be a Roman citizen. Before the Gentiles, I preached against the laws and ceremonies of Moses; and when I thought it to my interest to enter the Temple, I shaved head, and conformed to all other ceremonies.

I preached meekness and humility in all cases, times and places; yet there was no greater self-willed tyrant than myself, when I thought I had the power; for instance, my dispute with Barnabas. Jesus, when before his judges, was mocked and otherwise ill treated; but he bore all with the mildness of the lamb. Although I taught the like conduct, yet I could not conform to it; for when the High Priest ordered me to be smitten on the cheek, I cursed him with all the rancor and ill feeling of a demon. I preached against all worldly interests, especially lucre; yet I was always very zealous in making collections of money, to distribute to distressed brethren at a distance,—in so doing, I never forgot to take a share; and sometimes I was so covetous that I excited the suspicions of certain rival apostles, who made charges against my honesty, and sometimes their charges were true.

Toward the latter part of my career, many rival pretenders to piety and virtue, like myself, rose up against me, who had much envious feeling, suspicion and charges against me. They stripped me of a great many of my assumed virtues, powers and mighty works, representing me to be very much like what I really was,—selfish, ambitious, boasting impostor. This made me sick at heart, so that I almost repented of having entered upon my chosen course. But I found that I had advanced too far to recede,—my course was chosen, I was obliged to follow it, or suffer an ignominious fall.

Being naturally of a bold heart, and full of assurance, I recovered courage,—continued my onward career,—repelling the charges of my rivals and enemies, and crushing all the opponents that came across my path. Thus I continued to wander for some years, making proselytes to my senseless doctrines, in the name of Jesus the Christ, pretending to perform cures of a miraculous nature and establishing churches of which I always made myself the head or principal.

In the course of my wandering, having made a man of note and authority, a convert, whose name was Paulus, I changed my name from Saul, to Paul, as vanity suggested to me that it sounded of greater worth and importance. Thus I continued my career—it being generally successful and pleasing to my ambition, until I entered the Temple, and hypocritically conformed to the ceremonies which I had been preaching against. The people did not believe me to be sincere; they were aroused to anger against me; they seized me and brought me before the tribunal of the Sanhedrim, under the very same charges I had made against Jesus, at the same Sanhedrim a few years before. From that day, the tide of fortune turned, and afterward, evil was my destiny.

After much suffering and imprisonment, I was conveyed to Rome a prisoner, to plead my cause before the Imperial Senate. Nero was Emperor

or then. My cause was thought to be too trifling to be heeded, so that I was almost at liberty. I continued to preach and work miracles—making many converts, among whom was one of Nero's concubines. She professed herself a believer in the new doctrines and faith; I was always in daily communion with her, so that we were intimately acquainted. She was a woman of great beauty—in fact, it was not very extraordinary that my carnal passions should be aroused, and desires in conformity took possession of me toward her. Considering that I had full command over her mind, I was infatuated enough to make certain proposals to her. I found myself mistaken in the woman. She highly resented my proposals, and immediately acquainted her imperial master, and the result was, that in a short time I found myself in prison. I did not remain there long, however, for in a few hours afterward I was led forth to execution. Thus ended my ambitious and wicked earthly career.

Now, my friend Alexander, I have given a slight sketch of my evil deeds and mispent life while on earth. That it was one of great folly, error and wickedness, it will be useless to iterate, but that is not the worst of it. The results since my death have been ten thousand times more beneficial to the cause of humanity, than that which preceded it. For eighteen centuries, the minds of men have been overcast with a gloomy, destructive superstition that I have entailed upon them. My dogma has enveloped them with the grossest and darkest of ignorance, and it has prevented them from making any advances in virtue, or intellectual improvement. Nearly all those who have endeavored to enlighten and liberate their fellow men, have been out of existence. Bloody wars have deluged the earth in every age and country, for the space of eighteen hundred years. Men have destroyed each other individually with fire, sword, the rack and gibbet. The loathsome dungeon, torture and famine, have swept millions of men from the earth, and all those who have been spared a cruel and untimely death, have been living in mental bondage.

