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## Literary Department

### A VISION.

An ambient garment enfolded her,  
Woven of mystic air,  
And o'er her brow in beauty fell  
Long threads of golden hair.  
A net of cloud-wrought silver  
Her tresses disarrayed,  
And when I tried to touch her  
She vanished into air.  
I sought her hand to clasp it—  
Her spirit hand—in mine,  
For there it lay like a rose shell  
Scented through the frothy blue,  
And sense-entrancing odors  
In mists encompassed were,  
From flowers which had faded  
In giving their breath to her.  
But as I prest her airy hand,  
It seemed to melt away,  
Though it left an impress where it touched,  
Like the kiss of a vanished day.  
And she returned by me  
She kindled my room with light,  
Like a star that had drifted earthward  
To soothe the world "Good-night."  
Had she, then, a "good-night" form,  
Down on this earth so fair?  
Yes, and had brought me a fly from heaven  
To lay in my bosom and wear,  
At last to words her lips trembled,  
As petals of roses,  
When the zephyrs stop to kiss them  
As they pause in wayward flight.  
"This fly pure was sent to thee  
By one who could not stay,  
But just behind the veil she waits  
Thine immortality."  
This said, she smiled and kissed me,  
On my pillow there it lay,  
Then into a turret of darkness  
She floated in cloud away.  
And when I am sad and weary  
With earth's dull message,  
I think of that night's sweet vision  
And what the angel said,  
When on my forehead she lay  
She laid this fly of love,  
To strengthen me for duty to come  
Till that one bright day above.

### THE HAUNTED HOUSE.

#### LADY MACNAMARA'S STORY.

It was eight-and-thirty years ago, and I had been married five or six years, when I went to live at Manorbere Lodge. The ship in which my husband had been first lieutenant was paid off. He had got his rank as commander, but had no immediate prospect of employment, so his mind naturally turned to the occupation he loved best, next to his profession—fox-hunting: a passion for which sport came to him by nature, as the second son of a Lincolnshire squire. His younger son's portion, with my dowry and his pay, though altogether making up a comfortable income, would not suffice for that very expensive amusement, unless we could find a house in a good situation, at a moderate rent; and one day Dick came in, radiant with expectation, to tell me he had heard of one beyond the dreams of extravagance or rather of economy. It was in the heart of the shires, within easy reach of three first rate packs, had capital stabling, and was all to be let by the year at a fabulously low rental.  
It is a maxim with me that nothing is to be had for less than its value, so I was not quite so sanguine as Dick; but I agreed with him in thinking it was worth while that he should run down and look at the place.  
He went down and came back delighted. He had spared no pains to find out what there could be amiss with the house, but had come to the conclusion that it was almost faultless. Indeed, it seemed to him such a prize that he had feared to lose it by delay, and had taken it at once for a year certain. "I am sure you will like it, my love," he said. "It is an old house, a great deal larger and handsomer than we want, but that does not matter." I was quite content so that he pleased himself, and a very few days saw us settled at Manorbere.  
I found the place all that Dick had said it was. The house as it now stood had apparently been only a wing of the ancient mansion. Part of the principal building had been completely pulled down, but for some reason or other a portion abutting upon the present house had been left standing, and was converted, the lower part into a cart-house, and the first floor into a place for carpenter's work, lumber, and so forth.  
On the ground-floor the communication had formerly opened upon a passage running nearly the length of the present house. A similar corridor ran along the first-floor, and here the disused part of the house was divided from the dwelling only by a strong oak door, heavily barred and bolted. A staircase led up from the ground floor to this end of the corridor; but it was seldom used, as we inhabited the rooms at the other extremity, and the servants' chambers were reached also by a different stair. The door itself looked as if it could resist everything except treachery in the garrison, and even a traitor would have had some difficulty in removing the defences, so rusted were they in their places.  
There was nothing at all gloomy about the house. The rooms were large and light, with the ample windows characteristic of the English houses erected before the imposition of the window-tax gave our builders their present traditions. The principal sitting-room was a very large one on the ground floor, looking nearly south, and catching all the sunshine in its bay-windows. These opened on a raised terrace, beneath which was a pretty flower-garden, and there was a paddock with fine trees beyond. The stables were of a much later date than the house, and were excellent.  
Of course we soon made acquaintance with our neighbors, and the assemblies to see the hounds throw off on a fine morning, were very

pleasant and sociable. We had no close carriage, and our house was at a considerable distance from any visitable families, so at first we declined all dinner invitations. But that sort of thing never goes on long when those concerned are still young, cheerful, and sociable, and very soon we got into the way of going frequently to dine and sleep at our neighbors' places. At the very first of these dinner parties, the truth came out about Manorbere.  
"It is very nice having you, and Captain Macnamara at Manorbere," said a certain lively Mrs. Brodrick to me, when we ladies went to the drawing room after dinner. "I do so hate having a house shut up; and, indeed, there was a talk last year of its being pulled down, since nobody would take it."  
"But why would nobody take it? I think it so charming," said I.  
"Well, perhaps it is foolish; but you know a great many people really do not like living in a house that has such a name."  
"A name for what?"  
"Being haunted!"  
"Good gracious! did not you know about the ghost?"  
I burst out laughing. "So that is the reason of our getting it so cheap? I am really very much obliged to the ghost."  
"How very odd that you should not have heard of it! But I am so sorry I mentioned it. You are so much alone there. I hope it won't make you uncomfortable."  
"Thank you; it only makes me laugh. But do tell me the story of the house."  
"Hush!" said another lady, "don't talk about it now. Here comes Mrs. Dormer (our hostess), and she never quite likes the subject."  
My curiosity, however, being roused, I begged Mrs. Brodrick, the first time an opportunity offered, for a *fait-a-dite* to give me particulars as to our *hospes* at Manorbere. And this is the substance of her narrative.  
The first family that had lived in the house was that of Colonel Fearon, a widower with three daughters. They were a very pleasant, cheerful set; hospitable as far as their means, which were not very large, would allow; and ready to promote or join in anything that was proposed in the way of social amusement. But unfortunately a few months after their arrival the colonel got a bad fall out hunting, and became a confirmed invalid. He recovered ultimately, but at that period it was feared that he never would be himself again. His nervous system was so affected by the blow he had received on the spine, that he could bear hardly any noise or company, and he was so weak as to be reduced to a wheel-chair in which to take air and exercise.  
The family had selected for their own occupation the same set of rooms we had chosen for ourselves at the opposite end of the corridor from the condemned door, and the rooms near to it were reserved for guests. The kitchen, gray and lively house, had, however, for some time become quite changed in character, the girls giving up all society at home uncomplainingly, for their father's sake. Eleanor, the eldest, thought, however, after a time, that it was a pity her young sisters, Effie and Lucy, should be debarred from taking part in the gayeties suited to their age which were going on during the winter: so the girls took it in turn to go out two and two together, some neighboring matron being always ready to act as chaperon when they joined her at a ball or *soiree*.  
On one of these occasions two young friends who had come to the same party from some distance on the other side of Manorbere, had been offered a night's lodging at the latter place to save them the long winter drive after midnight, and also that they might accompany the Fearons to a ball on the ensuing evening. Though it was not very late when the girls returned home, the invalid had retired to rest, and Eleanor was ready to follow his example, when she heard her sisters and their friends coming up stairs, and went out in her dressing-gown to meet them, and see that they had all things comfortable in their rooms. The girls were in high spirits, and, though subduing their voices lest they should awaken their father, Eleanor feared that some incautious laugh or exclamation might disturb him; so enjoining silence by a gesture, she led the way to the chamber at the further end of the corridor, which had been prepared for her guests, stirred the fire into a bright blaze, lighted the candles, and told them now they might laugh and chatter their fill. The young folks did not hesitate to avail themselves of the permission, and hung over the fire discussing the party of that evening, and the prospects of the morrow's ball, till Eleanor declared she must take her sisters away, or they would talk all night. She had twice risen with this intention without getting them to follow her, and was now standing with the door half open in her hand waiting for them, when they saw her suddenly put her finger on her lips, and peep cautiously out; then she set down her candle, and stepped softly into the passage. The others ceased talking in a minute, and looked inquiringly towards her. "What is it, Eleanor?" whispered Lucy, coming to the door.  
"The most extraordinary thing! I thought I heard the door open."  
"What door?" said Effie.  
"My dear Nellie, you must be dreaming. It is time we went to bed, indeed," said Effie, laughing, and taking up her candle. Eleanor took hers also, but instead of returning to her room, walked straight up to the door and examined it closely, followed by Lucy, who looked at her in smiling wonder.  
"Are you satisfied, dear?" said she, pointing to the cobwebs which in many places stretched across from the door to its lintel.

"Yes, I must have been mistaken. But it is very odd!"  
"What did you hear, Nellie?" eagerly asked the others, coming to their room door.  
"The first time I signed to you to be silent, I thought I heard footsteps coming gently and cautiously up the stair, and fancied it was one of the maids. They know I do not allow them to sit up so late, and I waited to see who it was, stealing up this way where they have no business. But instead of passing by this room, the footsteps seemed to stop at the top of the stairs, and then the door turned slowly on its hinges."  
"Did you see it?" asked Lucy.  
"No! It only sounded so."  
"The wind or something."  
"Perhaps. Now do go to bed, children." And they all separated.  
The next evening one of their visitors, Isabel Murray, being rather tired, declined to go to the ball, and said she would prefer staying to keep company with Lucy, whose turn it was to remain with her father. After he had gone to bed, the two girls became so absorbed in a game of chess that the time slipped away unobserved, and they then bethought them of sitting up for their sisters, to give them what is called in Ireland, "a raking pot of tea," on their return. The bright idea was immediately carried out. The tea-things were set in the guest-chamber, the fire was made up, the maids were sent to bed, and the girls, after partially undressing, met together wrapped in their dressing-gowns to enjoy the vigil. They had brought up their chess-board and books, but presently agreed that if they took a nap they would be all the fresher by and by; so, curling themselves upon a sofa, they were soon asleep. Perfect silence reigned throughout the house, and in the room nothing was heard but the soft breathing of the sleepers. Suddenly and simultaneously both awoke and sat up, Lucy's little dog at the same time starting from his slumbers and pricking his ears.  
"Is it the carriage?" said Isabel Murray.  
"I don't know. Something woke me, but I can't tell what. Yes, it must be," continued Lucy, as the dog went sniffling to the door, and she opened it and looked out. "I hear footsteps, but there is no light. How quietly they have come in!"  
Just then Pincher, who had run out when the door was opened, came cowering back with drooping tail, and at the same moment came the grating sound of a door turning on rusty hinges, and then quickly closed. Isabel sprang to Lucy's side, and softly closing all but a chink of the door, stood listening. Nothing was heard. The girls looked at each other, and drew a long breath.  
"There's something wrong here, Lucy," said Isabel.  
Lucy quickly shut the door, and bolted it.  
"O Isabel, I am so frightened! Only think if anybody can get in here in the dead of the night! We may all be murdered!"  
"We must tell Eleanor, and, of course, it must be looked to. But the strange thing is, that the door seems as if it had not been opened for a century."  
"O dear! that's nothing. These people are up to all sorts of tricks."  
"What people?"  
"Why, house-breakers and burglars!"  
"I don't think it can be a burglar," said Isabel, "as he has been here already, and nothing appears to have been stolen. Perhaps one of the maids has a *follower* whom she lets in by stealth. What is there on the other side of that door?"  
"I don't know. O yes, I do! A sort of lumber room and carpenter's work-room."  
"We ought to go to morrow and examine it on that side. I do not think there is any danger for to-night, as the intruder, whoever he be, seems to have departed. What's become of Pincher? Did you shut him out?"  
On examination, the door was found under the bed, pressed closely against the wall, and trembling all over. Lucy had some difficulty in coaxing him out, and even when she had got him in her arms, her carcase failed to restore him to his usual spirits. "Is he ill, poor fellow?" asked Isabel.  
"Only frightened, I think; but he is usually so courageous! I cannot understand it. You may be sure he has seen a one who has terrified him somehow. I wish the others were come home!"  
After this the raking pot of tea was not so jovial an affair as had been intended. The two watchers had not quite got over their alarm, and the others heard their account with anxiety and uneasiness. Eleanor agreed that the first thing to do was to scrutinize both sides of the door, but cautioned them all to keep entire silence on the subject meantime.  
The next day they made their investigation of the carpenter's work-room, which was entered by an outside wooden stair. Eleanor made the pretence of wanting a piece of old-seasoned wood for a drawing-board, which gave them an excuse for poking about unsuspected. Not only was the door, and all its adjuncts, as rusty and cobwebbed as the door itself, but they found heaped against it a quantity of wood, which had been cut up for making new hurdles. "They might be put there only for a blind," Isabel suggested in a whisper; so the astute Eleanor put a leading question immediately.  
"Have you not been a long time about those hurdles, Jones?"  
"Well, ma'am, the hurdles is ready, and has been any time these three weeks. It ain't my fault they bein' put up long ago, and I'd be glad to get 'em out of my way lumberin' here."  
Eleanor promised to do so, and remarking that her father's illness had caused some neglect of out-door work, gave directions about her board and withdrew.

