Cruth wears no mask, bows at no human shrine, seeks neither place nor applause: she only asks a hearing.

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j B. S. JONES, RDIVOL, FORESHEE AND PROFILE

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NO.

been made known to the lady, nor would I

MISS LOTTIC FOWLER.

An Interesting Account of Her Life.

Miss Lottie Fowler, whose portrait appears on this page, is still in England, and the ac-count here given was published in full in the Medium and Daybreak, of London, showing that she is appreciated in England, as well

"Tis human action paints the chart of Time, And wraps a shadow round departed years."

The writer of this memoir, holding a brief before that great court of appeals—public opinion, is called upon to enter two demurrers:
—first, that he is not a pronounced Spiritualist, although he has passed many milestones in a journey of observation and survey on the road to that goal; second, in calling witnesses and furnishing evidence for his client, he disclaims any desire to act unfavorably to other medi-

ums, either by comparison or oversight.

Mediums appear to be classified—each be-Mediums appear to be classified—each belonging to a particular genus,—in accordance with their various organizations; in the presence of some, notably such as Mr. D. D. Home, material objects play outrageous pranks with the laws of nature, as at present but little understood; with others, oratorial sublimity, which pales their known natural powers, indicates a strong abnormal influence that philosophy has yet failed to explain, unless the spiritual theory be accepted; while a class, one which appears stamped with greater in portance, and courts most admiration, is that of clairvoyance, which untombs the treasures of the past, lays bare the seemingly secret acts and utterances and even thoughts of living men and women of the present time, and reaches, as by a mental telescope, into what may not be unfitly termed "the memory of the future." Whether this "clairvoyance" be a subtle and keen faculty or instinct, intirely dependent upon, and an inherent part of tirely dependent upon, and an inherent part of, human organization, or an actual communion with departed spirits, is a problem yet unsolved by me, but two points may be safely conceded the outcome of a close investigation, viz. the process is real, and clear of the region of conjecture; also, the odds are heavily in favor of the spiritual hypothesis. To comprehend the process as either "reflex action of the mind. reflection as by a mental mirror," "collusion with personal friends," or "unconscious cerebration," all appear to demand a greater concontortion of the human mind than does that of swallowing holus-bolus the whole black draught against which I have been making wry faces for years.

The subject of this sketch was born of highly respectable parents at Boston, Massachusetts, in 1846, and is, consequently, now twenty-eight years of age. Her parents, who were rigid disciplinarians in the Roman Catholic religion, strict in the faith and example placed her in a convent school in Montreal Canada, that of Notre Dame, for five years and afterwards at the convent of St. Vincent de Paul, Boston, for two years. After these seven years of preparatory training in the faith of her parents, her secular education was more specially provided for in a grammar school, following which, in her fourteenth year, she returned to the bosom of her family at Boston. In her childhood she was timid nervous and sensitive; she was afraid of being left in the dark, and occasionally woke up in the night saying that the bed-clothes were being pulled from off her—a phenomenon common to many others who claim mediumistic power; but this was attributed to weak nerves: the idea of the supernatural was never associa ted with it. Spiritualism had never entered into her catalogue of articles of faith until after she had passed her twentieth year; indeeed, notwithstanding her career has been so re-markable for wonder, variety and success, her mediumistic powers date back only about seven years, during which period she has travelled all over the States of America, puzzling scientific and non-scientific people alike, deal

ing deftly with the private and public affairs

of thousands of families, tried by a court of

her own country and honorably acquitted, and

has "won golden opinions" of all sorts of peo-

ple. In charity she has been as beneficent as

in business prolific. Many of her public sit-

tings have been given for benevolent purposes,

the whole of the proceeds being devoted to the relief of the poor and the unfortunate. Although a denouncer of alleged spiritual phenomena a few years since, she has been woven into the spiritual fabric against her former convictions and inclinations. Whilst at an evening party, some seven years ago, she was induced, along with others, to place her hands on a table, when she speedily became influenced, although not after the ordinary pattern throught the waltzing or vagar-ious movements of the table, neither by raps nor similar fantastic evasions of what is under stood as material law. She gradually fell into a kind of stupor, which soon manifested itsel into a state of "trance," her face giving indications of hysteria for a time, then subduing a catale of apparent come ensued, in which somnolent condition, as reported by the guests then present, she revealed a number of the private affairs of her family, and referred to circumstances attending her birth, which af-fairs and circumstances were hitherto as a sealed book, except to a privileged few. Her parents gave no favor to this new order of things, but left her the liberty, due at her age and her advanced knowledge, to follow her own bent. Naturally, the first burst of information as to her magnetic alone as told by her mation as to her magnetic sleep, as told by her friends, roused a strong desire to know more of

the fascinating science to which she had hither-

to been a stranger, and in the land of which

she had not formerly even desired to be a pil-



grim and sojourner. The thin end of the wedge had been driven, a stronger and bolder stroke soon followed; experiment succeeded experiment, and Lottie Fowler was frequently found to be "beside herself," under certain conditions. She yielded to the "influence," whatever that may mean, with the greatest of ease, and while under "control," on one occasion, she told the company present that there was an Elisha in the room, following which statement she stepped up to a gentleman who wore a wig, knocked off his head covering, and thus conveyed the idea that he had a bald scalp. For two years she had been living with a nurse, Mrs. Coulson Smith, under whose care she had been placed up to her seventh year, whose character and advice were much steemed by her, and to whom she was indebted for much of her development; with the consent of the nurse she regularly gave sittings to select families for two years, free of charge, at the end of which period she sufficiently fel her spiritual feet to warrant taking her stand as a public professional medium for business

Miss Fowler, as a secress, had not long to "wait for a career," as our transatlantic friends quaintly term the turning of the tide towards popularity, nor did she force herself to the front after the manner of strong-minded notoricty-hunters. The events which made her the observed of all observers, and the one theme of gossip, grew out of her prophetic accuracy, and, although a business outcoming, it had the merit of not being palmed on the public for business ends. Her messages from the sheeted dead had so strongly impressed many of her clients, and her unfailing depictions of the existing currents of life among these breathless listeners were so indelibly embossed y the guinea stamp of truth, that the walls dividing the past and the present from the fu-ture were easily scaled. Her vision of the immediate future proved to have had no "baseless fabric" when she predicted the blowing up of a cartridge factory—or a portion of it—at Bridgport, Ct., where 800 men, women and children were employed, at which village she was following her occupation of medium, or seer, or prophetess, or all those rolled into one. To one of her clients—a girl employed at the Union Metallic Cartridge Works—Miss Fowler prophesied that an explosion would take place during the content of the second content of the content of take place during the following week, and that one of the workmen would be sent to that bourne whence no traveler returns. The unerring revelations which the subject of this memoir had made respecting the past and present, and which proved unimpeachable, naturally commanded a strong faith in, as well as fear for, her declaration of the calamity about to ensue. It would not have been surprising if the prophecy had been ranked among "old women's tales," but such, however, was not its fate; for the statement, having spread among the work people, had the effect of prompting about one-half of the girls and some of the men and boys to avert the anticipated doom by absenting themselves from the factory on the Monday morning. The superintendent of the works was naturally irate at this partial stoppage of business just at a time when anxious governments were awaiting the execution of large orders for cartridges with which to smash up armies of men. To predict the destruction of one man, and to save the lives, by timely warning, of hundreds of workpeople, was not consonant with the

The aid of the police authorities of Bridg-port was courted. The chief constable called on the lady, and charged her to give the dis-trict a wide berth by departing for new pas tures, where faith in the unseen world might exist uninterruptedly. No wonder that such a consternation among the workpeople, and the partial stoppage of one of the chief establishments of trade in the neighborhood, should have provoked official zeal, and have prompt ed the dismissal from their employment of several of the workpeople who had been instrumental in spreading alarm. But Miss Fowler's cessation of buisness did not efface the impressions of her prophetic chart, for the tide of events flowed on; and though powder, sulphur and phosphorus, &c., continued to be manipulated, and the huge building still reared its black head in apparent defiance of the science of clairvoyance and all its votaries, the direful day ultimately issued, and the prophesied doom ensued. The explosion really did take place, one of the workmen, as foretold by the secress, was offered up a living sacrifice, and clairvoyant truth in the end prevailed. At this stage it is meet to note a peculiarity in the fascinating science, which is best explained by a paraphrase of the idea given in Bailey's "Festus"—"Time is not counted by years, but by heart throbs." Clairvoyance measures time by space, and not by Old Moore's Almanagement of the counter of the counte nac; so that periods of time can scarcely be guaged. In this prophecy the explosion was anticipated at the beginning of the week, but the sure-footed messenger did not trample out the actual message until Thursday. Thus we see that the nature of the event may be forecast, while the period of its occurrence may be but hazily defined. The Bridgport explosion became the sensation of the period, even the tortuous and complicated affairs of State succumbed for a time and became secondary in public interest to the all-absorbing theme of ghostly wisdom and clairvoyant utterances. Miss Lottic Fowler was reputationally, a giantess in the land, and there were not wanting organized efforts to extirpate her profes sionally. The police ban no longer troubled her mind; she claimed the right to pursue a calling which she not only believed to be warranted, but one the legitimacy of which had been established by her accurate prediction. The legal guardians were challenged to combat, and the gauntlet thrown down by feminine hands was taken up. Captain Rylands waited upon the fair secress, and politely request-her attendance at the police station, rather than put her to the pain of arrest under habeas corpus; and the lady quickly complied, arranged her toilet, and offered herself up as a legal sacrifice. She remained but a few hours in this grim purgatory before a highly-reputed luminary of the Bridgport bar was sent for. who undertook the conduct of her case, and after a short consultation became surety for her appearance at the trial, and she was at once liberated on ball. The cause was called on the next morning, and then adjourned; on its being resumed, Judge Bullock presided, Col. Sumner and Mr. R. C. DeForest appeared for the prosecution, and Messrs. Sandford and Stoddard for the defense. Crowds of interested speciators esgerly watched the case, which intensified day by day as it proceeded. The defendant was allowed a sest in court. At-

existing thirst for blood which made cartridge

factories, in their opinion, a public necessity

decked with more than the average amount of jewelery, her pleasing and interesting countenance, coupled with the most intrepid confidence in the honor and uprightness of her po-sition, provoked considerable admiration and sympathy in court. To charge such a lady with this contemptible offense, as though she had been a common adventuress, prompted the feeling that the dormant Blue Laws of the feeling that the dormant Blue Laws of Connecticut were being raked out of their musty and dusty lumber regions, to be strained, warped, twisted, and contorted with the most ignoble intentions. The battle question turned on the point of the defendant's ingenuousness. Had she palmed statements on her clients for the mere purpose of obtaining fees, and hazarded the probability-of-those statements being verified? or had she acted according to a well-founded theory, which had been proved to be beyond the region of guesswork? For the prosecution, no less than fourteen witnesses, chiefly girls employed at the cartridge factory, were pressed by their employers into the service, to prove that they had received statements respecting their past and current histories, and also predictions as to an explosion to occur in the factory.

In each case it was admitted that the oracle was delivered in a condition of trance, and not in the normal condition of the medium. The aim of the defense will be apparent to the

aim of the defense will be apparent to the reader. After traversing the evidence for the prosecution, expert witnesses were called to prove the meaning of the term "clairvoyant," the distinction between a medium who spoke that which was conveyed through her organism by external influences, and the ordinary persons who guessed at prophecy without hav-ing any other basis than the squeszing of fees from confiding clients. It was shown that believers in Spiritualism included several mill ions of people in all classes of society, that mediums and clairvoyants were estimated to number 50,000 in America, and that the practice of genuine clairvoyance was as legitimate a calling as that of any other belief in science or religion. Numerous evidences of the genuineness of prophecies were given, and the of the Court was for the acquittal of the Defendant without a stain on her reputation. The excitement and enthusiasm of the inhabitants were equal to that of a local jubilee rejoicing over some great national success and the fever of joy spread far and wide, giv ing newspapers a sensational theme. Loud applause in Court was followed by Miss Fowler bein selzed bodily by the people, and the placing of her in a carriage, in which she was conveyed to her hotel—the Atlantic—by a pair of "spanking bays," accompanied by shouts of almost frantic delight. So much had she ingratiated herself in the hearts of the public gratiated herself in the hearts of the public that several people snatched at her dress as though they counted it both honor and pleasure to "touch even the hem of her garment." One gentleman even offered five dollars for the

prominent among the many thousands who have wooed and won extraordinary unravelings of their many difficulties of the past and present, to say nothing of hints in which they have been enabled to watch the unfolding of futurity, although Miss Fowler distinctly avoids a guarantee of prophecy as a feature in her programme. Hundreds of instances might be quoted of revelations quite as remarkable as the Bridgport explosion—among others, the recovery of the Prince of Wales, at the time of his illness, which prediction, as well as that of the groom's approaching death, was forwarded to Sandringham; but as we have them from secondary and tertiary sources, I shall be content to quote simply my own experience.
On the philosophy of Spiritualism, I wish it to be distinctly understood that I am not an avowed believer; on the facts, the phenomena, as indicated by the tenor of this article. whether they are to be interpreted by some litherto-unknown science, by any of the multitude of explanations or isms which have been heaped up incongruously, or by the wider solvent, Spiritualism, I have not room to doubt. A virulent declaimer against the system, I entered the domain of investigation, under pres-sure from an enthusiastic friend—a believer

chair which she occupied in Court, and offers

of marriage by well-to-do swains were among

the many outcomings of this extraordinary

case. An acquisition of business naturally

followed, and the fair medium's clientelle has

since included large numbers of the aristocra-

cy, the nobility, and even Royalty itself, in

this country. Indeed, the "upper ten" are

and an honest man—my determination being to "smash-up the so-called science." Among other mediums whose subtle process I undertook to unravel, was Lottie Fowler, the clairvoyant. As her vis a vis for an hour, I listened to an interesting verbal unfolding of the panorama of the leading events of a varied and chequered life, an accurate delineation of my own family relationships, an echo—a mirror of my eventful career—reminders of curious events which had escaped my memory for many years, an exposition of several problems unknown to any living person except myself. In reference to the past, events which had escaped memory clustered on her lips thick as stars in the firmament; she read the mystic chart, and traced me through tangled ways,

'All thou wouldst learn I will make clear to No riddle upon my lips, but such straight words As friends should use to each other when they

seeming to say, a la Prometheus:-

At a second consultation, I was informed of changes which had ensued since my first visit. and a delineation of some of my own efforts in a particular business which I had never revealdefendant was allowed a seat in court. At ed beyond the precincts of my own bosom; tired in neat but handsome black attire, and de- and my identity and circumstances had never

oeen made known to the lady, nor would I give her a scrap of information on which she could build a single theory—in fact, her delivery of the whole story was unprompted by me even by a single utterance. Her simple process is to give way to control, after which she declares her observance of phantom friends, treading with muffled steps, who furnish her with materials for revelation. I have made several other visits. To Miss Fowler's credit and honor, I feel bound to make a statement at this stage, even at the risk of incurcredit and honor, I feel bound to make a statement at this stage, even at the risk of incurring her disapproval for making the fact public. On one occasion, when I was present, a letter arrived, enclosing a post-office order for a guinea, along with a list of questions on which advice was solicited. "I can not accept this," said the lady. "I can not do anything satisfactorily unless the person concerned be present. Will you be good enough to get the order casted, and take out another in the name of the sender, when you are in the City, that I may send him his money back?" This course was adopted, from which it is evident that the medium is gifted with honor as well as occult sight, and that the temptation to make money by guesswork is beneath her dignity. Perhaps nothing could be cited which could better invest her clairvoyance with truth than this case of unimpeachable honesty, and it is only a single instance among many honorable and generous acts of which I have heard. On yielding to the power-which compels her, the face assumes a juvenile appearance as though she had been transformed to a girl of ten or eleven years old, her face charged with primal childish innocence, which accords with the medium's declaration that she is influenced by a little German girl, "Annie," the latter being assisted by other spirits. Without the aid of crystals, frontlets, horoscopes, mirrors, divining rods, or, chemical charms, she at once darts into the mysment at this stage, even at the risk of incurhoroscopes, mirrors, divining rods, or, chemical charms, she at once darts into the mystery of her client's history, fathoms the inner-most nooks, recesses, and corners of the human breast in the simplest and most straightforward manner, chaining the attention for upwards of an hour. Visitors, unaccustomed to the wonders of the science, have the satisfaction of knowing that all this is done without any trembling of the upholatery, wanderings of tables or chairs, or any use of the paraphernalia with which a certain fallen angel is alleged by the "unco guid" to work his po-tent charms. These facts are not more strange than true; their philosophy may be discussed with many honest differences of opinion even by the "stiff necked and stubborn generation," by the "suil necked and studeour generation, to which, perhaps from over cautiousness, I fear I still partially belong. Whatever may be the ultimation of my earnest investigation into the "so-called science," which I undertook at the outset to "smash up" or to become a "full-blown Spiritualist," I am bound to testify to facts even though they be against testify to facts, even though they be against me, leaving students of the human mind to solve the riddle as to where human power ends and spiritual power begins. I can no more doubt my own experience in Miss Fowler's clairvoyant faculty than in the application of magnets, electric wires, and potent drugs, the uses of which I understand, but the secret source of whose power no man has ever yet explained. Let these facts be added to the common stock of human intelligence; although they are the "fabric of a vision," they are far from being "baseless." Her breast, when under control appears like a storehouse of de-parted time, whose very tombs have tongues,

"The atmosphere that circleth gifted minds Is from a deep intensity derived— An element of thought, where feelings shape Thomselves to fancies—an electric world, Too exquisitely toned for common life Which they of coarser metal can not dream!"

and one is led to exclaim:—

To give merely the names of persons the causes of whose mysterious deaths have been traced by Miss Fowler, the approaching sickness of others, the forewarnings of direful catastrophes, the almost innumerable tests of the presence of influences alleged and recognized by clients to be the departed spirits of their relatives, the remarkable cures she has prescribed for apparently unmanageable afflictions, the revelations of events concerning the sitters, of which they themselves knew nothing, but which they have since fathomed and proved to have been accurate; the descriptions of residences of psople of whom she knew nothing in her normal state, would make a catalogue of themselves sufficiently long to exhaust a whole number of the Me. dium; therefore, we can only generalize. It is worthy of note that recently a gentleman at Bristol publicly declared his ability to simulate, by conjuring, all the tricks which Spiritualists could or did perform. Miss Fowler sent a challenge through the Bristol papers, stating that she would, in the event of the gauntlet being taking up, visit Bristol at her own ex-pense; that twelve of the most reliable gentlemen of that city should be selected as a jury, that she would reveal to each jurior the leading events and features of his career, and that bold adventurer who could "simulate all the tricks of Spiritualists" should be called upon. to play a similar part afterwards. Nearly a year has passed away, but the challenge still remains unanswered.

