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Truth wears us mask, bows at us human shrine, seeks neither place nor applicase; she only asks a hearing.

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Biterary Department.

A SPIRIT CHILD. RY MMMA L. DAVIS.

A little child comes to me here, A sweet faced little one, And whiteness softly in my ear

"Tell mother, I have come." Her curling locks of flaxen hair Float in the breezes wild; Her eyes are blue, her face is fair. But she 's a Spirit Child.

A dazzling light enwreaths her-Bright as the noon-day ann. "I have some to see my mother." Whispers the little one.

"I have come to see my mother-Come from a suppy ls'e. Come to tell her "Lily" loves her, And stay with her awhile. The angels call me 'Lily ' now-My spirit name,—they say

They put a wreath upon my brow, I wear it every day. The Summer-Land is beautiful,

I'm happy all day long, My home is bright with spirit-flowers-Sweet with the angels' song. I often come to see you here,

Brought by an angel bright: And when you do not know I'm near. I touch you, oh! so light.

When sick, I kies your face and hand. And soothe away your pain. Now. I must go, the angel band Will bring me here again."

HENRY J. RAYMOND. His Communication to the New York

Public.

DICTATED THROUGH A CLAIRVOYANT WHILE IN THE ABNORMAL OR TRANCE STATE.

I have often thought that if it should ever be my privilege to become a Ghost I would enlighten the poor, b nighted denizens of the earth as to how I did it, and give a mo re definite account of what I should see, and the transformation that would befall me, than either Benjamin Franklin or George Washington had been able to do in the jargon that had been set before me by Spiritualists as coming from those worthies. Stuff!' I have exclaimed again and again after looking over spirit communications and

wondering why a man should become so stilted beceause he had lost his avoirdupois.

The opportunity which I boasted I would not let slip has arrived. The public must judge of how I avail myself of this ghostly power.

Now and then I was troubled with strange misgivings about the future life. I had a hope that man might live hereafter, but death was a solemn fact to me, into whose mystery I did not wish too closely to pry.

"Presentiments," as the great English novelist remarks, "are strange things." That connection with some coming event which one feels like a shadowy hand soltly touching him, is inexplicable to most men.

I remember to have felt several times in my life undefined foreshadowings of some future which was to befall me; and just previous to my departure from earth, as has been generally stated in the journals of the day, I experienced a similar sensation. An awful blank seemed before me—a great chasm into which 1 would soop be hurled. This undefined terror took no positive shape.

After the death of my son I felt like one who stood upon a round ball which rolled from under him and left him nowhere.

The sudden death of James Harper added auother shock to that which I had already felt. I did not understand then, though I have since comprehended it, that I was like some great tree, rooted in the ground, which could not be dragged from the earth in which it was buried until it had received some sudden blow to loosen its hold and make its grip less tenacious.

But in the very midst of these feelings I sought the society of friends, and endeavored around the social board to exhibit ate my senses and drown these undesirable fancies.

Life seemed more secure among friends, but death was not to be dodged. It caught me unarmed and alone at midnight in the very doorway of my house.

I had crossed the threshold, and remember trying to find the stairs and being selzed with a dizziness. The place seemed to spin around and I felt that I was falling. Next, aegfeat weight seemed to press me down like some horrid nightmare. After this I seemed to be falling backward through a blackness-an inky blackness. It came close to me, and pressed close upon my lips and my eyes. It smothered me: I could not breathe.

Then ensued a struggle within me such as Lazarus might have felt when he endeavored to break through his grave cerements. It was frightful, that effort for mastery!

I understand it now. It was the soul fighting its way into birth as a spiritual being, like a child fighting its way out of its mother's womb.

I remember feeling faint and confused after that, like one who has long been deprived of An unconsciousness stole over me for a moment, from which I was awakened by a sudden burst of light. I seemed to open my eyes

upon some glorious morning. I felt an arm around me; I turned and met the smiling face of my son. I thought myself in a dream, and vet I was filled with awe.

I had a consciousness that some strange transformation had taken place. My son's voice mur mured in my ear, "Father, go with me now." As he spoke, his voice sounded like the vibration of distant bells. When he touched me a fire seemed to thrill through my veins. I felt like a boy; a wild, prankish sensation of freedom took possession of me. My body lay upon the ground. I laughed at it; I could have taken it and tossed

"Come, let's go," said I; "don't stay here,"
My chief desire was to get out of the house. Like a boy who must fly his kite, out I would

go. I feared I might be caught and taken back if I did not hasten, and moved toward the door. The seams of that door, which I had always thought well joined, seemed now to stand twelve inches or more apart. Every atom of that wood which had appeared so solid to me was now more porous than a honey-comb. Out we went through the crevice. A party of men were standing upon the doorsteps. One put torth his hand to grasp mine. I laughed aloud when I recognized the person as James Harper! Amother was Richmond; another, one of my associated in the editorial corns. ciates in the editorial corps. I was perfectly amazed, and set up a hilarious shout, which they cchoed in great giee. We started forth, a con-vivial party. The atmosphere hung in heavy mists around the houses, like the morning mists about the base of a mountain.

We did not walk on the ground; the air was solid enough to bear us. I felt that we were rising above the city. My senses seemed magnified. The comprehension of all I did was very acute. We kept along the earth's atmosphere for quite a distance.

"Let us sail out," said I at last.
"We cannot yet; we must wait till we reach

the current. If we go outside of that, we may be lost in the intense cold and the poisonous gasses, or we may be swallowed up in the vortex of some naming comet, answered my wise companions.

The statement looked very reasonable, so I allowed myself to be guided and we soon found ourselves in a great belt of light of a pale rose color, in which we sailed seemingly without any effort, moving the hands and arms at times and at other times folding them across our breasts.

As we advanced, the channel in which we moved increased in depth and brilliancy of color and I grew more and more exhilarated. Finally we paused and commenced to descend. The air was very luminous, radiating and scintillating like the flashing of diamonds, and so electric that the concussion of sound vibrated like the peal of some distant organ.

Looking down through the glittering atmosphere that surrounded me, I perceived what appeared to be the uplifting peak of a mountain. A halo of light rested upon its summit, and we seemed drawn toward it with a gentle force.

This mountain, I was informed, was one of a magnetic chain which belts the spirit world. In color and material it was like an opal.

I was told that a peculiar sympathy existed between it and the human spirit. When indi-viduals on earth were in juxtaposition with this mountain they feel a strange yearning for the

Now then, the mysterious riddle is solved, thought I, and this must be the spiritual north nole!

We soon stood upon terra-firma; if these translucent rocks could be called terra firma, which rose in glittering and polished peaks all around They were wonderfully iridescent, so that no bed of gorgeously-colored flowers could have filled the eye with a greater variety of tints.

A few steps around a projecting bluff brought us within sight of what appeared to me a magnificent palace of alabaster. This palace I soon learned was a hotel, or place of resort for trav-

In ascending its polished steps I was met by some half dozen persons whom I had known. You may be sure a wonderful handshaking ensued. We remained here but a few moments, partook of refreshments, and then proceeded to the court yard, where I was told a car awaited to carry us to our destination.

The car seemed to be a frame-work, apparently of silver wire. We now comfortably seated ourselves, when two large wings struck out from it like those of some great condor. We moved rapidly over the acclivity. This is a new way of crossing mountains, thought I; I will have to introduce it in the Sierra Nevada and Colerados

I inquired how the machine was propelled, and was informed, "Simply by a chemical experiment similar to your galvanic battery." You may conceive my astonishment when we

descended into the park of a vast city.

"My God," exclaimed I, "it cannot be that I am in the spirit world! Why look at the houses and churches and temples! What magnificent buildings! But I must say the material alone struck me as something sublime and unearthly. So transparent and rich in color, reflecting light as through a veil or mist! "This caps all," said I, as doctors and lawyers, artists and authors, whom I had known, stepped up to greet me, smiling and full of life. "Why how is this?" "Is this you?" "Where did you come from?" Questions like these came from all sides. Francis and Brady, Willis, Morris, and a host of New Yorkers who had slipped out of sight and almost out of mind, now gathered around me as if by miracle. I rubbed my eyes in wonder. Spying Brown, I cried out, "Why, how is this, Brown? It can't be that I am in heaven! Do you have such things here? Houses, stores, and works of art on every side?"

"Yes; people must live," said he, "wherever

"And are men here the same, with all their faculties?" I asked.

"Yes; why not? Have you any you'd like to lose?"

I shook my head and walked on absorbed in thought. And are all our paraphernalia for funerals, our solemn black, and our long prayers but useless ceremonies? Why, according to this, the beliefs of the Chinese, Hottentot, African and Indian are nearer the truth than our civilized creeds.

I find that there are few things in which society in this world so much differs from that of earth as in its social and political arrangements.

All the great system of living for appearances, and the habit of self deception whereby men live outwardly what their secret lives disavow, are

here entirely done away with. In the first place, the marriage relations differ materially from those of earth, and no false sentiment nor custom, nor religious belief holds to gether those who are dissimilar in their nature. Neither do men crucify their tastes and feelings

from a mistaken idea of duty.

The miseries and disasters which are attendant on a life on earth they view as a parent would view the whooping-cough or scarlatina which afflict the body of his child—as necessary steps

toward his progress from youth to manhood.

A remarkable instance of this kind came under my own observation. You remember the singular and sudden death of Abraham Lincoln was a matter of surprise to us. We could not see the purpose of an all-wise Providence in this sudden closing of an eventful career. It was discussed in every news paper in the land, and the conclusion was that the Creator had some special purpose in his temoval, and this we all

But here the enigma is solved. Standing face to face and walking side by side, as I have done for the last few days with this man, raised as some suppose for the special purpose of freeing the slave—a martyr for principle—I find that he enjoys as a good joke, this martyrdom, and I have also accertained the

solemn fact that he was removed, not by God, but by spirit politicians, God, agents. ern rebels, het-blooded and revengeful, who were arriving daily by scores and hundreds, in the spirit world, finding their cause discomfited and worsted, became mutinous. They were too raw and new to fall into the harmony of the spirit life, and they threatened a second war in heaven; a war which those young Lucifers would have waged with terrific power.

To quell this disturbance and produce a counteraction, it was necessary that one whom they looked upon as the great leader of the Northern cohorts should be withdrawn from the post he occupied.

A man of calm, dispassionate judgment, not vindictive, who could hold the reins with a firm hand, yet look with a lenient eye on the follies which he did not share, was needed in the spirit world, and that man was Abraham Lincoln.

When those young Southern bloods had conspired with their co-patriot to his downfall, had instigated and accomplished his assassination, and when he had appeared in their midst. the simple, unaffected, uncrafty man that he was

a revulsion of teeling immediately took place. The liberal party in the spirit world, friends to humanity and progress, could have prevented his removal had they wished; but not desiring to do so, they prepared his mind by dreams and

visions for what was about to take place. For a short time in the spirit world he held position of Pacificator and chief ruler over that portion of the American spirit world represent-

ed by the North and South. But after averting this peril, which would have involved the States in anarchy and war such as they had not yet experienced, he retired

to private life. Another instance, proving that the inhabitants of the spirit world, like their great prototype, the Creator, do not look at immediate distress, but at the advantages that may accrue therefrom, presents itself in my removal from the sphere in which I had probably worked out

all that would be useful to humanity. Like a charge d'affaires called back to Washington because he can fill a better post, so I, through the solicitations of relatives and fellowcitizens who have preceded me to this new world, was called here for the purpose of editing a journal, and assisting in ameliorating the condition of the Southern States, and also to use my influence in the Congress and Senate at Washington toward producing a better compre-

hension of their needs. I have one thing to say to my brother jour-nalist, Horace Greely, and that is, that the Utopian ideas which have for so many years formed the principal topic of his radical sheet are here put in operation.

Each one seems desirous of co-operating with his negibbor, and people of like testes and feel-ings associate together and live in vant commu-nities or cities. They do not settle down to one routine, as they do with you. The cost of traveling depending chiefly on the will and energy of the individual, the inhabitants are ever in motion, ever ready for a change, if wisdom or pleasure should dictate it. The condition of the common people is vastly improved, and America has been the chief agent in placing the lower classes in a condition which adapts them to higher spiritualized life. I say lower classes, because under the system of monarchial governments, the peasants and laborers of Europe have been kept in a state of besotted ignorance. developing chiefly in the animal propensities and not fitting themselves for the higher enjoyments of the spirit life.

Finding that the spirit world was likely to be overrun by this class of ignorant and supersti tious people, its wise rulers have instigated the United States to provide means for the education and development of these lower classes of socie-

It is only by assi nilating with those of a high-

er intellectual development that the ignorant become enlightened, and America, in throwing down all barriers to political and social advancement, has been the chief instrument of litting the great mass of humanity to a position of power in the spirit world; still there are crowds of beings, ignorant and superstitious, who enter the spirit world, and their intellect can only be unfolded by the labor and guidance of some master mind. I was surprised to find that physical labor here, as on earth, was one of the chief means employed to assist in mental growth; and I found swarms of English, Irish and German people happily at work, cultivating the land and erecting houses for themselves and others, and assisting in the great machinery of life, which here, as in the other world, revolves its constant

I had nearly forgotten to mention that since leaving your world I returned on one occasion to attend a seance, as it is termed, for physical manifestations, and had the pleasure of seeing how our chemists combine from the elements the semblance of the human form. I had been interested when on earth in an experiment re-recently made by scientific men, whereby, through a peculiar combination of metals, a flame is caused to assume the shape of flowers, leaves, fishes and reptiles, apparently developed from the air, and I discovered an intelligent solution of the remarkable experiment in the manifestations I witnessed at this seance. It appears that every particle in nature throws

off a gaseous emanation, partaking of its particular shape. These gaseous particles are not dis cernible with the material eye, excepting when by chance they coalesce, and then a phosphorescent light ensues, which renders their apparent.

A similar effect to this is seen in electricity, which lies latent and viewless till by a sudden coalescing of its parts, it manifests itself in zig-

zig lines and flishes of light which illuminate the heavens. Now certain material bodies have the power of drawing those atoms in close allinity, and when they are thus drawn, the shapes alluded

CIGHTIA I discovered another fact, and that is that every human being emits a light, and in the case of those called "mediums," it is intense like the Drummond light, and a spirit standing in its

rays will become visible to mortal sight. These experiments interested me highly, as they had been heretofore inexplicable to my mind.

Apropos of the topics of to-day, I must here relate what I have heard of the "Lord Byron scandal," which is creating so marked a sensation at present. I am told by Byron and others that Lady Byron, recently arriving in the spirit world, and finding matters very different from what she had expected, and that she was received nowhere as the wife of Lord Byron (who having resided there some thirty years had formed a new and happy alliance), was stung with jealousy and vexation and hastened to inspire Mrs. Stowe to repeat the story which had become a matter of faith with her, hoping thereby to inflict a punishment on Byron, who ignored his relation to her.

If she had waited until she had resided a little longer in spirit life she would not have pursued so foolish a course. But I must bring this long letter to a close, assuring my friends that I have the prospect of as active a life before me as the one I have just closed on earth.

REMARKS: THE ABOVE MESSAGE WAS TAKEN FROM A WORK ENTITLED: STRANGE VISIT-ORS, BY A CLAIRVOYANT. IT IS A WORK OF THRILLING INTEREST, CONTAINING 250 PAGES AND IS FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE. PRICE \$1 50; POSTAGE 16 CENTS. WE SHALL ALLUDE TO THIS BOOK AGAIN SOON.

POWERS THE SCULPTOR.

His Wonderful Experience—His Clairveyant Views. From Appletons' Journal.

When Dr. Wainwright was in Florence, I asked him to go with me and see some curious and, to me, inexplicable phenomena in biology, which a Frenchman was exhibiting at a private house. He had two models, whom I very well knew, for his subjects, and after putting them to sleep by his manipulations, would stick needles under their nails to the quick, make pincushions of their toreheads, and run a heavy needle directly through their hands. We handl ed these needles, and there was no mistake. The wounds did not bleed, nor did the patients seem to suffer the least, or to be conscious of what was happening to them.

At the sound of Weber's last waitz, one of them went through a series of such highly dramatic and graceful postures, accompanied by such expressive change of feature varying from the utmost sadness to the utmost ecstasy of expression, that we were both carried away with the spectacle, and when at one moment she fell on her knees, and raised her eyes in prayer, it was almost overpowering. Spite of all the undeniable reality of this portion of the exhibition, it terminated with trickery too patent to escape the detection of any fair observer. As we left, I asked the doctor, who had ridiculed the deception before he went in, what he thought now. Agreeing with me in the trickery of the last part of the exhibition, where the Frenchman's wife had attempted to add by imposture to the interest of the performance, he said. "It was undeniably genuine up to that point, and most inexplicable; but I could least of all understand how a waltz could incline the young woman to fall on her knees in prayer.' 'Call it a hymn doctor," I said, " and remember that no tenderer or more pleading strains were ever written, and your difficulty will disappear."
"You are right, Mr. Powers," said the doctor,
"that was just what I needed to hear."

These spiritulist phenomena have always interested me, although I have never been in the least carried away by them. I recollect we had many "seances" at my house and others when Home was here. I certainly saw, under circumstances where fraud or collusion, or prearrangement of machinery, was impossible, in my own house, and among friends incapable of lending themselves to imposture, many very curious things. That hand floating in the air, of which all the world has heard, I have seen. There was nothing but moonlight in the room, it is true, and there is arrangements. it is true, and there is every presumption against such phenomena under such circumstances. But what you see, you see, and must believe, however difficult to account for it. I recollect that Mr. ... Iome sat on my right hand, and, besides him, there were six others round one half of a circular table, the empty half toward the window and the moonlight. All our fourteen hands were on the table, when a hand, delicate and shadowy, yet defined, appeared, dancing slowly just the other side of the table, and gradually creeping up higher, until, above what would have been the elbow, it terminated in a mist. This hand slowly came nearer to Mrs.—, at the right side of the table, and seemed to pat her face. "Could it take a fan?" cried her husband. Three raps responded Yes" and the lady put a fan near it, which it seemed trying to take. "G ve it the handle, said the husband. The wife obeyed, and it commenced slowly fanning her with much grace. "Could it fan the rest of the company?" some one exclaimed, when three raps signified assent, and the hand, passing round, fanned each of the company, and then slowly was lost to view.

I felt, on another occasion, a little hand—it was pronounced that of a lost child—patting my check and arm. I took hold of it. It was warm. and evidently a child's hand. I did not looses my hold, but it seemed to melt out of my clutch. Many other similar experiences I have had. It is interesting to know that the effect is not to create supernatural terrors or morbid DEV PRINTER, WILL RINGS ET LEVINGER. and were present never showed any signs of trepidation, such as ghost stories excite in sensitive and young brains.

I have always thought that there was something yet inexplicable about the nervous organization which might eventually show us to be living much nearer to spiritual forms than most helieve, and that a not impossible opening of our inner senses might even here enable us to perceive these forms. When we see a man in his flesh and blood, we see his outward robes. If his nervous system alone were delicately separated out from his body, it would have the precise form of his body; for the nerves fill not only each tissue of the body, but extend even to the enamel of the teeth and the fibres of the hair. There is no part of the humau frame that is not full of these invisible ramifications. Show us a man's nervous system, and, filmy as it might be in parts, his form would be perfectly retained, even to his eyes. Now this is one great step toward his spiritual body. A little further refinement might bring us to what is beneath the nervous system, the spiritual body, and it might still have the precise form of the man. believe it possible for this body to appear and, under certain states, to be seen. I do not often mention an awaking vision I enjoyed more than twenty years ago, but I will tell it to you. It

happened five and twenty years ago.
I had retired at the usual hour, and, as I blew out the candle and got into bed, I looked upon our infant child, sleeping calmly on the other side of its mother, who also was sound asleep. As I lay broad awake, thinking on many things, I became suddenly conscious of a strong light in the room, and I thought I must have forgotten to blow out the candle. I looked at the stand,... but the caudle was out. Still the light increas cd, and I began to fear something was on fire in the room, and I looked over toward my wife's side to see if it were so. There was no sign of fire, but; as I cast my eye upward, and as it were to the back of the bed, I saw a green hillside, on which two bright figures, a young man and a young woman, their arms across each other's shoulders, were standing and looking down, with countenances full of love and grace, upon our sleeping infant. A glorious brightness seemed to clothe them and to shine in upon the room. Thinking it possible that I was dreaming, and merely fancying myself awake (for the vision vanished in about the time I have been telling you the story and left me wondering), I felt my pulse to see whether I had any fever. My pulse was as calm as a clock, I never was broader awake in my life, and I said to myself, "Thank God, what I have been longing for years to enjoy has at length been granted me, a direct look into the spiritual world!" I was so moved by the reflections excited by this experience, that I could not restrain myself from waking my wife and telling her what had happened. She instantly folded her child to her bosom, weeping, and said, and is our darling, then so soon to be taken from us?" I pacified her by telling her that there was no evil omen in the vision I had seen : that the countenances of the heavenly visitants expressed only peace and joy, and that there was nothing to dread of harm to our child. And so we found it. I have longed much since to have any similiar experience, but I never had

The last step toward the full recognition of woman's rights is the appearance in the New York City Hall Park of a female boot-black. She is sixteen, pretty, and is kept constantly

Gratitude is the music of the heart when its chords are swept by the breezes of kindness.

