

Religio-Philosophical Journal

Office, 127 & 129 South Clark Street. RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE.

CHICAGO APRIL 3, 1870.

Religio-Philosophical Journal.

50.00 per year, \$1.50-6 months, \$1.-4mo. Fifty Cts for Three Months on trial TO NEW SUBSCRIBERS.

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seen vicarious, 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 Rabbi-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. This was a momentous occasion. The learned Rabbi had heard of this wonderful child, knew that he was endowed with remarkable wisdom, and they congregated together for the purpose of listening to the remarks that he would make in answer to the interrogatories which they might put to him. The learned Rabbi, the leaders in fact of the Jewish people, did not for a moment entertain the idea that he was the son of God. They looked upon him as simply a human being in every sense of the term, endowed with a precocious intellect, and they desired to test his peculiar powers, and learn something in regard to his history and parentage. The scene connected with this examination was grand indeed. The little child, a mere boy, a flower of transcendent beauty in the midst of a barren intellectual plane, the tints of which afforded an agreeable contrast to the stiff-necked and austere Rabbi, whose words were of that character that they did not respond to the cries of the common people. Yes, indeed, the scene was transcendently grand.

At the side of Gamaliel, a learned doctor, stood Jesus, and as he leaned over, his arms resting on his limbs, he looked like a child who was endeavoring to read the inmost thoughts of his parent. Did this array of talent and pre-eminence, as it were, intimidate him? No, for around him was that same angelic circle that first conceived him, and who were faithful and true to the being they were instrumental in bringing into existence.

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

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

RABBI.—Because you seem to grasp the most sublime 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.

JESU.—I do not believe the Mosiac 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.

JESU.—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. Look at the rays of the sun. Each one is a current—a vital force that bears from that luminary a portion of the same. Those rays of light are messengers, really bearing upon them a part of a body that is located millions of miles away. The fire that burns at night illuminates the surrounding country, only just that distance that the "radiating currents" will carry portions of that fire; yes, portions of that fire, but so infinitesimally small that should they come in contact even with the lightest substance, they would not ignite it. These "radiating currents" are set in motion in accordance with certain laws inherent in matter—each ray constituting a single current, entirely distinct from the rest, yet so interrelated therewith that you could discern no difference between them. It would not be well for me to enter into a minute detail in regard to those forces that exist in the fire, that send forth those "radiating currents," each one of which bears upon it a portion of the fire which illuminates the atmosphere wherever it reaches. Now, learned Rabbi, let me tell you, then, that in all these varied manifestations of nature, you illy understand the laws that govern. All bodies move in "currents of force." Talk of anything moving outside of a particular current, and you allude to that which does not exist. Is not a portion of the fire that illuminates the forest at night in every part of it wherever light can be seen. What gives you light, if it is not the fire—the infinitesimal particles of it, which travel on those "radiating currents," from a central point, set in motion by the action of forces in the burning pile. Yes, learned Rabbi, that illumination of the forest at night, is caused by fire, by the infinitesimal particles of it moving in "radiating currents." It is the same with the sun. It is comprised of strange elements. Should I tell you all in relation to it you would not comprehend me. Allow me to say that those forces at work there are somewhat similar in action to that of the burning pile,—they generate an infinite number of ethereal currents, each one of which bears upon it a part of the sun, a part of that glorious luminary. Now, learned Rabbi, pause. All objects move in space in accordance with various forces. I would not tell those things that do not come within the province of your comprehension, for even this earth is in constant motion, and ever has been. But I must speak of those things that do exist,—that you know exist. You know that a ray of light exists, and you know further, that it must be composed of something. If really it is composed of something, it must have obtained that something from the source from which it was derived. As a ray of light was derived from the sun, it must contain a part of the sun. As it came from the sun, certain forces must necessarily have caused it to move. As all nature is orderly and regular in its action, we may conclude that the forces of the sun set in motion "radiating currents," which bear upon those particles of matter. But I see, learned Rabbi, that you do not understand me. Pour a quart of water on an inclined plane, and it will continue to move—first with great rapidity, but the matter with which it is in contact, is an obstacle which retards its motion, and finally the opposing forces stop it altogether—it is exhausted. The rays from the sun are simply "radiating currents,"