The success of my own consultations has prompted several of my personal friends to visit Miss Fowler, and in every instance her accuracy has been unfailing. In addition to her records of their respective past histories, she has penetrated innumerable crannies and ncoks of secret character, verbally painted a whole gallery of portraits of their friends, unfolded the principal events, motives and acts of the sitters, carrying each listener through a maze of personal history and of daily life, and

Continued on 4th page.)

Extracts from our Exchanges.

In order to give our readers a more comprehensive view of Spiritualism and Religious subjects, we chall publish in this Department, the ablest articles of our enchanges, which we are receiving from various parts of the world.

A Letter to a Spiritist.

BY THE REV. FREDRICK M. BIRD.

[From the New York Independent, an Orthodox paper.] having been long a pure Materialist and a disbeliever in the possibility of a future life, you have lately seen occasion to change your opinions, thus: Curiosity led you to visit a re-puted medium, of whose powers you had heard much. Having no faith in Spiritualist manifestations, you took all precaution against imposture; and you returned convinced that, if you had not held communication with the souls of the departed, you had, at least, seen, felt and heard such presences or phenomena as none of the known laws of the universe

could account for. I need not rehearse the details of your remarkable and, on ordinary grounds of reasoning, inexplicable experiences. The seances, you say, were held mainly in broad daylight and in a common parlor. The medium was a stranger to your name, condition and history, and had no means, unless through some occult made of communication with your intelligence. mode of communication with your intelligence, of knowing the facts presently revealed through him, or such as were necessary (on any terrestrial interpretation of the matter) to be known prior to any such revelation. Yet the voices of friends long dead were heard, speaking to you in tones familiar and unmistakable; and without visible agency, in your sight and hearing, messages were written on a slate in their proper handwriting and with peculiarities of manner and matter which dis-

tinguished the individuals when living. You ask me what I think of all this—having been yourself at the start watchful, captious, incredulous, but not now seeing your way to resist or gainsay such accumulated testimon-

I will not give you a clear or superficial answer. To raise here the common cry of delusion. imposture, augerstition would be child-ish. You are as well adapted as any man I know to investigate and describe such phenomena. Your habits of scientific observation and analysis, your well-known distrust of all which is not referable to known laws, your careful accuracy of thought and speech insure an impartial account. Your report of such matters has as much value for me as would my own experience of them.

Nor do I see any need of relegating these phenomena to the domain of demonology and the black art. If spirits have spoken with you, they may as probably be good as bad ones,

as easily true as false. as easily true as raise.

I am not especially startled or overcome by what you tell me, having heard of such matters before now and thought somewhat upon them. I always held that there were more things in heaven and earth than my philosophy (or yours, or Tyndall's either) is able to account for. The main claims of Modern Spiritism way he true for what I know. I Spiritism may be true, for what I know. I have no interest or desire to establish the contrary. What then? Must we proceed to construct a new scheme of the universe? There are plenty of phenomena I can not explain, yet do not see my way to build a system on. If I were to have an experience like yours, I should probably see therein no need of revising my ethics or theology. My creed can admit these facts without being troubled by them. I believe in God, in Christ, and in the communion of saints, and so the ground is

pretty well covered already. You are covinced, at last, and I rejoice at it, that there is a life beyond the grave, and that your departed ones are "not lost, but gone before"; that they still exist and care for you. The rest of us knew this long ago, or, at least, believed it, as thoroughly as you do now, and on evidence quite as satisfactory to us as yours is to you. I have entire confidence in your competency as an observer and fidelity as a reporter of facts; but not more (if you will permit me to say so) than in the intelligence and veracity of the people who saw the reanimated Nazarene, "to whom he showed himself alive after his passion by many infallible proofs." That was a strange tale, and as such was and is disbelieved by many. But how many would believe yours if you published it, as you do not intend to do? How many would listen to it with calm and careful thought? The same levity indifference, prejudice, or dogmatism which rejected the old story, would reject the new one a thousand-fold. For the fair consideration of either the same candor and mental openness are required.

By what rule of logic, then, do you trust your own senses and refuse to trust those of other people, they being well accredited witnessess? Does it make any difference that the original and main evidence for immortality was given long ago and far away? "Can time undo what once was true?" Is history wholly a liar? St. Peter and the rest had eyes and ears as sound as yours; hearts that might lead them astray; brains to keep them straight. It was as much their interest as it is yours to have right opinions and a living faith and not to be deceived in matters of chief concern. Many or most of them were unlearned men, indeed; but not all. Some few, perhaps, of the original witnesses and multitudes of those who have since "believed through their word" were people of culture, able to weigh evidence. If I am to trust anybody or anything, why may I not rely on their intelligence and hon-esty no less than on those of a friend who is still in the flesh and has likewise seen a strange

You see the philosophy of negations is illogical unless it steps frankly on to nibilism. Our popular Materialism is a very arrogant affair. My science can not explain a phenomenon; therefore, it is delusion or imposture. Perhaps my science is simply at fault, being an incomplete thing as yet. What do we know about the mysteries of the universely Who has a right to say, This can not be? One may say: So far as my observation and reflection go, this seems not to be in the scheme of law. But go another step or two, and new facts may give reason to change that opinion. Meanwhile, beyond the last milestone is an unexplored country, and behind the proto-plasms is what we may still be permitted to call God.

> "To matter or to force The All is not confined, Beside the law of things Is set the law of mind.'

and the same Lawgiver is over both and understands it all better than we do.

There is this difference between the evidence which has recently convinced you of a future life and that which long ago satisfied most of your friends. You have had a revelation, we will say, but special and personal to you alone; the other was given for all humanity. Which has the advantage, a "prophecy of private in-terpretation" or one which is open to and effectual for the guidance of millions? I do not question the benefit to yourself; but on

the spiritualistic system such manifestations must be repeated for each individual and accommodated separately to his peculiar needs It seems more worthy of the Paternal Majesty, more analogous to what we know or guess of his general dealings, and more fitted to the wants of man that he should have brought life and immortality to light fully, once for all and in a way that comes home to all of us such a way as Christendom has found in her risen Lord. We need not deny that lesser and local revelations may possibly be given—new chapters may be added to the history of the ways whereby God seeks and finds his own; but they can not supersede nor compete with the Book that we have from long ago. The one method tends to isolation, the other to unity. The one has its fruit in seances and coteries, the other in a universal and unending Church. Many voices of Heaven may reach the ears of earth, but they all are of the Word who speaketh ever. Our dead are safe with him who died; they live in him who lives eternally. The ministering spirits who visit us, whether or not we are conscious of their nearness, may be not angels only, but the spirits of just men made-perfect. We may believe that, if we like, because we believe in the Holy Ghost, the Lord and giver of life, who pro ceedeth from the Father and the Son, who with the Father and the Son together is worshiped and glorified world without end.

SPIRITUALISM.

Remarkable Painting by a Spirit Artist-Interesting Description of the Revelation.

[From the Winona (Minn.) Republican.]

A few days since, Mrs. H. P. Glover, of this city, arrived home from Chicago, bringing with her a picture done in water colors by a spirit artist, whom she visited in that city. The picture has created a good deal of interest in certain circles, and for the benefit of the public a Republican reporter called upon Mrs. Glover, on Thursday evening, to learn the particulars of the strange production. Mrs. Glover resides on Fifth street, and, as many of our readers know, has a Turkish bath institute and is also a Clairvoyant. In her immediate circle of friends she is acknowledged as a Spiritual medium of more than ordinary gifts, and many of her relations are recounted in proof of her ability as a medium. She has never desired, however, to thrust herself before the public in this capacity, and is modest in making any statements regarding the revelations that have been made through her. In fact she has sometimes doubted whether it was really the spirits that made her an instrument of communication, or whether she was crazy. Time after time she has endeavored to consult with mediums, but never, until she had this painting, with its accompanying in-telligence, has she been able to obtain anything that was thoroughly satisfying and convincing to her. The account of the manner in which the spirit picture above referred to was made is interesting and is given below as taken down by the reporter, aworn to before a notary

MRS. GLOVER'S SWORN STATEMENT.

Was in Chicago, and on Sunday heard of Mrs. E. A. Blair, a Spirit Artist and Test Me-dium residing at 707 West Madison street, and determined to call and have a sitting. Accordingly, on Monday, I proceeded to the residence of Mrs. Blair and asked for a sitting, but the medium said she was sick and could

"Yes," thought I to myself, "that's always the way when I want anything."
Mrs. Blair, looked up and said, "It's not always the way, for there's a big spirit here named Dr. Hoosac, and he says I must sit, and I'll try and see what I can do.'

I thanked her and took my pocket book out and offered her three dollars, which was the price of a sitting. Mrs. Blair said: "Never mind that yet; I may not get anything for

Then she sat down by a table near a window. The table was covered with a white paper and upon it were a few paint dishes and brushes and a few gold pens. She has only one arm, having been so from a child. The medium was then blindfolded with sixteen folds of cloth saturated with soda water and tightly bandaged across her eyes. After this, all left the room save the medium and myself. I took a seat near Mrs. Blair at the table. Moving her hands over two white sheets of card board that lay upon the table, Mrs. Blair said: "I'se a little squaw. The painter says he's going to make picture for you." Her hand then went rapidly over the paper with the pen as she formed a hand, remarking: "Dr. Hoosac's hand." I recognized Dr. Hoosac as my guardian physician, whom I have frequent-breen in my crisital communications. He ly seen in my spiritual communications. He has controlled me for years in my medical treatment of others. I have never known Dr. Hoosac on earth, but there are those who have recognized him as an allopathic physician of prominence and a former resident of Hyde Park, New York. He studied under Dr. Abernethy. After forming the hand, which is very gracefully done, she took her brushes and pen and proceeded to paint a bouquet of flowers. First were a few leaves in green, something like ferns, then a yellow rose, during which the squaw said: "That's your old chief," describing my husband. Then to the left was quickly produced by the magic touch, of her brush, a crimson rose, saying "That's you, you little squaw." Next came six white flowers, four of which are like roses not fully blown, and the other two resemble lilies. As blown, and the other two resemble lilies. As these were drawn they were penciled with the names of our dead children, and accompanying each flower was given a description of the child whom it represented. These statements were made with great rapidity, the medium talking constantly as she painted. Her language was a mixture of English and Indian, or rather broken English as it nurnorted to he or rather broken English, as it purported to be an Indian squaw calling herself Pale Lily. The minute incidents concerning the children

fairly astounded me as I listened to them. After the flowers were painted, the artist rapidly filled in with leaves and sprays. Did a speck drop upon the paper, she reached down and blew it off as naturally as though her eyes were wide open. In just three quarters of an hour by the watch the sitting closed. Resting a moment she pushed the picture to-ward me, and said: "There, white squaw, that's for you." Before it was finished, however, I seked permission to have my lady friend come in and see the medium paint. To this request she acceded, and the other lady entered the room, after which a few forget-me-nots were added by the medium to the pic-ture, and the second lady received some information regarding a lost son.

MRS. H. P. GLOVER. Sworn and subscribed to before me this 20th

day of November, 1874. W. S. Drew, Notary Public.

Mrs. Glover's recital of the events sounds like a dream, and were it not for her objection to giving too much publicity to matters which she considers sacred, it would add to the interest of the picture to give fuller details than are contained in the foregoing statement.

After Mrs. Glover had finished her account of the picture, her husband remarked: "There s a special significance to us in the hand of Dr. Hoosac clasping the flowers by which our children were typified. Mrs. Glover has frequently been informed by the spirit Dr. Hoosac that he has taken our children under his charge in the Spirit-land in educating them. This one, Brenton, is now a well educated ohysician."

The picture possesses a good deal of merit.— Its general dimensions are about six by eight, or ten inches in addition to the hand which holds the stems. Mr. and Mrs. Glover are very willing to have callers inspect it, and no doubt many will avail themselves of the oppor-

HR. BROWN AND THE EDDES.

The Mind Reeder Gives His Experience During a Visit to the Home of the Ghosts—Ingenious Tests— Still a Mystery.

Mr. Brown, the mind reader, thus describes, in the New Haven Palladium, what he did and saw during a recent visit to the Eddys: I passed out with the friend who accompanied me, and when he asked me what I thought of told him I thought it all a humbug, and helieved that the so-called spirits got in through the little window in the closet. The next morning I took a ladder and climbed up to the window from the outside. [The hall is in the second story.] I found that the little square window had been carefully covered with mosquito bar, the edgings and crossings of which had been thoroughly sealed with sealing wax, and stamped with the seal ring of Colonel Olcott, the Daily Graphic correspondent, who has been here five weeks, and who has weighed the incarnated spirit on Fairbank's scales. In order to make sure, I placed pins in the cracks of the sash at regular intervals, pushing them in so far that they could not be easily discovered. I left the window, feeling sure that no one could pass through the window without disturbing something. I afterwards learned that the brothers are perfectly willing that persons should watch this window from the outside during the manifestations, and that many have done so without result. Going inside, I entered the closet and thoroughly inspected it, finding it a very simple structure of frame, lath, and plaster, with no loopholes, secret passages, or trap-doors. To be sure, I put pins in all the door cracks, covering them with dust, so that the boards could not be moved without disturbing them. I then went to William Eddy and easily obtained permission to enter the closet just before he did. Then I waited.

At half past seven the seance was announced and we all went up. After all were seated I went into the closet and found all my pins just where I put them. I hammered the sides thoroughly, but discovered nothing like fraud. I then slowly backed out of the door to my seat keeping the door constantly before my eyes. Now, said I, the battle must be at the door if anywhere. Very soon William Eddy entered the closet, and in five minutes the blanket was lifted and a face peered out. Immediately after, the blanket was again lifted and another face looked out, and this action was closely followed by the appearance of an old gentleman on the platform, dressed in old style, who soon returned. A voice from with-in then said: "Will Mr. Pritchard and Mrs. Packard take seats upon the platform." These persons, guests like myself, took their places upon the platform. Soon the blanket was hited, and a little old woman, with very white hand, and long white gown, came out. She was at once recognized by Mrs. Packard, who said: "Mother, how do you do this evening?" In answer the little woman whispered so that all could hear: "I am very happy." She then took her daughter by the hand and kissed her. Mr. Pritchard stepped up to the other side of her and the three talked together for several minutes, when the old lady desired to be introduced to the guests. Her daughter presented her as "my dear mother come back to earth." The old lady disappeared behind the blanket, and at once there appeared a stalwart, fine looking young man, with a heavy moustache. Said Mrs. Packard: "William, my son, how lovely you are looking," and then took hold of him and kissed him. He then went back, and in two minutes there appeared tall old gentleman, who was at once recognized by one of the guests as his father. Said the son: "Good evening, father," and the old gentleman answered: "Good evening."

Several other persons appeared before the end of the seance, which was closed with the appearance from the door of Mrs. Eddy, the deceased mother of the Eddy brothers, who spoke at some length, saying that she was sorry that her sons were unable to convince people of their honesty, and that she hoped all would see and understand the entire truth. Before she came out many had appeared in quick succession who had become recognized as fathers, mothers, brothers, or some near deceased relative by many in the audi-ence, who came to the house as I came, and some of whom have gone away to their homes. * * Something claiming to be Geo. Dix, a pirate, held up its hand, saying: "This is my hand." It had but three fingers, Horatio Eddy has lost no finger. Next a lady's slim white hand was thrust over the cloth and patted the assisting guest on the forehead. He said: "This is my daughter's hand. I should know it anywhere. This is worth thousands of dollars to me." * *

The Eddy brothers say that the great spirit, the Witch of the Mountain, will be here in November, and that she will be powerful enough to materialize fish out of the elements of water, and do many wonderful things which can be closely inspected. It is said that she found Horatio trying to build a fire the other day, and set the damp wood blazing by throwing a dipper full of water upon it. But this I did not see. Some, of course, who are Spiritualists, believe that the appearances were materializations of the dead. others the whole is a deep mystery, inexplicable as yet. Of the latter I am one.

Spiritualism Reviving.

Whether owing to the dearth of exciting news—the election being over and the Brook lyn scandal temporarily quiet—or not we can't say, but there lately has been decided revival of Spiritualism. The Eddys in Vermont are astounding the credulous world, and mediums are coming to the front all over the country. As part of this supernatural epidemic, the most startling tales are told in the newspapers. One, which may be called the Phantom Festival, is told by the New York World.