"No light thrown on the mystery yet," she observed, as they walked away. "That door cannot have been opened for years, I am positive." She Murrays were to leave the lodge next day. "I shall move into that room to morrow. When the servants know one of the family is close by, they will hardly dare to carry on any clandestine meeting."  
"But that's no good," said Lucy; "if it is one of the servants, the man will be let in elsewhere. Dear Nellie, do get at the bottom of it. I am sure if you do not, I never can feel that we are safe for a single night."  
"My child, it is not proved that anybody did come in. On the contrary, it seems impossible."  
"We will watch to-night, anyhow," Effie.  
When night came, however, Eleanor desired her sisters would go to their own rooms, as she thought so many of them together could hardly keep quiet enough to avoid giving some warning to the mysterious visitor. She also begged the Murrays to go to bed as soon as they were ready; and they had done so, though they could not sleep. And now, in the dead of the night, she sat in their room, the candle closely shaded and the door ajar, breathlessly awaiting anything about it, brought with her one of her father's pistols. The fire burned low and red, and everything was profoundly still, when the ominous creaking struck on their terrified ears. Eleanor quickly seized her candle and ran into the passage, followed by the other two, who instantly sprang out of bed. Footsteps were distinctly audible descending the stairs.  
"Who is there?" demanded Eleanor. "Answer, or I shall fire!"  
No voice replied. They held their candles over the balustrade, but no one was to be seen. At the same moment Lucy darted from her room, and came down the corridor to join the group.  
"Is it broken?" said she hurriedly.  
"Broken—what?"  
Lucy ran past them to the stairs, bidding them follow. "Look here," said she, showing them a thread, the two ends of which lay across the stair. "I tied this to-night to the balustrade, and fastened it into the wall at the opposite side. You see it is broken in two."  
"My child," said Eleanor, "a cotton thread might easily snap, merely from being stretched too tight. That is no proof of any one having passed by. Indeed, I am certain nobody did, for I was out on this landing before he could by any possibility have got down stairs, and I must have seen him."  
"How brave you are, Eleanor!" said Isabel, glancing at the pistol, and thence to her calm face; and shivering with fear and cold, she crept back to bed with her sister. As she carefully bolted her door inside, she could not repress an exclamation of thanksgiving that this was to be their last night in that dangerous house.  
Eleanor now declared her conviction that the mysterious noises were produced by some occult vibration or echo, as is not uncommonly the case in ancient houses, and that they have nothing alarming in them. Lucy, however, would not be persuaded. Though she did not openly assert her incredulity, she ventured, by herself, to the terrible spot, next night, when all had retired, and tied a packthread firmly to the balustrade, fastening it with a tack to the opposite wall.  
Waking in the morning, almost as soon as it was light, she immediately ran to look at her trap, and hurried back to Eleanor with the intelligence that the packthread was broken!  
"How those stairs creak, at the end of the passage!" said Eleanor to her maid, as she was dressing her hair that morning. She had chosen that moment because, from the position Mrs. Wilkins then occupied, behind her chair, her Mistress could watch the expression of her face in the looking glass. "I heard them creaking quite loudly under somebody's footsteps, after I came up to bed last night. I can't think what took any one that way."  
"None does go that way, never," said Mrs. Wilkins, emphatically.  
"It is not the proper way, certainly, as there is the back-stair from the offices. But I have heard persons going up or down, while the Miss Murrays were here."  
"I'll undertake to say that you were mistaken, ma'am. Not a servant in the house would go up or down them stairs after dark. Not for a thousand pounds, ma'am."  
"What do you mean, Wilkins?"  
"I mean, ma'am, as they has a bad name. Them's the parts that's haunted."  
"Haunted! Rubbish. Who put that into your head?"  
"You may call it rubbish," said Wilkins, resentfully, "but words can't alter things. Them stairs is haunted; all that knows about the place will tell you as good; Sarah, as lived here with a former family, she knew it well. But she don't mind, because she says the ghost never did no harm as long as it warn't interfered with."  
"I thought you had more sense, Wilkins," was all that Eleanor replied, as she left the room to go down to breakfast. The thought, however, did come across her that this story had perhaps been impressed on the minds of the other servants by Sarah, in order to keep the coast clear for any operations she might wish to carry on under the roof. What these could be, Eleanor could not divine, but she did not feel altogether comfortable. A vague feeling of suspicion and doubt took possession of her, and with that subtle infection which some attribute to animal magnetism, her uneasiness seemed gradually to spread through the whole family, the colonel alone remaining unaffected by it. Her sisters became silent and abstracted, as if always on the watch. The maids went about in pairs, and were found holding whispered colloquies behind the doors. The butler, under the pretence of black-beetles in the pantry, which he could

not abide nohow," got permission to remove his sleeping quarters into closer proximity with the footman.  
At last, Eleanor felt it necessary, unwilling as she was to annoy him, to speak to her father on the subject. Her fears of any ill effect upon him were soon set at rest. The colonel's nervous malady was purely physical, and the old habits of ready decision and action reasserted their force when called upon. He listened to his daughter's statement with attention, questioned her carefully, and came to the conclusion that a thorough investigation must be made. Without further loss of time he wrote to the inspector of police for the district, requesting him to call privately at Manorbere Lodge as soon as he could; and desired that in the meantime the subject should be entirely dropped, so that the nocturnal intruder should not be put on his guard.  
The inspector soon made his appearance, causing himself to be announced as the builder from Barton, come to see about certain repairs; in this character he was able to go over every portion of the house after having a consultation with the colonel and the ladies. Before he left it was settled that two constables should be sent to pass the night at the Lodge unknown to the servants. They were to be let in by Miss Fearon, at a door opening from the terrace to one of the sitting rooms, after the house had been closed for the night. This was easily effected; and the men, with dark lanterns, were stationed, one at the foot of the stairs, the other on the landing half-way up. They had been here in perfect silence and darkness nearly an hour, when the sound of a heavy door grating on rusty hinges made the one on the landing grasp his truncheon and hold his lantern in readiness. Footsteps came softly down, and something seemed to brush by. He struck at it as it passed, and at the same time turned on his light, calling, "Look out below, mate!" Nothing was visible. There was a low moaning cry as he struck, but he felt no resistance. The man at the foot of the stairs heard the sound, quickly turned his lantern on in that direction, and rushed down the passage as if in pursuit, followed by the other at full speed. The noise roused some of the household, who, when they had summoned courage to appear, were confounded at finding themselves met by guardians, instead of disturbers of the peace.  
The two policemen were utterly puzzled. Both had distinctly heard the great door open, and the descending footsteps, as well as the low cry, like the cry of some one in fear or pain. Each had felt something hit by, but both described it as more like a cold blast of wind than any bodily thing. They had both run to try and prevent its escape, but on reaching the end of the passage, where it was crossed by another in the form of a T, nothing was to be seen. They were quite certain that no door had been opened on either side, and this part of the house terminated in the cross passage, the only access to the principal sitting-rooms and vestibule being through a passage-room, or the kitchen, which was built out. Both these doors of communication were always locked at night, and were now fast. The rooms were examined, but no traces of any invader were perceptible in either. While this was going on below, Eleanor, who had sat up in her father's room, had, at the first sound of any movement, gone at once to the bedroom occupied by the maids, every one of whom, including the suspected Sarah, she found quietly asleep.  
After this signal failure on the part of the police, the ghost became an established fact, and the place became uninhabitable. Servant after servant gave warning. Mrs. Wilkins became hysterical; the cook took to drinking; "her spirits was that low," she said in excuse; and, except the stoical Sarah, who "never knewed the ghost do no harm as long as it was let alone," every body was more or less unnerved.  
A few weeks after these occurrences the colonel's medical attendant having advised his trying some new galvanic treatment, the family had to move up town. Effie and Lucy were glad enough to go, both sharing, to a certain degree, the alarm felt by the servants, though each in her different way. Effie inclined to the supernatural view, while Lucy held fast to her burglarious theory, for, she said, "How could a ghost, an immaterial being, break her thread and string?"  
It was now late in the spring, and most of the neighboring families had left the country; so the Fearons had not many adherents to make, except among the few poor people with whom they held relations, Manorbere being removed from any closely-inhabited part of the country. There was an old bedridden woman to whom the girls had shown kindness, and they went over one morning to pay her their farewell visit. The family had been much liked, and their sudden departure was a regret to all.  
"Ah, dear, said the old dame, "I heard as how you a goin' to flit! Well, it will be a loss to me though I did not see ye often, being at a distance. But it was something to think of, that I might have a look of your bright faces when you stopped in your rides to say a kind word, or bring me a little dainty now and then. I'm main sorry to lose ye, young ladies, but I ain't no ways surprised. None does stay long at Manorbere. The ghost drives 'em out, all on 'em."  
"You don't seem to believe us when we say it is on account of papa's health that we are going away. But you know he came to these parts expressly for the hunting; and as, since his accident, he has never been able to go out, there is nothing to keep us here."  
(To be continued.)

A boy in Quincy, Ill., swam four miles for five dollars, one day last week.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal. NEVER DESPAIR.

GEORGE LYNN TO DR. J. K. BAILEY.

"Then let us cheerly acquiesce, Nor make our earthly pleasure, As by printing on our state."—BURNS.

Dear brother, in thy sad refrain I read no victory such as thou Shouldst welcome in thy throbbing heart, Or breathe its laurel on thy brow.

God's hand, that closes mortal life, Is one of love and bears no sting, But opens the way to life and work, And bars the door of suffering.

The victor's crown is nobly earned By those who 'mid earth's toll and strife Work bravely on, and rise above The ills and stings of mortal life.

Go where the widowed mother tolls Sighs daily routine, bave of heart, For scanty pittance wrung from wealth, Not uncomplaining bears her part.

She breaks her humble crust with love, And reads in eyes that meet her own The smiles of heaven; and thus her soul Elicits converse with the pure alone.

The earth is full of souls like these; If we have sown and do not reap The failure is our own—not theirs. We reap too high or else too deep.

We fall to read our stars aright, And follow paths that lead astray, Till weary grown with such a toil, We rest despairing by the way.

And dream of other lands more fair, Where love and peace and justice reign, And error sits in endless night.

Be sure, dear friend, if you would find A land like this in spirit sphere, Your heart and eyes must feel and see Its love and beauty pictured here.

The earth has room for all to work: With hands and hearts, and tongues and lips, And if too weak to hew the logs, We're strong enough to gather chips.

Loetpost, Ill. July 22d, 1870.

Original Essays.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal. MAGNETISM VS. SOMNAMBULISM.

Dr. Underhill Attacking the Theory of Wm. B. Fahnestock.

I see in the last JOURNAL a reiteration of Dr. Fahnestock's very remarkable doctrine that there is no magnetic fluid; that the French committee proved that there was none, and that Dr. Franklin was one of the investigators! Neither of these statements are true. I beg the Doctor to have patience; it will be a very long time before he proves to a clear-minded person his non-magnetic fluid theory.

To make him a little humble, I will set him right about the French committee. The committee was composed of members of the Academy of Medicine and the Academy of Science, and the king made Franklin chairman. So far we are agreed, I suppose.

Mesmer refused to meet them, and Dr. De Eon did make a few experiments before them. Franklin was never present at one of the experiments.

This was great investigation! truly, very great investigation. Mesmer had avowed a theory. That theory was that a subtle magnetic fluid pervaded all nature, and that it was the instrument with which he acted. The committee modestly reported that they did not find proof of his theory, and they guessed that imagination was the cause of all the results.

My proofs are two fold. Dr. Duconnet said in New York City, in Fanny Wright's Hall of Science, in the Year 1820, that he was with the Committee all the while, and that Franklin was never present; that when Franklin reluctantly signed the report, he remarked that he thought "they might well let the man go on, for he believed the imagination often made men sick, and he did not see why it might not cure them."

My other proof is found in a letter by Franklin himself, which you will find in Jared Sparks's Life of Benjamin Franklin. It there tells the story that he was not able to attend the investigation. Now, don't put Franklin in the scale any more. If your doctrine was true, half a silent Quaker meeting would be entranced.

A Hinduoo sect held that by looking steadily at the end of the nose for a long time, they would get a glimpse of celestial light. Your self-entrancement is very similar. You have one believer, the great Leroy Sunderland; and you two are enough to feed on such a miss of absurdity. You pity us fools who are blind to facts so palpable. Your late experiment, including two persons who had been frequently mesmerized, ought to help you to see your folly. The experiment proved a total failure, yet I admit that to an unexpanded mind, influenced by Dr. Franklin's opinion about a thing which he had never investigated, there are occurrences which seem to lean towards such a conclusion. I think you are a good man, in rather too great haste to establish an absurdity.

Before I array the facts that prove such a fluid, I will beg the question a moment, just to say how and where this fluid originates. There circulates upon the human brain ten times as much blood as upon any other part of the human body of the same volume, and the brain, by a glandular action, secretes this vital nerve fluid, being the animal vitality, the instrument of volition; the nutritive and organic ganglions furnishing general vitality and voluntary power. I can demonstrate this by making a current flow from my hands to yours. I send this across a roomful, it strikes my subject, and by its action on his muscles forces him to come to me. I said I could demonstrate the existence of this aura; and if the existence is demonstrated, it must have a source. The clairvoyant sees it as a halo encircling the head of the operator, sees it streaming from his hands, sees it flowing like rays of light from all parts of his body.

But you leave me to think that you do not know how to develop a good independent clairvoyant, so that neither yours, nor any one else can mislead them at all. You make me think of the boy who whistled in school involuntarily. The teacher inquired, "Who whistled?"

A boy answered that it was Abijah. Abijah said, "I didn't whistle." "Who did?" again asked the teacher. "It whistled itself." You make it out that it whistled itself. You make me think of Dr. Braid of Manchester, England, and his champagne bottles. He said

that looking at the tinsel made an impression resulting in sleep, but there was not any clairvoyance, for his subject could not see. He cured himself of this folly after a while.

In my next I intend to arrange before you a body of facts to prove the position that you know, Dr. Underhill, that the author of "Underhill on Magnetism." In that work I have referred to Sunderland's error in the same direction, and I owe it to my readers to justify my position. I like you; would be glad to have a visit with you. I have seen Miss Keizer, who has found your theory a failure. She says whilst you remained near her she could go into the trance at will, but after you left the place she ceased to be able to do it. You give a reason that makes me think of Dr. Sangrado. You know that he got out a book, teaching that the sure remedy for all diseases was bleeding, and then drinking hot water. All his patients died, but this never made him doubt his theory. They were bled too little or too much,—drank too little or too much hot water.

You published your theory too soon. Being appointed by the State Medical Society (or Convention rather) of Ohio, in 1839, chairman of a committee to investigate and report on this subject (I had been investigating at that time seven years), I continued the investigation twenty five years more before I published my book, whereas you gave publicity to your ideas too soon. Dr. Sunderland wanted we should agree that he practiced phreno magnetism before Buchanan. I was in New York at the time, when we would not crown him the first one who practiced phreno magnetism. He soon espoused Pantheism,—which is your aim, though you don't take his name for it. Sunderland's was so out of credit that, after getting his last book stereotyped, he failed to find a publisher who would accept it as a gift until he got to a house in Chicago, the office of the Liberator, a paper opposed to all Spirituality, and Atheism.

Your few sporadic cases, as I expect to prove them, can all be accounted for in harmony with the views I teach. You talk about the healing power being nearly equal in all, and yet I think you would not like to have a man with small pox or the measles operate on you, though you had had both, when we heal, virtue goes out of us. And yet we often awaken hope with great benefit to the patient.

I must close this introductory article. I am glad that in the JOURNAL of July 23d, you give a fresh edition of your own original views, and express your confidence in the conversion of the world to them. Accept the assurance of my good will and of the love of truth.

SAMUEL UNDERHILL.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

A FEW THOUGHTS ON INSPIRATION.

BY ELIZA A. PITTSINGER.

BRO. JONES.—I have been requested to give through the columns of your JOURNAL my own special ideas in regard to inspiration; but it is a subject so broad and deep,—so significant in its beauty,—so sublime in its grandeur, so comprehensive in its values, that it became impossible for me in this brief essay, to impress on the minds of my readers even a vague shadow of my most sacred impressions in regard to it. It is a boon from heaven, a gift from Deity, bestowed upon those whose souls are prepared to receive it. It embraces many phases, and diversifies itself into myriad forms of power and glory,—bearing upon its azure wings from the enchanted groves of Immortality, aromas redolent with the dewy freshness of spring,—the golden noon of summer, and the gorgeous twilight of autumn. Nothing can impede its progress, or impel its forces into other channels than those chosen from its own primal source.