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. Think not, learned Rabbi, that you see all the stars that deck the firmament above—there are millions that do not possess the power to generate "radiating currents" sufficient to carry the properties that create light and heat, to this earth. Each of these "radiating currents" exhausts itself, for force, it is not omnipotent, must necessarily exhaust itself in overcoming obstacles. The soil absorbs the water which falls on it, and it gives new vigor to vegetation. These beautiful "radiating currents" from the sun are exhausted by the soil of matter—in turn, they animate with new life and vigor all Nature here, learned Rabbi, I would pause and say that that flower (pointing to one on a table) has within it the elements of the water that has been poured upon it. It has also some of the constituent parts of the sun, for each ray of light that touches it, imparts to it the vitality of that brilliant orb. Would it have blossomed, had it not been for water? and ah, learned Rabbi, it would never have bloomed if it had not been for the vitalizing influence that the sun imparts. The earth, then, each year, is really growing larger, though not perceptible to the senses, while the sun is actually growing smaller. The earth is constantly absorbing the life element of the sun, the same as the little child as its mother's bosom, extracts therewith her life-element. But she receives a surplus again from the food she eats, and were not forces at work to supply this waste in the sun, it would in course of ages cease to exist, while it would be added to those orbs that had so long lighted. But, learned Rabbi, you asked me in regard to the creation of the world. Verily, you will not believe me. I have reasoned thus to bring certain ideas within your comprehension, and now I would state certain facts in regard to the creation of this earth. This earth is a child of the sun. That force which enables it to send small particles of itself on a ray of light, as it were, once was of that power that enabled it to send off into the regions of space this earth. This is strange to you, I see, yet nevertheless true. The forces that operated to do this, it is needless for me to explain to you, for I fear you would misinterpret me. But I here say, learned Rabbi, that a similar force to that which sends a part of the sun to this earth on a ray of light, also forced off from that body this present earth.

Kind Rabbi, you have much to unlearn as well as to learn. I can talk to you plainly, for I am but a child, and you need not fear me, though you misinterpret me. I desire to say here, that your doctrines are false, and your views in regard to the hereafter all a myth. Think a moment. Your own existence is a mystery to you. You are not even understood that. How vain it is for you, then, to think of explaining anything in regard to the future life! All men, learned Rabbi, are in one sense of the word, equal. You divide them into casts, as if were, and keep them in the chains of ignorance. The lowliest of men are really as good as any of you. Ah, yes, the hewers of wood and cutters of stone stand just as high in our Father's heaven as you do, for he is no respecter of person. This may sound harsh, but it is true. Place yourself more on a level with the lowliest, and you will save yourself the shame of being forced there by the immutable laws of God.

RABBI.—Do you say that God will degrade us by placing us on an equality with the slaves?

JESU.—Not degrade you, learned Rabbi, but elevate you.

RABBI.—Why so? I do not understand you.

JESU.—I would say, then, that whoever 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. There are slaves who will stand higher in my Father's mansion, than some of these learned Doctors.

RABBI.—Poor child, we pity thy precocity, if it leads you to give utterance to such doctrines.

JESU.—Learned Rabbi, I am but a child, fear me not. In my Father's house are many mansions, yes, I would not say that he would place you in any of them more nicely arranged than that which he would give the lowliest among you. He is no respecter of persons. He is an impartial being; and when you have died, you will recognize the truthfulness of all I have said. Each one of you has two bodies, the outer one is material, the inner is spiritual. When you throw off the material body, you will find that the spiritual laws rule. You are now in the material world, and material laws rule the actions of things generally. You approach my Father just in that proportion that you become spiritualized by death, through the instrumentality of one of my Father's immutable laws. You will rise, then, in the scale of existence, just in that proportion that you lift some one up below you. Oh, learned Rabbi, think not that you are progressing, so long as you oppress the weak, and rule them under the rod of tyrannical hands. Ah! far from it. God does not demand you to rule with arrogance, but kindly and lovingly towards all, for you are simply the children of my Father who are in heaven.

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. When he closed his eyes and opened them, they regarded it as delirium on his part, and beyond that it did not attract their notice.

"The sun is mightier than the sword."

LOVE AND ITS HIDDEN MYSTERY.

Sea and Main.

"A young wife stood at the lattice pane, In a steady and serene gaze, Watching the drowsy, ceaseless rain, Steadily pouring down; Drip, drip, drip, It kept on its tedious play; And the poor little woman sighed, 'Ah me! What a wretched, weary day!'"

As—darker head at the door, A step as one in haste, A kiss on her lips once more, And as arm around her waist; Then, thro' thro', thro', And she thought with a sigh, 'Well, after all, It isn't so dull a day!'"