Original Essays.

For the Religio-Phil wophical Journal.

WHAT ITS ORIGIN? The Age of the Stone Glant-A Wonderful

Curiosity. BY A HEGEBOON.

There has been much speculation as to the age of the Stone Giant (over ten feet in height) recently found by Mr. Newell, twelve miles south of Syracuse, N. Y. At least one of our savans, Dr. J. C. Boynton, has thought it to be a statue : others, equally learned, scout this theory. But supposing it to be a petrifaction, as very likely the case, what is the probable age of this newly found wonder, recently visited by thousands of the curious? The fossil has the Caucasan features and is of the grayish limestone of that locality. Was the giant petrified without being imbedded in the substance composing the rock? Human bodies have been petrified in their graves—were turned to stone. I have no knowledge of the stone thus formed having been identical with the rucks of the locality. I shall proceed, then,on the supposition that originally the body of this giant was imbedded in the substance composing the gray limestone of the locality where the fossil was exhumed. If so, how came it to be where it was found. 🥆

Unmistakable traces of great revolutions on our planet are sufficiently abundant. Our continent was once the bed of an ocean, as proved by the remains of shell fish imbedded in the rocks. Our hills are but so many huge bodies of rock, covered with earth. The substance of these rocks was soft at the period when the valleys were scooped out by the water, is suffi ciently obvious, from the fact that we nowhere find a quantity of debris to fill up these chasms, even supposing it possible for the water to have formed such valleys in the rock; valleys that spread out to a considerable width, instead of being narrow channels with jagged si ics.

First, then, by the upheavel of this ocean bed,

or the depression of parts now occupied by the oceans, the water was suddenly thrown off this part of our planet, scooping out valleys in the substance then as soft as that now at the bottom of the ocean, and at the outlets of great estuaries, forming vast areas of what are now called prairies. Gradually the mass of matter hardened, during which process the action of the rains and frost pulverized the surface, producing a covering of soil.

Before the rocks had acquired any thing like their present degree of hardness, the continent became submerged, as proved by the boulders on our hills, floated thither on the icebergs of the North. We find in the coarser bodies of debris, generally somewhat elevated along the outer skirts of the valleys, the proofs of this first great flood after the formation of the continent; masses of gravel and sand, sometimes of rocks and store jumbled promiseu usly together, rounded and smoothed by attrition and disintegration, while as yet but imperfectly hardened. That this event occurred prior to the growth of vegetation on the newly formed continent, is obvious enough from the fact that this class of deposits contain none of the remains of trees or other vegetation. It was during the action of this flood that I may suppose the stone giant, was left in a condition to be easily torn from its

rocky bed. A vast period of time must then have elapsed before the occurence of a flood, which, although it did not submerge our hills, or even deposit its debris to any considerable height along our streams, was, nevertheless, a flood wide spread over the continent, leaving frequently hugo deposits of alluvial, in which trunks of trees may oten be found imbedded. It was during this latter flood, very likely, that the stone giant was torn from his resting place, and washed into the valley, and left as found by Mr. Newall.

Who, then, shall declare the age of this stone giant, or how or when he became imbedded in the mire, while as yet what is now our continent, slept beneath the watery abyse? Very likely he existed in an age of the world when that brass kettle found solidly imbedded in a coal

vein in Pennsylvania, was manufactured. WILL HUMAN PLESH PETRIFY? "It is said that a large majority of the people who have visited the Cardiff giant believe it to

be a petrifaction, though the scientific men who have examined it unite in the opinion that it is n statue out from stone. Instances of petrifaction have been chronicled in numerous newspapers, and the number is growing larger. " A gentleman of this city, whose word is as good as the wheat," says the Oswego Advertiser, " informs us that the body of his grandmother, exhumed after tifteen years' burial, was found to be petrified. The coffin was difficult to raise. and on opening it the body presented the appearance of stone. A test was made, and it was found to be indeed petrified. We consider this the most reliable statement regarding the petrifaction of the human body we have yet had knowledgo of." And the Albany Knickerbacker, taking pains to deny Prof. Ward's statement that "there is no single instance on record of fossil or petrified flesh," says that in removing the remains in the old burying ground to the Rural cemetry, near that city, among them were found" those of a man noted years ago for his obesity. In life he weighed 400 pounds. His remains were found turned to stone-petrified. The fact was duly chronicled in the papers, and thousands viewed the remains. The bodily form was pericot and solid. Other instances of a like nature have been known, and how many there are in the ground in that condition it is impossible to say." There is probably no doubt of the truth of the latter part of the last assertion. But what do the professors say to these state. Sheds Corners, N. Y.

> For the Religio-Philosophical Journal Elosicrucian Heart-Leaves

> > NUMBER ONE. BY F. B. DOWD.

Childhood! magic stage of existence! peried of mutual nothingness! soft as the plastic yielding waters of Infinitude from whence ye have scarcely emerged! My heart beats with a strange awe as I look into eyes just opened to a world of wonders, that still retain the impress of the fashioning fingers of mystery and darkness, or gaze at coral lips yet fragrant with the dews of God's own breath, or listen to a little wail which seems strangely like the voice of God admonishing us of our holy-chargelittle, and just springing out of the bosom of mystery, opening its tender petals to the hardening influences of a realm all new and unknown to you, of position, knowledge, of struggles and woes, at which your little soul shrinks instinctively, and protests! a little mucleus around which cluster all the forces of the universe, to wound and lacerate, to harden and entomb! Tears are your appropriate language; they soften the otherwise adamantine crust; they are the nearest aproximate to the great soul of Nature, whose heart is continually weeping. But tears sometimes sour and embit ter the otherwise sweet and fragrant flower, Childhood's tears are never bitter unless they are wrung from out the soul by the devilie's

machinations of mankind. Its nature, so soft and plastic, adapts itself to anything-becomes anything. God weeps in its bosom always; then why add a tear or a pang to the already overcharged soul? Who does not look back through the dim vists of care darkened time, to the bright halo of childhood, with a feeling of love for its brief unclouded existence, its warm, natural, unsophisticated, gushing sympathies its smiles and tears reminding us of beautiful landscapes all laden with flowers, sunshine and shadows, that beautify and relieve each other in rapid succession?

Tears are childhood's jewels-aye! and manhood's also. In children, they come from the surface, for the soul is on the surface; but in manhood, they come from the great deeps of the soul-from the fissures and caverns of its rocky crust,-they issue like the sweat of stone; they heave and break up the mountain of granite that sits like the demon of nightmare upon the souls of humanity; they soften like the dews of heaven. Show me a heart that weeps and I will show you a great one. Let us have more tears, and we will have less crime. The hardened heart seldom weeps; its tears have become acid and have dried up the whole being, like the dry, hot, winds of the desert, the dews, the tears of heaven. All nushed and silent, we stand in the presence of weeping old age. We seem instinctively to know that a greater than we, is there. The grey hairs, the furrowed cheek, the bowed form, and more than all, the great sobs speak a language beyond the power of words to express, which tells us more of the great mystery beyond than we have ever known before. Tears are emblems of purity; they are the source of the baptism with water, which is considered a holy and sacred rite. Through tears alone comes the softening and purification which must precede the baptism with fire. Tears tell of worthless joys; of unsatisfied longings; of withered hopes whose realizations are not worth the struggle. They point to the many milestones along our journey of life, which memory has reared, which stand in the cim shadows of flitting years like ghosts in the night of him, pointing only to follies. I have asked the grevhaired, the feeble, these just tottering upon the verge of the grave,-if they would like to live over again the life which was just about to close, and I have never yet received an affirmative answer. All unhesitatingly say "No!" If this is all, then, we want no more of it. Tears are a fitting shroud for the dead. It is well that the future life is hid from us; that the great sweat of agony must be wrung from souls,-wno otherwise would never weep at the grave of buried loves.

Tears are the waters of an ocean not far away, where angels love and bask on its pearly strard. We glimpse its golden shores when its tides fill our hearts and flood our eyes. Childhood and tears are inseperable. They do not indicate weakness, but gentleness. If it is weakness, then let us have weakness rather than strength, for 'tis the weakness of heaven-of power. There is more power for good in a mother's and wife's tears, than in all the tongues that ever desolated the hearts and homes of the children of this sorry world. Tears seldom

lie-the tongue often. The night winds sob o'er hill and daio Because the day is dead, And the skies are weeping and crickets wail As tears on the grass are shed, All bushed and still the songsters are Which warble all day long. And the sable night sends out the stars To sing the funeral song.

The murmuring brook goes babbling by, And catches the silvery strains, As they pour from out the deep blue sky. And echoing answers-back again : Rach pearly drop as it leaps along, Mirrors a star on high, And gladly sings a joyous song Of the rest that draweth righ.

They speak as plain as words can fell Of their home with the stars above, What though the tears our bosoms swell! The day returns in love! And carries the tears in streams of light To mirror the vanits of space. kach tear is a star of the murky night, A jowel on man's dark face.

> -4-For the Religio Philosophical Jour nat.

SPIRIT PICTURES. New and wonderful Developments.

You doubtless can recollect my last call at your office, in company with Father Rogers, a pioneer in the good work, from Minnesota, and kow he told you about the new spirit art he had discovered, of taking photographs of persons on

BY W. H. WANDELL.

the other side, on small pieces of bright tin, free from scratch or blemish, and such as you may readily procure at any tin shop, for a trifle. The method of doing this is so simple and easy, without any expense, that any one who is mediumistically inclined, so far as I can judge, may readily procure, with a little practice, good likenesses of their friends in the Spirit-World. Well, in the first place, have, if you can, a

little family circle-the medium holding at arms length the slip of tin between the thumb and fore finger of the right hand, closing the eyes, and waiting patiently until a vision of some person passes before the inner sight. Then breathe softly upon the slip several times, waiting each time until the vapor has vanished, and the plate looks clear and bright again. The breath chemicalizes the plate, and brings out the picture. Hold the plate near the lamp and change its position until you get the right shade of light upon it, when a face will begin to form rapidly, and sometimes part of the bust or the whole form, until you can see a distinct body, faint at first, but getting clearer and clearer every minute. If you hold the plate longer by the light, very often other faces will be clearly seen rapidly succeeding each other. As one fades out, another appears, until, perhaps, a dozen different ones are seen in a short time. Sometimes when under strong influences, I hold the plate a second time, and repeat the first process, getting very distinct pictures. My aged father's photograph came out in this way, and was recognized by all present. The picture of my niece's little boy as he lay shrouded for the coffin on the bed, even to the shade of the stray ringlet on his forehead, came vividly forth on a slip of common tin, and did much to comfort that mourning mother's beart, and assure her that her little lamb was not dead in reality, but his sweet presence was even then shed over her. Again, two faces one young and the other old, came in succession on the same spot, changing as fast as one could count from one to the other, and to show it was no illusion, the young tace became fixed for a few minutes and then changed as before; but I cannot in this brief article, tell the one half of the wonders of this new and beautiful spirit art. You must try

In my own brief experience within the last few weeks, most of the images or pictures were those of strangers, although near and dear friends do occasionally give me their likeness in this new and cheap form for the million.

You do not need any other instrument than

with the conditions necessary to procure such likenesses. The invisibles provide the camera, for they do use one. The process is very simple and plain, and a little child can learn the whole art in a few minutes.

I have tested this again and again, and different persons here and elsewhere have recognized their friends in those images, procured in this

PRE EXISTENCE.

Its Nature Considered from a Philosophic Staudpoint. BY F. B. FAHNESTOCK.

It is notorious that spirits as well as mortals are imperfect, and that they convey into the Spirit World the ideas they entertained here, whether they were right or wrong, and frequently upon returning, give through mediums the same doctrines they held here. I was forcibly reminded of this fact, upon reading the report of a lecture given by Mrs. Cora L. V. Tappau in Music Hall, Boston, especially upon Sanday, Oct. 17th, and published in the BANNER OF LIGHT, Nov. 6th.

Memory in our normal condition, is recollection or remembrance of dients, or, material occurrences that are remembered or have been noted by the function of memory, in one or more of the facul-ties or senses, and as memory is a quality or an attribute of every organ or faculty of the brain, and from necessity being peculiar in each organ, it tollows, that in order to have a distinct recollection of any person, thing, or event, that all the memories acting, whose capacity enables them to note must remember the necessary appearance. note, must remember the peculiar appearance or condition, etc., of the object or event presented, or no perfect recollection can be had in any case. Indistinct memory or recollection is reminiscence, and occurs when the function of memory in one or-gan recollects while that function in another does not. Thus, we may know the name of an individthing, but can not utter it. In this case, the function of memory in the organ of individuality remembers the person or thing—the memory of eventuality, that the name was known, but the same function in the organ of language has forgotten it, consequently, we have in such cases. gotten it, consequently, we have in such cases a reminiscence instead of a distinct remembrance. Having these facts before me, I can not conceive that there is "no memory-no remembrance," nor that "it is all yourself," or that "you are an occurrence," or that "an event is part of yourself," etc. I can conceive that everything within a child is pure like a white sheet of paper; and capable of receiving impressions, etc., and that nine tenths of all that is considered instruction, imparts false knowledge to that child's soul, which, in time or eternity, must be supplanted by that which is true. Genius consists in the natural ability of the individual to see and grasp existing facts without be-ing taught, and that genius can do so, does not prove that the thing seen and grasped, is a part of that person (outside of his natural connection or relation to all matter) or, that it was in him, as the truit of a prior existence; and although you may come to piaces here, as well as in the Spirit World that you know you never visited in your normal condition, or see familiar faces that you can not locate, it does not follow that such scenes or persons were seen while in a prior state of exist-

It is quite a common thing for persons who are in a commambulic condition, to visit scenes in the Spirit World as well as here, and in after times to recognize them, although they have never been there physically. The same is the case with some who pass into spirit life-they see familiar scenes and faces, although they had no knowledge of them while in a normal state, simply because the memory in the various faculties while in a somnambulic condition did not note, or carry the fact into the normal state.

I can not see the necessity for supposing that the soul of any spirit shall pass through various organisms, or, that an individual Piato or Conncius or a Secrates, shall in the circle of time be transferred to another material fody, or into a Humboldt an Emerson of a Parker. If this be so, I should like to know what becomes of the spirit's nimes of the spirit's individuality? If the spirit of Plato entered a new body that was afterwards individualized as a Humboldt, and both having long since passed to the Spirit World, are we to suppose that one spirit there represents both Plato and Humboldt, or, have they merged into Deity, or lost all form to perpetuate a principle?

I think not, for both have returned through living organisms, and proved their identity as well as

their individuality. The idea of pre-existence has arisen from the fact that some persons are naturally elairvoyant. ciairandient, or perfectly clear minded in all their faculties, and as such persons, while in a natural, somnamousic condition, do not remember what transpires in that state, when they awake, or get into the normal condition, they irequently do not know what scenes they may have visited, or what persons they may have met soul to soul, while in that state, and as they may have visited the Spirit World as well as places upon the earth-sphere when they come to these scenes, or meet persons in mortal or spirit life, they realize that they have

seen them before. Hence many believe that they have had a previous existence, when they have only seen those things and persons, etc., while in a somnambalic or clear minded condition.

The soul of man being immortal, it does not follow that because it is so as regards the future, that it must extend backwards as well as forwards. This may be so with Deity; but man being an outgrowth, is merely progressive, or, is here to become conscious of existence, and being surrounded by fixed moral and physical laws, ne gains kno wiedge by experience, and by the aid of inspiration, (it his conduct does not prevent it) he is assisted in his efforts to shape his own happiness, at the same time that in a society capacity, he is in a measure responsible for his brother's faults, so far at least, as he, in the performance of his duty, may have the power to prevent them.

Voices from the Zeople.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal. Letter from the South.

FRIEND JONES:-In stating to you some months ago, that I would answer letters of inquiry about this part of the country, I did not think I should have so many, and that I was so slow a writer and thinker. But this being the case, permit me to try and give your readers such views, opinions, thoughts, etc., that I may have picked up thus far.

To a Western man, this can not be regarded as an agricultural country, for the largest part of it is too mountainous and hilly, sterile and rocky; and the lowest level country subject to inundations, and yet, there is a margin to both, between the streams and mountains, that is generally quite good, producing fair crops of cotton, corn and wheat, without manure for several years. These better lands, improved and unimproved, I think are selling at their full value as a general thing. I might give you various reasons for so thinking, but you must observe they are only my reasons. Others may differ from them and be just as honest, and nearer right, so I prefer not to give them at this

I do not intend to say much about farms and farming lands, as it is a business or profession as now practiced, that I have no taste for, and but little knowledge of practically. Its dirt hard work, cruelty and ceasless combat with instinctive naturé, I do not admire.

The best and most highly cultivated farming country that I have seen thus tar, is about Huntsville, Alabama, and Rome, Georgia; but very little of this will you find offered for sale. Still there are occasionally large old plantations, in a state of dilapidation, that may be had at a bargain. Good improvements and good houses, the organization of the medium and the plate, | o chards, etc., are scarce.

And, by the way, good mechanics, artizins and the like, are scarce, too, and very much needed, and must ere long be in great demand. But now there are no strong inducements for good journeymen mechanics to come this way, as their competitors are too generally indifferent workmen-white and black, and working at low wages and old fashioned time, or from sun to sun, except on R. Rs., and there, too, the same fact exists to a certain extent. Until a man finds an opening and works himself into a position where skill and ability are necessary, he must submit to this lower grade of wages, though he be ever so competent. However, I must say in justice to Southerners, that they are as shrewed and generous as other people, and it does not take them long to discover the difference between a botch and a good workman, and they much prefer the latter, and will patronize him at fair wages. But, of course, he must prove himself, and that takes time. So if such men desire to come here to settle down, become citizens and help build up the country, let politics and all exciting subjects alone,energetically minding their own business, they will soon find friends and all needed assistance. But, on the other hand, if they are indolent, hanging around the whiskey tap, political brawlers, with strong proclivities for the Negroes' veter to help the proclivities for the Negroes' veter to help the proclivities for the Negroes' veter to help the process to be a second to the process to the process to be a second to the process groes' votes to help them or their friends to some fat office, suspicious, jealous, and generally inclined to get into a muss—they can do it here without any difficulty, and for the sake of their friends and the country, I would advise them to keep away.