Would we mar his luster or dim its teachings; then all the more potent doth it become in dispelling from the world the last vestiges of doubt and scepticism. It is a star, scintillating down through the past ages of bondage and darkness, flashing its diamond pointed rays from the deep, imprisoned mines of God's own vast wealth of thought; growing brighter and brighter, until we behold a full-orbed sun bursting upon an age of peace and freedom. Shall we not believe in the inspiration of our lamented Lincoln, when he issued, for the redemption of a long outraged and an oppressed race, his ever-memorable decree of emancipation? It is possible that there were opp s to elements of the same power setting up through the eternal seas of hatred and revenge, leaping against the immortal bastions of truth and justice their demonic forces of evil and desperation,—but of which now I have no time to speak. Let me rather dwell on that which comes to us laden with all good and perfect gifts.

Bilily, the highly-inspired poet, tells us that inspiration comes from God, that presy is a part of God,—and the more we feel of its influence the more do we become like Him in love and power. His poem of "Pestus," written in three years' isolation from the world, in which, to use his own words, he made a gift of himself, is one continuous strain of inspired prophecy,—one great life poem, showing the growth of a master soul; its temptations, short-comings, and final triumphs over all material influences,—making it one of the most sublime productions of the age, but one which the age is scarcely yet prepared to comprehend.

Let me insert here as relating somewhat to my subject, a brief extract from the German poet, Schiller: "Thus scattering flowers, poetry leads us on through tones and forms, ever higher and higher purer and purer, till it shall at last attain that point when it becomes but sudden inspiration, and the instantaneous intuition of truth,—when the art sought by the poet, the truth sought by the philosopher become one. In those ages when Truth is persecuted by the bigotry of her own time, she seeks refuge in song. The charm she takes from the muse but renders her more fearful to her foes. Aspire then to the beautiful; covet no meager reward. If art escape you, search for her in nature. Remember that the excellent and perfect must ever be found in waters ever fair souls esteem fair. Do not bind yourselves to your own time, let your works reflect the shadows of the coming age. It matters not what paths you pursue; you have before you the whole labyrinth of being and all its paths, for you unite at one throne."

Shelley's "Queen Mab" is a highly inspired production, written while the author was in an elevated and illuminated condition of soul. In it is shown the grand triumph of Freedom over all form of tyranny; and to his expanded and advanced ideas must be attributed much of that persecution which an unenlightened age thrust upon him. But his day is now dawning upon humanity, to which he was so firm a friend and so faithful an advocate. Let us all bless and revere his memory!

There is also that little weird fragment of "Kubla Khan," by Coleridge, which, according to his own account, was given to him in a dream or vision, and the remaining portion of which he was never afterwards able to obtain. And we would not forget our truly inspired Mrs. Browning, whose "Aurora Leigh" and many others, if not all, of her productions give evidence of this same immortal element; showing that no poet is worthy of the name if he has never beheld its glory, or revealed amid its enchanting visions. He may in his time have written much verbe, but if his soul has never

felt this divine influence, he must be content even though his productions do not survive the day of their birth.

The world is seldom graced by an organization capable of high and lasting inspirations. To be sure the records of the past furnish us with illustrations of a Joan of Arc, a Tasso, a Byron and a persecuted Christ, and away back in the mythic age we behold a Prometheus calmly expiating the fate of greatness beneath the demonic screams of valiantes, preying upon vitals as consumes as the inexorable rock to which he was bound.

I have long believed that all great musicians, sculptors, actors and orators, as well as poets, are inspired,—no matter what the calling may be; in proportion to their greatness are they indebted to its power. Would the soul receive this divine influence? If so, let it go forth, heal the sick, bleed up the wounds of the unfortunate, pouring the balm of consolation upon the misdeeds of the bereaved and desolate, elevating, cheering and soothing the poor diseased soul of humanity, until its presence shall be greeted as the only true Savior, instead of a myth to frighten the disordered fancies of those who have not yet attained a knowledge of those laws over which it most regally presides.

The grandest and most sublime thoughts flow in silent and serene channels; they speak to the soul in whispers, coming in the still hour of midnight, blending their glory with the early beams of the morn; or perchance we hear their rustling wings in the sweet and purple twilight, clothed in forms of light and beauty, and imbuing the soul with a reverence for all that is lasting, majestic and divine.

The world is teeming with mystery, its atmosphere is full of sounds,—sometimes harsh and dismal, sometimes soft and bland as those which are now wafted through the golden twilight of its most sublime existence,—sounds, bearing to us on their wings of incense as they silently fit through the gorgeous avenues of life, thoughts that thrill alike to the gentle breathing of insuited melodies, the deep and impassioned songs of grief, or those wild and sojourn murmurs whose echoes are only heard from unexplored shores that adorn the perpetual beauty of the inner world,—changing to symbols of light, as we muse beneath the sombre wings of imagination, forms that would otherwise float silently, upon the vast, the measureless and ever-yawning sea of death and oblivion,—the grand and majestic import of which is not at present possible for our lips to breathe or our souls to portray,—forms, as they fit forth and glimly hover beneath the silent space of shadow, that reflect from the crystal mirror of the soul hues that would otherwise be lost in the diversified rays of immensity. Ivy Cottage, Haskell, Ill.

"MAGNETIC CONTROL."

What the Old Mohawk Says About the Magnetic Fluid and How it is Used in the Healing Art.

Under the head of "Magnetic Control," Mr. Wm. B. Fahnestock makes several statements in the JOURNAL of July 23d, of a sweeping nature. Among others he says the following:

1st.—That there is no such thing as an animal magnetic fluid in nature.

2d.—That the only good effected by the laying-on of hands has been the result of faith, friction, etc.

3d.—That spirits cannot effect cures through mediums, unless they are in somnambulist condition.

4th.—That to heal successfully knowledge is wanted.

As these statements seemed a little remarkable, I was induced last evening to step over by the City Hall, and consult the "Old Mohawk Chief," the Indian control of our great magnetizer and medium, Dr. W. W. Herring. I had but fairly got seated in the shaded porch when the old man appeared at his post.

"How is it, Chief, about this question of animal magnetic fluid in nature?"

"To be sure there is magnetic fluid in all animal bodies. Where there is animal life, there is animal magnetism. Magnetic fluid is the positive power. Without this you neither give, nor think nor breathe."

"But Mr. Fahnestock says all this magnetic healing by the laying-on of hands comes by faith, friction, etc."

"Faith is good. When the squaw came before the big healer, Jesus, he said her faith made her whole. It showed great sympathy between them. Their 'influences' mingled; they took the elements from his body to heal her body. His touch would heal her the same. In healing, positive faith is not wanted; a receptive spirit, a desire to be healed,—all that is needful. We don't count 'faith' as an element in healing at all."

"How about friction, etc.?"

"Friction does some good; it establishes a sympathy between the internal and external nerves, and tends to equalize the circulation. But friction would do nothing unless the magnetic fluids of the patient are assisted to throw off disease."

"What brings on disease?"

"It comes from obstruction; obstruction brings on heat; heat brings on inflammation; inflammation brings on humors,—which are, in fact, disease."

"Cannot spirits effect cures through mediums are in a somnambulist condition?"

"Of course we can, if we can throw a magnetism independent of the brain, but we can use it more effectually with the brain closed."

"How is it done?"

"We gather the refined electric fluid from the atmosphere, and combining it with the magnetism of the medium, we impart it to the patient through the nervous system."

"How is it with magnetism?"

"They use the same fluid, with the aid of spirit influences."

"Do spirits assist all magnetic healers?"

"All; nobody breathes but has spirit influences around him day and night continually."

"Do they assist Newton?"

"Yes, and all other magnetizers; but magnetizers cannot influence mediums without the permission of the spirits."

Much more was said about the nature and operation of the magnetic fluid,—but enough. Mr. Fahnestock says animal magnetism is a myth. The Indian says it is a reality. Whom shall we believe? Who understands these occult agencies best? The Indian control can look the body through and through, and detect any hidden disease and disturbance. And it is tested a dozen times a day, and rarely, if ever, sees amiss. He makes no account of the medium's "knowledge" which was obtained among the logging swamps down in Maine.

Milwaukee, Wis.

INDIANA. LETTER FROM S. GRIFFITH.

DEAR JOURNALISM AM IN distress since the 1st of June, and cannot help it. I expect to transmit to you the "root of evil" some time in August,—not soon.

I have been confidentially (I) informed by others here that they were much more behind than I. It is humiliating to acknowledge consolation in that, but "miser loves company," according to the homely adage. I do not feel called upon to correct the human weakness, and if I did, have not the power.

I fear, though, there are many, too many such delinquencies. The causes for delinquency are various. Some are careless, some forgetful, some dishonest,—too large a sum,—and some too poor. I claim position with the latter, and brag of it, because of its being the most legitimate. "Poor, but honest!" ah, that sounds well, and there is hope in it!

We appreciate the JOURNAL. We wish to sustain it. We intend to, or, what amounts to the same thing, give our support so far as it goes.

The JOURNAL gathers and dispenses to us new developments that are springing up all over the land. It is cheering to read of the accessions of strength constantly swelling the tide, giving tone and power to the cause we advocate.

Now, there is "Brick" Pomeroy's Saturday Night. Who can read it without feeling better, eye, without being bettered? How can so noble a soul dip his pen in the fires of partisan strife? Why should he stain the white garments of sympathy for human woe and suffering, that evidently drip around him? Why should so grand spirit soil that fair mantle by contact with the garbage of any political kitchen whatever?

The two articles from his pen, recently published in the JOURNAL, under the head of "Our Saturday Night," are gems of pathos and power seldom equalled, never excelled. Graphic indeed is the picture of that worn, pale mother, wearing out the machinery of life amidst scenes of desolation and woe, for a meagre subsistence at last, but now, with the added calamity of an accident that crippled her child, her only available aid in their mutual inheritance of want,—the little prematurely worn-out thing, who swept the crossing on rainy days for a miserable pittance, all to "help her mother." No descriptive and of the hidden by-ways and chintzy details of suffering degradation and woe, contingent always in great cities, that lay festering beneath the surface of wealth and splendor, could be given that would surpass this.

No sweeter sympathy could be wafted by fabled "angel wings," than fanned the fevered brow of that "little bundle of nervousness and aching pains," than was given most lovingly by this same "Brick" Pomeroy.

There were no angularities in that Saturday Night; no pass on, except indeed to wipe away the tears of suffering, and bring joy to a desolate home. The strong man gazed upon the attenuate form. He noted the glimpses of gratitude and surprise that flitted from beneath the swollen eye lashes of his little protegee.

The idols of earth were prostrate then, and the altar broken down and forsaken. The sheen of the spirit spheres was upon him. He was the "good Samaritan,"—a prophet better than Jonah,—a Savior not crowned with thorns.

I arraign the political opinions of no man; my allusions are directed only to the fiery discharges that oftentimes characterize the pen of the noble and gifted author of Saturday Night.

That was a glorious saturnalia. All hail, that Saturday Night!

THE SHERMAN BROTHERS.

COMMUNICATION FROM J. WARNER.

Having recently read a very interesting account in the BANNER OF LIGHT, of the wonderful spirit manifestations through the Sherman Brothers, I feel urged, as an eye-witness of these facts, to still farther advance these glorious truths, and show to the world by my signature, that I endorse them. I will give you some of the particulars in regard to their seances—viz: Showing of hands, arms, speaking through the trumpet, playing on musical instruments, being encased in large wool sacks, while both brothers are secretly tied to chairs or benches.

These brothers have been tried and tested in every way and manner, and pronounced perfect, honest and good mediums. Scientific minds have investigated, philosophers have been at work, but as yet nothing but real substantial evidences have been realized. I have visited the brothers at their home in New, Ohio, and seen them tied and untied, and the rooms echo and re-echo with spirit voices. The elder brother has been tied and untied four times in five minutes, hand cuffed, and the cuffs taken off almost as soon as put on. Last spring, the character of these brothers as mediums created quite an excitement in the city of Newark, and as a starting point for investigation, a committee of gentlemen waited upon them at the American House, and there tied them with 137 feet of quarter inch cotton rope, spirits rapping while this was being done. They came out untied in a minute and a half.

Many more such facts could be stated, but it seems not necessary. Their good works and honest intentions will give evident good reasons for their glorious and well begun mission, as co-workers with the people of another and better world.

The above is attested and verified as a true statement by Joseph Warner and H. W. Bragg, Granville, Ohio.

The Merits of Christ.

A REPLY TO A FRIEND.

From your statement that "the saved are such solely by the merits of Christ, and the lost solely from their own fault," I dissent. If the testimony is true of all as of him who said, "Of myself I can do nothing," there is no such thing as merit or demerit.

Each person being made differently from all others, and experiences, also, so differ, declares that He who fashioned us, is infinite in resources,—wise and beneficent in designs. Surely, if we live and have our being in him, none can be lost, but each guided through all necessary trials and sufferings to his own notes of peace. Eternal life is not to be purchased or taken on, but is inherent in our nature and needs, only to be brought to light by wisdom and knowledge, which all will obtain,—from the least to the greatest," in process of time here and hereafter.

It is true Christ's death is often spoken of in connection with salvation, but wherefore? Surely not to appease the Father's wrath, but to reconcile His children unto Himself, by a wonderful display of His love to them,—by the gift or permission of one so worthy as the man Jesus to make manifest to the world the greatness and power of love, as he died for His enemies. Many have died for their friends, but who beside him ever died so nobly, meekly, prayerfully for their enemies in Now, since there is no salvation, but by love and sacrifice, why should not his death be often spoken of in connection with salvation? Why pervert the true meaning for one so absurd as that he died to reconcile the Father to us!

This is in the creeds, but not in the Bible, or Nature's volume. Christianity is not a mysticism, but a religion of science; salvation, not a scheme, but a progressive law of our being.

Waterford, Me. C. P.

Voices from the People.

QUINCY, ILL.—M. H. Hopps writes.—I am happy to find a man occasionally, that dare read your valuable paper, and once in a while one that dare take it for three months. My friend, R. Long, takes it, but is opposed by his parents, who take it from the office, and he never gets a sight at it. He wished me to take the last number from the office, which I did, and by request, order it stopped. This last subscriber took a paper home and kept it over Sunday. I asked him some questions about Jan. 1868 in it, to which he answered that he did not believe any such thing, and condemned the whole system. We laughed at him for condemning before investigating, and told him enough to be satisfied with the latter, and enough to be satisfied of its being the most legitimate. "Poor, but honest!" ah, that sounds well, and there is hope in it!

