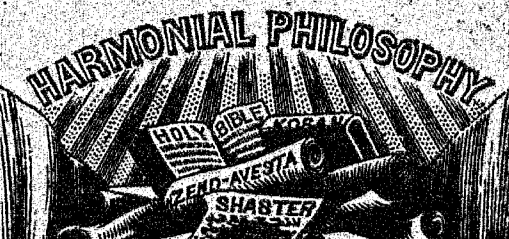


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Truth wears no mask, bows at no human shrine, seeks neither place nor applause: she only asks a hearing.

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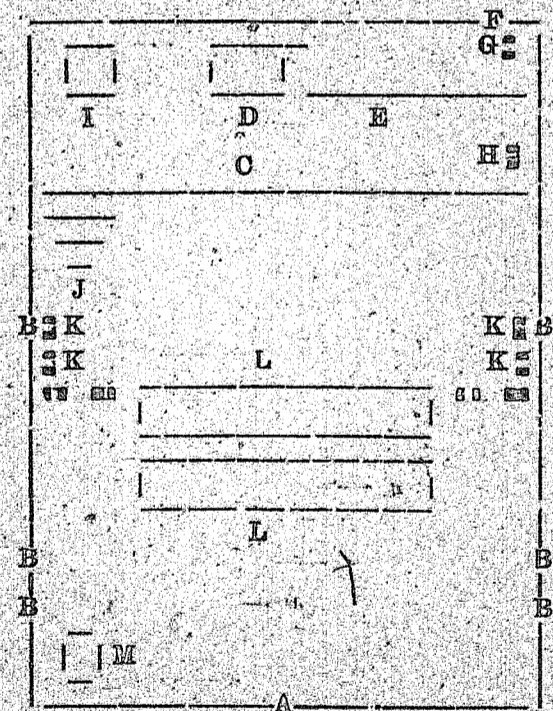
THE WORLD OF SPIRITS.

ASTOUNDING WONDERS THAT STAGGER BELIEF.

THE MARVELOUS MEDIUMS OF CHITTENDEN—SPIRITS THAT ASSUME TANGIBLE FORMS, THAT SPEAK AND ARE FELT—A SPIRIT WITH A BEATING HEART—BURNING WATER AND A SPIRITUAL WASHERY—AN OCCULT POWER.

The scene of the objective phenomena known as the Eddy manifestations is a gloomy farm house on the turnpike that runs north from Rutland, through a valley skirted on both sides by ranges of the Green Mountains. The distance from Rutland is seven miles, and the nearest Post Office Chittenden, Rutland county. To reach it from New York one takes the New Haven and Hartford and Springfield Railroads to Springfield, and the Connecticut River and Vermont Central roads to Rutland, whence conveyance is by wagon to the Eddy homestead. The visitor can also reach Rutland by way of the Hudson river and Troy. The expense is \$10, besides meals—\$3 for a ticket from New York to Rutland, and \$3 for the wagon ride. The house was built nearly a century ago, stands close to the road, and is shaded by several trees, whose dense foliage, shutting out all sunlight, makes the dark brown structure appear more sombre and inhospitable. It is furnished in the plainest manner, the floors all bare, the chairs of wood, the dining tables of planed boards, knocked together like those commonly seen in picnics and camp-meetings, the walls without decoration, and nowhere any evidences of luxury, barely of comfort. A wing at the back holds the dining-room, a small kitchen and pantry below, and overhead is the circle-room, or

THE CHAMBER OF HORRORS, as some would call it. This is an apartment of 48 by 16 feet, with three windows on each side. At the west end is a raised platform the width of the room, about two feet high by four broad, reached by three steps of about ten inches rise. Between the kitchen chimney, which is in the middle, and the right wall is a small cupboard or closet, lathed and plastered, with a very narrow door, six feet and one inch high, opening from the platform, and a single window for purposes of ventilation. This closet is the "cabinet" in which the medium sits. A light hand rail runs from side to side of the room at the edge of the platform. Perhaps a simple diagram will aid in obtaining a clearer idea of the place where most of the occurrences transpired that I am about to relate:



A—Entrance door; B B B—Windows; C—Platform; D—Chimney; E—Cabinet; F—Window; G—Chair where medium sits; H—Chair outside cabinet; I—Table; J—Steps; K—Chairs; L, L—Two benches; M—Small stand on which a kerosene lamp stands.

THE MEN OF MYSTERY.

The mediumistic faculty is said to be shared by the whole family of Eddy children, originally twelve in number, but now reduced at the homestead by marriage and death to five—three sons and two daughters. It will interest Dr. Elam, Mr. Upham, Mr. Wallace, and other students of psychology and hereditary transmission of traits, to know that the great-grandmother on the female side was condemned to death at Salem in 1694, for "witchcraft." She escaped the gallows, however, by being rescued from the jail by her friends. As nearly as I can discover by inquiry from others than the parties interested themselves, the phenomena accompanied the children through their school days, and being misunderstood by their parents, were the occasion of their getting many sound whippings to "lick the devil out of them." The grand-mother was a "forever," and the mother was also, like the Goethes, Pietro Allighieri (the son of Dante), Cazotte, the Highland guides, the Danish seers, and hosts of others in various parts of the world, subject to pre-visions or warnings of events to come, and she ultimately became a believer in Spiritualism. But old Mr. Eddy, the father, was a tough knot, and emphatically assigned a diabolical agency to whatever he could not pronounce humbug.

While still small children the Eddys were in the habit of going to a neighbor's house to see the queer things that happened in "circles"

(just as the Paris and Proctor girls went to sit with Tituba, in Salem, before the witchcraft tragedies were enacted), and they supposed that other persons than themselves were the mediums. But after awhile the same things occurred in their presence at home, and then followed the parental trouncings referred to. Until about a year ago the phenomena following them are said to have comprised only rappings, playing on instruments, bell ringing, the show of hands, the tying and untying of knotted cords and unlocking of handcuffs, mysterious voices, and the lifting of their bodies to the ceiling of the room or public hall in which they chanced to be exhibiting; but since then, at their own home and elsewhere, forms apparently of spirits, have been "materialized," like that of "Kate King," have walked, talked, produced spectral lights, and woven ghost-cloth in the presence of great numbers of people.

SUSPICIONS ALLAYED.

There is nothing about the Eddys or their surroundings to inspire confidence on first acquaintance. The brothers Horatio and William, who are the present mediums, are sensitive, distant, and curt to strangers, look more like hard working, rough farmers than prophets or priests of a new dispensation, have dark complexions, black hair and eyes, stiff joints, a clumsy carriage, shrink from advances, and make new-comers feel ill at ease and unwelcome. The house is dark, rough, and uninviting, the appurtenances of the rudest, the astounding stories of what the Eddys do excite suspicion and invite distrust, and it would not be strange if a majority of persons attending only one "seance" should leave, as did a gentleman who came here with me, persuaded that it was a colossal humbug. I thought about as much myself at first, and it was not until a second and third opportunity had been afforded me to enter the circle-room, to inspect the cabinet before and after the performances, and I had informed myself from perfectly trustworthy sources as to their antecedents, that I became willing to put my name to this tale and say that, whatever the source of the marvels may be, it is certainly not the chicanery or legerdemain of a pair of expert thaumaturgists. It suffices to leave each to form his own doctrine and join with Cicero, who in describing the different kinds of magic, says: "What we have to do with is the facts, since of the cause we know little. Neither are we to repudiate these phenomena, because we sometimes find them imperfect." Perhaps Mr. Varley or Prof. Crookes or some other savant may in time give us a name for the new force that is responsible for phenomena already proven not to be the results of either electricity or magnetism, singly or in combination. Perhaps the discovery of this occult power may help Prof. Tyndall out of the materialistic slough in which he seems to be floundering.

VISITORS.

The visitors to the Eddy homestead during the past year exceed several hundred in number, and hail from every section of the country. A very rigid ordeal of scrutiny has to be undergone before admission to the house is obtained, more than forty persons having been rejected last week. The brothers say their choice is made under spirit impression, and that it is as easily and more satisfactorily made from a letter than from a sight of the applicant. They do not like the business of mediumship, are anxious to sell their farm and quit, do not want visitors, shrink from new acquaintances, and if "the spirits" would let them, would never hold another circle. It is sheer folly to come to their house on the chance of being admitted if time and money are any object, communication by letter being in all cases preferable. They can get no servants to live in the house, and so have to do all the house-work—cooking, washing, and everything—themselves, and as they charge nothing for seances, and but \$3 per week for board, there is small profit and much work in taking boarders. They say they sit for the pleasure of others, not for their own, and if people do not choose to comply with their rules they can stay away. They are at feud with some of their neighbors, and as a rule not liked either in Rutland or Chittenden. I am now satisfied, after a very careful sifting of the matter, that this hostility and the ugly stories told about them are the result of their repellent manners and the ill name that their ghost-room has among a simple-minded, prejudiced people, and not to any moral turpitude on their part. They are in fact under the ban of a public opinion that is not prepared or desirous to study the phenomena as either scientific marvels or revelations from another world.

I have been thus particular and circumstantial in preface, because the data are necessary to enable the intelligent reader to judge both as to the credibility of this narrative and the thoroughness of the narrator. Many points noted in my memorandum book as throwing suspicion upon the Eddys I omit, because, upon sifting them, I found there was an easy explanation, and I cheerfully admit that my impressions of the brothers, as to their honesty in the matter of the manifestations, as well as their personal worth, have steadily improved since the first day. I am satisfied, moreover, that they have not the ability to produce them if they should try, which they do not, nor the wardrobe nor properties requisite to clothe the multitude of forms (estimated at over 2,000) that during the twelvemonth last past have emerged from the cabinet and stalked the narrow platform.

THE GATES AJAR.

My narrative will be confined to appearances of material, or "materialized" forms, as the reader chooses, little or no account being made of the class of minor phenomena such as have

been witnessed by vast numbers who have attended the exhibitions of the Davenport brothers and other like mediums, and which the Eddys show both in dark and light circles in great perfection. After seeing what one sees here, the "hands" of the Davenport, the "masks" of Slade, the "busts" at Moravia, and the shadowy hands that so puzzled Lord Brougham and Sir David Brewster may be regarded as trivalities, worthy of no more than a passing mention in any future treatise on these mysteries of psychology.

The circles here begin at 8 o'clock P.M. every day but Sundays, when none are held. The visitors assemble in the room, which has been locked all day (another cause for suspicion to the skeptic, but accounted for by believers on the ground that each person sheds a certain magnetism, aura, or something about him which tends to pollute the electric atmosphere of a room, and that is prejudicial to the best exhibition of these phenomena), at half past seven, and spend a half hour in dancing, singing, or otherwise to promote something like harmony and cheerful feeling in all present. They are then invited to seat themselves on the benches, and William Eddy hangs a thick shawl over the door of the cabinet, which he enters, and sits on the chair G. The lamp is turned down until only a dim light remains; the sitters in front join hands; and a violinist, placed at the extreme right of the row and nearest the platform, plays on his instrument. All is then anxious expectation. Presently the curtain stirs, is pushed aside, and a form steps out and faces the audience. Seen in the obscurity, silent and motionless, appearing in the character of a visitor from beyond the grave, it is calculated to arouse the most intense feelings of awe and terror in the minds of the timid; but happily the idea is so incomprehensible, the supposition so unwarrantable, even absurd, that at first most people choose to curiously inspect the thing as a masquerading pleasantry on the part of the man they saw a moment before enter the cabinet. That the window of his closet is twenty feet from the ground; that no ladder can be found about the premises; that there is no nook or corner of the house where a large wardrobe can be stored without detection; that the medium totally differs in every material particular from the majority of the phantoms evoked; that the family are barely rich enough to provide themselves with the necessities of life, let alone a multitude of costly theatrical properties avails nothing, although everybody can satisfy himself upon these points as I did. The first impression is that there is some trickery; for to think otherwise is to do violence to the world's traditions from the beginning until now. Besides which, the feeling of terror is lessened by the apparition being seen by each person in company with numerous other mortals like himself, and the locked hands and touching shoulders on each side soon beget confidence. If the shape is recognized it bows and retires, sometimes after addressing words in an audible whisper or a natural voice, as the case may be, to its friends, sometimes not.

THE CURTAIN AGAIN LIFTS.

After an interval of two or three minutes the curtain is again lifted, and another form, quite different in sex, gait, costume, complexion, length, and arrangement of hair, height and breadth of body, and apparent age, comes forth; to be followed in turn by others and others, until after an hour or so the session is brought to a close, and the medium reappears with haggard eyes and apparently much exhausted. In the three seances I have attended, I have seen shapes of Indian men and women, and white persons old and young, each in a different dress, to the number of thirty two; and I am told by respectable persons who have been here a long while, that the number averages twelve a night. The Eddys have sat continuously for nearly a year, and are wearied in body and mind by the incessant drain upon their vital force which is said to be inevitable in these phenomena. For want of a better explanation, I may as well state that they claim that the manifestations are produced by a band of spirits, organized with a special director, mistress of ceremonies, chemist, assistant chemist, and dark and light circle operators. The director is an unknown spirit of high intelligence; the mistress of ceremonies in William's circle, a Mrs. Eaton, who died about two years and a half ago in central New York; the chemist, a very aged white woman, calling herself "The Witch of the Mountains"; the assistant chemist, an Indian girl named Honto; the light circle operator, a sailor named George Dix; and the mistress of the dark circle, a little Italian maiden calling herself "Mayflower," who is assisted by Dix and a number of others. I saw of these, Mrs. Eaton, Honto, and the Witch of the Mountain, and heard them, and Dix and Mayflower also speak. The two last named did not appear to the eye, but spoke in a dark circle. Mrs. Eaton is a little old woman, dressed in a grayish calico dress (or some stuff that looked like that fabric), and a long check apron. Her voice is loud and strong, but more like a man's falsetto, and the first evening, before I had seen her I fancied it was William Eddy himself, and was much annoyed at the apparent cheat. Honto is about five feet five inches high, a well-made, buxom girl, of dark copper complexion, and with long black hair. She is very agile and springy in gait, graceful in movement, and evidently a superior person of her class. At my second seance, she in my presence reached up to the bare white wall and pulled out a piece of gauzy fabric about four yards long, which parted from the plastering with a click, as if the end had been glued to it. She hung it over the railing to show us its texture, and then threw it into the cabinet. At either end

of the platform she plucked, as if from the air itself, knitted shawls; which she opened and shook, and passed behind the curtain. Then descending the steps to the floor of the room, she pulled another from under Horatio Eddy's chair, where I had seen nothing but the bare floor a moment before. Then returning to the platform, she danced to the accompaniment of the violin, after which she re-entered the cabinet and was gone. Let it be noticed that this creature had the shoulders, bust, and hips of a woman, a woman's hair, and feminine ways, and that she was at least four inches shorter than William Eddy, who measures five feet nine inches and weighs 174 pounds.