I am much more interested in the mountain lands than in the valleys, for here they are cheap, and much nearer their natural state. True, there is not much soil, but a loose, sandy loam makes them easy for cultivation after once being cleared, and this is not near as difficult as the richer and more densely wooded bottom lands, for the trees are not as large and plenty. Chesinut and chestnut oak are the most common, but gum, hickory, pitch, pine and poplar, are found in many places. Cedar abounds on some mountains and mountain sides to a certain altitude, but I have seen none or very little on the tops of the highest mountains. Between Huntsville and Stevenson, Alabama, within from two to five miles of the railroad, I went over large bodies of what I was told was goat or Congress land. True, it was mostly on the sides of mountains—some on the tops, but in many places I saw the tallest and finest of timber or trees, chestnut, oak and poplar. Some single trees laid down, in most parts of Illinois, would, I have no doubt, bring fifty dollars or more, and all this timber is valuable here, and in good demand at railroad stations. But the mountain roads are "rough customers," and steep at that. Shingles, cedar posts, telegraph posts, railroad ties and cord wood, pay well for getting out. A few streams afford water-power. Steam mills and other machineries are needed. Fruit, this year, is quite scarce, except blackberries, and hundreds, if not thousands of bushels, went to waste this season. I did not see a bowl of them fresh on any table that I sat down to. Persons coming to these mountains, not desirous of too great seclusion, should bring associates with them. Neighbors are scarce, Colonies, associations and communities could find ample room here, and fine lecalities, especially for horticulture and manufacturing articles of wood, etc. I am now speaking of the mount-

apply to parts of Tennessee, Georgia, and some other states. I hope yet to be able to visit and carefully examine the most southern and highest mountain ranges, with a view to a vegetarian community. I would like to find all or most of tages I have named greater variety in scenery, higher mountains, more water, and further South. With persons of similar views as to locality, vegetarians, naturalists,—all producers of the necessities for human existence-I would like to correspond, and if they can help me in any way, in means or information, I will use it to my best judgment, and report accordingly. But hereafter, all others, to get an individual answer to their inquiries, must compensate me a little for time. etc., a trifle at least.

ains in Alabama, East of Huntsville, along the

M C. R. R., and I presume this description will

As to the hearth of the South, I see but one local cause for sickness, and this is only in the late war path; and here in many places, the country is so grown up to brush, weed, etc., that it must need impede the free circulation of air, and, where this is the case-South or West, there will be more or less of fevers, agues, etc. have seen but little severe sickness,-not so much as in the West generally; still, there are a great many unwell, dyspeptic, and, what I did not expect to see, apparently consumptive; but I presume the seat of it is in the stomech, where not only consumption, but almost every other disease germinates, and will continue to do so as long as our dietetic habits or practice, are so unpatural.

Yours truly, HOMER BROWN.

Chattanooga, Tenn., Nov. 17, 1869.

Letter from Dean Clark.

MR. EDITOR:-I desire to congratulate you on the steadily improving appearance of the Journal. As individuals, and as public exponents of our divine Philosophy, we all have constant need of improvement, for progress is the genius of our movement, and our aim should ever be to grow wiser,

better and more spiritual minded. You, as well as myself, have had occasion to rebute error and point out the mistakes and shortcomings of some of our brethren, who do not always forget self in the work of philanthropy. But while I believe it is our sacred duty to expose the duplicity of hypocrites, that we may shield the unsuspecting from their wiles and selfish schemes: while I regard it as indispensable to fidelity to our cause, that we be just before being generouspure before peacable—that we openly protest against every perversion of Our cause to individ. ual aggrandizement, yet we need to discriminate between the act and actor, and while condemning the wrong, let us do it in pity for the wrong doer, and be ready upon the first manifestation of real penitence, to forgive and forget the injury, knowing that every soul must atone for every wrong at the bar of God, within itself, and there is no need to add our curse to the pangs of conscience that will "Bite like a scrpent and sling like an adder," when the legitimate consequence of sin comes, as come it surely will.

The position of an editor and journalist, is indeed a most unenviable one, and the greatest sugacity can not always prevent dissatisfaction on the part of contributors and readers, who know not the peculiar interests at stake, nor understand the great diversity of tastes and wants that must be extered to.

The true interests of our reformatory movement

demand fearless criticisms of all wrongs without and within our ranks, and moral courage that dares expose error wherever lound, is an indis-pensable perquisite of all true leaders and teachers, and though but few will appreciate the integrity of purpose that prompts them to rebuke the evils around them, yet the self-consciousness of fidelity to duty is better than the plandits of vain egotisis who form "mutual admiration societies,"

and cover up all moral leprosy with the ouguent

of flattery.

I have often noticed that the greatest knaves have the most to say about the virtue of charity, and I conclude in this case it must be "making a virtue of necessity," and their especial love for it arises from the belief that "Charity covereth a multitude of sins." The true physician first probes the wound, panetures the ulcer, and amputates the purrefied limb, then applies soothing balms and soft plasters to promote the healing process, and Nature herself often sloughs off gangrened excrescences. So let us use the literary scalpel,

"sword of the Spirit," to remove rottenness, then rour on the oil of sympathy to allay irritation and

assist nature to purify and heal.

My health is not good, but I hope to be able to lo considerable work in this Bethlehem of Spiritualism,—Western New, York,—during the winter, and I have arranged so us to labor according to my strength

Yours for truth, purity and progress.

Leroy, N. Y., Nov. 34th, 1869

THE REVIVALIST. The "Devil" throws a Splittoon at Elder Knapp.

LETTER FROM H. S. BROWN.

DEAR SIR :- I like to see the short accounts of the doings of spirits, Spiritualists, and their natural enemies, the clergy, in your valuable Journal and so will give you a few items from this city.

The revivalist preacher. Elder Knapp, has been

spending a few weeks in this clay, and is still here, trying to persuade its good people to join some Protestant church, not Unitarian or Universalist. to make their election to heaven sure. He pictures helt as vividly as ever, and the tortured sinners there in the most painful grim despair that ever was depicted to the human mind, almost equaling the tortures of Catholics and Protestants on their victims in this world. He has met with little success in trightening or inducing our Milwaukee sinners to fly to the bonds of the church for safety; but he has told one good story to prove that spirits communicate. He was at the city of Stockton, Cal., carrying on a revival (he says the devil always follows close on his tracks), when the following manifestations occurred, and he added that no common sense person could dehy that spirits did commune with the people now.

In the family of a Mr. Hooker (I think), in the room where his little adopted daughter slept, water was sprinkled on the bed, on the face of the child, and finally on the window glass. Then there was fire thrown on her and on the bed, and she would brush it off. The little girl often talked with the spirit, and he said he was the former husband of Mrs. Hooker, and afterwards he went to making noises and breaking crockery, and prophe-sying that Mr. and Mrs. II. would be converted and join the church, and lastly he threw a spit-toon at Elder Knapp, and it fell at his feet and broke into twenty pieces. He saw this start from a distant part of the room, and there was no one to throw it, and a spirit did it, as the Spiritualists say. Mr. and Mrs. H. were converted thereby, as prophesied, and then the spirit left and did not trouble them more.

He said it was the spirit of the devil, and always is, or one of his imps, an evil spirit. Has God no care for the good? He had for Job after the devil had done his utmost to make a wicked man of him. And the Spiritualists here think if God is now sending the devil to tempt us, he has given us power to resist him, and God and His angels will soon be with us and grant us that giory and power which is the inheritance of His children.

A GALVANIZED REVIVALIST PREACHER -CHRISTI-ANITY NOW AND TWENTY YEARS AGO IN MILWAU-KEE -LATER REPORTS.

DEAR JOURNAL:—I wish to put before your readers, the finale of Elder Knapp's revival efforts here. It was a signal failure—no addition to the churches, of consequence, and Monday, Nov 15th, he left the city in disgust, shaking the dust from his gospel feet against Milwaukeeans. But his devil being close on his track, as he says, scraped it up and took it along with him; for the Elder, he knew, would want it to blind the eyes of the people in his next attempt at a revival. So we think the whole revival machinery, his heaven and ball included are gone to be set up in some and hell included, are gone, to be set up in some other locality, to try and grind down to their knees some simpletons, and lead them to say they love God, hate the devil and tell how wicked they have been, and then join the church that insures them salvation from punishment. It is possible that he has implanted in some sensitive persons his dogmas, to fester in their bosoms and render them insane at some future time.

Because his devil and heaven and hell, Are to the people a swindle and seil But have feathered his nest pretty well.

And it his home is a bediam on earth, Freely he welcomes these pets to his hearth With their fanatie prayers, songs and mirth.

I heard him a number of times while he was here, and think him the most mechanical and soul less revivalist preacher I ever heard. His spirit seems to have left him. He looks and acts more like a galvanized corpse than a live man, when reciting his old sermons. His jaw comes up like a steel trap as he relates his sensational parases and clap-trap words, and makes his Christian threatlive revivalist preachers I heard thirty and forty years ago, than do the wooden images in car streets with the living, moving men in them, and seemed as much out of time and place here in this age, as would one of the monsters of the Silurian period. Elder Knapp says spirits communicated, but they were the spirits of the devil.

The Rev. Mr. Fallows, of the Spring Street Methodist church, said Sunday evening, Nov. 14 h, that 'No one could convince him that his mother's spirit was not about him."

Nov. 21st, he spoke of the burning of a little. theatre here, and the untimely end of two precious lives: but instead of speaking of the wickedness of attending a theatrs, he said he wished we had a good one, for he had Shak-peare in his library, and was fond of reading it. Some say his expres sion meant that he preferred Shakspeare to any book except the Bible. This is a great change from the denunciation of spirits and theatres of a few years ago.

The Rev. Mr. Dudley, of the Plymouth Congregational Church, said: "Why not say Thy kingdom farewell, instead of Thy kingdom come. And again, why do we not say we shall go by the broad road, instead of the narrow way?" These are the reported sayings of the Reverends.

The Unitarian preacher here reads the Bible as he does any other book. What is good he accepts, and what is not he rejects, the same as he does of other writings. He never goes back on his sayiogs, as the others sometimes seem to do. This is the Christianity of now. Let us compare it with twenty years ago.

Dr. Grieves was at our Conference Sunday night, Nov. 21st. He was the pioneer Spiritualist of Milwaukee, soon after the Fox family went to Rochester, N. Y., and the subject of spirit communion was agitated. He heard of it and consulted a magnetized person about it. She told him, in a magnetized state, that it was spirits, and that they would soon make manifestations here. And they did commence in the family designated, the little spirit children rapped, and investigation proved it clearly. Grown spirits made palpaole demonstrations; they pounded so hard as to displace the boards of settee. Then the Christians commenced their slanders on the spirits and the people where they manifested, but especially upon Dr. Grieves. The Rev. Mr. Miten made a very ungentlemanly attack upon them; but was met and signally defeated by the Spiritualists. Then com menced the Christian war on spirits and Spirituallsts in Milwaukee. Now the bigots are fewer and weaker, and spiritualism stronger and more respected than ever before in this city.

A bell-boy at a Cincinnati hotel found a valuet in the null containing \$6,000. He gave it to the clerk, who returned it to the owner. The man cooly put it in his pocket without saying a word, or even kicking the boy.

IF A little girl walking silently by her father's lide one starry night, when asked of what she was thinking, replied: "I was thinking if the wrong side of heaven is

so glorious, what must the right side be?"

An unmarried woman at Virden, Ill., owns even hundred acres of excellent land, which she paid for, teaching school.

Fannie Fern having said that "The men of the present day are fast," Prentice says that "They L have to be to catch the women."

For the Religie-Philosophical Journal. MEDIA; OR THE CHARMED LIFE:

A Story of Fact, Phenomena and Mystery

BY GEORGE SOMERVILLE.

CHAPTER XIII.

TRADITION OF THE SCREAMING WOMAN-SOLU TION.

The reader, we hope, will not become impatient with our effort to conduct through the varied scenes of our life romance, two sets of characters, but rather rest assured as he proceeds with us, that he is perusing, not idle fiction merely, but the actual life experience of men and women yet living, and moving among us. It is readily conceeded by the general public, that the class of men known among us as fireman, though rough in exterior, many of them, uncouth in manners, at least, no ways Chesterfieldian, but sometimes boisterous, yet possessed of noble natures, generous impulses and a laudtable disposition to do good to their fellowmen, to relieve distress at all times. It is from the lips of the straightforward, unsophisticated fireman that we propose to give the truthful tradition of the apparition of the Screaming Woman, well known of, and accredited by many of the present denizens of Kensington, for five and thirty years past. Job Clawson is one of the earliest members of one of the oldest fire companies of Kensington, now an honarary member. Having just had their hall renovated, refitted generally and refurnished, Clawson with a number of his fellow-members were cozily seated, nay, luxuriating in the late newly upholstered chairs, divans and sofas. A fine new carpet covered the floor, and the old pictures,—relicis of the com-pany, as they hung around the room, dazzeled again in the bright gaslight and in their guilt trames.. At one end of the room a handsome pair of American flags, borne by a large bronze eagle, droop beautifully above them. At the opposite end of the room, and inclosed in a heavy rosewood frame, the portrait of America's glory, Washington (the noble Lincoln by his side), smiled on the surrounding scene. On one side a large picture of an old Indian, a noble representative of the poor red man, looked from the painted wall in grim scriousness, while immediately opposite, William Penn, the peace loving Quaker, spread his hands in tranquil treaty beneath the noble elm, at Shackamoxon, for the lands of Pennsylvania.

"Come, Job, you must give us the tradition and its solution to night of the Screaming Woman," said Jack Ringgold, baying sung for their delectation, one of his prettiest songs.

"That story is old, Jack, and somewhat ghostly. It is good though, and none the less true."
"It was late that night when we left the smouldering ruins of a large fire, well to the west of us, for our home. The very witching time of night as the Bard of Avon has it, when graveyards yawn, &c. I was at the head of the rope, and looking up, I saw through the dark ness, a short distance to the left of me, a figure white as snow, coming on towards me, on the very edge of the water gutter, at a measured, steady pace. I peered through the dense darkness a moment, to discern, if possible, the nature of the moving substance, for so it seemed to be. I can not name the innumerable pictures of things, I thought I saw. At last, having heard, of course, of her before I thought of the 'Screaming Woman.' I looked again, and she was quite near. We were, in fect, rapidly approaching each other. She attired, as I have said, in clear white, so transparent, indeed, and beautiful, that it glistened in the darkness. On her breast there appeared a deep wound, from which the warm blood of a deep purple hue seemed yet to flow. Her eyes open, full, were fixed and glassy. On she came until she stood on the very corner of the graveyard. As she stopped, a chill ran sudden and quick through my viens, and my flesh began to creep as if graveworms were already preying on my body. I had hoped she would pass on without seeing us, if, indeed she could see at all. But pausing. and just as I reached a parallel line with her. she opened her mouth and attered a scream, so sharp, piercing and decisive, terrific and soul chilling, that though I sprang away and sided quickly off far as I could, in passing I fell flat down in the road. Some crazy folks were then getting up considerable of a billabaloo about the su posed approaching 'end of the world,' the instant dashing into smithereens of this beautiful little mundane sphere-I thought it had, indeed, surely come, and sent whirling through unknown regions. I thought I must be fast approaching the queer place far beyond the bounds of time and illimitable space, never to touch terra firma again. The rest of the company left the rope, and flew over the embankment at the road side across the vacant lot, as if the very d-1 leading on a whole legion was after them 'red hot.' Their tright subsided, and the apparition disappeared. Some of them returned to the deserted carriage, as I, their fallen director, was getting up out of the mud.

"Has she gone? where is she?" several of them enquired in a breath, as again they took trembling hold of the carriage rope. "Ye God's. much as I've heard of her, I can never stand her scream, it is perfectly awful, unearthly."

We left that vicinity hastily, you may depend, boys, and soon housed the carriage. Some hurried to their homes, others lingered, talked and speculated about the 'Screaming Woman' and her apparition. She has been seen by many. The men who used to work at Dyott's glass works—the glass blowers, for a long time, there was not one of them who had not met her as they were leaving home or returning from their work. None of them spoke of her scream without a shudder. One of them, Brown, I believe by name, and I think still living, was so alarmed very early one morning as he was in the act of speaking to her, that he became paralyzed and fell helpless to the ground. Others have attempted the same thing with a like frightful though rediculous result. On new year's eye, several members of the Eb-r church near the cemetery, having, of course, heard a great deal about her, with a great deal of doubt determined to watch, wait and convince themselves of the truth of the matter. With their pastor in their midst, of course, nothing from the outer, rather the other world, could possibly harm them. Such a sacred force of holy ones must be proof against Beelzebub himself. Having attended 'watch' meeting, they went out at its close, and waited for the 'Screaming Woman. About one o'clock, she came slowly and evenly along on the very edge, as usual, of the sidewalk. The fair bright moon shone down o'er the scene resplendent as the sun at midday. The glistening appearance of the apparition, so gleamed on their failing vision, they could scarce look stead-ily on her. They had determined to make up a clear report, and so despite their trembling, they continued to wait. On she came, as though quite unconscious of their presence. As she neared the tristring corner of the place of graves. and as they were in the act of stepping up to address her, she uttered her peculiar shuddering and fearful shrick, and they stood rooted to the spot, without the power of speech. 'Not a dog of them could move his tongue.' Their language since is, that they felt the hair of their heads rise up and stiffen like quills, and the very blood in their veins grew chilly and cold. For some minutes, they remained thus transfixed, statue like, unable to move, but as she passed on, the 'spell,' or as we say now, the influence,

seemed broken. They broke also, and ran like lightening down the street.

SAUPIN OF THE TRADITION BY THE OLDEST

INHABITANT.

Old Daddy Crist says, continued the narrator, that this woman when young, being very beautiful and kindly disposed, was loved by a sailor, who insisted that she should wed him, but she loved another, and, of course, she refused the sailor's hand. One evening shortly after he returned from sea, he persuaded her to waik out with him, and as they approached the place where the cemetery now is—a large field it was then—their path passed near a tree, an apple tree; it stood for a number of years in one cora-er of the graveyard. Stopping beneath the tree, the sailor renewed his suit for the lovely maid-ens hand; but putting back this prayer, she then and there told him plainly, though with heaving b som and down cast eyes, that she really loved another. He drew a knife, and without further hesitancy, s'abbed her on the spot. Hence the wound in her breast.

When she starts on her periodical walks, says Daddy Crist, she seems to come from beneath that tree, the sad place of her holy murder.

Note.--We transcribe the simple narration of these facts and phenomena, without especial reference to the particular belief or opinions of the narrator in the spiritual philosophy. Though their language seems to expose the fac, they, as most of people during those days look ed on these manifestations simply as ghosstories, and as very mysterious, and supernutur ilquite un ice juntable on any rational hypoth-

CHAPTER XIV. MEDIA'S FEARS—DECEIT—DEATH OF THE HEART BROKEN.

"Oh. Milford, should I be deceived by your protestations, and by you in whom I have so fully confided my life, aye, and that which is better than life sim ply, cast off, I should—oh! I know not what I should do," spake Media in tones somewhat mournful, and tinetured with something of regret, as she sat on the sofa in her home, leaning her head against the docters breast one evening, thus breathing into his ears her saddest fears for his motives in so long delaying their bridal. As she concluded the above, its effect was increased by a suffusion of invol-

"Media, you wrong me, speaking thus," the docter replied. "Refrain from these unpleasent, unjust reflections. Deceive you; what for? Forget you, never! I love you, Media, and never shall I prove so ignoble and base, as to cast you off." Milford forgive me. I do not wish to wrong you. But—oh! no, no, I belive. I trust you implicity. Milford, my hope, my all—other refuge have I none." Her head with its wealth of black hair dropped back upon his circling arm, and she twined her arms about his neck, and with her full love speaking eyes gazed into his with all the intensity of a deathless affection. A kindred flow of thought, a magnetism of kindred feeling circle them a moment in silence, and their souis melted into one, as he printed on her ruby lips a glowing kiss, gently murn u ing, "Thine—torever thine!"

Ducter Milford S ettler was a man passessel

of a pleasing exterior, and though not overbardened with any depth of mind, seemed strangely very capable of making nonself remarkably agreeane in conversation, full of pleasant flattery and of the fascination to court and win. With the manner, &c., as to how he first contrived to come out doc.or, we have nothing to do. He commenced life as an artizan to leather, and not to detract at all from the real merits of the man, Milford Stettler could turn out a pair of very neat boots. But minual labor not agreeing with him, proving rather uncongenial with his love of ease, he one day effected the loan of a medical work, and began to read 'medicine, according to what 'opathy' we need not say; nor will we name the heart-sickening suffering of his wife and child, when the little work which he performed proved insufficient to keep them from starvation—the commendable patience with which his companion endured, without a marmur, until unable to bear longer his abuse, and finally neglected, heart crushed and sick, she applied for a divorce. This was just what he wanted, for he now gave up boot making and turned his attention entirely to medieine. For some time he lived in serence seclusion, until suddenly out popped his 'shingle, when dropping his real name, 'Monegan Slater, Miltord Stettier, M. D, received his license to murder the human race after the rules of a sci-

Of his real character, Media was not aware, but all too susceptible to his sophistry, she smiled on his advances, as also did fortune, and he was now moving a uccessfully and smoothly into a rapidly increasing practice, so easy is it, if a man possessing a fair exterior, and by dint of a little application, succeeds in mastering a batch of high sounding technical phrasas, be-hind which to conceal his real lack of intelligence to deceive and gull mankind.