Forgot was the plashing rain, And the lowering skies above, For the amber room was lighted again, By the blessed sun of love; 'Love, love, love!' 'Ran the little wife's murmured lay; 'Without it may I breathe and from it will I Withstand what a wretched day!'"

Her eyes sparkle with love; her cheeks are truly lit by the glow of health and happiness; a smile so beautiful wreathes her features; her countenance expresses the deep feelings within, and queen-like and majestic, she leaves her father's mansion, the paternal roof, to change her maiden name, and to commence life under other circumstances. As she leaned on the arm of her affianced, her soul overflowing with affection, a wreath of flowers encircling her head, and a dress exquisitely beautiful, we thought we never saw one so lovely. This was an important era in the history of this lady, a marked event of her life, and while we admired the scene, we felt convinced that she knew nothing comparatively of love, and we predicted, that he on whose arm she so trustingly leaned, would thrust her aside into the cold world, within three years. Strange to say our predictions were fully realized.

Really, but little does the world know of love. Copied with his darts is a paragon on the divine qualities. It is really the sunshine of the soul. The love of a pure woman is a quality that the happy recipient might well respect. Well, then, what really is love, this divine quality of which poets have sung, and which has caused so much real happiness as well as misery in the world? The young girl just assuming the responsibilities of married life, really understands but little of that element that vibrates within her soul, and causes her to imagine she loves. God is love,—simply expressing that tender care he manifests for his children. The soul hungers for love, for there is within it a void which, perhaps, only one among all God's vast myriads of children can satisfy. The love that emanates from God's children, has an exile on within the human organism. But it was not our intention to fully define love or explain its intricate qualities, in this article,—we only wished to briefly refer to wedded love,—how consummated.

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 voices which she sends heavenward; her soul is a garden of flowers where the music carol and inspire her. She loves music—she is happy under the influence of those delicate strains that emanate from the keys, as she passes her hands over them. A young man visits her, and brings passionately fond of music, he feels a divine influence whenever in her presence, and he seems to love her—he proposes marriage, and is accepted. Truly, seemingly, a happy couple. There was music in each soul, and the response was, "love." They had simply met on the "musical plane," and it was really only the music of their souls that loved. But they are married. The lady is weak and fragile; the man is strong and robust, with largely developed animal passions. They meet now on the animal plane, and therein there is no response in the frail creature he has taken to his bosom. While on the "plane of music" with her, their souls in loving, tender accents responded to each other, and they were happy. They meet on the domestic plane. The wife has no taste to manage the kitchen, in fact, she is out of her element there, and is illy adapted to meet the cold realistic world. The pair do not enjoy his wedded life only on the "plane of music"—then their souls appear to harmoniously blend. This it is with nearly all "love matches." No doubt all truly seem to love when first married, for they have met on a congenial plane, but once off of that and discord and anarchy reign. Love begotten under such circumstances is transient and ephemeral,—it is illegitimate, and is a curse to any couple.

It would be well, then, for that lady who anticipates matrimony, to take into consideration the nature of that plane on which she meets her lover, ever bearing in mind that the planes and phases of life are numerous, and that all must be taken into consideration in the general make-up of a decision, as to whether she really loves or not.

Three fourths of all the wedded in the land, are mismatched, or the elements of their nature are antagonistic to each other, resulting in giving birth to inharmoniously organized children, thereby filling our jails and penitentiaries with criminals. That man and woman, united in the bonds of marriage, and whose life is distinguished by a suggestion of jars, should never become the parents of children. To do so, would be criminal; for criminals are made in the womb. Contention in a family circle will always affect the germ child. A man and wife with whom there is acquiescence, quarreled, and the result was, their child is embryo was so perfectly psychologized, that it came into the world with hate for its father stamped on every feature.

The young lady who understands why she loves, is truly wise and is, no doubt capable of making a selection of a husband that will conduce to her happiness. The physical organization of man is generally regarded as positive; and that of women, as negative; but such is not always the case. One woman may stand in a

negative relation to one man, and him she 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 fit 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. You take the masculine woman and she never can truly love, for her nature is positive, and as to affection, she never manifests any. Her nature is icy cold; she chills a man when in contact with, and she passes through life without seeing its sunshine, or appreciating its glory. We knew a minister of the gospel—well educated, intelligent, and eminently well-calculated to pass through life successfully. His moral character was without blemish, and his wife, a lovely woman, seemed very much attached to him. During his ministrations he meets a young lady—not handsome but well educated, who stands in a perfect negative relation to him. He sits by her side. They appear to be as they sit and converse. One exhilarates the other. There is a reciprocal action in the positive and negative forces of the spheres, and both feel a mental and physical illumination, as it were, that they never enjoy before—and they love each other. The poor man can't resist the influence. The young lady, in blooming into womanhood, can't withstand the gentle action of those positive forces that make up the body and mind of the minister, and she finally consents to elope with him.

