

# RELIGIO PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL

THE ARTS, SCIENCES, LITERATURE

DEVOTED TO SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHY

ROMANCE AND GENERAL REFORM.

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

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NO. 14

## MISS LOTTIE FOWLER.

An Interesting Account of Her Life.

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

"'Tis human action paints the chaos of Time,  
And wraps a shadow round departed years."  
—Montgomery.

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 mediums, either by comparison or oversight.

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, oratorical 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 importance, 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 justly termed "the memory of the future." Whether this "clairvoyance" be a subtle and keen faculty or instinct, entirely 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 as 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," "cohesion with personal friends," or "unconscious cerebration," all appear to demand a greater concentration of the human mind than does that of swallowing hot sulphur the whole black draught against which I have been making dry faces for years.

The subject of this sketch was born of highly respectable parents at Boston, Massachusetts, in 1816 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 associated with it. Spiritualism had never entered into her catalogue of articles of faith until after she had passed her twentieth year; indeed, notwithstanding her career has been so remarkable 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, dealing 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 people. In charity she has been as beneficent as in business prolific. Many of her public sittings 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 through the waiting or vespertine movements of the table, neither by raps nor similar fantastic evasions of what is understood as material law. She gradually fell into a kind of stupor, which soon manifested itself into a state of "trance," her face giving indications of hysteria for a time, then subsiding; a state of apparent coma ensued, in which somnolent condition, as reported by the guests then present, she revealed a number of the private affairs of her family, all referred to circumstances attending her birth, which affairs 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 sleep, as told by her friend, roused a strong desire to know more of the fascinating science to which she had hitherto 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 sprayer 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 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 esteemed 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 confidently felt her spiritual feet to warrant taking her stand as a public professional medium for business purposes.

Miss Fowler, as a seeress, 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 notoriety-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 outcome, 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 unflinching depictions of the existing currents of life among these breathless listeners were so indelibly embossed by the guinea stamp of truth, that the walls dividing the past and the present from the future 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 pillion 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 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

existing thirst for blood which made cartridge factories, in their opinion, a public necessity. The aid of the police authorities of Bridgport was courted. The chief constable called on the lady, and charged her to give the district a wide berth by departing for new pastures, 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 prompted the dismissal from their employment of several of the workpeople who had been instrumental in spreading alarm. But Miss Fowler's cessation of business did not end 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 seeress, 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 ideas given in Bailey's "Fates"—Time is not counted by years, but by heart throbs. Clairvoyance measures time by space, and not by Old Moore's Almanac; so that periods of time can scarcely be gauged. 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 Lottie Fowler was reputationally, a gipsy in the land, and there were not wanting organized efforts to extirpate her professionally. 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 seeress, and politely requested her attendance at the police station, rather than put her to the pain of arrest under *Ambrose 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 bail. The cause was called on the next morning, and then adjourned; on its being resumed, Judge Bullock presided, Col. Sumner and Mr. R. U. DeForest appeared for the prosecution, and Messrs. Sandford and Stoddard for the defense. Crowds of interested spectators eagerly watched the case, which intensified day by day as it proceeded. The defendant was allowed a seat in court. Attired in neat but handsome black attire, and de-

cked with more than the average amount of jewelry, her pleasing and interesting countenance, coupled with the most intrepid confidence in the honor and uprightness of her position, 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 Connecticut were being raked out of their rusty 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 ingenuities. 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 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 and the ordinary persons who guessed at prophecy without having any other basis than the squaring of fees from confiding clients. It was shown that believers in Spiritualism included several millions 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 verdict 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 rejoycing over some great national success, and the fever of joy spread far and wide, giving newspapers a sensational theme. Loud applause in Court was followed by Miss Fowler being seized 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 gratified herself in the hearts of the public that several people snatched at her dress as though they coveted it both honor and pleasure to "touch even the hem of her garment." One gentleman even offered five dollars for the chair which she occupied in Court, and offers of marriage by well-to-do swains were among the many outcroppings of this extraordinary case. An acquisition of business naturally followed, and the fair medium's clientele has since included large numbers of the aristocracy, the nobility, and even Royalty itself, in this country. Indeed, the "upper ten" are prominent among the many thousands who have wooed and won extraordinary unveilings 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 hitherto-unknown science, by any of the multitude of explanations orisms which have been heaped upon inconspicuously, or by the wider solvent, Spiritualism, I have not room to doubt. A virulent disclaimer against the system, I entered the domain of investigation, under pressure from an enthusiastic friend—a believer 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 sittings 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, seeming to say, *à la Prometheus*:

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

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 revealed beyond the precincts of my own bosom; and my identity and circumstances had never

been 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 unprovoked by me even by a single utterance. Her simple process is to give way to control, after which she declares her observations of phantom friends, treading with untried 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 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 do anything satisfactorily unless the person concerned be present." Will you be good enough to get the order cashed, and take out an thief 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 attest her clairvoyance with truth than this case of snipwork hable 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 the juvenile appearance as though she had been transferred to a girl of ten; 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 their spirits. Without the aid of crystals, frontlets, horoscopes, mirrors, divining rods, or chemical charms, she at once darts into the mystery of her client's history, fathoms the innermost 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 upholstery, 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 potent charms. These facts are not more strange than true; their philosophy may be discussed with many honest differences of opinion even by the "still necked and stubborn generation," to which, perhaps from over-caution, I fear I still partially belong. Whatever may be the ultimatum 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 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 lie add 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 departed time, whose very toms have tongues, and one is led to exclaim:

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

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 people of whom she knew nothing in her normal state, would make a catalogue of themselves sufficiently long to exhaust a whole number of the *Mediums*, 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 gentleman being taking up, visit Bristol at her own expense; that twelve of the most reliable gentlemen of that city should be selected as a jury, that she would reveal to each juror 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 unflinching. In addition to her records of their respective past histories, she has penetrated innumerable cranial and nook 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.)







