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Literary Department

LECTURE.
Delivered at Crosby's Music Hall, June 19
In Commemoration of the Life and Services of
Charles Dickens,
 BY MRS. EMMA HARDINGE.

[Synopsis of Synoptical Report by Josephine P. Smith]
 Our Master and our God, we approach Thee this night in prayer and lamentation. We ask of Thee, where has that bright and beautiful soul fled? That form we loved is still, but our brother is not dead! Oh, tell us whether he has flown? Oh, teach us what is his end and what is death, and in solving this question, Oh, Spirit of Life! may it bring us nearer to Thee.

We do not speak this night of Charles Dickens to eulogize the name that needs no eulogical display from us, but from the innermost depths of our being our spirit goes out to seek an answer to the question, "Where has our brother fled?"

What has Spiritualism to tell of his whereabouts? We have heard the voice of the press throughout the land, the lamentations and the eulogies. His name has become a household name in all nations, and as immortal as his existence; forever immortal in the history of the poor, hungry, obscure boy, who soared to a luminous manhood that the world admires; who became a member of every household and a citizen of every great nation; who arose from the depths of poverty to stand a bright and shining light among men.

But, said a good Christian brother to me, Charles Dickens was not a Christian; he was not a member of any Christian organization; he was not a historian; he was not an essayist; he was only a novelist!

Our good God has demanded that every eye shall have its gigantic minds; that every body of life must have first its private, then its public, and then its mighty generals. Only a novelist? Charles Dickens not a Christian? Ah, but remember Charles Dickens wrote living pictures of living men and women. Figures wrought into the scenes of every day life, scenes in human life; depicted like life and soul, as found on the stage of human life, but not, scarcely ever, found in the pages of fiction. You and I can find our pictures there, and the picture of living men and women and children that we meet in every day life, there, standing out on the pages of those volumes, brought forth by the portraying and delineating pen of that mighty general in the army of novelists. A noisy mission his! Why may we not call his mission holy? For he did not write glib legends, of glided homes and glided lives, as well as in your Lyceum Halls, such scenes you may not witness, but to me the dark, dreary, cruel picture is a vivid portrait of those schools, and of the shrieking, helpless childhood, left to the mercenary talons of those human vultures. Though such scenes may not exist in the New World, nevertheless they find existence in the Old World.

He has engraved the bright scenes of life as well as the dark. He has pictured the little helpless waif of childhood, shivering into precocious manhood, a bright light on the shores of a guide to others on the rough, billowy tide of life. He has shown that the poor, despised splinter, who no one cares for, can become the ministering angel to the feeble and needy, and by her angel like nature and untried efforts, gain unyoking love, and grow to feel that even her existence is necessary, and that the world may be better for her coming. He has brought smiles to the brow of care and comforted and sheltered the homeless widow and orphan; he has brought comfort and sunshine to the sick chamber, and the lowly cot; he has cheered old age with hope and plenty, the reward of honest endeavor; he has lighted the lowly home with the light of clear conscience and holy deeds; he has made happiness the reward of righteous dealing and pure motives; he has bedecked the brow of youth with the jewel of filial love; he has made the world bright and happy to the virtuous and truly noble.

Why say you that our brother has left this world and was not a Christian? No one was more Christ-like. Like Christ he was of lowly origin; like Christ he labored for the lowly. Spiritualism tells us he has not gone far away. His work is not yet done, although his hand is stilled,—yet his kindly smile is reflected back to earth.

Only a novelist? See the little child stealthily sliding and succoring the poor convict that is concealed in the lonely church yard! Poor, lost wretch, with no bright spot in dark life of crime and murder. But the conscience of Jesus came on his track, and when he is taken, and made to endure human cruelty, mis-called human punishment and justice. Through all the weary years of toil and suffering there was one bright spot in his, his heart, dark heart, it was love he had, it was his love that was the God within, that stayed his hand from darker crimes; it gave him the desire to depart from his life

of sin, and be a true man. It stayed the murderer's hand, it held him back from many crimes that his cruel life and dark surroundings would otherwise have prompted him to commit. Human punishment makes no man better, but cultivation, instead the devil within him. He loved that child, the only one that had ever shown him kindness; he toiled for him; for him he accumulated riches, and risked his life to lay it all at his feet, to make a gentleman of him if wealth could do it. He finds him a man grown; he pours forth his wealth of love upon him, and at last, lays down his life for him. Is this not a vivid picture of human methods of punishment for sin, and its effect? Kindness awakens love and gratitude in the lost convict's heart, and gives him a desire to live a better life; kindness causes the murderer to drop the bloody knife, and stays his hand from crime. Human methods of treating the violator of human laws, makes no reformation, makes no man better. Oh, human justice! Oh, courts of human justice! vividly as the pen of Charles Dickens pictured you forth to the world with all your hideousness! "Great Expectations" is a picture of life as it is, and as it should be.