Every third year a tall, dignified, solemn, gray-haired man—who seems to remain stationary, as he never grows older—makes a three days' stay in New York city. He orders din-ner at a first class hotel to be ready on the sec-ond day of his stay at four o'clock. He gives every minute detail as to the feast, the number of plates, etc., etc. At the named hour the host appears in dinner dress, he seats his this paper.

imaginary guests, this one by a wave of the hand, that by a smile and a bow, indicating the guest's seat. He motions the servants in attendance to remove covers and the feast proattendance to remove covers and the feast proceeds. The host engages in conversation with the invisible guests: he pours out the wine and every glass being filled the host rises with his glass of wine elevated, and then every chair has a material occupant, perceptible to the eyes of the attendants. The ladies disappear through the door, the gentlemen remain. Conversation is renewed, when in an instant two of the guests flash into a passion, rise and draw daggers, and one of them strikes, burying his weapon in the bosom of a beautiful ing his weapon in the bosom, of a beautiful girl, who that instant rushes between the com-batants.

hatants. Horror seizes all, the host falls insensible, the phantom guests vanish, aid is called infor it very fortunately happens there is always one waiter who has the courage to see it out, though most of them have left the room in terror—and the host is finally brought to, and on the third day pays his bills and departs for another three years absence. another three years' absence.

These happenings can be verified—says the World—by reputable witnesses, and the theory is the murdered girl was the daughter of the host, and the scene but the re-enacting of a real tragedy. All is "make believe" guests until the wine is served, when the "inner force" reaches culmination and the phantom guests become so materialized as to be seen y the table waiters. When the host falls his inner force" subsides, and the scene fades. That surely is a very dramatic scance, and

might carry off the palm were it not disputed by the Chicago *Tribune*, which gives its tale of "Voices from the Spirit-land," and for the verity of which equally reliable witnesses can

The Tribune's tale is that of a young lady of Lawrence Massachusetts, in September last died. While friends were weeping over her body a deep, gruff voice, from the lips of the dead ordered them to rub both her arms as hard as possible. The friends obeyed, another voice coming from the lips of the dead girl directed that the body should be lifted up, and when the friends, in terror, hesitated, the gruff voice said "Raise her up on end; you're deaf, ain't you?" The friends gave heed to that command, and the girl when so raised up began to breathe, and a third voice issued from her lips saying: "If I could move her legs around so that I could set her up on the footboard, she'd be all right." And as the father attempted to obey that direction, both the daughter and himself were placed, sitting, on the foot-board. The girl talked cheerily and brightly for a few moments, and then fell back lifeless.

Another voice—the fourth—then commenced talking and kept it up three hours, declaring that the body was possessed by spirits. On the next day a voice called the father to the bedside, when some conversation followed. And again, the next day there were manifestations and the fourth day when the heavy was tations, and the fourth day when the body was ready for burial, and discussion was going on as to the place of burial, the apparition of the dead girl stalked into the room, and expressing her wishes as to that matter vanished. Her wishes were followed, and she was huried where and as she directed.—Cleveland Daily

> Letter from J. Tinney.

Bro. Jones:—The article in the Journal of Oct. 10th, under the heading of "Two Souls in One Body," reminds me of a letter written to Brick Pomeroy some five or six years ago. As his paper was somewhat noted for abuse of political opponents, it frequently drew lettersfrom them which were anything but compli-mentary to him or his course. These, as I presume you are aware, he frequently published. Among the unpublished ones is the following, which as the grounds there taken are sustained by the Buck story so far as re-lates to the dual condition of all, please insert in your columns:

EDITOR OF N. Y. DEMOCRAT:—As criticisms on the course pursued by you as a political partisan seem to be a staple commodity in your paper, a little more of the same sort may not come amiss, so here goes. It has long been a settled conviction in my mind that each or-ganic form was the embodiment of two distinct individuals—the male and female Nothing within the range of my experience has done more to strengthen that conviction than the political effusions on the one hand, and the Saturday night reveries on the other, of the personage known as Brick Pomeroy. Fred. Douglass once remarked that he was standing evidence that the African and Caucasian could and did live together in harmony; whether he was aware that each retained their individuality is not so evident; but in the dif-ferent essays emanating from the editor-inchief of the Democrat, there is no mistaking it. Unite the wisdom of a Solomon with the philanthropy of a Nazarine, and connect them with the retiring modesty of the most delicate female, and if so unfortunate as to be under cover of a dark skin, they are possessed of no rights the editor of the Democrat is bound to respect; and to the man or party who advocates their rights, no den of infamy, Water street dance house, or dog pit can furnish a more choice selection of Billingsgate, or is more lavish in the use of it, than the editor of the Democrat. While claiming to be the friend of labor every many that inconsity friend of labor, every means that ingenuity can invent to divide the laborers is resorted to, and under the delusive name of Democrat which has become a mere catch-word for aspiring politicians to make supple tools of those who are stupid enough to follow them. Don't think by this that I am an advocate or member of the Republican party. The two are duplicates of each other, and greed at the bottom of both. I am a firm believer in the equal rights of all without distinction of race, color or sex-all being different combinations of the same material in regular succession from lowest to highest, whether we like it or not. Those unions sustained by law and sanctioned by public opinion, in which uncongenial parties are tied together as man and wife, not un-frequently chaining virgin purity to the low-est dregs of humanity, are constantly produc-ing that class of beings of whom the editor of the Democrat is a representative, and the adage that it is but a step from the sublime to the ridiculous, is fully verified in the person of our hero. While despising the political partisan, we have no words to express our admira-tion of the author of Baturday night reveries, and were we to try and paint an angel from the realms of bliss, the sentiments that flow from that pure being would occupy the fore-ground of the picture; or if to delineate a demon from the lowest orthodox hell, the political Brick would be our model. T. Westfield, N. Y.

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Recent Literature.

A NEW BOOK OF POEMS—HOME: FEMME HERO-AC AND MISCELLIANEOUS POEMS. By Jesse H. Builer. Boston: Colby and Rich publishers Chicago: For sale by the Religio-Philosophical Publishing House. 12 mo. cloth. Heavy paper. 236 pages.

The above work, embracing nearly two hundred and fifty pages, in excellent type, is hand-somely bound in cloth, either with gilt edge and gold leaf trimmings, or plain. The au-thor lays no claim to classical or heroic composition, but attempts an expression of the common mind, true to nature, reaching the common feelings, striving to bring the reader to an appreciation of all that is good, true and beautiful. Mr. Butler is not a Milton nor a Whittier, yet he is not below the average of those who have laid claim to poetic genius.

The book is not exempt from criticism, yet it is full of good ideas well expressed. One third of the book is devoted to a long poem in ten parts, entitled "Home." The introduction shows the genius of the author to good advantage:

"Ye heavenly powers, that float around Where beauty dwells, and love is found; That paint the rose upon the face Of the sweet blossoms of our race, And give unto the youthful vow The gentle eye, and earnest brow : That dip the flowers in every dye, Shed by the day king passing by ; That scatter on the breezy swell The spring and summer's fragrant smell; And on the autumn's fullness paint The dreams of many a raptured saint?"

The introduction closes thus:

660 for a Nation filled with love! One favored Nation placed above Dark hate, and scorn, and selfish lust; With motives high above the dust; With human wants and human right. Flaunted aloft in living light. From every banner, on each dome! Heaven's winds shall whisper, 'This is Home!'."

Part first opens with a brief description of what the author has seen and experienced, a description of "The Hudson River," "The Winding Ohio," "The Fisherman's Cot" and "The Rich man's Hôme." Hear what he says of the village home on the Hudson:

"How snug and sweet the village home Where kindred's purest ties have grown! How larily the smoke ascends Amid the branching tree, that bends Above the react where children sing." Above the roof, where children sing, Whose grandsires set the acorn in l Let Goldsmith sing sweet Auburn's praise In other lands in other days; But in thy lovely vales are found-Scarce equaled in the wide world round-Sweet, quiet villages, that lie, The fairest pearls beneath the sky!"

The writer has renewed our faith in Home as the "dearest, sweetest spot on earth" or in heaven.

"Home is home, though poor and rude; Home is more than house and food; Home can never be expressed, Till the coul has found its rest."

Here is the last verse to part second : " Dearest couls, fondest friends. Never die ! Life but ends, Like the day, soon to rise Glorious in the eastern skies t Cheer up, heart I sing away !

Midnight is approaching day t And the last, sad, feeble groan Ushers in the Endless Home." The writer next discourses upon France, her great chieftain in exile, of England, the "Western Empire," and the "Emeraid Isle." Of the latter he says :

"Why,do ye roam O favored race!.
To distant lands, from such a place? Can ye not live where God is seen, On every hand, in living green? Whose brightness smiles in every eye, And loving friends are ever nigh? Hath Fate's relentless flat sown The seeds of exile in your home?
Ah, bootless hate! O pious fraud! Dear native land and loving God Are made obscure by Passion's ire, And seen a fierce, consuming fire!
O Father, send thy spirit there,
And thy poor suffering children spare;
Let peace and love, at thy command,
Rejuvenate that lovely land!"

In the last part of this poem the writer speaks of "Home in Heaven," closing as follows:

"I can not sing the song I heard; Earth hath no plumed, warbling bird To sing that song; and I must wait, Till swingeth back the golden gate! Then shall to us again be given The hope of all, that real vision,— Love's fadeless boon,—A Home in Heaven!

The next poem entitled "Femme Heroic," occupies the remaining first half of the book. Then follow fifty or more miscellaneous poems. Some of them possess more than ordinary merit, and are peculiar in style to extracts already given. The writer is evidently a firm believer in angel visitations. The book is more or less filled with such intimations. He says in the opening of one poem entitled "spiritual Anniversary Song":

"Joy to the world! Ye angels bring Glad inspirations while we sing! No hero's praise we here rehearse : No warrior's name adorns our verse : No fulsome peans swell this lay, That ushers in this sacred day"

On the whole this book of poems is a fine contribution to modern literature, and worthy of a place in all our homes.

THE GADARENE, OR SPIRITS IN PRISON. By J. O. Barrett and J. M. Peebles. Boston: Colby and Rich, publishers.

The authors say: "We have only briefly to say that we write this book from a sense of solemn duty, indifferent alike to encomium and criticism. It is a fact we are after; and the truth we mean to speak at any hazard, The world is full of 'seducing spirits and doctrines of devils speaking lies in hypocrisy.' Our mission is to expose them; explain the causes and suggest the remedies." The principal object of the authors seems to be to show to the world that there are evil spirits constantly at work trying to deceive some one. They establish their position by numerous incidents, establish their position by numerous incidents; too well authenticated to be disputed, and by so doing, will induce those who read an account of them, to be careful, and on all occasions when communicating with spirits, to "try them" thoroughly. The book is a valuable one, and the wholesome truths it presents can not fail to have a hereficial effect can not fail to have a beneficial effect.

THE OVERLAND MONTHLY FOR DECEMBER. This issue closes the thirteenth volume of this readable magazine. The table of contents continues to be as interesting as usual, and, judging from the promises of the future, we look for an increase of its attractive features. John H. Carmany & Co., Publishers, San Francisco. Sent for \$4 per year, postage

THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL for December is an admirable closing number for the present year; it abounds in profitable sugges-tions and pleasant reading. There are por-traits and sketches of Mr. John S. Bender of Indiana, and of Frederick the Great, Prince Eugene, Gustavus Adolphus, Wallenstein, and Eugene, Gustavus Adolphus, Wallenstein, and the Old Dessauer; also, good hits at Modern Progress in the Advancing and Retreating Rices, and National Types—both illustrated. Character Three-fold; a scientific exposition of mental phenomena. Spiritual Evolution, an excellent essay on the growth of moral thought. Sex in Education, put in a light as logical as humorous, some of the main points in this great controversy. Only Trifes offer in this great controversy. Only Trifles offer admonition of general application. The Labor Problem is an encouraging view of that great paradox. Agriculture as related to Civilization is true. Literary Sharks shows up the plagiarists in a strong light. Several good Poems are sandwiched among the proper arti-Poems are sandwiched among the prose articles. Jerome Pringle's Pay-day is also worth mention, as a lively, social story. The Mentorial Department is unusually full, and the whole number creditable to the publisher. Price 30 cents. Subscriptions for 1875 are now in order at \$2.00. now in order, at \$3 00.

Press Comments.

THE BHÁGAVAD GITA; or a Discourse on Divine Matters. A Sanskrit Prilosophical Poem, translated by J. Cockburn Thompson, of the Asiatic Society of France, Remeio-Philosophical Publishing House, Chicago III.

This curious volume purports to give a full and accurate compilation of the tenets taught by Krishna, one of the demi-gods of Indian mythology, the eighth avatar, or incarnation of Vishnu. Prior to the great Chicago fire, the Religio-Philosophical Publishing House issued the Bhagarad Gita, from a trans-House issued the Bhagarad Gita, from a translation of the celebrated scholar, Charles Wilkins. Nearly two editions of that work were sold, when the fire came, and destroyed the stereotype plates. The demand for the work being very great, the publishers procured from England a copy of the more recent translation by J. C. Thompson, the well-known antiquarian, which they now issue in book form, neatly printed and bound. The translator has accompanied his work with copious notes, which are, doubtless, of much value, as explanatory are, doubtless, of much value, as explanatory of the text, and imparting much valuable information of the legends of the ancient na-tions of India. The text contains many gems of thought well worth the attention of the thoughtful student of history, literature or science.—Our Fireside Friend.

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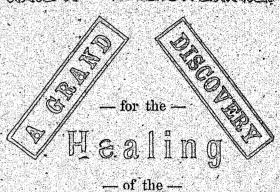
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uns office.

Upon the margin of each paper, or upon the wrapper, will be found a statement of the time to which payment has been made. For instance, if John Smith has paid to 1 Dec. 1871, it will be mailed. "J. Smith 1 Dec 1." If he has only paid to 1 Dec. 1870, it will stand thus: "J. Smith 1 Dec 0."

CHICAGO, SATURDAY, DEC. 19, 1874.

Nothing Impossible with -

While it is not within the range of possibility for him to visit the moon and hold converse with man therein, while clothed with materiality, yet when his transit to spirit-life shall have been effected, he will find that it is very easy for him to visit that lunar orb, and investigate its peculiarities for himself. Superstition tells us that on one occasion a man, not fearing any law human or divine, went to the forest on the Sabbath, and cutting a load of wood, strapped the same to his back, and on returning to his home, he met God, who interrogated him in regard to his violation of his sacred day, and the man laughed at him, whereupon he instantly transcreed him to the moon! This superstitious legend should be placed by the side of another, quite as false, where God met another character, after repeated "calls" in the Garden of Eden, and not endorsing his conduct from a kingdom-ofheaven standpoint, transferred him to a realm outside of the lovely garden. By and by it will not be impossible for man to examine into the truthfulness of this statement.

Indeed, we are not prepared to say that anything is impossible with -- man! One physician made an artificial nose, which was a decided improvement in appearance over the original Roman nose eat away by a cancer; another engrafted a peice of skin on the disfigured lip of a lady, making it kissable and enjoyable to a young man who wished to marry her; another inserted a beautiful eyeartificial of course—in the place of a natural one; another transferred blood into the veins of a person suffering form tubercular consumption, and effected a cure; another opened the intestines of a man and took out three feet thereof, that were putrified, and he is now alive and well; another cut off a tumor that weighed several pounds, receiving therefor a fee of \$25,000; another took out a portion of the brains of a soldier, and he lost none of his intellectual powers. Indeed, physicians are becoming very expert in their profession, and full of expedients. The celebrated Dr. Abernethy when called upon by a disconsolate mother with the statement that her son had swallowed a mouse, directed her to return home at once, and in order to effect an immediate cure, to give him a cat!

Amidst all the achievements of surgery, chemistry, astronomy, etc., we are inclined to proudly ejaculate, Nothing impossible with man! In the realms of science, he walks forth with majestic air and unlimited pretensions, holding that the elements are subject to his will. The imimitable prayerguage Tyndall, who throws scientific nuts to the churches to crack, has generated a snow storm! Yes, a genuine snow-storm—the beautiful flakes representing well defined geomet... rical figures, flew around like genuine snow, and if you hadn't known that this philosopher did it, you would have said, "Great is Godnone but he can cause a storm like this!" By means of a column of water 260 feet high, he compressed air to one-eight of its original volume, and when he allowed it to escape, it expanded so violently and caused such an intense cold, that the moisture in the room was conjealed in a shower of snow, while the pipe from which the air issued became bearded with icicles! Supposing Tyndall had conceated his machinery from view, and just before performing the experiment, had kneeled down and prayed fervently for God to create a small snow storm to convince a wicked world of his power, and then allowed the compressed air to escape, followed by anow flakes—of course every one present would have regarded it as a miracle—as a direct act of God! If Tyndall, with his present knowledge can cause a snow storm twelve feet square, after he has studied the question a million of years, could he not get up to order, a regular Nor'-Easter, or a fierce tornado? Under these circumstances have we a right to conclude that there is any. thing impossible with — man?

