

# RELIGIO PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL

HARMONIAL PHILOSOPHY

THE ARTS AND SCIENCES, LITERATURE

VOTED 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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## COMMENTS. The Plan of Salvation, According to the Bible, Translated into Plain Modern Speech.

Little or next to nothing is known about God's business before six thousand years ago. He probably was asleep, or occupied in some other corner of creation. When he awoke he said he guessed he had better straighten up matters in a piece of his territory now occupied by the earth, but then a chaos. He rolled up his sleeves and went in. He first made light, so that he could see what he was about. This light was probably a penny-dip, as no one had "struck fire," and gas had not been invented. He ought to have made the sun first, but he didn't. However, God liked the light and said it was nice, and delved away until he had carried half the waters into the firmament, with a couple of buckets, and so divided that above from that below the firmament. He then blew out his candles and waited for things to settle. Then he lighted it and made some land, and sowed some grass seed, and set out some trees, and getting fatigued plodding in the mud, he called it a day's work, blew out his candle and went to bed. Oversleeping, he saw that he had made a blunder in not making a sun before. In fact, he ought to have made one in the start. He took some Spaulding's glue and fastened the sun on one side of the "firmament," and suddenly recollecting how dark it was at night, he made the moon, and tacked it on the other. He now had something to regulate his work by, and when the sun went down he knew that the day's work was done, and he need not depend on the six o'clock whistle.

The next morning he was awakened by the dawn, and started up refreshed. He created every living thing, from gnats to turkey buzzards, from minnows to whales, from rats to elephants, and set them all a buzzing. He had a hard day of it, and at night when he drew on his night cap, congratulated himself that it was a good job.

On the sixth day God, finding that he had created nothing like unto himself, took some clay and moulded a rough image, as he supposed he appeared, and not having a looking-glass he did not exactly know. Then he breathed into the lump, and he was delighted that he had made a man. But Adam was lone some. He probably did not know what was the matter with him, but God did. He saw at once that his man sighed after a woman, and to signify that woman was ever to be the bone of contention, God gave Adam a dose of chloroform, and then took advantage to cut out one of his ribs, of which he made a woman. After this practical illustration of his knowledge of anatomy, and after bestowing all his former works on Adam, God said he was so completely used up and prostrated by his unusual work, that he must take a day's rest. It was about the best six days' labor ever recorded. He worked so hard that he has never been more than half awake since.

He placed his man and woman in a beautiful garden, and gave them everything except one big apple tree. This they must not touch, and of course the apples were the reddest in the garden! The innocent pair came round one evening, talking sweet nonsense, and as Adam could not praise the robes of his Eve, he praised her eyes. She knew at a glance that his hour of weakness had come, and if ever he would consent to let her have some apples she might command them now. So she blushed, and that apples were good for the headache. Adam was beside himself, and wished to give her some from other trees, but she must have the forbidden apples or none. She scolded, and told him he was a busy and coward, and confessed that the day before the serpent told her how good they were, and she had eaten, and as she was not dead, God had not told the truth, and then she gathered some herself, and when he still would not eat she began to cry, and Adam, driven to desperation, ate all she gave him.

Then they were ashamed of themselves, and hiding under some bushes, bustled themselves the remainder of the day in making aprons out of fig leaves.

But God had his eye on them. As soon as he came into the garden he knew what they had been about. They had stolen his apples and run away. He called loud and long, and Adam, thinking it useless to longer conceal himself, answered in a low voice, "Here!"

"What are you hiding for?" sternly demanded God.

"We were naked and ashamed to meet you," sniveled the perfect man.

"Who told you that you were naked?" shouted God, boiling over with anger. "Have you been eating apples from my tree; you sneaking thief?" "Eve gave me one," wined the perfect man, and Eve stammered, blushing up to her sweet eyes. "The serpent gave me to eat, and they were so good, I could not help enjoy them unless Adam ate them with me."

Then God was foaming angry. He had baited the tree with the nicest apples he could make, just to see how good Adam was, or rather if his job of making a new man was satisfactory, and Adam had proved himself no better than God made him, and had eaten the bait.

"As for the serpent, he shall be cursed and walk on his belly," growled his maker, which sentence was decidedly funny, as the serpent never had legs to walk on, and how he could walk otherwise than on "his belly," it would be difficult to say. "You shall be

cursed, and the chief business of your children, Eve, to the remotest generations, shall be to tam his head with club and heel."

"Children," cried Eve, with perplexed expression, "Children! what are they?"

"You'll find out what they are soon enough. I have made such a botch of you and Adam, that I shall leave the further multiplication of humanity to you, and I'll make a sorry time for you. You two have done just as I expected you would, and I shall kick you out of this garden, and shall curse the ground for your sakes. If you have any bread you'll now sweat for it. I shall work all night making thorns, thistles, weeds and brambles, so you'll have plenty when you go out. I'll make you sweat and bleed. I'll make your soft hands blister! You shall smart for this, and your children shall smart for all time!" But when he had opened the gate and had collared Adam, Eve looked so sad and downcast, his heart was touched, and he relented, he would not cast them out naked into the cold. So he went out himself and killed some goats and skinned them, and made Adam a pair of trousers and a roundabout, and Eve an apron and a pannier, then cried fiercely, "Begone," and shut the gate in their faces. Fearing that Adam would over-reach him by stealing from the Tree of Life, and thus be like unto himself, he called in some bushy-backed cherubims and set them to guard the tree on the east side of the garden, with which he was fully content, and left man to work out his own way.

It was something like 2 000 years before he meddled with human affairs again in a wholesale manner. Eve and her descendants had learned what children were, and the earth was overrun with them. If Adam proved that God was far from a boss workman, his descendants grew worse and worse, until God got entirely out of patience, and swore he would drown them all. Not desiring to risk a new trial of his ingenuity, he selected Noah and his family for seed, and told him if he would build a scow to save the necessary pairs of the animal world, he would save him. Noah set himself to building the scow, God blessing, and they built an astonishing model of marine architecture. Noah was then a youth of 600 years, a spry lad and full of courage, and with his sons found no difficulty in provisioning their scow, lying on her flat bottom in the midst of a fertile plain. Of course they were annoyed by the people who were continually crying out, "Ho! Noah, how's your flood?" "When do you expect to sail?" "When will your old tub weigh anchor?" But when God got ready, and began driving in his seed stock by sevens and twos, and the three stories of the scow groaned with the weight of elephants, rhinoceroses, camels, horses and cattle, and the lions roared, tigers growled, and wolves howled, they began to be amazed, and their amazement increased when everything was ready, and God put on the finishing touches, and Noah called out:

"All right, let on you waters!"

God pulled off the shutters from the windows of the heavens, and it began to pour. The people laughed at first, and said to each other, "It was a big rain," but God smiled, to Noah and said, "We'll make them laugh out of the other corner of their mouths before night!" Then the water rose in the houses and the people went up on the roofs and began to climb trees, and the water followed them, and they began to shout to Noah, for the ark began to float. But he laughed now, and called out to them: "How runs your flood? It's rather moist out there, isn't it?" It was a rich spectacle to God, who had been quarreling with men ever since he made Adam. He could now, like a schoolboy who had made a mistake, sponge off the slate and begin again.

Noah and his sons had a hard passage of twelve months, for all the cattle, beasts, and birds had to be fed, brushed off and their walls cleaned, and if God had not taken hold with them they never could have performed the work. There probably never was such a rain, nor as much water on the face of the earth, for it covered the tops of the highest mountains, and every living thing was drowned except the lucky ones in the scow, which seeing, God shut the windows of heaven and began bailing out the waters, into the firmament where they belonged. God has made a great many blunders, and never seemed to know what he wanted, or how to obtain it, but he has always been willing to work. Whenever there has been a chance for him to get revenge, or to put somebody in hot water, he has been eager to begin, and no obstacle has retarded him.

He had accomplished his object then. The world was thoroughly drowned. The scow grounded, and when the mud dried, Noah went out with his sons, sowing seed, and the animals and birds were let loose, and God had everything his own way, and hoped to have the earth peopled again with better men. The trouble was that men were too much like God, full of passions, envy, hate, ambition, revenge, self-esteem, and other nonsense. They had no sooner multiplied than they began to grow wicked. They forgot the flood and waxed in all manner of evils. God bore and bore with them another two thousand years, when he protested to his chief secretary of state that something must be done—what, it was difficult to say. God grew fearfully angry. "They are ungrateful dogs!" he cried. "I gave them a garden and they circumvented me. I drowned them all but one family of the best, and see what this family has come to! It's no use destroying them, for I am so angry that it would not appease me. This time I'll go down and let them destroy me, and perhaps that will satisfy me."

No sooner said than done. He became Mary's baby, by means lawful or otherwise.

She was a woman of a people who had been wandering Arabs, and had by no means wholly forsaken their old way. She nursed and dandled him, washed his face and combed his hair, took him through teething, whooping-cough and measles successfully, and when he became a lad, and ran around clad in a sheep-skin, his father learned him the carpenter trade. This was a good thing, and had he learned it about 4 000 years before when he was making man, it would have been better. He had tinkered in his shop for over thirty years, and it seemed men had the advantage for they had no idea of killing him! He became anxious, or desirous of having his purpose accomplished, and went out provoking the priests by blaspheming himself. They were at once exasperated, seized him and nailed him up to the cross, where his body miserably perished, but he having accomplished his task ascended to heaven. His anger had cooled and he was willing to let the world go on another two thousand years.

But mankind were not as content. They began to assert that those who believed God had been killed, not by but for them, would go to heaven, and those who did not would go to hell. They were confused; some claimed God died; others that it was his son, and others that it was both. God himself became confused, and in his inspired writings, is not clear whether it was himself or his son that was born and was crucified, or if they two and the Holy Ghost are three or one. In fact he can't say whether he is himself or his son, and is not sure that he is not both! He is in doubt, not only whether Jesus was his boy, but also if he had a boy, or if that boy by some hocus pocus was not himself!

How this may be he became satisfied by means of being nailed up to a cross, which certainly was advantageous. About one in a hundred thousand of the people of the earth will go to heaven through that means, and the other 99,999 will get scorched. God will not have his trouble for nothing. When the final day comes he will delight to see the flames of a burning world fed by the never consuming bodies of the countless millions who do not believe that he became a clouded baby for their good.

While the open mouthed believers, gather around and shout his praise, and encourage him in taking revenge, his anger will grow hot as the brimstone fire he fans, and he will laugh at the agony never ending, the result of his bungling.

— This is the end of six thousand years, work by God on this planet. If he has such bad luck on the others, he must have a busy time. Probably one taste of "the flesh," which is "of the devil," proved entirely satisfying to him, and the people of Venus, Mars, Jupiter, etc., have some other "plan of salvation."

### MRS. CAMPTON.

An Indian with a Red Blanket Appears.

HIS HEAD IS DECORATED WITH FEATHERS, AND HIS BLANKET TRIMMED WITH BEADS.

The civilized world both in Europe and America appear of late to be very much interested in the subject of Spiritualism; so much so that a large part of our papers, not merely those devoted specially to the interests of that cause, but others of most standing and influence, are discussing the subject, mainly, with a good degree of candor, and publishing accounts of many of the recent wonderful manifestations.

The laugh against Spiritualists as a set of crazy fanatics seems to have been wonderfully changed since Wallace, Crookes, and other most noted scientists of the world have published the evidences they have scientifically collated with reference to the genuineness of the manifestations and their source. Intelligent minds not blinded by bigotry now very generally concede their genuineness, and the only string now left for bigots to pull upon is that "He casteth out devils through Beelzebub the prince of devils." I think that after they have used this plea to promote the revivals of the present winter they will have to abandon that also, for they will begin to see that the assertion is giving to Beelzebub and his impes too much credit and consequently making out that they have been the instigators of nearly all the good that has blessed the world during the last quarter of a century.

Thinking possibly you may be willing to publish the following account of the visit of Mr. T. S. Allen and family of Gowanda, N. Y., to the seance room of Mrs. Compton, medium, of Havana, N. Y., I have written it out from his lips, and send it to you. I think that your readers will nearly all be interested with the narrative, and particularly, as Mr. Allen and wife are quite well known to many in Danville, N. Y. Mr. Allen has, I believe, lived in this vicinity from childhood, and I was gratified a few days ago to hear an old gentleman, also a resident of this place for about fifty years, remark with reference to Mr. Allen's statement, "everybody will believe that that Trueman Allen says is true."

Dr. F. L. E. Willis and Dr. E. W. Lewis and others have written descriptions of the seance room, cabinet, &c., which have been published within a few months in the Spiritualist papers. So I shall not attempt a very minute description of them. I will say, however, that the cabinet is a little closet on the second floor of the house, about five or six feet square. The door which opens from the seance room is made too short to fill the space, leaving an opening over the top of perhaps twelve or fourteen inches, which has curtains so hung that they may be parted in the middle and slid each way. I write this not from Mr. Allen's description, but from my own recollection, having myself attended one seance there in the fall while the medium was in process of development. My memory may be at fault about the precise dimensions of the cabinet and opening. All visitors have free access to the cabinet, and are requested to examine minutely to see that there is no trap door, or means of deception. Mr. Allen and family had free access during their entire stay of four days.

Mrs. Compton is a fair appearing lady; 46 years old, she has only been married to Colonel Compton, I think, about two years, she had been subject to great privations and hardships while living with her former husband, who was an invalid the last three years of his life. They had a large family of children, and the burden of their support and the care of her sick husband, with poverty, made her life one of hardship and toil. Their circumstances now are moderate, and as they have to devote their entire time to the work, they are obliged to live by charging a fee of admittance to the circles. They are limited as to the number they may admit to a circle, fifteen being the highest number admitted at once.

Mrs. Compton has two or three interesting little girls, who are of great assistance in the circles on account of rather extraordinary singing talents. One girl about four years old, is an excellent medium for raps, though they appear to greatly exhaust her strength.

In forming circles the place of each visitor is assigned him or her from invisible sources. They usually begin with a dark circle which is continued for ten or fifteen minutes or more.

I will now use Mr. Allen's own words as near as possible, speaking in the first person.

During the dark circle the medium describes spirit forms that she clairvoyantly sees with visitors, and, so far as I remember, all were recognized.

In order to make the tests that we should get real tests, we had carefully concealed our names and places of residence. Not an individual in the whole valley or county, so far as we know, ever heard who we were, or where we were from, till the spirits called out our names and exposed us to the company.