THE BEATING HEART.

A very estimable old lady of the neighborhood, a Mrs. Cleveland, told me that one evening, some doubt being expressed as to Honto's sex, she beckoned my informant to the platform, opened her own dress, and caused her to place her hand upon the naked bosom, and feel the beating of her heart. Mrs. Cleveland certifies that she is indeed a woman, and in the action of her heart, the inspiration and expiration of her lungs, and temperature of her skin as substantial and life-like as any woman she ever laid hand upon. It will also be recollected that Mrs. Florence Maryatt Ross-Church was permitted to feel "Kate King's" body in like manner in London, and that her report corroborates Mrs. Cleveland's. At my third seance the same old lady being present, Honto called her up, and instantly forming one of her shadowy shawls, pulled it apparently from the back of Mrs. Cleveland's neck. She also, it almost seemed as if to answer the doubt in my mind, stood beside that lady, who is of the average height of her sex, and showed that she (Honto) is just about five feet four or five inches high. Before retiring on this occasion, she danced with Mrs. Cleveland as partner. Little Mayflower, whom, as I said, I did not see, but whom I felt and heard talk and sing in a dark circle, favored me with her history. She says she has been dead about a century. She is of Italian parentage, her parents settling in the wilds of Canada, being murdered by Indians, and herself made captive and adopted into the tribe. She only lived to the age of eleven, and, therefore, according to the laws of spiritual intercourse, is obliged to appear as a child whenever she approaches us. I held quite a long discourse with this charming little creature, whose voice is sweet and sympathetic, who improvises verses upon any subject given on the spur of the moment, like an expert Italian improvisator, and who plays upon the mouth harmonicon in a truly ravishing manner. The child came and stood at my knee, talking to me the while, and playing upon a guitar that she rested upon my lap. I make this statement thus unqualifiedly because, although it was dark and I saw nothing, her presence was palpable to at least two of my senses, both at the time preternaturally acute. I can at least vouch that this phantom was neither of the Eddy brothers, if I doubted the genuineness of any of the rest, which I now do not.

A STRANGE MEETING.

One of the most amazing sights I have beheld in this memorable vacation visit was the appearance of an aged lady, clad in white, who emerged from the cabinet, called her son to her, met him near the steps, put her arms about his neck, kissed him so audibly that everybody in the room could hear it, helped him across the platform to the chair H, one arm over his shoulder, and the other hand holding his hand, whispering some private matters into his ear, and again embracing him before retiring into the cabinet. The gentleman, a Mr. Pritchard of Albany, says he saw every wrinkle in his mother's face, the color and sparkle of her eye, the color of her complexion and hair, and every detail of her dress to the very ribbon in her old-fashioned cap. Fancy, for one moment, being witness to a meeting between a son and his mother, who comes from beyond the grave to see him after a lapse of several years! The same thing occurred to him before, and on that occasion his mother having apparently overstayed her time and exhausted the force, whatever it may be, that materialized her body, turned suddenly to leave him.

DISSOLVING SPIRITS.

As she receded toward the curtain, she began to sink to the floor, "as" to use Mr. Pritchard's own words, "a piece of butter would melt down if placed on a hot plate," and having barely strength to push aside the shawl, she dwarted until she was not above eighteen inches in height, when her son finally lost sight of her. Once Mr. Pritchard saw a like catastrophe happen to Honto, who ventured too far away from the cabinet, and entirely dissolved before she could regain it. As a further evidence, if any should be required, that William Eddy and the Indian girl are not identical, I again quote Mrs. Cleveland, whose words none who know her will dispute, and who says that once, when on the platform at Honto's bidding, she grasped her by the hand, and—chancing to pass the other hand along Honto's arm, she found, to her horror, that it was only partially materialized, the hands alone being perfectly solid.

RECOGNITIONS.

Of the thirty-two spirit forms I have seen, more than three-fourths were recognized by persons present as near relatives. The first evening, my eyes not being accustomed to the light, nor my powers of observation trained to watch details, the spectral shapes came and went in a confusing manner; but the second and third seances found me prepared to scrutinize the phenomena with deliberation. The reader will please remember that owing to my inhospitable reception, the suspicious

excited by the place and its surroundings, and the astounding claims put forth by the spiritual press as to the Eddy manifestations, I was on the alert to detect fraud and expose it. A seach phantom came into view I observed its height against the door jamb, its probable weight, its movements, apparent age, style of wearing the hair, and heard if a man, the nature and elaborateness of its costume, and the external marks of sex, as regards form—all the while having in mind the square, Dutch build and heavy movements of William Eddy. I saw men, women, and children come one after another before me, and in no one instance detected the slightest evidence of trickery. Among the remarkable tests of identity coming under my notice was the appearance of a young soldier of about twenty years of age, the son of Judge Bacon of St. Johnsbury, Vt., whose death occurred under painful circumstances in the army, and whose name or existence even had not been mentioned by his father to any person about the place. The spirit was clothed in a dressing-gown, light trousers, and a white shirt with turn-down collar. He was instantly recognized. The night that Mr. Pritchard was sitting on the chair H, two of his nephews, dressed differently, wearing their beards in different ways, differing in height and appearance in a marked degree, stepped forward and shook hands with him. I sat within five yards of them and saw them with entire distinctness.

A LOCK OF THE WITCH'S HAIR.

At my last seance the old "Witch of the Mountains," a withered old hag, with tottering gait and snow white locks, came out, sat in a chair, called up several of the audience to shake hands with her and receive other tokens of her friendliness, and after making Judge Bacon feel the length and silkiness of her hair, gave him leave to pull out a lock as a keepsake, which he did, and I saw the hair in his possession. This old woman is credited with the performance of a sort of miracle, of which I think I was almost the sole witness. William Eddy does most of the house-work about the place—even to the washing—and very frequently goes about chattering an Irish brogue, and acting like one of those model servant girls, who somebody describes as "steam engines in petticoats." At such times he is supposed to be obsessed by the ghost of a servant girl, one Ann Cuddy, an honest sort of creature, who departed this life at Cleveland some years since. Yesterday William was washing in the yard, the kettle for boiling the clothes hanging over a chip fire near by. For want of something better to do at the moment I gathered a few chips and was mending the fire, when William, or perhaps we might say "Ann," using his vocal organs, said to me: "Shure, any fool can make a fire with wood; 'I'll show yez how to make one burn with water"—and dipping some water out of the horse trough close at hand, he flung it upon the flickering fire. Immediately the cauldron was enveloped in a great blaze as if he had poured alcohol or oil upon the embers, and every piece of fuel was kindled. Recovering from my surprise, I laughingly said that any fool could do that, and lunged some of the self same water upon the fire, effectually putting it out. I leave Mr. Plain, the water-gate man, to explain how water poured upon a weak wood fire can be made to serve the purpose of kindlings. I am told that the witch has frequently done this trick before, besides other things in the circle equally remarkable. She gave warning yesterday morning that at a certain hour and minute William's spirit would leave his body, go to the other world, and return in exactly thirty-two minutes. At the time prescribed, William sure enough went into a trance, his body became as cold as marble, the skin turned livid purple, his tongue black and protruding, his eyes glazed, and he presented every appearance of a corpse. But at the expiration of the allotted half hour he came to himself, and wept bitterly at being recalled from what he described as a scene of celestial joy. Of course this species of cataleptic vision is common enough, and I should not think it worth mentioning but for the pyrotechnic experiment of the ancient wizard, and her appearance is propria personae the same evening at the regular circle.

AN UNCOMMON VISITOR.

If your readers have not already had their fill of marvels, let me tell them a story that I had from Mrs. Cleveland's own mouth. Since I read the "Castle of Otranto" and Lewis's "Monk," I don't recall anything more uncanny. One evening the old lady was sitting in the house alone, reading, when there came a single loud rap on the door. She went and opened it, and saw a man standing there, dressed in dark clothes and a white hat, and carrying a small black box or trunk under his arm. Over his face he held a napkin, behind which he addressed Mrs. Cleveland, and asked a night's lodging. His mysterious behavior excited her suspicions that he was some escaped lunatic, or perhaps a tramp who might be disposed to rob her, so she refused his application, and he moved off toward the Eddy house, with the whining remark that it was too bad to turn a man away on such a winter night as that to perish. Presently, Horatio Eddy came running over to say that a man had walked into their house, scaring the family as they sat together in the living room by his abrupt appearance, and being refused shelter had passed on down the road. While the two were conversing, there came another loud rap at the door, and this time Horatio and Mrs. Cleveland went to see who it was, the former carrying a kerosene lamp. Upon opening, they saw the same person standing there, and as he was repeating his application for shelter, Horatio let the lamp-light shine for shelter. (Continued on 8th page.)

Extracts from our Exchanges.

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

Memory: What it Teaches About the Future Life.

A LECTURE BY WILLIAM MITCHELL. (From the Spiritual (Eng.) Magazine.)

Man's privilege and responsibility it is, to have a three-fold experience. He lives in the Past by Memory, in the Present by Consciousness, in the Future by Forethought. He is a being of large discourse, looking before and behind him. His is a glorious responsibility, enclosed in no narrow life of the Present, like the animal,—whose Past is not a simple blank, is but a faint and flickering recurrence of sensation, and whose Future is little but an anticipation of gratified appetite. From it we differ in our capacities of overpassing the limits of time and space, in the conviction of law, and of consequent responsibility. Truly, a mysterious and awful world of activities is the human mind, which, like the countless roots of a tree, throws out its lower faculties in every direction, seeking assistance for the nurture and growth of the higher. Its self-creative powers also throw themselves into the Future, and paint on its vacant spaces pictures of hope or fear—bright and glowing, or dark and terrible. Memory is a wonderful power, by which man reviews the past and turns it into knowledge. Such is the essential nature of man, such is his creative power, such is his likeness to God our Father, that it does not so much matter what kind of external experience he passes through, as the use he makes of it in his after-reflection. Be that as it may, without Memory discipline would still retain all its severity, while it would have no educative power, and our wants remaining what they are, we should need to toil and struggle; and knowledge, which is the raw material of wisdom, would not be ours. In fact, man could hardly be a moral and responsible being at all without Memory. Impressions would be the same to him as to the looking glass: they might be there in his mind while the objects were actually before it, but vanishing totally when they were not present. Things seen for the thousandth time would have the freshness of a first acquaintance.

Memory, then, is the backward looking eye of the soul. It is the faculty by which we review the past. It enables the individual to gain, not only by his own experience, but also to learn by the experience of the race. The physiological conditions, the character and conduct of our fathers, are in the fibre and nerves of our bodies to day, while their courses of action, and the results of them, reveal to us the principles and tendencies of God's providence. Memory enables us to be of our own time and people, and also those of every other. The glorious hosts of great ones, who are the exemplars and inspirers of mankind, thus become our daily companions; our spirits are kindled by theirs, our hearts moved and quickened, and our minds enlarged and enlightened.

In Memory, then, what is called a physical organ? Is it, in other words, a sixth or seventh sense? Organs—such, for instance, as the eye and ear—only act when they are acted on by some external object. But we can act down and deliberately call up the Past before us, and as its events and transactions spread themselves before the mental vision, we can re-people the silent land of long-ago with persons and places that have passed away from time for evermore! In the darkest night, at the distance of thousands of miles, we can re-mentally as real as if the course of time had been turned back! But how is this? If, as physiologists say, we change every particle of our system every seven years, then, on physical grounds, the body that passed through certain experiences twenty years ago no longer exists: it has long since, as an edifice, been pulled down, and a new one built on the same general scheme and according to the same pattern, it is true; but it is no longer the same identical body, though made up of the same kind of material. But each man at twenty is conscious—that is, he knows—that he is the same person as he was when he was a boy; and at forty, and again at sixty and seventy, that he is no other than the young man of twenty, however changed he otherwise may be. The follies of his youth, the sins of his manhood are still his, in old age; the generous fires that flamed in his heart, the noble aspirations, and the divine hunger after truth and righteousness, are his also. Change he has most assuredly gone through, but he has not changed his personal identity. It is hardly likely, then, that Memory is a physical organ, though, while we remain in the body, it may to some extent depend on physiological conditions. Human Memory, while using physical conditions, is essentially a spiritual faculty, and belongs to the immortal nature of man.

What is once in the memory is there forever—a most solemn and momentous fact to us human beings, who are, alas! too much given to be thoughtless and frivolous. This is indicated by such facts as those related by American writers of German and Swiss settlers in their country, who have ceased, for twenty, thirty and forty years, to speak their native tongue, and who seem to have forgotten all about it, having lost the ability to understand it even when spoken by others, and yet who in the case of sickness or old age begin to use it again, as if they had returned to their younger days. We are told of a case occurring in our own country, of an ignorant servant girl, who, while ill and in a state of delirium, repeated passages from the Old Testament in Hebrew. It was afterwards discovered that she had, some years before this time, lived with a clergyman, who had been in the habit of reading his Hebrew Bible in the passage next the kitchen. Dr. Carpenter relates a case that furnishes a further illustration of this principle. He says "An old Welsh servant-man, who had lived with one branch or another of the family of a friend of mine for fifty years, having left Wales at an early age, had entirely forgotten his native language, so that when any of his relations came to see him, and spoke in the tongue most familiar to them; he was quite unable to understand it. But having an attack of fever when he was past seventy, he talked Welsh fluently in his delirium."

In addition to instances like these, there is the fact of our remembering our dreams and our own thoughts, purely mental and spiritual experiences. These are not mere pale shadowy images on the mind, but clear cut, sharp, and strong. In dreams we go to places we have never seen in our waking hours; we meet persons whom we have never known—hear them speak to us in words we have never before heard; take up books and read prose and poetry we never saw before, but which we can remember and repeat on awaking. Where have these places, words, persons, and things an existence? We do not know;

but we know that the mind is acting, whether creatively or receptively, without apparently real objects being presented to the senses. Another fact in connection with these matters is, that in dreams people seem to live whole years, to pass through a long and varied experience, and yet they may not have been asleep many minutes. Thus time is only mental experience, and is long or short according to the succession of ideas or cognitions. These facts indicate to me that "there are more things in heaven and earth than most of us 'dream of in our philosophy';" and we ought to ponder them very seriously, proofs as they are of spiritual reality, which our natural sciences cannot weigh, but which, on the other hand, weighs them. I am not ignorant of the phreno-physical explanations of these phenomena, but all such explanations seem to me inadequate; and, moreover, they confound conditions with causes. An American writer, in his autobiography, speaking of an incident in his life, says: "In falling once about thirty feet, I did more thinking than I did in any day of my life. The process of death involves this fact:—the Memory is wonderfully sharpened, and brings forward things long forgotten. In fact, the human mind goes to its beginning, as it were, and lives over its mental processes in a miraculously short period of time."