Science has no half-way house at which it stops its investigation. It not only peem at

the stellar orbs and learns their composition, motion, etc., but it directs its attention to the world invisible to the natural eye, revealing in the air we breath, water we drink and food we est, animal life in abundance! The time is not far distant when science will break down all monopolies, destroy them at a single bound, and liberate the world from a species of slavery. Just think of it, that period is near at hand, when a person residing in Chicago and desiring to visit New York City, will attach artificial wings to his body, and defying winds, streams and railroads, he can make the distance in five hours! Battles will then he fought in the air, and an entire revolution effected in conducting civilized war-

fare. When we glance at the vast achievements that have been effected in all branches of science during the last hundred years, we do not consider that anything is impossible with -man! True he can't, as yet, mount one of those fiery horses that frisk among the stellar orbs and visit worlds far beyond the ken of mortal vision, but he can follow the prancing steed with the Eye of Science, tell all of its motions, predict with certainty where it will be to morrow—next month—next year next century—all he lacks is the knowledge how to get astride of the eccentric comet! He may not accomplish the feat this year, nor next, perhaps he may not do it in a million of years—but that some bold navigator will yet ride one, is within the range of possibility.

Already Mrs. Suydam and Mr. Moody can handle fire, and the latter can drink molten lead, etc., without any inconvenience, and why not ride a fiery horse! Elijah, that good old man of ancient times, went to heaven in a chariot of fire drawn by horses of fire, etc., and as history repeats itself at regular periods, may we not reasonably suppose that Mrs. Suydam or Mr. Moody are being prepared especially for that purpose! Watch the papers and see! The Christian world believes that those horses of fire, chariot of fire, etc., did actually exist; but shall we not come down to the good, substantial old way of interpreting Scripture, and call the narration slightly metaphorical, accounted for in this way: The horses and carriage alluded to simply consisted of a comet, which coming near the earth, Elijah jumped on to it, and sailed off into space. We don't say this is a correct interpretation, but knowing that nothing is impossible with -

man, it might have been as stated. Prof. Tyndall didn't raise Samuel nor the Devil, but he did raise music a distance of some twenty feet. In a room two floors below his lecture room, there was a piano upon which an artist was playing; but the audience could not hear it. A rod of deal, with its lower end resting upon the sounding-board of the piano, extended upward through the two floors, its upper end being exposed before the lecture table. But still no sound was heard. A violin was then placed upon the end of the rod, which was thrown into resonance by the ascending thrills, and instantly the music of the piano was given out in the lecture room. A guitar and harp were substituted for the violin with the same result. The vibrations of the piano strings were communicated to the sounding board, they then traversed the long rod, were reproduced by the resonant bodies above, the air was carved into waves, and the whole musical composition was delivered to the listening audience.

After a million of years, we think he can progress sufficiently, to conduct music any distance—could reproduce Pop Goes the Weasel, Yankee Doodle, or any of our favorite airs on the planet Jupiter, and he might possibly set the man in the moon to dancing!

The idea we wish to convey in this article. is this, that progression will always continue; that man's achievements here during his 75 years' experience is grand indeed; and that his powers, after ages of continual study and reflection, will become so great that it will stand in the same relation to that which he possessed on this earth, as one drop of water does to the Atlantic Ocean. In Spirit-life, aided by the experience of untold ages, he becomes finally one of the guardians of a world, and in harmony with the Infinite Mind, he explores the utmost depths of creation.

Melvin Martin to His Friends.

The following communication is from Mel vin Martin, a spirit. He was drowned at the age of 23 years, on the third of July lost.

The communication was written by independent control, none but a spirit's hand being used to do the writing, through the mediumship of Henry B. Allen, (the celebrated. so-called Allen boy medium) in September

The communication is executed in fine style of writing and is as follows:

My dear ones all, how very very happy I am to see you all here to night, that I may have a chance to say a few words to you. I have a chance to say a few words to you. I have a great deal to say to you but can not say what I would like to to-night, for I am weak, have not been in the Spirit-world long enough to fully understand how to come back; but one thing I wish to say and satisfy you if I can, and that is this: Spiritualism is true. I still live and am with you, and I want to convince you if I can, and I know I can if you will only investigate. Charlie, you are a medium, and if you will sit for development, I will be with you and manifest myself. I see things in a very different light from what I used to when you and manifest myself. I see things in a very different light from what I used to when in the form. I used to ridicule Spiritualism. I was wild, and enjoyed a good time, and would do most anything to please my companions; but now I know it is true, and I want you all to know it. I wish father would not be according to the part with much with so prejudiced. I can not write much with my own hand yet, but I get Mr. Holland to write for me. Mother, you will set often and give me a chance to communicate to you, won't you? Hattle, I will write you a letter goon. I will visit you. I must now go for I can not get further control. You will all hear

> Your spirit boy, friend and brother, MELVIN MARTIN. · P. HOLLAND.

Duffia War Prayer.

According to the Delhi (India) Gazette, the Dufflas are in an uncomfortable state of mind about the approaching English expedition into their country. A big-sounding war prayer has been drawn up by the local pope, who has enjoined all true Dufflas to repeat it twice a day. Among other things they are to pray: "Let their coasts be ruled by us! Let the demons of their forts be given to those of ours! Let the soul of him who is the chief cause of this quarrel be bound by that of our friend and chief, whom he has injured! Let the properties of their country be received by us! Let their warriors be seized by us; for which reason make strong all 'our' warriors, that they may bind the spirits of all their able men for us to destroy them! Give us such help that they may not stand or hold, and that they be rendered incane and made to tremble! Come, our principal god, who art great, and powerful, and old, and whose words are always obeyed, destroy all our enemies, with all they possess, even that which is upon their backs! Let owls scream on their houses! Let all venomous reptiles scramble up the posts of their houses, and frighten them with terrific noises! Let fierce dogs, wild elephants, and ferocious tigers terrify them, so that they scratch each other's faces and tear their own hair! Let the rainbow drink up the water of their wells and tanks and rivers! Let a powerful tempest sweep them away! Come, spirits of our warriors, of our ancestors, seize the spirits of our enemies! Come, spirits of our great grandmothers, with the demons of this powerful country, by whom we were governed, and whose eyes, and ears, and nostrils are ever open toward us !"

This is an earnest prayer, and worthy of as much credit as those delivered by the chaplains of opposing armies in any civilized countries. The Dufflas evidently believe that they can influence their god.

J. J. Morse.

Speaking of the meetings in Baltimore, Md., the American says:

A meeting with some unique features was held in Lyceum Hall last night. It was a farewell meeting, called on the occasion of Mr. J.

J. Morse, the lecturer, being about to leave
Baltimore. It opened with singing by a
choir. Mr. Morse made a farewell address expressive of his regrets at leaving, and his kind wishes for all. This was responded to first by a representative of the society, then by a representative of the Lyceum; then a number of little girls with banners marched out of a rear room, and mounting the stage, one of them made a little speech and presented a handsome bouquet to Mr. Morse. Several other bouquets were presented, and then the following resolutions were presented:

Resolved, That the lectures that have been delivered by Mr. J. J. Morse in this hall have presented in a very clear and forcible manner the truths of Spiritualism.

Resolved. That we tender our gratitude and thanks to the spirit friends who have aided Brother Morse in the lectures that he has delivered, and we hope they may be often with us hereafter.

These were loudly applauded and adopted. Then a very fine diploma, awarded by the Board of Control of the Pioneers, a secret or-ganization to advance Spiritualism, as the speaker last night expressed it, to put an end to the dishonest abstraction of public money, and the unjust exemption of church or other property from taxation, was presented to Mr. Morse, who stated that he had attended the meetings of the organization, and heartily approved its purposes. To the diploma was attached a large seal. Mr. Morse then went into what is called the trance state, and was supposed to be successively controlled by two spirits. One spoke in a dignified strain of duty and the laws of life. The other told hu-morous stories that had shrewd morals ap-pended. Then the room was cleared, and the male and female, old and young, Spiritualists danced till 11 o'clock, and then adjourned.

Heathendom at Home.

From an exchange we learn that there were from January 1, 1870, to January 1, 1874, 560 men and 9,006 women committed to the workhouse on Blackwell's Island, New York, on the ground of habitual drunkenness. This vice, judged by the figures, is, then, sixteen times as common among women as among men. Of the masculine offenders, one was arrested 100 times during the four years before his final commitment; of the feminine, twenty-nine were arrested 100 times before their final commitment. None of the stories that constantly float through the press about intoxication among women have even foreshadowed what seems to be the real state of the case. The commissioners of charities and correction can suggest nothing better than longer terms of imprisonment. And yet they declare that the present short terms brutalize the prisoners and make their reclamations impossible!

Does not this condition of affairs in New York city show the utter absurdity of Christians expending vast sums of money to convert foreigners, when we have such depravity right in our own midst? Yet a prominent minister of Philadelphia suggests that each religious denomination bring a convert from foreign missions to the Centennial, to place on exhibition. They had better go to the purlieus of vice in our large cities and make converts, instead of the Sandwich Islands, China or Japan. Perhaps the defection of ministers of the Gospel is not known so well in foreign lands, and hence their influence may be

More Physical Mediums.

John C. Purnelle, of Seneca, Kansas, writes; 'Only last night a dear spirit opened our little cabinet door, came out among us, stood and talked with us more than half an hour." E. W. Lewis, of Watkins, N. Y., writes: "At the village of Hayana, three miles south of Watkins, a Mrs. Compton has become an excellent medium for materialization, and hun-

dreds are being made happy through her wonderful powers of materialization. The Chemung, heretofore shrouded in almost utter spiritual darkness, is now being illuminated with the bright rays of Spiritual light through this lowly but powerful mediumistic lens. We are carefully and cautiously watching its development, and will before long write for publication in the Journat, some of the startling and interesting things manifested through Mrs. C.

Wonderful Test.

J. R. Riblett, editor of the Ackley Independent, Ohio, sent a photograph to Mumler, Boston, a condition necessary in order to obtain a spirit picture. He gave him no intimation whatever of the name of any spirit that he expected to appear, yet the results were highly satisfactory,—indeed, perfect. The picture was not only recognized, but the name imprinted thereon, was exact, being "Katle Karn." What more convincing test could be given?

MRS. M. WARD, give your post-office address; will then comply with your request. J. VAUGHN conds remittance for Journal,

but gives no post-office address.

A person at Inka, Mississippi, sends \$1.35, but does not give his name. Do so. H. Bearup sends renewal for subscription

to Journal, and new subscribers, but gives no post-office addresses for either. Dr. E. B. WHERLOCK, inspirational speaker.

is now in Richland county, Wisconsin. He is enroute for Milwaukee-will make engagements along the road.

E. J. WITHERFORD, a most excellent young man of this city, is being developed as a physical medium. Spirits already speak through a trumpet in his presence.

Owing to important engagements, the noted healer, Dumont C. Dake, M. D., can not fill his appointment in Washington, D. C., at

Austin E. Simmons speaks in Brooklyn, N. Y., each Sunday of December. His address during the month will be in care of Dr. A. B. Smith, No. 403 Clermont Avenue. 🛴

DR. H. P. FAIRFIELD lectured for the Spiritualists in Lynn, at Oxford street Chapel, Sunday afternoon at three o'clock, Dec. 6th. Would like to make other engagements. ' Address P. O. box 74, Lynn, Mass.

Mrs. H, Morse, who has been laboring so effectively in Iowa, writes: "I have large audiences, speaking nearly every evening of the week, also Sundays." Mrs. Morse will be in Joliet Christmas. Bro. Les informs us that the Spiritualists

of Cleveland, Ohio, have determined to have a course of lectures this winter. A. B French, Nellie L. Davis, Hudson Tuttle, William Denton, J. J. Morse, and others, have been en-

Miss Ruth A. Morsh has been united in marriage to Mr. L. Brown, of Newark, Iowa. She is the daughter of Mrs. H. Morse, the Spiritual lecturer, and is said to be a beautiful and accomplished lady. We wish them abundant happiness.

J. J. Monse, the English trance speaker, can be addressed during Décember in care of Miss Stackhouse, 119 North Eleventh street, Philadelphia, Pa. During the month of March he will be in Cleveland, Ohio, and is anxious to make engagements for week-evening lectures.

Dr. G. A. Pierce, inspirational and trance speaker, will answer calls to lecture for Spiritualist societies or individuals, Sabbaths, weekdays, or evenings. . Wherever he has lectured, and given his fests and communications, all have been much interested and instructed. Address him P. O. box 87, Auburn, Me.

WE LEARN from Mrs. Calking, healing and test medium, that while Peter Bushman's wife, of Monee, Ill., was entranced some time ago, a robin flew in the house with a sprig in its beak and lit upon her head, and then the influence said it would return again several times, and on each occasion bring a green sprig. Strange to say, it has done as predict-

Dr. D. P. KAYNER proposes to make Fort Wayne. Ind., his headquarters for the present, and will probably establish there, in connection with Dr. Yarnell, a medical and surgical institute. He will lecture in the surrounding towns on the Human System, the Laws of Life and the best means of securing Health, Strength and Beauty. The doctor is a skillful physician, and we predict for him success in his new field of labor.

B. F. Underwood will speak at Lake City, Minu., Dec. 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th, 12th and 13th; at Manchester, Iowa, Dec. 15th, 16th and 17th; at Independence, Iowa, Dec. 19th and 20th; At Cairo, Ill. (in debate with Rev. O. A. Burgess), Dec. 22d, 23d, 24th, and 25th; at Du Quoin, Ill., Dec. 26th and 27th; at Whitehall and Carrollton, Ill., Dec. 28th to January 1st. In February he will speak at Anderson and Indianapolis, Ind.; Salem, Elyria, and Greenville, Ohio ; Erie, Pa.; Napanee, Canada; and Groton and Binghampton, N. Y.

WE MIGHT mention in private notes (if they did not have other means of knowing the fact) to several subscribers that their dues for the Journal are already quite too much to be longer neglected. "A word to the wise is sufficient," or ought to be.

In consequence of the act of Congress, requiring all postage to be pre-paid at the office of publication, after January 1st, 1875, the Journal will be sent three months to new trial-subscribers, for 29 cents, after this

\$1.65 pays for this paper one year. to new trial subscribers, and we pre-pay | LITTLE BOUQUET, Chicago, Ill. the postage after the first of January.

Miss Lottle Fowler.

(Continued from First page.) rousing dim reverberations of deeds supposed to have been consigned long ago to the limbo of Lethe. In one case, she revealed to a lady friend of mine the existence of a disease within her, the nature of which the lady had been unable to fathom, and predicted the bursting of an accumulation within a few weeks, which announcement has been verified. Were not these facts irreproachable, and my friendsnone of whom are professed Spiritualistshonest beyond impeachment, I might almost doubt my own sanity, and scarcely expect pardon for walking outside a lunatic asylum. I simply record facts, leaving readers to filter for themselves, motley though the stock may be. Mediumship is not the only thing which

I do not understand. Although I do not feel called upon to chant the praises of Spiritualism, to hold up its mirror, to champion its cause before an army of skeptics, or to solve its riddle, I feel, nevertheless, at liberty to narrate its facts and wonders. Although a naturally cautious organization has prompted me to tread stealthily where such a fascinating study as that of Spiritualism invites credence, and to treat it with somewhat distrustful watchfulness, the fact is impressive that, whether true or untrue as a science, whether wise or otherwise, philosophical or delusive, the fiery orator who shakes the drawing room, the pulpit or the lecture-room, has been pow-erless to shake it down. Spiritualism has been kicked and cuffed, pelted with unsavory eggs, and dragged unpleasantly through the mud, notwithstanding which it lives and flourishes like a green bay-tree. After a successful tour through the States.

Miss Fowler visited Europe. Arriving at Liverpool, from Baltimore, she came on to London—a stranger and sojourner—in 1871, having but one person to whom she had the means of introduction—Mr. James Burns, the editor of the Medium. Without friends or clients she stood alone, and her first public act was to give a seance for the benefit of a poor man who had not the means of burying his deceased daughter, the result of which was the acquisition of about £6 for that charitable cause. "Various seances were then held at the houses of several of the clite believers in Spiritualism. Many members of highly aristocratic families—both English and foreign—and several of royal blood, repeatedly visit her for consultation. For a variety of reasons, Miss Fowler declines to hold public circles for business purposes, nor will she have more than one person, properly announced, to sit with her at once. By adopting this practice she avoids any cross influences which an antagonistic mind might produce, prevents exhausting herself, and thus secures a more accurate and reliable test of her own powers, besides ensuring strict privacy in the affairs of her client. The last-named is of great importance, and is the more satisfactory for the fact that on waking to her natural condition she is utterly iging to her natural condition she is utterly ig-norant of anything she uttered while under control—a truth which every sitter feels wheth-er they believe in Spiritualism or not. The lady has traveled far and wide, through Eng-land, Scotland, and America, and has now visited us for the second time. Her present residence is 21 Princes street, Hanover Square, where she is expected to stay during the winter months, after which it is expected that she will travel through Holland, France, Belgium, Austria, etc., to which countries she has invitations from various families of the nobility and gentry.

Marriage in High Life.

W. F. Storey, Esq., proprietor of the Chicago Times, led to the hymeneal altar, a few days since, one of Chicago's fairest daughters May his happiness be as complete in this nevr relation, as his life has been brilliant in conducting one of the leading newspapers of the

Letters of Fellowship.

On the 6th of December, 1874, the Ruligio PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY granted letters of fellowship to Sister Margaret Jones, of Centralia, Ill., Dr. Wm. H. Andrews, of Calamus, Iowa, and to Brother John G. Priezel, of Plattsburg, Mo., constituting them regular ministers of the gospel, and authorizing them to solemnize marriages in due form of law.

To New Subscribers.

Owing to the large number of trial subscriptions now coming in, we can not commence sending the paper to an address until it appears on our printed mail list, which causes an interval of two weeks and sometimes longer, between the date of sending in the name and the reception of the paper by the subscriber. The full number will be sent, however, and the delay is unavoidable. Requests are frequently made for back numbers. We. can not promise to supply any.

Important to Correspondents.