We appreciate the JOURNAL. We wish to sustain it. We intend to, or, what amounts to the same thing, give our support so far as it goes. The JOURNAL gathers and dispenses to us new developments that are springing up all over the land. It is cheering to read of the accessions of strength constantly swelling the tide, giving tone and power to the cause we advocate. Now, there is "Brick" Pomeroy's Saturday Night. Who can read it without feeling better, eye, without being bettered? How can so noble a soul dip his pen in the fires of partisan strife? Why should he stain the white garments of sympathy for human woe and suffering, that evidently drip around him? Why should so grand spirit soil that fair mantle by contact with the garbage of any political kitchen whatever? The two articles from his pen, recently published in the JOURNAL, under the head of "Our Saturday Night," are gems of pathos and power seldom equalled, never excelled. Graphic indeed is the picture of that worn, pale mother, wearing out the machinery of life amidst scenes of desolation and woe, for a meagre subsistence at last, but now, with the added calamity of an accident that crippled her child, her only available aid in their mutual inheritance of want,—the little prematurely worn-out thing, who swept the crossing on rainy days for a miserable pittance, all to "help her mother." No descriptive and of the hidden by-ways and chintzy details of suffering degradation and woe, contingent always in great cities, that lay festering beneath the surface of wealth and splendor, could be given that would surpass this. No sweeter sympathy could be wafted by fabled "angel wings," than fanned the fevered brow of that "little bundle of nervousness and aching pains," than was given most lovingly by this same "Brick" Pomeroy. There were no angularities in that Saturday Night; no pass on, except indeed to wipe away the tears of suffering, and bring joy to a desolate home. The strong man gazed upon the attenuate form. He noted the glimpses of gratitude and surprise that flitted from beneath the swollen eye lashes of his little protegee. The idols of earth were prostrate then, and the altar broken down and forsaken. The sheen of the spirit spheres was upon him. He was the "good Samaritan,"—a prophet better than Jonah,—a Savior not crowned with thorns. I arraign the political opinions of no man; my allusions are directed only to the fiery discharges that oftentimes characterize the pen of the noble and gifted author of Saturday Night. That was a glorious saturnalia. All hail, that Saturday Night!

PARIS, ILL.—J. Carl writes.—I find I can do a good work in this way. By obtaining new subscribers for the paper as I travel through the country, and often in the city, without inconvenience to myself or business, and generally when they have read the paper for three months, they are very apt to continue it, and thereby become permanent subscribers. In this way the light from the Spirit World will soon begin to illumine that community, and shake old theology to the centre. Sometimes when I cannot induce them to subscribe for three months, and am convinced that a little light will open their eyes to the truth, I pay for their subscription out of my own pocket, and after the expiration of the time, they generally become permanent subscribers. Now, it appears to me that those who are able and willing to work for our glorious philosophy, that in this manner the paper could be spread over the land in a very short time, and the great truth from the Ancient World thereby penetrate the darkest corner of our country. You shall hear from me again soon.

STOCKHOLM, NEW YORK.—Austin Kent writes.—In writing on God, or on good and evil, I have ever meant to hold in doubt what I could not prove. To me it seems wiser and more just to do so. Dr. E. B. Wheeler virtually if not directly assumes, (see JOURNAL of July 7th), "God," "Deity," "infinite and absolute perfection," and on this he dogmatically asserts that "there is no evil in an absolute or positive sense." I am now too sick to write on any subject, but I beg him to prove his assumptions. Were I to assume an almighty self-existent infinite deity, or assume absolute and positive evil, and on this dogmatically affirm,—"there is no good in an absolute and positive sense." It would be a fair and just reply to the meaning of his entire article. Who has not found evil as real, as absolute and as positive as good? I know one man who has and does. In deep affliction, but in love, I am yours and his.

SPRINGFIELD, ILL.—H. E. Seymour writes.—Nearly every one of your subscribers have to send you a word of congratulation. Here is mine. I will not bore you with the numerous "how art'st thou?" that a large portion of humanity have been sending God with for quite a while. You are probably fully conscious by this time that "Thou art the man" a man in the right place, doing the right thing, and that thou art publishing a good paper—a paper that will do more good than all the ten thousand tons of King James' Version or the cheap effusions flowing from the pens of the Young Men's Christian Association. Labor on, then, for thou art aware, as well as the rest of us, that the salvation of our race will depend upon the efforts of those capable of enlightening the benighted.

EAST PEPPERELL, MASS.—Eliza M. Hobart writes.—I love the truths contained in the JOURNAL. I love its free and frank spirit. May I ever be as free and untrammelled as the birds of the West. I had thought when I sent you the remittance, to send our spiritual activities, but have been unable to call around to see the scattered ones. The most remarkable medium we have in town is a lady who has passed through much affliction. She is a member of the Spiritualist Association, and has been dead-set against Spiritualism and mediums. But when she is entranced, it seems as though the veil which separates the other world from this, is lifted or swept away.—Oh, what a blessing is thus brought to man! I never saw any one so determined to have nothing to do with it as she is herself.

SIDNEY, OHIO.—S. W. Davis writes.—Again I write to emphasize the call for articles in the JOURNAL, of the dear friends of mediums. My wife is a writing medium, and I am to be a speaking medium,—so the immortals say. I have been influenced but twice, as yet, and am very much concerned about the manner of proceeding so as to be developed to the best advantage. I hope you or some of your experienced contributors, who are mediums, will give us full practical details in this matter, through the JOURNAL, applicable not only to the development of medium in general, but to each particular form of mediumship.

OTTO, N. Y.—Mrs. J. Nye writes.—I like the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL much, and will hereinclose one dollar and fifty cents for my subscription for it. I think the papers are too good to keep so soon as I get them read, I give or send them to some one that I think will read and appreciate the grand and noble sentiments therein contained, hoping that who so reads may understand our beautiful philosophy. Of the ten papers I have received, I have but two left at home. There are so many sustaining for spiritual food, and I am sure they will find it in reading your valuable paper.

DODGEVILLE, WIS.—Sam Clegg writes.—Many are anxious here to hear a lecture. There has not been a lecturer within twenty miles of this place. Iowa County is almost ignorant of the nature of Spiritualism. Three men in our town will defray the expense of the Court House, and I am sure that an over-crowded house would be the consequence if a good lecturer and medium should come here.

PLEASANT GROVE, MINN.—I. C. Bardwell writes.—I am much interested in the JOURNAL, and it affords me spiritual food that I cannot get without. I have been a subscriber from the commencement of the first volume, and even when it was reduced to the Spiritualist, and when it returned to the beautiful faced JOURNAL, under the control of one in whom we could trust, I was glad—very glad.

LINCOLN, ILL.—Mrs. E. A. Corwin writes.—I acknowledge the receipt of four numbers of the JOURNAL, which you so kindly and generously sent me. I have given them all away, except one. The paper is universally liked and praised for its many noble qualities, sound and instructive arguments, and the glorious cause it so fearlessly defends.

AU SABLE, MICH.—G. C. Field writes.—On the 2nd of June, Hoppe Blackman went out of his worn out tenement, to try the beauties of a higher place. He was a staunch Spiritualist and earnest advocate of our philosophy.

NORTH YUNBRIDGE, VT.—H. L. Foss writes.—I must have the paper, for I cannot live without it. There are but few Spiritualists here, but we are struggling around some, trying to help the cause, and cannot do without the paper.

Written for the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

ESTRANGEMENT.

A COMPANION TO

Magdalena.

By the Author of "Mabel"—"The Mad Actress"—"The White Slave"—"The Spectro Rider"—"The Rivalry," etc.

CHAPTER XIV. (CONCLUSION.)

Steadily employed in business pursuits, and closely occupied with his own mental communings, Somerville had not attended any spiritual circles for several months, though many were being convened within easy access to his residence.

Following, one evening, impressions, he could no longer resist. He attended a seance of especial interest, because at it were to be gathered a number of mediums of prominence in the city. Rachael Le Bon, Grace Sherman, Elsie Charlton, Marian Harlan, rather Ronaldson, it is now, though divorced and a widow, and Magdalena Clifton, with her sweet little Lillie the child medium, the seance was public, and an immense gathering it proved, there being not less than three hundred persons assembled. The evidence of such interest on the part of the public in the beautiful and charming truths of the philosophy of Spiritualism, proved promising and grateful to many a soul previously despised for his or her faith.

When all were seated, who were able to obtain seats, though such was the crowded state of the little hall, many had to be content to remain standing. The seance was opened by a beautiful inspirational invocation through Magdalena, the sweet and chastened spirit of whose inspiring words, breathed peace, good will and hope over all the best scene. She expressed earnest emotional gratitude to the great spirit and source of every good and perfect gift, for the clear guidance of her feet, and clear opening of her eyes to witness and enjoy so enrapturing an evidence of the races' sure progress in, and nearness to the better life. Invoking the divine and liberalizing spirit of love and free thought, would lift from the inquiring minds of the people the thick veil that had so long enshrouded them like a pall, with fearful forebodings of the future,—that it would free them at last from the enslaving trammels of religious fear, and by the voluntary reception of the truth of the spirit's immortality, and of its ability to make itself known to the loved ones,—make them free indeed!

A pleasing spell of holy calm rested on the assembly at the conclusion of the invocation, and a large number of voices joined in singing a delightful melody to the lines:

"Mount up the heights of wisdom, And crush each error low; Keep back no words of knowledge, That human hearts should know. Be faithful to the mission, Be fervent in the spirit, And then a golden chapter, Forever thou shalt inherit."

Magdalena becoming entranced, said: "Man, petrified by his fears, has continued so long in his infancy, and become so venerated by mental indolence and sloth, he has quite forgotten the Mother Nature that bore him, and has neglected her ways, because by some designing teachers, he has been taught to disdain, disregard his experience, to debase and humiliate self, and in thought and act, exalt up and up into the highest heavens, an imaginary being of vast and infinite capabilities, in whom or by whose suzerainty only, man was supposed to exist. Through the long weary night of the races' past years, men have been terribly, woefully deceived. All error is prejudicial to the races' best interests, and the unimformed man is a child, whose fears are alarmed at whatever astonishes his senses, and trembles before that his ignorance fails fully to comprehend. But let him understand the causes by which the wonderful though necessary and conserving changes are effected, and learn to shun that which may injure him, and his fears cease at once. He no longer trembles at the rustle of a leaf, nor the lightning's shimmer, but learns to look calmly, affectionately upon all the chemical, beautiful changes of nature, as on the smiling, though somewhat weird, always cheering face of a mother,—a mother of a whole world, indeed, are sadly, happily tractable, many physical disasters, dreadful—yes and melancholy events, uprisals, swells and floods of water, and flame,—spreading conflagration and terror among the younger of the race. Vast continents have been inundated. Sea-breaking through their previous limits, have usurped the dominion of the earth. Volcanic fires have belched forth frightful volumes of flame and destruction through their craters, spreading disaster and dismay on every side. What then must have been on the fears of the progenitors of our race, as believed at various periods they saw the entire of nature, at least the 'governor of the universe,' armed against their peace, and menacing thus with destruction their very abode. Pressed thus with fearful alarm to the very edge of the roaring sea, and turning at length like the pursued stag at bay, only to behold a world seemingly ready to be dashed into atoms at their feet, the solid (earth) went suddenly assunder, and proved the awe-inspiring grave of provinces, cities and entire nations. What kind of ideas, we modestly ask, would man thus overwhelmed with terror, be likely to form of the irresistible cause capable of producing such extended and calamitous results? Why, in their trembling and fear, they for thousands of years have remained quite unable to see that these tremendous revolutions were then, and are now, the necessary effects of natural causes, laws immutable in themselves, and contributing to the general order by which nature subsists. And so from these earlier and terrible evolutions and upheavals of our globe, have emanated the childishly crude and ignorantly conceived condition of man's religious ideas, and were they likely at the first to be correct? No, if to arrive at a correct knowledge of truth, it is absolutely necessary to possess our conclusions from experience. 'Tis this discipline, indeed, familiarity with the truth that imparts to us all our moral value. Progress from the soul enslaving meshes of error, has been tediously slow to the race,—because, notwithstanding the occasional and latterly more frequent scintillations of spiritual light, through the Cimmerian gloom of theological darkness and slavery, precatist still keeps man enthralled in fear. But at length, as the great spirit is represented by one of your writers, moving over the face of the deep, and flooding the bosom of the dismal waters with light,—so now has the affectionate fiat of the All-Father gone forth,—'Let there be light,' and Spiritualism to-day echoes, 'Yes! light, more light still! And transform, Father, as thou hast the habitable parts of our beautiful world,—the face of all society, the spirit and nature of this people, that

they may understand and know that thou great and all loving spirit, art no longer to be feared, but loved. That it was this great truth thy offspring Jesus, our elder brother, labored lovingly to teach and to reveal, and has even come the 'second time,'—which coming is the revelation of this beautiful truth. All men are brothers,—war is unnecessary. I return to see again 'the flowers.' M. DE MILANDEAU."

"With a most beautiful involuntary smile upon her face, the medium sat down, and the 'beautiful Jewess' stood up imperiously. 'Speak to the people that they go forward,' she commanded with a power that thrilled the assembly. Continuing, she said:

"Thus spoke the spirit to Israel's dauntless leader, on the banks of the sullen sea; and thus speaks the revolutionary spirit of a scientific religion to the masses of to-day. Excelsior,—onward and upward still, let our motto be, through all this wilderness of trial or on the troubled sea, bound for the fair land of liberty and love. The valleys shall be exalted and the hills of sectarianism and bigotry made low, crooked places plain, and rough places smooth. We have had quite enough of the belowings of precatist into the ears of the people, of hell, and eternal burnings, arousing continually their fears, looking for fiery indignation, that would destroy even the demons themselves—fearful forebodings! It is time the claims of a priest-ridden people were broken. Let the people but think for themselves, and soon they will be free. The wilderness and the solitary places shall be glad for them,—the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose, and all leaders of the people, comprehending their better mission, preach no longer bloodshed, war and hate, but love. Speaking not to Jerusalem only, but comfortably to all people, that their warfare is past, yet all that sin, violate natural law, must suffer in their own bodies for such violation. 'The glory of the Lord shall be revealed,' saith the prophet, and all flesh shall see it together! But we say that ere the arrival of that best millennium of universal peace and joy, revolution must go on, and not the earth only be shaken, but also the entire race of mankind be terribly shaken and revolutionized, and beautifully transformed into more amiable sons and daughters of an all-loving Father. The course of real science is onward, and the progressive impulse of the present is excelsior, forward! The present phase of an imbecile christianity, must give place, be shaken out of the way, for the higher life of the practice of a superior faith, and even Spiritualism, rather much of the shallow and weakly conception thereof, or even as it is in most part accepted to-day—think you, friends, sister and brother mediums, it will remain twenty, or even five years, the same? Nay, verily. Hard and difficult as it is for even us to part with our darling 'prejudices, pet ideas, we tell you, friends, plainly, we are now on the vortex of mighty revolutionary changes,—physical, political, social and religious. The world does move, and were inertia possible, it would indeed prove eternal sleep. We must move on. Forward to the life giving impulse. We tell the clergy without fear of successful refutation, that they have already too long held up the maker of heaven and earth, as 'sitting' high up in the heavens, and hyena-like, laughing at the calamity and ignorance of his offspring, mocking and deriding them in their fears, when he sends after them in his hot anger, a whirlwind and tempest of destruction. (See proverbs, first chapter.) Such a conception of the character of Deity, by any human being, and by a christian minister more, is a scandal on the progress and intelligence of the nineteenth century. How can they, now dare they, indulge the orthodox effrontery of attempting to reconcile or harmonize so crude, undeveloped and beastly a character with its opposite, love? The more sublime, rational and humanitarian conception, now being so readily grasped by the diviner thought, that 'God is Love,' and that he is neither a priest, a king, nor a tyrant, but he is Our Father, and we are all his offspring; therefore, partakers of his divine nature, and must be like him, divine. Therefore, what 'God hath cleansed, let no man call unclean,' and if the 'root be holy, the tree is also holy, and if the tree be holy, so are the branches. We are God's husbandry, and all the children of his providence and care."

