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Literary Department

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

BY J. L. S.

By all mortal human vision,
Objects are but dimly seen,
And are often much distorted,
By some scenes that come between.
And what seems a monstrous image,
Would from such monstrous things,
And reveal its true proportions,
Did no object intervene.
In the twilight of our knowledge,
Spectres of the "vasty deep,"
Seem to flit before the eyesight,
Whence we wake and when we sleep.
And we, like frightened children,
Prisoners in a darkened room,
Where but little light can reach us,
Terror o'er our spirit creep.
But as we become enlightened,
And we can more clearly see,
Objects to our view presented,
Part with much of mystery.
And we lose our fear and terrors,
As they stand out more defined,
With the light's increasing brightness,
Mental light has set us free.
It is thus that we poor mortals,
Must forever suffer here,
While our minds are kept in darkness,
With illusive spectres near,
But with light and knowledge spreading,
We will soon more clearly see,
And the frightful forms that haunt us,
With the darkness disappear.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

Visit to Henry Clay—Interesting Particulars.

FROM A BOOK ENTITLED "STRANGE VISITORS."
—BY A CLAIRVOYANT.

Having recovered my health after a sojourn of two weeks amid the charming scenery of Mount Rosalia, or the "Rose colored Mount," I set forth one morning, accompanied by a competent guide, to visit the home of my friend, Henry Clay. The morning was uncommonly fine, even for the sweet Land of the West, and the fragrance from the roses blooming upon the hill-side was fairly intoxicating.

Our phaeton was a small, swan-shaped carriage, ornamented with golden designs, and propelled by a galvanic battery in the graceful swan-head, which at my request took the place of the ordinary steed.

This was to me, an exceedingly novel mode of travel, which my short sojourn in the Spirit World had prevented me from before enjoying. We glided over the electric ground with the speed of lightning and smooth harmony of music. The road over which we rolled was white and lustrous as marble, and adorned on either side with the most rare and beautiful forms of foliage; ever and anon we passed gay cavalades and bands of spirits, who were evidently, from their festal ornaments, and the bright emanations which they diffused through the air, bound for some harmonial gathering on one of the numerous islands which dot the sparkling river Washington, so named after George Washington.

The distance from the point from whence I started, according to earth's computation, was over one hundred miles; but though I desired my guide to move onward as slowly as possible, that I might enjoy the prospect before me, we reached our destination in less than an hour! I had received an invitation from Henry Clay to visit him on this occasion, as he had called together some choice friends to give him welcome; yet, although I knew I was expected, my surprise cannot be described upon beholding the air filled with hordes of beautiful ladies, like radiant birds, approaching, with the sound of music and flutter of flowers, to receive me. Thus surrounded and escorted, I was borne to the noble palace (for such it may justly be termed) of Henry Clay.

The structure is of white alabaster, faced with pale yellow semi-transparent stone, which glistened most gorgeously. The form of the building is unlike any order of architecture with which I had been acquainted. The avenue by which it was approached was decorated alternately with statues of representative Americans, and a peculiar flowering tree, whose green leaves and yellow blossoms, of gossamer texture, resembled the fine mists of a summer morning. Terminating this avenue was the main entrance, surmounted by the grand dome of the edifice. In the rear of this rotunda, extending on either side, appeared the main building, rising, turret on turret, like a stupendous mountain of alabaster beaming as with soft moon light in the clear summer air.

ing this was a gallery of small compartments, each hung with silver and gold gauze drapery, and similar in construction to the boxes of a theatre; these opened into halls or alleys leading to private apartments connecting with the main building. Above these boxes were placed artistically carved animals, representing the native beasts of America. Above these again, appeared groups in marble, of the fruits of the country.