Follow him to the lonely church yard, and listen to the history of Gabriel Blood, the sexton. Listen to the tones of the organ, as Tom Pinch's fingers draw them forth, and your soul rises above the humble church surroundings on those sweet strains. See the poor woman seeking a means of livelihood in the streets of London, see her struggles for life, and at last see her lie down behind the hedge to die rather than go to the London workhouse, then say not that these pen-pictures are not real! Vividly has he pictured the horrors of the homes of charity in London. Boldly did he wrestle with oppression, tyranny, wrong and injustice every where. A novelist? Is he not a writer of living pictures, a vivid reformer, and a worker for humanity, one of the world's redeemers. His hand was ever open in charity, he was ever the poor man's friend. I have seen his hand extended to the down-trodden, his smile beaming on the lowly; I have heard him call the errand boy, brother.

Oh, Americans, when he visited your shores, and followed that visit with his "Notes on America," your voice was raised against him! The keen satirist wrote of your divine institution of Freedom as found in the Southern States. His satirical pen bantered you as roughly as if it did his own country. He portrayed your iconoclastic as he saw them; he touched your national vanity, and you, Americans, hurled bitter anathemas at the satirist. But he lived America. His heart tured to the New World, with her world of mind and types of noble manhood and womanhood. Years sped on, and once again he felt the pain of your country. His great generous American heart received the creator reformer with outstretched arms and extended hands of welcome. Your world of intelligence greeted him as a brother. He was taken to the American heart and home. He felt he was among brothers. Oh, America, though he depicted your atrociousness as well as your real greatness, he loved you, bright home of genius and justice!

Death was not finished his work. He still lives to labor for the world, to labor for his brother man. He has left one unfinished story, to be finished in spirit life, compiled into a living book, from which spirit will draw living light and truth as mortals draw life from the sun light. No deed or works of goodness is lost or ended. Every deed is garnered up, formed into a diadem, and furnished by angel hands.

Then, what has death done with our brother, humanity's friend, he who was ever the poor man's friend? Shall we meet him no more? Is his life of usefulness done? Spiritualism tells us that we shall meet him again, that Charles Dickens lives, eternally lives in the land of spirits; that we shall meet him in the hour of communion, not with soul, but with the immortal pages of his immortal Pickwick; that a bright record of noble deeds and shining works greeted him on the other shore; and that his soul will go marching on throughout the realms of infinity, towards brighter and more refulgent light.

His Christianity was not found beneath tall steeples, but was world-wide, and his monument eternally stands towering toward heaven, in Christ like work and benevolent deeds. His living pictures eternally exist, and with them remembrance of his generous deeds and genial soul are perpetually.

What! his form lies mouldering in the grave! What! his summer grasses o'er his ashes wave! The spirit of the good man has arisen from the grave.

And still goes marching on.

He's gone to be a soldier in the army of the Lord. He's sworn as a private in the legions of the Lord! On to Ararat, with his trusty sun-bright sword, his soul is marching on.

Foremost he sits where the ranks of angels form, Face with his finger, where the square of angels form.

He treads in the thunder cloud, and charges in the storm.

As his soul goes marching on.

His voice is not hushed in the silence of the ground, His eye is not dimmed in the grave's gloom; He's dead, but yet speaks, for his works will be found.

Like his soul, still marching on.

We hear him in the echo of the good words he has said.

We know him in the memory of the shining life he has led.

And the pages full of living truth, the millions all have read.

As his light went marching on.

For the outcast and the friendless, for the helpless and the old.

For the widow and the orphan, for the hungry and the cold.

With the ink of fearful pity, and the puce as true
 His pen went marching on.
 With fearless hand he tore the mask from proud
 oppressions face,
 With piercing words he made the tyrant tremble in
 his place.
 At the game of reformation he has nobly won
 the race.
 As his soul went marching on.

Little children, bid God bless him, be with tender-
 est, holiest phrase,
 Has pleaded for your helplessness, has pictured
 out your ways.
 Let your precious little voices join the chorus of
 his praise!
 As his soul goes marching on.

From the cradle of the sunlight, from the old and
 distant East,
 O'er the pathless wave of waters, to the land of
 farthest West,
 From the mighty, throbbing heart of every nation
 of the earth,
 Where'er the noble printing press or sciences have
 birth,
 A cry goes and hither greets the sky above our
 head,
 God bless the brave reformer, God bless the noble
 deed.
 May he and aid the starry worlds, in living
 scriptures write,
 And publish, thro' eternity, his name in endless
 light,
 As his soul goes marching on.