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. Now, the minister who eloped with this young lady, could no more resist the influence that she excited, than the needle can withstand the magnet. Love, then, is a condition, induced by positive and negative forces; for if such is not the case, the senses could feel the elevating influence thereof, alone as well as in company with the opposite sex.

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. When two such unite together, their spheres do not blend—but it is precisely like pressing two balloons together partially filled with gas. They do not feel easy near each other. Their natures are at war. Still they live together. The wife bears children. Therein their antagonistic natures are forced together, and the result is, the same in harmony is manifested in the children. The child must suffer exactly in proportion to the inharmonious that existed between its father and mother, and it will require years, perhaps centuries, for it to overcome this discord in its own organism. Therefore, all such marriages where the positive and negative forces are not properly balanced, should be torn asunder.

"MIND SLAVES."

Mrs. E. Burnham expresses her gratification at the facts she has revealed in our articles on the Spiritualism of the Bible,—especially those that treated on Mind Slaves and Body Marks. Mrs. Lucinda H. Perry writes: "I have been reading with much interest 'Spiritualism of the Bible, No. 10.' There must be a world of importance contained in the subject." Mrs. Adelle L. Ballou, who is now lecturing in Kansas, writes: "Your articles on 'Mind Slaves' and the philosophy you are advancing, are of priceless value to the readers of the JOURNAL." A prominent physician writes: "Your articles on the Spiritualism of the Bible, are being read with great interest."

We could "strive out" a column, if desirable, of such commendations. It is indeed gratifying to us to know that we are advancing thoughts that attract the attention of the thinking mind; but still more gratifying it is to us, to know that the "supply" of new ideas is inexhaustible, and that each additional step we take only reveals to us new fields, where our spirit friends stand beckoning to us.

GENEVAUSTIC MANUAL.

The above is the title of a very nice little book, that should be in the hands of every family of children. It contains full instructions for a system of gymnastic exercises. Old and young will find this little book a source of the most interesting, graceful and healthy amusements, in which both sexes and all ages will engage with pleasure and profit. And it will be found on trial for a few weeks, to be a daily exercise, not to be dispensed with by children and youth. Sent to any address on receipt of twelve cents. Address S. E. Jones, Chicago, Ill.

Personal and Social.

E. V. Wilson will lecture during April, as follows: Sunday and Monday, April 24 and 25, in Cleveland, Ohio—two lectures and songs. Tuesday, Friday, Saturday and Sunday—the 7th, 8th, 9th and 10th—five lectures in Sparta, Wisconsin. Monday, Tuesday, and Thursday, at Fox Lake, Wis. Friday, Saturday and Sunday—the 15th, 16th and 17th—four lectures at Patch Grove, Crawford Co., Wis. Saturday and Sunday—the 22nd and 23rd, at Dixon, Ill. Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday—the 29th, 30th and 31st, at Franklin Grove, Ill.

These lectures will be at early candle-light each evening, and one lecture on Sunday. During the day, subscriptions will be received for the JOURNAL. Will return to you during May. Friends will govern themselves according to the appointments in the JOURNAL, and not otherwise.

Hoagy Ballou, Wm. E. Jones and Stephen A. Dugas, unite in calling a Mass Convention, to be held at Hubert, Ind., on the 21st, 22nd and 23rd of May next.

D. E. Hall is doing a good work of healing the sick, in Astoria, Or.

Adelle L. Ballou who has been throwing a shadow here in the orthodox realm at Osnage, Kansas, recently met at Fort Scott, same state.

Wm. E. D. Buxton, P. M., of Plumas County California, what is your Post Office address?

Philadelphia Department.

BY....., M. F. CHILD, M. D.

Subscription list for Philadelphia Department.

The Telegraph Lines of Sympathy.

Will has been said that man is a microcosm of the earth and the universe, and that the latter were the macrocosm.

Some years since, the miners working in the deep caverns of the earth, were subject to serious accidents and loss of life, from the explosion of certain gases known as "fire damp."

The world is beginning to realize this. The ancient fact, "Let there be light," is echoing again over the hills and mountains of humanity.