This seems to me to be the truth. Our good and our evil deeds are incorporated into our innermost nature, and there is no putting them away. We shall carry the conditions of being they have produced into eternity with us. Memory will contain the whole of life, whatever it has been—

Thought or feeling, word or deed,
Buried howsoever deep,
What we sow, that shall we reap.

Thus do we learn that consciousness would be deprived of its power, and that human progress would be all but impossible, if the mind was but as a mirror—and not a living consciousness force—in which objects were reflected only while they were actually present. We learn that what we have done is not put away with the years, as if it had never been, but that it is held in the Memory ready to start up in the graver or more gracious hours of our experience. So is it with us, while we remain in Time,—Time, which is the measure of duration, the continuous throbbing of the pulse, the consciousness of sequence in events. In Time, then,—that is, while on the earth and in the body—Memory is terribly active, and it wears the aspect of friend or foe, as we make it. In the Eternal World, what will Memory be likely to be? Personal identity will have to be preserved for man, or it will be no immortality for him, whatever else it may be; and he might as well

Be blown about in desert dust,
Or sealed within the iron hills,

If each individual person is not to retain his consciousness, that I AM, I EXIST. Personal identity will be preserved, or the immortal life may as well have no existence, so far as Moral Ends are concerned; and the inner and genuine character of each of us will have to go with us, on the same principle. But unless there is Memory in the future life, clear, distinct, and comprehensive, there can not possibly be any consciousness of individual personality; for without Memory a man can have no knowledge that he is himself; his connection with the past, he would be mentally and morally lost to himself. If his consciousness was confined to each present moment of his life, and did not range back into the past, nor project itself forward into the future, however keen his intelligence, and wide his survey, he would not be a human being, whatever else he might be. The sense of Personal Identity is in proportion to the distinctness of Memory, and the clearness of recollection. If it is not so, the suffering which sin entails will be borne by the wicked without the sense of its being a righteous retribution; so that no moral good could possibly result, for there would be a mere blind sequence of events, and nothing more. The joyous feelings, touched with pathos, of gratitude, would not gladden and glorify the human spirit, for apart from recollections of benefits, gratitude is impossible. Thus we find that Memory is necessary alike to retribution and reward in the future life, so far as moral ends are concerned, as well as to personal identity.

If all this be so, heaven and hell need not be places located in particular spots in space, but states and conditions of being. The abode in any place called heaven, however glorious in itself, with evil memories, would really be hell; the abode in any place called hell, however dreadful externally, with sweet, bright, and beautiful memories, would really be heaven. For "the kingdom of heaven is within," and so is the kingdom of hell. Not that we shall not undergo changes in the future life; we do in the present one, and I can not conceive that the fundamental law and principle of human existence will be different on the other side of life to what it is on this. God is the same on both sides of life, and His law, which has love for its beating heart, operates everywhere, and in all worlds the same. As we are in manhood what we are in childhood and more, because of development, so shall we in eternity be subject to the law of change and progress. Tendencies here will become action, and ripen into character there. And just as long-eaten beef, bread, and cheese are in our blood, bones and muscles to-day, integral parts of our bodies; so, motives long cherished, and deeds long done, are part of our character now, waiting the quickening processes of the spiritual world to operate upon them to reveal their continued existence. For as the colors of the newly-painted picture are almost lost on the canvas, because they sink into its fibre, yet flash out again clear, and vividly distinct, when touched with the varnish, so will it be with memory in the Future Life. Just as in dreams we sometimes re-enact the scenes of the preceding day with added interest, and with increased anguish or delight, so will it be with us, when we leave our earthly bodies behind us. And as it does not lie much in our power on this side of life, whether we shall remember or forget—it does to some extent, but not much—it seems to me that so it will be on the other side of life.

Well, now we have come to some conclusions with regard to the nature and office of Memory, in the spiritual world, whether here or over there, what will it be likely to do for us when we leave this world, and what will our experience be? Foul deeds will not be done with because we may have apparently forgotten them. Even now "there is something of anticipation in our remorse, as well as of retrospection; and we feel that it is not the mere survey of the gloomy past with the slow lamp of the understanding, but the momentary piercing of the future with the lightning of the skies." Remorse then will be the bitter corroding memories of evil done while on earth. Every bit of cowardice we have been guilty of in the face of difficult duty; every false pretense we have put on for shrinking from some small sacrifice; for our principles; every lie we have told; every vile passion we have yielded to; every vile passion we have not resisted to the utmost of our power; every selfish aim that has ruled our conduct; every kindly affection suppressed because it

would interfere with our worldly interests—the truths we have secretly acknowledged, and openly opposed, or even ignored; every-thing, all will be there torturing us with the venal fury, and will not be put down till we have paid the utmost farthing of repentance, and just and loving restitution. And every gentle deed we have done, every kindness and every sympathy we have expended; every manly word we have spoken, and every truth we have vindicated at some cost to ourselves; every sweet, pure, loving principle we have put into our lives—everyone we have served, and done good to, will be there to brighten, and make glorious our souls. The fuller of good deeds our lives are here, the higher shall we rise, and the more brightly shall we shine in the spiritual world. As an eloquent writer has said: "Memory will be there, which is but the resurrection of our bygone experience, whether for good or for evil. It will call up the spirits of buried deeds; and as the life has been, it will be the angel of heaven, or the minister of hell; imagination, which may have been the nurse of piety, or the slave of passion; intellect, which may have had the glow of the seraph, or the malice of the demon. According, then, as these have been properly directed or abused, every instinct tells us, must be the joy of a righteous soul, or the agony of an evil heart." Why, buried Memories revive under peculiar circumstances, for they are in the mind, like the vitality in the corn held in the hand of the Egyptian mummy for thousands of years, ready to spring to renewed life under favorable circumstances, and present themselves to the consciousness. Dr. Parit tells a story which illustrates this: "A gentleman who had been rescued from drowning informed me that not only had the great events of his life recurred to him, but that also on one occasion at a fair he had passed a bad sixpence to an old man for some nuts, and said he, 'there are no words which will adequately describe the sense of mental agony and shame that accompanied the recollection.' I can corroborate that statement from an incident which occurred to myself in boyhood, an incident which is deeply graven on my mind, with the lesson it taught me. In going to and returning from school morning and evening, I had to go by a cottage from which would come out a boy much older and bigger than myself, and slap me in the face, pinch me, and occasionally kick me. At last I determined I would put up with it no longer, and I turned on him in a way that proved mere bulk to be no match for rage and resolution. He howled for help, and his mother ran out and began to beat me, and in my fury I turned on her and struck her. My blow hurt me far more than it did her, for I felt it was a base thing to strike a woman. I turned and fled, pursued by my shame as a coward. Some years after this I was bathing in the river Aire, near Newley, in Yorkshire, when getting out of my depth, and though a swimmer, from some cause unable to recover myself, I was drowning. My life passed before me like a swift-gliding panorama, and many things came to me in painful shape, but the torture which the recollection of striking that woman inflicted, no tongue could describe, though it had far stronger words at its command than our language possesses. Yes!

For guilt and penalty move hand in hand,
Dumb Retribution dogs the steps of sin,
While evermore the Parcae weave their webs,
Not over but within.

Again, we have wonderful and weird superstitious traditions in some of our country villages—mythical stories of old houses on whose floors murder has stamped itself in blood, the marks of which cannot be washed out, planned away, or removed by any means which men have at their command. This is but the physical form, as it seems to me, of that fact, which the human mind intuitively discerns, and ever tells forth in some shape or other, that deeds once done become, as it were a part of the being of him who does them; and that thus it is that sin is its own punishment, and virtue its own reward, in their nature and results, in all worlds, and in all stages of existence. God has shown His opposition to evil, and His approval of the good, in the very existence and workings of cause and effect, which unerringly lead to their own consequences, and no other. They can not be got rid of. How grandly does our great poet teach this lesson. You have seen the tragedy of Macbeth on the stage, or you have read it in some silent studious hour, and can never forget its presentations of the growth of evil passions into crime, and of the workings of crime into retribution. At the very height of power—when all has been attained for which the dreadful sin of murder has been committed, conscience calls up the dead from their graves and peoples the imagination with visions of horror, even at the festive board, compelling Macbeth to become his own accuser. And Lady Macbeth herself, unsexed as she professed to be, escapes her doom no more than her husband. Her walking in her sleep, and her speech, "How so lately her heart was changed!—'What, will these hands ne'er be clean?'—Here's the smell of blood still; all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand. Oh! oh! oh!" It was a solemn thought that our doings will go with us into eternity. And when God says to each of us, "Now take thy life with thee, and read it in a brighter and clearer light, than thou hast yet done, and learn what thou hast made of it"—what will be the Memories of each of us on the other side of life? Will God be our exceeding great reward, giving joy unspeakable in His light and love, and personal communion with us? Or will our lives cling to us as the dead bodies of murdered men used to do in the later days of the Roman Empire, when the murderer was bound to his victim, and left face to face with him to die a slow and horrible death? Our own individual conscience and Memory alone can furnish a surmise. But the great, deep, all-pervading law of the moral world is, that whatsoever we sow that shall we have to reap.

Looking at the facts of life and consciousness in this way, do we need a big miraculous devil, and a great miraculous hell, to punish the wicked in this Eternal World? Has not Memory a sufficiently fearful power to fulfill that office? Is not every evil deed we do, every false word we utter, a hell planted within us, to torture and teach us, till we have been wrought to repentance, and so brought back to God and goodness? Is not every good deed we do, every brave, true word we speak, heaven planted within us, to greet and brighten through never-ending ages? The Memories of the good, quickened and glorified, how grandly will they testify to them who out of abundant faith in God live nobly, lovingly, and purely, devoted to the welfare of others! An Irish schoolmaster, of the old style, dreamed that he died, and as he passed out of the body he felt himself borne swiftly downwards into a horrible darkness, weighted with many sins that he remembered only too well, and great dread was upon him. Suddenly he stopped in his descent, and began to float upward. He rose above the darkness into a world of brightness and beauty, and as if each ray of light and each particle of the air he breathed with delight had been a living sound, he seemed to bathe in grand har-

monies of sweetest music. He was borne upward by beings with white, wide-spread, and shining wings. "And who are ye?" he asked of them as he passed upward into that Summerland of splendor and delight. And they answered: "We are your good deeds, your poor scholars, whom you took from their poverty and ignorance, and fed and clothed them out of your scanty means, and taught them knowledge and virtue. And we are your guardian angels, now, master dear." And so it will be with each of us, in proportion to the good or the evil we have done while in the body. If we will live sweet, pure, and holy lives, God will be our portion here, and in eternity alike. But there is hope for all, even for the most wicked and abandoned of men, for God is our loving Father, and though we may desert Him, He will never leave us; and He will chasten, purify, and quicken us into likeness to Himself; for it is not His will that even one member of His family be sinful and miserable forever. It is a joy to believe that His care of us will not end with this life, that His discipline will be with us in the Eternal World, as well as here. And surely if we believe Him to be just, and know him to be good, we shall be able to trust that He will do for each of us in the Future life what will be the most conducive to our ultimate welfare. For in the Father's house are many mansions—mansions bright with sunshine, and glad with purity and peace, and delights of love, and sweet song, and never-failing hope and faith. And God Himself reveals His ever glorious and more special Presence there, giving deeper and divinest joys than music and song, and birds and flowers, and sweet breezes, and streams murmuring through meadows, fair, and kind friends and loving parents, and affectionate children, though they, too, will be there, and be the channels of God's love; for all that is highest and best of earth will be there with added lustre, and increased perfection, and quickened joy in them. And these mansions are for the good, pure, the brave, and the greatly wise, who have striven and suffered for the good of mankind. All faithful souls will share these radiant mansions of the blest. And there, too, are mansions where the imperfect, weak and sick souls of time will be nursed and tended, and fostered through the sons of ages, till they are fit to share the company and delights of the blessed ones, because they, too, have become pure, loving, and strong. Those of you who are acquainted with Dr. Newman's *Dream of Gerontius*, will recollect a very striking illustration of this principle, in a beautiful passage that burns in the Memory, and abides there. Gerontius dreams that he dies, and is carried up to heaven. The Guardian Angel who bears the soul into the Presence Chamber of the Eternal King thus describes what follows:—

The eager spirit has darted from my hold,
And with impermanent energy of love,
Flies to the dear feet of Immanuel;
But ere it reach them, the keen sanctity,
Which, with its effluence, like a glory, clothes
And circles round the Crucified, has seized
And scorched, and shrivelled it; and now it lies,
Passive and still, before the awful throne.
O happy, suffering soul! for it is safe—
Consumed, yet quickened by the glance of God.

On recovering its consciousness, the soul sings a plaintive prayer song, to be taken away from the ravishing vision of God to a place of purification, until its spiritual life is made perfect.

There, motionless and happy in my pain,
Lone, not forlorn—
There will I sing my sad perpetual strain,
Until the morn—
There will I sing, and soothe my stricken breast
Which ne'er can cease
To throb, and pine, and languish, till possess'd
Of its sole peace.

This seems to me to be far truer to the moral intuitions than the coarse notions so common. But in the Eternal World there are other mansions where torturing Conscience yields its sounding lash, as Memory renews the wicked past, and the soul is tormented by its own evil. But pain will be purifying there, for the loving Father of all is also the Wise Physician of souls, and he will heal all ultimately of their disease of sin. And he will have his ministering spirits there to nurse, and tend, and teach those poor debased ones. The good Jesus, and the best and wisest men and women of all time, who delighted when on earth in going about doing good, will be the attendants and nurses of these for the Great Lover of souls.

That is the work of the noblest spirits here, and I am sure they will not be engaged in less holy and useful occupations in the Eternal World. And when the hearts of those sufferers are softened, and their wilds subdued and their spirits are kindled into yearnings after something sweet and holy, and pure, then will merciful Justice raise and save them, and lead them to the mansions of purification and healing where they will be fitted for the company of the glorified. For God is the Father of all spirits, and He will not finally lose one of His children. All souls are His, and at last round His hearth He will gather them all—even the worst—perfect, blest, and happy.