VOICES FROM THE GRAVE.
 Three Hours in Converse with the Spirits.
 Starting and Supernatural Manifestations.
 From the Louisville Commercial.

The article on spiritual manifestations which appeared some days ago in the Commercial, excited much comment in different circles, and provoked the curiosity of many who desired other information on the subject. Feeling a desire to see and hear more of these wonderful manifestations of an unseen power, another of our reporters visited, on Friday night, a family in Jeffersonville who held these seances, and gratified the curiosity of their friends who might or might not be sceptical about spiritual manifestations.

We will not throw open to the public the names of our kind entertainers, knowing that it would bring upon them innumerable visitors, who would be led by mere curiosity to take up the time and patience of the family who are so strangely gifted with a wonderful power.

The lady who is the medium is a very pleasant, sweet-voiced, earnest woman, with no desire to provoke notoriety, but who, instead, shuns publicity. She is the mother of an interesting family, the wife of a rather skeptical, unimpressible man, who has been forced to believe in Spiritualism through many and repeated tests in his own family, where there could be no possible room for deception.

Unlike the general notions of a spiritual medium, the lady is neither of a strong-minded or sentimental nature. Womonly, self-possessed, and earnest, she accepts this peculiar power, which even yet, in its many phases, startles her unpleasantly. Healthy, and not morbid in her mind or imagination, she accepts what more directly appeals to her intellect and judgment, although the physical demonstrations are startlingly convincing to most people. She is informed us that for years, almost from childhood, she has had the power of seeing, in the broad sunlight, and under the dark pall of night, spirits, faces and forms of dead individuals and persons who she knew had died years since. She speaks confidently and intelligently of this experience, and of her first impressions at this strange power.

At first she believed her mind affected or diseased, and could not believe it otherwise; but, as time passed on, the appearance of the faces and forms of dead individuals, and the occurrence of frequent occurrences, until the material, real and the spiritual were difficult to be distinguished. Those who would egotistically wave away these assertions, with the suggestion of "optical illusion" or "mental hallucination or disease" would find their reasoning contradicted by the knowledge of the lady's perfectly healthy organization—mental and physical—and by her strict conformity, pleasantly, earnestly, and thoughtfully, to all the common domestic and ordinary duties of this common-place and terribly real life. Thus much in explanation of what is termed the medium and her family and social relations.

THE WRITING PHASE.
 On the occasion of our visit there was given the writing phase. A sheet on which was a pencil, covered by a cloth, was held up under a common stand by the fingers of two persons, and after a time, when withdrawn, was discovered to be covered with a message from a little son to his father in J. J. Brownville. The writing was fine, beautiful in its execution and correct in the formation of letters and sentences. This is of itself more than wonderful. Those who witness this manifestation can afford to laugh at all pretended explanations of skeptics, for it is a real, unmistakable transaction, in which there is no possible room for deception or trickery.

THE VOICES—STRANGE MANIFESTATIONS.
 We were shown into a room where were some dozen people of both sexes, all well advanced in years of middle-aged (with the exception of our- self and a few ladies), nearly all of whom were believers in the spiritualistic phenomena and philosophy. An ordinary tin trumpet or horn, two feet high, was placed upright on the floor, and the medium was seated near the middle of the room, on a low chair.

We would state that some months ago the spirits in writing—we say spirits, conceding them to be such in this article—suggested to the lady to procure this trumpet, as a means for giving their voices to the circle clearly and plainly; hence its use from that date.

The spectators, many of them strangers, forming the circle were seated around in this room, which was darkened. The lights were excluded and the curtains dropped, and in a few moments, when all was comparatively quiet, save a low desultory conversation that was kept up, the trumpet commenced to move around the circle slowly, and after making the turn of the circle stopped, and a voice in the form of a clear, loud whisper, coming through the trumpet, greeted us. His name was given as Jimmy Nolan, once a soldier in the 5th Illinois regiment of volunteer infantry, and who died from this material world about five years ago, at Nashville, Tenn., of typhoid fever. In life he was well known to the gentleman whose wife is the medium, and who served in the same regiment or brigade with him. Jimmy is a frequent visitor at this circle, and is familiar even to each in his conversational with the different members of the family. He calls the gentleman referred to familiarly "Cap," and has a desire to make sport of a boy in the family called "Bub," tells him quaintly about his big ears, etc.; professes to give formulas for the medium in which he shows himself a spirit of good taste, as the lady is a most agreeable and attractive one, and speaks in a short, abrupt manner in answer to all questions. We thus introduce "Jimmy Nolan" to our readers.