Lillie the child medium, by her sweet voice, led in the singing, now of the pretty melody, answering the query, "Shall we know each other here?" In the midst of which, Elsie Charlton being under complete control, arose and winding her way in a remarkable manner through the dense throng, to the farther end of the hall, and extending her hand to Somerville, considerably surprised him, for he had not known she was in the hall. He received her hand within his own, with much pleasure, for he felt sure of a pleasant communication.

"Well, George, something of a stir here this evening; quite a 'revival,' our Methodist friends would say."

Why, yes; it is considerable of a gathering for a spiritual circle. Is this the captain again?

A cordial hand shaking, almost violent, was the response. Afterwards he answered:

"Again I why it has not been so frequent, George, that you have heard from me,—though I have sometimes been very near you, and in feeling shared a portion of your sorrow,—but, George, you do not sorrow without hope. No, you have entered upon a plane of life, the perspective of which is far more happy and congenial with the wants and cravings of your cultivated nature. You need have no regrets, George, for the past. True you have endured much privation. Your relations,—especially the nearest relation man may know in the earth,—were not harmonious, and in consequence of this lack of companionship, of congeniality at home, you suffered much; far more, indeed, than you have seemed intelligently to realize. Yet we would not say, George, that anything has been lost. The ability to suffer proves also the capacity to enjoy. You have called some flowers along the dusty way, and there have been times you caught glimpses of a happy future, and though you felt to all this there seemed a stern barrier, the removal of which, you could not see the possibility of; but in all good time, and without an effort on your part, that 'barrier' is effectually removed. At last, George, you are free. Look up and be happy. The future has much for you in store. Good-by."

"Good-by, captain, come again."

"Will you, George, to come whenever I can,—will be a pleasure. Good-by."

Marian Ronaldson, sitting near at a table, with paper before her, and pencil in hand, now became suddenly influenced to write, and thus the message ran:

"Mabel, my dear wife, I am glad you are here, though owing to conditions, I can not get as near you as I would like. I therefore write to say, though you have not seen him yet, he is here, and at last the 'barrier' hinted at by him in a brief communication long since, is at last removed. Become better acquainted, and be happy. I remain your guardian and well wisher."

Still entranced, the medium arose and slowly threading her devious way through the crowded audience, to a remote portion of the room, paused spontaneously in front of Mabel Grey, who sat in deep thought. But looking up at the medium a moment, to whom she was a stranger, she received silently the partially fold

ed paper, and as Marian turned and retraced her steps to the table, Mabel read the brief message, which she at once recognized as coming from her deceased husband,—lost at sea some years before. She had heard from him but seldom, and this was the first written message she had received. A single reading of the encouraging lines, was not sufficient, but she read them over and over again.

But as will occur sometimes, even at the best managed circles, an unpleasant incident now happened here, which threw a chilling commotion over the entire assembly.

A large turbulent, restless and hatless man, infuriated with the influence of liquor, and with blood and perspiration streaming down his bloated face, rushed wildly past the door keeper into the midst of the crowded hall; and without seeing her in the confusion, insisted with vociferous profanity, that his wife, if there, should come out and go home with him, forgetting in the excitement of the moment, that his only rightful "home," was the prison cell, from which he had lately absconded.

Kindly treatment from several gentlemen present, thinking the man insane, and with words gently spoken, induced the inebriate, Dexter Harlan, quietly to leave the hall, for the fresh cooling air of the street. Many leaving with the intruder, left the room in better condition for spirit manifestation and control, and without enumerating, there was a large number of very excellent communications containing convincing tests, received by the waiting ones. Poor Marian, at the moment in her normal condition, all her senses in the most acute exercise, and far from being recovered fully from the very saddest gloom cast over her by the deceased burial of her dearest and nearest friend, Darlington Ronaldson, shot by Harlan,—she trembled at the sound of the murderer's coarse words, and at sight of his delirious and dreadful appearance, breaking in so suddenly upon her in the midst of the circle,—she trembled like the frightened fawn.

Somerville kindly sought her out, and by the pure magnetic influence of his calmer presence, and a few whispered words of encouragement, reassured her of his ample protection.

Elsie Charlton joined the affrighted Marian; and as Somerville turned away, he encountered the earnest eyes dilating with something of affection and much esteem, of Mabel Grey, fixed upon him. For an instant, as her gaze softened, and he recognized her chaste and winsome smile, he felt as if circled by the charm of a holy enchantment.

They approached, though the movements of each seemed quite involuntary. As their hands joined in a cordial clasp, a few words of pleasurable greeting were uttered by each, and they sought seats in a more reserved part of the room, where without further intrusion, we must leave them, contenting ourselves with the perusal of a copy of the following brief, though enthusiastic love-letter, addressed by Somerville to Mabel Grey, on the day subsequent to their meeting at the great spiritual circle in Philadelphia:

"You then acknowledge an interest in me," Somerville wrote. "Thanks, my noble Mabel, thanks. Bless, thrice happy and blest am I, to win your chaste and holy love. Ah, where now are all those despairing thoughts, which once so pressed me down, and almost crushed me with their weight of woe. One kind word from you, sweet Mabel, and as the soft moon beams dispel the blackness of night, they have fled; and now around me shines the revivifying sunlight of joy,—hope confirmed, and happiness untold."

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AN ORTHODOX SERMON.

From the Ottawa Republican.

By Rev. D. J. Holmes, on Sunday evening, July 3rd.

The words of my text may be found in first Timothy, fourth chapter, first verse:

"Now the spirit speaketh expressly, that in the latter times some shall depart from the faith, giving heed to seducing spirits and doctrines of devils."

"By their fruits ye shall know them," and now let us look at some of these fruits. First, they teach that Christ is only a heavenly being; they believe what Christians do not; their religion is a religious negation, and one medium represents Lorenzo Dow's spirit as saying that "All Christians are idolaters." Henry Ward Beecher, in the BANNER OF LIGHT, is accused of being a Spiritualist, but will not acknowledge it.

They are especially severe on the ministers. That Jesus Christ was a mere man, and the spirit of John Wesley is made to say, "Jesus never taught that he was the son of God, except in the sense in which other men might be. There was nothing miraculous about his conception, birth, life and teachings, more than there is about any other good man."

"All the thumpings of the past twenty-two years have not added one particle to our knowledge of the world to come."

They deny the element, and they deny that Jesus Christ performed any miracle. S. B. Brittain classifies Judge Edmonds, Pythagoras, Ben. Franklin, Jesus Christ, and S. B. Brittain himself among the prophets. A writer in a Spiritualist magazine says the theory of spiritualism is precisely the thing they are laboring to overthrow. It is the constant effort of the spirits and Spiritualists to explain away and ridicule all the miracles of the Bible.

They forget that the two or three miraculous stories told by Vishnu, Buddha and others, were ridiculed by the very men to whom they were told, while the miracles of the Bible were received as facts by the most remarkable people that ever had a history. They say the Bible is the work of disembodied human spirits, and not the work of God, that it is one of the worst of books. A. J. Davis says, in a discourse at Cleveland, "From the New Testament alone we get the entire vocabulary of profanity."

These are some of their teachings, from the "Great Harmonia" of Davis, down to the last one published. Their communications are filled with the most loathsome infidelities. They deny hell, sorrow, judgment, miracles, Bible, Christianity.

Spiritualism is what Spiritualists make it; so with Methodism, Protestantism and Christianity. The axioms of Spiritualism are at war with morality; for the medium must submit to the control of the spirits, and become irresponsible for what he says or does. He knows not what is coming, and since they affirm there are ten evil spirits to one good one, the chances are that an evil spirit will take possession of him. Many of the leading Spiritualists have in moments when they seemed clothed with their right mind, expressed doubts whether the communications were not, after all, merely the working of their own brains.

Spiritualism overthrows the Bible, which teaches that God is angry with the wicked every day.

In 1853 a servant girl, who could not read or write, being a medium, recited a hymn as given by spirits, which was afterwards found in the Baptist collection.

Other fruits of Spiritualism are fraud, deception and falsehood. The mediums are deceived, and they deceive us, since what a spirit may do, a mortal certainly may.

A cabinet maker in New York, 488 Pearl Street, was hired by a Spiritualist to make a medium table, has declared himself ready to make as many more as they would pay for, with a little hammer under the table bed.

The Fox girls produced the raps with their knee joints, and could not make them without resting the feet on the floor. Others produce them with feet, knuckles, or toes, and one medium said he knew of seventeen ways of producing the raps. These communications are always found to be the echo of the opinions of the medium. They give utterance to blasphemy, infidelity and conceit, attributing the language to Wesley or Whitfield in the Spirit Land. Some infidel, Miss, Mrs. or Mr. in female attire, writes a communication against the Bible, the church of Christ and Christ himself, signing it Adam Clark, Poyson, Roger Williams or S. Wesley. Why should not such mediums be indicted?

REMARKS.

This grandiloquent divine, whose criticisms sound like the death knell of an expiring demagogue, being compelled to speak to empty seats, in consequence of the encroachments of Spiritualism, vents his caustic spleen on its adherents, and raves like the raging gladiator who cursed God and died. Poor man, we pity you! Your ignorance of the true nature of Spiritualism is so palpable, and manifested so plainly in your

sermon, that we believe you say: long since concluded that

"Innovators are bliss And folly to be wise."

Like an ancient hunter who shot ninety-nine times at what he supposed to be a squirrel on a tree-top, and as he was about to fire again, found it was only a mosquito taking its morning nap on one of the long hairs that overshadowed his eyes. This was a strange optical illusion, but no more striking than this wonderful mental hallucination under which this illiterate Divine is laboring in firing his shots at Spiritualists. The poor ninny is so exceedingly foolish in his conclusions, and makes such unwarrantable assumptions, that we deem it best to notice his idiotic scintillations, and his vain attempts to magnify mole-hills into mountains, as little as possible. He belongs to that generic species of genus homo, who jump at conclusions, and cry "impossible!" "humbug!" "fanatical!" "illicitious!" without stopping for a moment to consider. He has not the sense to discover, nor the honesty to admit, that the Bible, on which his doctrine is based, is a book abounding in incidents illustrative of our philosophy; and, indeed, if we desired to convince the skeptic that there is a grand truth in our doctrine, we would start him on a voyage of discovery on that vein of Spiritualism which courses its way through every part of the Bible.

This Divine, who talks so freely in reference to that of which he is ignorant as Agassiz of the origin of Gulliver's Lilliputians, should not commence his base insinuations until he has looked at himself.

We knew of a furious bull once, that, keen for a fight, went bellowing along, looking and pawing the earth madly, yearning for an antagonist worthy of his strength. Passing a bridge, he saw himself reflected in the clear waters below, and indignant at seeing his motions imitated by an imaginary adversary, jumped off the bridge, in order to give battle, and broke his neck. Poor animal! he was brave, but his bravery brought him to an untimely end. If Mr. Holmes had the honesty to discern the acts of his own church, as reflected in various ways, he would have no occasion to give expression to a tirade of abuse against others, although he would, perhaps, come to an untimely end, if he saw fit to attack them.

This Inmaculate-Conception, hell-burning Divine has, perhaps, forgotten that the God he worships at one time sent forth a lying spirit, thereby violating one of his own commandments and becoming a criminal himself. The character of the God he worships can be learned from the company he keeps. There was David, the most miserable of debauchees, who is represented as being a man after God's own heart. He robbed Bathsheba of her innocence and purity, and caused the death of old Shimie, thus manifesting traits of character that the most hardened criminal in our penitentiaries would not dare to imitate. Abraham was a liar; Noah a drunkard; and Moses about as miserable a law-giver as ever degraded the annals of history. If Noah was in Chicago today, he would not be permitted to take out a license for a lager-beer saloon, and as for Moses,—the eminent law-giver,—he could not poll a dozen votes for alderman.

Your assertion that the "thumpings of the past twenty-two years have not added one particle of knowledge of the world to come," is a bare faced assumption that you know to be false. Had you the power, you would imitate your God, and send forth a legion of lying spirits, who, tainted with sin and licentiousness, would try to lead the children of earth astray. You have already imitated Abraham, by telling several willful and malicious falsehoods in the above article, forgetting the passage of scripture which says:—"No liar can enter the kingdom of heaven."

Your scurrilous article was a sweet morsel to your tongue, and you wrote it knowing that you were initiating your avenging, angry God, who sits on a seven-by-nine throne,—nobody knows where.

"By their fruits shall ye know them." That is true.

Call at our office, and we will read to you the account of the Rev. Mr. Cook of New York, eloping with a young lady; of a Methodist minister who had eight wives; of the Stewart divorce case: in fact, we will give you all the fruits of your creed that you want,—enough, at least, to nauseate your stomach with the poisonous effluvia thereof, and, rising in a mist, to darken your vision, and permeating your mind, you will think yourself crazy.

Collect all the ministerial scapegoats that have been convicted of licentious acts, and it would make a crowd larger than the inmates of Joliet Penitentiary.

You say, "They are especially hard on ministers." Of course "they are," especially hard on those, who, forgetting their obligations to God and humanity, not only violate the laws of our statute books, but trample under foot the "higher law," which tells each one what is right and wrong.

In regard to Spiritualism "explaining away, and ridiculing the miracles of the Bible," that is perfectly natural. The idea of Jonah reposing for three days and nights in the stomach of an enormous whale, is harder to believe than Gulliver's marvelous stories, or the narration of Sinbad the Sailor. Then the idea of God becoming a tailor, and making garments for Adam and Eve, is disproved by the old adage that, "it takes nine tailors to make a man."

Wesley was right in his statement that "Jesus never taught that he was the son of God, except in the sense in which other men might be." There was really nothing more miraculous about his conception, birth, life, teachings, than is connected with that of any other man.

St. Luke, a tolerably good man, said he "was filled with the Holy Ghost from his mother's womb;" which simply meant that the influence of a spirit circle was showered down upon him while in the embryotic condition, and that the spiritual magnetism, emanating from them, was

the only "Holy Ghost" that he was ever affected with. If you wish to learn something of his early history and development, read our articles on that subject, on the "Spiritualism of the Bible," and then follow up your investigations by reading "Jesus of Nazareth," by Alexander Smythe, and then your eyes will become opened somewhat. He never performed a miracle,—that is impossible.

"Their communications are filled with most loathsome infidelity."

"A rose by any other name would smell as sweet." Call it "loathsome infidelity, if you please. Why, we only reject the chaff of the Bible. Abraham was a liar, Noah a drunkard, and David a miserable debauchee. We would advise all to not follow such examples unless they desire to be incarcerated in a dark cell in the penitentiary.