Such were the awful results of the damnable doctrines that I preached to mankind, in the name of Jesus the Christ. Had I known the baneful consequences of my reckless ambition, wicked as was my nature, I could not have continued in the course which has proved the greatest curse that ever afflicted mankind. But I have suffered—greatly suffered for my misdeeds! While the fools, hypocrites and knaves were burning incense and shouting praise to Paul the Apostle, for his good and pious deeds when on earth, I was shivering and writhing with the tortures of the hell within me. The poignant stings of guilt and remorse were piercing my soul through and through—curing me up with a ceaseless, excruciating agony. For nearly eighteen centuries did I hunger and thirst after the sustenance peculiar to spiritual life. While deluded mortals considered me to be enjoying the beatitudes and bliss of a happy exalted state in this world, I was suffering all the indescribable agonies of the self-damned.

But time has passed—I have made all the atonement that is required of me here for my misdeeds while on earth; yet there is one duty I must perform to humanity. I must enlighten them concerning my history in connection with Jesus of Nazareth, and give a true narrative of that part of his life which terminated in a tragic death, of which I was the instigator. It is the only atonement I can make for the outrage I have given to mankind, and the injustice done to the injured Jesus. When I say this, I speak for Judas also, who sincerely joins me in the sentiments I declare; for he, as far as he was connected with this lamentable affair, wishes to make whatever atonement is possible to Jesus and mankind.

Before I proceed to impart to you the information which is to constitute the True Narrative of Jesus of Nazareth, I must give you a slight sketch of his early history, which being remote, and not necessarily connected with that part of his life in which I was an actor, I will not mingle it with the rest, but impart what I have to say, at present.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal. HEALING POWERS OF SPIRITS. "The Great Healer," Formerly Known as the Notorious Bee Tamer. BY S. F. BREED.

Perhaps the following will interest your readers. Saturday—Sept., 1869, was the first I ever saw Dr. W. A. Flanders, of Shelby, Ohio, who was accompanied by Dr. G. Newcomer, of Cleveland, Ohio. The former of these gentlemen has been extensively known for the last eight years, all through the Northern States, at all the State Fairs, as the notorious "bee tamer."

For many years, Mr. Flanders has been a medium, and knew it not; but finally in the midst of his business in cultivating and teaching the art of handling bees, he was taken more completely under the control of the gods, and set at work, giving clairvoyant examinations, and healing the sick by the "laying on of hands." The doctor is a large man, weighing some two hundred and fifty pounds, with a large brain and strong will-power. These combined with the strength of his powerful band of spirits, make him a healer of unsurpassed power.

It is said of him that in Toledo, on the 17th inst., at the Ohio State Fair, he examined and treated fifty-four cases, and that fifty-one declared themselves cured; the other three were of an incurable nature. In Jackson, at the Michigan State Fair, I was with the doctor for three days on the Fair ground, and I saw him before the multitude examine and treat over two hundred persons, with wonderful satisfaction and success. The deaf were made to hear, the lame to walk, and stiffened limbs were made limber. One man who could not hear a watch tick when put into his mouth previous to treatment, went away hearing quite distinctly. Another man who had been lame for thirty years from an injury of the knee-pan, and was not able to raise his foot three inches from the ground previous to treatment, was so relieved and restored as to walk briskly and throw his foot four feet high against the wall. A young lady, shaking with the age, was relieved in two minutes, and went off well. Aches and pains of all description were dispelled, and crooked limbs straightened. An attempt to enumerate all the wonders done by the doctor before the eyes of the gazing multitude, would take too much space here. Dispatches were sent ten to fifty miles distant for the afflicted, by their friends, to come and be healed. Parties followed the doctor from Toledo to be cured after witnessing the wonders he did there. Much interest was felt by those who witnessed these things, and many a sceptic has been made to think, for the doctor publicly proclaimed that he was a Spiritualist, and that it was not his power, but that it was the power of the spirits who controlled him. That as Christ and his apostles healed by the "laying on of hands," so did he, "and greater things than these shall be done in my name," or in and through the principles I teach.

Jackson, Mich., Sept. 25th, 1869.

Sixteen thousand children attend the public schools of St. Louis.