It was toward the close of a very cold day in mid winter, that, Stettler's servant, answering the door bell, ushered into his presence a well clad man, as he sat in magnificient comfort near a glowing fire. He looked up on the stranger an instant, then, as it brought to a keener sense of respect by the stranger's goodly appearence, lazily arose, and with a slight inchnation, spoke:

"Ahem-what do you wish, sir?" "This is Doctor Miltord Stettler, I believe?" the stranger inquired.'

"Yes sir, correct.

"A woman, sir, is now lying very low, probably dying. Sue has sent me a long distance for you, and she desires your services immediatery.

The Doctor acknowledging his easy assent, the stranger continued, "the house is number—but if you prefer, sir, I will accompany you that there be no time lost."

"Tis better you do so-thank you-shall be happy to have your company, Stettler blandly answered as he drew on his overcoat. In another moment, having hurried on his warmest gloves, he led the way to the waiting carriage, and was soon speeding in the direction indicated by the Unknown.—Court was situated in the very heart of the city, composed of some dozen old brick tenements, of rude structure, and inhabited mostly by Irish families, and porters in the surrounding stores.

The dying women had taken a room in one of those, and endeavored to gain a subsistance

and prolong life by making vests. "It is very cold this morning," remarked the doctor as they ratled over the streets, and he drew his large coat closer about him, and then seemed to fall off into a pleasent reverie at thought of his increasing practice.
"God pity the poor!" said the Unknown in

reply.
"Yes we have a great many poor among us,

but I often think the larger number of them deserve their poverty." "Many are unfortunate, sir-bave been reduced to want and suffering—not by their own

negligence, but by the villainous actions of others." "They should imitate the ant, and provide in prosperity against the time of need," a reply wedged in by the doctor with but little or no reflection upon his companions last remarks."

The Unknown was about to administer a gen-

tle reproof against the M. D's selfish, unsympa thizing nature, as he looked up and saw they were in front of the Court The carriage halter. They stepped out and hurried together up the dirty, neglected alleyway, the doc or applying hastily his linen cambric to his nostrils as the pent up air saluted his olfactories with some

unpleasant odor.
Arrived at the last house in the court, the Unknown led the doctor up the steps into the house, and up the stairs again to the room of the sick one. They heard her weak moans ere they reached her couch.

"Oh! why don't he come. Will he come and see me die! On! this long neglect, delay." She languished, and the next moment started up with the words, "They come! I hear his steps! A voice! Tis his voice! I see, O God! I see him once more.

The Unknown was by her side. The docter stood in the door-way, one foot advanced to cross the threshold, as the terrible shrick struck upon his ear, and he stood petrified, gazing with dilating eyes on the disease and grief-stricken tea tures and emaciated form of his wife. She fell back on the pillow dead. A thin stream of blood oozed from her mouth, telling all too plainly the sad tale—alas a broken heart.

"Doctor, she is dead!"
This seemed to break the momentary spell of inaction which had held Stettler enchained on the threshold of the death chamber, and as the Unknown looked up, he was tremblingly approach-

ing the couch.
"Great Heaven! yes," quivered in reply on his

purple lips.
'Oh! papa, papa,'I amso hungry!' sobbed his child, a little girl, as she sprang towards hun, extending her cold benumbed hands beseechingly, "Won't you give me something? Picase, papa.

Mother is sleeping."

At the sound of the innocent's artiess appeal, coupled with her unconsciousness of her mether's actual death, a tear of sympathy trickled down the Unknown's face. But Stettler stilled the rising of his better nature, and exhibited no more feeling in the sad scene than was necessary to shield him troin severe rebuke.

The child provided for, the undertaker was summoned, and before the light of the second day had closed upon the pale, wan features of the dead, the remains of Emma M. Stettier reposed extinly beneath the cold clods of the valley, enveloped with a heavy shroud of snow, sweet emblem of her in-

"Affection trampled on and hope destroyed
Turns many from very bitterness and sighs
That were the breath of lite—these all were

[TO BE CONTINUED]

Men slip on water when it is frozen and on whiskey when it isn't.

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As Described and Portrayed by Spirits,

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JUDGE J. W. EDMONDS.

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Zeligio-Zhilosophical Journal

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Company of the Compan CHICAGO, DECEMBER 18. 1869.

angang kungsang ting paggang pandanggang ing agam nunggang pag-angan nunggang pag-angan di magalah in nggangan Di lagga 1. Inag ngung paggang paggang pag-angang pag-angang pag-angang pag-angang pag-angan di dan saman anga AT For Terms of Subscription see Premium lists and Pros-

Those sending money to this office for the Journar, should be careful to state whether it be a renewal, or a new subscription, and write all proper names plainly.

Which It is prepaid, desires to have it discontinued, he or she should inform us of that fact by letter, without delay and if any one continues to take the paper after his or her time of prepaid subscription has expired, payment will be required at regular rates, until all arrearages are paid.

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"The Pen is mightier than the Sword."

GOD AND MIND

Views of Beccher, the Hindoos, Thomas Gales Forster, Mrs. J. H. Conant, Plato.

"Hero, then, it seems to me, is the simple doctrine of the Holy Obest, stated in brief-viz: that it is the influence of the divine mind, of the whole being of God, as it were, sent down in the realm of rational creatures, hovering above them as a stimulating atmosphere, and as food for the goul; and that when men rise into this atmosphere which is the nature of God diffused in the world, they come to a higher condition of faculties."-Henry WARD Breches.

That is a glorious thought, an idea that banishes the commonly received opinion that there is a personal God. "The nature of God diffused" in the world, embraces within itself all things. It is gratifying to us to know that the ideas advanced in the Journar, from time to time, in regard to the nature of God, life, mind, matter and motion, are receiving the attention of the think ing minds of the age. "God diffused" is an idea grand in its nature. God is everywhere. Not a tiny leaf moves in the forest, not a zephyr that travels over mountains and valleys, not a dew-drop that kisses the tragile flower, not anything in all God's vast Universe, but is a part of that "God diffused," in regard to which Beecher speaks. While we admire those brilliant strides that distinguish him when advancing on disputed domain, to cull grand truths therefrom if he can find them, we really deplore his adherence to Old Orthodoxy to that extent that he must, in all his theological dissertations, have the Holy Ghost connected therewith, and attempt to explain the nature of the same, asserting that it is a part of the "God diffused in the world." We think that if Mr. Beecher would divest himself of his theological mantle, expand his lungs and breathe the pure air of religious freedom, he would really appear like a philoso. pher instead of a caterer to the religious aristocrats of Brooklyn.

He takes the position assumed by us, that mind is diffused through all space, but adds in connection therewith, that this "diffusive mind" constitutes God, and that the influence thereof is the Holy Ghost. This is certainly a peculiar method of reasoning in order to sustain a Bible text. He ascribes a certain name to the influence of this "diffused mind," when the word effect would answer the same purpose. If through the influence of this "diffusive mind," which he calls God, man should be formed, or, if through the instrumentality of its creative energies, the tall tree, the beautiful flower, the loathsome snake, and the poisonous reptile, were brought into existence, they would constitute the Holy Ghost,—being the result of the influence of this "diffusive mind" of God.

There are many fine thoughts connected with the discourses of Mr. Beecher, that can not fail to attract attention, still there is an adherence to Old Orthodoxy manifested in connection with the same, that is far from being commendable. We admire that man who fearlessly leaves old established landmarks, and receives new truths from whatever source they may originate. and who will not mar the beauty of his thoughts by catering to the whims of an aristocratic congregation. While we regard Mr. Beecher as one of the most brilliant minds of the age, he occasionally loses his self-possession in his attempts to harmonize texts of Scripture, and becomes a caterer for public sentiment.

When preaching at one time on this text.

'And when Paul had laid his hands upon them, the Holy Ghost came on them, and they spake with tongues and prophesied "(Acts 19: 6), he says:

"Our text brings to view a memorable truth of transcendant value—one of the higher truths, namely: the existence of a Universal divine Spirit, in its special relation to the human understanding and the human Soul."

We find a disposition on the part of Mr. Beecher in all his sermons to take this position, that there is a God independent of certain conditions and forms of matter, or that He exists in the abstract. While he regards God as allpowerful, he appears to entertain the idea that certain manifestations can take place independent of Him, or antagonistic to the divine Spirit. Now, if any fact is self-evident, it is this, that there can be nothing in existence that stands in antagonistic relations to God. Why? Is not God all-powerful? If so, how can power exist outside of Him? If the power which moves your hand is not a part of the all-power of God, then there is a power outside of Him, consequently, He can not be all-powerful. If anything in existence is antagonistic to God, it must possess power, destroying at once one of the attributes claimed for him.

We append the following views:

"The divine Being is not merely a person, superlative, infisite, who sits enshrined, and, as it were, hidden in the centre of his vast domain. We are taught that there is an efficience of spirit-power, and that the Holy Spirit pervades the universe. It is to the personality of God what the light and heat of the sun are to the sun itself. For, though the sun is in a definite sphere and position, and has its own globular mass, yet it is filt turough myriads and myriads of leagues of space, and is therefore present by its effects and power. And though God is not present, and heaven i. the place where he dwells, yet the divine influence pervades the universe. The menial power, the thought power, the spirit power, of the divine mind impletes the rationa maireres."-BEECHEL.

Still, the Hindon attempts to systematize his septrations into a conception of God. A being who file all space and

void, whom he calls Brahms, to whom he assigns the three attributes of Delty, so obviously manifest in the spleador of creation, whom he calls Brahma the Greator, he who has the four winds of beaven in his hands, who is all powerful, about and around whom all creation cluster.-EMMA

"Man is the centre of all the influences of the spiritual and naterial."-Swedensong.

" You will find matter is but another form of God. and that by its means God's thoughts are given off."—Thomas GALES FORSTER.

"All matter is God's tongue, And from its motion God's thoughts are sung, The realms of space are the octave bars. And the music notes are the suns and stars."

"Here is the ever existent, the infinite essence which has no generation, no changes, but exists according to sameness."-Plato.

"You are God. I am God. We are all parts of the same Infinite God-Head. There is no place where God is not There is no place that has not the seal of divinity up I IL"-MIS J H. CONANT.

We find the position assumed by Mr. Beecher somewhat antagonistic to those quoted above, for he assumes that there is a God in the abstract. If man is not a part of God, we would like to have him explain where God terminates and man commences, and show how it is that God can be all powerful, and yet the power of man is not his power. He speaks of the divine Spirit as the "diffusive mind" of God, as follows:

"This divine Spirit; or, if I may so say, the diffusive mind of God which pervades all the realms of intelligent beings, and which is the atmosphere that the soul is to breathe-the medium of its light, the stimulus of its lifeacts in the first place as a general excitement. It develops the whole nature of a man by rousing it to life. We ar familiar with the gradations of excitement."

In assuming that position, he separates man from God, and at the same time, makes him a part of Gad. It (the diffusive mind), he says, "Develops the whole nature of man by rousing it into life." How can, we would ask, this "diffusive mind" develop a person, without it affords nourishment to him, in which case the body developed must be a part of that nourishment-the "diffusive mind" of God, and of course, he must be a part of Him. Now if this divine epirit permeates all the realms of intelligent being, every nook and corner of the whole universe, what right have you to call that a part of God, and ignore that which it is intimately interblended with? This "diffusive mind" permeates everything, is indissolubly interblended with all matter, and why not call that God with which its destiny seems to be irrevocably cast, as well as to ascribe this "diffusive mind" to Him. As well worship a tree, a mountain, a golden calf or a bronze statue, as this "diffusive mind" of God, independent of that which it is intimately blended with. If Mr. Beecher in his elucidations of this question, would go forth fearlessly, and not stop in the reaching forth of that master mind of his, to cuter to Old Orthodoxy, he would rarely fail to come to correct conclusions.

He speaks as follows in regard to the development of man:

* For although we find man first in this world, and he receives his first food here because he begins at a low point, yet as he develops, and goes up step by step, higher faculties, requiring a higher kind of stimulus or food, are toped, and he reaches manhood at that po he begins to act f om the influences that are divine and spiritual, and that flow directly from God. Up to that point he lives as an animal, and beyond that point as a

Up to maturity, " man lives as an animal." In all of his sermons we never witnessed a weaker point, one that has not the shadow of a foundation on which to rest to receive the attention of the thinking mind. According to this position, man only becomes recentive to sciritual influences when he arrives at manhood. Then, of course, he must be changed instantaneously, tor prior to that time he was living "as an ani" mal." He says this "diffusive mind" pervades all the realms of intelligent beings, and then makes another element, which is "divine and spiritual" and which does not act upon man until he arrives at maturity. But think of the utter absurdity of this position. He who dies before reaching manhood, dies as "an animal," for he had lived as one. The influences of God are constantly acting, are showered down on all alike. The boy of fifteen may have a more comprehensive knowledge of things in general than the old man of sixty, yet he has never received those higher influences of which Beecher speaks from the fact he has not arrived at manhood. I wonder if he would be willing to admit that Jeus Christ lived as "an animal" until he arrived at manhood!

As we said before, he defines the Holy Ghost as being the effect of the "diffusive mind," of the whole being of God, and at the same time states that man is developed from this "diffusive mind," or the influence thereof, consequently man is the HOLY GHOST. Mr. Beecher knows very well that a position of this kind has all the elements of weakness, and is assumed merely to cater to that lingering vestige of orthodoxy that still continues to hang like a dark pall over the minds of many people, resulting, of course, in many erroneous ideas in regard to the true nature of Deity. We believe that the time is not far distant when Mr. Beecher will fully admit the truth of the Harmonial Patlosophy—then with aspirations uncrippled, energies unbiased, and mind free, he will go forth giving utterance to those sublime truths which are resting in the minds of angels, waiting for an opportune moment to make their advent on earth, brough some receptive mind,

ARTIFICIAL SOMNAMBULISM,

By William B. Fahenstock, M. D. Barkley &

Co., Publishers. We have published many articles from the pen of the author of the above intitled book. which has elicited much thought, and aroused great expectations in the minds of the readers of this paper in regard to his theory for producing artifical somnambulism, thereby forming

conditions for spirit control. This new work, now upon our shelves, and ready for supplying orders, is a neat volume of 328 closely printed pages, and is offered at \$1.50 per volume. When sent by mail, 16 cents

extra for postage must be remitted. From the hasty reading we have given the work, we can assure our readers that an investment in this book will not be regretted. That spirit communion is to be an every day occurance with the great mass of mankind, we doubt not. Those who peruse this book, and follow the directions given in the same, will hasten that greatly to be desired period

MOTHER RYR'S MONUMENT AND MIN. LIVERMORE-ADAM'S MONUMENT.

When we announced to the public that we were in tayor of having a monument erected to perpetuate the memory of Adam, and that we were willing that the Rev. Charles Rogers, of England, should act as agent for the reception of funds for the purpose designated, little did we anticipate that Mrs. Livermore of the Agitator would announce herself in favor of erecting a beautiful monument to represent the part which Mother Eve acted in the first dawn of creation. We do not wonder that Mrs. Livermore, who is devoted to the cause of woman, and who is an earnest and eloquent advocate for such a change in our civil laws and literary institutions, that will place her on an equality in all respects with man, should not want Mother Eve slighted. As an advocate of those principles of justice, which, if endorsed, would place women where she belongs, she manifests in her speeches more real logic, greater breadth of thought, and a truer appreciation of the present status of woman, than Anna Dickenson, while her force of character and systematic action in the agitation of reform questions, places her at the head of American Women. On the rostrum, she exhibits common sense, rarely manifested by those who have risen to that position by the study of the 'rights and wrongs" of woman, and who deem themselves capable of electrifying the masses by their forensic eloquence, well rounded pericds, brilliant metaphors and terse logic, but who "dress to kill," and who really do kill themselves in the estimation of the thinking classes. Mrs. Livermore, on the contrary, dresses plainly, yet neatly, evincing a judgment in that respect that the intelligent masses admire.

Standing foremost, then, as an advocate of the rights of woman, it is not strange that Mrs. Livermore should revert back to that historic period at the first dawn of creation, when Mother Eve was ushered into existence in a sort of hocus-pocus-presto-change way, God using for the purpose a rib which He had taken from man,and desire a monument erected to perpetuate her memory. Having taken a decided stand in favor of a Monument to Adam, it certainly would be discourteous for us to oppose the erection of one to Eye. Mrs. Livermore having taken the initial steps in this matter in favor of Mother Eve, we presume, if solicited to do so. would act as agent for the reception of funds for the purpose designated above. In regard to the height of the monument, and its proportions generally, we presume there would be a great diversity of opinion. An able exchange gives the height of Adam as 946 feet. Admitting his statement to be correct, we should judge that Eve must have been at least 45 rods long (742 feet in height), rendering it necessary for her when she desired to kiss her lord, to extend her observations about 203 feet. But that seeming impossibility could be easily accomplished when the length of her feet is taken into consideration and as Adam was very posite in all his actions, (but didn't care whether he dressed or not), we have a right to suppose that he could, tempora rily at least, assume the "Grecian Bend," which would reduce his height at least a hundred feet. In regard to the character of the monument, there would be a diversity of opinions. We would base the respective heights of the two monuments on the extent of the bite that each took respectively of the Fruit of the "Tree of Knowledge of good and evil." Eve having had a tele a-tete with the Scrpent, no doubt felt somewhat intimidated when she took the first bite. and our opinion is that she did not bite deep, while Adam, supposing that, in her travels and meditations among the delightful scenery of their Garden, she, had culled rare fruit, took a bite reaching to the "other side" of the core, hence man has been endowed since that period with more knowledge of good and evil, and, of

course is entitled to the largest monument. We write this article, not with any intention of exciting a controversy with Mrs. Livermore in regard to the character of the monument which shall be constructed to perpetuate Mother Eve's memory, but to make such suggestions as will enable the woman of the world to act cautiously and wisely in what they propose to do. We shall be happy to cooperate with Mrs. Livermore in promoting the grandest project of her life, and we have no doubt that each reader of the Journal would respond to the call for as-

sistance, at least to the amount of five cents. Mark Twain is a versatile genius-his oddities adding lustre to all he says and does. Speak-

ing of Adam, he says: "The tomo, of Adam! How touching it was. here in the land of strangers, far away from home and friends, and all wno cared for me, thus to discover the tomb of a blood relation. True, a distant one, but still a relation. Tue unerring instinct of nature thrilled its recognization. The fountain of my fillial affection was stirred to its profoundest depths, and I gave way to tumultuous emotion. I leaned upon a pillar and burst into tears. I deem it no shame to have wept over the grave of my poor dead relative. Let him who would sneer, at my emotion close this volume here, for he will find little to his tuste in my journeying through the Holy Land. Noble old man, he did not see me—he did not live to see his child. And I, I-I-alas, I did not live to see him. Weighed down by sorrow and disappointment, he died before I was born. But let us try to bear it with fortitude. Let as trust that he is better off where he is."

Warren Chase gives his views as follows in

reference to this magnificent enterprise: "I most heartily second your proposition to aid our christian bretheren to getting up a penny monument for their father Adam, and their ribby mother Eye and their snaky sin bearing D. v.l. in a grand group of statues, proportioned to their respective sizes, and although I do not claim prentage in that stock, and am quite certain I am not a descendant of that God-made and dirty parentage, and if I could have my choice, would prefer to have a monkey parentage instead of a heap of dust or muck, yet I am ready to pay in the five cents, being one for each of my family, and as that is considered sufficient if from the descendants alone, this and others like it, can be added for extra embellishments for the serpent. Please keep us posted, and let us know when the work begins and when the money is Remarkable Spiritual Demoustration in Aurora.