In order to avoid delays and mistakes, it is important that matters of business and communications for publication should be written on separate sheets of paper.

Contents of the Little Bouquet for December, 1874.

Little Girls, by E. S.: Two Pictures, Illustrated; Spirit of the Platte, by Col. A. G. Brackett; What the Sunbeam told Me, by Mrs. Hyzer; A Woman at the Bottom of It; Spirit Drawings; Maud Bell, by W. C. Warner; Life in Canton; The Fruits of Christianity, by J. L. Potter; Song: Bird-Ghosts; The Water Lily; Snails; Our Monkey; At Night; Land-ing of the English at Roanoke, Illustrated; First English Colony in America; The Beck-oning Hand; A Jack Rabbit; Selected Gems of Thought; A Tree that Keeps a Standing Army; Ice in India; In the Nest; The Un-Army; Ice in India; In the Nest; The Unfinished Prayer; Consciousness of Dogs; Roy's Aquarium; American Children; Mothers; Gentleness; Origin of Foundling Asylums; The Baby's Death; Master Crissey, Illustrated; Interfering with Nature; Three Good Lessons; Curious Luminous Phenomenon; A Premature Old Woman; Essays in Natural History; Care for Poor Children of our City; A Little Funwith a Dog; Sex and Genus are Eternally Fixed in Germs; A Fault Finding Family; Gambling for the Church; Bad Habits; Truly Said; Plants Sacrèd to the Virgin; The Child at the Tomb: The Secular Press.

This little gem of beauty should be introduced into every Spiritualist family. Terms, §1 50 per year, or single number 15 cents. Address

Philadelphia Pepartment

......HENRY T. CHILD, M. D.

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

THE SPIRITUALISTS.

The Day Observed with More than Usual Fervor-Extract from a Discourse on "What Good has Spiritualism Done?"

[From the Philadelphia Press, Nov. 27, 1874.]

The Spiritualists observed Thanksgiving day with more than usual fervor, for this year is regarded by those who believe that the souls of the departed can commune with the living as a year pregnant with progress. Many families held "sittings" during the day and evening in order to draw about them the loved ones who had been taken away, and together gave thanks for the blessings conferred upon all. A number of meetings were also held, at one of which Henry T. Child, M. D., delivered a dis-course on the subject "What Good Has Spiritualism Done?" From this we make the following abstract:

If there be any of God's children who have a right to rejoice and give thanks it is the Spiritualists. Looking over the progress of modern Spiritualism during the last quarter of a century we see that it has come to humanity in waves, not bearing destruction, but healing in their course. First we had the raps, accompanied as they were by an intelligence which startled the thinking minds who were willing to investigate the phenomena, which were simple and insignificant, and without this intelligence would have been, what many sup-posed them to be, but a mere bubble on the ocean of time that must soon burst and be lost forever. Next came the movement of tables and other physical bodies. These were more general, and were considered by thousands as an interesting amusement. But behind these, and resulting from them, was a similar intelligence, which, while it interested a large number of persons, awakened in the minds of others a fear that "it was an evil thing," because it came in conflict with certain religious dogmas which they had accepted. This wave, like the former, rolled over the world, and greatly increased the number of believers in the intelligence conveyed by the phenomena. Then for a time there was a repose, followed by other waves which need not be enumerated here. To day we are in the midst of the most surging and powerful of all the waves of Spiritualism, one that has swept over the world with greater power and awakened a greater interest than ever before. The phenomena of materialization, which had been predicted for a considerable time, has become so general as to attract almost universal attention. And as thousands of spirits have been recognized, the question "What good Spirit ualism has done?" is in part answered, while still greater interest prevails to see and know more. When we thus recognize the forms and familiar voices of loved friends who have passed over the river called death, the question of continued existence is almost settled, especially where these can give posi-tive evidence of their identify. The question, "What good has Spiritualism done?" is an old and a proper one, and we are glad to answer it. The first intelligence which came through the raps on the memorable 31st of March, 1848, was a reply to two mothers who asked the number of their children, and were surprised to find that the response told not only the number still living, but referred to some whose forms had been laid away in the grave, and who had almost been forgotten, as their children still; and so, ever since, all the forms of intelligence that have been received have had this one great object to prove that all our loved ones hold the same relation

to us in the life beyond that they held here.

How often when the minister has stood beside the open coffin has he hesitated, and said we might hope that the departed had found mercy and was safe in the arms of Jesus. Spiritualism is not based on hope, it brings positive and unmistakable evidence of a future existence. Does any one question what good there is in this? Millions of earth's children are living better lives because they know that their loved ones are not lost but gone be-fore. The owl may ask what good does the daylight do? And may answer the question by saying none, because it only blinds his vision. Let us hope that this is not the case with any persons who ask this question. We have often compared Spiritualism to the light and heat of the sun; we know that in the outward these may cause the decomposition of many things; but who ever thought of calling in question the grand and beautiful life giving powers of the sun on this account?

Spiritualism has brought life and immortality to light to millions of earth's children, by giving them the consolation that their loved ones are safe; has removed the dreadful pall that had made life one continuous gloom, and given peace and joy in the knowledge that God is good; that he is the loving father of all his children; and as it thus comes to comfort the mourner, it opens the pathway of the future, and by its light sheds a halo around this life which may not be proclaimed in the public ear, but is treasured in the soul as its choicest blessing. All truth comes from God our father, and as his ministering angels bring this to us we are blest.

We have seen the strong man, exulting in his power and ready to defy everything around him, bowed down under grief when his child. whom he had looked upon as the staff of his declining years, has been snatched away by the rude hand of death, and when the evidence came to him from the other shore, proving not only that there is a life beyond, which he had never realized, but that his child, the light of his life, had come from that home to speak to him of its realities. As the tears ran down his manly cheeks, and his spirit went forth in joy to receive the blessing of his own weight of a deep affliction because of the un-certainty she felt in regard to her child that had gone before her, when the evidence came that fully satisfied her that all was well with him, her soul was made to rejoice, and especially when she learned that his happiness could be promoted by her cheerful resignation and a willingness to hold sweet communion with htm. Who will say that there is no good in these things which are the legitimate results of Spiritualism?

In consequence of the act of Congress, requiring all postage to be pre-paid at the office of publication, after January 1st, 1875, the

The Spirit World.

A DEPARTMENT FOR COMMUNICATIONS FROM THE INNER-LIPE.

[For some time past my spirit friends have been urging me to add to the Philadelphia Department, one in which they may have the opportunity of sending their thoughts to the world. The extended circulation of the Journal furnishes the means of reaching more individuals than any other paper on Spiritualism.

Spirits have expressed a desire that I should not only send forth the communications which they are able from time to time to give through my organism, but select some that I may report as given through other mediums, whose names will be given with their communications.

H. T. C.1

CHAPTER FIFTH.

Life, Its Origin and Objects.

We shall see as we proceed that all the end less variety of forms that exist in the organic kingdom are the result of a multiplication of simple cells with their cilia, which by com-bining in different organs perform the im-mense variety of functions that characterize life everywhere. This simple statement will furnish the key to the solution of the problem of life. We can not go through the description of each of the different families, but if any one will apply these principles to any organism or form of life, they can readily discover the mode by which it is built up from the simple cell. We are aware that in this attempt to solve the problem of life, all that we can do is to take step after step towards the unknown, the unfathomeble the infaite the unknown, the unfathomable, the infinite. But such is the nature of the human mind that it ever seeks to take these steps and to help others to do the same,

In the vegetable kingdom there are often many life centers in one organism; in the lower forms each cell is a life center capable of maintaining its existence and reproducing itself. But as we ascend in the scale these life centers diminish in numbers, though there are many very marked instances of these in the higher forms of life plants, a portion of which engrafted into another tree, or planted in the ground, will not only continue to live but grow and produce its peculiar fruits.

It is not definitely settled by philosophers of your earth whether plants or animals were first evolved, since the primal call of each of these is so near alike that they can not be dis-tinguished from each other. Our observation leads us to conclude that the vegetable precedes and prepares the way for the animal cell which, though apparently like the former, has the capacity of ascending to much higher planes. The vegetable ever has and ever will prepare and preserve the atmospheric and other conditions that are capable of sustaining life in the animal, and they are both complimentary to each other, neither being capable of ascending very high without the other.

Communications Through Katie B. Robinson, of Philadelphia.

A. LINCOLN.

The freedom of America was inaugurated by the inflaence of Indian spirits, who, mingling with the pioneer settlers, inspired them with that love of liberty which threw off the political rule, and will not cease till religious and spiritual liberty shall spread over the land from sea to sea.

J. W. POWELL, OF ENGLAND.

It is pleasant, Doctor Child, to shake hands once more in spirit. I have come to send a few words, not only to my English friends and Spiritualists, but to the American Spiritualists. Looking from the Spirit-world, where when I think of the glorious tidings that are being sent back and forth between the two worlds. Daily and hourly people are receiving grand and glorious truths, proving that the prophecies of the olden times are being ful-filled. It may seem that England stands in the background, and there are ecclesiastical ideas held there that it will be hard to overcome; but when the people come to be fully aroused, as they are now beginning to be by Professor Crookes and others, and they understand that the return of spirit is a fact beyond all doubt, you will find that old England will march on in the path of progress with you. Many are beginning to know that these things are the fulfillment of the olden prophecies. It gives me great pleasure to know that Mrs. Tappan, one of your ablest and most eloquent mediums, is doing such a great work in England now. Her labors in connection with the recent investigations there will awaken a more general investigation of this important subject. I should be glad to see a greater interchange between the two countries, and I rejoice that several of our mediums are coming to this country; they can help each other. I believe that true Spiritualism will unite all mankind. My path was sometimes hard and thorny. I believe Spiritual pioneers have had to suffer. You know there were times when it was hard to keep the wolf from the door, but often when writing, the proofs of Spiritualism came to me with such power that I lost sight of my surroundings and was happy, feeling that I was fulfilling my mission. I passed away with a strong desire to live for the sake of the work I wanted to do, and for my wife and family. Since I passed away I am very happy to know that the kind friends have assisted my family. I am with them and will do all I can to help them. I take great pleasure in watching the progress of Spiritualism in various places, and I see that it is rapidly moving forward and you are receiving some of the grandest truths that have ever been given to the world. I love to be remembered by my friends in this country and in England, and I am just as busy as ever, laboring for the cause of Spiritualism.

SAMUEL PAIST.

Good morning, Doctor. I can see clear as day now. Tell mother that I wish I had taken her advice, but I am happy, and am receiving a reward even for the little that I was enabled to do for my guides. This has in a measure removed the stains that would have been on me. I look upon the change now as somedarling, there was no question, either with him or us as to what good Spiritualism has as happy as I can be. The Spirit-land is gloridone. We have seen a mother, under the ous and I think I enjoy it much more because I was blind on earth. No one can realize what a glorious thing it is to see until they have been blind. I don't expect I am in the seventh heaven, and I suppose the Christian would say I was in hell, but I am not. I am better off than I ever could have been on earth. I am in a kind of an intermediate state, and I feel that I have made a good exchange. I can say that my soul is full of love. I shall try to report to my friends. Tell Peter Tomson I am around and shall give him such evidence as will enable him to know that it is me. I want to get all things right and then I will talk just as I used to. I want to send word to the Vineland friends. Tell Mrs. Adams that I don't forget her; she was kind and under-stood me; I will often come back to her. I

joice that I still live, and I shall watch over mother and father and my friends, and will help them now to understand the glorious truths of Spiritualism.

BENJAMIN AND HANNAH GILBERT.

Will thee please say to our children and friends that mother and father Gilbert are very happy. We have entered a beautiful, quiet home of peace in the Spirit world, and we have met our loved ones there. Our long years of united and happy feelings were not broken by death. We would love to give a description of our home to the children, but we can not now. We wish our children to be united and love each other, and when they have done with earth we shall be a united and happy family. We are glad that we knew something of Spiritualism before we left the earth forms, for it helped us on our entrance

White Feather says there are a number of spirits here who are desirous to send messages to their friends, among them a man named

METZLER. Jacob Metzler, from Pittsburgh, Pa., who was drowned in the late flood. Budd Sterling wants to send a few words to his son, Dr. William Sterling, of Burlington, New Jersey, Judge Elmonds wants to have a talk with you; your mother comes and puts her hand upon your head and says, my son, thee must be careful of thy health this winter, because thee has a great deal to do.

EDWARD T. LANE.

It seems a little like old times to get into a circle, only I am on the other side now and am giving instead of receiving communications Sametimes I was completely carried away with these and realized every word, and at others I was not quite so sure. Now that I can see it from this side, I must say that you Spiritualists have a grand work before you. Alcinda Slide, who is with me now, says: Now, Lane, you see that what I was so much interested in when in the body, is going to be a religion and philosophy that all minds will take hold of, and it is doing a great deal of good. I shall be glad to come back and report to my wife and family. I don't forget any of my friends. I have met my former companion and our child. It makes me happy to know that my wife and children do not forget me, and that they visit mediums to hear from me. This world is just as natural as yours, only more beautiful. I have not found in it any place for laziness; all are up and doing. I want to say a word about my son Edward. I was perhaps too indulgent with him; he needs a little restraint; it should be in kindness and love; he is very mediumistic— just as susceptible to mischievous influences as to good. I will do all I can to make him a noble men. I hope he will live to be a staff for is mother to lean upon in the coming years. She has got along the best she could though she has needed my encouragement. I see what is to take place and I think it is for the best. I know I am remembered. In the hearts of my companion and my children L know Lane lives. Time seems to fly so fast. It seems but the other day that I was moving about in basiness in Philadelphia just like any one else; still I am the same as when living with yon. I am not dead; I shall remain to all friends and acquaintances and those that I love the same being that I was in earth-life.

CARL PUTNAM.

I have told my father that I would send him a word through your paper, and when he reads it he will realize that I still live. Oh! how thank'ul I am to him, for he is the only one o our family who truly believes that his son lives and can return to earth and communicate. I see he has a great undertaking before him, and requires a good deal of assistance to carry out his plans. He must have courage, for there is a class of good kind spirits both in the form and out of it that will assist him. know that he will do good. for he has a kind heart, Spiritualism being to him both a belief and a knowledge that will carry him safely through life, and I know will give him a blessed reception and welcome on the other side of life. There are many loved ones here whom he knew, that I frequently meet, who speak of him. I promised to report myself after I passed sway, and I am very glad to be she to release the transfer of the state of the sta able to fulfill that promise. We are much re-joiced to know that Spiritualism is gaining ground everywhere. Tell father I love to see him in the valleys and on the mountains with the good old fashioned people. It carries me back to the time when the people lived honestly and plainly—when they had in their hearts love one for another. Tell father I would like mother to go down there with him. I hope she will take an interest in the settlement, where many foreigners and pioneers may find a home and assist in establishing a bright little village. Tell father I want him to form circles down there, and I shall try to be one of the controlling guides. Tell him to take no thought and other than the controlling guides. take no thought of what people say, but do what is right, and all will be well. I will be very much obliged to you if you will put this in your paper,

ETHAN'ALLEN

Dear old Vermont, I love to look back at its mountains, its streams, its forests and glens; I love the sir of my native State, and I am often around the Eddy homestead, and as I look down from the home on high I am delighted to see how much spiritual power there is con-centrated around the dear old homestead, power that I know will never die out, but will spread to many other homes in this land. I love to see those honest mediums who are known to the Spirit-world as people who give up their lives and their time for the promotion of a grand and glorious truth. It is very natural that in the dear old independent State a power should spring up that all the bigotry and superstition can not kill. The day is not far distant when many in that grand old State will stretch forth their hands to the mediums and say, "God bless you." You have proved to the world the fact of immortality,—go on and be firm and true; surrender not your power, but be noble in all you may do, and feel that the father and mother and guides and friends that have gathered around you with such force and power, may breathe down upon each member of that family so that they shall feel an inspiration more beautiful than they have ever felt before. Let peace and harmony blend and greater agree the blend and greater power shall come to you in the future from the angel guides that are with you. I love that dear old State where I stood firmly in our country's hour of peril. I hope the time will soon come when in all the States there will be those who will stretch forth their hands to protect and defend their mediums, so that through their mediumship we shall be able to bring greater power than has ever been witnessed. I came this morning because I had promised to do so. You have a letter from my friend, Colonel Olcott. I had received a letter with some others as I was going to the medium's but had not read it. JOURNAL will, be sent three months to new met with disappointments there. I am trial subscribers, for 29 cents, after this of the city, where the spirit can sometimes go and look down upon the fading form. I re
stood met it will often come used to bet. I am H. T. C.] Before another spring I hope to be pleased that the body lies away from the din of the city, where the spirit can sometimes go and look down upon the fading form. I re
world that I still live. It is time for the lead. going to the medium's, but had not read it. H. T. C.] Before another spring I hope to be

ing minds of our State and our country to in. vestigate this important subject. On I that there was more independence and willingness to look at this thing. I see that there are many noble minds who are just as much inspired, just as much instruments in the hands of the angel world to tear down the flag of old superstition and bigotry, as we were to throw off political tyranny. It is time that the American people should rouse up and be free, and realize that there is a mighty power at work in their midst that will prove the great fact of immortality. Those who have seen their friends in materialized forms have had the best proof that can be obtained of a future existence. I am very glad that Colonel Olcott is doing the work he is. His writings are read by millions, and will be better understood by the masses than many things that have been written. Tell him to go on. A door has been opened in this nineteenth century that will never again be closed; angel forms are seen in your midst, and ere long the commanders and generals of the past who stood against oppression and tyranny will appear before you with their marshaled hosts ready to proclaim an advance in the cause of freedom and inde-pendence. The light of liberty that I know dear noble old Washington was inspired with, shall fall upon our country in greater brightness. I know now that when I was in the form a mighty band was with me that ever inspired me with courage, so that I never knew what fear was. I always had a spirit of determination that gave me power.