We realize now that the presence action of the angel world has always been one of the most important of the human system.

Another of the same sort. The brother writing from Harvard, Indiana, is writing to me instead of to my brother.

Literary Notices. HEDGECOCK, by Elizabeth Stewart Phelps, author of "The Gates Ajar."

There are many important changes that are induced in the human system by catalytic or presence action.

Thus in digestion, the ptyalin which exists in the saliva, sets in motion a change in the food, from starch to sugar, and although the substance itself is not used, does not appear to undergo any change, still this essential part of good digestion would not go on without its presence.

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These miners who have been born under ground, and have labored all their lives in the darkness of a gloomy cavern, and it is just about as difficult to give the people any idea of what a life of light is to give the miner who had seen no other light than that of his poor rickety lamp, a conception of the sunlight and its glorious production in nature around us.

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MEMORIAL WORKING IN CHICAGO. We have in hand certificates of appreciation prepared by Mrs. Wait, of a very remarkable character.

Statistical Department. In this department we propose to publish all reports that shall be forwarded to us by individuals or committees of local societies, in reply to circulars, or in response to our readers are requested to send in their reports.

QUESTIONS. 1. How many avowed Spiritualists are there in the city of Chicago, and of what age and what are their names?

REPORTS. Green Garden, Will Co., Ill. Reported by James Steele. Number of Spiritualists:—Seventeen.

REPORTED BY H. E. POPE. Name:—J. A. Wood, wife, and daughter, T. H. Chapman, Anna Chapman, Anna Baker, H. H. Baker, H. H. Baker, W. W. Kinsley, F. F. Anderson, J. P. W. Pope, H. H. Baker, J. P. Jackson, Eugene T. Kinsley, Margaret Jackson.

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Communications from The Inner Veil.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal. ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, A. MCKIN.

DEAR JOURNAL—The following autobiog-

raphy in the possession of your humble contrib-

utor, was written by a friend in the Spirit Land.

While living, he seemed to have been im-

pressed with the belief that he was in possession

of a gift, so called, that enabled him to discern

diabolical spirits.

While he remained in earth, it is most prob-

able that he would be sensible of the fact that

he was a spiritual medium of the first class.

At best, we doubt not, that he would be ac-

cepted as such by those who have witnessed the

phenomena, and who have investigated the sub-

ject of modern spiritualism.

L. G. THOMAS.

Philadelphia, Pa.

"I am endowed with second sight. This faculty

has remained with me since my early boy-

hood. I have an almost indelible recollection

of having somewhere heard,—probably, from my

parents, for, being at a very early period of my

life deprived of both of them, memory fails to bring them back corporeally to my

vision.

I remember to have heard it asserted that I was

born with a curd. I have intimated that the

corporeal or physical blug of my parents has

faded from my remembrance; yet, spiritually,

I have seen—aye, and held converse with them;

but of that, anon.

Upon the subject of second sight, with some of

my modern I must not be understood. What is

usually termed "second sightedness," is the

power or faculty of discerning spirits, original,

as well as those who have left their habitations

of flesh, and departed this earthly sphere.

Now, I am not of a supernatural nature, in the

vulgar sense of the term. I am a diabolical

in the doctrine of those who believe in an abiding

faith in what are called "spirits," as well as in

general providence; and I believe that nothing

transpires in this lower sphere of ours, without

being under the superintending and watchful

care and guidance of an Almighty power. More-

over, I entertain a species of contempt for the

idea of those who believe in the abiding pres-

ence of spirits, who, puffing up with their own

the city in the afternoon's stage coach. This

detour I intended to direct Ellen later than

usual, as we were arranging the day for the

consummation of our nuptials. We fixed upon

the evening Sabbath, and after many fond em-

braces, I tore myself away and sped to the

"Crucifix" hotel, from whence the last stage

for the city was just departing.

Wrapped in slumber, my thoughts took note

of the fact that my mind arrived at my home

indeed, each subsequent day after leaving

Ellen. I was in a kind of mental abstraction,

thinking of little else save the happiness which

would dawn upon me in a few days. Every

night my affianced wife figured in my dreams,

with feelings of joy and ecstasy, and my

rest, and thinking of her, I was soon buried in

slumber. Some time in the night, I was sud-

denly awakened by some mysterious influence.

It seemed as though something impossible to

describe, had commanded me to awake from my

slumbers. At the moment, I started as if struck

by lightning, and I opened my eyes, and found

myself lying on a sofa, with my arms and legs

spread out quite visible. I drew my watch

from my pillow, and consulting it, found that it

was about two o'clock. Replacing it, I laid

down again in repose,—at that instant three

distinct knocks upon the head board of my bed-

stead, arrested my attention, and I started up.