DRUMS BEAT, GUITAR PLAYED, MEDIUM and others Carried about the Room, etc. From the Aurora (III.) Herald

"Living in retirement, in a certain portion of this city, is a family who came to Aurora but a few months since, consisting of mother, two sons and three daughters, the youngest a girl of some twelve years of age.

A few weeks since an acquaintance of the family was spending an evening at the house, when the conversation incidently turned upon spiritualism and it was suggested by the visitor that she and the little girl, whom we shall call Mary, sit at the table and discover if possible, if any manifestations could be obtained. Acting upon this suggestion they took their seats at the table, when in a very brief time raps came in abundance and the table commenced moving.

The physical demonstrations in that household

were such that night as to surprise all the inmates; and more especially the family, who were opposers to spiritualism. The fact was revealed that Mary was a remarkable medium whose presence at the table was the signal for a grand gathering of spirits, or whatever it may be, which creates a great racket about the table to the astonishment of all beholders.

Since then many persons have visited the family to behold these demonstrations, which everybody admits are truly wonderful, and which the skeptics are entirely unable to account

Complying with the request of a friend, we visited this house a few nights since, to witness for ourselves the manifestations of which we had heard to much

In company with a number of others who had

been attracted by reports, we sat down at a large dining table where in the course of three minutes, the raps came so distinctly as to be heard a distance of thirty feet. Every person in the company was an investigator anxious to learn the cause of the phenomenon. The hands of the sitters rested lightly on the table as did also those of Mary, and the raps scattered themselves about the table and answered questions; one distinct, loud rap being for no, and three for ves. After a time it was suggested by one of the visitors present, who had witnessed the demonstrations before, that a guitar be placed under the table, which was done, where upon the guitar commenced moving about beneath the table, the strings being tuned and struck as by a human hand while the medium and others sang. What struck those strings as the guitar moved about beneath the table, we have no means of knowing; the attention of the medium being taken up with her singing at the time the guitar was being played. Parties have told us who have seen these demonstrations since, that they have distinctly seen a haze of light above the guitar, and the outline of a human hand as it is being played.

Afterwards the guitar was removed and a strip of cloth was thrown beneath the table, which was immediately removed from the place where it was first thrown and tied into knots. But the most singular feat performed was that of writing upon a slate with a minute pencil, so small as to make it impossible for any human hand to write with the same. With this pencil placed upon a slate, and the slate held beneath the table with one hand by the medium, a message was written on the slate several times, in hair a minute from the time the slate was offered for the communication. After some other demonstrations, later in the evening, the audtence dispersed, wondering what power could produce these wonderful demonstrations, unless it was from a source outside of any person known to be in theroom."

The child medium above refered to (only ten years of age), is now stopping at Dr. Cleveland's in this city. We have been present at one of her seances, where we witnessed the same phenomena as above referred to. Only about three weeks have elapsed since she was first developed as a medium. That she is a prodigy of a medium can not be denied. All who have an anxity to know of the truth of spirit communion will do well to avail themselves of this opportunity.

a good medium,—why remain in ig. NOBANCE OF SPIRIT COMMUNION?

It is with pleasure that we again make a note of the fact that Peter West is a very excellent test

There is no reason why people should be ignorant of the fact that spirits can and do communicate with friends of earth. All that is necessary is to make the same effort that they would to accomplish any other object. There is a large class who make use of the very weak argument, that if their friends who have passed from this life still live in a conscious state of existence, they could communicate with them as well without the aid of a medium as with it. As well might one expect to get letters from Europe without the ald of utenslls for writing, or means for transportation across the waters; as well might the farmer expect to harvest without having sown and planted; as well might a cotton crop be expected to grow upon the top of the highest mountains, as that spirits can communicate to us without a listening ear and favorable mediumistic conditions.

But the question naturally arises, why is it that so many people who are deeply grieved at the death of loved ones, treat the subject of spirit communion with such utter contempt? Simply because they are slaves to old theological creeds. They are afraid that some ignorant pretender to theological wisdom, will ridicule them, if they seek for a communication from a deceased person. Their preacher will ejaculate "free lovers !" and all the ignorant devotees will echo, "free lovers," The poor bereaved mother in slavish fear smothers her grief and foregoes the pleasure of sweet commun. ion with the beloved deceased daughter, but with this reservation in her inmost soul, "O God, why am I such a slave to these people? Oh, that I had strength to declare my freedom !"

God grant that the day may soon dawn upon the world when such slavery shall be only known as a relic of the past. God grant that the prayers from the inmost souls of millions of religious serfs may be answered.

EMMA HABBING'S LECTURES.

Will our old subscribers impress it upon the minds of their friends and neighbors that Emma Hardioge's lectures are being reported verbatim, by H. f. Child, M. D. Phonographer, expressly for this paper, and that they will be found in the JOURNAL for many months to come. Now is the time for trial subscribers to get one of the best newspapers in the world, three mouths, for the cost of the blank paper and the expense of mailing-fifty cents.

We hope all will make an effort to give such encouragement as the enterprise we are engaged in demands for its permanent auccess. No pains shall be spared on our part to make the paper all that the most hopeful can desire.

P. HATHBURN.

The above named subscriber has been receiving this paper since April 15th, 1869.

We are in receipt of number eleven, volume seven, bearing date December 11th, 1809, returned with an endorsement on the wrapper, "Not taken from the office."

The law requires post masters to write and give all necessary information for the benefit of publishers, in cases where the papers are not taken from the post office. Where a Post master falls to do so, but in lieu thereof, sends back a paper without endorsing the post office from which he sends it, leaves us in as profound ignorance of the residence of the subscriber as we can well be. The simple name of a subscriber does not enable us to look and determine his post office address without a labor of, perhaps, a whole day. Will post masters take notice and in such cases, give such information as the law requires? Every one is furnished by Government with printed blanks and envelops for that purpose.

But the worst feature of this case does not appear to rest with the post master alone. This subcriber is indebted to us in the sum of two dollars. Has he connived with an orthodox post master to aid him in cheating us out of so much money? A report upon the subject from both him and the post master, will be gladly received; but this we hardly expect. We regret to know that any one who has had the reading of the Journal so long, should still be so base as to desire to do so mean a thing as to cheat the printer. We hope there is some mistake about it. Will some one who knows P. Rathburn's post office address advise us? We know that there are other subscribers at the same post office, as the returned paper bore the marks of going in a package with other papers from this office.

This is a new case, hence we have taken up so much space in making an example of it, that the like may not be repeated. The world should learn that "Honesty is the best policy." All answers to this inquiry will be kept strictly confidential, if

PROGRESSIVE LYCEUM.

Sunday Evening, Dec. 5th, the Chicago Progressive Lyceum gave an exhibition at Crosby's Music Hall, and a grand affair it was, the exer-

cises receiving the applause of all present. . The following constituted the order of exer-

PART FIRST.-1. Chorus. "Sing altogether." -Lyceum. 2. Recitation. "The Child's Dream." -Marietta Stewart. 3. Song. "Bloom upon the Cherry,"-Mollie Mariam. 4. Useless Maxims,-Group of Children. 5. Gymnastics. "Ring Exercises,"-Annie and Mollie Grace. 6. Recitation. "Flag of America."-Eliza Niles. 7. Song. "R:collections of Childhood,"-Nellie Bushnell. 8. Gymnastics. Class. 9. Duett. "See how the Pale Moon Shineth,"-Ione and Lillah Williams.

PANT SECOND .- 1. Solo and Chorus. "Gathering Home,"-Williams Family. 2. Recitation. "Pharisee John,-Louie Fuller. 3. Song. "The Refugee,"-Phebe Dinsmore. 4. Damb Bell Exercises. Class. 5. Song. "Autumn Leaves." -Lizzie Avery. 6. Recitation, "Barbary Fritchie,"-Ida Haines. 7. Song. "The Old Sexton, -S. P. Green. 8. Duett. Gussie and Lillie Kopp. 9. Tableau. "Shakespear's Seven Ages."

While all those who participated in the exercise acquitted themselves nobiy, we were more than pleased with little Loui Faller's Recitation -" Pharisee John."

The exercises reflected great credit on the of ficers of the Lyceu m.

LIFE'S UNFOLDINGS.

See in another column the above entitled advertisement of a most valuable pamphlet, which phil. osophically treats of the wonderful manifestations

Minute Ream is said to be engaged to a Roman nobleman.

Lersonal and Focal.

Mrs. Addie Ballou lectured in Cleveland on Sanday last. Her delineations of character and tests of spirit presence are truly remarkable.

E. S. Wheeler spoke in Charleston, Mass., Nov.

Prof. Wm. Denton lately lectured in Boston to a large audience on "The Antiquity of Man and his Dean Clark, an able exponent of the Harmonia ?

Philosophy, is engaged in general Missionary Work for the New York State Spiritualist Association. His address is Batavia, N. Y. Mise Lizzie Doten is in the field again. Will not

some of our Western societies engage her serv-

J. B. Ferguson, one of the finest speakers in the ranks of Spiritualism, has been spending a few weeks in Tennessee.

Mrs. Orrin Abbott is regarded as one of the best developing mediums in the West. Her success is truly remarkable. Under her manipulations, the spirits are enabled to use the arm of any person to write names, etc., the first sitting.

Mrs. Emma Hardinge lectured at Music Hall, Boston, Dec. 13th.

A little girl in Ogdensburgh, N. Y., saw her grandfather standing by her bed-side, just as he died a violent death on a distant lake.

.Thomas Gales Forster is lecturing in Philadel-

E. S. Wheeler will lecture in New England during December and January.

Mrs. M. J. Wilcoxson is at Houston, Texas. She can be addressed there in the care of P. Bremond. E:q.

Mrs. Jennette J. Clark is lecturing as Missionary in New England.

Dr. Persons, the healer, is in Texas.

Dr. M. M. Tousey, of 908 Galena street, Milwaykee, Wis., will answer calls to lecture within reasonable distances of that city.

Dr. J. Starbid, of Milau, Ohio, has entered the

The dedication of the New Hall at Richmond. Ind., will take place December 26th. The seciety there is in a flourishing condition.

C. A. Skinner, of Valparatson, Ind., trance speakor, will answer calls to lecture.

Philadelphia Department.

EY...... H. T. CHILD, M. D

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

Improvisation.

DY REV. T. L. HARRIS.

As reses turn in time to mould, So outward forms that men behold, Expire and end in beauty's flight, And vanish from their outward sight. As roses that in spring time bloom, Unfolding deathless o'er the tomb. The hearts we love unfold more bright, More beauteons in the heavenly light. There is no death; 'tis but a shade, He not of outward loss afraid. There is no death; it is a bitth-A rising heavenward from earth. The calmest life that mortals know, Is force as tempests when they blow O'er stormy seas, compared with ours. Who dream 'mil heaven's immortal bowers. The wildest wee that mortals find ie like a shadow, 'tis confined Within a little ring of time-Our joys unfold in life divine.

Where roses blessom all the year. Poem by Lizzie Doton.

Fhaping that life's unbounded span,

Think of thy fature as a sphere,

Eternity is thine, 0 man.

'The fair spring flowers droop and die. before the summer roses bloom, And stars look meekly from the sky Amid the evening's gathering gloom. Thus hopes, so beautiful at birth.

Will wither in the human heart, For true happiness is not of earth, And nearest friends are called to part. But stays that set, arise again, And flowers shall bud and bloom once more; And weary hours of wee and pain

In heaven's sweet peace will soon be o'oz. Within the bowers of blies above Your friendship like a flower shall bloom, For sacred truth and holy love Qutlive destruction and the tomb.

Communications from T. L. Harris.

During the last twenty years, we have been gathering gems of spirits and mortals, and from our journal, we shall at times transfer some of these. Riding in Laurel Hill Cemetery with our Brother Thomas L. Harris, in May 1851, we passed the grave where General Mercer was interred. On seeing the implements of war chiseled upon his monument, we remarked that they did not seem like fit emblems for such a place.

Brother Harris was entranced and said:

" I shook away the body's dust, And rose sublimely to the san, My broken award has turned to rust.

Through heaven my apward course I run. I wave my banner 'mid the skica

Borne upward through the heavens I rise. Within those considrated shades

My upward form is turned to mold, And faces that crossed their hostile blades On earth, are friends in yonder fold."

On expressing our feeling that it was wonderful that spirits should be found everywhere ready and willing to communicate whenever they found suitable conditions, Brother Harris continued: "Were the spiritual scenes which transpire in all earth's so stary places, commupleated to the dwellers of earth, men would, could they believe, be overwhelmed with astonishment. Millions of ministering spirits walk the earth, and in the airy chambers of the sea, in the artistic bowers, and in the air are temples richly wrought with glorious images. No earthly art such images can fashion. There they dwell, and thence, numerous as the leaves and numerous more than all earth's multitudes, they journey through all pathways. With all men they silently travel; they write their thoughts on every human mind. While man resides in the dull house of his mortality, they are his constant visitants; and when the claybuilt fabric crumbles to decay, man need not leave the earth to find a home; earth is a spiritland, and angels dwell o'er its broad continents and shining seas.

Winds of the summer time, what do ye tell? Bongs of the fairy clime, where angels dwell, Leaves of the summer time, what do ye say? Language from heaven's own clime, where angels stay."

On another occasion, Brother Harris said: "True religion cometh not to enslave the mind, but to emancipate it; her garments are woven charity; -her crown is light; -her priests and ministers are open hearts and open hands-intellects, that, free in themselves, endeavor to free all natures, -purify men and women everywhere. Art thou seeking to become a member of a church? Behold the temple of the expanded universe. Art thou seeking superior priestly natures, from whom the parched spirit shall drink in blessing as the violet drinks the summer dew ? Seek thou, for they are ever near thee-those guardian angels who ever minister in that temple, whose office is to guide the struggling spirit in its aspirations after immortal virtue."

On another occasion, Brother Harris spoke

as follows: "That there are societies of spirits corresponding to each and every organ of the human cerebral system, is a truth. That heaven itself with all its multitudinous spheres, corresponds to man himself, and to his various organs, is a proposition which legitimately unfolds from the former, but it is also true that man passes through many states, during the successive stages of his development and is powerfully wrought upon by circles of intellectual beings, corresponding to all the organs of the human system. Hence whole societies of spirits combine to operate, at suitable intervals, upon man, according to harmonic law. Man has, theretore, not alone guardian individuals, but also guardian societies. When in the councils of the divine mind a harmonic idea is conceived, that ides proceeding from the depths of inflaitude, and expanding as it descends, becomes a volume of melody, which, vibrating upon the interiors of countless societies of angels, flows forth through their organs into appropriate utterance, and the same idea may be expressed in myriads of apparently varied forms of manifestations. That divine idea which clothes itself in the mind of the poet in harmonic tones and numbers, flashes before the inner vision of the artist, and imprints upon the mind's eye a vision of divinely ordered and exquisitely graceful groupings expressive of the interior ideal. I see a vision which will serve as an illustration of this truth. I see standing, apparently wrapped in intense thought, a youth attired in a garment in color like vivid emerald. I see a ray of light, or rather a shaft of intense, unuttered mind-es-sence, for there is a mind-essence proceeding

from the Infinite. At the time when this youth is thus impressed, I perceive that he is in harmonic sympathy with a circle of angels who inhabit that peculiar condition or empire of the spiritual universe, wherein art gloriously reveals itself, and this youth, as I gaze upon him, be-holds the objective form of that divine idea projected before the mental vision. His whole being is permeated at once by the harmonic idea descending from above, and by an influence harmonizing therewith, proceeding toward him from that heaven of art with which he was in sympathy, and while the divine idea is a source of inspiration, the harmonic influences of that artistic sphere attune his organization to

reproduce it in torm and color. Again, I see a young maiden clothed in a robe of peculiar whiteness, sitting in a chair of ivory, polished gems inlaid in the marble beneath her feet. She listens-she hears music, and that same immortal shaft of mental influence beginning in the inaccessible depths of the divine Infinite, falls upon her, and her whole nature vibrates in song. The air seems tull of melody, as if its very atoms vibrated. With inconceivable rapidity she writes, and the same idea, which to the artist was a vision, utters itself through her most exquisite organization in lyrical strains, sweet as the south wind when it sings itself to slumber, amid the blossom of roses, for she, when this heavenly ray descends upon her, is in sympathy with one of those heavens where di-vine inspirations reveal themselves in song.

ECLIPSE.

Man is not alone Effected thereby. As a proof that man is not alone effected by an eclipse, we insert the following elequent description by that great American writer, Fenimore Cooper:

I was recalled by a tamillar and insignificant incident, the dull tramp of hoofs on the village bridge. A few cows, believing that night had overtaken them, were coming homeward from the wild open pastures about the village. And no wonder the kindly creatures were deceived : the darkness was now much deeper than the twilight which usually turns their faces homeward; the dew was falling perceptibly (as much so as at any hour of the previous night), and the coolness was so great that the thermometer must have fallen many degrees from the great heat of the morning. The lake, the hills, and the buildings of the little town were swallowed up in the darkness. The absence of the usual lights in the dwellings rendered the obscurity still more impressive. All labor had ceased, and the hushed voices of the people only broke the absolute stillness by subdued whispering tones. "Whisk! The whippowill!" whispered a friend near me, and at the same moment, as we listened in profound silence, we distinctly heard from the eastern bank of the river the wild, plaintive note of that solitary bird of night slowly repeated at intervals. The song of the summer birds, so full in June, had entirely ceased for the last half hour. A bat came filtting about our heads. Many stars were now visible, though not in sufficient number to lessen the darkness. At one point only, in the far-distant Northern horizon, something of the brightness of dawn appeared to linger.

At twelve minutes past eleven the moon stood revealed in its greatest distinctness—a vast black orb, so nearly obscuring the sun that the face of the great luminary was entirely and absolutely darkened, though a corona of light appeared beyond. The gloom of night was upon us. A breatbless intensity of interest was felt by all. * * * In looking back to that impressive hour, such now seem to me the feelings of the youth making one of that family group, all apparently impressed with a sensation of the deepest awe. I speak with certaintly. A clearer view than I had ever yet had of the majesty of the Almighty, accompanied with humiliating, and, I trust, a profitable sense of my own utter insignificance. That provement of the moon, that sublime voyage of the worlds, often recurs to my imagination, and, even at this distant day, as distinctly, as majestically, and nearly as fearfully, as it was then beheld.

A group of silent, dusky formsstood near me. One emotion appeared to govern all. My father stood immovable some tifteen feet from me, but I could not discern his features. Three minutes of derkness, all but absolute, clapsed. They appeared strangely lengthened by the intensity of feeling and the flood of overpowering thought which filled the mind. Thus far the sensation created by this majestic spectacle had been one of humiliation and awe. It seemed as if the great Father of the Universe had visibly and almost palpably veiled His face in wrath: But annalling as the withdrawal of the light had been, most glorious, most sublime, was its restoration. The corona of light above the moon became suddenly brighter, the heavens beyond were illuminated, the stars retired, and light began to play along the ridges of the distant mountains. And then a flood of grateful cheering, consoling brightness fell into the valley with a sweetness and a power inconceivable to the mind unless the eye has actually beheld it. I can liken this sudden, joyous return of light. after the eclipse, to nothing of the kind that is familiarly known. It was certainly nearest to the change produced by the switt passage of the shadow of a very dark cloud; but it was the effect of this instantaneous transition, multiplied more than a thousand fold. It seemed to speak directly to our spirits, with full assurance of protection, gracious mercy, and of that divine love which has produced all the glorious combinations of matter for our enjoyment. It was not in the least like the gradual dawning of day, or the actual rising of the sun. There was no graduation in the change. It was sudden, a nazing, like what the imagination would teach us to expect of the advent of a heavenly vision. I know that philosophically I am wrong; but to me it seemed that the rays might actually be seen flowing through the darkness in torrents. till they had again illuminated the forest, the mountains, the valley, and the lake with their

glowing, genial touch. There was another grand movement as the crescent of the sun reappeared, and the moon was actually seen steering her course through the void. Venus was still shining brilliantly. * * Men who witness any extraordinary spectacle together are apt, in after times, to find a pleasure in conversing on its impressions. But I do not remember to have ever heard a single being freely communicative on his individual feelings at the most solemn moment of the eclipse. It would seem as if sensations were aroused too closely connected with the constitution of the spirit to be irreverently and familiarly discussed. I shall only say that I have passed a varied and eventful life, and it has been my fortune to see earth, heavens, ocean and man in most of their aspects; but never have I beheld any spectacle which so plainly manifested the majisty of the Creator or so forcibly taught the lesson of humility to man as a total eclipse of the sun.