He desired music from the circle, when a simple little hymn was sung, on the conclusion of which, from the trumpet, came a voice, speaking in solemn, impressive tones, making an invocation to the Creator. We confess we were in a critical, watchful mind, and listened intently to this voice. The language and tenor of the invocation was grand, impressive and beautiful. As an invocation, an impressive, solemn effort, it was, in every sense, beautiful and unexceptionable. While it was being given in the darkened room, the sounds in the street were audible—children talking, fowls screaming, and dogs barking,—and the unseen world blending together in our senses.

"Jimmy," as we will term him hereafter, then skipped about the room, talking familiarly to many in the circle, and answering questions pleasantly. It came to several, would stop, and say, I see a man or woman here, as the case might be, and then describe them minutely. In several cases the forms described and names given were recognized by some one in the circle.

We were introduced by name to Jimmy, and we modestly asked that he should bestow some special favor upon us, as we were a stranger in the circle. He replied that he would do the best he could, but would not slight the rest.

We asked him how he produced the voice he gave and he answered promptly:

"I materialize the organs speech, take the horn in my hand, and speak through it."

While he was speaking, the medium and her husband would be talking to those about them, as if in the family circle; hence the supposition that either of them produced the sound was unfounded.

We asked him if he would tell us what we held in our hand, and he said he would. What did we hold in our hand?

"You've got a book on your lap and a pencil of course."

"Where is the pencil?" putting it immediately in our mouth and saving nothing in our hand.

"The pencil is in your mouth now."

This frustrated any design we might have had to deceive Jimmy, completely. We dropped our pencil on the floor and Jimmy volunteered to find it. The trumpet came sweeping or skip- around our feet, looking for the pencil, when we excused him from further search.

Question after question, with prompt appro- priation were given. We regret that we could not have taken time to ask all the questions. When we asked if he could read what we had written the voice said he could not. After the lights were brought in, it did not surprise us, as we were unable to read it ourselves, having written over the lines repeatedly in the dark.

The question was asked, what number of spirits comprised the circle. He answered: "About 150 come regularly, besides many other strangers."

He was asked to describe the appearance of the spiritual circle, and replied:

"I see above you the faces of a row of young children, between the ages of two and five years; they are peering out from a white cloud and over their heads is a wreath of beautiful rosebuds, surrounding these words, in gold letters on white satin 'Of such are the kingdom of heaven.'"

These are almost the exact words given, but the manner of the description was something more beautiful and impressive than we can describe, and when one of the circle said solemnly, "Yes, thank God, of such are the kingdom of heaven," within ourselves, whether real or unreal, we echoed with awe the beautiful sentiment. There was no room for scoffing. The description was such a magnificent imagina- tion, and caused that strange principle of our humanity—the spiritual—to look out through material eyes, and see in the black wall of perfect darkness the halo of that possible cloud, with its pure child faces beaming out under the golden words that were spoken two thousand years ago. "Of such are the kingdom of heaven."

In answer to whether he could bring the spirit of a dead friend; he pleasantly replied that he would try to find him; that many were coming and going who were strangers, who gave their names and left. He said, "There is here a young man by the name of Stockwell, who says he

knew you in the army," and then described him.

"I am glad of it. We like everybody to treat us fair, and you know we must be polite to these newspaper men." This candid confession elicited laughter all around the circle. Then came low whispers to several persons of little children, who talked to their fathers or mothers in tender words, telling them how they felt, how happy was their life, and giving kind, consol- ing, encouraging words of hope. How it affected those who believe our readers can imagine, and we need not dilate upon it. Children talked to their parents and friends of childhood came back, and severing the invisible boundary that keeps in the great mysterious other world, spoke cheering words.

We here asked permission of the lady and her husband to sit beside the medium, to satisfy our senses that she at least had no part in the manifestations. They both readily assented, and said permission must be had from Jimmy. We asked the accommodating spirit, and ex- plained our object in making the request. He said:

"I have no objections; but to convince you still further, I would rather you would wait until the circle is broken, when, with only 'Cap' and the medium in the room, you can take their hands and sit beside them, and I will talk to you."

We agreed to this and thanked the spirit for his courtesy. After the circle was broken up, we were seated as directed, but beyond the trumpet falling over, could get no further man- ifestations, Jimmy having faded to some time. Jimmy desired music and after it was given, volunteered to give the "Feed call of the bugle in the army." Those who are familiar with army life, will remember the manner in which soldiers rendered this call, and the comical words they set to the music. Accordingly, when quiet was restored, Jimmy took up his trumpet, and did skip around the entire circle, singing the call through the trumpet as it went.