After the dark circle a lamp was lighted and the medium retired to the cabinet. The first manifestation on the first evening after the medium had entered the cabinet was a young lady, whom they called Katie, came out of the cabinet, passed around to the members of the circle, brushing their faces with her handkerchief, and saluted some with kisses. One evening she sat down in the lap of each one of our family and kissed us. Her lips seemed warm and life like, but in weight she appeared like a pillow. After staying out a minute or two she would say, "I must go back and get more power." She would then retire to the cabinet and come right out again and pass around as before; this was done two or three times in an evening. When she remained out of the cabinet a little too long, she would appear to diminish in stature, settling down toward the floor. Getting within the magnetic sphere of the medium in the cabinet, appeared to immediately recuperate or reconstruct her so that she would come out as good as at first.

Her dress was pure white with a blue sash tied in front and hanging down nearly to the floor. On her head was a veil of some fleecy material with a border. The veil hung over her face. Her handkerchief appeared to be of some exceedingly flimsy, gauzy material, feeling very soft when applied to our face, as was done several times.

Her performance the first evening lasted perhaps ten or fifteen minutes. She then retired within the cabinet, and immediately to our surprise and astonishment, out came a tall and muscular Indian chief seven feet high! He is called Seneca, and it is said his remains lie buried on the shore of Seneca Lake, only a few miles distant. He had on a red blanket trimmed with beads, wore leggings and moccasins, his head was decorated with feathers, and his whole appearance was extremely majestic.

Mr. G. C. Hibbard, of Watkins, accosted him, seeing him dressed more gaudily than usual, asked, "Seneca, and what have you got on to-night?"

The chief replied, "Dress up. Allen here, Allen, son, daughter and squaw, me know, me find out."

This was the first time my name had been spoken in that valley, and of course was the first intimation the medium or any one present had of who I was, except my own family. The members of my family present were myself and wife Jennie, to whom I had been married about three months, my son by former marriage, twenty years old, and my daughter, fifteen years old.

Different persons of the circle then asked the chief questions which he answered, remaining out several minutes. He then gave a loud, long, and terrific war whoop and retired.

We will not attempt to repeat minutely the manifestations of each particular evening by itself, but will state what tests were given during our stay, without attempting to get them in the order of their occurrence.

Others there received good tests, but in order to be as brief as possible we will try and confine ourselves to what afforded particular tests to us.

A nephew of mine appeared, whom I recognized at sight. I chose to not name him, but asked him who he was. He replied, and gave his name in full, Mervin Alcott, and addressed me as Uncle Trueman. He also called my wife, whom he had never known in earth life, Aunt Jennie, saying, "I suppose I have as good a right to call her so, as Aunt Jennie. Here he had given the names of both my

wives neither of whose names had been spoken by us in the place. I asked him if I had ever seen him before since he passed over. He replied, "You have at Moravia," which was a fact.

My father appeared, showing his face at the opening over the door of the cabinet. I recognized him at once, and he addressed me as his son Trueman. In order to make the matter more clear as a test to others, I asked him to show his hands. He immediately did so, and presented them to the aperture several times. His hands were very much deformed, being drawn out of shape by rheumatism—as badly deformed as any I ever saw from like cause. The hands presented at the aperture were deformed in the same manner, so that this rendered the identity unmistakable. He said he did not find things there as he expected to (he had been an unbeliever in a future existence), neither do I find that place that is preached about. My son, you have got the truth, do your work, and do it well.

A spirit not visible talked and gave her name as Kossian, Indian girl. I asked her if I had ever seen her. She said, "Yes, at Mary's," meaning at Moravia; I had seen such an Indian girl there.

While sitting in the dark circle, Mrs. Allen felt a light hand laid upon her lap, and no one was sitting in position to reach her there. Afterwards, during the light circle the same evening, a child's voice called, "Aunt Jennie! Aunt Jennie!"

Mrs. Allen asked, "Who is calling me?" The child replied, "Willie is here! I tried to jump up in your lap, but you were afraid and I could not." Willie was her sister's boy, who passed over at the age of two and a half years.

An Indian's voice was heard. I asked who it was. He said, "You know." I asked him if it was Shongo, the Indian who was sometimes seen with me. He said he was. I asked if he was the one I once saw in Canada, and who woke me up. He replied in the affirmative. I asked him what he then said to me. He replied, "I said, 'Go home and get money.'" I asked him what money was called in his language. He said, "Washtan," and I remembered that that was what the Indian in Canada said.

My son-in-law, Darwin Griswold, came visibly, and was fully recognized by myself, my son, and daughter, and conversed with us. He said, "Arthur is here and has been trying to materialize all the evening, but is too weak." Arthur is my son who was drowned last summer. No one of us had mentioned him in Havana.

My son-in-law said, "Tell Eliza to come here, I want to talk with her." (Eliza is my daughter, his former wife.) He said, "I have helped her a great deal since I passed over, but have been unable to reach her of late." (Eliza is a medium, and has often been advised by him in business matters, by which considerable sums of money have been saved to her.)

My former wife came, not visible, calling me by name, and saying, "I am so glad you let the children come with you," and called each one of the children by name, and conversed with each one of us separately, talking as a wife and mother might be expected to talk to husband and children, and also to my present wife, Jennie.

I neglected to state that during the dark circle it is common for the medium to announce that an open book is brought and laid upon the table. She proceeds to read from it a passage of Scripture; this announcement and reading is preceded by a succession of raps; then after the reading is finished, more raps are heard, and a gentleman present, another medium, arises under influence and gives a short and very eloquent discourse from the passage read. One curiosity about the matter is, that it is said by those acquainted with her, that in the normal state the medium who reads the passage can not read or write.

Now, Mr. Editor, I have written the main points in Mr. Allen's statement. He received several other tests which were to him equal to those here recorded, but to make them appear such to the reader we would have to relate incidents that had transpired elsewhere, which would make this narrative too long for your usually crowded columns.

I submit this to you, hoping that the perusal of it in your columns will serve to interest some of your readers so much as to start them in the road of investigation thorough and candid. The end of this road, I believe, is always conviction.

Yours,  
A. E. TILDEN.

The Rock County Recorder, of Janesville, Wisconsin, says:

The RELIGIO PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, published by S. S. JONES, corner Fifth Avenue and Adams street, Chicago, is the leading Spiritual exponent of the West. Its tone is outspoken, and it advocates the spiritual philosophy with clearness, earnestness and staunch honesty. The terms are \$3 15 per year, including postage, payable in advance; but the publisher has, in order to give subscribers an opportunity to see what the paper is, advertised to furnish it to trial subscribers for 29 cents for three months, including postage.

Tusas died recently in India a native king who ruled over a small territory containing less than 1 250 000 inhabitants, but who came of a family of kings beside which the oldest regal families of Europe are as yesterday. He was the Rana of Oodepore, and was descended from Rana, who flourished about 8 000 years ago, and in whom, according to Hindoo mythology, Vishnu was incarnated. He was regarded by the Hindoos with a degree of sacred reverence, and possessed some religious authority, which, however, was exercised to a very limited extent.

Ancient and Modern Spiritualism.

I find a singular confusion of ideas in the Old Testament as to the personality of the manifesting "spirit." What appeared was called the "Lord." Take Abraham's case—"And the Lord appeared unto him in the plains of Mamre as he sat in the tent door in the heat of the day; and he lifted up his eyes, and lo! three men (in buckram) stood before him." This was a strong case of materialization...

the treachery of Judas and Peter are of the same style of "clearseeing" as that everywhere practiced, with varying success, by fortune tellers, astrologers, and clairvoyants in this city. Nobody but simpletons pay much attention to these phenomena now occurring about us; why will the religionists make such a bother about similar things said to have occurred thousands of years ago, at a time when scientific investigation was impossible?

I can work upon the hearts of the people. May I work upon all things, and who order all things, so order it that the hearts and the minds of my fellow-creatures may be drawn to this subject, and that the oppressed go free!

ed to him that he had better reorganize him, take him to pieces and leave out the weak points. But God would not do that—he was determined to get up a first class curse, and there was a good chance! He cursed the earth, just as we used to a stone, when a boy, and when we stubbed a sore toe against it. Adam tried to reason with God; but he was so intent on cursing that he wouldn't reason. And he did curse—oh! it was first-class cursing, too. He cursed the poor little serpent—goodness, how he cursed him! He ordered him to eat the dust of the earth all his life. Wonder he hadn't said tobacco! Then he cursed Eve! This was an interesting curse, to Eve! It was as clear as mud to her. When he told her she must bear children, she thought—he said something funny, and she laughed! But she cried when she got Abel.

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Communications from Horace Greeley.

Question. Did you believe in Spiritualism in this life? Answer. To a certain extent; not as it is followed by many for wicked ends, but I always felt that those that passed away watched over and guided my career while on the earth. It was the guardianship of friends that led me on, and helped me to achieve the mighty conquests that I made over the minds of many, that gave me the position in life, in society, which I held for so many years.

Letter from A. H. Darrow.

DEAR SIR:—Thinking that it might not be uninteresting to the readers of the JOURNAL, I have undertaken to detail some of the occurrences transpiring in this locality. There are a good many readers of your paper in this section; in fact the Spiritualists and Materialists are both strong and well divided, with only a very slight tendency toward adhesion.

Why Don't God Kill the Devil?

of all the questions that arise in view of wrong and evil, that rises to the quivering skies, in cadences of deep surprise, Why don't God kill the Devil? The monster author, he, of sin, Of villains most unevil, The world why don't Jehovah win, And stop this theologic din, Why don't He kill the devil?

Death of Mrs. J. S. Fuller.

Mrs. J. S. Fuller, a lady widely known in Chicago and throughout the country, died at her residence, No. 8 North Adams street, on Friday evening, the 5th inst., in the 63d year of her age. The mere announcement will carry grief with it to many hearts, for Mrs. Fuller was indeed a remarkable woman—remarkable for virtues, that, though unostentatious, were rarely to be found in this selfish world.

Letter from Springfield, Mass.

BRO. JONES:—I am told you have published the obituaries of Father Adam and Mother Eve; if it is not asking too much I would like to see the same republished. I have only seen your notice of it in the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL of August 2d, 1873, in reply to Bro. McKinney. I have no doubt but that it would be very interesting to a large number of your new subscribers.

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THE BHAGAVAD GITA, or a discourse between Krishna and Arjuna on Divine Matters. A Sanskrit Philosophical Poem translated with copious notes, an introduction on Sanskrit Philosophy, and other matter. By J. Cockburn Thomson, member of the Asiatic Society of France, and of the Antiquarian Society of Normandy. Published by the Religio-Philosophical Publishing House, Chicago. Price \$1.75.

This is an unusually interesting publication. Mr. Thomson has rendered good service to the more thoughtful class of readers. There is a peculiar charm about ancient literature of the profounder sort. Ideas belong to no climate or climate. They are ever the same; yet never the same. Intrinsically they are unalterable, but in application they have a wide range and an almost endless variety. The old Hindus were an intellectual people. The poem before us is probably older than the time formerly fixed in Christian chronology for the creation of the world. It breathes a lofty spirit of unselfish devotion to good objects. The key to its philosophy is contemplation and self-negation. The underlying weakness of Indian civilization was the idea that man's spiritual nature required an unnatural and demoralizing degradation of his physical nature. The Bhagavad-Gita presents this view of life in its best phase, but even then it shows plainly the potency, as Prof. Tyndall would say, of the downfall of Hindostan. The early Christians, as well as the Stoics, were poisoned with this heresy. Gradually Christendom is outgrowing it, and perhaps there is danger of going to the other extreme of epicureanism. On its surface Brahminical elevation above the human appetites and passions is very lovely and ennobling; but the experience of nations proves that an insult to nature is petty soon to be terribly resented.

We can not refrain from complimenting our townsman, S. S. Jones, who is in reality the Religio-Philosophical Publishing House, upon giving to the public so excellent a book. The last volume received from that source was utterly worthless, but this one is grandly useful, especially as it is thoroughly indexed.—Chicago Evening Journal.

From the French.

BOOK OF MEDIUMS, or a Guide for Mediums and Invocators. Containing the special instruction of the spirits on the theory of all kinds of manifestations, the means of communicating with the invisible world, the development of mediumship, the difficulties and dangers that are to be encountered in the practice of Spiritism. By Allan Kardec. Translated from the French by Emma A. Wood. Boston: Colby & Rich, pub. 1870. For sale by the Religio-Philosophical Publishing House, Chicago, Ill.

REVIEWED BY HUDSON TITILE

Allan Kardec is the master of the French school of Spiritualism, or Spiritism, as he designates his system. We greatly prefer the former title, as it stands opposed to Materialism, and if discarded by religionists, at once consigns them to that side. Spiritism is especially applicable to the belief in reincarnation and designates that phase of the Spiritual Philosophy. In the present work Mr. Kardec does not introduce the discussion of his favorite theory, but it underlies all his thoughts, which hinge and turn on that peculiar conception of spirit existence. So far as this is true his reasoning, if he may be said to reason, is vitiated.

The translator has performed her work well, but she could not change what was ordinary wood into more precious substance. Kardec was sincere; he was honest. He seems wholly wanting in the ability to condense his thoughts or clearly express them. His thoughts themselves never are well defined in his own mind. Instead of condensing, his method is to expand and classify, and draw nice distinctions where none exist. They who expect to find in the book, as stated on its title page, the philosophy of the various phases of mediumship, explanations of the phenomena, or any certain method of attaining mediumship, will be woefully disappointed. He deals in the most vague and uncertain utterances, and succeeds in leaving his readers more confused than when they began. Thus speaking of the *perisprit*, or what may be called the spirit-body, he says:

"This semi-material envelope in the human form constitutes for the spirit a fluidic vaporous body," etc. What meaning can be extracted from such phrases as "semi-material," or "fluidic vaporous," we are at a loss to discern. He considers his discovery of this *perisprit* to have marked an era in Spiritism, yet that such a *perisprit* exists depends entirely on his ipse dixit.

Granting its existence as proved, he is able to dispose summarily of all phenomena. Thus he accounts for "double presence" in this wise: "When he (the subject) is completely dematerialized by his virtue, when he has elevated his soul towards God, can appear in two places at once," etc. What is explained by this sentence? Nothing. Can a man be "dematerialized" by virtue, or in any other manner? Those who have been the subjects of this strange phenomena were not peculiarly virtuous. Such are fair illustrations of Mr. Kardec's manner of demonstration.

We alluded to his weakness in classification and exemplifying. As one of many, we give his division of mediums: First division, Imperfect Mediums, divided into classes, as follows: Obsessed, Fascinated, Subjugated, Trifling, Indifferent, Presumptuous, Haughty, Susceptible, Mercenary, Ambitious, Insincere, Egotistic, Jealous. Second division, Good Mediums, divided thus: Serious, Modest, Devoted, Certain. Each class calls out a lengthy disquisition, and the whole is as valueless as dividing a pile of sand into classes, according as the grains had differently formed angles and sides.