In the Alabama House of Representatives, a colored man was elected Engrossing Clerk. The Democrats voted for him against a white man.

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" Death and the After Life."

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Transplanted to the beautiful gardens of the Summer-Land, on the evening of Nevember 2nd, 1869, the spirit of Lena Francis Troxell, daughter of B. F. and Louisa Troxell aged eight years and nine months.

Little Frankie was one of the brightest and most promising fl.wers in the Progressive Lycoum of Chicago, possessed intelligence far beyond her years; her sparkling eyes and sweet disposition interested and won the affection of all with whom she became acquainted. ; Her illness, which lasted only thirty hours, was scarlet

ferer of the most malignant type.

This sudden departure to the Summer Land has brought adeep shadow of sadness over the family circle, and especially over the hearts of the parents; but they mourn not as those without hope, knowing that ere long they shall meet their darling on the bright shares of the happy Spirit

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No. 10 Vol. 7-4 W.

Communications from the Inner Life.

He shall give His angels charge concerning thee.

For The Religio-Philosophical Journal.

FRANK'S JOURNAL-NO. 39.

PRANTIS I. SULTE, OF BALPINDER-MEDIUM. Your Grandfather has excited my curiosity. He tells me that I may give any thought I please, which you can receive and publish. This is a strange thing, my friend, and may be productive of great good. Many spirits will avail themselves of this, for tew of us but have been maligned, and ever would have the truth appear.

CHARLES' II.

My life has been an eventful one, few more so, and were I to relate all the exciting scenes, the startling incidents of my varied fortune-now a fugitive in the depths of despair, then finding a refuge among devoted followers-again an exile, but soon elevated to the pinnacle of splendor,

it would require a large volume. I delight in going back to my youthful days. How a fond father and loving mother spared nothing that could contribute to my happiness; all that doctors could teach became mine, and I grew up a manly, accomplished fellow, the favorite of all.

But a dark cloud was now hovering over the land; a spurious religion had taken possession of the masses. King and court lost much of the divinity which hedgeth about a king. The storm broke, rebellion went through the land, overwhelming all in ruin, bringing my father to the block. History tells the story, which I will

England now offered me no home, and I fled to France. There I mingled among the gay and licentious of that licentious court, causing me to become as corrupt as the worst of them. I had not only the prestige of royalty but a pleasing exterior and captivating manners to urge my suit, and therefore reveled among the beauties of France.

But more unfortunate events now claimed my attention. The King was dead, but royalty was not dead. I had many warm friends and devoted followers scattered through the kingdom, and a plan was set on foot to restore me to the throne. I landed at Dover, and my progress was one continued triumph. I entered London amid the acclamations of the people. The nation had been drunk, it was now sober. What a contrast between the fugitive clinging to the boughs of a tree, and the king on his throne.

I have but little to relate except what history records. It has been said I never spoke a foolish word and never did a wise deed. This is true. I was too well educated for the first, and too much engulfed in pleasure for the latter. I cared but little for the State; left its management to the ministers, and employed my whole time in attending routs and balls, and other

entertainments. I had all the beauties of the land at my disposal,—not one ever resisted my suit; and what a wide spread corruption flowed from the example I set. Purity was the exception; frailty, the rule. Not a lady at my court, married or single, but belonged to the the latter, and all this my doings, and for which I am

I came to the throne with religion, such as it was, spread broad-cast through the land. How different the result, had I given countenance to a pure religion, and required at least morality in those around me. But alas, alas! I now mourn, and continue to mourn when all this comes up before me. I cared nothing for religion. I saw nothing attractive in it. Even many of the Bishops and clergy were as corrupt a any at my court; and yet, with long faces, they would mount the pulpit and preach doctrines.not one word of which did they believe. How, then, could I have faith. No, it was all a stupendous fraud to cheat the people, and draw from them their earnings to support a lazy, idle priesthood. I would have brushed drones from the hive if I could, but this was an effort too much for my indolent nature. Rejecting so much, I rejected all—a future life was a myth, death an eternal sleep. And, was I altogether

I almost believed I should live again. What terror overwhelmed me when, on opening my eyes, I beheld a vast, extended plane, limitless in whatever direction I cast my look. A thick mist prevailed, and to add to my horror, not a sound broke upon the ear.

certain of this? By no means. The teachings

of my dear mother would often come up with

great force. Her pure and spotless life gave

weight to all she taught; and when death came

At length, a wailing of the air seemed to be, nothing distinct, but a mere sighing. This increased and became a kind of roar; then shricks are heard coming from an immense number of men and women, tossing their arms about and attering the most horrid blisphemies, I stood paralyzed with fear, knowing I could not escape. They rushed upon me, and dragged me by the hair until dead. Dead, did I say, alas! I wished it were true; but there is no death. I had only swooned, and came to finding myself sore in every limb, and unable to work. Here I lay, wondering what all this could mean. This must be the other life, and what the clergy taught 18 true. This is hell! and if hell, it is forever, for so they taught. Oh, horrible the thought! Here I lay, racked with pain, unable to move. Gazing into the distance I saw something stir, What is it? No, it stirred not. Yes, it is coming here, and then, agony of agonies, I beheld a giant serpent, with mouth wide open ready to swallow me. He came gliding on, his mouth filled with teeth; his eyes on fire; he laid down by my side and began licking me all over, and I felt the skin taken off wherever he licked. Then he locked me in his embrace, and every bone cracked, leaving me again dead.

I woke up in a cave so dark I could not see my hand before me. I heard wild beasts screaming all around, but could see none. I hoped to escape, but one ran against me and then all turned and tore me limb from limb.

My habits of life were excessive neatness, What was my disgust and horror, to find myself overwhelmed with lice, in such quantities, that they filled my mouth and choked me. Why should I continue, it would only be to

recount one horror after another, each one different, but all bringing agony to me. My last suffering was being compelled to associate with the very lowest order of humanity; corrupt to the last degree; friends in every sense. You cannot imagine the indignities that were heaped upon me, and what ribaldry when any one called me king. I had often tried to leave them, but could not, for there seemed to be alway some one on the watch, and then my persecutions were ten fold. One day I managed to conceal myselfamid some rocks. They passed on without seeing me. It was the first peaceful moment I had known. There I lay for some time, thinking of nothing but my escape; but when all fear of recapture was gone, memory brought up every act of my life, beginning with childhood,— proceeding year by year through many eventful scenes, my guilt becoming blacker and blacker as memory traveled on, and there each deed stood before me in letters of fire, and how I shrunk within myself while compelled to read this terrible record. Over and over again was I compelled to read, and each time my guilt seemed blacker than ever. Not only did my crimes stand in array against me, but also the wasted opportunities, the good I might have done, but did not.

I now suffered the pangs of remorse, more terrible than mortal can conceive of. My past sufferings were as nothing compared with this, for these sufferings were, in a measure, physical, while remore tortures the very soul. Writhing in agony is but a poor word to express it. In the intensity of anguish, I cried "God be merciful, be merciful,"

A light broke upon my astonished vision—a voice is heard, it said, "Charles, my son, mother is here." And there she stood smiling, so resplendantly bright, I could not look up.

"Come Charles, you have been here long enough; the fires of conscience have consumed your sins; you are now a free man." I could not rise,—she touched me, and new life ran through my veins. She gave me her hand,-I followed—and what a change was here; no sterile rocks, no gloomy eaverns, no hideous creatures steeped in guilt; but beneath my feet was verdure and flowers, and around were happy faces and children which were never seen in my former abode; and trees with singing birds among the branches; and in the far distance, towering mountains, and all around rippling streams, glittering in the glorious light. Soon I was met by father and friends, who seemed to have been expecting me, and what a hearty welcome I received.

King though I be, I am but a child in wisdom and knowledge; I feel my ignorance, and my whole soul is bent on progression. I await glad tidings from my mother, she is my guiding star, and to her I look for everything.

I am but a follower in the path of nations, a mere looker on, but I gather from wise heads the destinies of nations. You will live to see the beginning of the end. Not a crowned head will fill a throne in fifty years, and in less than ten, the crash will commence. Have no fears for your country. You will become a power on the earth, and all nations will look to your example, and wish to found their government upon your principles. Trouble is also brewing with you, and you will not escape without commotion. Your statesmen here think the quarrel is not yet ended between the different sections, and that another element will be brought in that will make all right. The West will come in and demand to be heard. Then you will become a great nation. You have afforded me much pleasure, my

friend, for which I thank you. It is astonishing to me with what fidelity you have caught my thoughts and committed them to paper. I could not have believed this possible, but true it is, a solemn fact.

DAVID FINECASTIE.

I am David Finecastle, and lived in England about forty years ago. My friend Gregory has told me of this extraordinary method of communicating thought to mortals. It is strange indeed, who could have thought such a thing possible. I gladly avail myself of it to give my history.

I was born in Sussex, England; lived to be a Judge of the Court Common Pleas, and was offered a place on the King's Bench; but I forfeited all by committing a crime which sent me to the colonies. I forfeited my high position by the follies of a woman. But I defer all this until

I give some little account of myself. My parents belonged to one of the most respectable families ; were in easy circumstances, and spared no expense on my education. At the age of fifteen I was sent to Cambridge, and there soon distinguished myself, and soon completed the usual course of study, and obtained the first honors.

Having received the congratulations of my friend, I began to think to what shall I turn my attention for a profession. My father preferred medicine, my mother the church, but I chose

Hardly had I engaged in study before my heart was won by a young lady belonging to a neighboring family, remarkable for her beauty and personal attractions. I, became madly in love with her, and could not give a single moment to study. But all my attentions were in vain; her heart had been already won by another, and I was almost crazed by it. A whole year was thus lost before I could settle down to study, and even then it was far different from the energy displayed at College. But after awhile, my charmer being married and

hope being dead, I devoted all to my profession. Having passed the neccessary examination, I became a lawyer, and soon, so far distinguished myself as to gain considerable practice.

After a few years, learning that a vacancy would soon occur, I offered myself as a candidate for the Judgeship and was accepted. This post I filled for many years, and should have continued to lead a quiet life, but for the machinations of woman.

I was then about thirty five years of age, of pleasing address, and refined manners. Both my parents had passed to another world.

One day subsequently it so happened I met a lady at church who appeared to be about twenty, of great beauty, and evidently of good family. Upon enquiring I learned that she was the daughter of a clergyman living in an adjoining county. I soon made her acquaintance, and began paying her the most assiduous attention. It was not long before I perceived that I was not indifferent to her, and after a week's courtship we were engaged, and then married.

But the month was not over before I became convinced that I had made a sad mistake. She was made up for show and nothing else, with scarcely any redeeming quality. She had no heart, no tender feelings, nothing to attract one's love; add to this: no regard for truth, love of display and intense selfishness. I was the reverse of all this in every particular—what sympathy could there be, then, between us? In a few months we were completely estranged. Can you imagine a more wretched man than myself? I could enjoy nothing, and life itself was anything but a pleasure.

At length I began to think, was there no relief-must I wear out a miserable existence in this way? This thought was forever uppermost. One day she was taken sick, and immediately the thought arose that death would bring relief. But death came not; she recovered. The thought however had already found lodgment in my brain, and there it remained. For several weeks this continued, until I became quite familiar with the thought. At length I determined to try a slow poison; but being aftogether ignorant of the subject, I began reading to gain information, but could learn nothing satisfactory. Afraid to speak about it at home, I went to London and there began to make inquiry at the different apothecaries, and at length fell in with one who seemed to have made it a study. He told me of belladons, and how to prepare it. Of course I did not procure it of him, but of another in a distant part of the city, and went home with a supply.

A few drops were given every day in her coffee, and several weeks passed on before any effect was perceived, but then I noticed a more feeble step, a loss of appetite, a languid look, a lack of lustre eye and general debility. Not the slightest suspicion fell on me. The physicians were completely at fault. Thus it continued for several months, until gradually death came on

and the grave received her. Not a pang of remorse touched me during all this time, but hardly was she gone before hell took possession of me. Not a moment's peace was mine. My wife's haggard face was ever before me. If at meals, she too was there; if strange language put the Constable in such a at court, she entered the witness box; if in the parlor, she took a seat beside me; if in the street, with his horse rod and threatened to cause him

she walked before; in bed she lay at my side. Life could not endure this long.

This brought upon me general observation: all wondered what had betallen me, that I should wear a countenance so haggard. At length it began to be whispered that my wife had not been fairly dealt with, and I could hear it often. One day it was mentioned when I was among a number of persons. This roused me to fury. I picked up a knufe near by, plunged it into the speaker's heart and he fell dead. I was, of course, arrested and ledged in jail.

No sympathy could be got up in my favor. Feeling seemed to be against me, and when the trial came on not one appeared as my friend. I was sent to Australia. This was no punishment to me, for nothing could add to the horror of my

I made no profession of religion, for I considered it all trickery of the priesthood. I had seen so much disbonesty among professors—so much striving after gain-so much inferior in many respects to those I knew to be infidels, that I could feel no respect for what I believed to be imposture. Nor had I any belief in a future state of existence. We lived-we died, and there was the end.

I lived in Australia two years, more miserable than you can imagine, and was found dead in my

I know not how long I remained unconscious, but when I woke up, I gazed on vacancy—could see nothing—all was black and dark around me. I rose up and groped about, but it made no difference, for everywhere was midnight. Still I tottered on, for I was very weak, and I began to wonder, too, how I came there, for I remembered being in my bed. Presently I heard something. It was like water falling a long way off—then it grew louder—then a roar—then I heard people screaming—then somebody stezed me by the hair and dragged me till I was dead. But I was not dead; only fainted, and when I came to, horror of horrors—there stood my wife. She looked just as in bridal array she stood before the altar. She gave me a sweet smile and vanished. Then she appeared with haggard face and sunken eyes as her last moments; all my work. How I qualled at the sight, and fell to the ground, wailing bitterly. I could not look up, for I knew she was still there. Then she came and lay down alongside of me, and folded me in her arms. I would have shrunk away, but it was in vain-1 was but an infant compared to ber. Then she would turn me over and look right into my eyes; all this time without saying one word, but her look was agony. Thus it con-tinued for a long, long time, when she left me, and

I saw her no more. Now comes another horror-how can I tell it. I had lain down after my wife left me, hoping for rest, when I perceived something coming, and what was my terror to see an enormous serpent gliding along, his mouth wide open, filled with long teeth, his eyes were flashing fire, and his breath was like a furnace. I knew it was in vain to fly. He came and laid down along side of me and began licking, and every lick took the skin with it. Then he coiled himself around me, and crushed every bone

in my body.

I woke up finding myself a helpless mass, and lay there a long time without attempting to move, when I felt something sting and found it was a wasp. I brushed it off, but there came a hundred more, and then swarms of them. I remember no

The next torment was to be in a fifthy pool, trying to get out, but trying in vain. Then I was torn to pieces by wild beasts—then covered by lice, and so, one torment after another, until I became as wretched a man as God ever made.

One day I had crept into a cave, noping to get away from the wretches I had lived with 20 long, beings more like fiends than men and women. I sat down and began to think over my whole life from childhood up. Many sins stood forth, to my condemnation, but when there came the one great crime, how I qualled as memory brought up every little incident attending it, from the first conception of the thought, throughout every drop of the poison. How I writhed in agony while remorse did its fearful work. From the depths of a broken heart I cried, "God, he merciful, be merciful." Just then, my name is called, and looking up,

who should I see but my mother, dressed in such glittering apparel, I could hardly look upon ner. "My son," said she, "you will no longer suffer— God pardons the penitent—come with me," and she lifted me up, for I had fallen to the ground. Her touch gave me new life, and I followed. What a change now was seen with every step I took. No longer gloom, but a brilliant sky; no longer rocks, but verdure and flowers, and trees and singing birds, and children playing about, and men and women with happy faces, oh, so different from what I had known for so long a time. I have seen my wife but we are strangers to each other. I am not as happy as I am capable of being, but still pressing on to a higher condition; and so, I am told it is with all spirits, always aspiring for

more knowledge and a higher condition.

I must now close. You have afforded me much pleasure, for which I thank you. Farewell.

OLD RECORDS. Spiritualism of Olden Times.

From the BANNER OF LIGHT.

In the "Memoirs of Sir James Melvil," written under the reigns of Queen Elizabeth, Queen Mary of Scots and King James, there are some curious items worth recalling. About the time when the Duke of Alva and the Duke Maurice were exercising much influence in European affairs, and the King of France was involved in trouble with the Dutch, "the Bishop of Valence was at Paris. He was desirous to have some knowledge in the Mathematics; and for that effect he found out a great scholar in divers high sciences, called Cuvatius. This Cuvatius took occasion frequently in conference, to tell him of two familiar spirits that were in Paris waiting upon an old Shepherd, who in his youth had served a Priest, and who at his death had left them to him. The Bishop, upon the King's return from Germany, introduced the said Cavatius to the King. Who, to verify what he had said, offered to lose his head, in case he should not shew the two spirits to his Majesty, or to any he should send, in the form of men, dogs, or cats But the King would not see them, and caused the Shepherd to be burnt, and imprisoned the

said Unvatius." "The Bishop had another learned man to his Master, called Taggot, who had been curious in sundry of the said Sciences, and knew by the Art of Palmestry, as he said to me himself, that he should die before he attained the age of 28 years. Therefore, said he, I know the true Religion to be exercised at Geneva, there will I go and end my life in God's service. Whither, accordingly he went, and died there, as I was afterwards informed."

Captain Ninean Cockburn stated before the Constable of France, in presence of Sir James Melyil, "the Bishop John Hamilton had been dangerously sick, so that his speech was lost with all hope of recovery. That the Queen Dowager of Scotland had taken occasion hereof, to prevail with the Governour so effectually, that he had resigned the Government to her.

Then he proceeded to shew that when the (said Bishop of S. Andrews had recovered his speech and health, by the help of Cardanus, an Italian Magician, he cursed, and cried out that the Governour was a very Beast, for quitting the Government to her, seeing there was but a Skittering

Lass between him and the Crown." When the Constable of France was on his way with sixteen thousand men to oppose the the King of Spain, then entering the frontiers of France, or perhaps the day before his departure, there came a man in grave apparel following him on foot, crying for audience for God's sake Whereupon the Constable staid, willing him to speak. Who said, The Lord suys, seeing that thou will not know me, I shall likewise not know thee, thy glory shall be laid in the dust. This

to be hanged. The man answered he cas willing to suffer about punishment he pleased, seeing he had performed his commission." When further questioned by Melvil, he replied, "That the Spirit of God gave him no rest till he had discharged his mind of that commission given him by God." The Constable was defeated wanted and made with the production. Constable was defeated, wounded, made prisoner, and the King of France was reduced to so great straits, that he was compelled to accept of very hurtful peace at Cambray. Sir James Melvil, in one of his journeys from

Scotland to France, tell in company with an Englishman who was one of the Gentlemen of the Queen's Chamber; a man well skilled in mathematics, necromancy and astrology. "He shewed me," says Sir James, "sundry secrets of the Country and the Court. Among other things he told me that King Henry the Eighth, had in his lifetime been so curious as to "enquire ol men called Diviners, Negromancers, what should become of his Son King Edward the Sixth, and of his two daughters, Mary and Eliza-The answer was made unto him again that Edward should dye, having few days and no succession; and that his Two Daughters should the one succeed the other. That Mary his eldest Daughter should marry a Spaniard and that way bring in many strangers to England, which would occasion great strife and alteration. That Elizabeth would reign after her, who should marry either a Scottish man or a Frenchman. Whereupon the King caused to give poison to both his Daughters, but because this had not the effect he desired (* he caused to proclaim them both bastards."