No sooner had I entered the building which I have described, than a peculiar rushing sound like distant music reached my ear, on lifting my eyes in the direction of the sound, I beheld descending through the air the majestic form of Henry Clay. He approached with extended hand and fascinating smile to receive me. How like and yet how unlike the famous man on earth! The gray hairs of age had given place to the abundant glossy locks of youth. The intelligent eye beamed with a new life and his whole person sent forth an effulgence most attractive. Those of my readers who knew him on earth will well remember the peculiar fascination of his sphere, but they can form from the remembrance but a slight idea of the attractive aura he sheds forth in this existence. I immediately felt myself drawn by an invisible power toward him. He grasped my hand with the frank cordiality and grace of former days, and leading me thus, we arose together and, passing through one of the arched compartments of the upper tier, entered another portion of the building. As we moved on I seemed to live portions of my earthly life, long past. The gorgeous and fantastic architecture which every where met my eye reminded me of the Alhambra. Swiftly passing, we emerged through a spacious arch upon an open harbor, where were congregated the guests whom I had been invited to meet. I started back with a shock of delight when I beheld George Washington. I knew him instantly, partly from the likeness which had been extant on earth, and partly from the noble spirit which emanated like a sun from his person. The group separated as we entered and I immediately felt, resting upon my shoulder like a benediction, the soft, firm hand of the Father of his Country. "Washington!" I exclaimed, fervently grasping his hand. "At length we have met!" he responded, and a smile of ineffable joy lighted his countenance. He spoke of the many changes through which the United States had passed since his removal to the spirit land. I was surprised at the extent of knowledge he displayed. Not the slightest variation in the scale of political economy had escaped his notice. He expressed himself pleased especially at the great progress and development of the people within the last twenty years. He alluded to the rapid march through the western territories; the founding of new and important states; the development of the agricultural and mineral resources of countries supposed to be almost valueless; of the invention and construction of machinery adapted to the wants and necessities of those new and rapidly increasing states. "This marvelous growth is owing to their being essentially a medumistic people—is it not so?" said he, smiling and turning to the assembled guests. "Yes, yes!" I heard repeated on all sides. On this commenced a general conversation. I listened as one in a dream. Around me I beheld the faces and forms of the heroes of past history, each bearing the shape and semblance of humanity, though removed from earth millions of miles into space. One and all emitted, like stars their own peculiar aura. Collected in motley groups were Benjamin Franklin, John Hancock, William Penn, Old General Jackson, John Jacob Astor, De Witt Clinton, and many of the old Knickerbocker residents of New York; with Sir Robert Peel, Lord Brougham, the Duke of Wellington, Hunt, Keats, Byron, Scott, Cowper, Hume, Goethe, De Stael, Mrs. Hemans, and many others.

"The people of America have advanced to an astonishing degree," said a musical voice at my left. "We must initiate Irving into the means by which we impart knowledge to the medumistic nation through the Cabinet at Washington."

"Certainly," responded Henry Clay. "Let all formalities cease. We will partake of refreshments, and then Franklin will make him acquainted with the wonderful aids to science and humanity with which he has supplied my residence."

As he ceased speaking, a shower of sound, like the music from the ringing of innumerable crystal bells, filled the air. Accompanying this, and apparently descending from the ceiling, a soft light of aromatic odor diffused itself through the apartment. This was followed by the appearance of a shining disk of amber and pearl, revolving rapidly in its descent till it reached the congregated party. This magic circle (which Thomas Hood who was present, facetiously termed the "wheel of fortune") was supplied with refreshments truly supernatural. Here were fruits of most brilliant dyes; some of soft pulpy flesh, and others of the consistency of honey; some more transparent than the diamonds of earth; others substantial, seemingly intended to supply the demands of hunger. Here were confections resembling foam and cloud, whose very taste was elysium. I received much information concerning the various products of this great land which were displayed upon the table. The most luscious fruits, I considered, both in flavor and quality, were those produced on an island in the Spirit Land corresponding to your island in Cuba, which was under the protection of a band of spirits called the "Good Sisters."

The company having regaled themselves at the table, arose and divided into groups, laughing and chatting like ordinary mortals. I felt immediately attracted to a cluster of which Benjamin Franklin was the magnetic centre. I reminded him of the duties imposed on him by our

galleries, its boudoirs, libraries, and peerless gardens, I will speak at some future time.

There was a little girl whose name was Helena, but because that name was too long for a pet, she was called Ella, and by her father, Eli. She was six years old, with flaxen curls and blue eyes, and cheeks flushed with sunset. "You are not much of a girl," said her father to her one day, as they sat on a wide seat under a great apple tree.

"Not much of a girl?" said Ella. "Why, you said the other day I was the best girl in the world."

"That may be, but bring me some dandelion stems, split and curl them, they will make as nice curls as yours, and just the color,—bring me two blue bells,—they are for eyes,—and two red roses for cheeks, and I will have another girl in no time."