Philadelphia Department

BY HENRY T. CHILD, M. D.

Subscriptions will be received and papers may be ordered at wholesale or retail, at the office of the Philadelphia Department.

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.

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 heaving destruction, but healing in their course.

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 those, 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."

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.

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.

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 20 cents, after this date.

The Spirit World.

A DEPARTMENT FOR COMMUNICATIONS FROM THE INNER LIFE.

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.

CHAPTER FIFTH.

Life, Its Origin and Objects.

We shall see as we proceed that all the endless variety of forms that exist in the organic kingdom are the result of a multiplication of simple cells with their cilia, which by combining in different organs perform the immense variety of functions that characterize life everywhere.

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 number, though there are many very marked instances of these in the higher forms of life.

Communications Through Katie B. Robinson, of Philadelphia.

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

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 I now dwell, oh! what pleasure fills my soul when I think of the glorious things that are being sent back and forth between the two worlds.

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.

Dear old Vermont, I love to look back at its mountains, its streams, its forests and glens; I love the air 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 concentrated around the dear old homestead.

WILLIAM PLEASANT. I love to look back at its mountains, its streams, its forests and glens; I love the air 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 concentrated around the dear old homestead.

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EDWARD T. LANE.

I have a little girl, eight years old, who is a very good girl, and she is very fond of me. I have a little girl, eight years old, who is a very good girl, and she is very fond of me.

EDWARD T. LANE.

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 thankful I am to him, for he is the only one of our family who truly believes that his son lives and can return to earth and communicate.

ETHAN ALLEN.

Dear old Vermont, I love to look back at its mountains, its streams, its forests and glens; I love the air 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 concentrated around the dear old homestead.

Dear old Vermont, I love to look back at its mountains, its streams, its forests and glens; I love the air 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 concentrated around the dear old homestead.

Business Notices.

This is a company that does not come in any way to disturb the peace of the community.

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When Medicines are ordered, the case is submitted to Mrs. Morrison's Medical Band, who give a prescription suited to the case.

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Mrs. C. M. Morrison.

When Medicines are ordered, the case is submitted to Mrs. Morrison's Medical Band, who give a prescription suited to the case.

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Organs & Melodeons. The Oldest, Largest, and Most Perfect Manufactory in the United States.

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No other Musical Instrument ever obtained the same Popularity. Send for Price Lists. BUFFALO, N. Y.

DR. J. R. NEWTON,

WILL HEAL THE SICK. No. 1,015 Olive St., St. Louis, Mo., On and after Nov. 15th, 1874.

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 profit 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 in 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," is turned topsy turvy, goes helter skelter, is sent harem scare on a wild goose chase to hunt up "reciprocal relations and affinities," which with "slow transition in psychological 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 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 saying fleas and foxes, with other animals combined, produce an elephant—and man!

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. Wiader. I am truly anxious to see those articles you speak of.

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 and eternal punishment.

PLAINVILLE, N. Y.—John T. Williams writes.

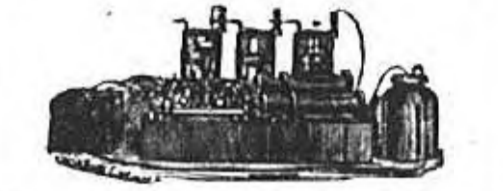
I have used tobacco for 16 years—both chewing and smoking, and on the 15th of September last I sent you for two boxes of Mrs. A. H. Robinson's Tobacco Antidote, one for myself and one for a friend of mine, and I am happy to say that it has perfectly eradicated the desire for the poisonous weed. Thanks to Mrs. A. H. Robinson.

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 line of the circulation of the reward for Charlie Ross, very pertinent. "Why don't you 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 a 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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Mr. E. Shenk, Soldiers' Home, DYSPEPSIA.
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Mr. A. B. Sanbourn, Green Castle, Ohio, SCROFULA.
Mr. J. Clarke, Miami City, Kan., CATARRH.
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A Remarkable Manifestation.

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 a strong spiritual influence, whereupon Mrs. Swain with two friends and the medium 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 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 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 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.

Voices from the People.

- METTL CITY, IOWA.—A. G. Johnson writes.—I admire your treatment of the Woodhull faction.
MARMADUKE GARDNER.
McDade P. O., Bastrop Co., Texas.
A New Feature.
BRO. JONES—Not having received a communication from you 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 closely to my press communications.
Hattie 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, Idalia, now a dweller in the third sphere, who was by him slain on the earth. Idalia 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 act atones for an evil deed. And alluding to the connection of spirits with mortals, Idalia says:
With and for mortals is our ceaseless work, To crush out error and build up the truth. Oh! could they see the earth as we behold it.

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W. H. Mumler, SPIRIT PHOTOGRAPHERS. Mr. Mumler is constantly in receipt of letters from parties desiring to have pictures taken, and although he cannot to engage in other business, he has, at their earnest solicitation, concluded to take pictures for a few months longer.

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APRIL JOURNAL. For the benefit of my friends and the world, I desire to make this brief statement. I have been almost entirely bald for about six years.

One year ago this month I wrote Mrs. A. H. Robinson, the healing medium, 148 Fourth Avenue, Chicago, as a last resort, or, rather, to please my wife.

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