When the Queen of Scots fled to England seeking that protection and friendly aid which had often been promised her, and she was, instead, made prisoner there, it put Sir James in mind of a tale told him by his brother, Sir Robert: "The time when he was busiest dealing betwixt the two Queens to entertain their friendship, and draw on their meeting at a place near York, one Bussintoun, a Scotsman who had been a Traveler, and was learned in high Sciences, came to him and said, Good Gentlemen, I hear so good a report of you, that I love you heartily, and therefore cannot forbear to shew you how that all your upright dealing and honest travel will be in vain: For whereas you believe to obtain advantage for your Queen at the Queen of England's hands, you do but lose your time and your travel: For first they will never meet together, and next there will never be anything else but dissembling, and secret hatred for awhile, and at length Captivity and utter wrack to our Queen from England. My brother answered, he liked not to hear of such devilish news, nor yet would he in any sort credit them, as being false, ungodly and unlawful for Christians to meddle with." Bassintoun defended himself against the implied shir and said, "God gives to some less and to others clearer knowledge, by the which knowledge I have attained to understand, that at length the kingdom of England shall of right fall to the Crown of Scotland. But, alas, it will cost many their lives, and many bloody battles will be fought, and by my knowledge, the Spaniards will be helpers.

While the Earl of Arran was chancellor of Scotland-holding the castles of Edinburg and Sterling-very lew felt that their estates or lives were safe. "He shot directly," says Sir James, at the life and lands of the Farl of Gaury. For the Highland Oracles had shewn unto his wite, that Gaury would be ruined, as she told to some of her familiars. But she helped the prophecy forward as well as she could. Majesty also dreamed a dream, that he saw the Earl of Gaury taken and brought in prisoner be-fore him." The Earl was taken prisoner, lost fore him." his lands and died upon the scaffold.

When the King of Scotland was negotiating a marriage with the daugh er of the King of Denmark and sent embassadors therefor, tempestuous winds drave them upon the coast of Norway. * * * Which storm of wind was alleged to be raised by the Witches of Denmark, as by sundry of them was acknowledged, when they were for that cause burnt. That which moved them thereto, was, as they said, a blow which the Admiral of Denmark had gave to one of the Bayliffs of Copenhaven, whose wife consulting with her associates in that Art, raised the storm to be revenged on the said Admiral."

Soon after the marriage of James VI. with the King of Denmark's daughter," many witches were taken in Lauthian, who deposed con-cerning some design of the Earl of Bothwell's against his Majestic's person." After some account given of meetings at which the devil presided, the historian goes on to say that, "Among other things some of them did shew that there was a Westland man called Richard Graham, who had a familiar spirit, the which Richard, they said, could both do and tell many things, chiefly against the Earl of Bothwel. Whereupon the said Richard was apprehended, and being brought to Edinburgh and examined before his Majesty, he granted that he had a fa-miliar spirit which shewed him sundry things; but he denyed that he was a witch." Upon further examination it seemed that he had had something to do with a medium named Amy Simpson in connection with the Bothwel affair, so "he was burnt with the said Simpson, and many other witches. This Richard alledged, that it was certain what is reported of the Fairies, and that spirits may take a form and be

seen though not felt. Thus it is seen that in the age of Elizabeth the angels were manifesting themselves to mortals; that the latter, not fully comprehending the naturalness, the beauty, the import of these revelations, mixed them often with so much that was absurd and unnatural, with so much of their own imaginings, with so much of ancient superstition, and with such phenomena as doubtless came oft times from evil or undeveloped spirits, that they were in part to blame for, or rather they were partially the cause of the persecutions that ensued. I, for one, recognize the constant effort of the immortals to wing their way to our midst, to permeate society with celestial waves of thought, to win us with loying and genial influences to their glad spheres, and make the frontiers of the placid land of unshackled souls like flowery archways along triumphal and festive processions.

Extract from a Letter by Dr. J. K. Bailey.

BROTHER JONES: -Allow me to congratulate you apon the substantially improved and improving ppearance of the Journal. It is to me the most welcome visitor among the excellent journals advocating our faith. This is no complimentary language, but the real sentiment of my consciousness. I do not base my judgment of these things upon fluctuating emotions, nor upon any real or fan-cied idea of favoritism or neglect, but upon what the paper brings to my poor understanding, of merit—real food for mind and soul. No matter if every philosophical statement be not exactly adjusted to the dicta of so-called scientific rules and standards—no matter if every logical deduc-tion does not fit in the grooves or accepted truth, nor if each proposition is not in accordance with my own understanding of the principles involved, yet the bold and manly atterances and arguments, give e-idence of progressive, independent thought, and a noble determination to move onward in the search of higher attainments of perception and understanding of truth. This line of action, free from dogmatism, will ever commend itself to the favor of all really unfettered souls. Go on in thy noble work—"conquering and to conquer."
La Porte, Ind., Nov. 23rd, 1869.

Why is it easier to be a clergyman than a physician? Because it is easier to preach than to

For the Religo-Philosophical Journal. A Word to Rev. J. K. Graves BY A HEGEBOOM.

In your lectures in Memphis, you say that all. spirit communications are of the devil, no matter how excellent the sentiments, because the devil transforms himself into an angel of light. How, then, do you know that the spirit manitestations and communications recorded in the Bible were not of the devil? True, they are recorded in the Bible; but may not the devil, as an Angel of Light, have inspired men to record them there?

You aver that God has wisely concealed from us coming events; yet the Bible is full of revelations of events then in the future.

Has God indeed spoken to us mysteriously and darkly in relation to the future state of existence, that our " faith" may find exercise? Then if He had not spoken of the future at all, it would have afforded ground for a still grander exercise of faith! There must have been some mistake, or else it was the devil in some poor lmitation of an angel of light. But, then, I doubt if faith could have found any grander exercise than in your belief that God sends us strong delusions that we may be damned for being deluded.

That "all Spiritualists" deny the divinity of Christ, and scoff at the Bible, is grossly false. If you mean by the divinity of Christ that he is the very and eternal God, you will find your own churches full of heretics to this sentiment. I believe Christ is divine, and so do multitudes of Spiritualists; also we appreciate the Bible for the truths, etc., which it contains.

You aver that prostitution and all kinds of sensualism at the North derives their animus from Spiritualism; as though these things did not exist just as they do before Spiritualism was heard of. Your averment is in truth a significant comment on the corruption of the churches and their inefficiency to improve the condition of society. You ought to know that the characters you describe are generally averse to Spiritualism, while in the churches you will find more corruption than a mong Spiritualists. You even admit that "thousands of the members of your churches openly or secretly believe in Spiritualism," Why do you not promptly expel them? Simply because you would expel

the better class of members.
You say it was the devil personating Samuel that appeared to the woman of Endor; thus making the Bible stultify itself, for it says nothing about the devil in this connection. A very inspired book, indeed, to say one thing and mean another!

Again you say that Saul is represented as worshipping Samuel. Very well, suppose the Bible said so, would you deny it? But you misrep esent. The text says he "bowed" himself-simply an act of reverence.

There is no averment in the text that Samuel submitted compulsorily to the disquiet of a converse with Saul.

What if the woman is represented as having a familiar spirit, there still stands out in bold relief the scriptural declaration that Samuel there conversed with Saul. Deny that he dia, and you are at loggerheads with the book you call infallible and divine, the word of God, etc. You admit that through mediums spirits communicate with mortals. But you must have it that they are evil spirits, the very thing for you to prove. Your whole effort is made up of begging the question, illogical and flimsy throughout.

By a parity of reasoning, let us see what you would prove. People have been possessed of evil spirits, therefore all modern spirit manifestations are of the devil. Devils can change into angels of light, therefore the multitudes clothed in white, as seen by John, were devils trans-

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Erontier Department,

E.... R. V. WILSON

Notice to Correspondents and Others.

All letters, papers and matter for us or the Frontier Department, must be addressed to E. V. Will son, Lombard, Dupage county, Illinois.

Our Tour in Michigan-No. 7.

Saturday, Oct. 23rd, we arrived safely in Detroit at 1. 40. r. m., and held a scance at night. Seven-ty-eight present. We gave many tests, of which he following are marked, and evidence the truths of Spirtwalism:

NUMBER ONE.

By Dr. II. we saw a woman, fully describing her. She died eleven years ago, in child bed. She referred to her case, a peculiar one, commending the Dector's attention. Approved by the Doctor.

NUMBER TWO.

By a stranger we saw a young woman, describing her. She passed away at sixteen years of age. Would now be twenty-six years old, if in the form. She holds out to you a beautiful little dog, a pet, and favorite of hers. She then told the principal events in his life, with accurate data. The stranger responded:

"I knew her well, and remember her pet; it is wonderful. The incidents in my life referred to, are correct—her knowledge of my life from the time she left the form, to the present,—it is all true."

manner, evidencing deep feelings on the subject.

NUMBER THREE.

To Mrs. M. came an old lady, and repeated an incident in the life of the woman when a girl. Fully

This was spoken in a subdued and respectful

NUMBER FOUR.

To a gentleman came a spirit and stood by him some time, and then told of his death, and said:

"This man is my brother."
This proved to be Captain Howard, and was fully identified. Many other tests of and from spirit life, were given and identified, which, if repeated in full, would form a volume of interesting reading matter.

Detroit, Oct. 24th.—We lectured in the morning. After the formulas of the morning were over, a gentleman came forward, and handed us the following note, remarking that it was expected we would answer its queries. Here it is:

E. V. Wilson:—Spiritualism, if your questioner understands it right, teaches that a person enters spirit life with the same feelings and disposition they have in this life. Now we know that the happiness of the best of men is enhanced by having a partner with whom they love to have sexual intercourse.

Will that amorous desire exist in spirit life, and can it be enjoyed or satisfied as here? And if so, what is the fruit of such cohabitation? Yours truly.

Here was a dilemma. What should we do? We were teaching. One of our hearers had asked for light. Should we play minister, look solemn, and wicely shake our head and declare it "The mystery of godliness," and tell the daring soul that he need not reason on these things, or should we meet the question squarely? Then came the Spirit to our help, and we trusted our Arabula and leaned fully on our staff, saying, this letter shall be our text this morning, reading it to our audience. The

following positions were assumed and sustained

with argument and Bible authority:

1st. Are the sexual attributes, infinite and divine, or finite and mundane? If infinite, then they are spiritual and eternal; hence immortals are born. Man being the highest organized development in nature, becomes the connecting link between the material and spiritual worlds. Wile e the physical nature leaves off, the spiritual begins; here the finite connects with the infinite. The last material link in nature brings forth the first

link in the infinite or spiritual nature.

2nd. To suppose that God has a Son is to suppose that the son has a mother. When "God gave ilis only begotten Son to save the world," the testimony is complete. Man was created after the image of God, hence male. The Son of God was begotten by consociation—not by creation. The word begotten means to generate or produce, hence the Son of God was begotten through conception and consociation of two beings, father and mother, God and Godess.

3rd. That sexual intercourse was a fact, understood and participated in by God Himself, and that there could be no generation of a semi mortal immortal being without the female; hence, the overshadowing of Mary, and her conception through and of God, and the idea of an angel existence in the Spirit World ante-dating the existence of man, of the male gender only, is simply absurd. Augels, whether of our race, or ante-dating our race, are the results of male and female consociation.

4th. That beings, reliher God or man, but the sons of God, understood the law of generation, and the generative principles from a Bible standpoint, is true, or the Bible is a fable. In Gen., 6th: 1st, 2nd, 3rd and 4th yerses, we find:

"And it came to pass, when men began to mul-

"And it came to pass, when men began to multiply on the face of the earth, and daughters were born unto them,

That the sons of God saw the daughters of men, that they were fair, and they took them wives of

all which they chose.

And the Lord said, my spirit shall not always strive with man for that he also is flesh wet his

strive with man for that he also is flesh, yet his days shall be an hundred and twenty years.

There were giants in the earth in those days, and also after that, when the sons of God came in unto the daughters of men, and they bare children to them. The same became mighty men, which were

of old men of renown."

This remarkable passage settles the question. These sons of God were not the sons of men. These daughters of men were not the daughters of God. These sons of God were not the brothers of these daughters of men, or of their fathers, but a distinct race, superior to the then race of men and women, and that the offspring or fruit of this crossing of the sons of God with the daughters of men, im-

proved the race, producing giants, mentally and physically. Read the fourth verse.

That this system of miscegenation had been in existence for a long time is patent from the fact by the language used in the last line of the fourth verse, "Which were of old men of renown." For we must not forget that the world was only 874 years old, or 56 years before the death of Adam. Hence these men of renown, of olden times, ante-

dated Adam.
5th. In Second Cor. 6th: 18th, the apostle makes
God say, "And will be a Father unto you, and
ye shall be my sons and daughters, saith the Lord
God Almighty." Here is a clear recognition of
the sexes in the family of God, and on the author-

Jesus says, Luke, 20th: 34th and 35th, "The children of this world marry and are given in marriage. But they which shall be accounted worthy to obtain that world and the resurrection from the dead, neither marry nor are given in mar-

Does this statement imply that the sexes cease? Or that sexual relation ceases? By no means. What then? That the laws of Moses cease, that the marriage contract is at an end, and that the parties are free from all earthly obligations, and that the woman who had been wife to a family of seven brothers, had had enough of the law of Moses, and after the resurrection would be at liberty to thoose for herself from among the angelic host, that immortal matchood, not severed by death, for

Jesus says in the 36th verse:

"Neither can they die any more, for they are equal unto the angels, and are the children of God, being the children of the resurrection."

In the 37th verse, he settles the question of the

resurrection, and makes it a fact preceding his execution:
"Now that the dead are raised even Moses showed at the bush, where he calleth the Lord,—the God of Abraham, and the God of Isaac, and

the God of Jacob."

In the 38th verse Jeaus tells us, "For he is not a God of the dead, but of the living, for all live in

Him."
6th. Ail the attributes of man are equally attributes of the image in which he was created, and the divine idea of God, in creating man, was for the sole purpose of reproduction. "So God created man, in the image of God created he him, male and female created he them. And God blessed them, and God said unto them, be fruitful and multiply and replenish the earth." Genesis, 1st."

7th. The sexes continue through all eternity, beget children, because it is Nature's law, and Nature is God.

44 Humbugs and Delucious** From the Obio Democrat

REMARKS.—We commend the foregoing article from a prominent journal, to Rev. Stephen M. Smith, who is a Moravian, and ask him to note the analogy between the cases recorded as occuring a hundred years ago, and those of the present day. The reader will remember, that at the close of some spirit manifestation, given by Mrs. Tackaberry, in Canal Dover, on the 14th ult., a vote was taken pronouncing the manifestations made in her presence as "a humbug."

In this astounding method of combating stubborn facts, two enlightened Christain ministers were the bell-wethers, and led off. The negative of the proposition was not taken at all by these fair dealing Christian ministers, who were so very zealous to have a matter voted "a humbug, "just because, forsooth, they are ignorant of certain natural laws and forces," to which these spiritual manifestations are clearly "trace

If the lady is a ventriloquist, that does not account for the strange manner in which ponderable objects were moved about in her presence and while she is securely tied hand and foot.

This, let it now be understood, is a matter we

want these skeptics and infidels to explain.

Let these spiritual teachers (?) explain to the doubting Thomases in their congregations, whether they really believe that a lady could whistle and sing and talk in a clear man's voice, for a full hour, with four thicknesses of sticking plaster over her mouth? If they believe such impossibilities it only exhibits their ignorance of natural laws, the operations of which are plain as A, B, C.

Now it seems to me, that these professors of religion violate all the decencies and amenities of life, and manifest much "zeal without knowledge," whilst pursuing their investigations. How, and by what course of reasoning they arrive at their sage conclusion, the public are not informed. One of them took his jack-knife out of his pocket for the purpose of cutting a hole in the cloth covering of the cabinet, in which the medium was sitting asleep, in order to acertain where this strange man's voice proceeded from, and thereby detect "the humbug." Why didn't he wait patiently, instead of betraying an eager meddlesomeness to secure a

kind of hocus poens, they could substantiate a prejudice rather than arrive at truth by an open road to a living self supporting theory. Such wise-acres would, by the same parity of reasoning, walk into a telegraph office and de-

footing for his own opposing prejudices! These

men were determined to break the laws by, and

through which alone, these manifestations are

made; and then endeavor to substitute for na-

ture's inflexible laws; and thus try, if by any

mand that a message be sent, after having first severed the wires and destroyed the battery.

The opposers of the spiritual theory do not seem to be able to realize anything as a fact that they cannot see with their natural eyes. Let us see how this will work: "The wind bloweth where it listeth, but thou can'st not tell whence it cometh or whither it goeth, so is every one that is born of the spirit." It would be very

one that is born of the spirit." It would be very silly in me to deny the well settled principle of atmospheric pressure, because I cannot see the atmosphere with my physical organs, and yet we are surrounded by an atmosphere almost as pulpable as water. We must content ourselves with witnessing its effect upon the foliage and the water. To deny its existence, because we can't see it, is too silly to be thought of, and yet it is the position that some men, claiming intelligence, occupy to day, in regard to these truthful manifestations of disembodied spirits.

The opposers of the Spiritual Philosophy not only assail the proofs of spirit intercourse with mortals, but also assail "the character of the mediums" thro' whom the proofs are given. If these learned objectors understood the spiritual theory, they would know that in many cases, where the best tests are given, the mediums are perfectly unconscious. Some of the careful investigators, have gone so far as to stick pins into and otherwise torture, the innocent and unconscious mediums, so eager were they to disprove the fact that spirits can and do communicate.

After these strange doings had been voted a "humbug" by the audience, at Dover, one of the preachers approached the lady and said: "Madam, I do not pronounce you a humbug. I believe you are honest. I believe you are unconscious when in the trance condition, and not responsible for what is done." This admission is inconsistent with the idea of "humbug," on the part of the lady, and shifts it on to other shoulders, both able and willing to bear it

The writer of this assumes the responsibility. and courts a thorough exposition of the so called 'humbug" of spiritualism, whether it relates to this particular case of mediumship, or the accredited "manifestations" generally. The writer of this article may be deluded and may be humbugged; but it is that species of humbug gery and delusion which has its votaries among the wisest and the best, in all ages of the world's history, and from the days of Jesus the Christ down to the present time. The numbers of the deluded are increasing with every revolution of earth, and the proof of immortality, heretofore witheld from mortals, is now becoming perfectly overwhelming. The increase in our numbers to-day is due to the advancement in human intelligence—spirit working out through matter its ultimate and "manifest destiny." Ere long science will be ready to accept as a TRUTH that which it can no longer deny, and harmonize a system of religion based upon God-giving REAson and the glorious proofs here, of man's immortality in the great nene-after. Shakspear beautifully says, in posthumous

verse, that;
"Death is but another name for change,
The weary shuffle off their mortal coil,
And think to slumber in eternal night.
But, lo ? the man, though dead, is living still;
Unclothed, is clothed upon, and his Mortality
Is swallowed up of life."

In concluding these remarks, which have already extended beyond what we intended, we have only to say, that: If the return of a disembodied spirit, after nine years residence in "that bourn from whence no traveler returns" (who identifies himself so minutely and circumstantially), is calculated to interfere with some of the well settled religious theories in regard to the future existence, so much the worse for theories which rest upon no firmer foundation, for they must eventually fall to the ground when subjected to the scrutinizing test of human reason, and confronted by stubborn facts, as they are by the strange and truthful "manifestations" in question.

I am glad to know that many of our ministers of the Gospel are becoming aroused and preaching against spiritualism. That is right; whenever they do so, let everybody go and hear them.

My motto is: "Let their be light," and let those who are paid for so doing dispense it free-

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tween Mind and Body described.

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PARENTS AND TEACHERS.—As a guide in educating and training Children, this Magazine has no superior, as it points out all the peculiarities of Character and Disposition, and renders government and classification not only possible but easy.

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ESTABLISHED.—The Journal has reached its 50th VOLUME, and with the Jan. Number, 18 70, a NEW SERIES is commenced. The form has been changed from a Quarto to the more convenient Octavo, and many improvements have been made. It has steadily increased in favor during the many years it has been published, and was never more popular than at pres-

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Strange and Rewildering Manifestation.