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Our Grove-meeting of the 5th and 6th inst., was a perfect success in every sense of the word. We met in Dean's Grove within the city limits. This ground is beautifully situated half a mile South Main street, overlooking the beautiful Cedar-River. The weather was delightful. The speakers were Mrs. E. Moore, of Council Bluffs, Iowa, and A. J. Flashback, of Sturgis, Mich. They each gave six lectures. Mrs. Moore's lectures came from a source high above her plane of intelligence—grand truths, noble and elevating, rapidly and distinctly delivered. Mr. A. J. Flashback's lectures contained the richest gems of thought that ever fell to our lot to hear. We would cheerfully recommend the above speakers to any societies in want of pure and unadulterated Spiritualism. The audience was large, orderly, attentive and harmonious. The Finance Committee paid all claims with the free contributions of the friends present.

Could the whole orthodox world have listened to and understood the immortal truths as they fell from the lips of those earthly angels, your correspondent would have been satisfied.

The meeting broke up at 10 o'clock, Sunday evening, and all felt satisfied, that Spiritualism is becoming a great and elevating power in the world.

D. J. WALLING, Pres't.
A. J. CASE, Sec'y.
Waverly, Ia., Sept. 7th, 1874.

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When I had performed about half my journey, as I was emerging from a wood situated at the commencement of a long, steep decline, I observed coming toward me a man on foot.

When I had ridden about half way down the hill I noticed something moving, and in the same direction as myself, on the other side of the large hedge, which ran nearly parallel with the road, and ultimately terminated at a gate through which I had to pass.

I did not then doubt for a moment but that he had resolved to attack—perhaps murder me for the sake of my watch, and what money I might have about me.

The idea of risking a personal encounter could not be entertained for a moment, for what chance could I—weak and unarmed—have against a powerful man with a dangerous weapon in his hand?

At this juncture my horse, growing impatient at the delay, started off; I clutched the reins, which I had let fall on his neck; for the purpose of checking him, when, happening to turn my eyes, I saw to my utter astonishment that I was no longer alone.

I followed his gaze and saw the reaper emerge from his concealment and cut across a field to our left, reseathing his sickle as he hurried along.

Having watched the figure of the reaper disappear over the brow of a neighboring hill, I turned to my companion and said, "Can it for a moment be doubted that my prayer was heard, and that you were sent for my deliverance by the Lord?"

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Mrs. I am sorry the public so misunderstand the "Good Samaritan" ladies as to suppose they quarrel among themselves. Not one of the praying women ever did a thing or brought a dollar into the Society except Mrs. Frankland and Mrs. Melain...

When I was a child I attended school in a country village where the inhabitants were holding a revival meeting, during which time there was also a sleighing party and ball. A naughty uncle of mine rode with the party past the house of a Presbyterian Deacon where I happened to be, and was recognized "by us girls." Immediately the Deacon launched upon his knees with a bound like a coal-cart discharging its burden, and cried aloud for God's wrath to descend upon my devoted uncle's head...

Why should they hinder our work? Surely the field is large enough for both of us. We will never put one hindrance in their way. We will charge them with neither drunkenness nor profanity, but will cheerfully extend the right hand of fellowship to them, and if any of the poor girls who fall to our lot should be in need of prayers only, we will gladly send them to their Shelter. We expect to work hand in hand with the "Refugee ladies;" they have really broken the ground for us all. In all these things we are experimenting. The Refugee ladies did what their hands found to do, and were successful. We have started out on a broader field, but with no antagonism towards them, and there is still a field open for the prayer-loving community, and I invite them to occupy that field. We do not need all prayers, but good works.

The most beautiful prayer to which I ever had the pleasure to listen was at Unity Church in this city. The pastor closed his eyes, and a peaceful smile was on his face. As he stood in the perfect silence, the organ began to breathe, as in the distance, it grew nearer and nearer, with its deep, solemn tones; now swelling, now cooling and caressing, as though God's blessing was that moment descending upon our heads. My heart responded to that prayer. This was surely the language of Heaven. Oh, it was more than earthly—it was of the grandest of eloquence!

Women who make a business of praying, who, like the street organ grinder, force their noise upon us, are the ones whom Christ speaks of as "standing in the synagogues, and in the corners of the streets, that they may be seen of men." We do not wish their reward. We have no patience with women who come into our business meetings and offer to turn them into prayer meetings when we have important business to transact for the poor unfortunate women under our care. When a woman, who ought to be doing by others as she is constantly asking others to do by her, tramps the streets with tears in her eyes, declaring "she works for Jesus, her blessed Jesus," I can not say that I have either respect for or patience with her. If these women would prove themselves as wise as "Balaam's ass" and speak, I would be satisfied, but no, they must "pray."

Friday's Tribune speaks of the "bitter, unreasonable, and intolerant expressions which some of the ladies were betrayed into using at our meeting on Wednesday last. I wish to say that no bitter or uncharitable expression was made except by the so-called "Christian element," and in Saturday's correspondence the writer is shocked at a remark made by our youngest and most inexperienced member who tried to be sarcastic, and if the whole of her remarks had been reported it would have sounded very differently. We have not two "Homes." The Shelter is only an ante-room to the Home; no one remains more than a day or two there. I made the call for this society, and I called for a humanitarian society, entirely cosmopolitan and non-sectarian. These praying women can call a meeting, and I will do all I can to help them, but I can not join them if they are Christians. I prefer to be a "theater."

CYNTHIA LEONARD. In connection herewith, we desire to refer to the "Peculiar People," a sect in England who are at war with Doctors and medicinal Agents. They are the only consistent religionists in the world. Their life is characteristic of their principles. They believe in Prayer—even more so than Godly Turfman did—in fact, they are Bible Christians, illustrating its literal meaning in their daily walk. According to the London Times, Thomas Hines, one of those devoted to the letter of Divine law was brought before Baron Pigott of London on a charge of manslaughter, at the Central Criminal Court. The prisoner was accused of having caused the death of his child by neglecting to provide it with necessary medical attendance. It appears from the London Times that the "Peculiar People" have rendered themselves notorious on several occasions by their passive resistance to the prevailing custom of sending for doctors to visit and attend their sick. They interpret literally the injunction of the Apostle James to call in the elders of the church to pray and to anoint with oil, and they not only interpret this injunction literally, but they regard it as containing their whole duty in the matter, and as excluding any resort to the aid of medicine. It was proved that the child whose death was made the subject of the indictment was taken ill at the end of May, and that he died on the 6th of July following. No doctor was called to him, nor was any

medicine given; but he was watched and tended carefully, was anointed and prayed over, and was fed not only with ordinary food, but also with port wine, brandy, arrowroot, milk, and tea. The reason why no medical advice was sought was that recourse to it is contrary to the faith of the sect, who in such cases "trust in the Lord." The medical evidence was to the effect the disease was of a nature to have been amenable to treatment, and that if a doctor had been called in, the chances of the child's recovery would have been increased. It was contended on the part of the prosecution, that medical attendance was a "necessary" which the parent of this child of tender age was bound to provide, and that there had been such criminal neglect on his part as would render him liable to legal penalties. The "criminal," however, was acquitted; the failure to secure the services of a physician, not being sufficient to sustain a charge of manslaughter. It is, however, refreshing to find a sect bold enough to rely exclusively on prayer; but the effects thereof, to those engaged therein, do not seem to prove successful.

Blood—The Insanity of Cain Established.

Cain, a man of venerable aspect, but rather genial demeanor, the fruit of a horrible curse ("in sorrow thou [Eve] shalt bring forth children"), once sought earnestly to propitiate God, and gain his good will by humbly presenting him various kinds of vegetables (see Genesis 4:3), consisting of onions, potatoes, squashes, pumpkins, radishes, beets, etc. Strange to say, Cain selected a time to offer his vegetables to God, when his nature was acrimonious, rendered so by his repeated altercations with the Serpent, and consequently he treated Cain, the venerable young man, with a great deal of disrespect—indeed, he gave him no praise whatever for his good intentions, but he foolishly petted Abel, a great, big, lubberly boy, who raised Alpine goats and Spanish Merino sheep, being too lazy to exercise himself sufficiently to pull the beets which Cain had successfully cultivated.

The partiality on the part of God, for this overgrown, pusillanimous Abel, of course greatly disturbed the equanimity of Cain's mind, and he became insane—emotionally insane—in fact, he became a confirmed hypochondriac, constantly dwelling on his misfortunes, and trying to account on some reasonable hypothesis why God should spurn his magnificent vegetables—his rose-colored pumpkins and Irish potatoes.

We always admired Cain! Yankee blood tingled in his veins, and a love of agriculture had given him a knowledge of nature which Abel, so obtuse in intellect, could never obtain. He was superior to Abel in all respects—more manly in his acts; more gentlemanly and kind in his intercourse with the world, and when he presented his mammoth vegetables, the fruit of the earth, to God, he did the very best he could under the circumstances; and when the Lord treated him in a supercilious manner—indeed with utter contempt, his great magnanimous heart immediately commenced a career of emotional insanity. Thereafter he neglected his potato-crop; his onions were surrounded by vexatious weeds until the life was choked out of them; his pumpkins run to vines, and his farm bore the appearance of that which belonged to Farmer Spendthrift, who lived in Sleepy Hollow, N. Y.

Abel, the big blubberhead, petted by God, prospered the same as General Grant's relations do, and his means increased in like ratio, while Cain suffering from the effects of insanity, presented only a wreck of his former noble manhood. Had Cain lived in this day and age of the world, and been incarcerated in the lunatic asylum at Jacksonville, Illinois, he probably would have soon recovered, and not, therefore, had his hands stained with blood. It was his misfortune, however, to have been born too soon—too early in the world's history, when God had just commenced the business of world-making, man-making and woman-making, cursing, etc., and consequently he was not expected to know everything.

Now God does no cursing whatever. No one ever heard him say an unkind word to anybody. In fact, his intellectual acumen is far superior to what it was when he showed his back parts to Moses—under no consideration would he expose his person now—he has emerged from the semi-barbarous state in which he was then, and now is considered a first-class God, capable of conducting business without such a crash as occurred in the Garden of Eden. Inexperienced then, never having made a man or woman, he was perhaps too thoughtless, like Jay Cooke & Co., in investing in railroad bonds, and the consequence was a failure of business. This was a natural consequence of his inability and inexperience.

Now, when Cain brought his vegetables and placed them by the side of Abel's animals, the Alpine goats and Spanish Merino sheep, of course God, seeing their snowy whiteness, looked on them with a great deal of consideration, but never having read Graham's work on the advantage of a vegetable diet over that of an animal, as a natural consequence he decided in favor of Abel, not even giving Cain one glance of recognition, saying (Gen. 4:7), "Thou [Abel] shalt rule over him." Cain heard him distinctly when he said it, and it was then and there that the seeds of his emotional insanity were sown by God himself, and ever after, Cain was not responsible for his acts.

Who would not have felt deeply injured, when doing his best, exerting every nerve and muscle to produce something desirable for God, and be contemptuously spurned, and placed under the control of an imbecile goat and sheep tender? Who would not on being treated in that supercilious manner, become eventually insane? Who would not declare war

on being treated thus, the same as our forefathers did, when they resented England's insults by throwing their favorite article, tea, into the sea? Who would submit to have a blubberhead of a brother, who only knew enough to herd sheep and goats, to take charge of you, when you had entered into honorable competition with him, simply because a beast of the field was considered superior to a magnificent pumpkin? Taking all things into consideration, we do not wonder that Cain became insane) and was actuated to kill his brother.

Oh! had Cain lived in these modern times, in the age of sharp lawyers and clear-headed judges, he could have had a fair trial, his insanity fully established, and himself acquitted! Our sympathies are with Cain! Being an agriculturist and living on the productions of the earth, he was by nature kind and magnanimous in spirit; so sensitive was he that it was easy to render him emotionally insane. Abel, on the contrary, was accustomed to a mutton diet almost exclusively; and as that diet will render a dog vicious and savage, we have a right to conclude that Abel was of that nature.

The first blood was shed by Cain. The first partial judge was God himself. This blood, too, that came forth in crimson hues from the veins of Abel and saturating the earth, it cried out (Gen. 4:10) to God, and he heard it. As we glance at the Bible, blood, blood, blood, constantly greets us. Innocent men are beheaded; innocent children are mercilessly butchered; married women are slaughtered by the hundreds, and scenes of carnage and bloodshed greet us everywhere. Such being the case, it is not strange that a religion has been inaugurated founded on blood. But thanks to the true God, blood is being utilized in this day and age of the world, and instead of being used for religious purposes, it is becoming one of the corner stones of medical science.

A Paris correspondent of the New York Times says, that a new remedy for consumption has been found—or at least, the doctors think so at this moment—in the transfusion of the blood of animals. In France, transfusion has always been performed from man to man; but, while it has been found easy to get men to give up their blood for money, while enjoying the ecstacy of an experiment in a crowded amphitheater, amid the applause of hundreds of students, good Samaritans are rare in private life. A medical man was unable to find any one ready to sell his life's blood to a young lady until he made a romantic appeal, and in the case of an aged man it was quite impossible. But Dr. O. Hesse, of St. Petersburg, says that human blood is not absolutely necessary. He has performed the operation of transfusion thirty-one times. In sixteen of his cases defibrinated blood was employed—a practice generally condemned. In the remaining fifteen cases, the blood of sheep was used. There was one death; in three other cases there was no perceptible improvement; in the remaining eleven cases there was a marked improvement throughout, and in some cases perfect cures. Dr. Hesse hopes to prove that he can cure pulmonary phthisis in this way. Dr. Geddelles has tried the transfusion of sheep's blood in two cases. In one there was great improvement, and in the other a complete cure. Indeed, how much better it would be for the world, to ignore the use of blood as a plan of salvation, and transfer that plank over to medical science. Give us blood to cure diseases, but none to wash away sins!

That Free Love Concern.

As is well known, several Free-lovers of this city, desiring to be placed in a situation where they could come more closely in rapport with each other, have emigrated to Valcour Island in Lake Champlain, a short distance below Plattsburg. An exchange says: "At Valcour Island the Harmonial Fraternity will locate its principal buildings, which as the circular proudly announces, will include one calf-house and one hog-house, where calves and hogs will be bred and slaughtered in a strictly communistic way. Here the Brothers and Sisters will live in unity, and what the Oneida Community call a state of complex marriage. In other words, they will be practical free-lovers, and will neither deny their creed nor sit on the ragged edge of remorse to any great extent."

This convulse of free and easy characters, expect to build up a community as prosperous as the Oneida Community, N. Y. In that they will fail. The Oneida Community has prospered on account of the intelligence, sagacity and business tact of its leader, who has succeeded in enlisting the labor and capital of those whom he can control. There is not one among them, who if alone would fail to make a good living and, perhaps, accumulate wealth. He has never admitted to their ranks as a co-laborer, a dead beat, one who had not the ability to sustain himself. Several who have joined the Valcour Community, or went there to do so, seemed to have no correct idea of gaining a livelihood—in fact, they were incompetent to do so. Will such a combination prove progressive? Will a half dozen failures make one success? Can the inexperienced retrieve their fortunes by co-operation?