After a long time, the ruling spirit of the circle, who is known as "Claude," an Italian, a cultivated gentleman who died 60 years ago, came and made an invocation, if you will, surpassing in beauty, sentiment and pathos the one we listened to in the early part of the evening. He answered promptly, with choice and dignified language, questions on every subject; described the progress of the spirit after it left its material frame, and gave us the motto of the Spirit World, "progression and perfection." When he had finished, their spirits remained in a lower sphere, where, under the instruction of other spirits, they in time reached up into higher and brighter spheres with other spirits, and thus forever the principle of progression and perfection was forward. When asked if they knew such a thing as time, and whether they looked forward to a death or life, Claude replied:

"We know no such thing as death. All this life is one of beauty and brightness. Complete and supreme happiness is ever ours. We go forward doing the work of the reverend Creator for all time, until we reach him in the pure and perfect; we in his presence enjoy sunlight and supreme happiness await us. Those who have died thousands of years ago are far above us. Intellect takes no more rank than the humblest mind, if in life it was prostituted to bad purposes. All must come up purified by degrees. The good and pure mount upward to the spheres like spirits."

On being asked what course the spirit took on leaving the body, and if it was received by any one, he replied:

"In my invocation I told you that on the other side of the dark river of death, spirits in robes of white, stood waiting with outstretched arms to greet those loved on earth, and welcomed them with songs and kind words, and escorted them to their homes. I thank the great Creator that we are permitted through these agencies to manifest ourselves and show to mortals the truth and beauty of eternal life, to un- deceive the skeptic and convince him of the immortality of the soul. In the scene that comes after the mortal frame perishes and the spirit is freed to ascend to the true and only beautiful and perfect life."

These were nearly the words given in reply to the questions. Many others of a similar nature were given. After 11 o'clock the voice said:

"And now, as the hour is late, I will pronounce a benediction and close."

Some person pronounced another question, and received the dignified reply:

"I said the hour is late and I must leave you, and will now pronounce the benediction," which he did, solemnly and impressively, in the most faultless language.

This ended the seance, and the spectators returned, impressed, respectively as they believed, with the very peculiar and wonderful manifes- tations of an unseen power. We leave our readers to form their own opinions.

Two gangs of Cincinnati are at work at North Adams, Mass., learning to bottom shute.

Attorney Gen. Hoar has resigned, and Amos T. Ackerman, of Georgia, has been appointed as his successor.

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Writes for the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

ESTRANGEMENT.

A COMPANION TO

Magnalena.

By the Author of "Medio"—"The Mad Actress"—"The White Slave"—"The Spectre Rider"—"The Rivals," etc.

CHAPTER VII.

To effect his release from custody... Guilloff Craton less perplexity than the fact of losing the peculiar services and their pecuniary profit...

We can scarcely allow this opportunity... undesignedly reached, to pass without dropping a word of sympathy in behalf of many...

Look up, then, O ye sensitive souls... ministering angels to soothe and comfort... link to the spheres from whence comes your strength...

Why, yes, we sometimes think that the bright conditions in the history of our race... epoch adown the long avenue of prophecy...

CHAPTER VII.

Although from the sweet sympathy of Marian's association, the free and contending candor of her angel-like nature, there could exist not the slightest cause...

Some evenings subsequent to the exposure of the fact of the stranger, Elsie being so susceptible a medium, without the least previous arrangement...

Ronaldson immediately approached, and as the medium extended her hand, he gently clasped it, saying, "Is this Amy?"

"The medium rising, and dropping his handkerchief to the floor, he turned to Elsie, and with a sweet smile on his picture, still fixed in her hand, pointing, said, "This is Amy."

"Ob, Albert, beware! be careful, there is danger here, evil lurks in your path. Be very careful. I will try always to be near to shield you as best I may. Bless you, Albert, good-by."

"Well, George, here I am again, and feeling as I do, something of the dark influence experienced by the spirit who has just kindly made way for me, I would say that I am strongly impressed that it is quite time that all, at least the most of you, were out of this. You are well, I trust, in Philadelphia, is that so?"

"This is the captain again, I suppose?" "Of course it is,—you ought to know by this time, George. I have known you long, I knew you,—you were near you when you lay on the cold prison floor in Charleston, the hot bed of wavery sand and excrement,—in a false charge of conspiracy. Yes, before that, when you were arraigned before the court for trial, I was close by you, and heard and joined in the fervor caused by the reading of the manuscript on which was based their suspicions of your complicity with the union government."

cal ambition and effort, to present at no distant day the United States of America, a free will offering to the holy and gracious Pope, who even now calls them all his children. The order of Jesuits, very wealthy, and besides the immense power this mighty lever gives them to turn the world upside down...