The negroes about Lexington, Ky., are quite disturbed in regard to a miracle said to have been worked recently. No priest was near to conjure this event; but, if, true, 'tis a genuine interposition of Almighty Power. A negro child apparently died. The funeral was preached, and the body, duly coffined, was carried to the burying-ground, and deposited by the side of the open grave. After a few sympathizing remarks by the attending minister, a strong man took hold of the coffin to lift it into the grave, and, behold, he could not move it an incb. The coffin seemed glued to the ground. A second man took hold of it, but still it would not move. A third and a fourth added their strength, and still the coffin refused to move. Astonished at this, it was determined to open the coffia. The coffia lid was raised, and the child found to be alive; and, very strange to say, there was found imprinted upon the bottom of one of its feet the words, "There has been no preacher in heaven for eleven hundred years." Such is the story that is disturbing the minds of the colored folks in Central Kentucky.- Cin-Semi Weekly Gaz.

LIZZIE DOTEN'S NEW BOOK.

Miss Lizzie Doten's new prose work, "My Affinity, and other Stories." Published by Wm. White & Go., Boston. The book is elegantly printed and bound, and will make a beautiful gift for the holidays. Hundreds of our sutscribers, to whom we have supplied Miss Doten's beautiful "Poems from the Inner Life," will be anxious to see her in prose

"My Affinity and Other Stories," are all well told, and replete with strong points. We shall hereafter give a review of the work, and in the mean time advise all our friends to send for it.

For sale at this office. Price, \$1,50, postage 20 cts.

23-NOW IS THE TIME

To renew subscriptions. Now is the time for those who don't want to take this paper longer, to pay up arrearages, it any are due, and order it discontinued.

Now is the time for all who have never taken this paper, to get it three months, on trial, for fifty cents. Now is the commencement of the good time coming for all who take the Religio-Phiosophical Journal.

Now is the time we thank old subscribers for sending us one hundred and ninety-three new subscribers during the past week !

E. M. GREAVES.

The above named sister, of Sparta, Wis., is said to be a good test medium. It seems that we have made some mistake in noticing her before. If some correspondents would be careful in writing, to make themselves understood, and tell what they have to say wi hout circumlocution, they would have less cause to complain of us. We mean to deal justly with every body.

Extract from a Letter by John W. Mc-Bonald.

"I would say a whole volume of lov e for you, your inestimable paper, and t he great cause which you advocate with so much ability—were it necessary to cheer er aid you in the "angel work." But evidently, it is not necessary. You are aided and sustained by our angel brothers and elsters, and they are amply strong to insure a continued increase of good qualities in the future, as they have in the past, as it is re quired.

are aided and sustained by our angel prothers and sisters, and they are amply strong to insure a continued increase of good qualities in the future, as they have in the past, as it is re quired.

I am entirely incompetent to tell you how our glorious philosophy progresses in this state, but the little public demonstration made here last May by our dear sister, Fanny Allyn, was well received and pecuniarily sustained, and I think that the field is good for mediums, and that theywill be as hospitably received and treated as in any part of the great West.

I mail your paper when I have read it, to people all over this state."

Encouragement.

Dr. Atkinson, writing from Kingaville, Missouri, says:

"I hall the arrival of the JOURNAL with joy. Every number unfolds and presents new truths that I consider invaluable to every son and daughter of the earth life. I began about nine months ago to readithe JOURNAL through curiosity, and now I read it for the grand and imperishable truths it presents, as I think."

Aim to do some permanent good, that your existence may be crowned with usefulness.

Patent medicines derive their name from Patere—to lie openly.

NOTICE OF MEETINGS.

LOWEL, MASS.—The Children's Progressive Lycoum held meetings every Sunday afternoon and evening, at 25 and 7 o'clock. Lycoum session at 105 A.M. B. B. Carter, Conductor; Mrs. J. F. Wright Guardian; J. S. Whiting, Corresponding Secretary.

LYHH, MASS.—The Spiritualists of Lynn hold meetings every Sunday afternoon and evening, at Caset Hall. Laponte IND, Association of Spiritualists hold meetings every Sunday, at 1014 a.m., and 3 r.m., at "Concert Hall.".... Dr.S. B. Coltins, Pres't; F. A. Tuttle, Sect'y.

MILWAURRE, WIS.—The First Society of Spiritualists meets at Bowman's Hall. Social Conference at 2 P. M. Address and Conference at 7½ P. M., every Sunday. H. S. Browni M. D., President.

MONNOUTH, ILL.—Lyceum meets every Sunday foreacon. About one hundred pupils. J. S. Loveland, Conductor; D. R. Stevens, Assistant Conductor; Helen Mye, Guardian of Groups.

Monarcanta, N. Y.—First Society of Progressive Spiritualists—Assembly Rooms, corner Washington avenue and Fifth street. Services at 3 p. m.

MILLE, O.—Children's Progressive Lycoum meets every Sunday, at 10½ o'clock A. H. Conductor, Hudson Tuttle Guardian, Emma Tuttle.

Marlboro, Mass.—The Marlboro Spiritualist Association hold meetings in Forest Hall. Speaker engaged, Prof. Wm. Denton, once a week for a year. Mrs. Lissie A. Taylor, Sec.

MANCHESTER, N. H.—The Spiritualists hold meetings every Sunday, at 10 A. M. and 2 P. M. in the Police Court Room. Seats free. R. A. Seaver, President; S. Pushee, Secretary.

New York City.—The Society of Progressive Spiritualists hold meetings every Sunday, in Everett Hall, coner of thirty-fourth street and sixth avenues, at 10½ a. m., and 7½ p. m. Conference at 12 m. Children's Progressive Lyceum at 2½ p. m. P. E. Farnsworth, Conductor; Mrs. H. W. Farnsworth, Guardian.

worth, Guardian.

The First Society of Spiritualists hold meetings every Sunday morning and evening in Dodsworth Hall, 806 Broadway. Conference every Sunday at same place at 2 p. m.

Naw York.—The Friends of Humanity meet every Sunday at 3 and 7½ P. M., in the convenient and comfortable hall; 270 Grand street, northeast corner Forsythe, 2d block east of Bowery, for moral and spiritual culture, inspirational and trance speaking, special test manifectations, and the relation of spiritual experiences, facts and phenomena. Seats free, and contribution takes under the special contribution of the seats free,

and contribution taken up.

The Spiritualists hold meetings every Sunday at Lamartine Hall, corner of 8th avenne and West 29th street. Lectures at 10½ o'clock s. m. and 7 p. m. Conference at 3 p. m.

NEWARK, N. J.—Spiritualists and Friends of Progress hold

NEWARK, N. J.—Spiritualists and Friends of Progress hold meetings in Music Hall, No. 4 Bank street, at 2½ and 7½ p. m. The afternoon is devoted wholly to the Children's Progressive Lyceum. G. T. Leach Conductor; Mrs. Harriet Parsons, Guardian of Groups.

Oswado, N. Y.—The Spiritualists hold meetings every Sun-

Oswado, N. Y.—The Spiritualists hold meetings every Sunday at 2½ and 7½ p. m., in Lyceum Hall, West Second, near Bridge street. The Children's Progressive Lyceum meets at 12½ p. m. J. L. Pool, Conductor; Mrs. S. Doolittle, Guardian.

Omono, Wis.—Children's Progressive Lyceum meets every Sabbath at 10 o'clock a. m. John Wilcox, conductor. Mrs. Thompson, Assistant Conductor, Miss Cyuthia McCann, Guar-

dian of Groups.

Philadelphia, Pa.—The First Association of Spiritualists at Harmoniat Hall, corner 11 and Wood sts. Lectures Sandays at 10½ A. M., and 7½ P. M. Lyceum No. 1 at 2½ P. M.

First Spiritual Church of Philadelphia, Thompson st. be-

low Front. Meetings Sunday at 3 and 7½ p. m. Lycoum No. 2 at 10 p. m.

Spiritual Union, Washington Hall, 8th and Spring Garden sts., Sundays. Lycoum No. 3 at 9 a. m. Lectures at 10½ a. m. and 7½ p. in.

PROVIDENCE; R. I.-The Spiritualists now hold their meetines at the Musical Institute hall, Market squar.

PLYMOUTH, MASS.—Lyceum Association of Spiritualists hold meetings in Lyceum Hall two Sundays in each month. Children's Progressive Lyceum meets at 11 o'clock a.m. Speakers engaged:—Mrs. S. A. Byrnes, Jan. 5 and 12; H. B. Storer, Feb. 2 and 8; I. P. Greenleaf, March 1 and 8.

PUTNAM, CONN.—Meetings are hold at Central Hall every Sunday afternoon at 1½ o'clock. Progressive Lyceum at 10½ in the foreneon.

Quincy, Mass.—Meetings at 2% and 7 o'clock P. M. Progressive Lycoum meets at 1% P. M.

RIGHMOND, IND.—The Friends of Progress hold meetings every Sunday morning in Henry Hall, at 10½ a.m. Children's Progressive Lyceum meets in the same hall at 2 p.m.

RCCKFORD, ILL.—The First Society of Spiritualists meet and have speaking every Sunday evening at 7 o'clock, at Brown's Hall Lyceum meets at 10 o'clock, a.m., in the same hall. Dr. E. C. Dunn. conductor; Mrs. M. Rockwood, guardian.

RIGHAND CENTER, Wis.—Lyceum meets every Sunday at half past one at Chandler's Hall. H. A. Eastland, Conductor.

Mrs. Delis Pease, Guardian.

Springfield, ILL.—Spiritualist Association hold regular meetings every Sunday morning at 11 o'clock, at Capital Hall, South West corner 5th and Adams street. A. H. Worthen President, H. M. Lanphear Secretary. Children's Progressive Lyceum every Sunday at 20'clock P. M. B. A. Bickards, Conductor, Miss Lizzie Porter, Guardian.

Sycamore, Ill.—The Children's Porgressive Lyceum of Sycamore, Ill., meets every Sunday at 2 o'clock, p. m., in Wilkins' New Hall. Harvey A. Jones, Conductor; Mrs. Horatio James, Guardian.

The Free Conference meets at the same place on Sunday at 8 o'clock p. m., one hour session. Essays and speeches limited to ten minutes each. Chauncey Eliwood, Esq., President of Society; Mrs. Sarah D. P. Jones, Corresponding and Recording Secretary.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS.—The Fraternal Society of Spiritualisel hold meetings every Sunday at Fallon's Hall. Progressive Lyoum meets at 2 p. m. Conductor, H. S. Williams; Gnardian, Mrs. Mary A. Lyman. Lectures at 7 p. m.

BACKAMENTO, CAL.—Mostings are held in Turn Versin Hall, on K. street, every Sunday of 11 a.m. and 7 p. m. Children's Progressive Lyceum meets at 2 p. m. Henry Bowman, Conductor; Miss G. A. Brewster, Guardian

TERER HAUTE IND.—The First Spiritual Society hol, meetings in Pence's Hall, corner 2nd and Ohlo streets Lectures at 11 A. M., and 8 p. M. Speakers engaged, J.

meetings in Pence's Hall, corner 2nd and Ohio streets
Lectures at 11 A. M., and 8 P. M. Speakers engaged, J.
Madison Allen, for six months, from May 1st.
Childrens Progressive Lyceum meets at the same place at
21/2 P. M. E. G. Granville, Conductor.
Toledo, O.—Meetings are held and regular speaking in Old

Masonic Hall, Summit street, at 7½ P. M. All are invited free. Children's Progressive Lyceum in the same place every Sunday at 10 A. M. A. A. Wheelock, Conductor; Mrs. A. A. Wheelock, Guardian.

Trox, N. Y.—Progressive Spiritualists hold meetings in Harmony Hall, corner of Third and River street, at 10½ a.m. and 7½ p. m. Children's Lyceum at 2½ p. m. Monroe J. Keith, Conductor; Mrs. Louisa Keith Guardian.

Thompson, O.—The Spiritualists of this place hold regular meetings at Thompson Conter. The officers was T. Hulbart

meetings at Thompson Center. The officers are E Huibert, E. Stockwell, M. Hall jr, Trustees; and A. Tillotson Secretary and Treasurer.

TOPEKA, KARSAS.—The Spiritualists of Topeka, Kanses, meet for Social Services and inspirational speaking every Sunday evening at the Odd Fellow's Hall, No. 188 Kanses Avenue. Mrs. H. T. Thomas, Inspirational Speaker.

F. L. CRAMS, Profit.

Vineland, N. J.—Friends of Progress meetings are held in Pium street Hall, every Sunday, at 10½ a. m., and evening. President, C. B. Campbell; Vice-Presidents, Mrs. Sarah Coonley and Mrs. O. F. Stevens; Corresponding Secretary and Treasurer, S. G. Sylvester; Recording Secretary, H. H. Ladd. Children's Progressive Lyceum at 12% p. m. Hossa Allen, Conductor; Mrs. Porta Gage, Guardian: Mrs. Julia Brigham and Mrs. Tanner, Assistant Guardians.

and Mrs. Tanner, Assisant Guardisus.

Williamsburg.—Spiritual meetings for Inspirational and Trance Speaking and Spirit Test manifestations, every Sunday at 3 p. m., and Thursday evening at 7½ o'clock, in Granada Hall (upper room) No. 112 Myrtle avenue, Brooklyn. Also Sunday and Friday evenings at 7½ o'clock, in Continental Hall, corner Fourth and South Minth streets, Williamsburg. Also, Sunday at 3, and Tuesday at 7½ o'clock, in McCartle's Temperance Hall, Franklin street, opposite Post Office, Green Point. Contribution 10 cents.

Woncester Mass.—Meetings are held in Horticultural Hall every Sunday afternoon and evening, at 2 and 7 e'clock. Children's Progressive Lycoum meets at 12 e'clock every Sunday at the same place. H. B. Fuller, Corresponding Sepretary and Conductor of the Lycoum; Mrs. M. A. Stearns, Guardian.

Warmieron, D. C.—The First Society of Progressive Spiritualists meets every Sunday, in their (New) Harmonial Hall, opposite Metropolitan Hotel, Pennsylvania avenue, between 5th and 7th streets. Speakers engaged: October, Mirs. Spettigue; Nov., Susie M. J. hason; Dec., N. Frank Whits. Jan., E. V. Wilson; Feb., Emma Hardinge (expected); Mar., not filled; April, Moses Hull; May, Alcinda W. Slade. Lectures at 11 A. M. and 7½ F.M. Children's Progressive Lyceum, Geo. B. Davis, conductor, at 12½ F. M. every Sunday. John Mayhew, President.

YATES CITY, ILL.—The First Society of Spiritualists and Friends of Progress meet every Sunday for conference, at Long's Hall, at 234 p. m.

Geneva, New York,—The First Society of Spiritualists of Geneva N. Y., hold meetings every Wednesday evening 71% o'clock at the residence of R. B. Beach, Sunday 3 o'clock r. m., at the residence of Dr. Newell.

Georgetown, Colorado. The Spiritualists meet there three evenings each week at the residence of H. Toft. Mrs. Toft, clairvoyant speaking medium.

Harrone, Conn.—Spiritual meetings are held every Sunday evening, for conference or lecture, at 71% o'clock. Children's Progressive Lycsum meets at 3 r. m. J. S. Dow, Con-

Hourson, Mr. — Meetings are held in Liberty Hall, (owned by the Spiritualist Society,) Sunday afternoons and svenings.

Hammonron, N. J.—Meetings held every Sunday at 10½ at Spiritualist Hall, 3d street. J. B. Holt, President; Mrs. C. A. K. Poore, Secretary. Lyceum meets at 1 p. m. J. U. Ransom, Conductor; Miss Lizzie Randail, Guardian of Groups. Lyceum numbers 100 members.

HAYANA. III.—Lyceum meets every Sunday evening at two

o'clock, at Halygroff's Hall. H. H. Philibreck, Conductor; Miss R. Rogers, Guardian.

THE DOCTORS AND THE SPIRITS. SPIRIT TRIUMPHANT!

The following extract is taken from a letter written by MRS. MARY A. STODDARD, of Koute Station, Porter Co., Ind.:

"I have lately been called to take and treat seyeral patients whom the M. D.s had failed to cure. I will here mention one, the case of a young woman who was very sick. Her friends called one of our Doctors first, and then the other. They both called her disease Lung Fever, treated her three weeks, and left her worse than they found her. Her friends then called me. I examined her case, and found her in the last stage of QUICE COX. SUMPTION. After I had had her under my care for one week, her friends met the M. Dis who said they knew that she had the consumption, and could never be cured. Some two weeks afterward, the learned Dr. Understill, of Chicago, was here at my house on a visit. He examined her, and he, too, said that she was in the last stage of Quick Consumption, could not be cured, and he would not be surprised if she did not live but a few days. 'Mrs. Stodard,' said he to me, 'she can not live; have you any hope of curing her? I answered, 'The spirits say that they will cure her if we obey their orders.' In the first threeweeks after I commenced treating her, she had three large ulcers in her lungs break and dischargean almost incredible amount. But at the expiration of eight weeks she calls herself well. Shewill work all day, go to a party at night, dance until the small hours in the morning, take a short nap and then get up and be as gay as a bird all day. Allowing herself to be the judge, she is well, has not an unpleasant symptom in her system, and has taken only six boxes of Mrs. Spenc's Positive Powders. I gave her no other medicine. To the Positive Powders, God and angels we give the priase of saving her life and restoring herhealth."

WHERE IS THEIR EQUAL?

K. F. HATCH, of Huntington, Mass., sends to. PROF. SPENCE, the following remarkable report: "I feel it my duty to report to you what Mrs. Spence's Positive and Negative Powders have done for me. I had suffered with a hereditary Headache for 35 years. During no week had I been free from the Headache in all that time. Two years ago last August, I sent to you and got a few boxes of your Powders, and commenced taking them according to the directions, and am cured, ss I have had no Headache since I took the first Powder. I had also been troubled with a disease in my bowels from childhood. There was scarce a day that I did not suffer pain in my bowels, up to the time I got your Powders. They have cured me of that, too. I had employed many of the best physicians of the Old School, and none of them could tell what ailed me, and could do me no good."

MUST ONE RISE FROM THE DEAD?

Pinnebog, Mich., Aug. 4th, 1869. PROF. SPENCE-Dear Sir: I feel that I ought to acknowledge some of the benefits of the Pasitive and Negative Powders in this place. Well, then, two years ago one box cured my child, one year old, after given up to die. Half a box of the Positive Powders cured H. G. Kilburn of Erysipelas. from which he had been unable to work for several years. He took up the half box, went to work, and says he is now cured. Again, a young girl, twelve years old, who had become blind from pain in her head, has used up one and one half box of Positive Powders; she is now around at work, can read, write and sew. I might givemore such cases; but after seeing such evidence if people can't believe, they will not believe "though. one should rise from the dead." I should have stated above that the girl was pronounced incurable by our skilled doctors of this place.

Yours, &c., W. D. KELLY.

THE GREAT SPIRITUAL REMEDY MES. SPENCE'S

POSITIVE & NEGATIVE POWDERS. :

The Magic control of the Positive and Negative Powdersover disease of all kinds, is wonderful beyond all precedent, They do no violence to the system, causing, no purging, no nausseting, no vomiting, no nareotising. Men, Women and Children find them a silent but a sur-

The Positives cure Neuralgia, Headache, Rhenma, tism, Pains of all kinds; Diarrhea., Dysentery, Vomiting. Dyspepsia, Fiatulence, Worms; all Female Weaknesses and derangements; Fis, Cramps, St. Vitus* Dance, Spasma; all high grades of Fever, Small Pox, Measles, Scarlatina, Mrysipelas; all Inflammations, acute or chronic, of the Kidneys, Liver, Lungs, Womb, Bladder, or any other organ of the body, Catarrh, Consumption, Bronchitis, Conghs, Colds; Screfule Mervonness, Sleeplessness, &c.

The Negatives cure Paralysis, or Palsy, whether of the

muscles or of the senses, as in Blindness, Desiness, loss of taste, smell, feeling or motion; all Low Fevers, such as the Typhoid and the Typhus; extreme nervous or muscular Prostration or Relexation.

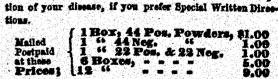
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Both the Positive and Negative are needed in Chille and Fever.

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If your Druggist hasn't the Powders, and your money at once to PHOF. SPENCE, as above directed. For sale also at the Office of the Empire-Principles.

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