Ausiness Aotices.

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Our three months subscribers must bear in mind that they should renew at least two weeks before their time is out, if they wish to avoid the loss of papers, as the names of all three months subscribers are dropped from the list when the time is up, and we can not undertake to supply back numbers. Please bear this in mind, and save yourselves disappointment and ourselves much trouble.

Don't forget that dues must be paid, and that on and after the first day of January postage must be paid in advance at the post office of publication on every newspaper printed in this country. Not one paper will be received that is not prepaid. We can't prepay postage unless sent to us in time to have it show on the printed mail list. No time is to be lost. Please attend to the matter at once.

\$1.65 cents renews trial subscrip-

In consequence of the act of Congress, requiring all postage to be pre-paid at the office of publication, after January 1st, 1875, the JOURNAL will be sent three months to new trial subscribers, for 29 cents, after this

Oblinary.

Passed on, from North Bernington, Vt., Nov. 16th, 1874, Dr. Hiram Koon, aged 61 years.

We are seldom called to record the transit of one so noble and gifted. He went to dwell with angels at a time when he was in the full possession of his rare faculties. His "presence" was such that an Orthodox community was compelled to respect his belief, and few men ventured to ridicule his faith. His funeral was largely attended and the address upon the occasion was through one of his belief. The Misonic Frateri ity paid their last respects to their hosored brother through their "rites" at the grave, accompanied by a full band. The poor and unfortunate will mourn by Koon's transit. His estimable family will keep his memory green and love him for his winning and noble traits, and they will listen for his cheering voice, "Over There."

A. E. SIMMONS.

Passed to the higher life, from Faribault, Rice Co. Minn , Nov. 18th, Any Ellen, infant daughter of Tom H. and Eva R. Birdsall, aged 3 mouths and 6 days. It was bard to give up our darling blue-cyed baby, but we feel "she is not lost, but gone before."

Harrist E. Pope.

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Is unequaled as a curative scent in all Nervous and Female diseases. General Debility. Paralysis R. eumatism. Neuralgia, 110, and the worderful power of applying it without regard to distance, is giv u me as many will te tify. Aduress, stating leading symptoms, duration of disease, are, etc., and each lag fee-three d lars, DR. J. B. HALL, No. 170 E. Adams St. (Room 10) Chicago.

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HOLIDAY

GOODS

We have made extraordinary preparations for the Holiday Trade, and are daily adding to our unequaled sotck the choicest selections in Fresh, New JEW-ELRY, Fine WATCHES, CHAINS. new and original designs in SILVER-WARE, CLOKS, OPERAGLASSES. etc., making the most beautiful collection of HOLIDAY NOVELTIES ever shown in this city.

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DR. J. R. NEWTON, WILL HEAL THE SICK

No. 1,015 Olive st., St. Louis, Mo., On and after Nov. 15th, 1874.

Dr. Newton's wonderful licaling power is too well known to require an extended advertisement. Diseases cared that are considered incurable by every

No charge to those not well able to pay.

Of Life and Immortality.

Plato, Cicero, Seneca, and many others have canvassed this topic extensively, and decided affirmatively, while Huxley, Tyndall, Darwin, etc., deny it, appearing to one like the condition of fish, driven by adverse forces on to shoals at the receding of the tide, incapable of helping themselves or others. Where is the benefit, or proof to be had, that "matter has force and energy, and a permanent possibility of sensation?" In plain words, that matter/made itself, all worlds and all things, added motion, also, life and intelligence.

Do mountains of rocks, including volcanic

sands of the desert, ocean, or stars, or all combined, furnish the least proof of a possibility of sensation? Each have existed for ages on ages, with the same general character, yet no one can point out the proof such are the causes of all things, when is reality they are the effect of a cause. All things, animate and inanimate, have come from the parent stem in all past time, so far as can be known; hence the conclusion is irresistible, that all worlds and things are not the "accidents of matter." nor that matter made itself. Many ask the question, "what did make it?" If such can tell what life and thought are, would not the question be answered? Some think because the first cause of all things can not be seen and comprehended, a human soul picked up with forceps, thoughts, affections, etc., melted in a crucible, their essence discovered at the bottom, that all and everything are "accidents of matter." Oh, yes, "matter becomes disintegrated; enters into new combinations," in turned topsy turvy, goes helter skelter, is sent harem scarem on a wild goose chase to hunt up "reciprocal relations and affinities," which with "slow transition in psycological evolution, beginning with the amphibious, and ending in the human cerebrum." makes humanity with profound thought. Yes, creates men of science like Huxley, Tyndall, Darwin, etc., one degree above a monkey, and thus capable of elucidating the wonders of the world, its origin, and that of all things. Is not the name of science dwarfed and belittled by such allusions and terms? All know that like is continually producing its like, and always has, with nothing known to the contrary, and does not come into existence from any source outside the producing cause of it—to say it does, is equal to eaying fleas and foxes, with other animals combined, produce an elephant—"and man."

All know's melon seed planted in mortar would not produce a cabbage, or manifest life, yet life, or nature as a whole, we find contains all qualities, both spiritual and physical, each in systematic order; hence, soil must have the necessary elements for all vegetable life, or none could be produced. The mind also must be in condition to appreciate and receive truth, or remain barren. The world and the great deep afford sources innumerable to obtain truths sufficient to show the way to eternal life and bliss, when left free of sectarianism—with their bigoted whacks. Can thoughts come from mortar, or by the disintegration of all things after its life ceases? In other words, can thoughts arise from what does not think?

can thoughts arise from what does not think? When the idea can be appreciated that thought is really the first cause of all things produced by humanity, the idea is easily had, that thought, infinite thought, must have been the cause of this, and all worlds and things, actual life and intelligence preceding, for how could anything be made or created without life, and thought to produce it? We are told, however, that hope, fear, love, hatred, joy, sorrow, etc., are caused by "organism." Does the combination of these parts really create them? If they do, are not the parts greater, than the whole? Intelligence, to come from blind, inert matter, seems absurd. The reasonable conclusion seems to be that the matter composing the "organism" existed previously as matter, or always existed in different forms, and the life and mind which animates it all, also previously existed, or more probably always existed as life and mind; both matter and mind being entirely distinct and of a different essence.

Tonce had a pupil who was a teacher of the deaf and dumb, the motions of the hands and fingers being the only source of communicating thought. From this source I first received the idea that "life was the cause of matter, and not matter the cause of life." Among the deaf and dumb, as also among the blind, at the asylum for them, I found a high order of intelligence manifested. Can such be caused by any process whatever other than mind acting on mind? It gives the idea as preposterous that such is the "accident of matter." Can any one tell why the sexes all over the world are kept so nearly equal? why so vastly different in appearance, size and intelligence? yet all with facility of communicating what they have. Can any one tell where the minds of the insane go, or give any proof the finite mind is not an essence of an infinite mind? We see a beautiful carpet, yet the mind that designed the pattern or made the machinery that wove it was never seen by mortal eyes, nor never will be. Does not the existence of this and other worlds give equal evidence of a vast, intelligent mind to produce it, as well as mind to produce a carpet, or will any one contend the world growed of itself? If so, can any better proof be given than of "slow evolutions, beginning with amphibious, and ending in the human cerebrum."

For proof to me that conscious life and identity are continued beyond the grave, I have the assurance of my mother long in the Spirit-world, that "she sees me, hears my voice when conditions are favorable; that she regrets the stern faith she taught me; that memory avengeth, or rewards, according to merit; that my father is determined to communicate with me by slate writing, and I know how set he is." Other communications were made that no living soul knew of but myself, even telling me four days after their occurrence what my expectations, thoughts, and disappointments were, and how she knew it; says "such is not general, and can only occur when in rapport and conditions will permit." Some are blessed with spiritual discernment, who assure me relatives and well-known friends appear natural and life-like in every particular.

paar natural and life-like in every particular.

All can have equal proof by making the effort; and yet but a short time ago, to make this assertion I would have been called a "fool," and may to-day, for telling the truth. Excited crowds at Corinthian Hall, in the city of Rochester, N. Y., not long since, threatened to lynch the "rappers and their advocates," but it is hoped common sense may be allowed free expression in Columbus.

In my work "Vivid Truths," the investigations of many minds of great intellectual attainments are given on this topic. Ninety-six large pages only published as yet. Price fifty cents. Will be completed when sufficient numbers inform me they want it. Respectfully, for truth, and progress, the public's humble servant, A. B. Church.

Twenty-nine Cents pays for the Religio-Philosophical Journal for three months, for new trial subscribers. Please send in the subscriptions.

Babbitt's Health Guide now ready and for sale at the office of this paper. Price, \$1 00.

Letter from a Christian Spiritualist.

Bro. S. S. Jones:—I have been, during the present year, reading several of that class of papers somewhat like that you are publishing, viz: The Boston Investigator, The Index, etc. These papers have been promiscuously sent to me, by whom I know not, with the margin written with low, insulting slang, concerning the validity of the Bible, often pointing me to some like language in the columns of the paper. Now, my dear friend, I am a trial subscriber to your paper, and have received the first (No. 8), Nov. 7, 1874. I am well pleased with the paper, especially such articles as that of Robert Dale Owen, Mrs. Tappan, "Signs of the Times" by D. Winder. I am truly anxious to see those articles you speak of,

"DEATH, OR THE PATHWAY TO SPIRIT-LIFE."

So far as I have seen I like the views of Spiritualists on the future state. I have no prejudice against Spiritualism. All I need to be an out and out modern Spiritualist is this: convince me that I can in any way converse with my dear old mother, who has been dead sixteen years, and my sons who were slain in the late war, and I would be one of the happiness would beggar all description.

To establish the doctrine of modern Spiritualism, I see no valid reason why we should repudiate the Bible, or even speak slightly or repreachfully about it, for you, Mr. Editor, I presume, know perfectly well that the Bible and its true meaning is wrested and tortured by the great popular orthodox world—Catholics and Protestants—and that the church and its doctrines, as set up by Christ and his apostles, is not now hardly in existence; if it is, it is with those that are now called liberal Christians, and by many infidels. For the religious error that is now in the world we should not hold the Bible responsible, for there are now millions of men declaring that they are teaching the true doctrines of the Bible, when truly they are deceived, and teaching the command-ments and doctrines of men. It looks to me as if all true Spiritualists should support the Bible and set it in its true light before the world. Such Spiritualism as rejects the Bible (if there be such) I feel to reject it, and permit me right here, Mr. Editor, to say to you in all good feeling, and for the good- of modern Spiritualism, and for the good of modern lent paper, that every time the Bible is re-proached and condemned through the columns of any paper, that paper is unnecessarily injuring itself and the cause it advocates. A Christian Spiritualist to be demolishing the Bible, reminds me of poor Sampson pushing down the house that not only killed his enemies, but killed himself.

I have some experience about the prejudices of men. I was raised in poor old South Carolina; left there when twenty-five years of age, and came to Mississippi. I wrote back to my friends and relations what a good country I had found. I did not see that it would be of any use to tell them what a poor mean country Cavolina was, for that was a thing they already knew; there was no use in my abusing poor old Carolina, it could not help being poor. The result was, when my letters were read many of my friends and relations came to Mississippi. After living eighteen years in Mississippi I came to Texas, found a better country, again wrote back as before, and the same results followed.

When the Savior of mankind was fulfilling his ministry 1800 years ago, he did not spend much of his time in abusing men for their errors, and when men tried to show that he was going contrary to the law of Moses, he showed them where they stood. See the case of the woman taken before him caught in the act of adultery. The Savior preached to the world a better doctrine than the law of Moses, without abusing Moses or the law, and thousands left the law and came to the gospel. Just so if Spiritualists have anything for us better than the Bible, give it to us, but don't abuse the Bible. You will injure yourselves more than you will injure others or the Bible. I have no objections to the validity of the Bible being fairly tested, as it was in the discussion with Robert Dale Owen and A. Camp-

As to prejudice, I have been fighting it as a public advocate of universal restoration for thirty-six years. My greatest success has ever been when I preached the universal love and goodness of God, and "the excellency of the gospel of Jesus Christ," when I was gentle towards all men," without railing or rashness. So, Bro. Jones, I hope you will agree with me that when we move and find a better country, we need not abuse the country we left in order to get our people to move to the new country; and when God in his mercy has given us better views about the Spirit-world, and we wish the world to come up to higher and better views along with us, we need not abuse the views of those that we have left behind, nor abuse them. All that is necessary is just to give the world better views about the Bible and everything else, and while we are pleading for continual progression for others, let us see that we are progressing ourselves. Truly yours, etc., Marmaduke Gardiner.

McDade P. O., Bastrop Co., Texas.

A New Feature.

Bro. Jones:—Not having received a communication from me for some time, it may have been presumed that the force of circumstances—hard times—coupled with a martyred existence generally, had driven a persistent missionary from the field; not so, by any means, but the magnitude of the enterprise with which I have for some months been connected, has been such as to demand the closest attention and prevent me from attending very

attention and prevent me from attending very closely to my press communications.

Hattle E. Price, my wife, with myself and one assistant, have just made an extended tour through portions of Iowa, Nebraska and Missouri, having been engaged in giving a series of concerts, consisting of selections from the most popular Spiritual songs, elocutionary recitations on liberal subjects, etc., besides the representation of a beautiful drama, composed under the inspiration of William Wordsworth, England's poet laureate, for some years a resident of the Summer-land, but like Dickens and other generous; spirits, still active in good works. The drama is entitled "Angel and Demon, or How Reconciled," and represents the conditions, in the Spirit-world. Ronald, the demon, forcibly represents the hopeless and degraded condition of (an undeveloped spirit, a dweller in the lowest plane of the Spirit-world. In the midst of his darkness and despair, and while planning vengeance on his mortal destroyers, Ronald is visited by the angel, Idália, now a dweller in the third sphere, who was by him slain on the earth. Idália calms his passion, tells him she loves him still, as in earth-life, and leads him in the path of progression, and teaches him how to "work off his sins" upon the earth, for each kind set atones for an evil deed. And alluding to the connection of spirits with mortals, Idalia says:

With and for mortals is our ceaseless work, with crush out error and build up the truth.
Oh! could they see the earth as we behold ness.

Red drops of blood would from men's eyelids ooze. Then join us, Ronald, in this glorious work. Then Ronald, yielding to her persuasions,

says:

'E'en with that thought which permeates me now,
My being feels considerable change,

This beam of light transforms by its effects."

The play closes with that most beautiful of Spiritual songs, sung by Ronald and Idalia, entitled "The Isle of Angels." So felicitous is the conception of the play, and so beautiful the idea acted out in thus teaching progression beyond the grave, that although Mrs. Price and myself have represented "Angel and Demon" in quite a number of churches in the States above named, few, if any, of their orthodox congregations have thought fit to take offense, notwithstanding their predilection for hell-fire and eternal punishment.

A few evenings since I delivered a lecture at Paul Castor's Healing Institution, at Ottumwa, Iowa. Subject, "Magnetism as a Healing Agency." Friday evening, Nov 19th, I delivered a scientific lecture at Mt. Pleasant, Iowa, at Howe's Hall. Subject, "The Birth of Worlds," From this point we shall proceed to Burlington, on the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy Railroad, over which route we shall proceed toward Chicago, giving readings and concerts in connection with our lectures at intermediate points.

As Mt. Pleasant is somewhat noted for its educational institutions, under the control of the orthodox clergy, the truths of Spiritualism have not gained much of a foothold, but we have discovered several investigators. As our lectures are uniformly well received, and always attended with good results, by the advice and counsel of our loving spirit band, who have never deserted us under the most trying circumstances, we expect to keep long in the field as exponents of the truth. Yours, Theodere F. Price.

Mt. Pleasant, Is.

A Remarkable Wanifestation.

BRO. JONES:-The following manifestation which occurred on the day of the funeral services of Oliver H. Swain, of Lynn, Mass., is of peculiar interest and worthy of being put on record. Mr. Swain's departure from the body occurred instantly, while he was seated in a chair at his office, and of course the shock to his wife and many friends was fearful in the extreme. After the funeral was over, and the friends had returned from the cemetery where the body was deposited in a tomb, Mrs. Julia M. Carpenter, a medium well known to the public, being present, said to Mrs. Swain that she felt's strong spiritual influence, where-upon Mrs. Swain with two friends and the me-dium retired to an upper chamber to see what dium retired to an upper chamber to see what the spirits had to communicate. They sat down around the table, it being about three o'clock in the afternoon and the room perfectly light, to await whatever might come. Resting their hands upon the table they sat for a short time, when suddenly and unexpectedly there appeared upon the table directly before the eyes of all a beautiful rosebud. Mrs. Swain cried out, "It is from Oliver [her husband's name], and it is for me." Immediately the medium's hand was influenced and the spirit wrote: "My darling wife: I have brought this as a memento to you, and I wish brought this as a memento to you, and I wish you to preserve it and keep it while you live." The spirit then spoke through the medium and said: "This is one of the two buds that were placed in my hand after the body was put in the coffin. You will remember that in taking hold of my hand this bud dropped out of its place and you put it back again. Your touching it made it possible for me to bring it to ing it made it possible for me to bring it to you. I want you to get a carriage to-morrow and take your friends with you, and go and see for yourselves the truth of what I have told you." Accordingly the next morning Mrs. Swain, accompanied by three friends, none of whom were Spiritualists, visited the tomb and had the coffin opened and found the rose gone. The fact of the rosebud being in his hand was known to several, and Mrs. Swain distinctly remembered replacing the bud, a fact entirely unknown to the medium. One of the bearers noticed particularly that both buds were in the body's hand when the coffin was

bearers noticed particularly that both buds were in the body's hand when the coffin was closed. How the rosebud came to appear on the table two hours after the coffin had been securely locked up in the tomb, is a question for the scientist. They would say it is impossible, but it happened, and the sorrowing wife was cheered and comforted beyond measure by the beautiful token of loving remembrance

presented by her arisen husband.
A. E. Carpenter,
2 Indiana st., Boston, Mass.