"Free Love" is the bait with which they expect to invite capital. To render the bait more effective, they have several good looking young ladies, just the same as a house of prostitution would have, in order to prosper. Through their instrumentality they expect to "lure" into their folds some rich old fool, who will furnish them the means that their own intelligence or industry could never gain. They may be lucky enough to secure some masculine goose, who wishes to be fondled in his dotage, to assist them, but we think it doubtful.

The inmates of this community are to be divided into affiliating groups. Now, suppose you should go there with your wife, and and she is young and pretty. Nearly all the men would affiliate with her, while you, if a little ugly, would find only those of like appearance to take you to their arms. It is really strange how readily such a woman will find her affinities in this community, while the man will find it exceedingly difficult to secure any one to take him to her affectionate embrace.

The Daily (N. Y.) Graphic alludes to this Free Love community, as follows: "The Oneida Community is really the only socialistic community which has achieved any success without making calcey a condition of membership. Whatever the reason may be, the Oneida people have made money by traps, and have now some sixty communistic children, who would be wise indeed if they could know their own fathers. The Valcour Island Community does not propose to enter into the trap business, but will undertake to live by agriculture. They expect to lure new members by the bait of free-love, and by advertising the fact that 'seven light-houses stud the near vision' of those who look out of the windows of the Harmonial Home on Valcour Island. Usually a light-house is not held to be particularly fascinating, and as most of our lake light-houses are about ten or twelve feet high, they are not imposing. However, the average Harmonial brother may take delight in the fact that so many light-houses 'stud' his vision. No man can predict what a communistic will or will not like.

"The inmates of the house are to be divided by temperaments into groups and families, thus avoiding the combination of the discordant elements in one family. Doubtless the red-haired men and women will constitute one group, and those with a fondness for 'gushing' another group. Those who have charge of the organization of these groups will, however, have a good time in finding out the proper place for every wild fanatic who may join the Harmonial Brotherhood. "It is easy to foresee the end of the experiment. Not having a prophet like Noyes, of the Oneida Community, at their head, and not being actuated by the religious enthusiasm of the Oneidians, the Valcour Brethren will soon grow tired of agriculture and gazing at the seven light-houses, and will first quarrel and then separate. No such experiment has ever outlived a single generation, but I don't hesitate to say that long before 1894 there will not be a Harmonial Brother or Sister left on Valcour Island.

DEATH, or the Pathway from the Earth to the SPIRIT-WORLD. Everybody should read it. Particulars soon. Spiritual Meetings. Spiritual meetings are being held in various parts of the country. The one at Elmira, N. Y., seemed to be a grand success. There were over 10,000 people present. Mr. John Radcliff was the first speaker, followed by the eloquent and logical lecturer, Lyman C. Howe. He was followed by able addresses from Mrs. Robbins of Philadelphia, and Dr. J. G. Fish, of Waverly, N. Y. The Gazette of Elmira says: "At the third session Mr. Howe alone spoke. He addressed the people while in a trance state. His remarks were eloquent in the extreme. He spoke of the Garden of Eden and the fall of man, which was a step forward in the course of progress and not backward, and brought not a curse with it, but a blessing. To labor is divine; to work is to move forward with the car of progress, to keep step with step with the advancement of the world. Mr. Howe's burning words in the glorification of labor were worthy of Carlyle. Spiritualism is opposed to the theory that man was made by a special act of creation; it teaches the evolution theory. Man fell, the higher to rise in virtue by that fall.

I held with him who sings To one clear harp in divers tones That man may rise on stepping stones Of their dead selves, to higher things. Spiritualism teaches the old, the immortality of the soul beyond a doubt, and by it they can approach the melancholy flood without their aged steps tottering and their silvery heads bowed in fear. Spiritualism has penetrated the silent river, upon whose shores Confucius and Moses stood looking for light, whose flood Jesus Christ and Emanuel Swedenborg but partly explored. Spiritualism teaches us that we will be saved by knowledge and progress. The speaker closed with a burst of poetry that would have shamed an Italian improvisatore, entirely extemporaneous and bringing in allusion to the Park and lake in a most felicitous manner. The speech was delivered without hesitation and the poetry at the end in perfect rhythm.

At Terra Haute, Ind., the Spiritualists have been holding a meeting also. A large number were in attendance. The Journal of that city gives O. W. Stewart credit for making a sound speech on Free Love, claiming that Henry Ward Beecher was guilty of all that is charged by Tilton, and that his intimacy with Mrs. Tilton was perfectly right. That is good sound doctrine for those free-lusters who contemplate making a raid on their neighbor's family. The Terra Haute Journal says: "Owing to the rain and bad weather the evening meeting was changed from the Fair Ground to Pence's Hall, where something over a hundred attended. P. B. Randolph and another medium, a young man whose name we did not learn, gave the audience some pretty good characterizing, and, passing into the trance state, spoke as the spirits gave them utterance. The spirits of Daniel Webster, the poet Shelley, a Frenchman, an Indian chief and others, communicated through the mediums. The young man especially was much affected, and had violent paroxysms before the conditions became just right. Mr. Randolph gave a mental picture of the death of a human being—the gradual sinking, the painless sleep, the congealing of the body, the numbing of the limbs and the heart, the twitching of the eye-lids, and at last all is over; and then how the mysterious and invisible spirit slowly rises from the body, quivers, flickers, ascends like the permeating odor from a well saturated sponge, takes the semblance of the body, though invisible to mortal eye, and floats around at an angle with the body, to the head of which the head of the spirit is connected by a silver line of light like an umbilical cord. Then a kindred spirit severs the connection and the freed spirit takes its flight upward, upward—rising, floating, circling, ascending to its abode.

Remarks were made upon the phenomena by Mr. Taylor and others. The choir rendered excellent music. Speaking of the erratic genius Randolph, the Terra Haute Express says:

Speaking of the erratic genius Randolph, the Terra Haute Express says:

Mr. Randolph said he would occupy the few moments before time to gather at the altar, the dinner table, where so many over worship. His text was a beautiful baby in its mother's arms in the audience. The father is prouder of his fatherhood than the monarch. More than two hundred years my ancestors were chiefs, roaming over the kingdom of Persia, and I am the descendant on the continent of America; believing in God Almighty, in the Universe, brotherhood of man and our baby." He gave a beautiful Persian account of the origin of man. All the discoveries of the good and beautiful come from the woman side of humanity. Out of the tendency of the woman to cultivate the beautiful, comes the tendencies of the man to cultivate the true.

His speech for a half hour was replete with beautiful thoughts and caustic wit, that wrung rounds of applause from all present, and while there were gems scattered all along, it was almost an impossibility to catch his rapid utterances, and no pen can photograph his almost unequalled oratory. He is an orator with all the slumbering passion of his race, a poet, with all the dreamy beauty of the native chiefs who roamed for centuries in the freedom of the wilds of the Old World, a large-hearted, tender man, with all the highest and holiest instincts of the highest humanity, loving the race that has ostracized him, doing good with his mighty eloquence in lifting up man to a higher plane and stamping his tenacious and forcible originality upon the age, and carving a name and reputation that shall live all through coming ages, as a man who was really a friend to man.

DEATH, or the Pathway from the Earth to the Spirit-world. Everybody should read it. Particulars soon.

The Dark Chamber of Life.

Henry C. Atkinson, F.G.S., comes boldly forward in the *Medium and Daybreak*, and defends dark circles, as follows:

Much suspicion has been cast upon Spiritualism on account of the dark seance, but scientific men should know the value of special conditions better, and remember that experimentalists at the Royal Institution are often obliged to darken the theatre to show off their experiments. No one would think of carrying on experiments on "artificial light" in the sun, which puts out even the stars; and if you would see them by day you must descend the dark chamber of a deep well, and then look up—hence the saying, "Truth lies at the bottom of a well, and out of darkness comes light; coal is a black substance, and the brain is dark enough." But as to the effect of light, and the necessity of darkness, the photographic sensitive material is a sufficient instance, and the case may be multiplied to any number. One obvious use of darkness in spiritual doings is that it closes the eyesight and the light from the body generally, the action of which so greatly interferes with the action of the inner nature, and hence the effect consequent upon the trance, and even in deep thought how the senses are in abeyance; and we use the term abstract—abstract thought—as being insensitive to the surroundings, and not interfered with by outward circumstances, but closed up within the dark chamber of self; and it will seem paradoxical to assert that this dark chamber of self, or rather of the mind, is the only place in which light exists at all, since we live in actual darkness, the whole universe being a universal darkness and absolute silence. What we mean by light being a mental state arising from a physical action of the brain, brought about by an outward physical action through an ethereal medium, caused by the action of the so-called luminous body, but which in reality is as dark as any other. Then, as it is the mind by the channels of the eyes that fill, or seems to fill, the world with visible light, we may recognize how powerful the interference may be as regards the inward working requiring concentration or freedom of action, and of interaction with whatever the special stimulus or interrelation in the case may be. The ethereal motion of light is a powerful stimulus, and light puts out light; even as we observe how the sunshine puts out the fire; and man is made of very sensitive material, so sensitive as to be capable of sense and thought, of love and hate, and all the other feelings, with intellectual apprehension above all, and which we have now to bring to bear on this great question of Spiritualism.

The true nature of vision in a dark world has yet to be solved. This is how and why we perceive objects, and how far and in what the subjective corresponds with the objective, which is the eternal question in dispute both with idealists and realists. Because inherited experience does not give us the very elements of experience, depend upon it these latest mechanical theories, to account for mind and instinct, are but leading us astray from the real spiritual and efficient causes, and the true nature of things.

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Katie King in Michigan.

Considerable excitement is being created in the village of Blissfield, near Adrian, Mich., by the presence there of the Spiritualist mediums, Mr. and Mrs. Holmes. These mediums have, for the past five months, been in Philadelphia, where they have been "materializing spirit forms." The personage most noted was that of "Katie King." The fact of these mediums being in Blissfield soon became noised about in Detroit, and on Sept. 10th a number of Spiritualists from that city went to Blissfield to be present at a seance. A reporter of the *Detroit Times* was one of the party, and his experiences appeared in full in that paper. No deception could be discovered. The cabinet was put up in the sitting-room of a common house, and from this cabinet appeared genuine spiritual faces and hands, and finally the door of the cabinet opened and the full form of the handsome young lady, "Katie King," appeared. She walked around the room, and touched the guests present. She was dressed in the traditional white, and her form was artistically moulded. Her countenance was almost transparently white. The publication of the particulars of the seance causes no little excitement, and companies from Detroit are making arrangements to go to Blissfield to attend the seance and investigate the matter.

A Man Frightened to Death by a Vision.

According to the *Corinth (Miss.) Courier*, a very strange and surprising incident occurred lately in the country some miles north of Co-

rinth. A Mr. Mangrum killed a young man during the war, and a few days since he was on a deer drive, and while at one of the stands, he saw an object approaching him which so alarmed him that he raised his gun and fired at it. The object, which resembled a man covered with a sheet, continued to advance upon Mr. Mangrum, when he drew his pistols and emptied all the barrels at the ghost. None of the shots seeming to take effect, he climbed a tree to make his escape. By the time he was a short distance up the tree, the white object was standing under him with its eyes fixed upon him, and he declared that it was the spirit of the young man whom he had killed. Mangrum was so startled at the steady gaze of the eyes that he had been the cause of laying cold in death, that he fainted and fell from the tree. His friends carried him home, the ghost following and standing before him constantly, the sight of which brought up the recollection of his guilt with such force to his mind that he died in great agony after two or three days' suffering.

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THE RULE OF RIGHT.

BY MRS. TAPPAN.

(Given at Manchester, Sunday afternoon, Aug. 18th; subject selected by the audience.)

There came a voice from God to man,
Upon Mount Sinai,
Revealing there the wondrous plan
Wherby his power from high
Outworks itself for human good;
That voice when understood
Gave ten rules for the human race:
Moses thus thought did thus reveal:
That every day and every hour
The potency of God's great power
Was known and taught in rules.
These were evolved from schools,
All fashioned by Mosaic law,
Conceived without a single flaw.

Among the nations of the East,
Where Nature spreads her primal feast
Of loveliness, and where the orb of gold
Its full rich splendors hath unrolled,
The simple thought of man to man
Revealed in the perfect plan
Of human brotherhood held sway.
But these thoughts, like the golden day,
Perished, and then human blood
Drowned all the glory in its flood.

Justice then took control of mind:
The Greeks and Romans sought to bind
Man to his brother by the power
Of justice and proud Freedom's dower.
But subtle processes of schools,
The simple methods and the rules
Of Stoic sages, Spartan schools,
Served not to lift the mist-like veil
Of darkness from the earth; and men
Tawell

The utter loss of that first plan,
That seemed to come on earth to man.

But there is one Guide, brightest, best,
Found 'mong all nations, and expressed
Even by those who seek to be
Truth's worshipers beneath the sun,
But glorified by him on Calvary
Who died, the meek and lowly one;
Untaught by law, unskilled by school,
The simple ethics of the Golden Rule,
Set high above all places in the world,
Inscribed on banner bright unfurled.

This is my plan:
"Do ye to others as ye would
That they should do to you!"—
God's word to man.

DEATH, or the Pathway from the Earth to the Spirit-world. Everybody should read it. Particulars soon.

Fisher Doherty.

We are glad to learn that Fisher Doherty, a prominent Spiritualist, and formerly a resident of Crawfordsville, Indiana, and a most excellent spirit artist, has established a gallery in Chicago, where all can have an opportunity of obtaining likenesses of dear friends long since passed to spirit-life. Those residing in the country can secure the desired result by forwarding a photograph to F. & M. Doherty, 118 23d street, accompanied with three dollars. If no spirit should appear on the plate, the money and photograph will be returned. Dr. N. Littell, formerly of number 64 West Washington street, Indianapolis, has charge of the office. He is a gentleman in every sense of the term, and it will do your soul good to meet him.

This gallery should be well patronized by the Spiritualists of Chicago. Give them a call at No. 118 23d street.

How is it Bro. Warren? We are credibly informed that you in your free-love perambulations, to whistle up your own courage, are trying to make the people believe that the subscribers of the *RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL* are generally discontinuing the same. This is not only an untrue statement, but very small business for the Hon. Warren Chase.