The next error which meets the attention is his idea that spirits have a task-master and only act as "permitted." He constantly uses this word. The spirits with whom he converses are able, or unable, as "permitted." If the Spirit-world is governed by such an arbitrary despotism, it is assuredly most undesirable. If a spirit has not attained a certain elevation, it is compelled to become reincarnated. The higher spirits determine, or else God.

The next fundamental idea is that spirits act as superintendents and creators. Thus speaking of the death of the animal, he says: "He (it) is immediately utilized by spirits charged with such cases," etc. Extended, this notion sweeps away all organic laws, and substitutes the direct action of spirits. The doctrine of reincarnation, with these ideas of "permissiveness" and direct interference, takes the world out of the control of inherent and unchanging laws, and gives it into the hands of spirits more or less elevated. It transforms every event into a miracle, and makes Science impossible.

The style of the book is without literary merit, vague, confused and wandering, yet occasionally the author rises out of the maze and utters a clear thought. He is not uninterruptedly involved in the fog of the *perisprit*. It would be difficult to write a book of 500 pages and not state many truths, and outside of his peculiar theory Mr. Kardec had arrived at a very just understanding of the spiritual philosophy, and few objections can be urged

against him. His educational prejudices strongly affected his views and colored the communications he received.

In the last chapter the following paragraph occurs, which has especial significance at the present time:

"The Medianic [mediumistic] faculty, even restricted to the limit of physical manifestations, was not given to make a parade on the platform, and whoever pretends to have at his orders spirits, to exhibit in public, may justly be suspected of charlatanism or jugglery more or less skillful."

In our ignorance of the conditions essential for success, physical and spiritual, it is preposterous to promise any set occurrence at a spirit circle. They who do so, and obtain unvarying "manifestations," manifest fraud by the certainty which attends their seances!

Had these 458 pages been condensed into one hundred, much ink and paper would have been spared, and the readers not been compelled to wander over arid wastes to taste the springs that here and there break forth. The *Medium and Daybreak*, of London, publishes a standing column of "rules for the formation of circles," which contains the gist of this whole book.

The translator, in her preface, says that she has resolved in her task (invisible aid, and not only affirms the purity of life and character of Mr. Kardec, but exalts his attainments in spiritual science. His character was noble and unblemished, but the latter claim to science can not be entertained. His method is the antipode of the scientific.

The book is valuable as a contrast to the spiritual philosophy enunciated in America. It shows how the two great streams diverge under the influence of race, and the beautiful unity which underlies the most diverse enunciations dependent on the unity of its origin in the Spirit-world.

AN ADDRESS TO THE CLERGY OF ALL DENOMINATIONS. By Lawrence Benson. New York.

This is a blatant orthodox circular, designed to not only kill Liberalism, but to extirpate the same, root and branch, from this country. It contains the following choice paragraphs:

"The materialistic doctrines of our day are not in any respect different from those which have been exploded over and over again by the profound thinkers of antiquity; and the often refuted theories of the ancients are now attempted to be revived by the sophistries of Tyndall, Huxley, Lamarck, Spencer, Darwin, and others.

"By the process of evolution they attempted to ostracize a Providence from the Universe. They pretend to admit a Creator 'in the beginning,' but this 'beginning' they make as remote as Eternity itself; and since this 'beginning' is beyond the recognition of the senses; they chuckle that they have, without detriment to their reasoning, covered by a feint, the advance movement along the line."

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There are quite a number whose names may be mentioned if necessary, who have not only failed to pay dues, but the fifteen cents which we have to pay government, to carry the JOURNAL to such subscribers on credit.

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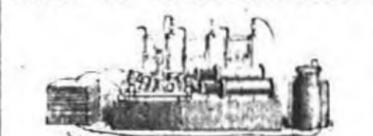
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CHICAGO, SATURDAY, MARCH 6, 1875.

AN OLD WRETCH!

His Letter Answered by a Horrible Massacre in Mexico!

MR S. S. JONES—Some time ago I sent for your paper on trial for three months. The second number, Jan. 16th, contained an article that plainly showed your cloven foot...

El Paso, Wis. J. B. MECHAN.

Any one can readily see the spirit of intolerance permeating the above letter. Its hydra-head is plainly visible. The world has already suffered much through the instrumentality of Catholicism...

In Europe, however, the Catholics seem to exert more power than here, and will no doubt continue their machinations until shorn of all their influence.

Gladstone, the Anti-Papal League in England, and the Government of Brazil, have discerned their intolerant spirit secretly moving among the people...

In Canada they absolutely refused to allow a heretic to be buried in the Catholic cemetery, though the deceased owned the lot.

They make ostentatious pilgrimages to Lourdes and LaSalette, in order to give themselves prominence in the eye of the world; they caused, according to the statements of Bismarck, the war between France and Germany...

The same cruel intolerant spirit that existed in 1771 among the Catholics, has its counterpart at the present time in Mexico, as you will see by reading the following.

THE RELIGIOUS MASSACRE AT ACAPULCO, MEXICO. [From the San Francisco Alta, Feb. 11.]

By the steamer Montana, which arrived from Mexican port on Tuesday, came up from Acapulco, on his way to New York, the Rev. M. N. Hutchinson, Superintendent of Presbyterian Missions in Central and Southern Mexico...

Mexico, there being now many congregations organized in the City of Mexico, Vera Cruz, and other cities. In Acapulco, until a comparatively recent date, little or no missionary work had been done.

AN IMPORTANT ACCESSION. In the persons of Don Procopio Dias, editor of a local newspaper, a member of the State Congress, and a man of more culture than those who had hitherto accepted the new lights...

THE WEEK OF PRAYER, and considerable interest was manifested, although the movement was conducted quietly and without any effort to force a new doctrine on the attention of the people.

Soon after Mr. Hutchinson appeared in Acapulco, there were threatenings which portended mischief to him and the movement which he had come to organize.

THE INTOLERANT FEELING WHICH PROMPTED ATTACK was doubtless incited greatly by the preaching of the Catholic cura, who, in all his addresses from the altar, as well as in his daily intercourse with his people, bitterly denounced the Protestant movement.

ON THE EVENING OF TUESDAY, JAN. 26, services were held as usual, but Mr. Hutchinson was so unwell that he did not attend. There was no unusual indication of hostility on that day, but, after the family in which Mr. Hutchinson was stopping had gone to church, he felt a presentiment of trouble...

A HOT FIGHT RAGED. The young Indian who had begun the fray, shouting, "Death to the Protestants! Long live the Catholics!" attacked Senor Dias, wounding him three times in the head, and cut away two fingers of his right hand.

of the city, numbering only about one hundred soldiers, arrived on the scene, and succeeded in quelling the disturbance.

THE DEAD AND WOUNDED. Besides the two members of the congregation killed at the door, three others were killed and ten seriously wounded, one of the latter dying next day, making six deaths in all.

AN INQUIRY IN PROGRESS. Mr. Hutchinson, having providentially escaped, as it is said, the effort to be in danger, and was advised to seek refuge on the Isla Lillie, an American sailing vessel...

Prior to his departure from Acapulco, Mr. Hutchinson learned that the small garrison had been reinforced, on the 1st of February by the arrival of Gov. Alvarez with five companies of State troops...

Members of the stricken congregation sent word to Mr. Hutchinson that they were in no wise cast down by the persecution to which they had been subjected...

Jesus and the Journal Accused of Blasphemy.

WATERLOO, N. Y., FEB. 10, 75. MR S. S. JONES DEAR SIR—At the request of a lady friend, whose family are Spiritualists, I subscribed for the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL for three months...

One of my children, a few hours before her death, spoke of the "many dear friends she had in Heaven," and said that "saints are ministering spirits, the Bible says, to those who are heirs of salvation, and perhaps my little brother (deceased) will be my ministering spirit, and come with my Savior when he comes for me."

A few hours after, while conversing quietly and in the perfect possession of her reason, she exclaimed, "The Savior has come for me! Mother! mother! I see the angels too! Oh! how merciful God has been to me!"

By and by, when Spiritualism is further developed, and these miserable impostors are exposed, I may again become a subscriber, but one can not compel faith.

FROM THE ABUNDANCE OF THE HEART THE MOUTH SPEAKETH.

We deeply sympathize with the sister who penned the foregoing. From early childhood she doubtless has been taught, and has most sincerely believed, that the gentle Nazarene—Jesus—was the man of sorrow, who took upon himself the sins of the whole world...

It is a terrible thought that the Almighty is angry with all mankind, and that his wrath can only be appeased with the endless torture of every human being.

There are millions of terror-stricken souls besides our sister who believe that but for the terrible sacrifice made by "our Savior," they would be doomed to never-ending torture in the lake of fire and brimstone...

Believing this, how gloriously beautiful, how lovely and majestic, how inexpressibly good must be our Savior, who has descended from the throne of a god to become incarnated in the flesh, there to suffer an equivalent of torture to the never-ending torments of the whole human family damned in Hell...

plan of salvation," in which He himself became incarnated in the flesh for the especial purpose, (which he ordained before the foundation of the world,) of suffering infinite torture to placate his own wrath...

While penning lines for the JOURNAL can it be otherwise than a fact that our whole soul is filled with gratitude, being fully assured that God gave us life, and long before that laid the foundation of a plan for our salvation through the blood of a "risen redeemer," who was none less than Deity incarnate?

Taking our correspondent's view, from her standpoint, "educated as she has been," the terrible threat "pronounced on him who shall take away from the words of the book of this prophecy," is fearful!

And, indeed, we wonder not that she says, "I should be glad to be able to believe in a part of Spiritualism." That part would be its philosophy which robs the Deity of that attribute attributed to him by Christians, which, if true, renders him the most to be detested of all tyrants.

This view of Spiritualism is so ennobling that we wonder not that our sister would like to embrace it, but we do marvel that any person of ordinary good sense should take exceptions to it.

We would not take away the faith that our sister has that the "Savior" came to receive her beloved child at the portals of eternal life, as she, the jewel, was leaving the casket.

The little girl was happy in the thought that her Savior would come with her little brother to receive her at her decease—the loving mother was happy to know that her child was so received.

The Rev. Moses Sherman's wife was of the belief that Jesus alone could cure her. When the spirit through the mediumship of Mrs. Robinson did cure her, and she felt his presence, she thought it was Jesus, and gave him the praise.

But a word in answer to the charges of blasphemy. The RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL is as clear of just complaint on that score as was Jesus, when charged with the same.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS. Comments Intended for Those Whom the Court Fits.

BURLINGAME KAN, Feb 18th, 75. BRO. S. S. JONES—I'm indignant—no JOURNAL this week. Is it the mail's fault, or your fault, or perhaps it is my fault?

We are glad to know that the JOURNAL is held in such high estimation by you that its failure to reach you for a single issue arouses a spirit of inquiry into the cause.

The JOURNAL has never failed to go into the U. S. mail in due time each week during the whole time of its publication, the week of the great Chicago fire not excepted.

While we think it very wrong for subscribers to keep us out of our just dues, we last fall stated that those who had had their crops destroyed by the grasshoppers, and those who had become embarrassed by reason of their property having been burned up, should have a year's extension given them by informing us of the fact.

send you a copy of the JOURNAL to supply the place of the lost one.

We know the names of several that owe us for amounts on subscriptions that are too much for us to lose, that have a worse reason for not paying than the grasshopper plague.

And some of that class are mean enough to skulk behind a postmaster's notice of "Refused!" Great God! what must their spirit friends think of them—and what will they think of themselves when they get to the Spirit-world and find it indelibly imprinted upon their foreheads, to be read by everybody.

IN A BOX. A Matter of Fact Which has an Explanation—The Medium "Boxed" by Material Conditions.

The Spiritual Scientist, I. B. Stone, says: "In our last issue appeared a report of a seance held at the rooms of Dr. Storer, in which it was made to read that a new medium, who had made his appearance, possessed the power to pass through a solid substance...

The editor of the Scientist declined to attend the seance in question, having no faith in the parties who were supposed to possess this power. The supporter of the supposed medium—one Miss Lillie—had been so often exposed, and made to appear in so ridiculous a light in the Boston Herald, and the evil done by such fraudulent manifestations is so glaring an injury to the cause of Spiritualism...

The report which appeared in the Scientist, was furnished by one in whose judgment we have the greatest faith, indeed, the majority of people participating in that seance felt that the conditions were unquestionable.

On Friday evening, Feb. 5th, another party had gathered; the programme was similar to that described last week. The medium insisted on the conditions usually required at physical manifestations, and was thereby enabled to make the most of his natural genius; but for once he was in too much of a hurry, he got into his box, but unfortunately he did not close the door through which he went, quite so neatly as usual; the corner of one end was not quite flush with the side piece; sharp eyes detected it, and suspicion was rendered a surety; the box contained secret springs, and it was determined that the company present should fully understand how they worked.

The box which appeared so perfect was soon in the hands of the committee. Martin, the medium, who was inclined to become physically demonstrative, was put on an anxious seat and held there by four of the company. Miss Lillie, who wanted to faint, was told to faint in the entry, where there was plenty of room and air.

Martin now saw his occupation, or certainly his reputation, as a medium was gone, and expressed his willingness to explain the modus operandi of his manifestations.

Such, in a few words, is the history of one attempt made by Spiritu-lists to detect and expose bogus mediums, and yet these same parties will probably hold forth as before; they will give their physical manifestations, bogus tests, war dances, and other ridiculous performances under the guise of Spiritualism—calling themselves spiritual mediums.

Certainly they will continue to perform as before, the same as the Holmeses! You would believe the statements of Dr. Child and Robert Dale Owen, nor will we believe your statement. Some old granny should be sent to investigate the truthfulness of your charges, and who will be able, no doubt, to get up a counter report, and lay your informant in a lie.

MR. J. YOUNG sends \$3 50 to this office, but gives no post-office address.

In answer to several subscribers' inquiries as to the whereabouts of Dr. J. R. Newton, we can only reply that we do not know.

MISS DORCAS E. PRAY, Augusta, Maine, clairvoyant and speaker desires to make engagements to lecture.

A LETTER would reach Mrs. Hollis, the medium for physical manifestations, if directed to Louisville, Ky.

MR. FERRLES speaks in Chicago during March. His lectures are always highly interesting.

Mrs. BLAIR is still in the city painting her beautiful bouquets, which speak as eloquently for Spiritualism as words that fall from the most graceful orator.

Philadelphia Department

BY HENRY T. CHILD, M. D. Subscriptions will be received and papers may be obtained at wholesale or retail, at the Rate of \$1.00 per Annum.