They affirm that there are "ten evil spirits to one good one."

That is a mistake. We do admit, however, that your licentious ministers of the gospel can come back to earth and influence others from the path of virtue; they would be likely to do so, if possible.

"Spiritualism overthrows the Bible, which teaches that 'God is angry with the wicked every day.'"

Well, what of that? God with a sullen countenance, eyes glistening with a hellish passion, features wreathed in smiles of contempt and hate,—angry. Poor fool! to think so. God vexed! God out of patience, and scolding his children, like some old angular, fidgety, distorted, crazy old woman! The Rev. D. J. Holmes can, worship such a God, if he chooses, but we would rather be excused. We take no stock in such a being, who has no balance wheel to his mind, but who, like the wretched pugilist, shakes himself in anger.

"Other faults of Spiritualism are fraud, deception, and falsehood."

In answer to that, we refer him to the trial of the ministers of the gospel engaged in speculating off of the Methodist Book Publishing House of New York City. Also to the one hundred and fifty orthodox ministers now in the various penitentiaries in the United States. They will tell him something of the "fruits" of orthodoxy.

In 1853, a servant girl recited a hymn which was afterwards found in the Baptist collection."

Yes, and an Episcopalian clergyman of Philadelphia, stole one of Channing's sermons, and passed it off as his own.

May 18th, the wife of a grocer, in Hartford, Connecticut, left her husband and little children, under rather suspicious circumstances, and it is supposed she eloped with a young "gay and festive" Lutheran minister, who had been stopping there a week or two, and had reported that he expected to be located at that point. The husband seems to be satisfied, and thinks that the joke is on the minister.

Mr. Holmes, how is that for "fruits?"

The two Episcopal churches in Connecticut, whose "fruits" consisted of a free fight, puts us in mind of that beautiful epic which recites how

"There once was two cats in Kilkenny, And each thought there was one cat too many; So they quarreled and at, And they gouged and they bit, Till exceeding their tails and the tips of their tails, Instead of two cats, there wasn't any."

Your "fruits"—how do you like them?

This attack on Spiritualism by the Reverend gentleman, evinces an unpardonable weakness, for he presents nothing that militates against the truthfulness of the Harmonial Philosophy, and when his charges are of a criminal nature, it was unnecessary for him to venture outside the precincts of his own church, to find material on which to give expression to his spleenetic nature. Poor man, alarmed at the progress our cause is making, he resolves himself into an Ecumenical Council, and undertakes to ostracize all who do not happen to entertain sentiments similar to his own. We pity the man, and hope that light will by and by dawn upon his soul. The song he sings in the exercise of his religious worship, embraces the sentiment he muses on in his meditation, and finds reflection in the article he has written against Spiritualism. It runs as follows:

"Hark! The Eternal rends the sky! A mighty voice before him goes— A voice of music to his friends, But threatening thunder to his foes. Come, children, to your Father's arms, Hide in the chambers of my grace, Till the fierce storm be overblown, And my revenging fury cease."

The imbecile fulminations of this idiotic Divine, culminates in the declaration that the Fox girls produced the raps with their knee-joints, while one medium knew seventeen ways to cause them! and his insinuations against the morality of Spiritualists are worthy of just as much credit as like charges made by the minister who had eight wives, the full particulars of which he gave in the JOURNAL some time ago. When he desires to learn the moral standing of his own church, we would refer him to the criminal calendar, and he will find enough there to satisfy his insatiable thirst for "fruits." He is so demoralized that he forgets the beautiful words of the Nazarene:

"Let him who is without sin cast the first stone."

He has failed to see the leprosy sores that are seething and burning in his own church. Poor Holmes, we pity you! Bound down by the galling chains of ignorance, you are a worse slave than the negro who stands with trembling limbs before his cruel master. With your whole nature distorted, psychologized with the ideas of the Immaculate Conception, etc., you seem like one indeed bereft of reason, in the fulminations that you send forth against the Harmonial Philosophy; but as they touch our impregnable redoubts, they only echo your own death, and passing away in gentle whispers, articulate your own folly.

Bulletin-boards are suggested for churches, to do away with pulpit announcements.

PROTESTANT INFALLIBILITY.

[From the Tablet, Roman Catholic, New York.]

The sectarian papers ridicule the idea of Papal infallibility, and apparently with perfect unconsciousness of the fact that an infidel might retort their ridicule upon themselves. They tell us that it is absurd to suppose that any man can have the prerogative of infallibility. Yet they profess to have an infallible authority for their faith in the Sacred Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments. These Scriptures were penned by men, and how can they be infallible if no man can be the medium of infallibility? Suppose St. Paul or St. Peter were present, in the flesh, as they once were, and teaching by word of mouth; would they dispute the infallibility of the teaching of either? They could not, so long as they profess to believe in the infallibility of the New Testament. Why then is it more absurd to believe the Pope teaches infallibly than to believe that Peter and Paul so taught?

Do you say that the sacred writers were not of themselves infallible, and wrote infallibly only as inspired by the Holy Ghost? Well, is there any greater difficulty in supposing that the Pope, by the assistance of the same Holy Ghost, teaches infallibly what was delivered by our Lord and his inspired apostles? Nobody supposes that the Pope of himself, by his own natural ability as a man, is infallible, any more than was St. Peter or St. Paul. If infallible at all, he, as were the sacred writers, is only so by virtue of the supernatural assistance of the Holy Ghost. If it is ridiculous to believe that he can receive that assistance, how can it be less to believe that Peter or Paul could and did receive it?

The fact is that the Protestant who believes in the infallibility of the Bible, has to encounter all the difficulty he imagines the Catholic encounters in asserting the infallibility of the Pope as supreme teacher of the Church. If supernatural assistance is once recognized, the difficulty in either case vanishes; if it is denied, the denial is no less fatal to the infallibility of the sacred writers than to that of the Pope, and the pretensions of either are absurd.

Just so exactly; and it seems very strange to plain common sense people, that infallibility can be claimed in either case. While there is no evidence in the Bible, of its infallibility, there is very much in it which proves the contrary; and we see no more absurdity in the Pope's claim to infallibility than in the Protestant Church claiming the same for the various authors of the Bible; and the idea of the Protestant Church recognizing supernatural assistance is out of the question, as they contend that the days of inspiration and miracles have past eighteen hundred years since,—never to return until Jesus Christ "descends in the clouds of heaven." On the other hand, the Pope claims that he is the only one through whom inspiration can lawfully come, because he is in the direct line of apostolic succession. And thus we can see no way of escape for the Protestants. They must either come under the ban of the Pope, or else accept the inspirations of the present, which are so clearly demonstrated, and become Spiritualists,—but they will be very slow to do either, for in either case they would be obliged to take a back seat.

The Evangelical Alliance,—alias the World's Convention of Divinity Doctors, is about to assemble in New York City, and strenuous efforts will then and there be made for a union of all evangelical denominations, to the end that they may wage a successful warfare against the infallibility absurdity of the Pope on the one hand, and the great fact of plenary inspiration as demonstrated by the Spiritualists on the other, while the Pope pitches into both.

The Spiritualists out number both denominations, according to the estimate of a conclave of Catholic Bishops assembled at Baltimore.—These "poor, miserable and despised Spiritualists," having direct and constant communion with the spirit-world,—being backed up by all the known laws of nature, and the revelations of science and the Bible too,—commanding legions of angels whose agents we are, sent to a people who have been groping about in darkness for eighteen hundred years, and for the express purpose of bringing about the Millennium that Christians have so long looked for, and so earnestly prayed for, have little to fear; for if God and angels are with us, who can prevail against us? Surely not the devils of Popery and orthodoxy, who already hear the clanking of chains with which they will be bound for a thousand years at least, that the Scripture prophecy may be fulfilled which says, "The first shall be last and the last first."

SPIRIT PICTURES IN N. Y.

Quite a sensation has been created in New York City, in consequence of the production of a picture said to be the production of Raphael, the great Italian painter. The work is the portrait of a young lady, and was produced through the mediumship of Margaretta Fox Kane. A reporter of the World alludes to it in the following language:

"The mother of the person whose portrait the picture represents was one of the circle, and was so much pleased with it that she gave the medium \$100 for her time at the sittings."

As a work of art coming from the hand of Raphael, a more perfect production was expected. The expression of the face, with its eyes turned heavenward, is exquisitely sweet, and the left cheek and hair are true to nature. The color of the eyes and hair are said to be like those of the original, and a strong family resemblance is recognized by all who have seen the picture. The hands are crossed upon the right breast with the fingers pointing upward, and from the right hand a rose and droops toward the left shoulder. The arms, from the elbow to the wrist, and the hand, are badly drawn, and out of proportion. The defect is a marked peculiarity of the picture, and to some persons who have seen it, presents evidences of its production as represented. At the bottom of the picture, is written in Italian, in a bold hand, "Estiva rose spiritibus mia vita" (My life is like a summer rose), and across the left hand corner is the name Raphael, said to be a fac-simile of the great artist's signature.

The painting has created a decided sensation among Spiritualists, and whether or not it be a production of the marvellous master from whose hand it is said to have come, it is a curiosity, and the select few who have seen it, have at least found in it something to talk about."

THE NATIONAL STANDARD.

The National Anti Slavery Standard, which has been published as a monthly magazine since April last, is to be resumed as a weekly journal. It will omit "Anti-Slavery," and be known hereafter as the National Standard. It will be devoted to reform, radical politics and literature. It will, as heretofore, be under the editorial management of Mr. A. M. Powell, Wendell Phillips, Lydia Maria Child, Frederick Douglass, Julia Ward Howe, Hon. George W. Julian, Col. T. W. Higginson, Louisa M. Alocet, Rev. John T. Sargent, Mary Grew, and other able well-known writers are among its contributors. The first number of the new series of the National Standard was issued Saturday, July 30th, and contains an article by Wendell Phillips on the Chinese Question.

THE PSALMS OF LIFE.

As a collection of music for Spiritualist's societies, families and circles in their lecture rooms and grove meetings, their picnics and other social gatherings; in fact, for all occasions in which they may meet, at home or abroad, the "Psalms of Life" has always been considered a volume of standard merit.

Our old friend, John Pierpont, with his eyes always recognizing the best things in a liberal and reformatory direction, used to revel in the rich verse that waves its banner of free thought on every page of this book. Theodore Parker's society adopted it as the best collection for its purpose.

Hitherto, the use of the book has been somewhat retarded by the high price, and we are happy to announce that editions are now being printed at so low a price that every person of limited means may possess a copy.

The prices are as follows: In paper, fifty cents; in board, sixty five cents; in cloth, eighty cents.

Think of a volume of more than five hundred selections of the choicest poems, with the music of those inspired composers, Mozart, Beethoven, Handel and others, appended, for half a dollar.

See advertisement in another column.

MRS. A. H. ROBINSON AS A HEALING MEDIUM.

In another column will be found the advertisement of the above named medium. No healing medium that we have ever known, has powers which excel hers. She is not only curing all who call upon her at her residence, of the most severe chronic and acute diseases, by one or more applications of the Positive and Negative forces, which are imparted by spirit power through her mediumship, but she sends such remedies or prescriptions as each individual case shall require, to any patient, no matter how far away, by mail, on application by letter, in the manner mentioned in her advertisement.

We have been shown numerous letters from those who have been cured of various types of disease, and she informs us that not in a single case has she been advised of a failure where she has prescribed.

That there are incurable cases she does not deny, but she insists, while under spirit control, that it is no evidence that a person cannot be cured because doctors have failed.

Personal and Local.

Mrs. Annie Curran Torrey, late of Texas, is now in Topeka, Kansas. She is an excellent medium, and will do good wherever employed.

Mrs. M. J. Wilcoxson is still sojourning with her friends in New Castle, Penn.

Mrs. Addie L. Ballou is stopping temporarily at Augusta, Mich.

A. B. Whiting lectures on Sunday next at Crosby's Music Hall. He is engaged for a month. He is an entertaining speaker and will interest our people.

Mrs. Emma Harding's lectures here have created new interest in our cause. Her eloquence, logic, sarcasm, and beauty of expression, place her in the front ranks of our lecturers. She is a noble woman, and devoted to our cause.

Dr. J. K. Bailey is laboring efficiently in Minnesota.

Peter West is still at room 23, 189 South Clark street, where he continues to give his wonderful tests.

Amusements.

CROSBY'S OPERA HOUSE.

Shoo fly! Shoo fly! Positively one week only, commencing Monday, August 1st. The original and world-famous Bryant's minstrels, the oldest minstrel troupe in existence, from Bryant's Opera House, in New York, under the immediate direction and supervision of the eminent comedian, Mr. Dan Bryant, who will positively appear at every performance, assisted by his twenty-two first-class artists, supported by those talented burlesque artists, Unsworth and Eugene, Dave Reed, G. W. Griffin, Little Mac, the diminutive wonder—a dwarf in stature, a giant in talent—J. H. Ross' grand orchestra, and Bryant's Vocal Quintette, Brandisi, Norman, Russell, Grier and Campbell.

MCVICKER'S THEATRE.

The attractive feature at this theatre during the past week, was Prof. A. Sylvester, the wonder of the world, recognized illusionist of Europe, and inventor of the most prominent illusions of the age. He is assisted by the beautiful sprite, Miss Angellique Schott, introducing the Marvel of Mecca Mid-Air Suspension, the talking Lion, the Growth of Flowers, twenty changes in five minutes, Astonishing Conjurition, Specie Payment, the air filled with gold and silver coin.

DEARBORN THEATRE.

Monday, August first. Return for their second regular season of the great Manning's Minstrels. Billy Manning, Ben Cotton, Bob Hart, J. F. Kemble, C. S. Fredericks, J. J. Kelly, J. F. Dunnie, Myron Lewis, "Dancing Little Stevie Rogers," the famous double song and dance artists, Hogan and Hughes, Hunemann's entire Orchestra, and others. The finest combination of first-class artists in the world.

New songs, new jokes, a great new burlesque, new costumes, new properties, magnificent new scenery, theatre renovated and beautified, every thing sparkling and refined. Box office open on Friday.

The Atlantic Monthly for August, is a choice number, containing articles from the pens of our best writers, among which may be found Bayard Taylor, Harriet Beecher Stowe, James Russell, F. T. Rowbridge, and other distinguished characters in the field of literature. Fields, Osgood & Co., Publishers, Boston. Terms, yearly subscriptions, \$4.00

"Life and Moral Axioms of Confucius." By Marcus R. R. Wright. In this little work can be found those glittering gems of thought that Confucius gave expression to, and which have been received with so much admiration by the thinking minds. It should be in the hands of all moral reformers.

GREENSBORO, IND.

Some one writes from the above named place in regard to his paper, but fails to give any name, and we certainly cannot learn it by his description. We would once more say to all, be careful about your address. A word to the wise is sufficient.

Philadelphia Department.

BY..... H. T. CHILD, M. D.
Subscription will be received, and papers may be obtained at wholesale or retail, at 624 Race street, Philadelphia.