The Moses-Woodhull chrysters, for six months or more, flattered themselves that the subscribers to the *JOURNAL* were falling off, and that the paper would soon die for want of support, and now you take up the refrain. Alas, poor Warren!

All the powers of Hell and free-lust combined, have for three years worked to kill the *JOURNAL*, and the result has been a firmer establishment of the paper, with the subscription list larger than all other *Spiritual* papers combined.

Please continue the warfare, so long as you train in the Woodhull ranks, and see which, the *JOURNAL* of Warren, is a dead cock in the pit first.

Perhaps the people would like to know how much money you have received as treasurer of the Moses-Woodhull organization? If you will send us a report, we will publish it. You know you stepped upon her deck, as parson, at the very moment she sailed her craft "clean out of Spiritualism."

Philadelphia Department

BY HENRY T. CHILD, M. D.

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

Let There Be Light.

There are few texts that have been more frequently quoted, and less clearly understood than this. It is supposed by many that, in what the Mosiac account calls "the beginning," and the church accepts it as such: "After the creation of the earth, God created the sun and the moon and the stars." The creation of the latter is exceedingly absurd. We are told, the bulk of which as compared with our earth is almost infinite, are said to have been made in about six hours, or one-twenty-fourth of the time taken to make this earth, and the sun and moon. But we leave that.

The command, "let there be light," is a divine law which has been in existence through all eternity and will continue forever, expressing itself as best it can according to conditions. In the earlier infancy of our earth, we do not say "in the beginning," because we cannot conceive of that, it was evidently in a condition of great physical darkness. But this law was acting upon it, and the old carboniferous atmosphere with its dense and smoky conditions gradually disappeared, and as those gross forms of vegetation which belonged to this era absorbed this carbon, they prepared the way for higher and more beautiful plants which needed a greater amount of light.

This subject of light has an influence upon three conditions, the intellectual, the physical and the spiritual. Physically, or externally, light is essential to life, and the plants were the first to use it, and by a beautiful provision in the laws of nature, plants present their variegated colors. Light is one of the most important elements in the food of plants.

You are aware that there are different colored rays of light, and the plant does not require all of them. Most plants require and absorb all the rays except the green, and this being reflected, gives them that color—the one which is most grateful and pleasant to the eye. Thus we are permitted to feed upon the crumbs which fall from the Master's table of vegetable life.

Flowers absorb different rays of light, and we may know which they give out, and do not need, by the color which they present to us. Plants opened the way for the command, "let there be light," to advance several degrees in their preparatory work for the introduction of animal life.

The first animals that were evolved were very low in the scale, and did not require much light, their visual organs were not yet unfolded. Light not only gives color to plants and animals, but it is the means which, under divine law, evolves the eye. Without light there never could be an eye. With imperfect light the eye will be correspondingly imperfect. Observation in nature has proved this to be true.

The command, "let there be light," moved forward degree after degree until conditions of the earth were prepared for man. Thus down through countless ages, far beyond any computation that man has made, earthly conditions have been improving and with them man's physical condition, for they are closely allied to each other.

It is pleasant to know that with each advance in the degree of light, on the physical plane, the world has improved. The fields are greener, the flowers are brighter, the birds have richer and more beautiful plumage, and man himself has been more perfectly unfolded physically.

We have said that this command had also an intellectual and a spiritual application. Intellectually the command is applied to us individually, the light of science and truth shines undimmed forever, but it is measured to us by our capacities, and here the command let there be light means that we should unfold our intellectual nature; open the windows of our minds for the reception of all truth, and you will perceive that it will come to you and be received and appreciated in its grandeur and beauty; ever increasing, but never coming to an end.

We say to the young and the old, Let there be light,—let no bigotry, no prejudice from false education or any other cause cast a cloud over your minds so that you may not perceive all the light that you are capable of receiving. We should ask ourselves daily and hourly, am I obeying the command, let there be light? Am I doing all I can to avoid all that shall cast a shade over my mind? Am I through fear, favor or prejudice doing that which shall say to the light, "thus far shall thou come and no further."

The same law is applicable to the spiritual plane of our being. The command is to us, not to the light, and we become responsible in proportion as we hear it. Man's spiritual unfoldment, like his intellectual, depends upon interior growth. His soul nature must be left free, it must expand, and its expansion is not only the result of the reception of light, but the means by which that reception is to be increased.

We are told that the same laws in regard to this beautiful and important command, extend into the spheres of interior life on the similar planes. That physical development there, as here, is dependent in some degree upon the external light of the sphere, while intellectual and spiritual unfoldment is still more beautifully influenced thereby throughout the endless cycles of eternity.

REVIVALS, THEIR CAUSE AND CURE.

We have received a tract, issued by Hudson Tuttle, under the above title, and we are glad to know that a large number of these have been issued, both in this country and in Europe. We hope those who are interested in the spread of truth on this important subject will use their efforts to scatter these broadsides among the people as they are instructive and suggestive.

We are also in receipt of a pamphlet of one hundred and sixty-four pages, by the same author, entitled, "Career of Religious Ideas; Their Ultimate—The Religion of Science." Published by J. Burns, London. From a hasty glance we are satisfied that there is much in this that is valuable, especially to the student of theology. Brother Tuttle is a profound thinker, an able reasoner, and a careful writer; and his works are extensively read in this country and in Europe.

Katie King.

In truth, we sometimes expect too much from spirits returning to this world. Some of our newspaper critics, putting the *out bono* question, appear to think that "Katie" ought to come out and give us a sermon. She seems, unlike many who do preach, to be conscious of her incapacity. She has demonstrated to us immortality: what earthly task is more important?

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.

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

A NARRATIVE

Of the Spirits of Sir Henry Morgan and his Daughter Annie, usually known as John and Katie King, given by—
H. T. Child, M. D.

CHAPTER XV.

THE MANIFESTATIONS AT THE KOONS' ROOMS CONTINUED.

The accounts given of our manifestations are in the main correct. We had through the mediumship of the Koons family, acquired the power of moving physical objects. We were able to write with considerable facility, and thus give directions as to what we wanted. It is true that we asked among other things for pistols, which we have frequently charged ourselves and fired over the heads of the audience, hitting given marks in pitch darkness, with amazing precision. We did this, not alone for our own gratification, but to prove to the people that we had this power. Mortals think it is very strange that we can see in that which is to them darkness, but our vision is better under these circumstances, because the positive influence of light interferes with it. We desire to repeat here a statement written by us, that spirits in their communion with earth, manifest through two primitive elements; namely, first, an electro-magnetic element of which the spiritual body is composed; next, physical aura, which emanates from the medium, or can be collected from material substances, analogous, it is supposed, to the element of vitality.

From the combination of these two, namely, the emanations of the spirit and the medium, a third or composite is formed, which is affected by the atmosphere and human emanations. From the preponderance of the electro-magnetic or spiritual element, the laws of cohesion and gravitation can be overcome, and through this the spirits are enabled to dissolve and re-compose substances with great rapidity, heave up and carry material bodies through the air, and cause them to float or sink in proportion to the strength of the battery formed. It is this element which enables some spirits, highly charged with it, to come in contact with matter, and thus to use pencils, pens, etc., in writing, drawing, and playing on musical instruments.

Twenty years' additional experience will enable us to explain some things more fully, but we have no change to suggest in this statement. We knew it could not be comprehended by many, and to-day there are but few who can accept this. We shall have many things to say through you, in these papers.

There is another communication published in Mrs. Britain's work, "Modern American Spiritualism," page 313, which you may give here.

"We teach that God is love, and has placed all men under the law of eternal progression, by which every living soul can become a participant of his divine glory, and they will do so, through constant efforts, to live a life of use, good and purity. Also that death, which places the body in a condition to be dissolved, does not change the soul, which is the real man; hence it behooves man to purify and cleanse his soul here on earth, lest he should have to commence his progress, instead of continuing it, hereafter. Also, we teach that we have spiritual bodies within our natural, or material forms. That these carry the mind within them, and at death remain intact, separating from the earthly body, though retaining its form, and adhering to the spirit of whose tendencies and disposition it exhibits the actuality. This spiritual body, as well as the interior mind, are alike the subjects of eternal progression, yet at the moment of earthly dissolution, it exhibits all our vices and virtues, without palliation or concealment; and is gross or fine, dense or sublimated, bright as mid-day sunbeams or dark as Erebus—in exact correspondence with our real moral state."

For the best descriptions of our labors at this time and place, we refer the reader to the papers of the day, and, especially to the able compilation in the volume above alluded to.

A similar idea to that given to you by Katie in her first communication, was given at that time in these words, "The magnetism of the earthly medium shapes and limits the thought transmitted through it, even, where, as in the case of direct spirit writing, no exercise of the human faculties is called into play. We declared that the earthly aura that spiritize to in-culcate their manifestations in material forms, was so thoroughly imbued with the individuality from whence it emanated, that every spiritual production received by mortals, would be inevitably shaped to the form of the organism and the tone of the medium's mind."

We continued with the Koons family and were enabled to do many things of which there is no record. We were gaining power all the time in the various manifestations. It requires an immense amount of practice to enable us to accomplish the work which we have done, so we repeated our manifestations over and over until we acquired the ability to do them with great success. We shall refer to the manner in which all the various manifestations are performed, after we have completed the history of our labors here, and with the Davenport, and some others. We shall speak of these in our next chapter.

ALBERT GOULD THROUGH KATIE B. ROBINSON OF PHILADELPHIA.

I was a believer in Spiritualism, and took great pleasure in receiving communications from those who had gone before, and whom I knew could return through natural laws, and speak to mortals.

I have only come to say to my wife and children, and all the friends whom I left behind, that I am free from bodily pain and suffering, and calmly, now I can look over the records of the past, and see that the philosophy of Spiritualism, not understood so well at first, is rapidly progressing.

In Worcester, Massachusetts, I was known as a Spiritualist. My doors were open to mediums from all over the country. I think I shall yet show myself to my people and they will know me.

I wish Sumner, my son, to remain with his mother and sister. I shall endeavor to impress him that his father loves him. I wish all my children to feel my presence. Say to my kind wife who so patiently took care of me in all the years of my suffering, it seems to me that I can never do enough for her. I have met her friends and mine in spirit-life, and it has been very pleasant for me to do so. I

would say to all, be faithful Spiritualists, and your reward will be sure in this life and in the life to come.

HENRY C. WRIGHT.

It seems like old times to return and shake hands with you. I endeavored to live up to the philosophy of Spiritualism when in the body, and I return to-day a firm believer in Spiritualism.

I thank God that I was used as an instrument in the hands of the Spirit World to give utterance to grand spiritual truths. There was great opposition when Spiritualism first came among us, and we had no idea that it would take such deep root in the minds of the people, but a little handful of pioneers were struggling nobly to clear away the rubbish, and cut down the trees so that a magnificent dwelling place might be built in which spirits could enter and preach the living gospel through their mediums. I rejoice to see that Spiritualism stands so nobly before the world to-day.

We rejoice to be able to give utterance to the progressive ideas that we know the world needs. We are glad to know that there are so many mediums being developed all over the world; it is not only a blessing to mankind but a very great advantage to the dwellers of the inner-life. The more mediums, and the more perfect the communication between the two worlds, the better it will be for all.

We are working to produce harmony among Spiritualists and others, for this will enable us to do much more for you. We know that there are many people who say this is a beautiful philosophy if we could only know that it is true; to such we would say, investigate and you will soon know.

I have enjoyed myself very much since I entered spirit-life, meeting the noble reformers of the past, and listening to the recital of their experiences, both on earth and in this life.

I would say to my brother and sister Spiritualists, go on in the great work in which you are engaged, and whether you live to see the work in which you are engaged fulfilled or not, you can certainly see it in spirit, and will look down as I do and thank God we stood boldly in the front ranks when the shafts were hurled against us.

I am pleased to see how rapidly our papers are gaining, and the literature of Spiritualism is being spread far and wide. Prejudices are passing away, and the name of Spiritualism is becoming better understood and appreciated. In this I am receiving my reward for my labors as a weary pilgrim traveling from place to place.

\$1.50 cents renews trial subscriptions one year.

She Saw Spirits.

Mrs. A. H. ROBINSON, DEAR MADAM—I received your magnetized papers and prescriptions. I have been using the papers ever since I have had them. I see many spirits when I have them on my head. The second night I wore them, I saw a woman close to my bed. She had in one hand a paper-box about as large over as a teacup. My impression was that it meant medicine. Then she laid a blue paper on the box, then a straw-colored paper on the top of that. She soon passed away, and then I saw a man that I called the Doctor. He sat down and seemed to make himself at home. I should think he was about 60 years of age. His hair was light and so was his eyes. He had a white handkerchief on his neck; his vest was dark; his other clothes were dark. I saw many spirits for several nights. I do not see so many now. I thought I would write a few lines to you, to let you know how I am getting along.

Yours in truth,
SUSANNAH BURCE.

Smith Mills, N. Y.

DEATH, or the Pathway from the Earth to the Spirit-world. Everybody should read it. Particulars soon.

New Books.

BOOK ON MEDIUMS; OR 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 the dangers that are to be encountered in the practice of Spiritism. By Allan Kardec. Translated by Emma A. Wood. Boston: Colby and Rich, Publishers, 9 Montgomery Place.

This book, an emanation from the mind of Allan Kardec, will certainly attract a great deal of attention. The Old World can not boast of very many able works on the Harmonical Philosophy, and it is indeed refreshing to have one presented to us from the French, looking as fresh and beautiful as a rose just escaped from its expanding bud. It is pleasing and instructive, too, to peruse the views of a master mind, derived from experiences in France, and notice the conclusions at which he arrives. Two master minds have spoken on mediumship—Andrew Jackson Davis, of this country; and Allan Kardec, of France; of course, they treat the subject differently, and by reading the views of both, a clearer idea can be obtained. Those who are seeking to become mediums, who desire to become the agents of angelic visitants, need a guide to aid them in their unfoldment. The ideas presented by Allan Kardec will prove of great service to them, and aid them to avoid many stumbling-blocks which would otherwise obstruct their pathway. As the author well says, "All the systems we have passed in review, without excepting those in the negative, rest on some observation, though incomplete and badly interpreted. If a house is red on one side and white on the other, they who have seen only one side and will affirm that it is white or that it is red; and they will be wrong and right; but he who has seen it on both sides will say it is red and white, and he alone will be right. The same in regard to the opinion formed of Spiritism; it may be true in certain lights, and false if we generalize from partial knowledge—if we take for the rule what is only a part. This is what we say that whoever would seriously study this science should see much and for a long time; time alone will permit him to seize the details, to catch the delicate shades, to observe a multitude of characteristic facts, which will be as rays of light to him; but if he stops at the surface, he may carry away a premature, and consequently, an erroneous judgment." From this book the experiences of one who has an honest heart and clear mind, can be carefully examined, and the investigator, as well as the confirmed Spiritualist, greatly aided in coming to a correct conclusion in regard to questions of deep interest. Commencing with the "Action of Spirits on Matter," he ends in Chapter 20th on "Reunions and Spiritist Societies." Between the two extremes there is a vast fund of useful information, which will be of practical value to every Spiritualist.