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. The extended circulation of the Journal furnishes the means of reaching more individuals than any other paper on Spiritualism.

Communications Through Katie B. Robinson, of 2123 Brandywine Street, Philadelphia.

THE DARK FAIRER

If the people of this world would stop and listen for a moment, they would find that all these spiritual manifestations, and in fact all the religious beliefs of the world, are controlled and directed by one supreme power, and that some persons are led to do just as the parties you have spoken of, because there is an aim and object in the controlling power that governs your world, and this that seems like a terrible cloud that rests upon Spiritualism, is to go forth and be one of its brightest stars, for almost all the people have looked upon this subject, and have had a chance to read something concerning Spiritualism, and the true and noble defenders have come forth, and have written out the tests that they have received, and they are attracting the attention of the people in such a way that they shall see there are facts of importance to all mankind in these communications. We know that the time is not far distant when the materializing power shall come to the people of earth, not only through public mediums, but through others who have never been before the public. They will be seen in broad, open daylight. We tell you, friends, that the hour is advancing for these things. I have promised myself, through one of the best mediums in this country, that I will materialize, if she lives long enough, and stand upon the platform in Boston.

I say to you that the cause of Spiritualism is, certainly to be more progressive, to do more good in the years 1875 and 1876 than it has ever done. If there are mediums, as we know there are, who will yield to the influence of lying and deceitful spirits, and we know the atmosphere is filled with these, if any will do this for the love of gain, or for fame, or any other selfish feeling, they are certain to have their downfall. We know that there are mediums who are honest and truthful, and who do not open the doors for any evil spirits to come through them. They will not yield to temptation, though starvation might stare them in the face. We know that when the sifting process which is now taking place has done its work, these will come forth with far greater power than has ever yet been manifested, as Jesus declared "the things that I do, and greater things shall ye do." Follow his example who was humble in his mission, who went about doing good to the bodies and souls of men; who sometimes said he had not where to lay his head; who never sought for position or wealth, but ever strove to do that which his noble guides bade him.

My aim in returning and controlling Mrs. Conant to speak to the people of Boston, has been for a good purpose. I was liberal in life, and am still more so now. I know that you as pioneers in Spiritualism have had many trials, more than you will have in the future. I can see that your Journal and the dear old BANNER OF LIGHT have their influence in many homes and hearts, and the thoughts that are written in these Spiritual papers are read by many of the people, and much better appreciated than they were formerly. My spirit hovers over dear old Boston, and I know there are people in the church and out of the church who recognize the influence of the free religion that I felt it right to preach when I walked among men. I look back now and see that I was a medium, inspired at times by a class of spirits that were determined to speak the truth in earnest, and without fear or favor, through my organism. I did not recognize Spiritualism while I lived on earth. It was not for me. I had my appointed work, and could not have done it so well if I had been diverted by the investigation of so great a subject. So while I did not oppose it, I took no particular interest in it.

The work of Spiritualism must go on, though there has gathered into your ranks many radical and fanatical people. They will find by and by that they must have patience; that the spirits require law, harmony and patience that the conditions may be more perfect to your seances. I am pleased, as this is my first visit to your circle, to send some thoughts to the world. I have often done this with Mrs. Conant, and have become familiar with her. I know that she is held for a beautiful and important purpose in the earth-life. Sensitive, and weak, and weary at times, yet her reward is sure, and although some may not appreciate the truths given through her mediumship, they are appreciated by the angel world, and will be still more by the people of this life as they learn to understand this truth. I love to see the people advancing; it gives us better opportunities to come to them. I shall be glad to give a description of my home in Spirit-life.

EMMA MANFIELD, OF CHARLESTOWN, MASS.

I understood something about Spiritualism, and had received communications before I passed to Spirit-life. I was sick a number of years, and did not enjoy life, but was happy when the form was laid away and my spirit found rest. I have a great deal of love to send to the dear ones who were so kind to me. I would like you to say to George that I am often by his side, and I see the circumstances and conditions that have controlled him, and the struggles he has had to pass through, even since I passed to Spirit-life. For his kindness, and for the love of his mother and the sweet influences of my child, I often feel thankful as they come to me in the spiritual world. I know I am remembered. I think it is beautiful when the door is opened and we can return and communicate with the friends we love. I have communicated through some mediums, but as I once knew this medium, I have tried ever since your circles were formed, every Thursday morning, to meet you here, and have waited patiently for an opportunity. I feel thankful for the experience I had. I am permitted to watch over the dear ones, and I know that they realize Emma's presence in the home circle. I have seen them scattered, yet I know that we shall all be brought together, and when they have done with this

life Emma, bright and beautiful, shall meet them here, where in one unbroken chain of love we shall wander together, with no anxious care to oppress our minds. What a place of love; what a beautiful home I shall be able to prepare for those I love. Oh! it seems to me there is a beautiful light, and when I see that light it brings me home to the olden times, and I am happy I want each friend that knew me and watched over me in my last hours of sickness, to remember that I will repay them, even as I would come and bless this medium whom I knew when in life, so would I bless you all, and say that I feel thankful as I look around and see you.

HENRY CLAY MALONEY

It seems to me my mother is in Newburyport, Mass. Her name is Martha. I would like to send her a few words. Tell her that I have seen the changes that have taken place since father's death, and as I know she loved this Spiritualism, and always liked to receive communications, I have come to send something through your paper, hoping she may see it. There were so many people present that I had to wait for my turn. I am just about the happiest young man in this part of the Spirit-world, for I am always going about learning something and doing all the good I can. I see that I passed away when young because I was needed in the higher and better circle. Dear mother, she worked hard and laid up money that I might enjoy it. God bless her. I often come to her. I want her to be careful and not listen to everybody's flattery, but do the best she can, and I shall often be near her and help her. She thought there was nothing good enough for me, and when I passed away she denied it almost broke her heart. I was buried at Worcester, but mother has made some changes since, yet I go to the old home. There is one thing that is beautiful, that is, wherever your friends go you can follow them, and thank God, you can always find them. There is a law of attraction between mother and child. I was the only boy, and you see mother never loved any one as she loved me, and I will try to repay that in the Spirit world by making the most beautiful home for her. She has a great big heart. She would do anything for you, one of the best cooks that you ever saw, and if you were sick there is nobody in the world could help you better than she could. I feel that she will be pleased to get a word from me.

God's providence is not blind, but full of eyes.

It searches all the refuges of lies, And in his time and way the accursed things Before whose evil feet thy battle gage Has clasp'd defiance from hot youth to age Shall perish. All men shall be priests and kings. — One royal brotherhood, one church made free By love, which is the law of liberty!"

WHITTIER

Mrs. Thayer's Flower Seance.

BROTHER JONES. I have attended within the week two of Mrs. Thayer's seances, in which remarkable things occurred, and I thought a statement of what happened would be interesting to your readers. The seances were held at 27 Milford street, in this city, and were given complimentary to Mr. Morse and Cooper of England. In the first seance there was, perhaps, twenty people present besides the gentlemen alluded to. We were seated around a dining table, the medium among the rest. The gas was then turned off, making the room perfectly dark. We sat in this way, perhaps fifteen minutes, when a light being called for, the table was found to be strewn with a great

VARIETY OF FLOWERS.

fresh and fragrant as though just plucked from the parent stems. My wife was the recipient of a rose bush that had been taken up by the roots, earth and all. It fell upon the table directly in front of her, and she was seated some eight feet from the medium. A gentleman present received a bunch of Beeth, also torn up by the roots with at least a quart of earth upon it. There were also two sprigs of orange tree, one with leaves and a green orange nearly ripe upon it, and the other with leaves and blossoms. Mr. J. J. Morse received the most singular present, it being a

BEAUTIFUL DOVE.

that was found on production of the light, quietly seated on the table but a few inches in front of him. There were roses in great profusion and variety, six different kinds of ferns; pinks, japonicas, and other flowers whose names we were not acquainted with. I attended another seance on Thursday evening, which was held under special test conditions. The windows and doors being sealed, and the medium examined by a committee of ladies before taking her seat in the circle. There were seated on one side of her, and Dr. Storer on the other side, each with their chairs on the medium's dress. The room was then darkened, and remained so about fifteen minutes. Light being called for, we found scattered upon the table the following flowers, all fresh and beautiful: nine roses, two calla lilies, one sprig of orange blossoms, leaves and flowers, three japonicas, five different kinds of ferns, one pink, two large calla lilies, two sprigs of heath, one baby's breath, four other flowers names unknown. Turning down the light once more we sat a few moments longer, during which time there came

TWO BEAUTIFUL WHITE DOVES.

one for Mr. Morse and the other for Mr. Cooper, of England; also a large bunch of pinks, torn up by the roots. Mrs. Carpenter had a beautiful rose-bud placed in her peckle. This concluded the seance. The conditions were as near complete to prevent collusion or deception as we could make them. We are certain that the medium had no confederate, and the phenomena had all the appearance of being genuine. Mrs. Thayer is holding circles almost every evening, and the same large quantities of flowers and fruit, and often birds, are presented. They are certainly very wonderful and beautiful manifestations, to those who can realize their truths.

A. E. CARPENTER

No 2 Indiana St., Boston, Mass.

SPIRITUALISM IN CLINTON, ILL.

Additional Evidence of the Truth of Our Philosophy.

CLINTON, ILL., Feb. 10th, 1875.

DEAR SIR:—We, the undersigned, visited Morris and Green's seance, in the city of Clinton, De Witt Co., Ill.

EDWARD GREEN,

one of the mediums, is an impressionable and unconscious, while Morris is the positive medium. The residence is situated in the northeast part of the city, about fifty yards from what is known as the old depot grounds of the Illinois Central R. R. The house is a one-story structure (no cellar), 18x24, with three rooms. The room where

THE SEANCES ARE HELD.

is 10x18, 8 feet high, with two windows and three doors. The cabinet is constructed of one half inch pine lumber. The wall forming the other half is papered with dark wall paper. THE WALLS ARE SOLID.

except the one door for entrance. A common hemp carpet, well tacked down, covers the entire room, including also the place where the cabinet sits. The aperture in the cabinet door is about fifteen inches in diameter, a dark piece of calico dropping over it. We entered the cabinet and gave it a

SEARCHING EXAMINATION,

and found the walls neatly papered, without a break, also the floor carpeted and well tacked, precluding the possibility of any deception. After thoroughly

SATISFYING OURSELVES,

we took our seats about fifteen feet from the door of the cabinet, several musical instruments were then placed in the cabinet, consisting of a drum, three bells, a tambourine and an accordion, the door of the cabinet being then fastened. The mediums took their seats on the outside with the audience. The lamp being then turned down to twilight, in which we could plainly recognize each other's features.

THE INSTRUMENTS BEGAN TO PLAY.

The cabinet being empty, hands were seen, and also the outlines of a face, which we could not decide whether male or female. A slate communication was then asked for by us, which resulted in a communication for Mr. Drake from his departed wife, which was highly gratifying to him and satisfactory to us. A gentleman from Bloomington then stepped up to the aperture and put his hand inside the cabinet, when it was grasped by a hand, and a pencil with which the communication was written, was pressed into his hand.

JOHN H. WRIGHT, De Witt Co. OLIVER DRAKE, Clinton. S. K. NOBLE, Strateger

Knotty Questions for Orthodox Thinkers.

The following are from the Spiritual Inquirer, a paper just started at Sandhurst, Australia.

If God created an endless Hell before he created man, did he know there would be any use for it?

If God knew there would be any use for an endless Hell, must he not have created some men for endless misery?

If God created an endless Hell, was it included in the works he pronounced "very good"?

If there be an endless Hell, and it was not made before Creation, when was it made?

If there be a personal Devil, who made him, and for what purpose was he made?

Can there be any such thing as Sin in Heaven?

If there was Sin in Heaven, and angels were cast out, may there not be Sin again, and may not the present inhabitants be cast out?

As Sin possesses Temptation of some sort, who tempted a holy Angel to Sin?

If an Angel could Sin without a Devil to tempt him, may we not Sin without a Devil to tempt us?

If a holy Angel was tempted by surrounding evil, is Heaven a holy place?

If an Angel was tempted by evil passions, could he have been holy?

If an Angel became a Devil by sinning, was Adam's the Original Sin?

If an Angel sinned without being tempted, and a man does not Sin unless he is tempted by the Devil, can we consider the Angels superior to Man?

The same paper gives the following:

The first authentic record in print of the dead returning to this life, in New South Wales, is that of a man named Fisher, who was murdered by his neighbor, at Applin, in 1834. His spirit was plainly seen by a man at a spot where it turned out that he was murdered. On being approached, the spirit retreated to a water-hole near by, into which it disappeared. The remains of the victim were found there securely hidden, the circumstances procured the conviction and execution of the murderer. A pamphlet was published giving all particulars, which was termed "A History of Fisher's Ghost."

Passed to Spirit Life.

Notice for this Department will be charged at the rate of twenty cents per line for every line exceeding twenty. Notices not exceeding twenty lines published gratuitously.

WILLIAM C. HOWARD, passed to Spirit Life, from Soldier's Home, Dayton, O., on the 14th Inst. in his 75th year. He was a devoted Spiritualist. Who could desire more than this?

Passed to the Spirit Life, Mrs. MARANDA HOWARD, 60 the End of Oct. '74.

Having full faith in the glorious truths of Spiritualism, and having been much afflicted with disease for several years. She expressed her self as not only willing, but very anxious to depart this life.

Mrs. FOWLER passed over the river, on Dec 14th, 74, believing fully that she would see her friends again.

Wm. GARLAND, passed over in his 71st year. He was a large, noble, charitable man, and had much faith in the Spiritualist ideas of the other world, that he sometimes remarked, "I feel that I can hardly wait to go." All were residents of Odia.

ELISHA MERRITT, passed to Spirit-life from Nunda Station, N. Y., Feb. 18th, 1875, aged 73 years.

He was born in New Jersey, and came to Gettense Co., this State, about fifty years ago. He has been a believer in the beautiful truths and principles of Spiritualism for over twenty years, and as a just and inevitable result of the practical application of these principles to his life, he was ready and anxious to meet his change, converting freely upon the same with all around him. He was a devotee to the last and seemed a time to have a rich foretaste of the blissful home awaiting him, and looked upon his change as but an incident in his existence, giving his only and friends the sweet assurance that he should continue to exist in more refined spiritual spheres, and providing to aid, encourage, and strengthen his aged parents. The remainder of her journey toward her change, may the Father of all our spirits, through the instrumentality of manifesting spirits, and intermediary agencies by which he ever reaches his children, assist the survivors of this sorrowful husband and father, to grow and develop in those beautiful spiritual truths which were such a source of comfort to his departed one. This little notice expressed in his own words, his desire to exchange the natural for the spiritual:

"I wish the carriage was at the door, To take me to the everlasting shore."