How Shall we Prepare to meet the Loved ones on the other shore?
This has been a question with mankind in all ages. The parable of the wise and foolish virgins, was intended to illustrate it.

First, those little children who pass away from this mortal sphere, before they have any clear and lasting impressions from the external, are always received by kindly and sympathetic spirits, and ministered to according to their wants.

It is not so well that spirits should thus be sent into the interior life, because they have difficulties in acquiring a knowledge of the earthly conditions. It is necessary that they be brought again into the earth's sphere, to acquire that which is essential to the full and perfect development in spirit-life.

Children, a little farther advanced, who have begun to learn something of the conditions of earth-life, and especially those who are under the dreadful pall of theological teachings, in regard to an angry and vindictive God, a devil, and a hell of eternal torment.

Oh, ye whose hearts are touched with warm and loving sympathy for these little ones,—think of the inexpressible suffering that results from these false theological ideas, and seek for more enlightened conditions for yourselves and for all humanity.

Use NATURE'S HAIR RESTORATIVE.
It is the best.
Contains nothing injurious.
Clear as crystal.

Obituary.
Gone to the angels: Lydia Maria, only child of J. William Van Namee, aged 3 years, 5 months and 7 days.

Spiritual Meetings, Conventions &c.
OHIO STATE ASSOCIATION OF SPIRITUALISTS.
Fourth Annual Convention.

NEBRASKA STATE CONVENTION.
The Executive Committee of the State Association have appointed Friday, Saturday and Sunday, 23rd, 24th and 25th of October next for the State Association, to be held in the State Capitol at Lincoln.

GROVE MEETING IN OMBRO, WIS.
J. M. Peobles, bringing the spiritual love of his spirit, and J. O. Barrett, state Missionary for Wisconsin, will be present.

MEDIUM AND SPEAKER'S CONVENTION, AT LAON, N. Y.
A Quarterly Convention of Mediums and Speakers will be held at Laon, Chateaugay, Co., New York, on Saturday and Sunday, September 3d and 4th, commencing at 10 o'clock, a. m.

GROVE MEETING.
The Lyceum and Society of Milan, Ohio will hold a Grove Meeting on the 2d Saturday and Sunday of August 20th and 21st.

BLACK LIST.
E. B. ENSIGN, of Vinton, Iowa, has removed to parts unknown. His dues to the paper amount to \$2.75. Can any one inform us where he is?

Invocation by Arthur Buckmaster Fuller.
Oh, Thou Infinite and eternal presence. Whom we call God, our Father and Mother, we recognize that you are ever in Thy presence since Thou art omnipresent, and although Thou art incomprehensible to our finite minds in Thine infinitude, yet we turn to Thee as little children to their parents,—feeling that Thy love warms

us, Thy goodness and power protects us ever. And oh, Father, as we would know of Thee, we turn to Thy great volume, the beautiful book of nature, which thou hast outspread before us, and whether we look at the infinitely small or the infinitely great, we find traces of Thy handiwork every where.

As we wander in thought and observation, among the insects that Thou hast formed so wonderfully and so curiously every where around us, we read the evidence of Thine Infinite power and skill, in their most beautiful and perfect forms, so endlessly varied, so marvelously adapted to the ever-changing conditions which exist around them.

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NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

ABRIDGED EDITION OF THE SPIRITUAL HARP.
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ESTRANGEMENT. (Republished from Number Eighteen.)

CHAPTER X.

The door fell back very loudly, and just as the Rev. Leader Mosgrove had spoken the last word of our previous chapter, footsteps were heard in the hall, and Marian, not thinking of the reverend gentlemen's presence, was gleefully crossing the threshold of the entrance leading into the parlors. As suddenly looking up, she stepped short, somewhat abashed, and blushing, gracefully apologized, whereupon Rev. Leader Mosgrove arose, and extending his hand, expressed himself pleased to see her. Elsie would have pressed on to her room, but it is the momentarily hesitated at the doorway, Somerville arose, and inviting her into the room, introduced her to the preacher. As he continued to be pleasant a smile rippled over his rufous face, as he extended his still open hand. But as the name, "Elsie Charlton," fell on his ear, he saw the spasmodic twinge that, like an electric shock, traversed in an instant his being. His clasp of her hand, though not slight, instantly relaxed, and his hand fell with something of a jerk to his side. He would have fallen into his seat again, but Darlington-Ronaldson now entered, and was introduced to the smiling pastor. The unctuous smile, though now seeming less free and full, he was confused and somewhat nervous. The spasmodic fall of the pastor's hand from that of Elsie's, was noted casually by Somerville, and he glanced almost triumphantly toward Lady Emeline, as he thought they were about to be favored with a present text and manifestation, confirmation of all he had previously spoken to his theological opponent. But Elsie had turned away, and passing Somerville and Marian by, sat a little removed from all. That which George had observed in the pastor's movements, was occasioned by a dim, though sudden recollection, the sound of the name called up, and not as he had thought, a spirit or magnetic thrill conveyed by the touch of her hands.

A few common-place remarks only had passed between Ronaldson and the pastor, as the latter, seeming to be ill at ease, intimated to George and Lady Somerville his pleasure in parting company with them for the night. The music ceased, and he rose to leave. As he did so, Elsie also stood stiffly up, and facing them all, as all eyes were directed toward her. Her face was closed. Leander Mosgrove, hat in hand, began bidding them good night. "He did not wish to give countenance to such juggling and satanism," Somerville placing his finger to his lips, intimated his wish that the reverend gentleman would remain a few minutes longer with them.

"Sylvie Charlton," said the medium, in a voice clear and shrill, "at last we meet."

The pallor of his face blanched to very whiteness—whiter than the scarf he wore, and as he hastily shook hands with them to leave, his trembling was perceptible to all. Again, George urged him to remain, and the medium approaching, exclaimed:

"Sir, not but hear me. For years you have wronged yourself—wronged me. Why will you continue to stifle the voice that has spoken to you to-night,—has spoken to you before?"

"You must excuse me, friends. I wish to know no more of this," Leander stammered, making toward the door. Somerville remarked that the message seemed to be for him,—asked him if he knew anything about it, and advised him to question the spirit.

"I know nothing of this, friends, I beg of you."

Lady Somerville now came to the rescue, and hoped if this demonstration was, as it certainly must be, so offensive to "our pastor," She hoped they would not be so rude and unchristian as to insist on him remaining.

"Sylvie Charlton, heed the voice of reason. You have evaded me long, but at last we meet. "Oh, what have I not suffered since I have borne your name!"

The preacher would have fled from the place, but a strange weakness seemed now to come over him, and trembling like an aspen leaf, he grasped the chair he had just vacated, and glared at the medium, with face of ashen hue, and eyes of ghastly gaze.

"And would you prolong your desertion,—continue to fly from your wife—fly from your wife and child? Will you not remember, Mary Charlton whom, within sight of the beautiful lakes of Killarney, you vowed to protect and shield with your life,—and will you not recognize this medium, your child, Elsie? You would have passed from here,—yes, without knowing her, though so near. But when the name was announced, it was I, Sylvie, who impressed on your memory, and I started through your partially awakened soul, a dim recollection of the long, long past. Learn from this the simple fact of the spirit's capacity to gain love o'er and o'er their experiences of your sphere, and this will prove your punishment, until by an actual overcoming of evil you outgrow the errors and sin-stains, and their results contracted in earth life. This the purging and purifying process through which all must pass, by it may shall be made white and tried. But I must now give way for a while. There is another waiting impatiently to speak. In truth, he did much to assist me here. Sylvie Charlton, be just, and fear not. Do justly, love mercy, and walk humbly with thy God. Good-by."

"Well, sir, I've been an old salt, and I hope the lady will excuse my forwardness. But I was afraid she wouldn't say enough, and I was too foggy to speak. Mr. Charlton, you will hardly remember me. You've changed some, and prospered considerably since you left so suddenly, the 'old country.' You'll excuse my bluntness, a tiny spirit, so frail that but a slight wind would have carried her up and away. Yes, Mr. Charlton, this girl,—you need not hesitate, she is your own Elsie. You, she never would know,—though you, sir, if you will come nearer, may soon decide beyond mistake that she is yours. Look on those features, how like your own! And that full and silken brown hair, so like her mother's; and her full expressive eye, floating in its own pellucid blue, as her's who bore her—Mary Charlton. Forget the past, embrace your child, and be happy."

The medium backed off slowly toward the seat from which she had arisen, and sitting down, drew her hands several times transversely along her brow. Then pressing her temples

with her open palms, unclosed her eyes as if from deep sleep, and her first look was a prolonged involuntary stare at the wondering parson, as he sat in the chair convulsed with deep feeling, broken up and weeping as a little child. None disturbed his grief. Turning her gaze slowly from the penitensive man, Elsie's steady clear eye passed from Ronaldson to Lizzie at the melodeon, thence to Lady Emeline and George, and on to Marian, but for some minutes none seemed able or willing to speak.

At length, George, unable to bear the sight of the pastor's loneliness, in his grief arose, and approached him with open hands and a word of hope and cheer on his lips. The weeping man still trembling with emotion, reached out his hand, and said:

"Bless you, George; what is this? There is a power here that is all new to me: something I have never known till now. Oh, George, how wrong I have been in opposing this influence so indiscriminately and relentlessly. Forgive me, George, forgive me."

He stood up, and shaking warmly the hand he held in his, embraced Somerville affectionately again and again. Permitting himself to be led like a little child, they crossed together to the wondering Elsie's side, and the exquisite joy produced by the revelation of their relationship, and the mutual recognition of father and child can not be told.

At the remarkable conclusion of the theological tilt designed by Lady Emeline, between her husband and her "beloved pastor,"—so adverse to her expectations and fondest hopes, she was completely dumfounded, and as she retired silent and disappointed that night, this little sentence tingled in her ears, "They who came to scoff, remained to pray."

CHAPTER XI.

"Man shot! a man shot!" was the hurried reply from many lips, in answer to the exciting questioning of the curious and hurrying crowd, as to the cause of the stirring commotion in the midst of a prominent thoroughfare, a short distance from them.

Many gathered round the wounded man, and as he was being conveyed to his room at the hotel, they gazed curiously at his pallid features, and wondered and questioned as to the particulars of the difficulty. Some distance from them, though yet within sight, Dexter Harlan, between two police officers, was being conducted to the "tomb's."

The victim of his brutish jealousy and cowardly revenge, was A. Darlington-Ronaldson. The deed though done at midday, was perpetrated without a moment or a whisper of warning, and though on the way to his room he suffered intense pain, yet not a murmur of complaint, nor a word of censure escaped him.

Arrived at his room, the crowd followed—some from idle curiosity, others expressing and feeling real sympathy for the sufferer; and the officers were leaving the room as a tall gentlemanly man pushed his way through eagerly, and reaching the bedside of his friend, George Somerville reached out his hand and almost breathless exclaimed, "Heavens, Darlington, what has happened? The wound,—is it dangerous?"

The attending surgeon near him replied in a whisper, "Yes, sir, it is dangerous, and unless we are very careful, and he remains very quiet, will prove mortal."

At the sound of Somerville's familiar voice, Ronaldson unclosed his eyes, and smiling faintly as he grasped the open hand of his friend, in a husky voice, said:

"George, bless you, I'm glad you have come. I fear I am badly hurt this time. Dexter I fear me, has been more sure,—fatal with his aim in his second attempt on my life. The pain, George, is terrible. I hope I shall recover, for his sake. But if I do not, God forgive him, I would not have him punished as I now suffer."

"You show a kind and noble spirit, Darlington. You deserve to recover, as I hope sincerely you will, but you must not speak so much now. The surgeon says you must try to be perfectly quiet. Shall I send Marian to you. I'm sure when she knows the worst, she will fly to your aid."

God bless her angel soul! But, George, she must not know the worst. It will not do. For her sake, George, she must not see me now. It is useless for her to brave alone the heartless gossip of popular opinion. The public will talk, and likes well to feed on scandal, even though it be fabulous."

"Darlington, I know Marian's kindly and impulsive nature, and I know she will not care for, nor consult public opinion, when she knows of this."

"She is noble and brave I know; far too pure a woman for the creature who calls her wife. But I must not speak of this. For his enmity to me, I could forgive and befriend him, would he but value me as should, the vestal treasure he has in Marian."

"He is a brutish man, an assassin and coward!"

"Yes; but I would not harm him. I hope he may escape. And though I suppose the law must have its course, yet I forgive him freely. Oh, his pain in my side and near my heart is terrible! I must stop."

"Yes, Darlington, rest quietly as you can. Try and get some sleep; it will refresh you. Good-by! Bless you! I will be with you soon."

"Good-by. C. M. often, George."

They clasped hands, and parting, Somerville left sadly for his home. And had he really desired to do so, he would most assuredly have felt in keeping from Marian's knowledge the fact of her friend's fatal misstep, for his cruel countenance, as he entered his home, led as the warning index, direct to the secret of his soul. As an answer to her persistent questioning and solicitation, he gradually and gently led her on to the realization of the gloomy fact,—her face grew pale as marble, and she continued eagerly to listen to Somerville's recital of the intense pain occasioned by the wound which Ronaldson was then suffering, and the genuine nobility, patience, and forgiving spirit exhibited by the wounded man,—her tears, at the first to her imperceptible, began to trickle fast.

That evening with Somerville, Marian was at the bedside of her ardent friend, who, for his noble friendship, had already endured so much, and now, perhaps, had received his death wound, a martyr for a principle. Marian seemed to realize this more than he, and it therefore seemed to her an easy victory to brave, as she had determined to do, the brazen front of "public opinion."

As the suffering Ronaldson reached out his hand to hers extended towards him, he was pleased to see her, of course, and smiled happily, though he reminded her gently of the sacrifice she was making, that public rumor with her thousand tongues, would be busy with their names. Mere public opinion she regarded as an impulsive tyrant, and when it crossed her path of right and duty, she gave it the cold shoulder, and esteemed it less than the feather's weight in the scale of justice. She hoped that he would give himself no uneasiness, but as he respected her, would acquiesce to the cheerful promptings of her heart's best impulses, and permit her to attend him, and to contribute as she could to his comfort, and aid in the alleviation of his suffering.

He blessed her for her kindness, and said with a smile she should do just as she deemed best.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal. The Pyramid of Diamonds. A Clairvoyant View of Our Future Home.

Being in the village of Canadea, New York, with a friend, in February, 1860, I became entranced, and remained in a clairvoyant state some three hours. I was taken over a vast plain of gentle descent, whose surface was covered with fruit and forest trees, as well as vegetables and flowers of every hue and variety. There were beautiful walks running in all directions.

While contemplating the beauties of the landscape, and enjoying the aromas of the flowers about me, I beheld in the distance a vast Pyramid of Diamonds, as it were, whose brilliancy far exceeded any thing I had witnessed before. I seemed attracted towards it by an irresistible influence, and as I neared its base, I became possessed of the power of measurement, which enabled me to get at its true dimensions. I found it 50 miles in diameter at its base, and 50 miles high, and upon the summit it was flat and twelve miles across.