"You are not the flowers, unless the angels could dress, lilies and asphodels in the heavenly meadows."

"Papa!" exclaimed Ella, "while we have been talking, a great black caterpillar has been climbing the tree. He was a fierce fellow, I thought him a bear at first. He looked like a mull with head at one end, and clubs for feet at one side."

"Then caterpillars feed on the herbage, and ascend the trees to build them a house for winter."

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.
The Beautiful Lady.
BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

"Your girl will not walk?"

"I guess so," said Ella, greatly composed. "I guess so. I saw a caterpillar go up, and a bird fly out of the tree."

"Ha! ha!" laughed her father, "and that was the fair lady? I cannot have my little Eli ever whisper a lie, so I shall have to procure that caterpillar and keep him until he flies away."

"He has made a warm bed, but how I should have loved to have seen him make it," said Ella.

"It is impossible to see more than the beginning of the process. The silk is stored in its body, and at this time is employed to weave its tent. I do not understand myself, how the bristles are fixed in this manner. I have cut their nest or cocoon to pieces, but this one we will leave until spring. We should first have to destroy it, see a silk lined cocoon, and the caterpillar, no longer such, but a rigid, brown egg, or what can be called such."

"Oh, I cannot wait till spring," exclaimed Ella impatiently.

And to you all such blessings—
As the dew-drops when they come,
Beneath the sun's bright beams,
And music from their home—
When you next must be wander,
Their forms glide not so fast,
And when you think them distant,
They closer and closer be.
To watch your every morning,
And gather by the way
The flowers of their home-life,
To strew them where you stray.
So when you seek some knowledge,
Of that which lies beyond,
Just look within your spirit
And eyes—as soft and kind
And filled with tender meanings,
Shall gaze into your souls,
Until at last prevail.
You shall feel their sweet control,
And the answer come downwards,
Upon the summer air.
The answer to your prayer,
The answer to your prayer.

Benediction by Mrs. Cora L. V. Tappan at a Circle.

Fossil Deposits.
BY J. W. PHELPS.

I have recently examined some geological specimens from Lake Michigan, near Green Bay. I am informed they were taken from a ledge of rock in twenty fathoms of water, and about five miles from shore, where fishermen find their game in the month of October. They consist of the most perfect cellular crystallized coral, the most beautiful specimens I ever saw, and numerous shells of different varieties, imbedded in an aluminous rock covered with silex. The shells are all of tropical origin, and vary from half an inch to three inches in length, are bivalves, fan-shaped and corrugated, the pairs unequal, the larger lapping over, hawk billed at the hinge, one containing the full grown muscle, all perfectly crystallized.

I am informed that the ledge of rock is extensive, and the specimens raised by fishermen, very numerous. Should any of your numerous readers be familiar with the locality and fossils of this rock, I would like to receive, through your paper, or personally, a general history of them.

There seems to be no doubt that they are of tropical, if not equatorial origin, and if this is fully proven, it will add another link to the chain of facts demonstrating the position of the former equatorial belt, and, consequently, the location of the present poles. It is not probable that all the earth's surface has been equatorial within known geological periods, but it is satisfactorily demonstrated that some portions of the present polar regions have been equatorial, and if the position of the earth, when it gyrated to and from the sun, can be ascertained, it will demonstrate its former equatorial belt and the position of its poles.

These hieroglyphical statements appear to be sustained historically by the report of Plato's conversation with an Egyptian priest, and geologically by the presence of a date on the west coast of Ireland, but as your readers may have read the report of L. Abbe, I will only remark in passing upon it now, that there seems to be a strong probability that the conversation with Plato and the presence of the date, indicated the fact of the continent he describes, which, for fame's sake, was reported to be historically unlocked from these mystic records, and that further revelations, well sustained by facts, will be required by thinking minds, before his statements will be accepted. Many such long wished for discoveries are often published, but history is never afterward enriched by their disclosures.
Barraboo, Wisconsin.

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EARLY HISTORY AND DEVELOPMENT OF JESUS.

The Interview of Jesus with the Learned Rabbis—His Address.

Those who have carefully read our articles on the early history and development of Jesus, have found many new ideas therein advanced which can not fail to excite thought within their minds.