Poices squm the People.

LYTLE CITY, IOWA.—A. G. Johnson writes.

—I admire your treatment of the Woodhull faction.

CARTERSVILLE, ILL.—R. M. Hincheliff writes.—Could you give through the JOURNAL directions for the development of a Clairvoyant?

Sitting in developing circles a few months will accomplish the result desired.

LIBERTY, IND.—J. C. Felter writes:—I wish result sand some road lecturer and medium

you would send some good lecturer and medium here. I think they would be well paid for their labor.

MILLERS FALLS, MASS.—A. B. Parker writes.

—I will say that I like the tone of the Journal very well, especially the stand it takes on the social

HALESBORO, TEXAS.—N. B. Bonyer writes.— Many of us here feel deeply interested in Spiritualism, but we do not know how to proceed with the investigation. Can you give us information that will enable us to do so; if you can you

will confer a fayor.

Form developing circles; sit regularly, either twice or three times a week, meeting always at the time appointed, and favorable results will follow. Have only those in the circle who are in harmony with each other, and an equal number of

NEWARK, N. J.—G. C. Stewart writes.—Enclosed also you will find an article from the Sunday Call, published in this city. The medium's name is Ely. The family are old residents in this place, and do not exhibit for money. The report is a very fair one considering the source and the old fogy atmosphere in which we live.

both sexes.

HARPERSFIELD, O.—D. Blanchard writes.— The stand you have taken in Woodhullism has secured to you the hearty approval of all Spiritualiats in this section, and as long as it is steadfast in the doctrine it now advocates, with great pleasure I will give it my patronage and influence.

SPRINGFIELD, ILL.—T. M. Church writes.—I wieh I could adequately express my hearty, approval of the philosophical and judicions course pursued by you through the Journal. You are doing a noble work, your editorial on Thanksgiving, like all your other editorials, abounds injunantswerable logic and wisdom. May good angels continue to inspire you, and may the dear old JOURNAL ever increase in circulation and usefulness.

PLAINVILLE, N. Y.—John T. Williams writes.
—I have used tobacco for 16 years—both chewing and smoking, and on the 15th of September last I sent to you for two boxes of Mrs. A. H. Robinson's Tobacco Antidote, one for myself and one for a friend of mine, and I am happy to say that it has perfectly eradicated the desire for the poisonous weed. Thanks to Mrs. A. H. Robinson.

BURTON, O.—Mrs. R. A Rose writes.—I can't say I believe all the stories I read in your paper,—they go ahead of my experience, but I believe in the principles you advocate, and think they should be engraven on the hearts of every person in the world. I believe in a religion that teaches people the glory of being good and doing good, and one that has not waded through crime and bloodshed to gain place and power, and claims to have done it through the commands of God.

DES MOINES, IOWA.—J, W. Kenyon writes.—
I take pleasure in sending you these names, and hope they may become permanent readers of the Journal. My meetings are more largely attended every succeeding Sunday. My reedings seem to interest; they draw attention to the principles of mind-reading. The cause of Spiritualism is gaining ground here. The dellies frequently have long articles on its phenomena and philosophy. I am meeting with good success as a magnetizer of the sick.

KIRKSVILLE.—Theobal Miller writes.—Your interesting Journan is read with much pleasure here. I have been procuring some subscribers occasionally. I intend to extend its circulation into the surrounding counties. I am lecturing some on Spiritualism from a Bible stand point. I have reference to that class of mediums who felt the divine influx flowing on them, which gave them the power to look down the stream of time, and see great events roll into the history of the world.

BURLINGTON, N. J.—Miss E. M. Shaver writes.—We receive your cheering paper at its regular time. The unknown friend and the editor is often spoken of and heartily thanked for his generosity. You would be more than paid if you could see how eagerly the Journal is read. I know nothing of Spiritualism, only what I read, but what pleasure it would give me to meet in some of the circles. I'm no bigot, and I'm thankful for having a wise mother, who taught me when a child a great many things, which I find in your columns.

COTTAGE, HILL, NEB.—L. B. Filley writes.—The condition of affairs in Nebraska to-day is well known to all journalists in the country. In our western counties people have been starving. Probably they have received their supplies before this. In the eastern counties we are not so badly off, but we are nearly all in straightened circumstances. The drouth and grasshoppers took all, but a light crop of wheat that has ranged from 45 to 55 cents per bushel, and dull at that. It is impossible for many of us to get the clothing we need this winter, much less to pay our debts. I think more of the Journal than any other paper:

GENOA, O.—H. H. Sloan writes.—Without admitting the facts of Modern Spiritualism there is no proof of the immortality of the soul—the "key stone" is lacking, they must soon be compelled to either admit that Spiritualism is true or else admit the doctrine of the Athelstical school of philosophy, which says that "Death is an everlasting sleep." God help us all that believe in the glorious doctrine of the ministry of angels, to live better and nobler lives, knowing as we do, that the better we live here, the farther advanced we shall be when we attain the shining shore of that immortal life which is the precious gift of God unto all the human race.

JOLIET, ILL—Daniel Ward, No. 2578, prison, writes.—I beg a little space in your columns to express my thanks to Walter Mansfield, of San Jose, Cal., in return for his generosity in sonding me through you twelve pamphlets, treating on various subjects pertinent to Spiritualism, some of which I have read, and find them not only instructive but deeply interesting. There are hundreds here who would feel sincerely grateful for any Spiritual reading matter sent them, but they do not like to ask for it. Were a few benevolent persons to form themselves into a committee, and appeal to the readers of the JOURNAL to forward to said committee such reading matter as they could spare, I think the demand from here would be greater than the ability of the committee to supply.

OAKLAND, CAL.—R. B. Hall writes.—I like the Journal, it's a trump, and bound to succeed. Your liberal offer to subscribers must add greatly to its circulation. You carry too many guns for freelove and its advocates. They melt away before the rays of your scorching and withering rebuke, like grass before the mower. The publication of phenomenal Spiritualism is a great feature in the Journal, and makes it popular with the masses. There is nothing that attracts the attention of the general reader so quick. I have been an investigator of Spiritualism for nineteen years, but I am still interested in much of the more startling phenomena published in the press of to-

JOLIET, PEN'Y.—H. Nemo, No. 7594, writes.—
I take this opportunity to again express my heartfelt thanks for the free use of the Religio-Philosophical Journal, which I have been receiving
for eight or nine months. I find it interesting in
all respects; yea, highly valuable to me, and if I
had been instructed in its philosophy years ago, I
would have been a different man than I am now,
but Spiritualism was at a discount in those days,
particularly where I was raised. I see by some of
the leading papers that Spiritualism is rapidly advancing, and I hope it will increase in rapidity until it reaches the utmost bounds; all it needs is an
investigation. It hurts me because I am not in a
condition to remunerate you, but if I live until my
time is out (which is fourteen months) I will see
what can be done; it is a long promise, but a good
one if kept.

NORTON, MASS.—J. O. Messinger writes.—In the last issue of the Journal there is an article headed "The Devil," in which it reads, "No one ever saw him or noticed the impression of his foot on the snow, mud or dust." In the history of Norton, which I have, there is an article under the head of "Witchcraft" which reads as follows: "Tradition has handed down to us the important intelligence, that Major Louard, one of the early settlers of Norton, made a league with the Devil, in order to acquire great wealth, and as a return for the services rendered, Lonard promised to give his body to the Devil when he called for it Accordingly in 1716, while Lonard was sick with fever, of which he died, the old important, claimed his body, and carried it off. As he left the house with it, he made a tremendous jump and landed on some rocks some thirty or forty rods back of house, whence he came down with so much force as to make his foot prints in the rocks, which are to be seen at the present age." So you see we have the prints of his cloven foot.

UTICA, MICH.—H. H. Kelsey writes.—The following is a remarkable case of spirits aiding in the detection of house robbers and the recovery of the money. B. F. Skinner, a pioneer of forty years, who resides near the east line of Oakland Courty, Mich., discovered on the 14th of October that his house had been robbed of \$700, which must have been taken some four weeks before while the house had been left alone a short time. During this interval Mr. S. was often warned in dreams and strong impressions that his money had been stolen, but he gave no head to it, believing that his inner closet safe, with a twenty p proof lock, was amply secure; but now his green backs were missing. With some persuasion, Mr. Skinner—being a medium—submitted to spirit control, that stated that the Clemmons gang over there had his money divided among them, and that he should have them arrested. At the next sitting, the invisible detectives described three persons, one in petticoats, who had taken the money, and that the Clemmons family had it devided, etc.; that some of it was hid under a hay stack near their house, but most of it was a mile south, hid under some chip rubbish. The arrests were made—money found as stated through the medium; also, they confessed when and how the three persons described had obtained the money, leaving no outward traces of the robbery. The parents, four sons, and two daughters were lodged in Pontia jail to awalt trial.

LITTLE SUAMICO, WIS.—Justice writes.—I commenced to read your paper as it passed through the post office to subscribers. I was allittle afraid of it at first, but have got to rather like it, and have even gone so far as to recommend it to others, as a history of marvels courting

honest investigation. I never had an opportunity to investigate any of these phenomena, but I thought an enquiry made by one of your correspondents at time of the circulation of the reward for Charlie Ross, very pertinent. "Why don't we have revelation from the Spirit-land concerning Charlie Ross?" If such a fact could be accomplished, it seems as if there would be no opportunity to attribute it to imagination. It certainly seems reasonable to accept such clear testimony from men of such reputation as Edmonds, Owens, Crookes, etc., but it does seem as if the demonstrations are confined too much to particular localities. The miracles of Jesus Christ were very public, and obvious to multitudes. If spiritual communications to-day are from the source, why are they not as amply demonstrated. I, as an humble individual, a small unit in the great creation, only desire to know what is true, to accept it even if it presents itself from unexpected sources. The world is constantly progressing and each generation finds it at last demonstrated, that its predecessors believed errors—great errors, and it may be that my progenitors were as much in error in the acceptance of the orthodox interpretation of the Bible, as they believed the Hindoo and Turks in error in rejecting it, and embracing some other religion. Let us prove all things and hold fast that which is good. If our departed friends can't or won't visit us in our different localities, let those who have investigated, and hold frequent communications with spirits arrange for some great manifestation to the multitude as in the days of Christ and his Apostles.

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I can fully substantiate the foregoing by 10,000 vite desired.

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DEATH, OR THE PATHWAY FROM EARTH TO SPIRIT-LIFE-CONTINUED-NO. 5.

CHAPTER III.

A Dead Man Speaks—Asiatic Burials—Petrifaction of the Dead, etc., etc.

ESPIRITS TAKE POSSESSION OF A DYING BODY—A SINGULAR PHENOMENON. A'most remarkable phenomenon has recently occurred at Lawrence, Mass. Susie M. Smith, a young lady about seventeen years of age, daughter of Dr. Greenleaf Smith, after a short illness, died, Wednesday, September 9th, at six o'clock in the evening. And from this time until Friday at twelve o'clock, the body was apparently possessed in part by other spirits.

On Wednesday, the day of her death, she said, "Father, I've attended my own funeral;" she described it as very real, declared herself perfectly conscious of what she was saying, and also spoke of singing, and gave the name of hymns she had heard.

She continued rational during the day, when, finally, about six o'clock; she passed into violent spasms; a gradual paleness overspread her face from the forehead; she became speechless, closed her eyes, and, to the senses of those about her bedside, life was extinct. Indeed, there seemed to be no question about it. Our reader is aware how a loving heart refuses to believe its companion has departed this life, how it hopes against hope almost to the tomb. So with the father, mother, brother, and sister gathered around the bedside. The body had the unmistakable death-damp on its

Many minutes had elapsed, when suddenly, to the undescribable surprise of all in the room, came a deep gruff voice, the parted and moving lips of the body indicating its whereabouts, which said, "Rub both her arms as hard as you can."

Without a second bidding, and recovering from their surprise, the command was obeyed, when came a second voice, "Raise her up in end." This being only partly understood, brought the heavy voice to say, "Raise her up in end,-you're deaf ain't you?" Up came the body, it breathed naturally, but did not speak for a few moments.

Dr. Smith now sat beliend the body holding it up, when it again spoke, in another voice, "If I could move her legs around so that I could set her up on the foot-board, she'd be all right." The doctor was preparing to carry this suggestion into effect, when he, with the body, was actually taken-lifted from their positions together-and both placed upon the footboard by some unseen power.

The body was now possessed by a spirit that was cheerful, lively, and not unlike its natural occupant. The doctor was about to ask if she hadn't better be laid back, when the same force again lifted them, carried them both backwards,—he to his feet, she falling to her first position in bed, apparently again as dead as could possibly be. A few moments elapsed,the doubt was settling into a certainty,—when a mild voice opened a conversation which continued three hours; during this time it acknowledged that the body had been controlled by spirits out of the flesh. A trance sleep followed. The next morning, the body opened its eyes, said to the doctor, "Please lie down on the side of the bed." He obeyed, and it said, "Who am I, any way?" he replied, "You are Susie Smith." It answered, "No I ain't; Susie Smith died last night," and this opinion it maintained. Friday the symptoms were again worse; there were several fainting spells: [‡Spiritual Scientist, Boston] but after 12 o'clock, there were no indications of life. The next morning, while in a lower room, and endeavoring to decide where to lay the body, an apparition, or Susie Smith, as the incredulous or credulous will have it, walked into the room, with plain foot-steps, and said, "Right on the School Hill; right on the side of the road"-then disappeared. The location indicated was selected. In Denmark, near Brighton, Maine, the body lies in a newly selected lot, on the school house

The illness and decease occurred at the residence of her sister, corner of Cedar and Franklin streets. The young lady has resided in Lawrence several years, was the organist at Webster Hall, with a large circle of acquaintances. We advance no explanation or theory to cover the case; we give the facts easily attested, and the circumstances warrant the truthfulness of the statements. There is another instance on record somewhat similar. It occurred some forty years ago, but has gone the rounds of the press, at intervals, several times since this period; we remember it faintly as follows: A sailor on a man-of-war, the worst type of an unruly fellow, a drupkard, shirk, illiterate, and almost uncontrollable, was taken sick and died. The surgeon had pronounced him dead; he was laid out, and the crew had gathered about when the body sat upright, preached a most excellent sermon of some length to the sailors, in the midst of which the astonished surgeon and captain, who had been sent for, entered, and listened, thoroughly surprised and impressed with the solemnity of the occasion and the discourse. It continued some moments, and then the body again fell back, dead. This incident was attested by the commander, surgeon, and other officers, and never satisfactorily accounted for.

* asiatic burials—peculiar exercises over the deceased. Among rude Asiatic tribes, the Bodo of North-East India thus celebrate, the last funeral rites. The friends repair to the grave, and the nearest of kin to the deceased, taking an individual's usual portion of food and drink, solemnly presents it to the dead with these words, "Take and eat, heretofore you have eaten and drunk with us, you can do so no more; you were one of us, you can be so no longer; we come no more to you, come you not to us." Thereupon each of the party breaks off a bracelet of thread put on his wrist for this purpose, and casts it on the grave, a speaking symbol of breaking the bond of fellowship, and "next the party proceed to the river. and bathe, and having thus lustrated themselves, they repair to the banquet and eat, drink, and make merry as though they never were to die." With more continuance of affection. Naga tribes of Assam celebrate their funeral feasts month by month, laying food and drink on the graves of the departed. In the same region of the world, the Kol tribes of Chota Nagpur are remarkable for their pathetic reverence for their dead. When a Ho or Munda has been burned on the funeral pile, collected morsels of his bones are carried in procession with a solemn, ghostly, sliding step, keeping time to the deep-sounding drum, and when the old woman who carries the bones on her bamboo tray lowers it from time to time, then girls who carry pitchers and brass vessels mournfully reverse them to show that they are empty; thus the remains are taken to visit every house in the village, and every dwelling of a friend or relative for miles, and the inmates come out to mourn and praise the goodness of the departed; the bones are carried to all the dead man's favorite haunts, to the fields he cultivated, to the grove he planted, to the threshing-floor where he worked, to the village dance-[* Tylor's Primitive Gulture, pp. 31-34] room where he made merry. At last they are taken to the grave, and buried in an earthen vase upon a store of food, covered with one of those huge stone slabs which European visitors wonder at in the districts of the aborigines in India. Beside these, monumental stones are set up outside the village to the memory of men of note; they are fixed on an earthen plinth where the ghost, resting in its walks among the living, is supposed to sit shaded by the pillar. The Kheriahs have collections of these monuments in the little enclosures round their houses, and offerings and libations are constantly made at them. With what feelings such rites are celebrated may be judged from this Ho dirge:-

"We never scolded you; never wronged you;

Come to us back! We ever loved and cherished you; and have lived long together Under the same roof;

Desert it not now! The rainy nights, and the cold blowing days, are coming on;

Do not wander here! Do not stand by the burnt ashes; come to us again!

You can not find shelter under the peepul, when the rain comes down. The saul will not shield you from the cold bitter wind. -Come to your home!