DR. J. W. STEWART, M. D. WILL CURE DISEASES and infirmities of man and woman and child free of charge, to all who are unable to pay, from 9 a. m. to 10 p. m. at the American Hotel, Grand Rapids, Mich., commencing April 26, and remains until further notice. Office hours from 9 a. m. to 6 p. m. The Doctor will visit patients who cannot leave their beds.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF CREATION. Unfolding the laws of the Progressive Development of Nature, and embracing the Philosophy of Man, Spirit, and Spirit World. By Thomas Palma, through the hand of Horace G. Wood, Medium.

UNDERHILL ON MESMERISM. Criticisms on its Opposers. AND A REVIEW OF HUMBERG AND HUMBERGERS, WITH PRACTICAL INSTRUCTIONS FOR EXPERIMENTS IN THE SCIENCE.—FULL DIRECTIONS FOR USING IT AS A REMEDY IN DISEASE.—HOW TO AVOID ALL DANGER.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF ITS CURATIVE POWERS; THE PHILOSOPHY OF SEEING WITHOUT EYES. THE PROOFS OF IMMORTALITY DERIVED FROM THE UNFOLDING OF MESMERISM.—EVIDENCE OF MENTAL COMMUNION WITHOUT SHUNT OR BOUND, BETWEEN BODIES FAR APART IN THE FLESH.—COMMUNION OF SAINTS, WITH THE DEPARTED.

VILLAGE LIFE IN THE WEST. BEYOND THE BREAKERS. A Story of the Present Day. BY ROBERT DALE OWEN. Author of "Footfalls on the Boundary of another World."

SEVENTH NATIONAL CONVENTION. The American Association of Spiritualists. TO THE SPIRITUALISTS OF THE WORLD. The Seventh Annual Meeting will be held at the Hall of the Spiritualists, Richmond, Indiana, on Tuesday, the 27th day of September, 1870, at 10 o'clock a. m.

DR. J. WILSON, Magnetic Physician. Late of Milwaukee. Now permanently located at 71 West Superior Street, Chicago. (Two blocks north of Union Park.)

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EUREKA. I Have Found it! I Have Found it! Roger's Excelsior Pain Curer. The Best preparation ever made for all nervous and muscular pains, rheumatism, toothache, headache, diptheria, sore throat, ague, colic and cholera; also invaluable in all cases of sprains and bruises. Its application will relieve the most obstinate. Sample box forwarded free in all cases. United States Post receipt of 10 cents. Manufactured and sold wholesale and retail by W. W. Rogers, Hampden Corner, Mo. Or—41 Room 15, 150 So. Clark Street, Chicago, Ill. Vol no 3

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LIFE'S UNFOLDINGS

OR THE WONDERS OF THE UNIVERSE REVEALED TO MAN. Is the title of a new work fresh from press. By the Guardian Spirit of David Corlies. S. S. JONES, Publisher.

RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION, HIS ADDRESS TO THE PUBLIC: The Medium, in his address to the public says: The Medium (David Corlies, of Huntley's Grove, McHenry Co., Ill.), through whom this work was given, has been a careful observer of the phenomena of Modern Spiritualism for over twenty years...

VINE COTTAGE STORIES. LITTLE HARRY'S WISH OR PLAYING SOLDIER. BY MISS H. N. GREEN. ALSO THE LITTLE FLOWER GIRL AND THE ORPHAN'S STRUGGLE. By the Same Author.

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By Elizabeth A. Pittsinger.

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

The Woman Question. Forty years ago it was quite uncommon for woman to attend any public meetings or lectures, and indeed the lectures themselves were not very successful, and it was mainly for want of this element in them.

When the American Anti Slavery Society was formed in this city in 1839, some of the best minds and clearest thinkers of the age met to consider the best means of overthrowing that giant evil. Lucretia Mott was there as a spectator, for not one of them thought of inviting the women to take any part in the great movement which they were inaugurating.

Spiritualists soon found that woman was the most successful in mediums and development, and from the first she took her position by the side of her brother man as his equal.

Principle and expediency alike indicate that one half of the race, and that the least refined, and intuitional should no longer assume the entire reign of government.

It has been our lot occasionally to be summoned there, and in no instance have we done this without feeling that here the refining influence of woman is especially needed.

Woman's influence to-day is very much in that of the great reformer who has secured peace and a just compensation for labor, and when this is felt as a practical part of the power of the land, instead of being merely suggestive and advisory, it will do much toward bringing about these needed reforms.

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For the Religio-Philosophical Journal. A TRIBUTE TO CALIFORNIA.