In mathematics there are certain definite rules which must necessarily be employed in order to arrive at a desired result. In those rules, there is the most perfect harmony imaginable, and the mathematician can always feel self-reliant, for he fully understands the object of each step he may take.

Well, we will retrace our steps, raise the curtain of the past, and behold the brilliant scintillations that, over 1800 years ago, dotted the earth's surface, and sent their radiations to every nook and corner of the world.

It was at this auspicious period that Christ made his advent. In his mother's arms, as it were, under the inspiring influence of the angel band who had him in charge, he exhibited a degree of intelligence that baffled the wisdom of the oldest heads.

seen visitants, and under their inspiring influence, he was often led to predict the death of those around him, giving marked changes in their future life.

On one very important occasion, in one of the ancient temples of Jerusalem where the Rabbis, learned Doctors, were accustomed to congregate together to discuss questions that related to the spiritual and temporal wants of the people, Jesus might have been seen.

RABBI.—Child, dost thou have any ideas in regard to the nature of that being who created this earth?

JESUS.—Well, learned Rabbi, why ask me that?

RABBI.—Because you should grasp the most abstruse questions, intuitively, and we desire to know,—thinking, perhaps, that your precocious mind had within it a light that burned, giving some knowledge in regard to this question.

JESUS.—I do not believe the Mosaic account of creation. It is contrary to reason and common sense. This earth was not formed in the manner you designate.

RABBI.—Why, child, give thy reasons therefor.

JESUS.—You represent God as a being, learned Rabbi, with an organization similar to your own, only you ascribe to him all-power. Believe not your theories. This earth was not made in the manner designated.

RABBI.—Do you say that God will degrade us by placing us on an equality with the slave? JESUS.—Not degrade you, learned Rabbi, but elevate you.

RABBI.—Why so? I do not understand you. JESUS.—I would say, then, that whosoever my father in heaven loveth, he chasteneth. He would chasten you by placing you on an equality with the slave—but he is no respecter of persons, and, of course, can not elevate one above another.

RABBI.—Poor child, we pity thy precocity, if it leads you to give utterance to such doctrines. JESUS.—Learned Rabbi, I am but a child, fear me not. In my Father's house are many mansions, yet I would not say that he would place you in one of them more nicely arranged than that which he would give the lowliest among you.

which move with the speed of thought, and only cease their motion when their power is exhausted in overcoming the obstacles in the medium through which they pass. There are suns in the regions of space, the "radiating forces" of which can only throw a ray of light a million of miles, and are consequently invisible to us.

RABBI.—Why, child, give thy reasons therefor. JESUS.—You represent God as a being, learned Rabbi, with an organization similar to your own, only you ascribe to him all-power. Believe not your theories.

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The influence that had controlled Jesus now withdrew, and much to the astonishment of those present, he refused to answer another question. This interview with the Doctors had a good effect. Many ideas were advanced by the controlling influence that was not under their comprehension.

LOVE AND ITS HIDDEN MYSTERY.

And and Rain. "A young wife stood at the lattice pane, In a study sad and brown," Watching the dreary, ceaseless rain, Steadily pouring down;

Her eyes sparkle with love; her cheeks are ruddy with the glow of health and happiness; a smile serenely beautiful wreaths her features;

Really, but little does the world know of love. Cupid with his darts is a burlesque on its divine qualities. It is really the sunshine of the soul.

There is a young lady. Her soul is all music. She sits at the piano, and plays and sings sweetly. She worships God in the octave scale; she holds communion with the Spirit World in the delicate strains of voice which she sends heavenward;

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negative relation to one man, and him she can truly and devotedly love, but to all other men she is positive. When two persons meet, the male positive, and the female negative,—positive and negative to each other,—they will love each other, and can't help it.

The sphere of the man blends with that of women, and the influence imparted by each is irresistible, and we care not what the position of the man or woman, they cling to each other on account of the relationship of the positive and negative forces, and they can not resist the influence.

Now, we here say that love is a condition, created by the positive forces of the male, and the negative forces of the female—their reciprocal action inducing that state which neither can resist.

This question, then, is an important one. Marriage is not marriage when consummated between two natures whose organisms stand in antagonistic relations to each other.

Mrs. E. Burnham expresses her gratification at the truths we have revealed in our articles on the Spiritualism of the Bible,—especially those that treated on Mind Shades and Body Marks.

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