\$1.50 cents renews trial subscriptions one year.

Decidedly Mixed.

Bro. Jones.—In the JOURNAL of Sept. 5th, Bro. Taylor says that he felt offended in spirit on reading a portion of my article headed Floodwood, of Aug. 22. Instead of being offended at Bro. Taylor's review, it has helped me digest a good dinner, in that it caused me a good hearty laugh, to see him labor to convince me that Free Agency was not true.

Respectfully, J. L. POTTER.

Twenty Reasons for not Embracing the Popular Religion of this Country.

- 1. It is not the religion that Jesus taught, but Pharisaism patched up.
2. It denies Christ in spirit and in principle but with mere lip-service worships him in person.
3. It fails to comfort the mourner or give hope to the dying, or save its devotees from sin, and does not make those that embrace it, either better or happier, neither does it make them more kind and merciful, but creates within them the spirit of persecution.

position to the test point by which Jesus knew his brethren, which was love and doing the will of God, the great fountain of love.

The Duality of Jesus.

BY S. K. SAGE.

Considering the great difficulty under which the life and teachings of Jesus have been transmitted to us—written from oral statements made half a century after they had transpired, and how much that was relevant and essential to a perfect understanding of those teachings may have been forgotten in the life of the witness, or lost to the world through their death, and consequently the equivocal character of our own religious education—it may not be strange, that so many who speak or write upon the subject of "New Testament Spiritualism," fall into the error of confounding the medium Jesus, with the controlling spirit Christ.

If the fact could be fully comprehended and accepted that Jesus and Christ are two distinct personages speaking and acting at different times through the same organism, what an amount of brain labor would be saved in the vain endeavor to reconcile apparent contradictions and obvious paradoxes. To my understanding of the scriptures, Jesus, per se, never claimed to be more than the son of man, and of the se-d of David. That he was susceptible to spirit impressions from his childhood, as all great mediums have been, there is little doubt, but he was never Christ until after his baptism by John, when he became clairvoyant and clairaudient, both seeing and hearing the divine spirit that was to possess and control him.

They evidently understood his mediumship, but had no conception of the magnitude of the controlling spirit. They were looking for a fulfillment of the promised Messiah, but did not expect him through so humble a channel as a poor mechanic, who had been reared in their own country. Peter was the first to whom the divine truth was revealed. "When Jesus came into the coast of Cesarea and Philippi, he asked his disciples, whom do men say that I the son of man am?" Please note the significance of the reply: "Some say that thou art John the Baptist, some Elias, and others that thou art one of the prophets." (They were willing to concede him one of these spirits). "But whom think ye that I am?" And Simon Peter answered and said unto him, "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God." Then Jesus perceived that Peter was clairvoyant and enthusiastically exclaimed, "Blessed art thou, Simon Barjona, for flesh and blood hath not revealed it unto thee, but my father which is in heaven, and I say unto thee that thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my church and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it."

He spoke confidently because he saw that his disciples possessed the elements of mediumship of which Peter was the first-fruit, and he felt that through them he should be able to build a spiritual church that no evil influence could subvert, and he charged them that they should tell no man that he was the Christ. Luke says at the time of his baptism, "Jesus began to be about thirty years of age, being (as was supposed) the son of Joseph," which was doubtless true, since Mary his mother, who should know, called Joseph his father, "Thy father and I have sought thee." So then when he affirms, "I can of myself do nothing," etc., it is Jesus the son of man, but when he prays, "Father glorify thou me with the glory I had with thee before the world," it is Christ the son of the living God. Again when accused of casting out devils, through Beelzebub, the prince of Devils, he replies, "Whosoever speaketh a word against the son of man, it shall be forgiven him; but whosoever speaketh against the Holy Ghost, it shall not be forgiven him in this world nor in the world to come. Could he more clearly express his duality? Say what you like against the medium, but don't dare to attack the pure spirit that controls him! I have great faith in Bible Spiritualism. The very fact that these phenomena exist to-day, is proof positive to me that they did exist eighteen hundred years ago, and the marvel is, that all Christendom does not perceive the analogy; but Jesus said to his disciples, "I would not have you ignorant, brethren, that this blindness has happened unto the Jews in part, that the Gentiles might be brought in." Is it not thus at the present time? May not this blindness have happened unto the churches in part, that Materialists, Skeptics and Infidels might be brought in? I am not impatient concerning the churches, since they dare not crucify us—still it might be well for them to consider the admonition of Gamaliel, a learned doctor of laws, a Pharisee, which was, "Refrain from these men and let them alone, for if this work be of men it will come to naught, but if it be of God, ye can not overthrow it, lest haply ye be found to fight against God."

Salt Lake City, Utah.

"Career of Religious Ideas."

Those who look to man as helpers—not as masters, and to books as suggestive not authoritative, will not fall heartily to thank Hudson Tuttle for the publication of his work entitled "Career of Religious Ideas." One can not fall of reading it with both pleasure and profit.

He carries the mind with him without fatigue, so condensing the thoughts presented as to give much in few words. Few persons have time and opportunity to read those voluminous works, from which we can gather a conception of the oneness of the devotional element in all ages, and the lineal descent of religious ideas and ceremonies; but in this work Mr. Tuttle has amply traced this relationship, and leaves us assured that Emerson was right in saying that "Modern Theology is ancient Mythology gone to seed."

What the world now most needs, is not bigoted devotees of any particular faith—not even of Spiritualism, the latest revelation in the chain of progressive unfoldment—but conscientious and fearless doubters, scientific investigators who shall help discover, and having discovered shall faithfully proclaim the missing links of knowledge which shall enable men to be true to the mental, moral and physical laws of their organization. It is to this "ultimate" in the career of religious ideas that Mr. Tuttle points as the "Religion of Science," styling it a "ceaseless effort for purity and integrity of being, and harmony with the order of the world."

The reading of this volume, unavoidably strengthens the conclusions that all past and present religions are but fragmentary and imperfect expressions of truth; while, by recording the relative proportions, or growth of thought, it points to a future immeasurably

grander than the present attainments of humanity.

The unscientific, unphilosophical mind, whether of the past or present, views the different religions as separate and distinct entities, giving the appellation of "abominations" to all beliefs except his own. Whoever points out a continuous line of closely related but constantly changing religious beliefs and observances stretching through all the past of human life, helps towards a scientific solution of the origin, the truthfulness, and the potency for good of the so-called "Divine Revelations" and the "holy religions" of the present day.

Following the line of Mr. Tuttle's suggestions, probably no well informed person would be unwilling to admit that entire truth and ultimate perfection, can not reasonably be claimed by any sect of religionists or school of philosophers; but with a gentle hand and prophetic vision, he guides the mind past those marshy low-lands of opinion, where our humanity is begrimed with total depravity and insulted with vicious stonements, to the higher table-lands of gradual development and divine possibilities, where the gushing springs of higher and holier impulses assert the nobler destiny of a growing humanity.

One moral that this work may teach us, is that while we may not with blind bigotry hold fast and worship the idols of past ignorance, we must not be so intent on their demolition as to forget that the good we now have is but a higher, stronger and fuller expression of the perceptions and yearnings of the human soul.

SUSAN C. WATERS.

Bordentown, N. J.

Letter from C. H. Stillman.

Bro. S. E. Jones.—Permit me sufficient space in your valuable columns to thank you for the independent position you have taken against the sexual promiscuity that lurks under the name of "social freedom." Theories are useless unless put into practice, and the theories of Woodhull, Moses Hull and others, carried out in social life, would utterly destroy the marriage institution, make orphans of children, and society a wreck.

That marriage laws in some states should be modified is admitted; that woman is the equal of man and should surrender no personal right in marriage is not denied. These principles, as well as the right of suffrage, etc., have been and are advocated by Lucretia Mott, E. Cady Stanton, M. A. Livermore, Julia Ward Howe, Mary E. Davis, and other true and noble women.

These do not advocate the right of "promiscuity" nor pronounce the sexual act their religion." Woodhull Spiritualism is severely afflicted just now with the galloping consumption. If must die!

In the second place I want to thank you for exposing in your columns fraudulent mediums—mediums that have frequently been caught in trickery. Among these, H. Melville Fay is one who has several times been exposed in Spiritualist journals. Before he went to Europe, a few months since, he was traveling with Mrs. Annie Fay, as a physical medium. This H. Melville Fay and Mrs. Fay are now in England holding seances; so says the last number of the Medium and Daybreak, published by James Burns.

Several years since, at my father's residence (L. Stillman), in Brockport, N. Y., this H. Melville Fay was thoroughly exposed. While the musical instruments purported to be floating by spirit-power, over our heads, a gentleman present flashed upon him the light of a dark lantern, and lo! said H. Melville Fay was seen standing in the center of the room in his stocking feet, floating the instruments with his own hands.

Every person present was disgusted with the fraud. Such mediums, too lazy to obtain an honest, manly livelihood, have too long been a scourge and a curse to Spiritualism; and what is equally sorrowful, it operates against all true and genuine mediums. Because of your independent, outspoken course as a Spiritualist journalist, we admire the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL in New York and Michigan.

Success to you and our glorious cause. Albion, Mich.

THE FREE-LOVE CONVENTION.

The Camp-meeting at Massabesic—French Pool and Transcendentalism—Notes Taken on the Ground—Strange Mixture of the Spiritual and Carnal—The Natural Conclusion of the Matter—Who is to Blame?—We are!

The gathering, as is well known, was called a Spiritualist's camp-meeting, though why it was christened with any such appellation by its projectors is one of those things "no fellow can find out." As far as we could ascertain, the doctrines promulgated, and the practices indulged in were of a carnal, rather than of a spiritual nature, and such as are not generally supposed to interest the ethereal inhabitants of the "undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveler return." As for the camp-meeting, there is less room for cavil, for it was doubtless that in literal sense.

Concerning the theory or the phenomena of Spiritualism we do not propose to provoke a discussion, neither does such a discussion appear pertinent to the subject under consideration. Concerning, however, the theory of "free-love" as promulgated at the Massabesic camp-meeting by Moses Hull, Laura Cuppy Smith, Anthony Higgins, and other lesser lights, and the attendant incidents and practices, which appeared to spring up in this nondescript gathering as naturally as mushrooms grow from a manure heap, we propose to speak unreservedly. There is in the theory, of course, much that is plausible when presented by able speakers, as was the case at Massabesic, and for this reason is it all the more dangerous. The arch fiend of the evil genius of man, or whatever the power that controls such matters, is always sharp enough to steal some parts of the livery of truth, in order the more effectually to accomplish its purpose; but after all attempts to evade the conclusion, the "free-love" of Woodhull and her disciples, Hull, Smith & Co., amounts, practically, to nothing more nor less than free lust, and utter disregard of almost every law which holds the baser passions of imperfect human nature in check. If the world was pure, there might be no necessity for a legal protection of the marriage relation; neither would the criminal code be required for the protection of society; but, alas! this only premise upon which an argument can be founded, to all appearance, lies ages in the future.

We must judge of these doctrines and of their practicability, at this time, by their effects upon individuals and society, and in doing this let us see to what conclusion we arrive. Last Sunday's proceedings at Massabesic is a good example. Within five miles of a city of 30,000 nominal Christian and law-respecting inhabitants, a city filled with schools and churches; a city whose traditions and ancestry, in the main, is traced with pride to the conservative, uncompromising colony of

Plymouth Bock; a city surrounded by the loud and long vaunted orthodox New England civilization, there is convened, on the long and deeply revered New England Sabbath, a congregation of nearly 8,000 people to listen to the expounding of these doctrines, and to amuse themselves in every way that thought of opportunity might suggest. Nor was this crowd made up entirely of the baser elements of society, although the sporting fraternity, the demi-monde and the roughs, were liberally represented, but many of our leading citizens were there—prominent merchants, bankers, members of the learned professions, ladies of the best society, and worst of all, youths and children, on whose plastic minds the scenes of that day can not fail to leave an indelible stain. All day long the speakers from the stand indulged in a tirade of invectives against the institutions, the customs and the laws which control and restrain society, so far as it is controlled and restrained. All day long the ribald jest, the impure suggestion, and the driving profanity of the drunkard circled through the crowd. All day long a bevy of eager gamblers hung around a booth where French pool was presided over by a notorious race-course "sport," a Boston courtesan, and a would-be member of the New Hampshire bar, the son of an ex-Senator and a member of one of the F. F. M.—Manchester, (N. H.) Dispatch.

Voices from the People.

MANKATO, MINN.—C. H. Andrus writes.—Keep on in the way you are going, and I know the good angels will help you and bless you.

ERVIN, IND.—I. W. Martin, M. D., writes.—If the JOURNAL continues its present policy many trial subscribers will remain with you. I like the way it denounces free-love.

ALLEGAN, MICH.—J. G. W. Weeks, M. D., writes.—Enclosed please find fifty cents, for which send me your paper on trial. I am one of the "old war horses" but am not able to ride two horses at the same time.

In other words, our correspondent don't see like the "Gentle," that Moses-Woodhullism "is germane to Spiritualism."—Ed. JOURNAL.

E. ST. LOUIS, ILL.—B. B. George writes.—I have been a subscriber for your paper for the last three years and am very much pleased with it, and think I shall be a subscriber for life. There are a number of quiet investigators in our little city, and some bold enough to let the world know it.

CHARLESTON, S. C.—Samuel Clogston writes.—I have been speaking for the friends and Spiritualism for the last ten months, and am in demand where known; would like to be better known if thereby I can benefit mankind. Am willing to speak if I can do so without material injury to myself or family.

ALGONA, IOWA, J. W. Geer writes.—This is a place where Spiritualism is quite unfashionable. The Graham of Toledo Medical Institute has been here examining a goodly number clairvoyantly, and prescribing for them. He is to lecture in Algona to-night. Permit me, with thousands of others, to thank you for the glorious stand you have taken against the social infamy.

E. WALLINGFORD, VT.—A. W. Nicholson writes.—Spiritualism must not be spoken of only in derision here, and of course no one but independent minds will risk his or her reputation to examine so unpopular a doctrine, although they hasten to hear it over and over again from that book that has been read and preached from nearly two thousand years.