By Elizabeth A. Pittsinger.

Land of beauty, land of gold; Land of many sunny skies unfold; Land of their happy smiles and looks; Oh, not upon thy soil so grand, So regal as that Spartan band, Who for thy loquacious people stand At their own true defenders!

Land of silver, land of grain; Land of winter's golden rain; In 'true, heroic story; Thy coming records long may tell Of many a one who struggled well, And some who for a nation fell, And for their future glory!

Land of beauty, land of health; A Queen's request in thy wealth; Beside the peaceful ocean; Upon thy brow forever beam Full many a gem, who appears seem To wreath their burning lusts, and give in With fires of true devotion!

Land of the evergreen and vine; Laurel with many a hidden mine Of wealth and beauty teeming; We'll dip the pen in silver light, And of thy beauties untold write, Surpassing, in its glorious bright, The measure of our dreaming!

Land of the famous mammoth tree, And of the grand Yosemite; All nature claims the fairest; No foreign rule will they way, No foreign power will they sway; Save that which leads the onward way From those in vain to whom success!

Land of towering cliffs and lakes; Land whose earnest labor makes Her grandest destination; Land of tannins, granite hills, Of blooming oranges and golden hills, Of how they tower greatest turrets, With hops each new creation!

Land where all the races speed; Land that bids an earnest creed; In every brave endeavor; Land of progress, grand free fire, Young and triumphant; Oh, to thy arms again we flee, And there repose forever!

Oh, yes, forever we would dwell Upon thy sunny slopes, that swell With grandeur still before thee! For California long may claim Fulfill many a proud and honored name Emulous on her country's name And bended with its glory!

DR. PERSONS. Dr. Persons, the Great Healer, is now stopping at the A. I. M. House in Chicago. He has recently returned from Texas, where he has been healing the sick, with his usual success.

The Esthetic Intelligence Association claim that by copying and correctly applying natural law, intelligence may be transmitted without the aid, and with but little assistance, of the electro-magnetic telegraph wires.

The pleasantest things in the world are pleasant thoughts, and greatest art in life is to have as many of them as possible.

Obituary.

Died to spirit life, from St. Jago De Cuba, on board Bark Hector, morning of May 2nd, 1870, Mrs. Lorenz Emerson, wife of Capt. Charles A. French. Age 49 years; months, 31 days.

Our dear sister Lorenz accompanied her husband on their last journey, and just before his departure returned to meet other loved ones she had left at home in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, when suddenly at this point she, together with little Alice, was taken sick with yellow fever, and in a few days both breathed their last.

The English Consul and wife remained on board the last night of their life, ministering to their wants and kind friends from shore and vessel, but extended every kindness to them in their great trouble, for which they will ever be grateful to her family and friends, who will ever bless them for it.

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Of herself she claims no knowledge of the healing art, but when her spirit guides are brought "on report" with a sick person through her mediumship, they never fail to give immediate and permanent relief in curable cases, through the positive and negative forces latent in the system and in nature.

Mr. Robinson, while under spirit control, on receiving a lock of hair of a sick patient, will diagnose the nature of the disease most perfectly, and prescribe the proper remedy.

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Oh, Thou who art the giver of inspiration Thou who art the giver of inspiration Thou who art the giver of inspiration...

LECTURE.

The subject upon which we shall speak, will be the Bible; the true revelation of God, the teacher of humanity. When we speak of the Bible, we always find in an audience, a strange quickening of thought...

If we go to the Bible without reasoning, we will find the greatest diversity. Thus a great evil has been known in the land,--the evil of Slavery. Men have denounced it with all their strength...

Trust and peace cometh to us. Understanding all this, when we find that in the early history man believed that God was a angry being, we are acquainted with every nook and cranny of the storm of anger...

When man says the bible is infallible, we believe he is wrong. It contains many truths, many things which are useful, many that are simply historical records, and many things that are not true...

THE SOUL--AN EXTRACT. Unfathomable essence! In its source divine! Oh, where the power its limits define? To-day confined within the narrow walls of this mortal imperia...

RELATIVE POSITIONS--THE DIFFERENCE.

BY J. TINNEY.

In an article published in the Atlantic Monthly some time since, we find the following statement from the pen of Prof. Agassiz. We have reached a point where the results of science touch the problem...

FRONTIER DEPT

E. V. WILSON
A camp-meeting which the "Doctor" was holding, one of his friends gave him, as a text, this passage in the Psalms of David: "Wake, psalmist and harp; I myself will arise early."

Personal.
The above speaks for itself, and is evidence, under the clear reading of the common law, that the aforesaid gentlemen are sound to the core.