Raising myself, and looking at the bed-

stead, I was again thrilled to my inmost heart,

by a repetition of the knockings.

My sensations now was indescribable, and

while my gaze was riveted to the spot, the

knocks came the third time with fearful distinct-

ness, and I involuntarily covered my ears with

my hands to shut out, as it were, the sound of

the knocks. On this night, when I beheld my in-

expressible horror, a light which seemed to con-

gest the blood in my veins, and turn my heart

to icy coldness.

But to return. While filled with the most

awful sensations, I turned my gaze around the

room, which, as I observed, partially occu-

ped by the sofa, when I beheld to my in-

expressible horror, a light which seemed to con-

templating in my mind whether to call out or

not, I thought of striking a light. Retaining to

my room I procured a match and lighted my

candle. I next proceeded to examine the room

thoroughly, and first I looked at the other bed,

which to my astonishment I found empty. It had

the appearance of not having been disturbed

being quite neatly made. Being very tired, I

retired to my room, and that so

one could enter it except through the door,

which was locked, I made up my mind to one

thing, that it was what I termed a "haunted

room,"—subject to the visitation of disembodied

spirits.

Bracing myself with courage, therefore, to

meet whatever might transpire throughout the

night, I concluded to retire as usual. However,

however, my candle burnt I could not

close my eyes, as sleep seemed for the present

barred.

While I lay thus, gazing around the room, a

kind of mist seemed to be accumulating in the

corner of the room farthest from me, which soon

resolved itself into two distinct figures. And

soon a most fearful spectacle became visible.

I beheld a man extended upon the floor, strug-

gling, as it seemed, in the grasp of a female, who,

at that instant, made a plunge toward his

breast, when she arose and stood gazing upon

him as he lay prostrate. To my inexpressible

horror, the female was crying, and uttering

breath in a furious stream, deluging his clothes

and body with its crimson hue. Life appeared

to be rapidly departing from him, and now the

female turned from her victim, and as her pale

face was toward me, I could see that she was

a young woman of great personal beauty.

Clad in a dark dress, and possessing a form of

beauty that I shall not describe, she stood, hold-

ing in her right hand a dirk, which she was hold-

ing upon a white pocket handkerchief in her left.

From the crimson stains upon the handkerchief,

it seemed as though the instrument was wet

with blood. Having accomplished this, she put

the dirk and handkerchief in the pockets of her

dress, and then moved toward the door.

As she passed near me, I had a better oppor-

ty of seeing her face. Although very pale,

it was surprisingly handsome. Her hair and

eyes were of raven blackness, but there was a

wild light in the glare of her dark eyes that in-

dicated insanity. Opening the door with my

own hand, she disappeared. Turning my

eyes back to where the murdered man lay, no

traces of the late scene was visible. All had van-

ished.

I should state that, during the enactment of the

thrilling scene I have endeavored to describe,

not the slightest sound was audible; hence, I

was already prepared to set it down as a vision,

or representation of some past act of murder,

the extraordinary faculty with which I was

endowed, rendering such things visible to me.

When the woman disappeared, the light of my

candle passed out of the room, I arose from my bed

and listened at the door, but nothing save the low

whispers of the wind, agitated the quiet of the

night.

Returning to my couch once more, I lay down

but with no disposition to sleep. It was near

morning, and I was unable to close my eyes, as

my candle expired in its socket, daylight began to

peep in at the windows.

I arose early, with feverish anxiety and curi-

osity, determined to fathom the mystery of the

events of the night. With this intention, I de-

scended and sought the landlord. As I detailed

the circumstances of the night, he was silent, but

he manifested much concern and surprise. Con-

sidering the fact that the instrument was wet

with blood, and the deprivation of sleep con-

sequent thereon.

"The reality of your last night's vision," said

he, "was enacted in this house many years ago

while my father was proprietor, and when I

was quite a child. My father's servant has

often told me the story since the dreadful occur-

rence transpired there, but you are the first one

who has complained of being disturbed. I can-

not understand it.

I communicated to the landlord my possession

of the faculty of "second sight."

"Oh!" said he, a light seeming to break in

upon his mind, "I am glad to hear of it. It is

an extraordinary faculty, and you are the first

one who has been able to describe it. It is

very rare, and I am glad to hear of it. It is

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