It is swept for you, and clean; and we are there who loved you ever: And there is rice put for you; and water;

Come home, come home, come to us again!"

Among the Kol tribes this kindly hospitality to ancestral souls passes on into the belief and ceremony of full manes-worship; votive offerings are made to the "old folks" when their descendants go on a journey, and when there is sickness in the family it is generally they who are first propitiated. Among Turanian races of North Asia, the Chuwash put food and napkins on the grave, saying, "Rise at night and eat your fill, and there ye have napkins to wipe your mouths!" while the Cheremiss simply said, "That is for you, ye dead, there ye have food and drink!" In this region we hear of offerings continued year after year, and even of messengers sent back by a horde to carry offerings to the tombs of their forefathers in the old land whence they had emigrated.

Details of this ancient rite are to be traced from the level of these rude races far upward in civilization." South East Asia is full of it, and the Chinese may stand as its representative. He keeps his coffined parent for years, serving him with meals as if alive. He summons ancestral souls with prayer and beat of drum to feed on the meat and drink set out on special days when they are thought to return home. He even gives entertainments for the benefit of destitute and unfortunate souls in the lower regions, such as those of lepers and beggars. Lanterns are lighted to show them the way, a feast is spread for them, and with characteristic fancy, gome victuals are left over for any blind or feeble spirits who may be late, and a pail of gruel is provided for headless souls, with spoons for them to put it down their throats with. Such proceedings culminate in the socalled Universal Rescue, now and then celebrated, when a little house is built for the expected visitors, with separate accommodation and bathrooms for male and female ghosts. The ariclent Egyptian would set out his provision of cakes and trussed ducks on reed scaffolds in the tomb, or would even keep the mummy in the house to be present as a guest at the

feast, as Lucian says. The Hindu, as of old, offers to the dead the funeral cakes, places before the door the earthen vessels of water for him to bathe in, of milk for him to drink, and celebrates at new and full moon the solemn presentation of rice-cakes made with ghee, with its attendant ceremonies so important for the soul's release from its twelve months' sojourn with Yama in Hades, and its transition to the Heaven of the Pitaras, the Fathers. In the classic world such rites were represented by funeral feasts and oblations of food.

A EXPENSIVE FUNERALS IN INDIA AND NEW YORK—PETRIFIED CORPSE.

The Maharajah of Jondhpore, an Indian prince lately died, and was buried according to the custom of his race. The remains were arrayed in royal robes and adorned with gold and jewels valued at \$75,000. Two elephants walked in front of the procession, laden with gold and silver coins to the amount of \$62,500. At intervals of a hundred paces a portion of the coins were scattered among the spectators, who scrambled for the prize. The body, shawls and jewelry were all thrown together upon the burning pile. Since the death of the prince five thousand Brahmins have daily received food and a rupee each at the palace gates. The inhabitants of the province, as an expression of grief, have shaved off their beard, mustache and the hair of their heads. The rajah left behind him the usual number of wives and concubines. Many of them were extremely anxious to be burned with their late lord; some from real grief at his loss, and others because it was the fashion of the country. But this act of devotion or conventionalism was not permitted by the authorities, greatly to the disgust of the widows.

It is not long since that the funeral ceremonies of a young man were held at the residence of his parents on Fifth avenue, New York, where \$3,000 worth of floral decorations were used, a prima donna sang, and a well-known professional player officiated at the piano. Lately, however, this funeral display has been eclipsed. The deceased was a young girl who had always held a high position in society. At the funeral the coffin was placed upon a platform in the parlor, draped with black velvet and jet trimmings. Over \$3,000 worth of flowers was exhibited, and a chorus was sung by hired vocalists. On either side of the coffin stood four young girls in white, with wreaths of flowers. While the minister prayed a bell was tolled in the hall, and a chant was indulged in by the hired vocalists.

The celebrated Dr. Marini would do away with burials altogether. He netrified the corpse of Mazzini so effectually that it was proposed to set up the body on the Capital to save Italy the expense of a statue. He had some curious things at the Vienna Exhibition. One of these was a large, round plateau of petrified muscles, fat, sinews, and glandular substances, the surface having been planed and polished until its face resembled marble. The mummified specimens, also exhibited, can be restored to their original size and elasticity by a process known only to Dr. Marini. Certificates from Nelaton and other distinguished surgeons are attached to the specimen limbs, setting forth that the limbs in question had, for the satisfaction of the certifiers, been restored to their original softness and pliancy by Dr.

A HINDOO FUNERAL—DEATH AND CREMATION OF MAHABANA OF OODEYPOOR. The London Times of Nov. 14th, 1874, prints the following extract from the letter of Lieut. C. E. Yate, assistant political agent, Bombay staff corps, relative to the death of the Maharana of Oodeypoor: The Maharana had died just a minute or two before our arrival, without naming any successor. Three days before his death, the Maharana was weighed against gold, he in one scale and gold mohurs in the other. This enormous sum, about a lac and a half (150,000 rupees), was to be distributed among the Brahmins; consequently, the city was crammed full of these people, who had come from miles round to participate in the spoil. I saw myself no less than 30,000 of them fed in the palace a few days ago, and after the feast was over a piece of gold to the value of between three and four rupees was given to each as they went out of the palace gates; that is how the numbers were ascertained. The excitement, which was great at first, gradually got less, and about 2 o'clock in the morning it was all pretty quiet. Just at dawn we were startled by a fearful wail from the zenana, which contains, I am told, 500 women, so you can fancy what a row all these wailing together could make. Their cry was taken up by all the people in the palace, and went on, I may say, almost without intermission for some three hours, till the body was carried off to the place of cremation. The two wives and the favorite concubine of the Maharana wanted to be allowed to commit "suttee," and be burnt along with the Maharana, and sent message after message to Col. Wright begging to be let out. Their efforts to get out were so determined that Col. Wright at last posted the two chief nobles of the state at the door of the room where they were confined, and fold them that he would hold them personally responsible that no one got out. It is a rule here that if a woman gets out of the zenana and shows her face she is either obliged to become a "suttee" and be burned, or else commit suicide. All the time great preparations were going on for the funeral procession. The noise was fremendous; in addition to the wailing of some in the zenana, all the men were howling and beating their breasts. They brought a lot of jewels on the tray to the colonel, which were to be put upon the corpse; a pair of ear-rings, a beautiful necklace, and an anklet were to be burnt with the body. The rest were to be brought back. The colonel's permission was also asked to take 5,000 rupees out of the treasury for distribution along the road. About nine o'clock in the morning a lot of Brahmins arrived and went up into the palace, and shortly after the body was brought down dressed up in full court costume, and bedecked with jewels. It was placed in a sort of sedan chair in a sitting position, covered with a canopy of crimson and gold, and thus borne on the should. ers of a lot of Brahmins. The procession was formed and went off, first a guard of Rajpoots, then men carrying the 5,000 rupees, then another guard, then some twenty or thirty forchbearers with lighted torches, then some men with lighted candles, then a whole crowd of Brahmins, in the midst of which was the body borne aloft on their shoulders. Some of them sprinkled the body with rose-leaves and flowers, others carried palm branches, two others, one on each side, waved long yak tails about to keep off the flies, just as would have been done had the Maharana been alive; then came the emblem of royalty, the Hindoo "sooruj," the red umbrella, and other paraphernalia. The wailing, as soon as the body was brought out in sight of the crowd, was tremendous. The place of cremation, where all the royal tombs are, is a place some two miles outside the city walls. The whole populace followed the body there, and as soon as the ceremony was over every man was clean-shaved-beard, whiskers, mustache, and even the hair of the head. All Rajpoots wear very long flowing whiskers which they are in the habit of winding round their ears—it must have been a great grief to many a man to cut them off. There is not a man in the country now with any hair on his face, and it gives them the funniest appearance possible.

* Burial of a baby princess—services by the greek Church. The Hospodar of Roumania lost his only child. She was a beautiful and tovable child, 31 years old, and only four days previously in apparently rude health, but suddenly fell a victim to scarletina. The remains of the poor babe, were the same evening conveyed, escorted by troops of cavalry, to the Summer palace, formerly the ancient Monastere de Controceni, and the following day, at 2 p. m., was appointed for the funeral service in the church in which it had been baptized. The Ministers, officers, civic authorities, and foreign Consuls were in full court costume, the Boyards and civilians in full dress, and their ladies in the deepest mourning, but their sombre foilettes were still the very same of taste and luxury.

On arriving at the monastery all left the carriages and passed on foot within its ancient walls to the church, making their way through crowds of troops supporting their colors draped in crape. The front row was entirely composed of superior officers, with crape on the left arm and at their sword handles. All the troops had crape on their left arm. All branches of the military and navy were represented. On entering the sacred edifice the blaze of light from the hundreds of wax lights was dazzling. In the midst of this temple, beneath the dome, raised on an elevated bier, reposed the earthly remains of the beloved child, inclosed in a coffin covered with white satin ornamented with broad silver lace. The upper part of the coffin and bier was covered by the wreaths of the richest flowers. Ranged around this funeral all were young girls clad in white from head to foot, their faces being veiled with semi-transparent veils, their fair heads being crowned with wreaths of violets and their waist girded with the same. No ladies but in the deepest mourning were allowed access to the church.

As soon as the service commenced some of the ministering priests distributed to each gentleman in the church long wax cierges decorated with black crape bows. In the Greek Church no organ or other instrument is used. The service is chanted by the priests, assisted by very young boys. At intervals hymns and anthems resounded through the aisle till the service concluded. The coffin was then transferred by superior officers to a portable bier, covered in white and ornamented with silver lace and flowers. The same, preceded by the priests and choir, and followed by all the assistants in the procession, passed out of the church, and the cortege then, by circuitous walks through the palace gardens, descended to the valley 100 feet beneath. The monastery, from its plateau, dominates the country around for miles. The priests in their superb robes, the whole way swinging and agitating their censers, left in their train transparent clouds of sweet odors. The long procession of thousands having descended to the valley again ascended to the hillside to a small inclosed space where the tumuli of fresh earth denoted the poor child's resting-place. Just about this spot on the heights overlooking it were hundreds of young girls clothed in white, who united with the choir their silvery voices, and behind these thousands of sympathizing persons of all degrees. From valley to hill-top hymns filled the air with sweet sounds as the funeral flowers filled it with sweet odors. When the little body was lowered into its sylvan grave, few eyes around it saw clearly, for all were dimmed by tears. It soon disap-[*London Times] peared beneath tile dirt, and then the mourners dispersed.

Bew Jork Department.

6Y.....E. D. BABBITT, D. W.

Subscriptions and Advertisements for this paper re-seived at the New York Magnetic Cure, 232 East 23rd street, by Dr. Babbitt.

Madame Blavatsky.

This lady whom I lately had the pleasure of meeting, is from a family of high position in the Russian government, and a person of great experience and culture. She was converted to Spiritualism through the mediumship of D. D. Home, and has had remarkable experiences in Europe, Asia, Africa and America. She can give accounts of Spiritualistic phenomena of a kind that have never been related to civilized man. She is expecting to give a series of articles to one of our papers under the heading of "The Wanderer," which must prove to be full of remarkable experiences. She has promised also to contribute some of her experiences for the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Her late article in the New York Graphic in which she has shown up the falsehoods of the conceited Dr. Beard, with reference to the Eddy Brothers, in the most scathing manner, has attracted a good deal of attention. Dr. Beard speaks of the believers in Spiritualism as a set of "credulous fools," and Madame Blavatsky being one of these "fools," will see to it that he gets enough of this kind of talk before he gets through.

The New York Daily Graphic has given an account of an interview with Madame Blavatsky, some of which I quote, as the part showing how the Czar of Russia was led to free 30,000,-000 serfs through spirit influence, is especially interesting. I quote from the Graphic of Nov.

"I was born in 1834 at Eksterinoslav," she said, "of which my father, Colonel Hahnhahn, was Governor. It is about 200 versts from Odessa. Yes, he was a cousin of the Countess Ida Hahn-hahn, the authoress. My mother was a daughter of General Fadeaf, and I am's granddaughter of the Princess Dolgorouki. My mother was an authoress, and used to write under the nom de plume of Zenaida R###va.

"When my father died I went to Tiflis in Georgia, where my grandfather was one of the three Councillors of the Viceroy Woronzoff. When I was sixteen years of age they married me to M Blavatshi; he was the Governor of Erivan. Fancy! he was seventy-three and I sixteen. But mind, I don't blame anybody-not my friends, not in the least. How? ever, at the end of the year we separated. His habits were not agreeable to me. As I had a fortune of my own I determined to travel. I went first of all to Egypt. I spent three nights in the Pyramid of Cheops... Oh, I had most marvelous experiences. Then I went to England. And in 1853 I came to this country. I was recalled to Russia by the death of my grandmother, Mme. Brajation. She left me a fortune, but if I had been with her before her death I should have had much more. She left eight millions of roubles to the convents and monasteries in Moldavia—she was a Moldavian herself: I went back to Egypt, and penetrated into the Soudan. I made a great deal of money on that journey."

"How?" "Why, by buying ostrich feathers. I did not go there for that purpose, but as I found I could do it, I did it. Oh! ostrich feathers that would sell for five or six guineas you. could buy for a cent. Then I went to Athens, Palestine, Syria, Arabia, and back again to Paris. Then I went to Hamburg and Baden Baden, and lost a good deal of money at gambling, I am sorry to say. In 1858 I returned to Paris, and made the acquaintance of Daniel Home, the Spiritualist. He had married the Countess Krohle, a sister of the Countess Koucheleff Bezborrodke, a lady with whom I had been very intimate in my girlhood. Home

converted me to Spiritualism." "Did you ever see any of his 'levitations." as they are called?"

"Yes, I have seen Home carried out of a four-story window, let down very gently to the ground, and put into his carriage. After this I went to Russia, and converted my father to Spiritualism. He was a Voltairean before that. I made a great number of other converts."

"Are you a medium yourself?" "Yes; I get some of the manifestations

spirit rappings and such like."

"Are there many Spiritualists in your country ?"

"Yes. You would be surprised to know how large a number of Spiritualists there are in Russia. Why, the Emperor Alexander is a Spiritualist. Would you actually believe it?—the emancipation of the serfs was caused by the appearance of the Emperor Nicholas to the Emperor Alexander."

"That is a very remarkable statement." "It's true. The Cosarewitch was one day telling Prince Baristinsky of it. He said, Oh, your Imperial Highness, I can not believe it. The Emperor came forward and asked what they were talking about. Prince Bariatiusky told him what the Casarewitch had said about the appearance of the spirit of the Emperor Nicholas. The Emperor Alexander turned as pale as a ghost himself, and said, 'It is true.'"@=

"It is very remarkable. Where did you

fravel subsequently?"

"I went to Italy and then to Greece. As I was returning from the Pirmus to Napoli, when we were off Spezzia, the boat in which I was making the voyage, the Evmonia, blowed up, and of four hundred persons on board only seventeen were saved. I was one of the fortunate ones. As I laid on my back I saw limbs, heads, and trunks, all falling around me. This was the 21st of June, 1871, I lost all my money and everything I had. I tele. - good healer.

graphed to my friends for money. As soon as I got it I went to Egypt again, and to the Soudan. I never saw a white face for four months. I translated Darwin into Russian while I was in Africa. I have also translated Buckle into Russian. I have contributed to the Revue des deux Mondes and several Parisian journals, and have acted as correspondent of the Independance Belge. I am a member of the . order of Eastern Masonry, the most ancient in the world. I was initiated in Malta." Here Mme. Blavatsky showed the writer the jewel of one of the most celebrated orders in existence, the name of which, however, he is not at liberty to give. "There are not more than six or seven women in the world who have been admitted to this order. I shall probably stay in America a long time. I like the country very much."

Complication of Chronic Difficulties Cured by Spirit Power.

MRS. A. H. ROBINSON, MADAM:-Enclosed is a lock of hair. I am 72 years of age. I was ruptured about six years ago. I think this is the origin of my suffering in other parts. I feel most pain while standing. At times I am pained where I am ruptured. Whether my kidneys are affected or not I will leave for you to judge. I am very much debilitated at times—and unable to walk or do anything. Your attention to the above will oblige. I enclose Post Office Order for \$3.

A. Fraiser. Olympia, W. T., Aug. 3, '74.

MRS ROBINSON, UNDER SPIRIT CONTROL, DIAG-NOSED AND PRESCRIBED FOR THE CASE, AND HERE FOLLOWS THE RESULT.

Mrs. A. H. Robinson:—I consider it my duty to you, that after suffering so much and spending so much money with doctors here and elsewhere, to no purpose, to state that your advice and medicine has, I may say, re-established me in good health, after suffering for six years. I trust that the cure may be permanant and so for as my experience is concerned. nent, and so far as my experience is concerned, I would recommend you to others as reliable and trustworthy. This testimony of mine you are at liberty to use for the benefit of all whom it may concern.

Gratefully yours, Olympia, W. T., Nov. 14th, '74,

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We would call the attention of our friends to the new advertisement of Hull & Chamberlain, which designates the diseases, and gives the address of a few persons who have been successfully treated with their magnetic and electric powders. It is evident that these magnetic remedies, medicated by a powerful band of spirit physicians, are rapidly gaining public favor. We are credibly informed that this medicine is specially manipulated by spirits highly educated in the medical profession while on earth, who claim in the higher sphere the ability to better understand the cause and cure of disease in the human system. Hull & Chamberlain are preparing a new circular, which will contain many testimonials, extracts from letters and names of persons who have been cured by the use of their powders.

DR. M. W. DENNISON, of this city, is a most excellent developing medium. He is also