Upon examination I found that the pyramid was composed of steps on all sides, forming a cylindrical pyramid, with the steps at the base of a nebulous color.

I walked up a little way, to take a look upon the beautiful landscape I had just passed over; and upon doing so, I became lost in contemplation, and when about to retire, I heard a voice say to me, "Come up higher," and instantly I became etherealized, and arose without physical exertion for several miles, the atmosphere still growing lighter and lighter, and my lungs inflating and expanding without effort; I noticed the steps began to be transparent, until I could see through them as through pure glass. Onward and upward I went, until I came within some fifty feet of the summit, when the steps before me entirely disappeared from my view. At first I experienced a vacuity of mind. I was at rest.

I looked below and saw the beautiful earth, and everything I had ever witnessed, before me, and there it was. I saw it in reality. Beautiful valleys with running brooks; even the speckled trout was there, and as it jumped to the surface of the waters, silver drops glided upon its surface, and all nature smiled with a real expression unknown to me before, and as I gazed, an indescribable fear came over me. I could not move! I was lost! Oh, the anguish of soul! I felt that every description of sorrow fell with a crushing weight upon my spirit, when a sweet voice, whose cadence thrilled me, said:

"Look aloft!"

I raised my eyes, and beheld two of the most beautiful spirits, extending a welcome hand toward me, and inviting me, as before, to "Come up higher."

Resolution forsook me; in reverential awe I stood still. "Save me ere I perish!" I said, "I sink! I sink!" when the dear ones replied:

"Dear brother, trust in the angels, and you have a sure foundation firm as a rock."

I contemplated, with fear and remorse permeating every nerve. At last fear left me, in a measure, and I cried:

"I will throw myself away,—it is all that I can do."

I was without fear. I was saved! I and walked with firm tread to the summit above, into the presence of the angels. I there saw untold millions of the purest spirits, great and small, and as I walked with my guides around to the right, I looked back to the earth, and saw represented in their appropriate spheres all the nations and kingdoms of the earth, with the various forms of worship, even to the worship of leeks and onions.

I inquired of my guides, and was told that it did not make any difference what or how they worshipped, when they worshipped in sincerity and in truth, and that a spirit as fitly the body was immediately attracted to its proper place, the "Pyramid of Diamonds."

I noticed a vast multitude coming towards us, and felt that we must turn out and let them pass, when my guardians told me that it was unnecessary to do so, as there would be no contact of body, as I was a spirit. Then, for the first time, I became conscious that I possessed no material body, but had left that below. "Immortality Triumphant!"

I was satisfied, and my soul went out in gladness, with joy unspeakable and full of glory. I went on, anxious to know the whole, and soon I came into beautiful groves,—spirit groves,—saw spirit birds, singing spiritual songs, vineyards supporting grapes without pulp or seeds, and containing spiritual wine,—everything of earth represented there in perfect order and harmony. I examined the leaf of the grape, and as I turned it up, the dew-drops fell below and splattered at my feet—spiritual, yet real.

"And shall it ever be thus?" I inquired.

A thousand voices replied:—"Evermore!"

I noticed the spirits were wearing the most beautiful garments ever beheld. The texture and lustre far exceeded that of the most lustrous velvet. I asked where the material with which they were clothed was made, and was told it was made in the sphere above; that it was the garment of righteousness, put on by the spirit on its arrival, and that after that the desire of the spirit was to merit another by good works, etc., and as fast as they were raised in each sphere of progression, another and more perfect garment was put on, made in the next sphere above the one the spirit occupied.

I seemed lost in contemplating the beauties of the "Pyramid" as I passed from point to point, until I stopped at the entrance of the steps leading to the spheres above, where I felt that I must be permitted to go without delay. I was told by my guides that I could not be allowed then to go above, for my work with mortals was not finished,—that a good work was before me. I was measurably reconciled to pass on till I came to the point where I came up, when the angels addressed me thus:

"Brother, we delegate you a chosen minister to carry the glad tidings to the earth, of the 'good time coming'; to heal the sick, comfort the afflicted; and when your work on the earth is finished, we will permit you to return again, and you will have no fears, as at this time. You will walk in the light, press forward constantly, magnify and glorify the God within you,—and your future heaven, though spiritual, will be as real as the one you now leave to return to earth. Go, brother, with your attending guides."

I returned to the body, and found myself as before, possessed of the five senses again, with Brother D. W. Johnson, of East Cleveland, O., watching my body.

Angola, Ind.

At a public sale of books in London, Drew's "Essay on Souls" was knocked down to a shoemaker, who, to the great amusement of the assembly, asked the auctioneer if he had "any more books on shoemaking to sell."

A little boy once said to his aunt: "Aunt, I should think that Satan must be an awful trouble to God."

"He must be trouble enough; indeed, I should think so," she answered. "I don't see how he came to turn out so, when there was no devil to put him up to it."

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal. An Evening's Reflection.

When the evening shades were gathering o'er the landscape wild,—far to the west on one of Iowa's rolling prairies, I sat down beneath a lovely, lonely tree for a few brief moments of silent meditation. The golden orb of day in his gorgeous robes of crimson hue, had just folded the blue curtain of night gracefully over his glory crowned head, as he sunk to rest in the flowery beds of the still far-off western prairie.

The silvery moon was bright, shining in the blue vault of heaven far to the east, watching, beautifully watching the sleeping fathers and mothers in the valleys of N-W England.

From pole to pole, from the rising moon to the setting sun, the arched heavens were thickly studded with twinkling stars, those diamond worlds whose collision dances along the sky in time of night, in ever secret, something of their "god's."

In this gorgeous temple of Nature the following modes of reflection came up for consideration: All mankind have become the makers of their "gods." Why should I stand alone? I therefore join some "Christian" church. This man of God, from "thy priest," becomes my tutor. He commands me to accept Moses as my guide and teacher in the laws of creation.

I commence the study of his "inspired" and "infallible" record.

I learn that somewhere between five and seven thousand years ago, God from nothing made the sun and moon and all the shining worlds that now glister in the firmament. Yes, considering the short space of six days in which he made all these beautiful things, together with the fishes in the sea and fowls of the air, I beheld a right smart sprinkling of wisdom, as well as dispatch.

But, being constituted destitute of that "faith," a piece of which, as big as a grain of mustard seed would enable me to remove mountains, I have ever been disposed to ask questions.

Hence I went straightway to the "priest," to the ark, where the God of Moses commenced his existence, to know if he also from nothing came, and had had existence only about seven thousand years.

"But," says the priest, "why should you wish to know?"

"Because," I say, "if he has existed from all past eternity, I think I would be edified to know what he had been about all the infinite time previous to the commencement of the 'Moses' Creation.' Did he exist all alone without an earth for a 'foot stool,' cogitating mentally, before he had any form 'body'?"

"I think I would like to know, through all time to cogitate about? Counting through all time to make it of,—and finally, after so long a time succeeded in making earth [out of something], and for an experiment, made man out of that. And finally, before two thousand annual revolutions were made, repeated that he had made him a flood to kill mankind."

But hark! a new train of reflections arises. Methinks I hear an angel's voice—the wisdom of the spheres approaches me. I suddenly awake from the contemplation of the musty records of erring man. I cast aside the letters of the church. I set forth my own manhood. I commence a new search after right causes and truth. I study the divine revelations of Nature anew. I step upon the religious platform of the "poor Indian." I see God manifest in the clouds. I hear him in the winds. With a new and holy reverence, I feel that:

"He refreshes in the breeze,  
He glows in the stars,  
And blossoms in the trees."

That "He lives through all life,  
Extends through all extent,  
Spreads undivided,  
And operates unspent."

I now perceive that from material self-existence and by law divine the worlds were formed, and are now in process of being reformed, and are to be that death, real death, to God is unknown; that change, incessant change, has, and ever will, roll on, from the eternal past to the eternal future.

Methinks I hear an angel whisper—ah, how strange—the human ear becomes clairaudient—it is that I hear him say:

"Mankind in their condition is rudimental—born of earth, to learn wisdom by experience—to be revised and corrected in due process of time, by his divine Author. Being thus beautified, he passes into the second edition, enlarged in wisdom and greatly improved in form and quality of material—his is now freed from his external corruptive cover of oolook maslin, and by law unerring, he finds himself reborn in a new cover, resembling gold that cannot perish—immortal."

Between the first and second edition there is no yawning gulf, no leap in the dark. To the world, that death, real death, to God is unknown; that change, incessant change, has, and ever will, roll on, from the eternal past to the eternal future.

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World, and thou canst sleep and dream as well,—and then both thou and the earth will be blessed, and the bright hosts of heaven will also rejoice as well.

Being not your harp on the willow, but tune them to the world's new song—the song of Eternal Progress.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal. INSPIRATION. BY C. C. B.

It has long been a mystery to myself, as well as to others, no doubt, as to the truthfulness of the inspiration of the Bible. I know that it is called the inspired word of God, and what is inspiration? Is it the pure and noble fruits of Nature that man can see, and is so joyed that he wishes to make known, and disseminate light and truth to his unimformed brethren, that they may rejoice with that joy unspeakable, a full of glory, such as the case, I should like very much to receive a part of it, and rejoice with the rest of the world.

But when one man becomes inspired and writes what he says is God's law, and another great man goes on and writes also by inspiration, or so called by orthodox ministers, and both fail to harmonize, and we seeing the difference between the two opinions, are we not free to use our own judgment, or must we be forced to acquiesce with orthodoxy, and go along with ignorance and superstition which pervades the whole world? A man says he does not believe that Lot's wife was turned into a pillar of salt, or that Jonah was swallowed by a whale or some other kind of a fish, and remained in the belly of the fish three days and nights, or that Samson caught seven hundred or thousand foxes, and used their tails to their tails, so as to destroy his neighbor's corn, (which he did, if the other be true), or that Balaam's ass spoke, and thousands of other great yarns,—he is an infidel and will go to hell sure, and orthodoxy has a place made on purpose for all such unbelievers.

For ignorant ignorance how long will you believe such fables, and stick to ignorance and superstition. The Bible is a history of the nations, and gives their rise and downfall. It tells of the families and pestilence, wars, and of the sufferings that were brought on them by their own follies. The Jewish people, one of the wealthiest among the nations of that day, and God's chosen people, who had led them from Egypt and promised them the land of Canaan for an everlasting inheritance, they were completely torn to atoms and carried away captive, and God's temple literally destroyed. God must have changed his notion very materially from "thy priest," because he had promised them, he got tired of the manners and customs of the Jews, and thought he would go over to the Gentiles, where he could have something else besides beef and mutton, and thinking a little pork would do no harm, after living so long on the blood of sheep and oxen, and so he thought to try the blood of his own kind,—there was the Jewish dispensation by having the blood of his only son split to appease his anger and put on the finishing touch.

How much sublimity there is in all this. How thankful we poor, ignorant wretches ought to be. Can we ever repay God for his gratitude toward us? Nobody had to die,—there was no getting around it,—and he took his only begotten son and had him crucified for the love he had toward us. There was no other way for us to be saved, only through his blood. Salt would not do it, neither the blood of rams and oxen, and so he thought to try the blood of his own kind,—there was the Jewish dispensation by having the blood of his only son split to appease his anger and put on the finishing touch.

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THE DEAD SON. BY JOHN HIERFORD. I cannot make him dead! His hair, sunbly head...

I know his face is hid Under the combed lid. Closed is his eye-cold in his forehead fair...

When at the cool, grey break Of dawn from sleep I wake With my first breathing of the morning air...

Yes, we all live to God! Father, thy children's God! So help us, thine afflicted ones...

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BY WM. B. FAIRBROOK.

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The success of this case of clairaudience induced me to try an experiment to know whether they could also see correctly at great distances...

"Where in the world did this come from?" "What is it, Kate?" I inquired. "Why, a nut, in the moon!"

The inference to be drawn from the above, is that having seen and heard correctly at those distances, it is more than likely that the other things seen and heard by them are also true.

and one, resembling a goat, with very long, greyish white hair which furnished the raw material for their clothing. They have few wants...

SPIRITUALISM IN PENNSYLVANIA.

The following "communication" from one of our most highly respected citizens, is inserted in our columns with much pleasure.

When at the cool, grey break Of dawn from sleep I wake With my first breathing of the morning air...

On last Wednesday evening Mrs. McNeil gave a public exhibition of test mediumship, in which she, being controlled, or possessed...

When these public exhibitions were first given, there were a few in the audience who were so well assured in their own minds...

This is to certify that having tested Mrs. McNeil's powers as a test medium, I also her power as a Business Clairvoyant, I have no hesitation in testifying that I believe her in such capacity truthful and reliable...

JULIA F. TEMPLE, Dyer's Hotel.

This is to certify that having tested Mrs. McNeil's powers as a Business Clairvoyant, and hesitated not to say that her powers are fully as represented...

WM. H. MONROE, Chester, Pa.

As predicted in our last issue, there have been some epytitudes at the City Hall, during the past week, in the way of "Spiritual communications," through the test mediums.

An inmate in a New England town was discovered lately at the grave of his father in the cemetery, having dug to the coffin. He had the lid open, and was calling on the old man to get up, telling him he had lain there long enough.

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It tells about Luncheons and how to take them: Late dinners and how to take them: How drunkards eat: How to eat: How girls are spoiled at boarding-school: How health is lost: How home love is lost: How novel-reading ruins them: How love of dress is instilled: How young men are talked about: How home influences purify: Price \$1.50. Postage 16 cents. For sale by the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, 189, So. Clark Street, Chicago, Ill.

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IS CURED, AND GAINS FIFTY FIVE POUNDS IN FLESH. Brownsville, Nebraska, Dec. 22, 1869. This is to certify that I, Huston Russell, was taken on the 24th day of September, 1867, with a pain in my eye and head, and it was so severe that I thought I would rather die than live.

I also certify that I have been acquainted with Huston Russell for twelve years, and that he was seriously afflicted for a long time, and I regard him as one of the wonderful cures.

WILLIAM POLLOCK, Postmaster at Brownville, Nebraska.

On the 29th 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.

On the 15th of September, 1868, I called on Dr. Arnold, and he had me under his treatment until April, 1869. I used the shower bath every morning during the treatment of Arnold. Under his treatment I improved some, but the pain never left me until I commenced taking the Powders called Spence's Positive and Negative Powders. Six boxes of the Positive have cured me of the pain. And I had the Ever Complaint for several years, and the Diabetes, and now I believe I am entirely well. At one time the doctors and friends gave me up to die; but thank God on the 25 of May 1869, I commenced taking Spence's Positive Powders. My weight then was 132 pounds; now it is 187, and I know that it was the Positive Powders that cured me.

I hereby 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 Drs. Wm. Arnold and Jerome Hoover, and know them to be practicing physicians.

Witness my hand, and seal of said County, this 22nd day of December 1869. JAMES M. HOOKER, County Clerk.

For further information about the Positive and Negative Powders, see advertisement below.

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Vol 7 No 11