"We shall meet him in the 'Sweet By and By.'"

Business Notices.

With all the commendation attending the manufacture of soap. We can not acquire marking that Dobbins' Electric Soap is always ahead in popularity. Why is it? It is wondrous.

Why will you go to any public or social gathering with a disagreeable cough, thus taking no comfort yourself, and disturbing others? Why not get a bottle of West's Pulmonary Balm and cure yourself? Then go and entertain, or be entertained, as the case may be, with profit to yourself and friends. West's Pulmonary Balm also cures sore throat and consumption. Trial bottles 25 and 50 cents. Large bottles \$1.00. Sold by all druggists.

The Wonderful Healer and Clairvoyant Mrs. C. M. Morrison.

This celebrated Medium is the instrument of oracularity used by the invisibles for the benefit of humanity. The placing of her hand before the public is by request of her Controlling Band. They, through her organism, treat all diseases and cure in every instance where the vital organs necessary to continue life are not destroyed. Mrs. Morrison is an UNCONSCIOUS TRANCE MEDIUM, CLAIRVOYANT AND LEAFLAUGHTER.

From the very beginning, her life is marked as a most remarkable career of success, and she has sold out if ever failed to the lot of any person. No disease seems too insidious to be removed, nor patient too far gone to be restored.

Mrs. Morrison, becoming entranced, the lock of hair is submitted to her control. The diagnosis is given through her lips by the Controlling Band, and taken down by her Secretary. The original manuscript is sent to the Correspondent.

When Medicines are ordered, the case is submitted to Mrs. Morrison's Medical Band, who give a prescription suited to the case. Her Medical Band use vegetable remedies (which they magnetize), combined with a scientific application of the magnetic healing power.

Diagnosing disease by lock of hair, \$1.00 (Give age and sex).

Rapidity sent by mail prepaid.

SPECIFIC FOR EPILEPSY AND NEURALGIA. Address Mrs. C. M. MORRISON, Boston, Mass., No. 102 Westchester St., B. A. 2519. v17n3p11

We are pleased to notice among the graduates of the Eclectic Medical College of New York, the name of our Tri-jan druggist and physician Dr. J. E. Briggs, who has practiced medicine successfully for a number of years, and now to his second degree as doctor of medicine. We know he was a good physician before taking this last degree, and have great reason to thank God for his skill, over eight years ago, in raising a beloved sister from a bed of dangerous illness which other physicians had vainly attempted to cure. Now that he has studied and practiced still more, and taken another step higher in the medical profession, we may hope for yet greater success to crown his efforts.—Waterford (N. Y.) Advertiser.

See Dr. Briggs' advertisement in another column.

Out of Print.

The November, December, January and February numbers of Scribner's Monthly (all the numbers of the present volume) are out of print, though of some of them, new editions have already been reprinted. The demand for the January and February number of Scribner, in which Dr. Holland's Serial, The Story of Sevenaka, and Maj. Powell's Colorado papers were begun, has been as unexpected as it is gratifying.

The new editions of these numbers will be ready about February 20th. The November and December numbers can not be supplied until a little later, owing to the largely increased edition of the current number.

Orders for March should be sent in at once.

EVERY one can now afford to own a copy of The Daywood Gita, an edition of which we are now selling at the low price of \$1.75, postage paid. This edition is fully equal in elegance to the beautiful \$3.00 edition, which has been so universally praised by the press.

GILES B. STRENNIS will speak in Baltimore in February, in New York City, March 7th and 14th, in Cleveland, Ohio, April 4th and 11th; in Waverly, New York, April 18th and 25th.

\$1.50 pays for this paper one year, to new trial subscribers, and 15 cents pays the postage one year, which has to be paid in advance, making \$1.65, which must be remitted in advance.

BANNER OF LIGHT for sale at the office of this paper.

TRIAL SUBSCRIBERS who renew for one year must not fail to state, when they remit, that they are trial subscribers.

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Electrical galvanic and magnetic instruments. Repaired and done. Electro-Plaster's good as a specialty. Information pertaining to electricity furnished free of charge to customers only. Jam. & Pool, Electricians, Friendsville, Ill. v17n3p12

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It's certain, local cure for the legion of diseases pertaining to the generative functions, such as Uterine Disease, Leucorrhoea, Ulcerations, &c. Also Salt Rheum, Pimples, Sores, and Discharges. Price \$1. per box. Address

Dr. J. E. Briggs & Co., Box 52, Station R, New York. v17n3p12

GREAT OFFER

Number One

Twenty Steel Reproductions, fac-similes of famous pictures, original engravings worth \$20.00. "Fated to be Free" Jean Ingalls' great story, price in book form \$1.75.

"A Woman in Armor," a thrilling story of American home life, price in book form \$1.25. Twenty short stories, a rich variety of miscellaneous readings, and over 100 pages of rare pictures.

All the above included in the offer of HENRY AND HOWE'S GREAT OFFER. Sent postpaid for \$1.00. The great illustrated weekly magazine. Price reduced to \$2.50 per year. Single number six cents. At news stands or by mail. Great inducement to agents and clubs. THE GRAPHIC COMPANY, publishers, 29-31 Park Place, New York. v17n3p12



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CASH ASSETS, \$1,500,000. INVESTED IN UNITED STATES BONDS, \$400,000.

The Record of this Company in the Chicago fire, and throughout the West, while one of the four companies forming the late "Underwriters' Agency," is well and favorably known.

BEVERIDGE & HARRIS, Managers Western Dept., 116 and 118 LaSalle Street, Chicago.

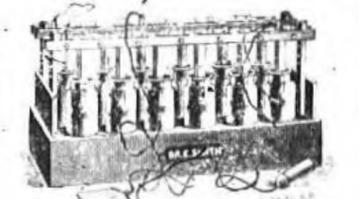
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The Spiritual Magazine is published by the Spiritualists of New York. It is a monthly magazine, devoted to the publication of all that is true and noble in the spiritual world. It is published by the Spiritualists of New York, and is a most valuable and interesting work. It is published by the Spiritualists of New York, and is a most valuable and interesting work. It is published by the Spiritualists of New York, and is a most valuable and interesting work.

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Therapeutical and Surgical Purposes.



Simple in construction, durable, easily taken apart to clean, portable and broken in two if needed.

FOUR SIZES. 12 Cells, price, \$25. 24 Cells, price, \$40. 36 Cells, price, \$55. 48 Cells, price, \$70.

The whole number of cells in each battery can be arranged in a row, ways to connect in series or in parallel. Send for circular to SHEPHERD & CO., 118 N. Wabash St., Chicago, Ill. v17n3p13

THE DEBATABLE LAND

BETWEEN THIS WORLD AND THE NEXT

WITH ILLUSTRATIVE NARRATIONS BY ROBERT DALE OWEN

Author of Foot-falls on the Boundary of Another World "Beyond the Breakers," etc.

CONTENTS: Prefatory address to the Protestant clergy. BOOK I Touching Communication of Religious Knowledge to Man. BOOK II Some Characteristics of the Phenomena. BOOK III Physical Manifestations. BOOK IV Identity of Spirits. BOOK V The Crowning Proof of Immortality. BOOK VI The Spiritual Gifts of the first Century—appearing in our times.

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New York Department.

BY E. D. HABBITT, D. M.

Subscriptions and Advertisements for this paper received at the New York Magnetic Cure, 212 East 32nd Street, by Dr. Habbitt.

The Power of Spiritual Forces.

Dr. Brown Squard, and a whole bevy of old-school physicians all over the world, seem still to be ignorant of the mighty power of magnetic and spiritual forces, and, being ignorant, strive to make others ignorant also, by ignoring the whole matter and denying their existence. The wonderful phenomena of psychology and other phases of Mesmerism are brushed aside by attributing them to imagination, will power, etc. It never seems to occur to them, that these forces are the very weapons that imagination uses to accomplish its achievements with. I might ask these gentlemen, What was the missile that struck the giant Goliath to the earth? The true answer, of course, would be, the stone from David's sling; but these gentlemen, reasoning as they do about imagination, should say David himself. They fail to distinguish between a power and a force—between an agent and an agency.

Another thing which makes old fogies afraid of magnetism, is, that if much attention is paid to these subtle forces, it is apt to lead towards Spiritualism and quackery generally, which last is the name they apply to every thing that does not build on the old, tickle foundations of past ages, or walk in the same deeply worn ruts as themselves. Cuvier and La Place and Humbolt, and the Commissioners of the French Academy who reported in 1831, and hosts of other great authorities, give their facts to prove the existence and wonderful phenomena of this subtle etherium, but hosts of men, even at this late day, will stand up and try to whittle these phenomena down the wind by mere assertion.

As a sample of the power which lies in these marvelous invisible forces, I have some facts which I have just received from an intelligent New England manufacturer and jobber, who was formerly a lawyer. He once caused a clergyman to break down in the middle of his discourse. At another time, he sent a letter kindly expressed to a lady, the aura of which overcame her and caused her to have a brain fever. He stated he had had most remarkable experiences which he would be pleased to give me, if I wished. I put his letter to my forehead, and it gave me a shock like a battery and left me with a headache. It occurred to me that he must be a person of powerful will, strong passions and of a somewhat inharmonious nature, and I wrote him asking for some of his experiences, and for a frank statement of his own traits of character. Knowing, as I did, that sometimes even a loving good person's magnetism may not harmonize with another, yet the fact that his letter had that fierce power over the lady, and a severe effect on me, made me feel that there must be something very frank and very instructive, soon came to hand, accompanied by his photograph which shows a good deal of the lion in his face. I quote from it as follows:

"Dear Dr. Habbitt—I have read your 'Health-Guide' to page twenty-two, and it has already paid me for its cost. Send me all the books you know of on the subject—C. O. D.

"In placing your letter to my forehead, I perceive you have a finer and more soothing organism than I have. I see it mentally, instantaneously. The animal and spiritual in me are at clashing points, and always have been. I am a very high strung nature, and yet essentially gross; in fact, an ingenu to myself. I am very practical—an am a thorough disbeliever in humanity and theology, and am only well grounded in nature, nature's God and self.

"I always feel the invisible power when quiet, and it was the first and only thing which convinced me of the immortality of the soul. With that quiet spirit which I can call up at will, I have quieted the labor and care and fret of years, perhaps, of a life-time, in establishing an aura over my household, and a crew of fifty rough animal spirits in my employ, making it unnecessary for me to speak to them at all, except to give orders for work. They never transgress—are always civil and faithful.

"I never see invisible forms about me or others, that is, since childhood, when, I can take oath, two forms, clad in white, entered my room, knelt by my bed, and disappeared only when I struck at them, and I have been striking at one thing or another ever since, but the blows have generally recoiled on myself.

"I have strong passions which I can control under any circumstances, and can stimulate in another to almost any extent, either when silent or by verbal communication. I am sensitive as a dower naturally, lost a dear sister by that disease, for it (separateness) is a disease when the world trends on it, but am harder than Bessamer steel now. I neither hate nor love strongly though passionately, but never, never forget an injury. In fact my own life experience tells me that my nature is perverted. I stepped into the arena proud, ambitious, trustful, and have found out what a petty stage of puny actors the world is. I am strongly inclined to fight it, do all the moral damage I can without compromising myself, save to the poor and lowly, and they have my right hand of fellowship.

"I think if it was a pleasure instead of a burden to me, I could will most persons to do anything I wished. I am conscious that I never half tried as a rule, because the power is not backed by desire. I can, with the greatest ease make a friend of an enemy almost instantaneously, although shy and reserved naturally myself. I have had very many remarkable experiences in willing persons to obey my wishes. In one instance, I drew a perfect stranger from a thorough public hall, who followed me to and into my house. I have gained complete control over strangers publicly and privately. But such reminiscences are now extremely painful. It was an unlicensed indulgence in the first flush of a new-found power.

"The most absorbing trait of my character has been to excel and govern others. Using for a quotation 'what a man strongly wishes always happens,' I have lived to see it exemplified and to feel its daily growth. I generally in the morning will myself into any specific state of mind, and it lasts me until night without further effort, and generally regardless of daily surroundings, incidents, etc. A quick, short bending down of the head always occurs with me in a sudden action of the will. At times it seems as if I could almost stop a tiger leaping in mid air in a sudden emergency, although I should prefer not to test it, but tiger-passion in men yields readily to me because it is brutish.

"I never tried healing to any extent. My wife was forsaken to die within a year after marriage. She is now a healthy woman comparatively, and the mother of two noble children. I can always quiet her nerves, put her to sleep, and banish pain from any part of her body. I have cured myself of chronic headache of fifteen years standing, liver complaint, irregu-

lar action of the heart, etc., after three prominent physicians have failed even to help me. My health is now excellent, weight 185 pounds. Yours for new light, etc.

This gentleman is of course a medium, and every one can have more or less of this same power, by gaining firm health and becoming so spiritualized as to come into rapport with the finer influences and atmospheres without. What a magnificent work such a nature could accomplish by having it dedicated to the divine cause of humanity! What a curse and a blight to every one around, if bent on mere power and selfish ends! He with that men and women shall obey him, and they do so without his uttering a word. How much imagination or mere belief is there in such cases? Shall we follow Dr. Brown Squard or Dr. Fabnestock in making people feel a fatal security in the presence of such people, by telling them there is no power in magnetic forces, no such thing as psychological influence, no danger of being controlled by others unless our belief is appealed to; or shall we show them the danger, and then tell them how to grow strong and positive and well informed enough to avoid it?

Even now, with his imperfections, this gentleman can accomplish much good in his family and elsewhere. What an angel of harmony and power to bless he could be come by having cultivated his benevolence and control his combative propensities he could attain to a grand manhood, and that he was destined, either in this world or the next, to accomplish a great work for mankind.

Experiences of an Investigator with Messrs. Bastian and Taylor, in London.