Personal.
The Russian government has announced that women will hereafter be admitted to medical schools and to medical practice.

Personal.
The Sultan's family consists of 900 wives, and 1,400 other people at meal times, and he is thinking of "wiping out" his house keepers.

Personal.
The American government recognizes the Sultan's government, and ministers and consuls to and receive them from the Sultan.

Personal.
The little girl's opinion of an Episcopal meeting. Her judgment is of the order of Daniel, and we agree with her:

Personal.
A little girl of seven years, who had been brought up without meeting, and knew nothing about tea church, high or low, was taken by a friend to the Episcopal church on Sunday.

E. V. Wilson's Appointments for July, 1870.

Morris, Ill. on Friday, Saturday, and Sunday.—the 1st, 2nd and 3rd.—and lectures, beginning Friday evening at 7 o'clock.
McHenry, Ill., on Wednesday evening, the 9th.—lectures on reading, character and giving tests. Admission fee at the door, 30 cents.

Atlanta, Ga. on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday.—July 11th, 12th, 13th and 14th.—beginning at 7 o'clock.
Richmond, Md. on Sunday, the 10th, at 10 o'clock.
Pittsburg, Mo., on Saturday and Sunday, the 9th and 10th.

"Resolved, That modern Spiritualism is worthy of the confidence and support of the people."
We will debate the above with you in Oshkosh, Fond du Lac, Janesville or Milwaukee, or in any other place where we have not spoken on the subject.

RELIGION AND SMELLS.

In a recent issue of the Independent, the Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, of Brooklyn, has the following utterance on the subject of "Smells."
"I have a good christian friend, who if he sat in the front pew in church, and a workmanman should enter the door with a box of matches and light the church with bad smells, I will have nothing to do with this work of evangelization."

MYSTIC WATER.

This "natural mineral water which now stands pre-eminent at the head of all known medicinal waters for its purity, taste and efficacious qualities, was discovered at a depth of seven feet, through the application of an ever operating law. Its peculiar chemical combination consists of: Magnesia, Potash and Sulphur, in connection with its wonderful water power, its soft lighting it through the warming test of neutral trial, and its purity.

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Terrific Attack of Tio-Douloureux, or Neuralgia, lasting nearly two years. (Skillful Physicians fail to cure it. Surgery and Hydropathy give only partial relief. Patient prostrated, reduced to a skeleton, and his life despaired of.)

HE FINALLY TAKES THE POSITIVE POWDERS.

AND [GAINS FIFTY FIVE POUNDS IN FLESH.
Browsville, Nebraska, Dec. 28, 1869.
I wish to certify that I, Huston Russell, was taken on the 26th day of September, 1867, with a pain in my eyes and head, and it was so severe that I thought I myself rather than live. I called on Dr. Hoover, and he attended me for some twenty days; at times it was easy, when under the influence of medicine, but confined to my bed.

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A TWENTY YEARS' RECORD OF THE COMMUNION BETWEEN EARTH and the WORLD of SPIRITS. ONE VOLUME, LARGE OCTAVO, SIX HUNDRED PAGES, ENGLISH MUSLIN, BURELED EDGES, SUPERBLY AND PROFUSELY ILLUSTRATED WITH PORTRAITS, Etc., ON STEEL, WOOD IN TINT, LITHOGRAPHY, Etc., Etc.

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WILLIAM FOLCOCK.

On the 8th day of September, 1867, Huston Russell came to me with a pain in his left eye, which I treated for the Neuralgia, and treated him several times afterwards for the same, but the complaint returned each time after treatment. He was under treatment by several physicians afterwards, but got but little relief. I have used Spenser's Positive and Negative Powders in Scourie Fever and Rheumatism, and found them to be good for those complaints.

JEROME ROOVER.

On the 28th of September, 1868, Huston Russell came to me with a furious Tio-Douloureux, Neuralgia, had him under treatment until last April, 1869, at which time he was dimitted improved.

JAMES M. HACKER.

I herby certify that I am acquainted with Huston Russell, and that I know him to have been sick, and I also certify that I am acquainted with Dr. Wm. Arnold and Jerome Hoover, and know them to be practicing physicians.

JAMES M. HACKER.

Witness my hand, and seal of said County of Nebraska, the 23rd day of December, 1869.

WILLIAM VAN NAME, OLIVEVONT.

I herby certify that I am acquainted with Huston Russell, and that I know him to have been sick, and I also certify that I am acquainted with Dr. Wm. Arnold and Jerome Hoover, and know them to be practicing physicians.

JAMES M. HACKER.

Witness my hand, and seal of said County of Nebraska, the 23rd day of December, 1869.

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