SILVER CITY, COLO.—William Garlick writes.—It is no wonder that Spiritualism is very little read about or understood here, as nearly all our laymen or thinkers are in the Bible, hence the long silence, said that Mr. Bennett, editor of the Truth Seeker, ought to be burnt, and no doubt he would furnish the wood and light the fire for that purpose if he could do so without danger to himself.

HUBBARD, OHIO.—Mrs. Wm. Brisbane writes.—At one time, five years ago, I was folded in the arms of a cousin who passed to spirit-life from Andersonville Prison. Four years ago ago I saw and talked with my spirit daughter, now near 22 years old, who passed to spirit life in the arms of her mother. She was a young lady of 18 years when I saw and conversed with her, in all the flush of healthful womanhood. I have seen and conversed with my late husband's first wife. She was just as real to me as when she wore the physical form. She spoke of the manner in which she passed out of the form; said she was very happy.

PLUM HOLLOW, IOWA.—John S. Shirley writes.—I wish to say through the JOURNAL that we of this place have had the pleasure of listening to two very interesting lectures by Dr. Thomas, a clairvoyant speaker who hails from Minneapolis, Minn. The subject chosen by the audience the first evening, was embodied in the question, "From what did man originate?" It was discussed to the satisfaction of all present. The subject of his second lecture was "Man's future destiny." It was handled well. The Doctor gave on each occasion readings of character, described incidents in the life of various persons, and so forth. His lectures have developed a deep interest in the people, and they now desire to learn more of the mysteries of Spiritualism. We now want to secure the services of Dr. C. P. Sanford or Fishback, one or both, to give this people more light upon the subject. We are as yet unorganized as a society of Spiritualists, but there is quite a—quite a—quantity of us. We give one of our nights to Liberalism to pay some good lecturer to come and give us two or three lectures. If Bro. Sanford will communicate with me his terms for three lectures, I will try to secure him during September, or as early as convenient. I am still laboring for the extension of the circulation of the good old JOURNAL, believing that nearly all who read it three months will continue to read it, as it is plain to the champion paper of its kind in the United States.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.—Dr. Franklin writes.—It has been some time since reporting from this part of the country, where the JOURNAL is becoming more and more popular every day, especially the pure unalloyed doctrine of true Spiritualism. We have been favored this season with a goodly number of lectures. Our good cause is gaining ground, and gradually, but surely, drawing to its support the good will and admiration of an intelligent community. Mr. William Denton paid me a visit, and delivered two courses of lectures. He gave some of our light and orthodox churchmen an eye-opening—a spiritual one; some accepted it with a spirit of kindness. Those of a more listless "priest-confiding" disposition thought Denton's "masked battery" should have been silenced before he discharged his "spiritual grape" into the ranks of the faithful. He did give them spiritual thunder. Commencing from the foundation, leading them down through the corridors of all time, he very gracefully dropped Modern Spiritualism upon them, and with a very good effect. Mr. Denton did a good work here. You know that is about the only way that some old theological tacticians can be reached. Mr. Denton's first subject was the "Origin and future destiny of man." Now the cause of the Methodist God had been assailed. Mr. Denton had said many naughty things, and somebody must volunteer in this "warfare" and close up the breach in the orthodox lines, caused by that heavy Denton Artillery. Priest craft had received the enflaming fire from the gun of Modern Science, and now comes out the little Rev. Mr. C., who runs the M. E. C. S. of this city of the Angels, and champions the cause and conditions, traditions and superstitions of eighteen hundred years ago, and virtually taught that he believed the doctrine that Mr. Denton taught, he (Mr. C.) would engage in all manner of vice and crime, would take his fill of sin etc., etc. Think of this, a teacher of morals in an intelligent civilized community! We pity the poor silly dogmatist of any denomination. Now this teacher would, it seems to us, rather sacrifice

conscience, do harm to his fellow man, if he was satisfied that no literal hell would mete out punishment hereafter, than to believe in eternal progression for all God's children beyond the grave. Would he not do right from principle? Who is it that would indiscriminately murder his brother man? Not the man of conscience and piety, but the he who is without conscience and regards not the great law of retribution. God's law binding upon all His children alike. Then Mr. C. goes for Mr. Denton, but he takes the necessary precaution not to throw down the gauntlet until Denton is out of the country. After all, this is only a little difference of two opinions, so let us be charitable, which covers up a mountain of egotism and as well as sin.

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

A Card to the Public.

As I am receiving numerous letters from people at a distance, making inquiry concerning their powers for development, I am compelled to resort to this method to inform them, that it is necessary to inclose a check or half for examination, either for medical treatment, or mediumistic development. All letters inclosing \$2 and two three-cent stamps, will receive prompt attention. I am giving private sittings during the day for development. Those who wish my services can call or address me at 150 Warren-st. DR. CYRUS LINDSAY.

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

Mrs. R. immediately prescribed for me. I did not get all the ingredients for the Restorative until some time in June, 1874. I then commenced using it as directed, and was encouraged, because it was the first application that had been made to the scalp, it causing a smarting sensation. I continued the use of this preparation about five weeks, when I could see the hair starting in spots all over my head, and I have a very comfortable head of hair, which money cannot buy. I am asked almost every day how it is, and what I had used to bring my hair back, and I am glad to say, it is unaccountably strange, etc. And here let me state, that not one of all the eminent physicians I had consulted had given any encouragement, but on the contrary, had told me that I never would get a head of hair again.

I can fully substantiate the foregoing by 10,000 witnesses, if necessary, and will answer correspondents if desired. Springfield, Mo.

Mr. Smith enclosed a lock of his hair along with the above letter. It is about one inch in length, and of a dark brown color, soft and lively as that of a young man of twenty.

Mrs. Robinson diagnoses the case and formulates the Restorative complete (sent by express or by mail) on receipt of a letter in the handwriting of the applicant or a lock of hair. She diagnoses each case, and compounds the Hair Restorative to suit the temperament of each person whose hair is to be restored.

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(Continued from First page.)
full on his face, now uncovered, which was hardly larger than a large man's fist.

A person visiting here feels the whole air alive with phantoms, and he can neither walk the road at night, nor retire to his room without feeling the possibility that some horrid shape may leap from the ground before him and address him in sepulchral tones.

The gentleman of whom mention has been previously made is Mr. E. V. Pritchard of Albany, a retired merchant, whose credibility must be well known in that city at least.

Readers of history will recollect that one of the principal evidences of witchcraft alleged against poor Mrs. Nourse, and others of the Salem victims, was the declaration of Hilda, Abigail Williams, Ann Putnam, and other "afflicted children," that the prisoners had birds perched upon their fingers, or sitting on their shoulders, and whispering in their ears.

Out of the mass of testimony I have noted in my memorandum I will only quote in addition what Mr. Bacon says, as this, added to what has preceded, should suffice to at least clear William Eddy from the suspicion of producing the phantom shapes by change of voice and dress.

The reader will not fail to perceive that beside the things at this Vermont house of wonders, the narrative of "Katie King," about which two hemispheres have been set agog, appears quite tame and uninteresting.

Before leaving town to come on this journey, I thought it well to ascertain the views of the Head Centre of Modern Spiritualism as to these objective phenomena.

to see and feel the wounds on Christ's body before he would believe him arisen from the dead. He considers "Katie King" and the Eddy ghosts as of no importance as individual identifications, but simply as establishing the general doctrine of immortality.

In reply to my question how he could account for the impartment of life to these temporary organisms, so that the heart can be felt to beat and the other physical operations to be carried on, he said he had no explanations to offer, and left the riddles for the disciples of Comte and Tyndall to solve.

The conversation thus meagerly reported occurred some time before the account of Prof. Tyndall's Belfast address before the British Association was received in this country; and being read in connection with that, it possesses a definite value as suggesting a possible solution of the enigma propounded by that eminent man.

DEATH, or the Pathway from the Earth to the Spirit-world. Everybody should read it. Particulars soon.

A Seance with Messrs. Bastian and Taylor.

The Spiritualist, of London, alludes to the above named mediums as follows: It is generally conceded that our transatlantic brethren stand pre eminent in all matters pertaining to Spiritualism.

The special phase of Mr. Bastian's mediumship appears to be physical—that of Mr. Taylor's, clairvoyant, and each carrying out his own specialty; the seance became one pregnant with interest of no ordinary character.

Those musicians that shall play to you Hang in the air a thousand leagues from hence, Yet straight they shall be here; sit and attend!

The melodious strains swept loud and clear over the heads of the sitters, and finally culminated in a grand imitation of a peal of church bells; the instrument was then deposited in the lap of one of the sitters.

were felt and heard; the marks of affection on the part of George and May to particular members of the circle was exceedingly gratifying. I had almost omitted to state that one of the gentlemen composing the circle placed his legs across Mr. Bastian in such a way as to preclude the slightest movement on the part of the medium without detection.

It having been intimated that sufficient power remained for a light seance, the gas was relighted and chairs rearranged. Not having a cabinet, Mr. Bastian was fain to press into requisition a table-cover, and with this a slight screen was made in one corner of the room.

Camberwell. \$1.50 pays for this paper one year, to new trial subscribers.

The Letter from Mrs. Tappan's Gaides.

Mrs. Tappan, who is still in England, has written, or her guide rather, a letter to the Bolton News, wherein she spells diligently with two "lls," and transposes the vowels in "ohier," whereupon the editor of that sheet holds up his hands in holy horror, being shockingly offended at the inordinate use of the letter "l," and the misplacement of "i" and "o."

Prof. Huxley on Numerism.

In the course of one of his lectures, Prof. Huxley mentioned a case which appeared in the Journal des Debats, of a French soldier who was wounded at the battle of Bazelles.

DR. N. LITTELL, who is located at 113 22d street, Chicago, is a most excellent medium.

Some time ago, we published the following prophecy, translated from the German, by a gentleman, residing in Brooklyn, N. Y. Here is the first item:

1874. Strengthening of the Spanish Republic. Dissatisfaction in France. General armament in Italy. A new chief of government in France. Death of Pius IX.

So far as the Spanish Republic and France are concerned, it has proved true to the letter. Before the year has expired, we look for a fulfillment of the remainder of the prophecy.

DEATH, or the Pathway from the Earth to the Spirit-world. Everybody should read it. Particulars soon.

The Little Bouquet Orphan's Fund.

This fund we propose to use for sending the little gem of beauty to orphans in as many different families as the donations will pay for.

Day, Colchester's Fund. All money donated to the above-named fund is to aid Bro. Lester Day for his loss in paying Bro. Charles Colchester's fine for not procuring a license as a Medium.

For Moth Patches, Freckles AND TAN, ask your Druggist for Perry's Moth and Freckle Lotion. Which is harmless and in every case infallible.

We Must Have Our Just Dues. There are a large number of our oldest subscribers who are owing us bills.

THE LITTLE BOUQUET for September is now out. It is indeed a choice number, and should be introduced into every family.

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An Honest Poor Man is a Nobleman.

Such a man died a short time since, and many friends in the Spirit World received him with welcome greetings.

He was sick a long time before his death, and received the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL on credit.

A friend of his sends us nine dollars in payment, and says "he was sick with consumption, and he prized your paper very much. He earnestly desired a friend to send you the money due, which I do."

Letters of Fellowship. The RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY on the 6th of September 1874, granted letters of fellowship to Brothers John P. Hobbs of Correctionville, Iowa, and Solon P. Best of Granger, Dunn Co., Wisconsin.

THE BHAGAVAD-GITA. Showing the Origin of Christianity—Judaism and the Egyptian Religions.

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Their incarnate Deity was born of a virgin, holy and pure, who was overshadowed by Vishnu, their God, as was Mary the mother of Jesus. This parallel runs all the way through the history, from his conception to his ascension to the right hand of the most High.

The translation referred to is called the Bhagavad-Gita.

The American edition, which is just from the press, by the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, was translated by that noted scholar, J. Cockburn Thomson, and supplied to a few people by subscription.

So rare and scarce is the work that it was with the utmost difficulty that the American publisher could find even a single copy of it in England, and had to pay eight dollars for a second-hand book.

The edition now published, is in beautiful clear type, and is printed on the finest texture of tinted paper. The binding is richly embossed in gold and it is beyond controversy, the most beautiful and substantially bound book ever published in Chicago.

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For Moth Patches, Freckles AND TAN, ask your Druggist for Perry's Moth and Freckle Lotion. Which is harmless and in every case infallible. Also, for his improved COMEDONE and PIMPLE REMEDY, the great SKIN MEDICINE for Pimples, Black Heads or Flesh-worms, or consult B. C. FERRY, the noted Skin Doctor, 49 Bond St., New York.

BARRITT'S HEALTH GUIDE now ready and for sale at the office of this paper. Price, \$1.00.

We Must Have Our Just Dues. There are a large number of our oldest subscribers who are owing us bills.

THE LITTLE BOUQUET for September is now out. It is indeed a choice number, and should be introduced into every family.

DEATH, or the Pathway from the Earth to the Spirit-world. Everybody should read it. Particulars soon.

Passed to Spirit Life.

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

Passed to spirit-life, at 8 o'clock, Aug. 10th, 1874, from Adair county, Mo., Mr. ANTHONY TRIPPES, in the 68th year of his earth life, respected by all.

Mother, mourn not after dear father. Remember he is with you yet. He never died, only passed to that beautiful Summer-land where his toils are ended; he lives near you.



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INCIDENTS IN MY LIFE.

BY D. D. HOME.

"Instead of being a superstition itself, as they may be disposed to think it, they would find it the explanation and the extirpator of all superstition."—Dr. R. Chambers.

All Spiritualists and Investigators will hail with delight, another volume from Mr. Home. Although a continuation of the first series issued some years since it is complete in itself. In his Preface he says:

"About nine years since I presented to the public a volume entitled 'Incidents in My Life,' the first edition of which was speedily exhausted, and a second was issued in 1868. During the years that have elapsed, a number of my attacks have been made upon me, and upon the truths of Spiritualism, its opponents have not succeeded in producing one word of evidence to discredit the truth of my statements, which have remained uncontradicted. Meantime the truths of Spiritualism have become more widely known, and the subject has been forced upon public attention in a remarkable manner. This was especially the case in the years 1867, and 1868, a consequence of the suit 'Lyon vs. Home,' which most probably was the indirect cause of the examination into Spiritualism by the Committee of the Diocesan Society, whose report has recently been published. Contentious and subsequent to their examination, a series of investigations was carried on in my presence, by Lord Adair, now Earl of Dunraven, an account of which has been privately printed, an examination of the scientific in its character, was also conducted by Prof. Crookes, who has published his conclusions in the 'Journal of Science.'"

Incidents in My Life, which continues my narrative to the period of the commencement of the Chancery suit."

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