Early in August, 1874, I heard that two young Americans, Messrs Bastian and Taylor, had just arrived in London, that the former was what is called a medium—for psychological and physical manifestations, and the latter a clairvoyant, who in his natural state is able to see and describe the appearance of the so-called spirits and occasionally even to give their names. On the occasion of their second appearance in London, I attended and found that the people assembled were all strangers to me. At this seance we sat in a circle, holding our neighbors' hands, Mr. Bastian in the center of the circle by himself, with the feet of one of the company in his lap to prevent him leaving his chair, and it was arranged that he should continue clapping his hands together during the continuance of the seance. Mr. Taylor, the clairvoyant, formed one of the circle, and his hands were held by his immediate neighbors. After the usual phenomena of various musical instruments

FLOATING ABOUT

over our heads, playing accompaniments to whatever songs the company chose to sing, and then gently alighting in our laps, many individuals were touched by what were supposed to be spirit hands, Mr. Taylor describing the appearance of the spirit forms, their apparent ages, and occasionally giving their names. At last he addressed himself to me, and not knowing my name, said, "The gentleman holding the lady's right hand"—there was only one lady present—"Sir, there is the spirit of a lady near you; she is touching your hand." I immediately replied, "Please describe the lady." He answered, "It is a lady of about 60 to 65 years of age; she has gray hair; is very thin, and has a remarkably prominent nose, rising in the center. She left this world very recently." I was not in mourning. Mr. Taylor then said that she had a shawl on, fastened with a cameo brooch, and that her name was Mary. This was an exact description of a friend who had died only a few weeks before, and I must add was the very person I was willing or wishing to appear. I have since ascertained from my late friend's husband that she always

WORK A SHAWL

and cameo brooch, although the fact had entirely escaped my recollection.

About a week after the above mentioned seance, I attended another at the same house, and went prepared with the following test: I wrote on a piece of paper, "Please in future, when you wish to manifest yourself to me, instead of touching my hand, touch my forehead three times to signify 'yes' to any question I may ask, and once to signify 'no.' Can you bring the spirit of my dear friend, your sister-in-law?" This paper I held folded in my right hand when the circle was formed and the light extinguished. After several manifestations to different people, I was also touched, and asking Mr. Taylor who it was touching me, he replied, "It is the same lady who appeared the last time you were here. She gives the name of Mary." I then said to the supposed spirit, "Please read what I have written on this paper." The paper was immediately taken, and in a short space of time replaced in my hand, and my forehead was touched three times on the right side, and then three times on the left, by what felt to be a woman's hand. Soon after that Mr. Taylor said to me, "There is now another spirit touching you. She appears to be about thirty years of age; has light brown hair, and is very fair; I can not make out her name." I may observe that the age and appearance of my old friend, the sister-in-law of the first spirit, was correct as far as I could remember.

About ten days afterwards I again attended at Messrs Bastian and Taylor's, and on that occasion I placed in the breast pocket of my coat a pencil drawing, given me a few years ago by the lady whose spirit had now twice manifested itself to me. When the light was extinguished I was soon touched on the forehead, and a trembling hand was put under my buttoned coat and the drawing carried off. The company all heard the

BUSTLING OF THE PAPER

as it was waved above our heads, and Mr. Taylor exclaimed, "It is the same spirit that always comes to you, and she seems much pleased with the paper she has taken away." Soon afterwards the drawing was placed between the thumb and forefinger of my right hand, and my face was patted.

At the next seance there were only nine persons present besides the mediums; they were most of them skeptics, but being fair and candid investigators, the circle was an harmonious one. Soon after the light had been extinguished, my neighbor on the left exclaimed that some one was playing with his foot, and Mr. Taylor said, "It is the spirit of a little boy." The gentleman then remarked, "He has taken off my shoe, and now he is taking off my sock." I quietly stretched out my left foot in front of my neighbor, but could not feel anything. Many individuals were touched, and their spirit friends described, and at last I was touched on the forehead, and the clairvoyant said it was the same spirit come again, and that her name was Mary, upon which I heard the female spirit, May (who always attends at Messrs Bastian and Taylor's), say in a whisper, "It is Lady Mary." I must here remark that I had never given the slightest hint to the mediums, or to any one at these meetings, that the spirit in question was, during her life-time, entitled to such a preface to her name.

At the end of the dark seance, the spirit

called "George," who constantly attends these mediums, and who can speak in an audible voice, said that they had better light the gas, and the spirits would try what they could do in the light, and added, "Let Capt. James sit with the medium." This was a privilege I had long desired, for I had often heard people say that it would be far more convincing could they depend on the bona fides of the person selected to sit with Mr. Bastian, and although I had never observed the slightest indication of trickery on the part of those I had hitherto seen chosen, I still felt that I should be better satisfied were I allowed to have custody of the medium. I therefore gladly consented, as in case there should be any manifestation of spirit hands or faces, I at any rate could not well be deceived, whatever opinion the rest of the company might entertain. I seated myself close to Mr. Bastian, in a corner of the room, holding his hands, my left foot pressed against his right, and can truly certify that he never once moved during the whole time we sat together. A dark cloth was then hung in front of us, nearly as high as our shoulders, and the ends of the cloth were nailed to the two walls, forming the angle or corner of the room, the company, including Mr. Taylor, being seated at a distance of about eight feet. As I sat turned half face towards the medium, I could see distinctly the whole of the space behind us, down to the carpet, on which were placed a musical box and a small bell. The first thing that occurred was that the box began to play, but soon stopped. The bell then rose up, and with great velocity flew past my face and fell in the middle of the room. Hands of various sizes darted, or rather glided over my left shoulder, and, as they reached about the level of my chest, were plainly visible to the whole company. Some of the hands I observed to become materialized about half way between my left shoulder and the floor, some from behind me. I heard after the seance was over that a

BARB ARM AND HAND

were seen above my head, but, of course, from my position they were invisible to me. Occasionally a hand would rise, play with the medium's shirt collar, and then suddenly melt away. I could observe a marked difference between three of the hands; two of them were apparently the hands of females, one having delicate taper fingers, and a wrist covered with a piece of black velvet or silk, or it might have been the end of a sleeve. The other female hand was small, but the tips of the fingers were much spread, as if their owner had done a great deal of work during her life time. The nails were very short. I observed, also, the long and bony hand of a man, about half as large again as the medium's.

Finding myself in the position of "Master of Ceremonies" to the ghosts, I thought it a good opportunity for testing the intelligence of the force now exhibited. I accordingly requested one of the company to come close to me and to hold a ring in the open palm of his hand. A gentleman came forward with a ring. I then said, "Please take the ring." It was done; a hand suddenly darted up and carried off the ring. "Please return it." The ring was immediately replaced in its owner's hand. The bell was placed on my shoulder, and at my request carried away. I then said, "Please pull my ear." Immediately I saw a hand formed, which, gliding upwards,

PULLED MY EAR

and patted my face. This was observed by every one in the room. The gentleman who came forward with the ring could see the whole space behind us, and could have detected the slightest movement of either Mr. Bastian or myself. On comparing notes with this witness after the conclusion of the seance, we agreed as to the marked individuality of three of the hands we saw materialized, and he laughingly observed that they were very unlike the medium's or mine.

At a subsequent seance the room was crowded, there being about twenty people present. The heat was very great; the medium much exhausted by the dark seances, and the manifestations in the light were comparatively weak. I was again chosen by the spirits to sit with Mr. Bastian. The hands formed and were seen by the spectators, but there appeared to be a want of power, as they never reached near as far as they did on the previous occasion, and although at my request a hand attempted to pull my ear, it only succeeded in touching it. It was observed on this occasion that several hands appeared under the curtain on the carpet, and they handled one or two small objects, and this circumstance was probably rather convincing to some of those present, as that feat evidently could not have been performed by either the medium or myself without detection.

The above is an account of experiments tried by myself, and for the truth of which I am answerable. The following were experiments tried by two of the company in my presence, and I firmly believe these persons to be thoroughly trustworthy investigators. Mr. Adhead, of Belper, Derbyshire, sat next but one to me at one of the seances, and I heard all that took place. Mr. Adhead, in a letter to the Spiritualist, weekly paper, writes: "Addressing me, Mr. Taylor said: 'I see an old lady standing near you; she appears to be about 70 or 75 years of age, and she wears a cap. Her name is Margaret. She is touching you now.' As he spoke, I felt a hand, soft and moderately warm, laid on my head. 'She has passed over to the gentlemen opposite to you,' said Mr. Taylor, meaning my brother, but of whose relationship to me Mr. Taylor was at that time ignorant. My brother was also patted on the head and face, in addition to which the spirit, addressing him, said, 'God bless you, my dear George.' Then returning to me, in the most demonstrative manner, the hand of the spirit was passed rapidly over my head and face, and this for more than a minute. Then addressing me in a voice not at all unlike one I loved to hear in years passed away, the spirit said, 'God bless you, my dear son. I am ever near you. I have often manifested to you before. That these were the voice and hand of my dear departed mother, I have no doubt. The name and description of her, given by a gentleman who not only did not know at what age she died, but who did not know whether she was still on earth, or had passed to Spirit-life, were strictly correct, in addition to which the recognition of her two sons, and calling one of them by name, when neither of the mediums knew either my brother's name, or that any relationship existed between us, points unmistakably to the same conclusion. Some time afterwards, addressing me again, Mr. Taylor said, 'I see a male spirit standing beside you; his name is James.' Guessing who it was, I said, 'James, I am delighted to meet you here, but I did not expect to do so.' 'That my dear brother, makes no difference,' answered the spirit, audibly. Then gently, but very quickly, he inserted his fingers beneath the collar of my coat and removed my eye-glass, which was suspended round my neck by a thin black cord. In removing it he cord caught behind my left ear. Without being touched on any other part, I felt the spirit's fingers directly behind the ear, liberating the cord, which he then carried off. On the instant I said to my brother, 'James has taken my eye-glass.' My brother replied, 'He has placed it in my hand.' To say the least, this, to me, was very remarkable, as in

addition to the manner in which the work was done, it must be remarked that my coat on that occasion was so worn the mediums could not have known I had an eye-glass suspended to my neck. I now felt a slight movement of Mr. Taylor's right hand, which I was holding. 'They have taken my ring,' said he. Almost before the words were uttered my wife's brother said, 'A ring has been placed on one of my fingers.' It proved to be the one taken from Mr. Taylor. Not only is one astonished at the rapidity, but also, and that in a larger measure, at the precision with which this was done. If a gentleman wishes to place a ring on the finger of a lady, not only does he require light for the purpose, but also that the hand of the lady be held in a proper position for the passage of the ornament. But here, in the dark, without the slightest touch—being felt, either on the hand or any other part of the person, with marvelous rapidity and unerring aim the ring is carried to the desired place. My sister in law declared the only touch she felt was that of soft fingers passing the ring on to her finger.

Such is Mr. A. ahead's account of his experiments. The next is the relation of a remarkable test tried by a gentleman who sat next to me on another evening. At previous seances a spirit had manifested itself to him, purporting to be the spirit of his deceased wife. On this occasion he told me that he had come determined to try the strongest test he could imagine. Before the light was extinguished, he placed a packet of photographs, a half-sheet of note paper and a pencil at his feet, and drew my attention to the fact that there was no writing on the paper. Soon after the circle had been formed, my neighbor was touched, and Mr. Taylor informed him that the spirit touching him was his wife. He then said, 'If you really are my wife, bring the photograph of — out of the packet at my feet and place it in my hand, and write on the paper the pet name you were known by amongst your friends in this world.' A photograph was soon placed in his hand, and when the room was relighted it proved to be the one asked for, and on picking up the paper he found a word on it rather indistinctly written. He handed the paper to me and asked me if I could decipher the scribble, as he called it. The word was written in very curious form, but after looking at it very attentively, I said that it

LOOKED LIKE 'P P P Y'

His face brightened, and he exclaimed, 'That was the very name we used to call her.'

Of all the absurd explanations given by those who have either never seen a single experiment, or at the most, have attended at one or two seances, the most absurd is that which asserts that the physical manifestations are all the

WORK OF MACHINERY!

One evening, at Bastian and Taylor's, I requested the female spirit May, to take a guitar off my lap and to play upon it, floating about the room over the heads of the company near the ceiling. It was immediately done, the guitar occasionally striking against the ceiling, as if to show its position and progress, and then it was gently replaced in my lap without the slightest fumbling although the room was in total darkness. Were I to relate all the wonderful feats performed by this remarkably clear-sighted, quick-earred thought-reading, intelligent piece of mechanism, feats executed sometimes in response to my mental, sometimes to my spoken requests, I fancy that strong-minded skeptics, in setting up the machine theory in opposition to Spiritualism, might find that they had themselves performed one of the most astounding of all feats, viz., of "straining at a gnat and swallowing a camel."

John James, Late Captain 90 Light Infantry, London, E. C.

\$1.65 pays for this paper one year, to new trial subscribers, and we prepay the postage after the first of January.

Voices from the People.

Piqua, Ohio.—Hiram Tamplin writes.—Dear Brother, the good that you are doing, it will never be fully appreciated by mortals here, but will be on the other side.

River Falls, Wis.—B. N. Lawrence writes.—I like the way you expose false mediums. The cause is gaining ground here quite rapidly. I don't hear any more Woodhullism advocated.

Wilmington, Del.—John S. Rowbotham writes.—Our Philosophy in this city has a good deal, except in private circles; we have one every Wednesday evening, and we are doing bravely.

Mount Vernon, Ala.—Thomas Molunby writes.—I am an old man on the verge of the grave, but while life lasts, shall take the dear old journal. I like the manner in which you deal with the Woodhull and all other parasites that cling to the Philosophy of Life.

Washington, D. C.—Chas. A. Crause writes.—From information gained from the works of A. J. Davis, and communications received, in a very interesting and harmonious little family circle, I find a number of spirit spheres an established fact; according to the development, purity of spirit, changes to higher spheres seem to take place. I find also through communicating spirits, that the higher the development, the more of individuality, selfishness is lost, so that even their immediate friends, share no more of their especial love and care, than the whole human family. Then God is in my mind, the acme of all the highest spirits, so pure and unselfish, so harmonious, that all the individuality is lost; no more male and female, no more American and European, no rich and poor, no Christian, Jew, Spiritualist or Infidel, but a unit of Goodness, love, and wisdom, a harmonious grand meeting together of all that is beautiful, which is gradually used up again in creation.

Virden, Ill.—H. C. Powell writes.—The Journal is growing in popularity in this part of the State. When it first made its appearance in this community it was received about as gracefully as a firebrand would be; and, in fact, by certain Christians a firebrand would be still more acceptable, especially amongst those who make their living by preaching the everlasting gospel, which, by the way, is being daily curtailed of its former magnificence and awful grandeur, by the free press of the country, and such scholars as Tyndall, Darwin, Spencer, Huxley, and others, who dare, against all orthodox, proclaim the truth which shall yet set the world free, and give to each child a new heart, and clear assurance that hell is a conception that found its birth only in the foul brain of a tyrant, whose idea of God was about as limited as the ordinary "Harmonial" convert is of Latin or Greek.

Caltmus, Iowa.—Dr. Wm. H. Andrews writes.—My motto is "upward and onward," and because I can not be subjected to the stultifying influence of the orthodox belief, I am always being injured the community. Such a man is always wrapped up in their creeds that they will not look at the light of truth, even when it is presented to them, if it in the least conflict with their preconceived views. Why do they fear when the Bible commands them to try the spirits and see whether they be of God or not. Have they lost their faith in God, for the book says, "If God be for us, who can be against us." I have enlisted in the good work and I do not intend to be a drone in the hive. I intend to give a course of lectures in Wheatland next, and will then respond to calls from other parts where they want to hear pure Spiritualism, for I carry to Woodhullism with me.

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Encyclopedia of Death--"What Happiness! I am Going to see my Dear Wife Again."--Continued--No. 16.

How to Form Spirit Circles.

SOME SURROUNDINGS OF THE DEAD--The Caterpillar, and its Glorious Change--Death of Consumptives--Death of a French Captain--Eloquence of the Dying--Those who Do Younger Elder Sutherland's View of Hell--Translation of Prominent Persons--The Wonderful Butterfly--It tells the Approach of Death, etc., etc.

CHAPTER XVII.
To many individuals, whose condition has illuminated the world in various respects, death has been encountered with a cloak of darkness. To the noble James Freeman Clark, such was the case, still, even connected with his consciousness, there is a divine spark that enables him to catch a slight glimpse of the beyond. He says: "Ah! that great mystery of death! How silent have all the dear voices become, which lately were music in our ears. Where have those loved ones gone? What are they doing, the fathers and mothers, the wives and husbands, the sweet children, the noble friends, who a little while ago told us all that was in their hearts? How deep is the voiceless hush of the world? Why can we not talk with them across this abyss? Why may we not hear one word to tell us that they love us still? Between us and them there is a great gulf fixed. There are those who believe that spirits are heard across it, and I am glad if they get any comfort out of that belief; but these voices do not sound to me much like the voices we used to hear, nor do they tell us a great deal. Their tones are rather unnatural. Only one voice hitherto has retained its old tone--the one that said 'Mary' in that early twilight; the one that said 'Peace be unto you,' at that evening meeting; the one that said 'Come and dine,' on the lake shore of Walden. But that voice has thrown light into the darkness and has told us of the many messengers in the House of God, assuring us of a world beyond this world, as good at least as this, as rich in beauty, as active in thought and in love."
Even he had a slight realization of a future that, to a certain extent, would relieve death of its mystery, and his views are merely the emanation of one little divine spark within him, by and by, others will become illuminated, dissipating the mystery that surrounds the last earthly change, and leaving in its place a glorious halo that reflects, mirror-like, the grandeur of the transition. Judging from his expression of opinion, he merely presents a vivid picture of his own interior condition. Nearly all the divine impulses of his being seem to be so interwoven with absurd ideas, that they can not become illuminated at once, as well light a lamp enclosed in a solid rock. He is mentally and spiritually blind, or he would not exclaim, "Ah! that great mystery of death!" Thousands of minds like his, adorned with the rarest gems of literature, and cultured in the schools of philosophy, exhibit a mental obliquity when expressing an opinion in reference to the character of the passage to the ethereal fields above. It is an abyss to them, bleak and dismal, where only frightful demons reside, and they shudder when thinking of it.

THE SOMBRE SURROUNDINGS OF THE DEAD.
When we consider all the circumstances connected with death--the cortege, the mourning dress, the long sad sermon, and the graveyard, we do not wonder that erroneous notions have taken deep root within the mind. How cheerless the expression of everything connected therewith, except, perhaps, the beautiful wreath of flowers that embrace the placid bosom, and shed their soft genial influence over the now lifeless features. They smile as they are moved slowly along to the last resting-place, and their aroma exerts the darkened countenance. They are joyous in their mission, and cast a divine radiance over the remains. But, alas! how sombre the scene otherwise. Eyes moistened with tears! Faces overwhelmed with deep regret! Voices tremulous with emotion, while every movement is indicative of sorrow! Then, look at the cemetery! Tread softly there! What a desolate aspect connected with everything. We cherish the memory of our dead, under a cloud of sadness. The ancient Greeks and Romans fostered a recollection of the departed under a silvery halo of joy, and their cemeteries ornamented with groves and flowers, contained their promenade walks, where pleasure was manifested in all the bubbling emotions of the soul, and where happy reunions imparted a lively enchantment to the scene. The Orientals of this age have received into their veins the impulses that characterized the ancients in some respects, and their cemeteries are places where, on festal occasions, the eye becomes more brilliant, the step more elastic, and the laughter more hearty and cheery, and regrets for the departed are never allowed to throw a drapery of melancholy over the occasion. They recognize the fact that death is only a change of condition, a sublime transformation--far more glorious than that which characterizes the caterpillar, which apparently dies when it encloses itself in its cold shell. But that process is required in order that its inward beauties and latent energies may expand and develop themselves into a gorgeous butterfly! Death might have terrors if it crippled the powers of the soul or dwarfed its capacities, and then it would be highly proper to make dreary places of our cemeteries! But it is nothing but a glorious transfiguration, or more properly speaking, a liberation of all that constitutes the real man or woman.

The organism of the butterfly is within that of the caterpillar. To-day, a disgusting, slimy worm; to-morrow, sylph-like, floating gracefully on the breeze and bathing itself in the rays of nature's sweet-scented jewels. To-day, its home is in a woodshed; to-morrow, the companion of the warblers of the sky. In both of its conditions, it is visible to our eyes. But man is destined to a greater change. To-day, he is pinched with poverty, his intellect and aspirations confined within a narrow circuit; to-morrow, the real man bursts his fetters, blooms into a spiritual personage of rare powers; yes, his senses become so grand and comprehensive in their action, that what was to him a hidden mystery, becomes an unsealed book, and his aspirations find their appropriate field for action. Such being the case, why should funerals be seasons of melancholy, when the breezes sigh a mournful strain, and the noise of footsteps sound sepulchral, and the countenance assumes such a bleak expression? Funeral feasts, transmitted from primitive man, still exist in many countries. Returning from the place where the remains have been carefully deposited, the mourners forget their sorrow, and setting down to a table richly laden with choice delicacies, at the residence of the deceased, their hearts animated with affection, they wish his spirit a pleasant journey to the evergreen shores. Their sadness is beautifully illuminated with spiritual light, and their cheerful wishes impart exhilarating magnetism to the spirit that has left its earthly tenement.

OBSERVATIONS ON DEATH BY A DISTINGUISHED FRENCH AUTHOR.
Louis Figuier, in his To-Morrow of Death, says, "Those who have watched the dying have made observations which we will state summarily.

First, we must leave out of such observations deaths occasioned by maladies that destroy the consciousness of the dying. Such cases are very many. Think, for instance, of deaths caused by cerebral or pulmonary apoplexy, by rupture of aneurism, or affections of the heart, which cut off speedily fatal symptoms. In all these cases, the organs of speech being paralyzed, the dying can express nothing. To learn the thoughts of the dying, we must observe those who, up to their latest breath, preserve their intellectual powers unshaken, who "have their head," as the saying is. It is certain that their dying struggles are very tranquil. Consumptives, wounded persons, those dying from disease of the stomach or the intestinal canal, or of those fevers that sap the strength without affecting the mental faculties, the dysenteric and the dropsical, who retain to the last minute possession of their intelligence, die calmly and almost with delight. M. de --, Captain of Franc-tireurs, in the Vosges, who, in a fight with the Prussians, was struck by a bursting shell in the side, and died a few hours later, said, as he expired, "What happiness! I am going to see my dear wife again." There is surely a time that often lasts several hours, and in which, life having wholly withdrawn from the body, it is already a corpse under the eyes of those present; and this corpse still moves and speaks. But the soul that survives in this body already cold and actually dead, is not that of a terrestrial man; it is already a superhuman's. The dying man has consciousness, and even perhaps an anticipative sight of the ineffable bliss that awaits him in the new world whose threshold he is touching; and he manifests his joy in speech, and in the expression of his eyes. His last sigh passes in a flight of supreme joy. This extraordinary state in which the dying are half on earth and half in the new realm to which they are destined,--having, so to speak, one foot on earth and the other in heaven,--accounts for the touching eloquence, the often sublime words, that flow from their falling lips. An ignorant and uncultivated man expresses himself on his death-bed with an eloquence unaccountable to those who hear it. In this way are explained the prophecies of the dying that subsequent events have verified. The dying have an insight into facts of which they would not have had the least notion, if they shared the common conditions of human kind. For this reason we should treasure their last words with religious care,--scrupulously regard the wishes they express. In Moldavia, when a peasant has escaped from a severe illness, in which he has seemed to touch the very portal of the tomb, his friends press around his bed to ask what he saw in the other world, and to get news of their relatives gone before; and the poor sick man tells them his visions as well as he can.

"Without going to the farthest limit of the death pang, it is easy to convince ourselves that those who are doomed by Nature to an early death, those who must die young, possess a deep serenity of spirit. This moral apacian is, in our opinion, one proof that they have already a presentiment, or even the anticipative enjoyment, of the new life that awaits them after death. Why have consumptives such sweetness of temper, such quick sensibility, hearts so expansive and susceptible that everybody notices these peculiarities, characters so marked as to aid the physician in making a diagnosis of their disease? It is, we think, because these sick persons, already half-gone from the Earth, have already partially taken on the moral attributes of superhumans. Consumptives, it is well known, are always confident of recovery; they lay plans for enjoyment and the future.

When their last hour is about to strike, they feel hope and joy, while friends are thinking of their funerals. It is commonly said, in explanation of this anomaly, that consumptives do not appreciate the gravity of their disease; for our part, we think that they have, on the contrary, some confused and dim idea of their conditions; we believe that Nature reveals to them the approach of a life of unclouded happiness, and that it is this secret conviction that gives them hope and confidence for the future. The future that they catch a glimpse of is not that of earth but that of heaven.
"Alexandre Dumas, the younger, has aptly expressed this truth in a beautiful page of his romance, 'Antoine,' which we may be permitted to quote. "Did you ever know consumptives to be aware that they were sick? Have you noticed that for them life has aspects unknown to those who have much longer to live? Their eyes, to which, by the presentiment of death, God partly unveils his eternity, sees things and objects in a peculiar and poetical light. They see with their spiritual rather than with their physical vision. In them sensations are electrically instantaneous,--what moves others only through deduction, moves them at first-sight. One would say that their souls, too closely cramped in their breasts, strive constantly to rise, and that, from the heights which they reach, they discern what escapes the common eye. Their souls are higher than their bodies; and this accounts for their easy death, for, when the last hour comes, their immaterial part has been so long separated from its corporeal envelope, that it easily and painlessly detaches itself from and abandons it, as we cast off a garment that is too heavy. Those who are attacked with this disease have, like the sick man of Milleroze, who was no other than Milleroze himself, an incessant longing to draw near to Nature, the first source of life. For them the trees have a peculiar shade, the birds sing songs that only they can understand, the sun dispenses a heat that others feel not. Where others see nothing but a natural fact, they see a blessing from God. They faces at last take on the sad poetry of their spirits. For offering they feel the very pity that they inspire. They are charitable, and forgiveness is habitual in them because they are near the Lord. If Nature has granted them the power of reproducing in bodily expression the sensations that life awakens in them, their talent suddenly becomes genius, it wears a pale and transparent blue like a star ray, and exhales a perfume like the fragrance of a hidden flower. Hear Rollin, read Milleroze, and you will find, in the music of the one and the verses of the other, that indefinable sentiment, plaintive and melodious, which has been their very life.

"Not among consumptives alone may these observations be made. Every man predestined to die young seems marked with that secret sign of the soul which produces sometimes a sweet and charming melancholy, and again vivacity or sensibility that relatives admire, and that is, alas! too often the signal of approaching death. The beautiful qualities that shine in these young people are but the forerunning indices of their dissolution. 'Short lived are children born with such great minds,' says Casimir Delavigne in 'The Children of Edward.' The Greeks said, 'Those who die young are loved by the gods.' Therefore let us not fear death, let us await it not as the end of life, but as its transformation. Let us learn, by the purity of our lives, by our virtues, by the cultivation of our faculties, by knowledge, by practice, the worship of our ancestors, to prepare ourselves for the great change which will bring us into the blessed mansion of the ethereal spheres, in the regions of spiritual light."

The evolution given by Louis Figuier, demonstrates plainly that death is not attended with those horrors represented by the various orthodox churches. The demons of all imaginary pandemoniums, rendered tangible and enveloped with an atmosphere of hate, revenge and mischief, could not devise a death that would equal that so vividly pictured by some orthodox divines, when referring to the last moments of an infidel. They are ignorant and bigoted, and over their mind rests a dark cloud of superstition through which spiritual light can not penetrate. Their emotions are not actuated by love, nor is their vision often gladdened by a sight of celestial glories. They would have death terrible, because their nature is not softened or animated with divine qualities. The ideas, thoughts, or sentiments of our mind are the intellectual germs thereof, and if not enveloped with the aroma of pure love, it is because the soil from which they spring is devoid of proper nourishment. Glance for a moment at the following glowing sentiments, emanations from the mind of Elder Sutherland, the great revivalist, and ask yourself if such a man could form a correct idea of death. He says in one of his sermons:

"I will now give you, my dear friends, a picture from a scene in hell. The Devil is sitting in his private office receiving the souls as they are brought to him from the upper world. In comes an infernal jailer conducting a soul to everlasting flames. He was a man who had killed his Mother-in-law. He was hung in London. 'Take him away,' said the Devil, 'but treat him kindly. The chances are two to one that he isn't made to blame. I remember his case. His Mother-in-law came here three weeks ago. She looked as though she wanted killing. She's over in No. 63. Put him there, and set the old woman in front of the furnace. No. 63 is too cool for her.' Pretty soon another victim arrives. 'What has brought you here?' asks the Devil. 'My case is a hard one,' was the reply. 'I am here just because I swore.' 'Because you swore?' asked the Devil, rising angrily from the chair. 'Yes, that's all the sin I ever did.' 'All the sin?' echoed the Devil, 'all the sin? Why, you mean, despicable, contemptible, unloved, unloved?' said the Devil, as he brought his fist down on the table, 'there isn't a corner here that's hot enough for you. Of all the Swindlers, Thieves, and Profligates that spend their Sundays in blackguarding me, not one of them ever yet accused me of swearing. Blasphemed your maker, did you? Profaned the holy name of your Savior that forgave His enemies upon the cross, and died to have saved you from here? You did this, did you?' The trembling culprit made no reply. 'Why,' continued the Devil, whose voice arose as his wrath intensified, 'why, there's no excuse for you. A man by an unlucky blow may kill another one. In pressing temptation a man may swear, he may lie to save his neck or to cheat his neighbor. There's some excuse for him. The profane swearer has no excuse! Attend, take this accursed scoundrel out of my sight. Put him up to his neck where the coals are the hottest, and then put somebody to sit upon his accursed head."

Such a mind as that possessed by Elder Sutherland, is devoid of Christ-like emotions of pure love, and his conceptions of God's divine government are as poisonous to the moral nature of others, as the emanation of the Uru tree is to the physical organism. No man can give expression to true sentiments and apply them to Deity, without his nature being vile, and his disposition malignant.

TRANSLATION OF ENOCH AND ELIJAH, AND EMPEDOCLES.
History informs us that certain distinguished characters have been translated. The Bible says: "By faith Enoch was translated, that he should not see death; he was not found because God had translated him; for, upon his translation, he knew that he had pleased God." Enoch was favored in like manner by God. "And it came to pass as they still went on and talked, that there appeared a chariot of fire, and horses of fire, and parted them sunder, and Enoch went up by a whirlwind into heaven." Ancient history mentions the translation of Empedocles, who was born 444 years B.C., and who proclaimed himself a God, and was so received by many, and he was transferred to heaven, it is said, amid a flood of great effulgence, during a sacred feast. We are inclined to doubt these extraordinary statements, although we do not believe the instantaneous despatch of the human body an impossibility. These isolated cases of translation, if true, give us no ground of hope that you will be so highly favored, or that a chariot of fire and horses of fire, will convey you to a seat in heaven. The common method of entering the supramundane spheres through the instrumentality of death, is still desirable, and we do not believe that any of the Gods of the various religious sects can improve thereon.

THE WONDERFUL BUTTERFLY.
In connection with death, many beautiful incidents have occurred, the most peculiar of which we will give. The Jersey City Journal speaks of a physician of that city who has won considerable fame from the successful cures he has made in medicine and surgery. For some years past, the doctor says, whenever one of his patients dies, no matter where he is, what time of day or night, a small white butterfly comes directly to him, and sits about until it has attracted his notice, when it departs. The moment the doctor sees the little winged messenger of death, he is at once made aware of the demise of his patient; and if at night the warning comes to him, he invariably remains in his office in the morning in order to give a certificate of death. The first time the doctor ever saw this butterfly, was a few years ago, while he was looking at the form of a deceased child, the butterfly alighted on its breast, and there remained, slowly raising its wings up and down until the body was closed up in its little coffin. On one occasion, while the doctor was attending a patient in Clark Place, the butterfly entered the window, and commenced sitting about his head. He looked up at it, and one of the ladies in the room, thinking it annoyed him, said, "Oh! leave it alone; it will soon burn its wings by the blaze of the gas." "No, it won't," replied the doctor. "It has come on a mission, and will soon disappear. I have just lost a patient, and in the evening, I shall be called upon for a certificate of death." Sure enough, the next morning the father of the child that had died the night before, called, and notified him of the loss of his little one. This is only one of the many instances where the doctor has received this strange visitation, and kept a record of the circumstances, besides that of calling the attention of those present to the fact of the butterfly's warning of death among his patients. Premonitions of death are of common occurrence, being usually impressed upon the mind through the instrumentality of dreams or visions. In some countries, at the present time, the mournful barking of a dog, or the appearance of certain birds, is considered a harbinger of approaching dissolution. Spirits can, to a certain extent, discern the future, and tell very nearly, when one is sick, the time of the final transit of the spirit.

Net Baker, and his Peculiar Characteristics--Vices of Fontenelle--The Action of Dead Bodies--A Woman in France Buried Alive--Burial of Mrs. Cogswell while in a Trance--Statement from a Welsh Paper--Interesting Statement by an Englishman--Statement of Miss Martineau--Albert Bennett's Experience while in a Death-trance--Premature Burial of Wm. Blackhurst--Disposal of the Dead in Germany--Other Interesting Particulars.

A LITTLE BOY MIMICKING DEATH.
The Detroit Free Press gives an account of a little boy by the name of Ned Baker, who will, for a small compensation, stretch out on the floor, cease to breathe, grow white in the face, affect the rigidity of a corpse, and his pulse become so feeble that the beating can only be detected by a practical finger. He lately went through this performance in a saloon on Woodbridge street, in that city, and so much like genuine death was his counterfeit, that the men who put him up to the trick, became greatly frightened, and bribed him to come out of his death-like stupor. His breathing was so faint that it could not be felt on the hand or cheek, and hardly dimmed the glass held down to his lips. He says that the performance does not injure his health, and he can make himself so nearly lifeless that it is only by a great mental effort that he throws off the lethargy. His imitation of the final transit is really worthy of careful consideration. How is it accomplished? Has the mind such a wonderful influence over the involuntary nerves as to compel them for a time to suspend action? Is the complicated machinery of our system, the voluntary and involuntary parts thereof, under the complete control of the will in certain individuals? Such seems to be the case. Of course, there was a singular jorpidity of the system induced by this remarkable boy. It is a well-known fact that snakes, various kinds of insects, and alligators, during the severe winter, become torpid--to a limited extent, dead--and when revitalizing influence of spring approaches, their latent energies are quickened into life again, they assume their normal state, and no one would suppose that they had been in such a comatose condition. The raccoon presents a peculiar example of this when it burrows on the approach of winter, partially suspends its animation, and without any sustenance whatever, remains until invited forth again into the active world, on the arrival of spring. Like Ned Baker, it, too, can mimic death, and protract the imitation for months, and then awaken therefrom in perfect health. Man, being an epitome of the universe, embodies within his physical organism the peculiarities of the animal kingdom. The torpidity of the raccoon and many other animals is self-induced; it is a species of trance, or syncope, that continues until a reconciling state of the atmosphere exists. The suspension of consciousness on the part of the raccoon is voluntary, as much so as the seeking of its burrow for rest and sleep. It is a partial death--the lungs cease to throbb, the blood to circulate, and the nervous system to transmit sensations to the brain. Dr. Dodd claims that in those animals that become torpid during the winter, the foramen ovale, the opening between the auricles of the heart, never closes, consequently they can live without breathing. In infants, the foramen ovale generally closes immediately after birth. He says, further, that there occasionally in individuals in whom it never closes, and that he is liable when disease or pain exhausts the voluntary powers to sink into a torpid state, which has been mistaken for death. The lungs and heart suspend their motions, the blood no longer circulates, and the limbs grow stiff and cold. Thousands in this condition have been prematurely buried, came to life, struggled, turned over in their coffin, and perished. On being disinterred, they have been found with their face downward. Some placed in tombs, have revivified, been accidentally heard, and fortunately recovered.

"There is," says Appleton's Encyclopedia "but few well authenticated cases of premature burials, and those were probably from foreign or barbarous ignorance. The honor of being buried alive, naturally, however, so excites the imagination, that it is prepared to receive the most marvelous tales, as if they were authentic facts. A French writer, named Fontenelle, has, in his work on the Signs of Death, given full scope to his credulity, and accepts without hesitation the most absurd stories of persons being buried alive. He narrates, with a faith more marvelous than even the extraordinary narratives of some of his records. One hundred cases of premature burials gathered from all the world, and from all history, and which he would have us believe are truths, but he gives no evidence of their genuineness. Louis, a French writer, on medical jurisprudence, relates that a patient who was supposed to have died at the hospital, was removed to the dissecting room. The next day, Louis was told that means had been used, and on reporting to the place he was persuaded, as the winding sheet was more or less disturbed, that the supposed dead had revived during the night, and had died subsequently. The means used, and the disarrangements of the coverings of the dead, in this case were, however, no absolute proofs of the movements of life, and it is quite possible that Louis was misled by indications that have often seemed to give sanction to the popular notion of persons having revived after apparent death. Bodies are often found turned in their coffins, and their grave-clothes disarranged. These effects are, however, easily explained without any supposition of life, by the fact that the gases generated by corruption, imitate in their action on an inanimate body some of the movements of vitality. Dead bodies which have been long in water, when put secured to the dissecting table, have been known to be heaved up and thrown to the ground from the mere effect of the gas developed within them in the progress of corruption. This is, in fact, a constant effect in bodies that have been interred, and, undoubtedly the supposed moans, sometimes heard, the changes in position observed, and the horrible idea entertained of the flesh being gnawed in hunger, may be accounted for by the generation of the gases after death, which will explode with a noise, to wit the body, and break through the integuments."

The above writer, no doubt, is correct in his statements, that the escape of gas often moves the dead body, yet there are very many well authenticated instances on record, where the hair has been pulled out, clothes rent, and flesh torn off by the teeth, in an insane attempt to effect one's liberation from a subterranean tomb.

CASE OF APPARENT DEATH AND PREMATURE INTERMENT.
The Messenger du Midi relates the following dreadful story where a young married woman residing at Salon, France, died shortly after her confinement. The medical practitioner, who was hastily summoned when her illness assumed a dangerous form, certified to her death, and recommended immediate burial in consequence of the intense heat then prevailing, and six hours afterwards the body was interred. A few days after her death, the husband having resolved to return to his native town, Marseille, when the vault was opened, a horrible sight presented itself. The corpse lay in the middle of the vault, with dishevelled hair, and the linen torn to pieces. It had evidently been gnawed in her agony, by the unfortunate victim. The shock which the dreadful spectacle caused to the mother, had been so great that fears were entertained for her reason, if not for her life.

AN ADDITIONAL WARNING AGAINST HASTY BURIALS.
In Chapmanville, Penn., a short time ago, Martha Cogswell, wife of Anthony Cogswell, a drover, died, as was supposed, and was buried. Her husband was absent at the time. When he returned home, almost wild with grief, he insisted on her body being exhumed, so that he could see the remains. This was done, and to the horror of all, the body had changed its position in the coffin, showing that Mrs. Cogswell had been buried alive while she was in a trance. The body was lying on its face, and evidences of a fearful struggle made by the unfortunate woman when she recovered consciousness in the coffin, were visible. Mr. Cogswell, with senseless across the coffin, and became a raving maniac.

A very curious case of a woman being in a trance is reported in a Welsh newspaper. It appears that the wife of a rockman, named Vron Crayllite, in a village about three miles from Llangollen, had been in delicate health for some months, and a few days prior to the 30th of January, 1874, her life was despaired of. A person living in the neighborhood acted as a nurse, and the sick person was a patient of Mr. Williams, of Derwen Deg, Trevor. Early on the Friday morning following that date she seemed to be rapidly sinking, and between three and four o'clock, she apparently died. At this time the nurse and the husband were present, and had no doubts whatever that life was extinct. In the ordinary course the nurse proceeded to lay the body out, and about 7 o'clock the husband went by the train to the village in Shropshire, to acquit some friends of the death, and to make arrangements for the funeral. On his return, however, he found to his great astonishment that his wife had disengaged herself from the wrappings which are usually put upon the dead. Although she was still insensible, there was no doubt that she had moved. He at once resorted to friction and stimulants, unmistakable signs of life appeared, and the Welsh newspaper from which we take it, says that the woman, who is aged about fifty, is in a fair way of recovery.

THE DEATH-TRANCE AND WAKE.
Henry G. Atkinson furnishes the following for the Spiritual Magazine, published in London, Eng. The information therein contained is worthy of notice:

"It is not of much consequence to whom Mr. Froude might have referred, but I rather think it was to myself and to a case of mine. Miss Martineau being his informant. This case occurred ten years before that of Mr. Croeland's, but was also that of a young lady, a remarkable clairvoyant, and afterwards the wife of a celebrated London physician, and mother of a healthy family. She was a patient of Dr. Elliottson, who had been treating her mesmerically for some time, on account of a strangely depressed nervous condition, arising from a sudden shock to the system. In fact, in a fit of temper, her father had given her a blow. She got no better under Elliottson's hands, and, indeed, was becoming much worse. When in her clairvoyant state she said that I was the only one who could save her, she having only once seen me at a distance in a drawing room.

The Spiritualist of London, Eng., gives the following:

"Inquirers into Spiritualism should begin by forming spirit circles in their own homes, with no Spiritualist or professional medium present. Should no results be obtained on the first occasion, try again with other sitters. One or more persons possessing medial powers without knowing it are to be found in nearly every household.

1. Let the room be of a comfortable temperature, but cooler rather than warm--let arrangements be made that nobody shall enter it, add that there shall be no interruption for one hour during the sitting of the circle.

2. Let the circle consist of four, five, or six individuals, about the same number of each sex. Sit round an uncovered wooden table, with all the palms of the hands in contact with its top surface. The removal of a hand from the table for a few seconds does no harm, but when one of the sitters breaks the circle by leaving the table it sometimes, but not always, very considerably delays the manifestations.

3. Before the sitting begins, place some pointed lead-pencils and some sheets of clean writing paper on the table, to write down any communications that may be obtained.

4. People who do not like each other should not sit in the same circle. Belief or unbelief has no influence on the manifestations, but an acrid feeling against them is a weakening influence.

5. Before the manifestations begin, it is well to engage in general conversation or in singing, and it is best that neither should be of a frivolous nature. A prayerful, earnest feeling among the members of the circles gives the higher spirits more power to come to the circle, and make it more difficult for the lower spirits to get near.

6. The first symptom of the invisible power at work is often a feeling like a cool wind sweeping over the hands. The first manifestations will probably be table tiltings or raps.

7. When motions of the table or sounds are produced freely, to avoid confusion, let one person only speak, and talk to the table as to an intelligent being. Let him tell the table that three tilts or raps mean "Yes," one means "No," and two means "Doubtful," and ask whether the arrangement is understood. If three signals be given in answer, then say, "If I speak the letters of the alphabet slowly, will you signal every time I come to the letter you want, and spell out a message?" Should three signals be given, set to work on the plan proposed, and from this time an intelligent system of communication is established.

8. Afterwards the question should be put, "Are we sitting in the right order to get the best manifestations?" Probably some members of the circle will then be told to change seats with each other, and the signals will be afterwards strengthened. Next ask, "Who is the medium?" When spirits come asserting themselves to be related or known to anybody present, well-chosen questions should be put to test the accuracy of the statements, as spirits out of the body have all the virtues and all the failings of spirits in the body.

9. A powerful physical medium is usually a person of an impulsive, affectionate, and genial nature, and very sensitive to mesmeric influences. The majority of mediums are ladies.

The best manifestations are obtained when the medium and all the members of the circle are strongly bound together by the affections, and are thoroughly comfortable and happy; the manifestations are born of the spirit, and shrink somewhat from the lower mental influences of early family circles, with no strangers present, are usually the best. Possibly at the first sitting of a circle symptoms of other forms of mediumship than tilts or raps, may make their appearance.